

ditto 2



Spirits
in the Night

The ditto 3 fanzine, a.k.a. Spirits in the Night #4, comes to you from the members of ditto 3, held Oct. 5-7, 1990 in Northbrook, Ill. Leah and Dick Smith, organizers.

This will be the final issue of Spirits in the Night, but we do intend to continue to publish something, and if you'd like to comment on any of the themes presented herein, those locs will encourage us to publish.

Copies of this zine are being sent first to convention members, second to people who responded to the previous issues and third to others who express interest, until we run out. (Some zines sent to the latter two groups may be incomplete.)

Some parts of this zine were written prior to the convention, some afterwards, most during. Many of the contributions were typed into a computer and have been edited and formatted by Leah; some were put directly onto ditto masters by their originators; a few were Thermofaxed from the originals. Also included are some samples of work produced by the Gestetner 5270, which was demonstrated at the con.

ART: p. 2, TEDDY HARVIA (colorization, Leah Smith); p. 5, ROGER SIMS (colorization, Leah Smith); p. 10, 31, PAM the Mysterious; p. 29, 35, JONATHAN DOLE; p. 34, anonymous; p. 38, SHERYL BIRKHEAD; full-page (somewhere), DELPHYNE JOAN WOODS.
Photos by MOSHE FEDER (thanks to MARK ARONSON for screening).

Notes on the Spirits . . .

When you get right down to it, there's something a little peculiar about the concept of a fanzine convention.

It was so in 1976, when the first fanzine convention, AutoClave, began, and it's still true today, in the wake of the latest, ditto 3. That did not stop either of them from being great times, even if I do say so myself.

What made them great, in both cases, was the people who came. Dick and I are grateful to all those who attended ditto 3 and made it possible. We hope you enjoyed it as much as we did -- or more.

Attempting to run even so small a convention with a committee of two was a challenge, but thanks to everyone who helped, it worked. Our special thanks to those of you who volunteered. And there must be a place in heaven for those who simply noticed what needed to be done and went and did it. Many, many thanks.

We were surprised and gratified by the generosity of some members who opened their wallets and their fanzine collections in support of ditto 3. Jerry Kaufman, who sold some of his zines in support of the con, seemed to be handing me money every time I turned around. Mike Glicksohn provided most of the auction materials and Roger Sims turned up with some real old gems. Thank you.



Thank you also to Eric Lindsay, Patty Peters, Gary Mattingly, Alyson Abramowitz, Don Fitch and Richard Brandt, some of whom, even though they did not attend, made it possible for others. On the same note, thanks to all our supporting members and to those who bought full attending memberships even though they could not attend or could only be there briefly.

I was also surprised (but not gratified) by the number of people who showed up apparently prepared to freeload. They included more than 10 percent of the attendees, not only locals who came for short periods, but people who came from a distance. Perhaps crashing large conventions run by corporations

with lots of money has become more acceptable these days; I can't imagine why somebody would do this to a small con run on a shoestring. ("If you don't pay, I have to," I kept repeating to people who apparently had not considered this before. Patty Peters said this was a problem last year, too.)

So far as I know, everyone eventually paid something, but I did not appreciate being made to act the bill collector. If you can't afford to buy a convention membership, arrange to borrow the money before you get there, or stay home. The committee has bills to pay, too.

Diatribes aside, we did better than we expected to, financially (since we started out hoping not to lose more money than it would cost to go to the convention if it had been elsewhere and publish four issues of a fanzine.) We expect to be able to pass a few dollars along to ditto 4. (To be held in Virginia Beach, Va., by Cathy Doyle, Kip Williams, Covert Beach and others. More information later.)

There are things I would do differently, had we to do it over. The informal setting for the program, with chairs in a semi-circle and people talking from their seats worked fairly well, but I think a more traditional fanzine history panel would have worked better.

Although my intention had been merely to prompt discussion when necessary, I found myself in the teacher's role, calling on people to get them to speak. This worked well enough in the fanzine show-and-tell, but the discussion on the good parts of fandom did not take off as I'd hoped. People waited to be called on, rather than jumping in. Indeed, the liveliest part was a tangent on alternate fandoms, emphasizing dog fandom.

People are too used to thinking about what's wrong with fandom today and not what's right (see Brian Earl Brown's comments later on). I may be a Pollyanna, but I still see a number of good things and think we should work to encourage those traits.

Or why are we still here? We're mostly grown-ups, now. We don't need fandom in order to get drunk, high, laid or use a swimming pool.

Moshe Feder summed it up best, I think (he had the most opportunities). "The best thing about fandom may be that it inspires generosity of spirit," he said.

Besides being a great pun, considering the time and place and listeners' drinking habits, that really embodies much of the rest of the discussion. "The people," people said, over and over again.

"You can travel hundreds of miles to strange places and have someone to show you around," Hope Leibowitz said.

"No matter where you move," said Dave Rowe, "you have a ready-made set of friends."

There are other reasons to be a fan. Despite changes in the outside world, fandom is still a place to be different, yet accepted. "I can say things that would drive my co-workers bonkers," said Covert Beach, "yet in fandom I'm considered somewhat sedate."

"Communication," said Vijay Bowen.

"It's an audience for things you write," Bruce Schneier said. "A lot of stuff is written [in fanzines], and probably more of it is read than deserves to be."

"Egoboo," said Karen Cooper.

And of course, fandom still remains a great place to meet men.

At some point, Moshe remarked that we were discussing things that had always been true, that were not unique to fandom in the '90s. But so what?

Charles LoPiccolo, a revenant N3Fer who turned up after reading about ditto in Factsheet Five, said it well: "The best parts seem to have gone on uninterrupted."

Besides, as Larry Downes said, "You can't escape no matter how you try."

So you might as well relax and enjoy fandom.

--- Leah Zeldes Smith

If Fandom Isn't Fun It Isn't

Some time back Gene Wolfe wrote a letter to Dick and Leah Smith. They reprinted part of it in *Spirits in the Night* #3, the official publication of ditto 3:

. . . In so far as there is a problem, fandom did it to itself when it stopped being about SF and began to be about itself instead. The young fen who want to talk about Piers Anthony and Dan Simmons know nothing about fandom and understandably have no desire to talk about it. When I was in high school (I graduated in 1949) I knew exactly two other fans, Jack Rasnick and David Taylor. We talked about Edgar Rice Burroughs, H.P. Lovecraft and Ray Bradbury -- or rather, about their work. We didn't talk about fandom; fandom was us, as far as we were concerned.

I took umbrage. The result is this article. Mr. Wolfe is entitled to his opinion. However, so am I.

Before placing my answer, for your edification, a couple of quotes from Sam Moskowitz's *The Immortal Storm*:

The very first organized groups consisted of science fiction fans who believed that everyone was a potential scientist, and should not be a collector of fantastic fiction but build a home laboratory where fictional dreams might attain reality.

Just how much science fiction fans shaped the policies of magazines is problematical.

And now, quotes from *The Futurians* by Damon Knight:

The Time Traveller, one of the very first fanzines, published gossip and news of fans, authors, editors, magazines, and allied topics.

. . . Fans in the 1930s were noticeably more belligerent on the eastern seaboard than elsewhere. Personal feuds and threats of lawsuits were frequent: alliances formed, broke up, formed again.

It would appear from the four quotes that the more things change, the more they stay the same. The only thing not mentioned is hoaxes, and they have been around 40 years or so.

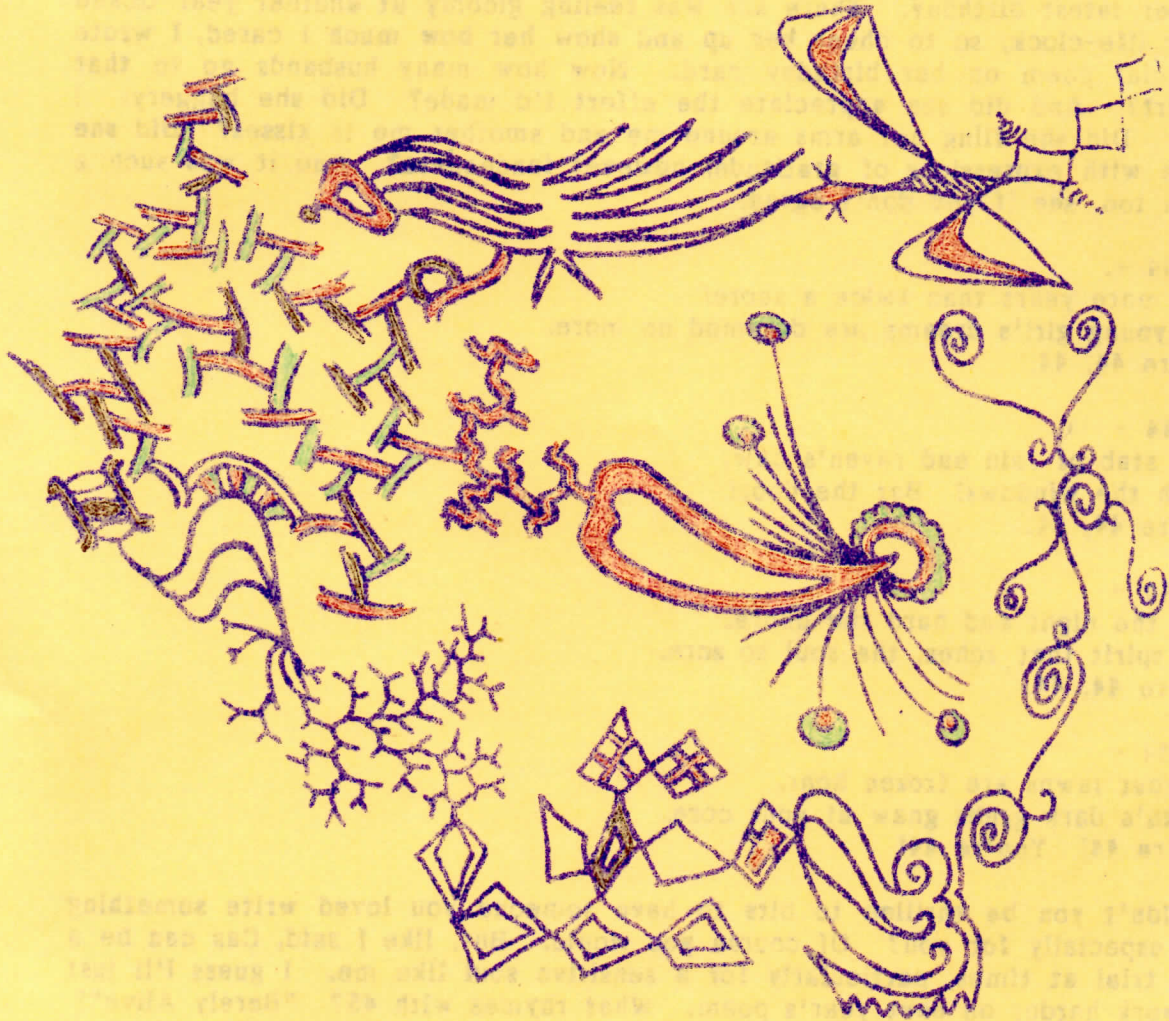
So what is fandom? Before I answer that question, some background: I graduated high school in 1948, but unlike Gene Wolfe did not find a reader of science fiction until I returned from the Navy in September 1949.

Fandom started out writing about the science in the stories, then moved on to writing about the stories themselves. Today fanzines do both, and more.

The truth is fandom is not a way of life, or a hobby, or any of the other things that fans through the ages have labeled it. True fandom is whatever the individual would like it to be. It is quite possible that fandom worldwide is approaching the 100,000 mark. Does anyone really believe that all of them should be doing the same thing at the same time?

Just because a person likes to have serious discussion about science fiction writers and their works does not make that person a fan. A fan who doesn't is no less a fan. There is room in the field for neofan, smoffan, fakefan, trufan, sianfan and the all-inclusive fandomfan. It is not necessary for one to be one of these to the exclusion of the others. Also one might slip from one to the other as a multipersonality person changes names.

— Roger Sims



Skeltonbits For DITTO : from Skel & Cas - 25 Bowland Close, Offerton, Stockport, Cheshire, SK2 5NW, England.

"Prepare your material ahead of time." wrote Leah in the first SPIRITS IN THE NIGHT. Easily said, but we've been preparing things in advance now for over fifteen months, and we're all prepared-out. But what's this? "If you don't do so you'll be handed a ditto master at the door." Arrrrghh! What is this strange power of sympathetic magic that blank stencils, ditto masters, pristine sheets of paper in typewriters, and dark wp screens have, in that they are able to render the mind of the writer equally blank? Well, this writer at least. Fortunately inspiration does sometimes strike, and in this instance two entire pints of inspiration have turned the trick. It occurs to me that just as I don't know most of the people attached to the names on the DITTO 3 membership lists, most of you are in precisely the same state of blissful ignorance with regards to Cas and me. Why should you be so lucky? No good reason really, so in an attempt to shed light upon your darkness I'll take this opportunity to ~~write you about us~~ let you know what to expect. Cas first.....

Cas can be a right crotchety and mean-spirited asshole sometimes. Take for instance her latest birthday. There she was feeling gloomy at another year ticked off on her life-clock, so to cheer her up and show her how much I cared, I wrote her a special poem on her birthday card. Now how many husbands go to that much effort? And did she appreciate the effort I'd made? Did she buggery! I could tell. Did she fling her arms around me and smother me in kisses? Did she shower me with expressions of gratitude, however inadequate? And it was such a good poem too, see if you don't agree.

44, 44 -
four more years than twice a score!
The young girl's dreams are dreamed no more.
You're 44, 44.

44, 44 -
chill stab of rain and raven's caw.
Latch the windows! Bar the door!
You're 44, 44.

44, 44 -
long the night and hard the chore.
The spirit that aches, the soul so sore.
You're 44, 44.

44, 44 -
all your lawns are frozen hoar.
Death's dark grubs gnaw at your core.
You're 44! You're 44!

Wouldn't you be thrilled to bits to have someone you loved write something like that especially for you? Of course you would. But, like I said, Cas can be a crotchety trial at times, particularly for a sensitive soul like me. I guess I'll just have to work harder on next year's poem. What rhymes with 45? "Barely Alive"?

Mind you, I'm not totally without faults myself, even if you do have to search hard and long to find them. Or to find me for that matter, which is one of the aforementioned faults. Not just a fault, it is in fact my most shameful secret.

"Er, which of your shameful secrets is that?" asked Cas, which gives you some idea of the uncritical awe in which she holds me. Wives are supposed to think that their husbands are pretty special people, be they, or be they nay. Otherwise, what are they doing married to them? That is not to insist that a wife should overlook her husband's faults (however trivial), but that they should view them as being suitably minor, the rare but interesting rough that, taken with the predominant smooth, makes their marriage one of the highspots of their lives. So how does Cas see me? Do I, for instance, steal into her dreams in the guise of some heroic figure? Do I stand across them like some Rhodic Colossus? Am I Rhett to her Scarlett?

Some hopes!

Even in her dreams Cas sees me as an abject failure, the ultimate plonker. Take this morning for instance. After I'd crept from our bed, so's not to awaken her, gone downstairs and washed the pots, I went back into the bedroom and enquired, in my usual diffident and servile manner, as to whether she wanted a cup of coffee. "No" she replied, "I want to go back to sleep and shout at you some more." It seems that even in her dreams, in her wildest fantasies, I'm an utter pillock.

OK, I can handle that. After all, I've had enough practice. But let's get back to the specifics of this morning.

What subject is exercising our every waking thought, and apparently spilling over the threshold of consciousness into Cas' dreams? Our visit to the USA, is what. The USA and Canada that is (I hasten to correct, bearing in mind who is giving us a lift to Toronto after this convention, and also which other fan we're then going to spend a week with - don't want to upset any of them touchy Canadians, to whom the term 'USA' uniquely combines semantic elements of both 'hair-shirt' and 'hair-trigger').

"Hang about" you are doubtless saying. "You're always pleading poverty and yet you can afford a trip to the US and Canada. How do you explain this? You claim to be poor and yet fandom is full of fans who can't afford transatlantic flights." True, and we're two of them. We may not have money, but we do have friends, and one of them is Alyson Abramowitz. Alyson travels all over the world on business, clocking up mile after mile, and every one of those miles is subject to a frequent-flyer program that would make Jason and his Argonauts look like stay-at-homes. The way she describes it, if she goes to the toilet of a morning it entitles her to a free flight to a US city of her choice. If she turns in for work it's worth at least double that, and if she actually goes near an airport American Airlines, apart from having a Total Orgasm, assigns her not only enough air miles to travel twice around the world, but also almost enough to guarantee finding a parking space in Santa Clara. At least that's the way Alyson tells it.

She'd explained all this on a previous visit to Ranchos Skeles, but I'd naturally attributed her comments to hyperbole. I didn't accept that somebody could earn frequent-flyer miles at a rate greater than they could use them. I saw it as charity and said "No". Twelve months on I'm that much older and wiser (I still see it as charity, but I'm no longer stupid enough to say 'No'). With age comes wisdom. Sometimes.

So, we've come to the States (and Canada) and one of the things we've had to do is get medical insurance, and travellers cheques. No problem. Only a mong-brained cretin would cock this up. But remember that as I write these words (in advance under the lash of Leah's exhortation), we are still in Stockport and the trip is still seventeen interminable days in the future. So what is Cas a-dreaming

of? Correct. In her dream we arrive in the US and some dickhead has forgotten to buy the travellers cheques. "Who could this be?" you ask. Not only that, but I've somehow managed to insure us for only three days out of the six weeks we're going to be over there. What a cretin I must be...in somebody's mind. To my shame.

But that's not the shame I was referring to - not **My Shameful Secret**. Mind you, it isn't going to stay secret very long. Not after this convention. My problem is that I'm out of phase with the rest of fandom. While fandom is on the equivalent of Greenwich Mean Time, my sleep centres switch on and off at the behest of Latvian Double Daylight Saving. My biological clock marches, however mixed-metaphorically, to the beat of a very different drummer indeed. It runs early, always has. I wake up at about 4-30 in the morning. No alarms required. That's when it happens for me. That's when I'm buzzing. I'm an early morning man. Is it any wonder then that I'm not known as a convention fan? Conventions are where people carouse until the not-so-early hours, at which point they stagger off to join Morpheus, from whose arms they can't usually be dragged until long after even the most cosmopolitan hotel has finished serving breakfast. No sooner do they pass out in their drunken stupours, than I bounce out of bed and wander the empty, echoing corridors, stumbling over the empties of last night's desperate fun, killing time until Cas gets up and tells me about all the good stuff I missed the night before. Missed that is because not only do I get up several hours ahead of everyone else at a convention, I also flake out several hours ahead of them too. At about 10-30 my brain cells start to go AWOL. Well, there aren't many of them, and by that time they've had a long day. Now I can live with this, but it doesn't make me the life and soul of the party. In fact, not to put too fine a point on it, I'm about as much use at a convention as a one-legged man at an arse-kicking contest.

But hope springs eternal in the fannish breast. Also heartburn...though I'm crossing my fingers and going for it anyway. I'm here aren't I? Actually I'm hoping that the fact of our recent arrival, the jet-lag and the time difference, will have knocked my biological clock back into synch with the real world, so that most of you don't leave the con saying "Skel? Was he there?" If it doesn't work though, and you really want to get together with me, then I'll be the guy hitting the freebies in the canteen at 5 a.m.

If we can't get together in person though, all is not lost. Just look for this crotchety 44-year-old woman wandering the corridors alone. Befriend her, and she'll doubtless tell you that you're not missing anything anyway. Buy her something to eat. I'd take it as a kindness. So will she. It'll also be your only chance of getting a word in edgeways.



Snuffy's Left Shoe

An exercise in Terror!

(also an exercise in stream-of-unconsciousness writing)

By

Glen A. Boettcher, Mike Vande Bunt & Jeff Ford

(Any resemblance of the above to persons living or dead is purely accidental.)

Once upon a ditto . . . (oops, never mind.) Milwaukee, land of the accordion and brats. Here we are, innocent children, aspiring to imitate Chubby Checker (not to be confused with Nixon's dog) with pointy shoes and checkered zoot suits and especially electric guitars. And what did our mothers force us (for political/economic reasons) to take? ACCORDION lessons! I gotta tell ya, it just ain't the same. Dashed were our hopes and dreams. (Let's all polka till we puke!) We might be sociably acceptable at the next Windycon, but not in any real sense.

This is why Milwaukee is so strange. It was our Mothers' fault. Really. Maybe we should have told our moms we wanted to be Buddy Holly instead of an upstart black singer. Maybe not . . .

And now, tonight's episode of . . .

TWIN BREWERIES

"She's dead. Wrapped in sausage casing," reported Pete Molson. Sheriff Harry S. Tuborg called in the F.B.I. (Federal Bureau of Intoxication).

"Laverne, I'm driving down the main street of Twin Breweries. I've just passed a place called Greg's Soup R Desserts. I hope they have great cakes and damn fine coffee. Side note, Laverne, I've just passed a woman who seems to be carrying a keg of bbeer." (Agent Dale Cooper recited into his memo recorder.)

Agent Cooper pulled up in front of the County Hospital (and Mental Institution). On the way in, he had noticed the two large breweries that the town was named for. One of them was owned by Ben Heileman and the other one was owned by Josie Pabst, a visitor from the far east, who inherited it from her husband who drowned in a vat of bock bbeer.

Agent Cooper walked into the hospital and immediately noticed the smiling bags (and the other nurses) and saw Sheriff Tuborg and one of his deputies (I can only assume it was Deputy Harley) approaching. (Read that one in one breath!). "Harry, what is that wonderful smell you have around here?" "Why, that's our Dairy Air," replied Tuborg.

They went down to the morgue and found Deputy Andy Budweiser crying over spilt bbeer. In the next room Cooper and Tuborg examined the body of Laura Point. Cooper extracted an umlaut from beneath her right index finger. (He also found a LoC from Harry Warner.)

To be continued . . . next week!

--- D. Lynch

**"There Are No Flies On Me,"
Sez M. Glicksohn**

Jerry Kaufman here. You are there.

Scene: Edwardo's Restaurant, home of deep dish pizzas with insufficient pesto. (I'm used to Seattle places where they slather it on like mustard on bratwurst.) I'm at a table with five people (for the word count, then: Velma Bowen, Mark Richards, Cathy Crockett, Alan Rosenthal and a fellow named Mike ("I'm a local").

At the next table are Geri Sullivan, delphyne joan woods, Hilarie Riley. Not at the table, but around the corner at the bar: Mike Glicksohn, Mark "Mad Man" Riley.

I go to join Mike and Mark at the bar, intending to renew old acquaintance, and find them in a mild state of uproar, surrounded by three or four shot-glasses of amber liquid each.

No," Mike is saying to the bartender, "this glass has them too."

"Bugs," Mark tells me, "all the glasses have bugs in them. He looks into his glass. "Goddam, this one has them too."

The manager comes over. "Gentleman, we want to make you happy." He pours two more glasses. Mike and Mark peer into them, swish the Scotch around, hold the glasses up to the light.

"Great," says Mike, "this one is clear."

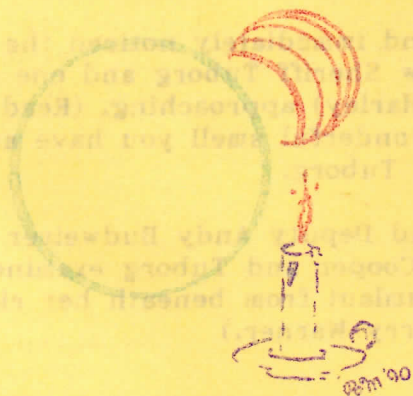
"I don't fucking believe it," says Mark, "but this one is, too."

The manager says, "It wasn't the glasses. They were in the bottle. This is the second or third time we've seen it."

Mike the local comes to say our pizza is ready. Half-an-hour later, as we are finishing, amid laughter, we hear Mark say, "They're still working the bugs out of it." The laughter becomes hysterical and Mark and Mike are off: a five minute laughing jag, and everything anyone says extends it. (Of course, everything said seems to have the word "bugs" in it.) Mark comes to himself sooner and threatens to douse Mike with ice water until he too snortles to a stop.

I was there; you are here.

--- Jerry Kaufman



Bait and Switch

I, Moshe Feder, was here, sitting right behind Jerry as he typed the above, quietly nodding to myself that it certainly is a wonderful thing, what can happen during the course of a fannish meal at a con. While Mike, Mark and company were having their adventure at Edwardo's, I was having dinner with another group at Empire Szechwan (no relation) [in-joke NY reference].

Dick and Leah had packed us into their van (the one Illinois has kindly consented to label "FIAWOL") for the brief trip, and I and they were accompanied by Paul Stinchfield, Richard Brandt and Don Fitch. We'd ordered pot stickers as an appetizer and six other dishes to share. While we waited for the dumplings to come, Richard went downstairs to make a phone call and was accompanied by Dick and Paul, who were headed for the men's room adjacent to the phone. As they left, Dick warned us not to eat his pot stickers.

Some time passed while we chatted and the dumplings came. There was no question of standing on ceremony and waiting for them to return; we wanted our dumplings hot. So we ate them.

The pleasant conversation continued and so we didn't immediately notice that at least 20 minutes had passed and the guys hadn't returned. The remaining dumplings were getting cold and I belatedly suggested turning a plate over them to conserve their heat. We began to speculate about what could have happened to them. The restaurant wasn't that crowded. Could there have been a long line for the men's room? Was someone having a sudden attack of lower digestive tract difficulty?

More time passed. I resisted the urge to eat Dick's pot stickers. Leah began to actually worry about what had happened to them. Don suggested that there might be an old-fashioned opium den in the basement. I said something about their being shanghaied. Leah wondered if one of them might have gotten hurt going down the stairs -- although surely that would immediately have sent one of them back up to us for assistance.

Finally, with the advent of the main dishes imminent, I desired to assuage Leah's fears by heading for the basement to investigate and bring back a report. The stairs were near the front door and I hadn't started down them yet when Dick, Richard and Paul came through the front door with big grins on their faces. Dick was carrying a little cardboard container labeled "Schmidt's Bait & Tackle." They declined to respond to my demands for an explanation. Richard would only say that they'd had to make a delivery at Edwardo's.

Thanks to Jerry, I now know why Dick had felt it necessary to warn us away from his dumplings and was content to eat them cold.

--- Moshe Feder

Blood and Illuminati

Inspiration in three easy lessons for the budding fan writer: First, you stare at the page (or screen); secondly, you stare even more; lastly, the beads of blood break out across your brow.

That was actually funnier the first time I heard it, in a somewhat different version. Oh well, sometimes writing feels like that, however.

I'll bet that I'm not the only one for which sitting down and writing feels like that. Sometimes, at least. It would be so much bloody easier if the creative impulse would cooperate and jump through hoops for one at whim.

I've written portions of brilliant fanzine articles in my head at the oddest times: while walking home, standing in a crowded subway train and what have you. Naturally, memory fails, or what remains either does not seem as good under the harsh glare of daylight, or what is remembered does not string together all that well. I'm sure the same has happened to many of the rest of you.

Dinnertime was rather interesting. We went to Edwardo's, where we stuffed ourselves with stuffed pizza. I did not drink scotch . . .

After dropping Jerry Kaufman off back at the hotel (auction duties, ya know), we (this being Mike Moss-Levin, Catherine Crockett, Alan Rosenthal, Vijay Bowen and myself) drove over to Glencoe, where we visited with Bob Shea. We had a rather pleasant visit, discussing such far-flung subjects as the Grateful Dead, Illinois history, Bob's forthcoming novel, western New York history, Mormons, Masons and (of course) Illuminati. Actually, with the exception of the Dead, everything actually related to all of the rest. You had to be there.

— Mark W. Richards

Rosenthal Reflects

It would be nice to attend another fanzine-oriented convention without having to cross an international border, but I am slowly coming to the realization that for this situation to come to pass, I will probably have to organize it myself . . .

At least Chicago is close, an easy day's drive from The Centre Of The Universe, otherwise known as Toronto by those unlucky enough not to live there. (Actually, from the immediate surroundings of the convention, I might not have left Toronto at all; the architecture here is very similar, as is the lay of the land, people's accents . . .)

I can't imagine a better way to start a convention than to open the door of the con suite and be greeted by almost every body in the room. I

guess I feel that I finally have helped to start something in fandom that appears to have acquired a momentum of its own. In a perverse way, I feel sort of like I've finally paid my dues . . .

And now word appears that my stay at this convention might be involuntarily extended, not by adverse weather (which has been the sole reason responsible for what extended conventions I have enjoyed in the past) but by direct presidential decree. Congress's failure to pass Bush's budget compromise and Bush's subsequent veto of Congress's attempt to legislate funds to keep federal government employees paid could lead to mass layoffs of air traffic controllers and the cancellation of many flights.

I read that up to a million non-essential government employees might have to be laid off. (A million non-essential employees of the federal government? Isn't that why you're having such problems in the first place?) At any rate, I guess I'll eventually be glad to get home, back to the land of Meech Lake, the Goods and Services Tax, the Suretate du Quebec . . .

--- Alan Rosenthal

P.S. Contrary to rumour, I did not plant dead insects in Glicksohn's scotch during dinner . . .

Another Hairy Canadian Heard From

"Well go on, type something!"

Yeah, sure, easy to say when you're looking over the shoulder of somebody who's sitting in front of a blank screen (well, not blank thanks to the menu, frame, flashing block cursor) with a hairy Canadian yelling that it's time to restart the auction.

Hmm. A lot of that going around: the person who said that is a hairy Canadian, and I suppose even I am. The other hirsute Northerners seem to have more to say than me, which is a shame because this computer only has one keyboard. Still, one does what one can, even if it's just to babble.

The convention is progressing, even if I'm not: the room the auction was previously being held in is now closed, but the auction continues in the "fanac room." I ought to be used to typing off to one side of a programming item, since it happened at ditto 1 a couple of years ago. Other ditto traditions are also being upheld here: visiting Britfans, a real lack of structure in the programming, parties (or a party, so far) running till real late, people remaking acquaintances they'd thought lost.

Bob Tucker remarked earlier today that this convention struck him as resembling his first Worldcon, "down the street" (so to speak) in the Loop. Since it seems to me to resemble the first ditto as well, I'm very pleased to hear that, and to have it confirmed that we did something right in Toronto a couple of years ago.

I thought that managing a small convention with an international, transcontinental feeling was a pretty good accomplishment: I hope that future committees will manage it too, and ideally without the competitive, bidding aspects the Worldcon has fallen prey to. Ditto I was, I think, the start of something good for fandom.

It was also the start of something good for me: it's largely as a consequence of that convention that I'm living in Somerville today (a mere 10-minute walk from the NESFA clubhouse, but it's led to good things, too). I should mention, while I'm passing through, that my new address is 192 Central Street, Floor 1, Somerville, MA 02145.

I've been having a lot of trouble explaining to people just what it is about living in the U.S. that seems so strange to me. I think that life here seems kind of strange to natives, too, since the Iraqi invasion of Kuwait happened just before I moved: gasoline prices in Massachusetts have gone up to almost three quarters of what they were in Ontario when I left, USians are making demonstrations of support for their expeditionary force in Saudi Arabia and the greatest proponents of the free market system in the Western world have, in passing, noted that part of the problem is that oil producers might put their prices up too high as supply becomes restricted . . . Better teach those little fellows some gratitude.

But that seems too much like biting the hand that feeds me, considering that the company paying my salary is in the business of teaching robots how to play hardball. It would be nicer if they were teaching them how to bop, but there's no money in it unless you're teaching them to bop across a battlefield, and money is, as they say, what makes the world go around, even in the "People's Republic of Massachusetts."

That seems like a real strange term to me, since the things that my neighbours complain of, like sales and income taxes, seem awfully low to me. Maybe living next to New Hampshire makes 5 percent seem like a lot, but it's still a heck of a lot lower than the 8 we had in Ontario even before the socialists formed the government. The 5 percent seems even smaller because it's scaled to low U.S. prices: we're high on the food chain ("Who needs drugs . . .") and can get a lot for a few bites, if we're able to run with the large, fierce animals.

I wonder how much extra metaphorical DDT and Hg we're getting this way, though. Nothing worth having comes without some kind of price and a good deal of what's not worth it costs even more: you can pay a lot to have an allopath cut you open down here, or to poison you enough to kill the bacteria without doing you in completely. I have to admit I prefer the system in Ontario, where I can get mainstream leaches to restrict their bleeding of me to my veins and keep their forceps out of my wallet.

It's really a funny thing, you know. USians often seem to me to be among the most open, friendly, generous people I've ever met, but they won't let themselves be organized or coordinated in it. They detest the inefficiency of the governmental agencies they see, but that inefficiency seems to spring from the half-hearted, piecemeal approach they take to state-run enterprises. Even when the state runs something, the actual work, apparently, has to be let out to private enterprises: at least from

what I've seen this leads to exactly the kind of featherbedding and inefficiency that USians detest so among bureaucrats and adds more costs in the tendering and bidding processes. Government and U.S. capitalism seem to be an astoundingly poor fit to each other and I really don't understand why.

Somebody had better understand it though, or figure it out PDQ. The world doesn't show any signs of getting larger real soon and the global village ain't big enough for the both the U.S. and its own worse nature. Pat Mueller tells me that gun control is getting to be an issue even in Dallas, so maybe there's hope, but we've all got smokestacks pointing at our heads. "Live Free or Die" is an issue again, but this time the folks most likely to die aren't the ones living free.

--- Bob Webber, Registered Alien

A Walk on the Wild Side

Midway through the programming, Morgan and I got the urge for a breath of fresh air. We'd heard that there were nature trails in the woods surrounding the hotel, and this sounded like a nice change from the drought conditions back home.

We crossed the parking garage and as we passed an ornamental pond, a large bullfrog leapt from our path. Near the river, we entered the woods and left the manicured hotel grounds behind. A brown squirrel dodged around the trunk of a tree. Dead branches and fallen leaves crunched underfoot.

A movement to the right attracted my attention. For a moment, I caught sight of a deer running through the trees. A bit further on, we saw another deer, who turned to look at us for a moment when the wind changed and then calmly trotted away.

Down by the river, we spotted deer and raccoon tracks in the soft mud, and trees that had been gnawed by beavers. On the way back to the hotel, Morgan identified a pile of rabbit droppings. On the return journey, we saw the frog near the edge of the pond and stalked past him.

--- Exil Q. Trob

Impressions, Interspersed

*. . . Words are too solid -- they don't move fast enough
to catch the blur in the brain that flies by -- and is gone . . .*

I spent much of this weekend with my journal in hand and jotted down astonishingly little of what actually occurred. This is not all that surprising: I'll probably write up most of my convention memories on the flight home.

Instead, what I've been writing are visual impressions, interspersed with whatever music has been running through my brain. ("I think we can all declare potato printing a failure," I hear Leah observing behind me and I wonder what brought about that comment. That's been one of the "problems" of the weekend -- I keep hearing these fascinating snippets of dialogue, with no context to pin them to. Ah well . . .)

In February 1986 (I think), I attended the Falls Church Corflu, primarily at the urgings of people such as Lise and Moshe and Patrick and Teresa, who kept telling me that I would enjoy the con. I'd been attending Fanoclasts meetings for about five or six months and had bought a fair number of old fanzines from the Nielsen Haydens for TAFF.

At the time, I'd never written anything other than an apazine and I spent a fair amount of the convention waiting for someone to turn to me and say, "You! You're not a REAL fanzine fan!" It never happened, but it didn't stop me from worrying. I was also afraid of letting any of these real fanzine writers see any of my writing.

It's October 1990 now and I've had two pieces published this year -- one in the Corflu Progress Report and one in Sandcastles #6. I'm still writing for apas (more now than I was in 1986) and still haven't pubbed my own ish, but I've sent some of my apazines out to the "real" fanzine writers and no one has said, "Stop annoying me," so I think I'll try a perzine next and see what happens.

I never got around to responding to something that was asked during the programming this weekend, about why so many people who haven't pubbed in a while kept attending Corflus and dittos and why they still considered themselves fanzine fans. I'm approaching it from a different angle, which connects with something that Moshe said about sending fanzines to the people whose fanzines he was impressed by when he was younger.

When I started mailing out some of my more coherent apazines to people who weren't in the aps, I sent them to many of the people whose zines I'd bought from TAFF or at auction, or picked up at these fanzine conventions -- and when Mark and I finish our respective zines (one of which is waiting for my editorial), we'll be sending them out to a similar list: current friends and friends who possibly don't even know of our existence, but whose zines have brought us into this strange community.

(I have this sneaking suspicion that I am bordering on the maudlin and incoherent and so should cut myself off. Regards, and great affection to all of you.)

--- Vijay

Potato printing: what drove the first fans to hectographs.

--- Cy Chauvin

Tempo

Section 5

Chicago Tribune Wednesday October 10, 1990



Bob Greene

His love is gone but not forgotten

Pat Brennan, when he can bring himself to talk about it, says he feels like a jilted lover.

"That's pretty much it," Brennan said the other evening. "I feel as if I've lost my lover. I feel like I loved her, and I thought she was mine, and now she's left me. She had to go out and be a star."

He paused. "I feel like she was mine, and now she's with just about everybody."

Before you feel too sorry for Brennan, we should tell you that the lover who has left him is not a woman. The lover is...

"The Civil War," Brennan said.

Brennan, 38, is what is commonly referred to as a "Civil War buff," although Civil War buffs do not like to be called Civil War buffs. They prefer to be referred to as "members of the Civil War community."

For 30 years, Brennan has studied the Civil War. He has a 500-volume Civil War library. Much of his free time is spent debating the Civil War with other men and women who are hooked on the Civil War.

Until last month, theirs was a relatively obscure avocation. Although the Civil War was a watershed in American history, not all that many men and women in today's society knew much about it.

Then came the hugely popular PBS television series about the Civil War. Within the span of one week, the TV series turned the Civil War into something fashionable. More than 130 years after the fact, the Civil War even made the cover of Newsweek.

"I'll be watching a football game with people now," Brennan said. "And what will they be talking about? They'll be talking about William Sherman and Joe Johnston. About two Civil War generals. They'll be saying, 'Wow, that



Pat Brennan: His lover had to go out and be a star.

Johnston—what a guy! Even though it's raining at Sherman's funeral, he won't put his hat on, because he wants to show his respect!" I can't believe it. Two weeks before, they had no idea who Joe Johnston even was."

Brennan, by the way, is no university archivist who spends his days and nights in dusty old library

annexes. He is keyboard player for the rock band Dick Holliday and the Bamboo Gang; while other rock musicians might devote their leisure hours to more debauched pursuits, Brennan goes straight from the dance halls to his Civil War volumes.

"I became fascinated with the Civil War when I was 7 or 8 years old," he said.

"There was this man in the neighborhood—he was a labor negotiator who had lost his job, so he was around a lot during the day, and he knew everything about the Civil War. I thought it was really cool. And I have ever since. I spend at least 10 or 20 hours a week reading about the Civil War."

Now that so many other people are—at least temporarily—thinking about the Civil War, Brennan's own reactions are complex.

"The jilted lover thing is true," he said.

"Or there's this: You know when you really love a band, and no one else knows about the band's music? You feel that the band's appeal is kind of esoteric. And then when the band becomes big, you feel as if they're gone. It's almost as if you don't like 'em as much. Because everyone else likes 'em. It's a strange attitude to have."

The parallel is not exact—the Civil War has been around a little longer than some hot new band. But, the nature of American culture being what it is, the hard-core nucleus of Civil War people is fairly small.

At least it used to be. "Even though the Civil War may be the most important event in our history, more people knew about the plot of some afternoon soap opera," Brennan said. "Suddenly that changed."

Before the TV series, caring about the Civil War was like being in a fraternity. And the hazing part came when you talked to people who knew more about the Civil War than you did. You'd say that you were a student of the Civil War, and someone who knew more about it than you did would say, "What's your interest?" And you'd say, "Union generals." And someone else would say, "Who?" And you'd say, "Uh...Burnside." It was great. It was like this little secret society. No more."

Like many spurned lovers, Brennan hopes that some day his true love will come back, and that things will be the way they used to be. He reasons that another fad will flash across the airwaves, and that the people who became smitten with the Civil War last month will find another diversion. He senses that it may already be happening.

"I have to kind of shake my head," Brennan said. "It's become like jogging. The same way people say, 'I'm getting into jogging,' they now say, 'I'm getting into the Civil War.'"

"I'm willing to wait. I'm willing to wait until this is over. When all the new people have moved on to the next fad, I'll be here waiting for the Civil War to come back to me."

Adventures in Computing: Night of the Living Modems

(Or, Computer Bulletin Board Systems for the Complete Neo)

Who's that weirdo sitting in the greenish glow of a computer monitor? A programmer trying to fix the damage some user did? A pirate cracking a secret database? A gamer trying to get through SimCity? Not this bloke; he's a BBS user, picking up messages and sending replies and maybe a few dirty pictures on the side. (More about him later.)

Computer Bulletin Board Systems, (or BBSes for short), are in some ways similar to APAs. They distribute text and art to their members, they encourage conversation and they store what they contain for as long as somebody keeps their files. APAs, however, distribute their contents all at once at specific periods, where BBSes distribute theirs at the individual will of the members. BBSes also do not show on-line the art they contain (with exceptions); picture files must be taken away to view them.

BBSes work much like regular bulletin boards. They allow you to read messages and "tack" your own replies on at the end. You can also put other stuff on a BBS, like pictures, programs or text. In fact, any kind of computer file can be sent to or from a BBS. Big files can be squeezed for ease of storage and sending or receiving. Some BBSes are parts of networks which allow them to exchange messages and save their members long distance costs. And all that you need to get into BBSing is a computer, modem and terminal emulator program.

Now, computers, modems, terminal emulators and BBS programs are very complex, technically sophisticated things. Luckily, the sort of modems, etc. you're likely to run into these days are sophisticated enough that they'll do most of the work for you. You don't need to understand exactly what they do any more than you need to know why there's a CPU chip in your microwave oven. (You can learn it all later if you like.)

The hardest thing to learn is the phone number of your first BBS. They don't advertise that widely. You can try the want ads of your local newspapers, especially if there's a local computer news sheet. Friends who are into BBSes are a better source, if you know any. Once you find your first BBS it gets easier. Members with their own boards might leave their BBS numbers. There could be a list of BBSes in the files somewhere or it might even be a feature of the BBS itself.

After some basic similarities, things differ widely between BBSes. The rule of thumb here is just follow the instructions on the screen. More subtle are the nuances of getting along with your fellow members.

BBS users are in many ways like fen. As mentioned in the pages of *Spirits of the Night*, they tend to be young (at heart anyway), shy and lacking in social graces. They are also intelligent (enough to operate a computer and modem at least) and they find it easier to speak through a typer. They're not as literate as fanzine fans because what they write mostly is short messages. They have diverse interests, though. Base topics can range from cooking to sex to comic books to AIDS and even (dare I say it) Science Fiction.

THE FAPA CORRESPONDENT

Volume 1, number 3. Edited by Harry Warner, Jr., 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland, U. S. A., for the ditto 3 combozine.

For this year's Corflu, I made a surprise appearance on television. (Unfortunately, the ratings were terrible. It didn't even appear in the Nielsen ratings in Variety the following week.) So what can I do for an encore for ditto 3, aside from the humanitarian gesture of not showing up even in the form of pixels?

Inspiration struck. There has been a slight delay since the last issue of The FAPA Correspondent. I don't want anyone to leap to the false assumption that its publication has been suspended. So here is its third issue, presented in the hope that nobody has been inconvenienced by the fact that it is slightly late. To be specific, forty-seven years late, since the second issue was distributed in 1943. (That one appeared only four years after the first issue, which was dated in the winter of 1939.)

Even at my advanced age, I can still comprehend the fact that FAPA and ditto 3 are not the same thing. However, only a couple of people who received the second issue as FAPA members in 1943 are still in the organization. It's conceivable that more FAPA members who were members then will receive this third issue via its distribution outside the organization.

Tentatively, I claim the record for the longest interval between issues of a fanzine published by the same individual and bearing the same title. Several months ago, Norm Metcalf published the first issue since 1941 of the CFS Review. But he didn't edit or publish its previous issue. I hope my example will inspire others in First Fandom to top my record of a 47-year interval. For instance, it's high time that Bob Tucker produces a new issue of Invisible Stories, since he hasn't done so since 1939.

The FAPA Correspondent was my first real FAPazine, although I believe I inserted a couple of single-sheet advertisements for Spaceways, my gazine, very early in my FAPA membership. The first issue of The FAPA Correspondent consisted of excerpts from correspondence. I believe I may have intended to distribute in this way the more entertaining and printable sections of letters received, so they wouldn't be lost to posterity. Then I decided to convert my all-fiction fanzine, Horizons, into a FAPazine. Memory is too hazy for me to be sure, but I suspect that the second The FAPA Correspondent was a stopgap item I hastily cranked out when intestinal flu prevented me from producing Horizons late in 1943. (That was the last time Horizons has failed to be published on schedule, although it had very limited circulation the time the FAPA copies disappeared in the mail.)

The FAPA Correspondent was pulled from a hektoid pad for its first issue. The single-sheet second issue was mimeographed. This time, it's dittoed. Don't hold your breath because of suspense over how its fourth issue will be duplicated. It might be a longer wait than this one was.

--October, 1990.

ARMCHAIR CONVENTIONEER

or procrastination is a mental disorder
and Carter's Little Liver Pills only complicate the matter!

The ultimate armchair conventioneer would have to be Harry Warner, Jr., The Hermit of Hagerstown, who successfully avoided cons for over 25 years, and is rarely seen at them today. I have only recently (3 years +) become active in the world of fandom -- primarily through the collecting, reading and locking of fanzines -- and cannot come close to challenging Harry's record. But I must confess I have never attended a con, despite the fact I've been reading sf for over 37 years and planning convention trips for over 14 years.

I am the world's greatest procrastinator -- always planning convention trips, sometimes paying admission fees in advance, but never quite making it. I not only blame chronic procrastination for keeping me away from the convention circuit, but also the fact that cons have become as plentiful as Carter's Little Liver Pills. Choosing the right first con can be very challenging indeed. And, as we all know, "firsts" of anything can be traumatic if not carefully thought-out.

I was asked by a friend, and "first time" opera goer, to accompany her to an opera of my choice. I chose Die Gotterdammerung. A very poor choice on my part. It was all I could do to keep her from walking out (on me and the opera). How different the experience would have been if I had taken her to La Boheme. Picking the right first con can be just as challenging.

I am seriously thinking about attending ChiconV -- the 49th World Science Fiction Convention. Although, I'm a bit apprehensive about making a Worldcon my first con, especially when I think about the dreaded "other fandoms" that will also be in attendance -- e.g., Gamers, Coustomers, 1999ers, Lost In Spacers, Trekkies, Beauty and the Beasties, and Dr. Whoers. And just contemplating the appearance of 'fanarchists' (as seen at Boskone and Baycon) raises my dander. Regretfully, too many cons try to accommodate all the special interest groups, at the expense of all parties concerned. (I read a lot of con reports.)

It appears my best course of action would be to attend a smaller con before tackling a Worldcon. ConClave and/or Confusion, right here in my own backyard, are the obvious choices. Although my interests direct me toward Corflu but, alas, it's too far down the road. (Ditto 3 came to my attention after I had made other plans, sorry about that.) I will continue to sift through the con listings and try to find the one(s) best suited to my interests, which is a formidable task by anyones standards -- even Dr. Carter.

Oh well, I have now definitely decided to attend ChiconV (if I ever stop procrastinating and buy a membership).

Michael Waite
October, 1990

SPIRIT RAPPING

Richard
Brandt

Two in the morning, I'm awakened by a persistent tapping at my apartment door, flashlight beams shining in through the window. "Just a minute," I call, throwing on a robe on my way to the door. "Police, sir, can you open up?" comes back from the other side. I open the door. Cops on my doorstep. Four of them. All carry flashlights. "That your truck?" I squint down at the parking lot where they're pointing; I don't have my glasses on. "Is the license number 7913DE?" They say it is. "That's my truck. What's the problem?" "We got a call there were some suspicious characters trying to break in." Well, there has been some trouble with the latch on the door. "Can you come down and take a look at it?" Uh huh. I look over the interior. The ignition hasn't been tampered with, anyway. Can't spot anything missing; seems remarkably clean.

The El Paso police are in the midst of a highly-publicized crackdown on auto thefts in the city. They credit their vigilance with reducing stolen vehicle reports to an abnormally low 100 a week. They might want to consider the recent unusually heavy rains, and ponder whether anyone would really want to be out in the wet trying to break into a car.

The El Paso cops have also been feuding with their counterparts across the river, claiming the Juarez police are masterminding a ring of car thieves. Not surprisingly, cooperation between the two departments is at an all-time low, and it takes a lot longer to recover a stolen vehicle if it shows up on the Mexican side. (I wonder if it takes longer to settle a traffic ticket. When Juarez cops write up your car, they take off your license plate and hang it up downtown. They have a wall plastered with them.) Shortly after the Mexican police issued a heated denial of the charges, a Mexican federal court indicted two Mexican customs agents for buying stolen American cars and selling them to the Juarez state and municipal police departments. A little later, El Paso police picked up an off-duty Juarez officer in a restaurant parking lot for allegedly contemplating heisting vehicles. And so it goes.

.....
If the spirit moves you, let me groove you, good. -- M. Gaye
.....

Some folks showed up for Ditto that I didn't expect to see here, but then, some of them didn't really think I'd show up, either. One gentleman read about us in Factsheet Five and decided to check us out. "I was in the N3F a while back," he told me, "and I thought I'd see how much had changed."

Househunting Horrors

It's a little frightening turning up at a fanzine con in the early '90s and realizing that almost everybody present is either of your own generation or first fandom. My generation was active during the first part of the '70s! Could it be we are the last true fanzine fans?

The nice thing about turning up at such a con after 14 years is watching old friends' jaws drop. An osteopath could have made a small fortune this weekend resetting jaw bones.

Despite being stateside for the last nine and a half years I (and Carolyn [C.D.] Doyle) have been out of fanzine fandom because we've been hopping around the U.S. like fleas on a hot tin plate. In the hopes of relieving this situation we are now looking for an actual, quotable, permanent address. It hasn't been easy. Take, for instance, the place we looked at in Morristown, Ind.

To get to Morristown from Indianapolis (where Carolyn works at the city's morning paper) you get on U.S. 52 and go on and on and on, before the journey was half over Carolyn was complaining that it was already too far, but we went on anyway.

The place turned out to be an old farm house in the middle of nowhere (which suited me just fine) there were three acres of well kept land, an aluminium barn that was bigger than the house and an old wood barn that was beginning to collapse (all tongue and groove, I think the only nails were in the roof slates), the house itself was beautiful and needed only a little work, the kitchen was large, and after going through the living room, you go into a 'side room' which also houses the bottom of the stairs, these go up into the bedroom, literally! Right into the center of the bedroom; There was a sort of landing or balcony on three sides with the main area of the floor facing the stairs and two small, thin windows at each end of the room. It wasn't just beautiful, it was downright addictive.

We wanted it. It was also too small. But oh! how we wanted that place. The guy selling it had a tale to tell in his practically immaculate diction about every room, every painting, even the land and the barn. It turned out he had worked for Carolyn's newspaper long before she had started there. He surprised me when he said he was originally from Britain (especially as he pronounced Cambridgeshire incorrectly).

So Carolyn and I decided that the sale would hinge on how long it would take her to commute to work. (C said 45 minutes maximum). We timed the journey. Fifty minutes!

Carolyn said go for it anyway (like I said, it was addictive) and when she got to work that afternoon she asked around about the seller and then phoned me. The first woman she'd asked called him the biggest lying sack of **** she'd ever known and the other staff who knew him concurred with that opinion. He'd been brought in from Phoenix as a hotshot music critic, where upon he'd promptly got up everyone's nose. Then the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra did a "Fun with Music" night with pieces like the Toy Symphony. He'd written up all the pistol shots, toy noises and orchestra

walking off stage as though it was part of a dispute between the conductor and players, the only 'give-away' was a mention of a totally fictional composer. This was not enough to stop the I.S.O.'s phone board being flooded with calls from disgruntled subscribers cancelling their subscriptions! Not long after that he left.

His house may have been addictive, but his reputation worked better than instant cold turkey.

— Dave Rowe - Of No Fixed Abode

Anything for a Buck

There wouldn't be an art show, but Dick and Leah said they'd give space to anyone who brought their art in exchange for something to auction for the con. Okay, I thought. I brought something. No one cared to bid on it, but that wasn't my problem.

More important, I brought pretty well everything I thought I had the slightest chance to sell. Art -- hell yes! Also t-shirts, several different mail order booklets, an expensive limited edition portfolio, a custom name tag selector, black and white reproductions of art anyone might take a fancy to have coloured, flyers for all the above. I figured to sell everything but my virtue, and maybe even that if someone met my price.

I picked a nice centrally located table in the fanac room. There was nothing on it, so why not? The t-shirts took up one whole end. Lined up neatly side by side the coloured art looked great. I needed a little more space, though, for the mail order booklets, and took one end of the next table. There was almost nothing in the room, so why not? The flyers, the portfolio and other display items pretty much filled the rest of that table too. Why not?

Leah told me why not. Most of the tables were needed for computer equipment, ditto mastering, flyers and fanzines, not to mention Delphyne-Joan-Hanke-Woods-Mori's artwork. Reluctantly, I moved my whole kit and kaboodle to a single table half the size of the first and necessarily made do. Leaning the art against the wall did most of the trick. Delphyne Joan Hanke Woods Mori, etc, arrived shortly after. Taking an identical table next to mine, she unloaded matted drawings one by one. Competition. Hmph.

The day went well in spite of one or two minor setbacks. I sold none of the art. I didn't expect it. Fans arrive at conventions pre-broke. For the most part, it costs as much as they can afford just to be there, and whatever's left goes mainly to hysterical bidding for auctioned copies of one another's fanzines. Fans are notoriously suckers for a narrow range of subject matter as well and their sympathy for my own narrow range of subject matter is not as generous as I could like. Later Saturday I hit the jackpot, though. A marvelous philanthropist by the name of Paul Stinchfield bought nearly everything that wasn't nailed down. I had more than broken even for the con.

Along about that time, though, I noticed a kid in a white t-shirt. He was maybe 16 and perhaps five foot five, and seemed literally under my elbow when I turned around. (We think he wandered in from a bar mitzvah or something. ---Ed.) He had a grubby looking bill in his right hand.

"Got anything for a dollar?" he said.

"Beg pardon?"

"I only have a buck. Are these a dollar?" he said again, pointing to one of my mail order booklets. They plainly said \$3 each on the covers.

"No. They cost three dollars." Next he asked if the t-shirts cost a dollar.

"No. They're \$15 each. See the sign taped up, here, on the wall. \$15."

He asked about the portfolio, the fanzines, the nametags and I think even my half finished Coke. "Is that a dollar?"

Do I need to say how I answered each and every plaintive inquiry? His next question I wasn't prepared for, though. He wanted to know if I'd draw a picture for him. "For a dollar?" I asked.

For a dollar. For a dollar he wanted me to draw a dragon. Now dragons are not really my meat. Or rather, let me say dragons aren't my metier, which won't mislead anyone concerning my dietary habits. On secret occasions I've tried to draw dragons and produced nothing as successful as a scaled manicotti with legs. Dragons aren't my thing.

I cast a glance to the table next to mine. Right next door was an artist who was practiced with dragons, gloried in dragons, drew the cotton-picking things till I couldn't stand to see them no more. "Joan? Delphyne, I mean. This man wants someone to draw him a dragon and will pay the artist one dollar in negotiable legal tender for it."

She was flustered, as anyone would be faced with such a request, and as Joan seems perpetually to be in any case. But she took the kid aside and began sketching out a dragon on the cover of a give-away copy of WOOF. That, I thought, was the end of that. But it wasn't.

Later, Delphyne told me she'd gotten the dollar, all right, but only by wrenching it out of the kid's grasp. All I knew at the time was that fifteen minutes after I thought I'd washed my hands of the kid forever, he was back at my table.

"Is that a dollar?" he said, pointing at one of the exact same booklets I told him cost \$3 only 15 minutes ago.

There was his "only" dollar bill in his hand once more.

--- Taraf



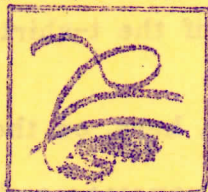
Spring Forward (oh, I have to use a ball point Fall Back duh.)

Allgauer's on the banks of the Des Plaines, in the shining days of early fall, is a wonderful place to relax, swim, hunt for nuts, and learn to DITTO.

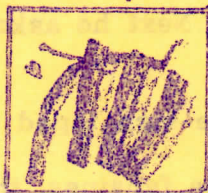
EXPERIMENT NO. 1 - POSSIBLE TEXTURES



CORNER-KITCH WITH CORNER OF CON BADGE



BACK OF BALL POINT PEN



THUMB NAIL



ORANGE COATED PEANUT M&M



1990 CANADIAN DOLLAR (LOOSE)



PIN-BACK FROM CON BADGE

Yes, once again, empirical evidence supports fan-nish Received Doctrine: ya gotta use a ball point pen.

Unless, of course, you opt for high technology and head for the nearest electric typer.

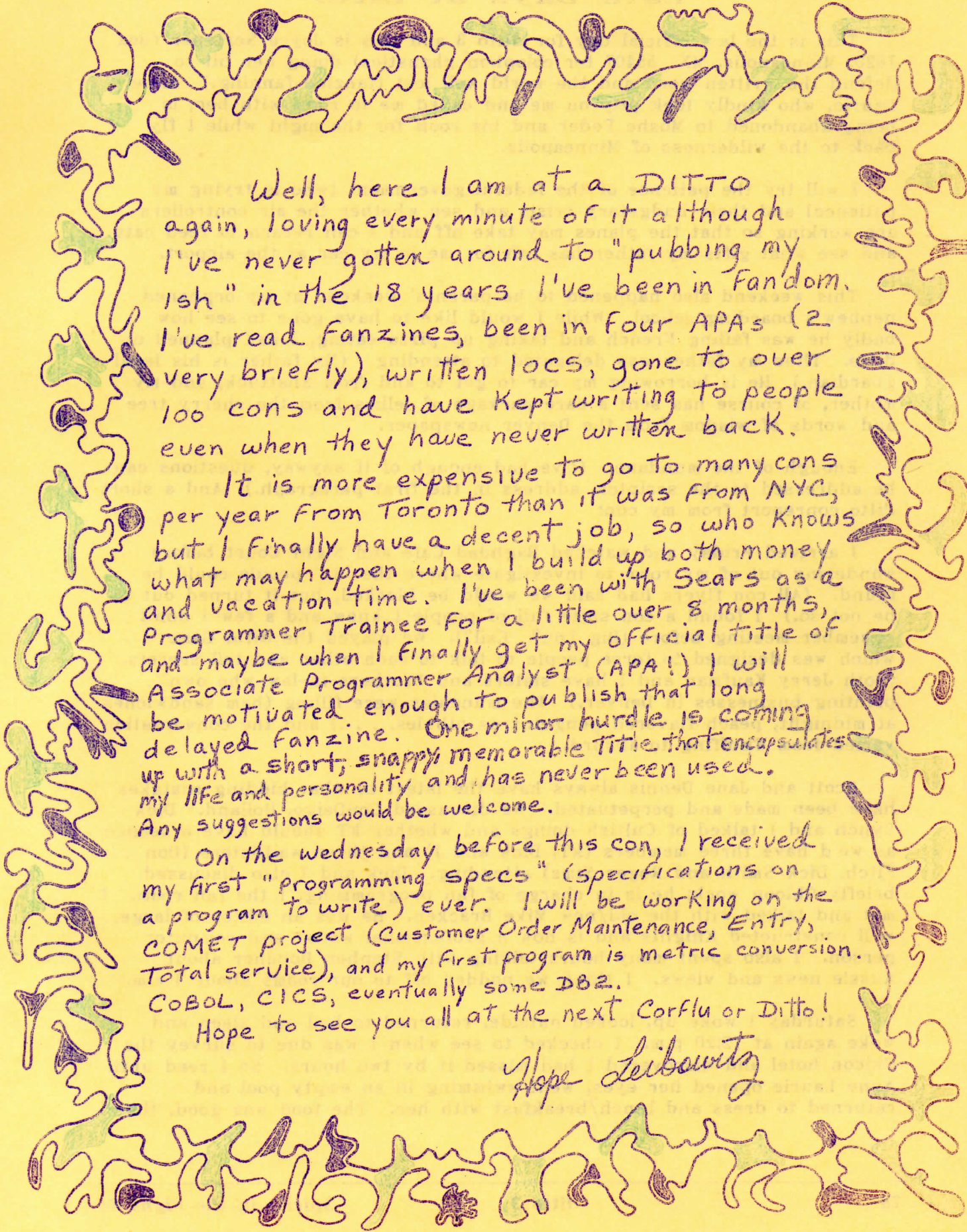
It is wonderful to meet so many fans, to read other zines, to pass out the first issue of my zine, UNJUSTIFIED CENTER, and to look for nuts. I've found a lot of nuts. Some of them were on trees. Some of them were in the lobby. Several of them were in the wonderful PALWAUKEE PLAZA, one of Nature's Wonders, where Denny's co-exists with a High Weirdness Thrift Store, a laundromat, and a hardware store that sells EVERYTHING.

Including bizarre manual dexteritie (ie???) tests that make too much noise (noise) in the con suite. But they are fun. Called KLIKA, "the toy that kliks and klaks with every rotation or to and fro with the right motivation" for ages 5 to adult, Made in Venezuela][[!!!][for Classic Items, Inc., 68 E. Wacker Place, Chicago, IL 60601, USA.

Wacker Place? EAST Wacker Place??!!

So this priest and this nun were riding through the desert on a camel. The camel died. They were stranded for weeks, and sure they were going to die. So the priest said that just once he'd like to see a naked woman. So the nun took her clothes off. Then the nun said she'd like to see a naked man. So the priest took his clothes off. Then the nun asked, "What's that thing dangling between your legs?" The priest said, "That's a special gift from God. It brings life." The nun replied, "Well, for goodness sake, then, stick it into the camel and LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!"

Enough high tech and low silliness. It's been fun! Yetz, MORGAN ANDREWS (BIG LOU)



Well, here I am at a DITTO again, loving every minute of it although I've never gotten around to "pubbing my ish" in the 18 years I've been in Fandom. I've read Fanzines, been in four APAs (2 very briefly), written locs, gone to over 100 cons and have kept writing to people even when they have never written back.

It is more expensive to go to many cons per year from Toronto than it was from NYC, but I finally have a decent job, so who knows what may happen when I build up both money and vacation time. I've been with Sears as a Programmer Trainee for a little over 8 months, and maybe when I finally get my official title of Associate Programmer Analyst (APA!) I will be motivated enough to publish that long delayed Fanzine. One minor hurdle is coming up with a short, snappy, memorable title that encapsulates my life and personality and has never been used. Any suggestions would be welcome.

On the Wednesday before this con, I received my first "programming specs" (specifications on a program to write) ever. I will be working on the COMET project (Customer Order Maintenance, Entry, Total service), and my first program is metric conversion. COBOL, CICS, eventually some DB2.

Hope to see you all at the next Corflu or Ditto!

Hope Leibowitz

Late Days at Ditto

This is the last official day for ditto 3 and this is Joyce Scrivner (Box 7620, Minneapolis, MN 55407 for colophon phanatics) doing her bit to defend the written word and the world well lost (fanzine fanning.) Anne Laurie, who kindly took pity on me and called me to room with her, is being abandoned to Moshe Feder and his room for the night while I fly back to the wilderness of Minneapolis.

I will try the patience of the federal government (who is trying my patience) and their budgetary crisis and see whether the air controllers are working so that the planes may take off and I can return to feed cats and see what gifts my father has left for me in my car at the airport.

This weekend also happened to be parents' weekend at my orphaned nephew's boarding school. While I would like to have gone to see how badly he was failing French and taking up pizza eating, I had planned on ditto. Thus my father was delegated to attending. (My father is his legal guardian.) He is borrowing my car to get to and from Shattuck, and my mother, of course has sent a care package of jellies from the cherry tree and words of wisdom from the Denver newspaper.

Enough of the mundane. (I've had enough of it anyway, questions can be addressed to the scriptor, address in the first paragraph.) And a short ditto conreport from my con:

I arrived Friday and watched Baghdad Cafe and Night Court before wandering out of my room to investigate where the 'SF' people could be found. (All con flyers had said we would be blocked, but it turned out to be not so.) I found a con suite full of people I knew and a few I don't remember meeting before (Big Lou? Exil?). We played the ditto Game which was designed to force people to talk to each other and tell secrets. (Both Jerry Kaufman and I have sisters and brothers-in-law who own printing businesses in Denver.) The munchies were filling (ham sandwiches at midnight, peach flavored penguins as nibbles, . . .) and the conversation varied from Smoffing to absurd.

Scott and Jane Dennis always have the latest in what bidding mistakes have been made and perpetuated. We discussed ConDeigo, Holland. Dick Lynch and I talked of Cultish doings and whether kT should have a seance as we'd have three members (kT, Dick and I) and three waitlisters (Don Fitch, Dick Smith and Roger Sims) attending. Dick and I also discussed briefly Chicon work; he is in charge of fan programming; I the fan room. I met and talked with the old/new Mike Bracken. He was an editor of large, well constructed *Knights* and is now a professional writer and computer person. I also spent many hours talking with Stephen Boucher about Aussie news and views. I think we nodded off to our rooms about 3 a.m.

Saturday I woke up, looked outside, returned to bed and sleep and woke again at 12:20 p.m. I checked to see when I was due to survey the Chicon hotel and discovered I had missed it by two hours. So I read until Anne Laurie opened her eyes, went swimming in an empty pool and returned to dress and lunch/breakfast with her. The food was good, the

service poor (I believe the waitress was offended both by our size and our less than elegant clothes.) We talked dogs, old and new friends . . .

We arrived at the con suite, only to be rousted out by Dick Smith to participate in programming which consisted of sitting around a room talking about what fandom meant to us. Other folks in the same room included Tucker, Joni and Jon Stopa, Pat Mueller, Bill Bowers, Richard Brandt, Leah (directing the conversation) Smith and most of the convention. The auction started shortly afterwards, many semi old and nearly new fanzines were sold. (Anne Laurie's blush raised the price \$8 on Harlot 1.) The auction was forced to move and finally continued later.

Roger Sims made two trips to dinner. I ate with Lynn Hickman, Roger, Dick Lynch, Cy Chauvin and Anne Laurie. None of us finished the entire meal. (It consisted of soup, salad, vegetable, potato, main dish, desert and drink. We still reeled from it the next morning.) Upon returning to the hotel we returned to the con suite and found several people off watching Twin Peaks and more not back from dinner.

For me, the evening consisted of conversations with Pat Mueller, Scott Dennis, and a long discussion with Bill Higgins (Science Programmer for Chicon). Not to mention showing off an elegant DUFF Report from Terry Dowling which hasn't been seen often in the states. Or at all.

Today, Sunday consisted of reading in bed and drinking tonic water (a decadent thing); when Anne Laurie woke, I again returned to a (semi)empty pool to swim and bubble. (This time two very-much-in-lusters were kissing passionately in the corners of the pool when they weren't twining deeply in the sinuous depths (3 feet) around each other's legs.)

I did not dally, but returned, finished packing, dressed and checked out. Anne Laurie, Cy and I ate breakfast at the hotel next door (a large buffet with Jewish hints in the bagels, lox and blintzes) and discussed East Lansing, Boston, Minneapolis, slumlording and each other. I refused to abscond with the quarters we were owed and in change from paying the bill and finally we returned to the con area (visiting briefly the 'library lounge' full of Reader's Digest Condensed Books, What America Should Do (A Criticism of the Korean War) and Mary Renault). Scott, Jane and Stephen were in residence. And I typed (to wit), they departed for scotch and coke and I will as soon as I inscribe my name.

I am, yours, in ditto, and fanzines,

— Joyce Scrivner.

Engrams of Eastern Europe

Hi, all. Dick Lynch speaking, er, typing, not-so-bright and not-so-early on the Sunday morning of ditto, October 7th. Right now I seem to be the only one alive below the con suite up on the second floor, so this seems as good a time as any to do my (minimal) contribution to Dick & Leah's ditto convention zine.

In times like this, waiting for some kind of inspiration to strike, writing about a recent vacation or trip is usually a good source of page-filler. A month or so ago, of course, there was WorldCon in Den Haag, which we (me and my wife Nicki, for those reading who don't know me very well) sandwiched into a somewhat longer, two week vacation trip to Europe. Not only was it the first time either of us had ever been to continental Europe, it was the first time we had been out of North America.

We started with three days of touring in Amsterdam, followed by four days in Den Haag at the convention. After that, we took the train south to Brussels and stayed an afternoon, evening, morning and another afternoon there. Then it was the overnight train to Vienna, followed by a train north to Prague, Czechoslovakia. Two days there wasn't nearly enough to see and do everything we wanted, but luckily we were visiting a friend of mine who lived there and he was an excellent tour guide to see this amazingly picturesque city.

Lessee. After that, it was the train north to Berlin, then another train the next day back west to the Netherlands (we stayed in Utrecht, a city with as much charm as Amsterdam and none of the glitz). Then, a quick dash to the airport outside Amsterdam the next morning for the flight home.

It was quite a trip, very memorable as you might expect. We'll have more to say about it in the next issue of MIMOSA, our fanzine, but when I think back, maybe the very apex, the absolute highest, most uplifting moment of the entire trip was in Prague. We were walking through the old Prague Castle area, near the government offices, when we saw a commotion going on near an entranceway across the small plaza we were passing through.

People were gathering around and waving their arms, then spontaneous applause broke out. Three cars pulled up; someone got into the one in the middle and they pulled out and drove through the plaza, passing not fifty feet from us. The person who had gotten into the car was Vaclav Havel, president of the Czech and Slovak Federated Republic.

I see I've still got a few lines to fill, so I'll close this out by mentioning that not long after Worldcon, I hosted/escorted five Polish visitors on a trip to several clean coal technology sites in Maryland, DC, Kentucky, Ohio and Pennsylvania (I work for the U.S. Department of Energy). In some ways, the week-and-a-half I spent with them was as memorable as our Europe/WorldCon vacation. Anyway, it turns out that one of them is a science fiction fan! He's vice president of the Silesia science fiction club, located in Katowice, Poland; he was aware of the recent

Netherlands WorldCon, and although he didn't attend, several of his club members did.

Out of room and out of time. I've got a 17-hour Amtrak ride home that leaves in just a few hours and I want to do a few more things (like eat breakfast) before I have to leave for Union Station. Anyway, I hope to hear from many of you in the letter column of WIMOSA and it's been a pleasant convention. Let's do it again next year in Virginia, OK?

---Dick Lynch

I Am Writing This Under Protest!

By
Brian Earl Brown

The fascist running dog Maoist authoritarian power-freaks have decreed that everyone must write a page for this convention. It has been a life long policy of mine to resist authority at every opportunity. I will not be intimidated into writing something for this convention just because Dick and Leah say so. Nor will I bow to peer pressure or any other means of behavioral control just to please someone who equates page count with the quality of personal intercommunications or the worth of non-specific non-verbal atmospheric transferences.

I decided to opt out of the convention for a few hours Saturday when the discussion turned to "What is Right with Fandom." I'm sorry but I can't think of anything that is right about fandom. There hasn't been a new generation of fanzine fans since the mid-70s. And of that generation most have either a) gaffiated or b) become so burned out that they publish at most once a year. There is no "community" of SF fans anymore. Just a bunch of people who sort-of do the same sort of thing at the same time.

Fanzines, those which still appear, are drab and boring, despite looking more and more attractive and professional looking. There are no new topics to write about and even worse, there are few people still able to write about those same old topics with anything verging on skill or literacy. Fanzine editors are -- as a group -- a bunch of dinosaurs who haven't realized that they are extinct. And the sooner they do, the better it will be for everyone.

--- signed, A Faned

(By the way, please buy my fanzine BEB)

INSOLVENT #only

Bruce Schneier, 730 Fair Oaks Ave., Oak Park, IL 60302
(708) 524-9461

Dick has informed that I must produce one page of fanac before the close of this convention. The carrot is inclusion in the Ditto zine that will eventually be published. The stick is that Dick has threatened to take a page of Jim Rittenhouse's writings and append my name to it, or take a page of my writings and append Jim's name to it.

With that sort of encouragement, here I am on a typewriter without the capabilities of rewriting, proofreading, or much of anything.

I thought I would muse for a few paragraphs on the definition of a fanzine. I publish (publish, that is) collections of my travel stories, and have been doing that for a number of years. I mail them to my friends, a good percentage of whom are fans. Mike Glicksohn claims that I publish a fanzine. I claim that I do nothing of the sort.

Mike's claim seems to rest solely on the fact that I am publishing the 'zine by myself, mail them out myself, and do things in what appears to be a fannish manner. I claim that I do not publish a fanzine because I don't do any of the "normal" (if that can be defined in terms that are either necessary or sufficient) fannish things that are commonly found in fanzines. One, I do not publish articles by anyone but myself. In fact, I do not publish articles in the normal sense at all. My zine is simply a long chronicle of whatever trip or trips I am talking about. I include no artwork, no lettercolumn, no colophon, and absolutely no fannish speak (after all, not all of my recipients are fans). While I agree that the lack of any of these items does not preclude something from being a fanzine, I maintain that the lack of any one of them does. Amateur writing by a fan and self-published by a fan is not automatically a fanzine.

I don't object to being called a fanzine, and I was even flattered when my 'zine got a good review in a recent issue of Rune. Still, I feel that "fanzine" is the wrong moniker for what I do and produce.

In closing

During the past six months I have modified almost every aspect of my life. I have changed jobs, careers, cities, and lifestyle. I have gotten married, bought a house, and stopped travelling as much.

I still hate typing directly on ditto masters, though.

(Apologies for the typos and the crossings out. It's a necessity of the medium.)

Bruce

More Fanish Rambling

by

Scott A. Stramoen

Given that fact that Ditto 3 was my first fanzine specialty convention, my brief appearance on Friday night seemed to precipitate a small controversy.... Did the Smith's Neo hate fanzine fandom that much? I can assure anyone that cared, this is not the case. I was "over booked" that weekend and had to split my time between Ditto and another commitment. More about that later.

I can understand that in the context of fanzine fandom that opportunities to socialize with fellow peers means virtually ignoring strangers. For the most part, this was my experience. An interesting observation is that the "older" fans seem to accept strangers (read Neo's) much more so than the thirty to forty year old fans. There are several explanations for this treatment, including threat and fundamental traits of that generation. A possible effect of this attitude is the fact that I was unable to find the matching fanzine publisher in the Ditto fanzine game. No, I did know who the name was, I just couldn't find anyone with Glicksohn's name on their slip of paper. (I was informed that submitting the real Glicksohn stapled to my game sheet would be acceptable alternative. Glicksohn was less than amused with this suggestion....)

For the balance of the Ditto weekend I was in solution. In other words, SCUBA diving. Several fellow divers put the arm on me to go diving the Lake Geneva Wisconsin. There is no question that remaining at Ditto, even if I slept on the floor, would have been less pain and suffering. Diving in sixty degree water with an air temperature of about fifty degrees can only be described as punishment. And for what you may ask? A worthless 1930's pop bottle from the muck at the bottom of the lake....

To this day I miss attending the "programming" on Saturday, including the

demonstration of a minico which costs as much as a small car. You never know when you may need to obtain printing capability for a medium sized corporation. On the serious side, I have been told in no uncertain terms that I missed the real convention by only attending the first night. The serious and constructive stuff occurred on Saturday. My only comment can be, "there is always another con".

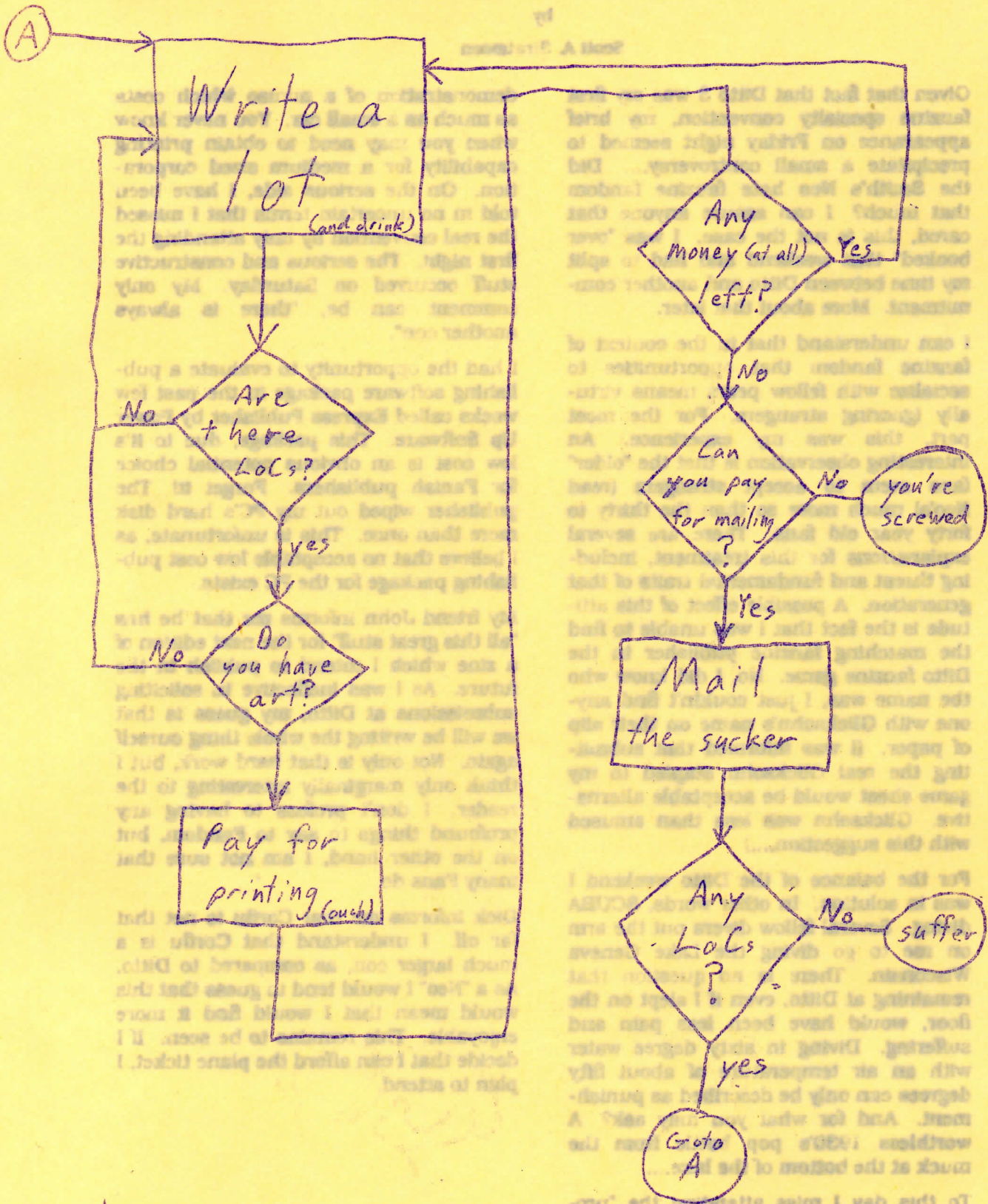
I had the opportunity to evaluate a publishing software package in the past few weeks called Express Publisher by Power Up Software. This package, due to it's low cost is an obvious potential choice for Fanish publishers. Forget it! The publisher wiped out my PC's hard disk more than once. This is unfortunate, as I believe that no acceptable low cost publishing package for the PC exists.

My friend John informs me that he has "all this great stuff" for the next edition of a zine which I intend to publish in the future. As I was ineffective in soliciting submissions at Ditto, my guess is that we will be writing the whole thing ourself again. Not only is that hard work, but I think only marginally interesting to the reader. I don't profess to having any profound things to say to Fandom, but on the other hand, I am not sure that many Fans do.

Dick informs me that Corflu is not that far off. I understand that Corflu is a much larger con, as compared to Ditto. As a "Neo" I would tend to guess that this would mean that I would find it more enjoyable. This remains to be seen. If I decide that I can afford the plane ticket, I plan to attend.

How to Pub

by ISSHabibbe



Signed
A. H. Habibbe

Disregard this Datum

Once upon a time there was a biscuit. This particular biscuit was a Bis-quick, but that didn't matter much, so disregard the datum. So this biscuit one day went to Corflu, but when it got there, there were hungry fans. To avoid the obvious, the biscuit decided to tell people it was a Trekkie. This was not swift. But it was better than being eaten, at least. So, to coin a phrase, the biscuit told people it was a Trekkie and it came to Corflu to find a wife. "A wife," said Leland Sapiro, who was the banquet entree that year, "why come here for a wife. The world is full of wife." "That's STRIFE, nitwit," said Arnie Katz. "The man came for a hard time." The biscuit thought a little while and said "Well, fuck this," and the story ended . . .

— Taral

A Diatribe for Ditto

I am being forced against my will to write a diatribe for ditto. (Hey, Dick, you do have the keys to these locks and chains, don't you?) I'm being belligerent, I know, but hey, it's my speciality.

Ditto has been quite an experience. I've found that a big part of the pleasure of this weekend has been that it has been filled with people who feel no need to wear dragons on their shoulders or talk incessantly about their pitiful sex lives. Anyone who did talk about their sex life at least didn't brag too damn much.

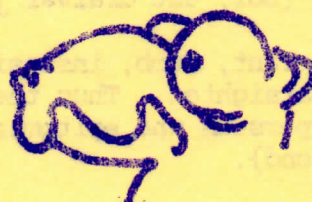
How adult. How mature. How refreshing!

I even found that talking or even listening to people talk about fanzines wasn't repugnant or even uncomfortable.

And that people who attend cons anymore aren't all inbred circus geeks or a mutant gene experiment gone horribly wrong. These are actually nice quiet intelligent folks.

Talk about a pleasant surprise. Talk about a very enjoyable change of pace. Talk about ditto!

— Denice M. Brown



Jane & Scott Dennis found this warped into their overnight case after arriving at Ditto 3. Being lazy, they decided to make it a Fo' Paws Press Production for the Ditto zine.

THESIS PROPOSAL -- EARTH INSTITUTE -- LINGUISTICS DEPARTMENT

=====

Researches into the dominant spoken languages of the temperate regions of earth have not achieved the understanding we now have of arabic, but are continuing to solve major puzzles. This thesis proposal is to reexamine the famous sfoha tapes, now established beyond doubt as being in the widespread language {engwiʃ}, using current theoretical advances made at the earth institute. The research has focussed on two topics of special interest, (1) the dental suffix and (2) ablaut gradations, and has permitted the substantial translation of a hitherto mysterious sentence.

From the tapes, I will examine the {bl-nd} series. While shorter than some ablaut series, the {bl-nd} words are significantly illustrative of the semantic structures of {engwiʃ}, and form an excellent exercise for examining the mysterious dental aspects. Then, using these new insights into the various dentals, I will advance our understanding of the famous sfoha phrase: {ai diskaværd fændam æt ditou in [ikagou]}.

The {bl-nd} series is clearly a vocalic dental suffixed gradation. By removing the suffix and reconstituting the root, we can see how the dental element signification develops. Briefly, this is what my research shows:

{blæn} - names the outer hull of grains, which contains no valuable food. Hence, when grain is {blanned}, the outer hull is stripped away. The collected {blanned} is no longer of interest. Cfg {ðis lois bu:ʒold dzænk iz [u:r blænd]}.

{blen} - alien being hiding as an earth creature. Thus the facultative {blenned} - to hide out or commingle with. Cfg {mundeinz blend in wel wið ðis windi:kan croud]}.

{blain} - the shortest distance, so-called as the {lain} taken by the fuzzy social insect called a {bi:}. Hence, by extension, the act of traveling in one direction without seeing any alternatives is to go, or be, {blaind}. Cfg {boi, ðæt draivar [u:r iz blaind]}.

{blon} - ignorant, dumb, insensible; as opposed to {bloff} - intelligent or clear-sighted. Thus the substantive form with a dental suffix applies to persons who epitomize these characteristics. Cfg {ðæn kweil iz ei dæm blond]}.

{blʌn} - solution or explication of a problem helping to lead to its solution. Hence the dental operational element, often combined with an additional {ɔr} suffix as a strength comparative, as in cfg {sɪs ʃi:sɪs wɪl blʌndər əbaʊt ðə sfoʊhə teɪps}.

We can see a variety of uses the dental is put to in these examples. This variation helps us understand the word {diskʌvərd}, which combines the elements {disk} "audio entertainment medium" and {ʌvər} (or {o:vər}) "completed" with a facultative substantive.

{aɪ}, as we know, is the speaker's marking word.

{æt} (also {eɪtɪ:}) was a popular type of calculating machine.

{dɪtəʊ} has been established as a prepositional repetitive, hence having the meaning of "before" or "after", depending on context.

{ʃɪkəɡəʊ} describes a presocial ritual used by earth creatures to remove unwanted hair from various parts of their bodies. It combines the elements {ʃɪk} "sharp scraping instrument" with "agou" (or "əɡəʊ", seen also in {əɡəni:} "to bump the funny bone") meaning "to remove".

{fændəm} remains the mystery word. While various connections have been suggested through the {dʌm} root element, nothing has been proved. Different authorities have suggested affiliation with {rændəm}, {kwændəm}, and {kændəm}, but these are not persuasive. In the study of {ɛŋɡwɪʃ}, this open question suggests that further funds be sought for additional research. The current studies, though, have resulted in substantial progress.

Thus, my thesis will demonstrate that for {aɪ diskʌvərd fændəm æt dɪtəʊ ɪn ʃɪkəɡəʊ} we have:
"This speaker, having finished listening to audio entertainment, <does or did something> to a computing machine before (or perhaps after) removing unwanted body hair."

This sentence will be better understood when further research has adumbrated the meaning of the currently poorly understood word {fændəm}.

Respectfully submitted,

, M.E.S.

Collector's Corner

Gee, this really felt like a dead dawg party! It is only 12:10 a.m. as I start this and there are only six people left in here, and Alan Rosenthal just left, along with Taral. That leaves Catherine Crockett, Dick, Leah and me. Just a few minutes ago, Moshe and Anne Laurie left. I guess fen are really getting old and tired.

This was a wonderful con, at least as good as the San Francisco one, maybe better. As usual, I found myself wanting to go to all the cons I could afford in the future, which would put a crimp in my plans to save a lot of money just in case I lose my job.

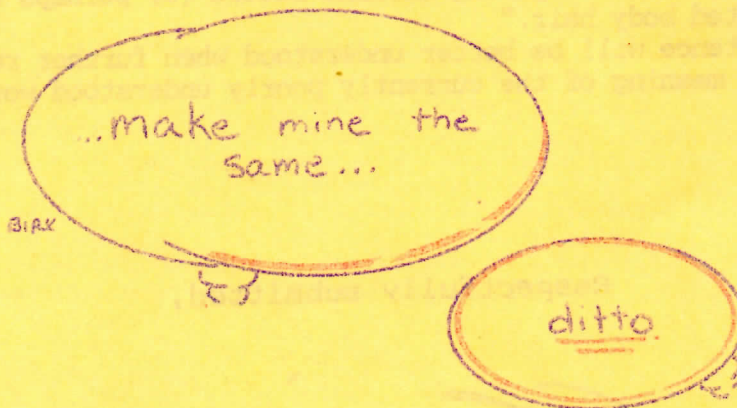
In 1991 I am hoping to go to Minicon, Corflu, Westercon (all too close together) and ditto. I would also love to go to DisClave and I may go to Philcon in mid-November, because I have three vacation days to use up before the end of the year. Sears doesn't let you save them up, which is one of the few things I really hate about working there. But all those cons will cost a lot of money and the old days when fen didn't mind sharing a room with 8 people are gone.

Now it is down to Cathy, Dick, Leah and I, which is even worse than San Francisco, but only because it is still so early. Ah, Exil Q Trob just arrived, just in time. Alan returns, things are looking up. Tomorrow should be fun, I am going with Dick, Leah, Moshe, Don Fitch and Bob Tucker to view some great architecture in a town called Oak Park. I'll be happy if I can find some unusual postcards.

I probably should have mentioned this years ago, but I collect business cards. Especially personal and restaurant, but any will do. They are small and decorative and fun to sort. So bring some for me to the next ditto and Corflu!

Guess I should join the conversation and let someone else type.

--- Hope Tiki Van Duren Leibowitz



The Peaks Strike

I was innocently sitting in the con suite at Ditto, chatting with Midge Reitan and Denise Brown about the various oddments of fandom. Some one came over and asked Midge when she had come back to the con. She said that she had woken up about noon, did her laundry, programmed her T. V. recorder to catch Twin Peaks.

"Twin Peaks I said, I totally forgot to program it into my recorder, if anyone wants me I'll be in my room watching Twin Peaks" I immediately ran up to my room, grabbed the ice bucket and ran over to the ice machine that was conveniently located right outside my door. It was almost empty but fortunately there was enough left for a few glasses of Coca Cola, my beverage of choice. ~~Sx~~ Classic, of course.

I wasted a few minutes figuring out how to turn off the radio and turn on the T.V. Got the channel set, arranged the pillows just so and ~~lix~~ lay back to watch in comfort. Somewhere in between I did find time to pour a Classic Coke..

At about 8:55 and holding I heard a key turning in the door. There was the possibility that it was my husband and I would have to warn him that Twin Peaks was imminent and ifg he didn't want to watch he had better leave.....

However it was just Midge. She may have been recording it at home, but she couldn't wait until Sunday evening to wait and see what would happen. She made herself comfortable in the other bed.

Then the haunting music swelled and the opening credits started..... There was some change already; the background now included a lonely house on a cliff.

We watched silently as the new segment unwound. A new character had been introduced in the previous program, a strange and wild looking man going for Ronette Pulaski and Laura Palmer; the dead homecoming queen. Many strange images of Laura ended the previous weeks program.

The program started out with Donna, who had taken over Laura's Meals-on-Wheels route. She delivers a meal to a thin, old woman who is lying in her bed and puts the meal down. The old woman raises the lid on the meal revealing potatoes, meat and creamed corn on the plate. She points out that she didn't order any creamed corn and asks Donna if she sees the creamed corn on the plate. Donna looks at the plate

and there is a puddle of corn on the plate. The camera then cuts to a young man on a chair. He verifies that his aunt did not ask for corn. The camera cuts back to the plate which now has no corn on it and then back to Donna's face. She turns her head to look at the young man who now has his hands cupped. The corn is lying in his hands. The old lady offers the information that her nephew was studying to be a magician.

Donna then asks her if she was a friend of Laura's. She says that she was not but that the man next stop, Harold Smith was. When Donna leaves she knocks on his door but there is no answer, so she leaves a note under his door... but all of that is peripheral to what this is about.....

After awhile there is a discrete knock of the door. Silently I cross the room to answer it. Hillary Riley is there and says, "Twin Peaks". "Peaks" I reply. The silence continues, we watch the story in all its weirdness unfold. We talk to each other only during the commercials. You can never tell just what might happen next to further unwind the story.....

Twin Peaks is the kind of program meant to catch the kind of person who would not normally watch the tube. Not only do you not know what is going to happen next, you can't even guess what the next element might be.

Its sort of like trying to read between the lines to guess what Bill Bowers was alluding to when he was writing one thing, alluding to another AND being inscrutable altogether. We get to use this sort of thing in Fandom so it seems like the plausible way to handle T.V.

At any rate the program ended with Donna receiving a call from Harold Smith, who never leaves his house.

For Dittó

Oct6, 1990

Joni Stopa

KID CORRUPTED IN BOOKSTORE:

Film At 11

Since there has been some discussion in the DITTO progress reports concerning methods to attract more people into "our" fandom, I thought I would get a bit nostalgic and set out how I came to this place (not that I consider myself a real member of "our" fandom, or even believe there is such a thing as "our" fandom, but that's another story). I don't think this method would work today, given the increase in popularity of fantastic literature the past 20+ years, but I was accosted in the science fiction sections of bookstores...twice.

The first encounter took place, I believe, in late 1967 or early 1968. I do know that I was a freshman in high school at the time since I was with my friend, Earl Whitson, who had just moved to Newport, and that we were in the Ohio Bookstore in downtown Cincinnati (censorship central but, as above, that's another story). Ohio Bookstore used to have a large table of used SF digests near the rear of the store, and I tried to make it in once every few weeks to pick up back issues of Galaxy and If. Earl and I were in the process of going through the piles of magazines when we were approached by two other kids our age--Brad Balfour and Frank Johnson.

I received my first introduction to fandom because of Brad and Frank. Brad's father was in the dry cleaning business, as was Lou Tabakow, then Dictator of the Cincinnati Fantasy Group. Through Lou, Brad had learned of mythical things such as fanzines and conventions. Brad was more than happy to serve as the instigator, and the four of us made plans to attend the 1968 Midwestcon (at least for Saturday afternoon) and publish a fanzine. I don't remember if the first and only issue of Advocates Of The Infinite came out for the 1968 or 1969 Midwestcon, but it was a hopefully forgotten crudzine anyway. What is important, however, is that the encounter at Ohio Bookstore led to several friendships that I still hold dear. I've lost contact with Earl and rarely see Brad, but Frank and I have managed to remain friends. We recently shared a room at the 1990 Octocon. Some of those people I met at my first Midwestcon also became part of my life, and I have not missed a Midwestcon since. I am not sure, however, if my short time at the convention would have totally snared me if not for a second encounter.

The late Dale Tarr used to be the closest thing that the CFG had to a recruiting committee. It was the early summer of 1969 and, once again, I was in a bookstore in downtown Cincinnati. This time it was Pages And Prints and, even though their science fiction section was fairly meager, I used to stop there regularly because they had free iced tea. All of a sudden, I heard this voice asking me if I'd read science fiction.

I had met Dale briefly at Midwestcon, but I don't think he remembered. He mentioned the convention and seemed a bit surprised that I knew about it and planned to attend. After talking for awhile, Dale did something

that made a profound difference in my life--he invited me to a CFG meeting. He even offered to come to Newport and pick me up. I said yes and went home to tell my aunt and father.

My aunt was worried. Here I was, aged 16 and somewhat unfamiliar with the ways of the world, and I was telling her about this older man who had approached me in a bookstore and invited me to a meeting of something called the Cincinnati Fantasy Group. Concerned that dire things would happen to me if I accepted the invitation, she initially did not want me to go. After all, it was the Sixties, and who knew what type of people were out there. She finally relented when I told her that I had previously met the man at Midwestcon the year before. Besides, I had called Frank and Brad, who also were invited to attend and were planning to go. After my aunt spoke with Brad's parents, I received permission to go, even though my aunt was sure that it was not in my best interests.

In many ways, my aunt was right. The CFG, circa 1969, certainly changed my outlook on life. While it was not my introduction to fandom, if it were not for the CFG, my fannish life might have remained still-born. It's now 21 years later, and some parts of that first meeting still stand out. I remember that when Dale picked me up, he introduced me to Bea Mahaffey. The meeting itself was at Bernie Ballou's apartment (and I have no idea what ever happened to him) and there I also met many of the people who would become the center of my early fannish life. Some, such as Lou, Dale and Bea are no longer with us (except as memories), some I have simply lost contact with, and others such as Margaret Ford Keifer and Mike Lalor are still a part of Cincinnati fandom, such as it is. Together, these people and others took a shy, impressionable, 16 year-old and helped him feel a part of something that has since become an important part of my life.

At CORFLU 4, when I was made guest of honor through the "luck" of the draw, I took the opportunity to thank the many fanzine fans who had helped me keep in touch with my friends by sending my zines even though I was (and still am) very lazy in writing letters of comment. Unfortunately, I have missed my opportunity to say thanks to people like Lou, Dale and Bea who helped open fandom to me. In 1968 and 1969, there seemed to be less of a division between fanzine fans and convention fans, and many of my early friends were in both camps. Even though I have not edited anything more than an apa-zine since Advocates, I enjoyed the few fanzine conventions I've attended. For that reason, I felt bad when time and money constraints kept me from DITTO 2. Some of the attendees don't make it to many other conventions, and I hate to miss another chance to thank my friends.

Joel D. Zakem
10/30/90

October 17, 1990

Lynn Hickman P.O. Box 6 Wauseon, OH 43567

Just received a card from Leah saying that she noted I did not have a contribution in the DITTO3 con one-shot, but I could still get something in by Octocon time.

I had planned to contribute but everytime I went to do so, it seems everything was in use. So I'll take advantage of her offer and send something in.

To start with, I'm very glad that Roger Sims and I decided to go. I figured if Dick and Leah were running it, it should be a good con. And it certainly was. My thanks to them. It is a lot of hard work to put on a con, but they did it in great style. Smoothly run, but not pretentious, friendly and with a ghood con suite with a smoking room for people like Tucker, Don Fitch, Midge Reiton, Bill Bowers and myself.

Good conversations with many old friends, plus meeting some new ones. All in all, I had a great time.

Will finish off with a Crosby cartoon from the "old" Life magazine of the twenties. Sorry I couldn't find one with a real honest-to-ghod DITTO.



Necessity Is the Mother, etc.

THE TEACHER MADE A. B. DICK, JR., WRITE HIS
NAME FIVE HUNDRED TIMES.

Why I Wasn't at Ditto 3 and Didn't Contribute to the Ditto 3 Oneshot

By

Mike Glicksohn

Reversing the order of the title, let me treat the relatively simple problem of why I didn't contribute to the ditto 3 oneshot. There are two reasons: (1) I don't think most oneshots are very good, not matter how much fun they may be for the participants, and (2) more significantly, I don't think I'm very good at contributing to oneshots.

I lack some essential ingredient for being sparkling and witty and insightful when a bunch of peers are peering over my shoulder watching my streamlet of inspiration run dry. So I tend to steer clear of oneshots whenever possible. Besides, it's hard to type a oneshot with a drink in one hand and a woman in the other and that's how I like to try and spend the non-poker hours of the conventions I still attend. (Sadly, it's more likely than not to be a drink in one hand and a drink in the other hand nowadays but that's not something I care to go into at the moment, if you don't mind.)

Now those among you with broad mental horizons may be thinking to yourselves, "But surely he is in the ditto oneshot?" but this actually an illusion. I'm sitting at a rapidly deteriorating IBM Selectric II in Toronto hoping to finish this before the repairman comes by to take the machine away and fix its little gears. And the only reason I'm doing this two weeks after ditto 3 finished is that Chairman Leah sent me a postcard suggesting in her loving but firm way that I should bring some thing to Octocon this coming weekend so the ditto 3 oneshot would be complete (or perhaps merely more complete). (They say that Death will not release you, but compared to Leah, Death is a dilettante.)

I wasn't supposed to be at ditto 3 anyway. That's after I was supposed to be there, of course. Despite having attended only one of the current generation of fanzine conventions (ditto itself, which I helped run in Toronto), I bought an attending membership in ditto 3 because it was the con where the Skeltons would be making their First Contact with North American fans en masse and such a watershed event in the history of fandom was just not to be missed.

Then five months before the con my roommate decided to get married. While this by itself brought me nothing but joy, his subsequent selfish and inconsiderate decision to move out and live with his wife plunged me into despair. And debt. About twelve thousand dollars of extra debt over the next year, as it happens. Suddenly extravagances such as conventions, books, single malts and food seemed . . . well . . . extravagant. So I cancelled plans to attend ditto and spread the word that I could no longer make it, with all sincerity, I hasten to add. (It really wasn't a clever ploy to annoy you, Dick, honest.)

Then at the end of the summer, four events conspired to make me change my mind again. I earned more than I thought I would teaching summer school (for the first time in my 19-year career). I found someone willing to split the cost of a room if I could make it. Air Canada had a

seat sale on their Toronto-Chicago run. And Bowers announced his re-emergence into the real world of fanzine fandom would take place at ditto 3. Under such powerful influences my resolution to be fiscally responsible collapsed completely and I may plans to attend after all.

But they were secret plans. I mean, why spoil a chance to surprise a few good friends?

And did it work? Was it worth it? Of course it did and of course it was. When I knocked on the door to the Skeltons' room, before they had yet been introduced to any of the convention members they hadn't driven in with, Paul opened the door, looked at me, said hi and walked back into the room. Hell, for a reaction like that I'd have performed a great many more Machiavellian manipulations and spent easily another three or four dollars and still have thought it was all worthwhile.

(But thanks to all those who did greet me with much-appreciated pleased surprise and I'm sorry for having deceived you. And don't think badly of Skel -- he later admitted he was so gob-smacked at seeing me standing there, his brain shut down in self-defense.)

1943

It is 1943 again, and I am old.

Time was when I was a neo, and it was 1974. The place was Discon, the first world science fiction convention I'd attended outside of my own city. It was an terrific adventure -- an all-night bus ride with a group of fellow fans through the black Allegheny void; brake-lights like comets, isolated starry incandescents and gas-stops looming up like unexplored solar systems. I'd only met my fellow passengers the year before. And at Discon I'd meet as many more. I didn't then suspect that some would become life-long friends.

It's customary at this point to drop some names. I met Linda Bushyager in 1974, Moshe Feder, Lise Eisenberg, Andy Porter, Alexis Gilliland, Stu Shiffman and god knows who else, it was so long ago. 1943 was years ahead.

When I was a neo I learned there had been a fandom way, way back. Figures such as Harry Warner and Bob Tucker were Cicero and Mark Twain to me. Even my immediate predecessors, such as Mike Glicksohn, seemed like historic giants.

Some little time went by. Fan history sorted itself out in my mind a bit. Reverence for the Elder Gods frayed at the sleeves and fan history seemed shoddier. It was exasperating to always have a Bob Tucker or a Mike Glicksohn there for your efforts to be compared to. The old farts were a cross to bear rather than models to emulate.

Quite a bit of time went by. It was 1980 or so. The faces of the old farts changed somewhat. It was Ted White and Richard Bergeron who

reminded you constantly that you hadn't lived up to the glory of the old days, and never could.

Then it was 1985 and there were new old farts, who were almost as young as I. Discretion prevents me from naming them. Like all old farts, they filled center stage and upheld long past splendors as incomparable standards. They decided the fate of TAFF races. They passed judgement on the fitness of worldcon bids. They elected the committees and nominees and GoHs who ostensibly moved and shook fandom.

And now it's 1990, Sunday night at ditto, and I'm sitting in a room swapping old stories with Bob Tucker, Mike Glicksohn, Moshe Feder, Dick and Leah Smith, Don Fitch and others. Earlier this weekend I sealed the fate of Corflu two years from now with Dick Lynch and Richard Brandt. I took a neo underwing, sang the glories of fandom to him and soon had him buying his first membership to a con. When Tucker offered to lend me money, I knew the worst. I was finally an old fart, as old as Tucker in one sense if not in the other. It was 1990 but I might as well have been from 1943.

--- Taral

Return to Oz

Part One

Dorothy Zeldes squirmed in the room where she was held prisoner by the SMOFs of Home Improvement Fandom, along with three sets of unfinished chartreuse-striped curtains, five broken clocks, a power saw, several sections of drywall and 10 dozen ceramic teapots in the form of various types of vegetables.

She heard the Trufan alarm go off, and thought there might be hope; if only she could break the strong mental bonds placed upon her, the Guilt of Too Many Hopelessly Uncompleted Projects which the SMOFs had left her with. (That was part of the reason she had gafiated from the true fandom and entered this shadow fandom, only now it too was beginning to fill with uncompleted projects.)

Blocking her escape were a half-tiled bathroom, a faulty water heater, molding that didn't match the wallpaper, an unassembled set of glass shelves (definitely not for books or fanzines), a half-spaded garden and a lawn three lots wide. The only project completed was the installation of a genuine Roscoe ceiling fan.

She began counting sheets of mimeo paper in her head, as if they were rolling off a mimeograph in a full production run, and she began to think about how much she used to enjoy collating MISHAP and other fanzines when she was a teenager. Suddenly the strong mental bonds restraining her snapped (weakened by a surfeit of ennui) and she was free. Quickly she tiptoed down the hallway and out the front door. The lawn was planted in alternating strips of pale Italian rye and dark Kentucky bluegrass.

This was home, but ever since she got the invitation, she knew she had to go. The red beanie fit snugly as she strapped it on, and she hoped the planes at the nearby airport wouldn't run her down as she took off.

The invitation's envelope was filled with silvery sprinkles and twinkling stars and said:

Tenth Year Reunion
Grand Oz Hotel
Oct. 5-7

See you there,
Your friends,
The Cartoonist, Q, and Ambitious F. Upstart

~~~~~

Eric Lindsay suddenly felt an overwhelming need to sit down. Could all that really "fine" Australian red wine have affected him already? How else could he explain seeing a woman buzz by the hotel room window in a bright red propellor beanie during Wendy and Irwin Hirsh's pre-pre-convention room party?

Perhaps it had been a large, red hummingbird. Perhaps it had been a very rare, plump Tasmanian carnivorous hummingbird carrying one of its young. Perhaps . . . .

He looked out the window. It was there again, staring in the window, its propellor beanie gently humming, supporting her effortlessly. Could it really be true (as the overseas fans all insisted) that your blood does rush to your head in Australia?

To be continued . . .

— Cy Chauvin

---

**a Czechoslovakian fan who  
wants "pen friends" ...**

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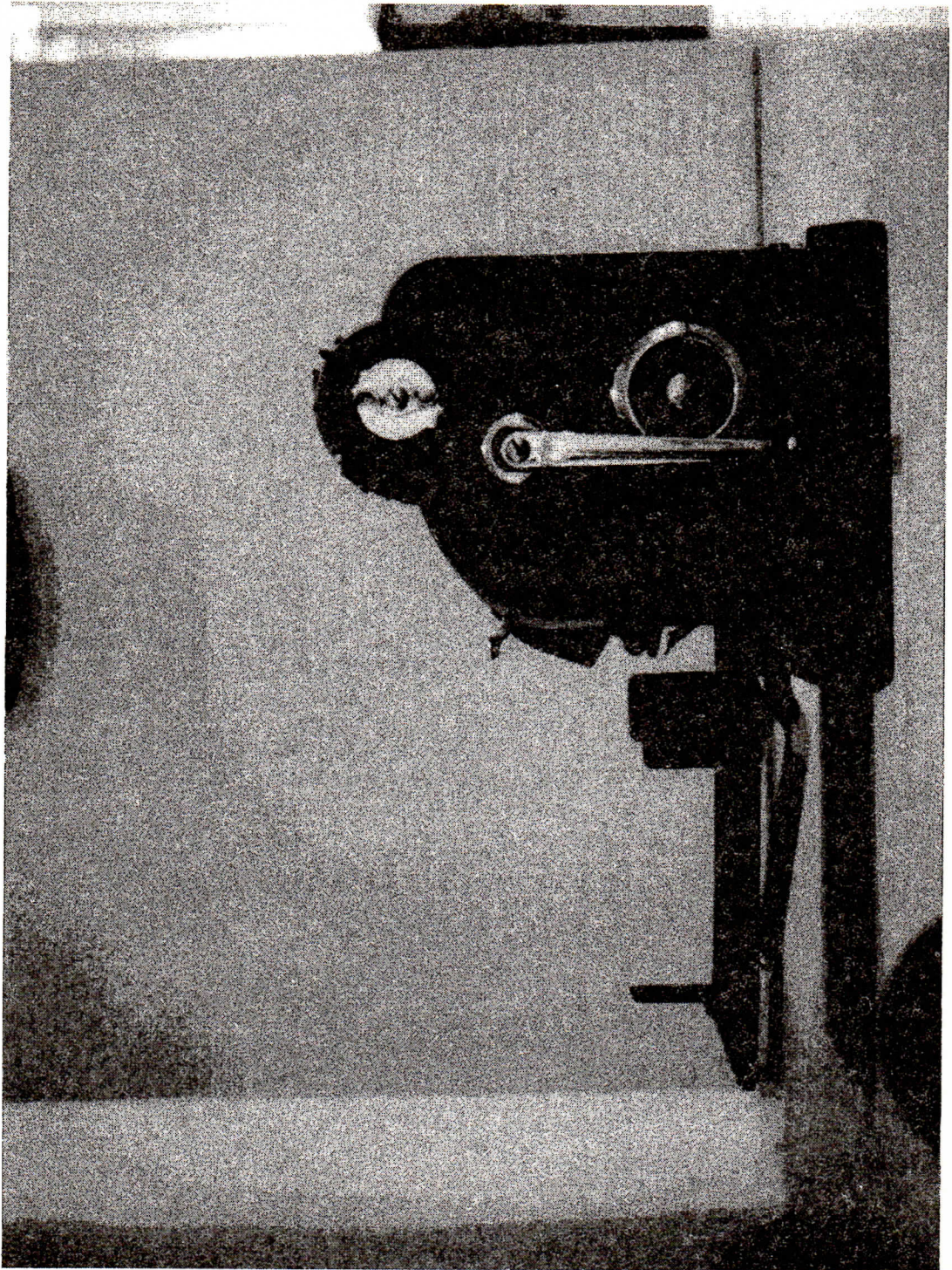
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NOTE: Whether couples are listed together or separately has to do with their membership status and not with their fanzine collecting habits. You're probably safe sending people who share an address a single copy of your fanzine; if they want another, they can always write and ask for one.

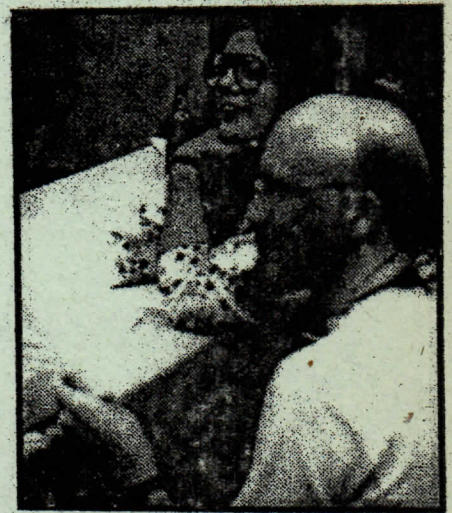
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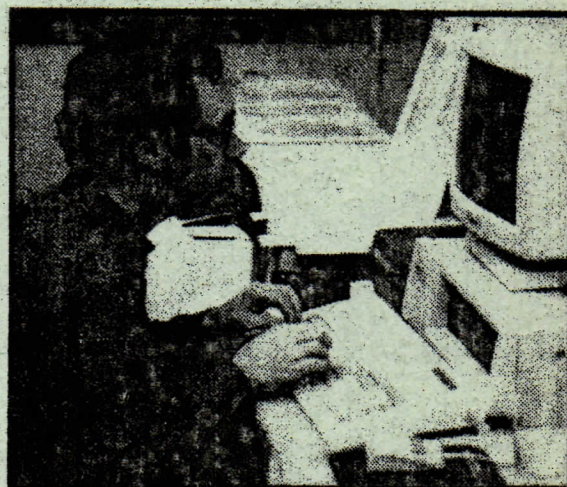
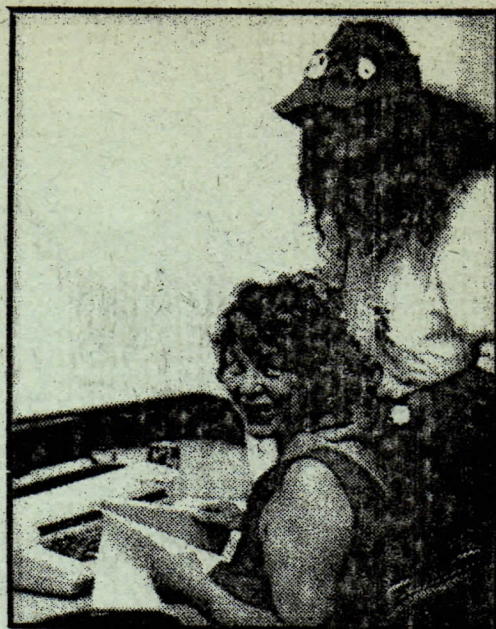
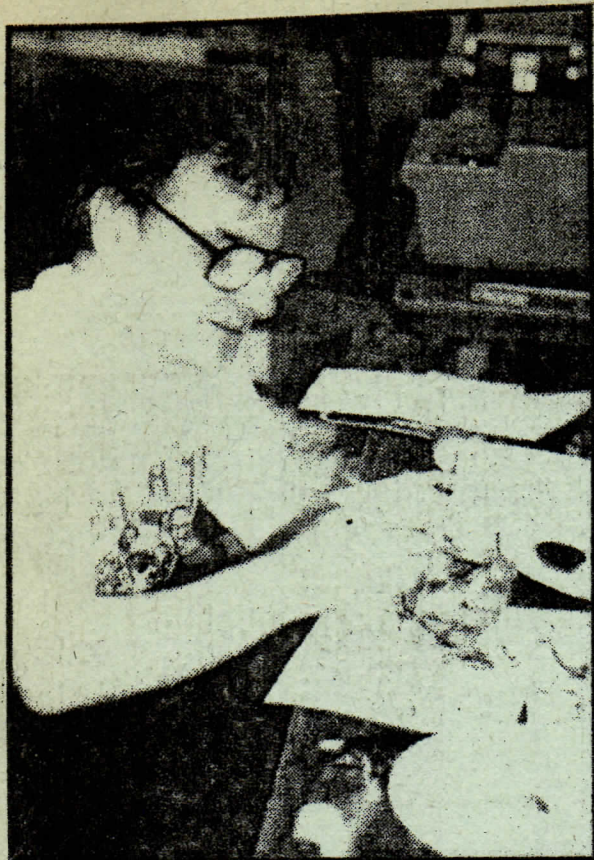




## Phantogenic

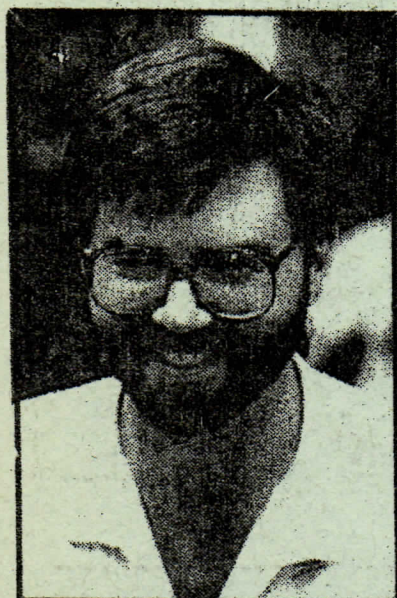
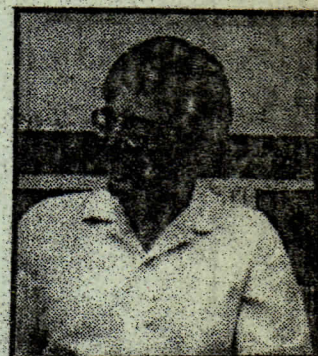
Paul and Cas Skelton (top); Couch potatoes:  
Vijay Bowen, Jerry Kaufman (center left); Leah  
Smith, Paul Stinchfield (center right); Smooth!  
Bob Tucker, Pat Mueller, Mike Glicksohn,  
delphyne joan woods (left to right, bottom).



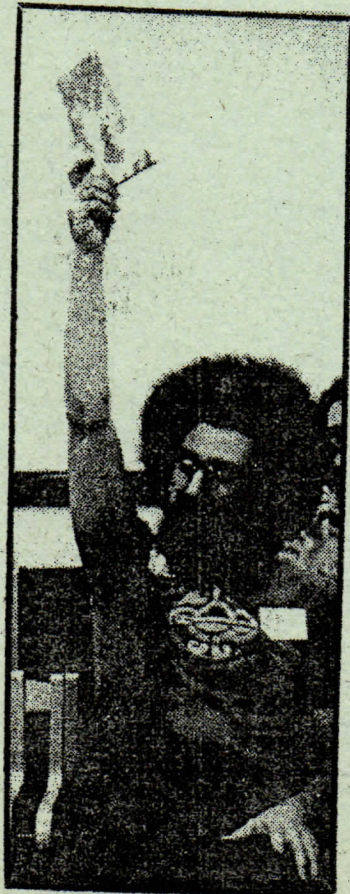
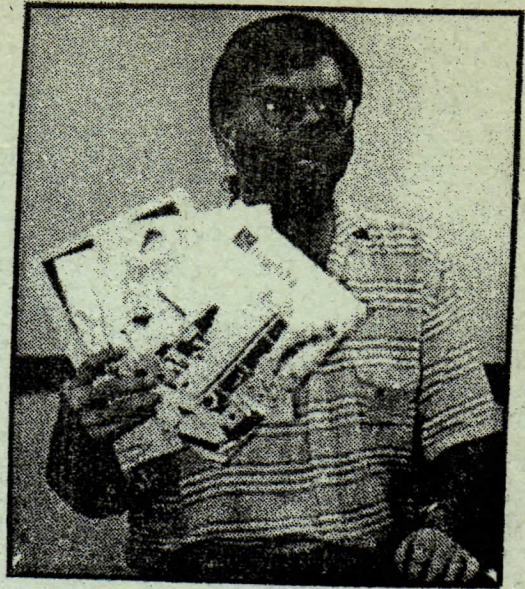


*Roger Sims attempts potato printing; Joni Stopa and Mike Glicksohn at the keyboard; Jerry Kaufman composes; Old friends: Pat Mueller and Anne Laurie Logan; Dave Rowe locks intense; (clockwise from top left).*

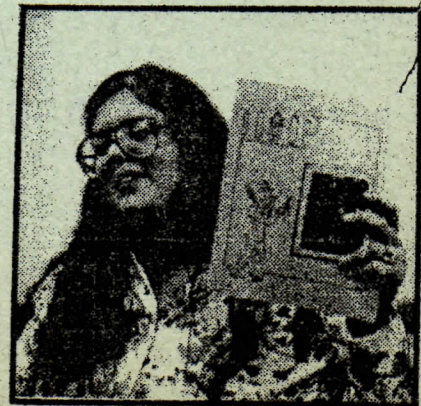


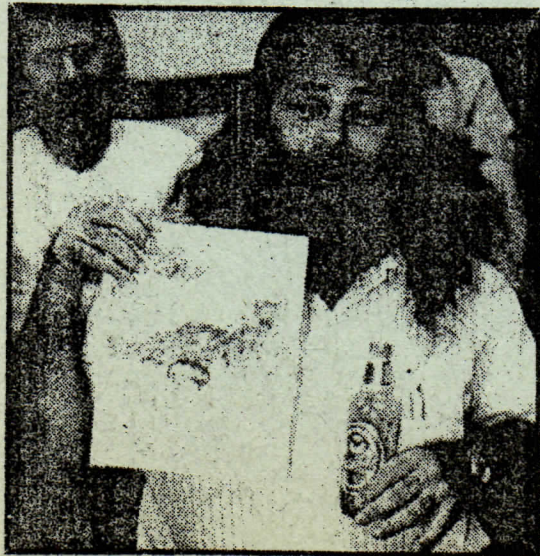
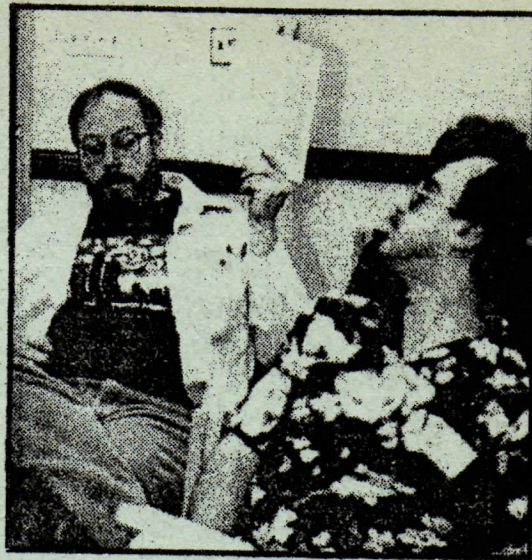
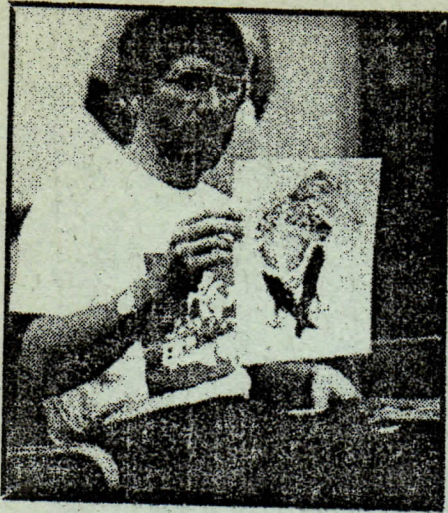


What is Tucker saying to these women? Bob with Geri Sullivan (top left) and Midge Reitan (center right); Gafiates: Larry Downes (top right) and Mike Bracken (center left); Smiles: Ken Josenhans and Leslie Smith (bottom).

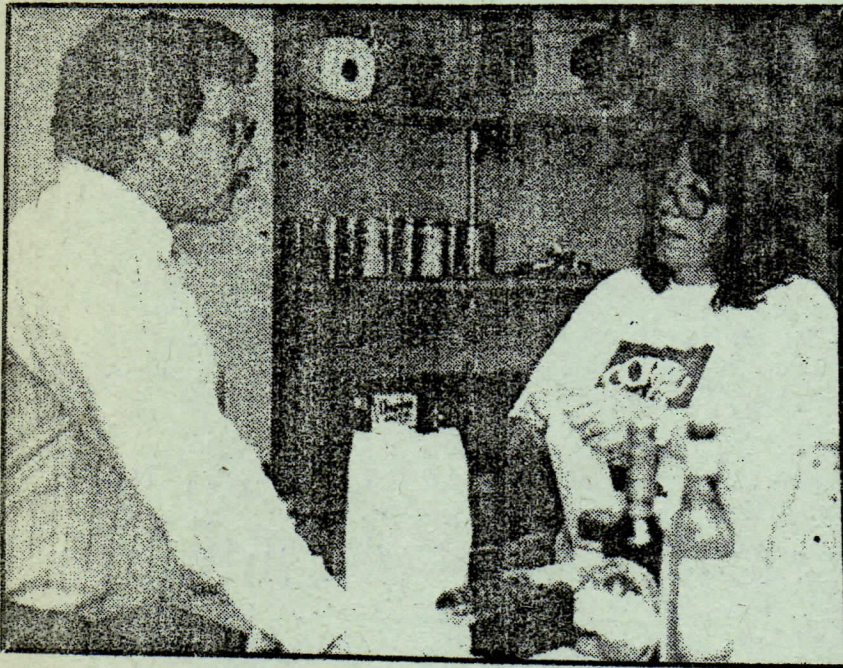
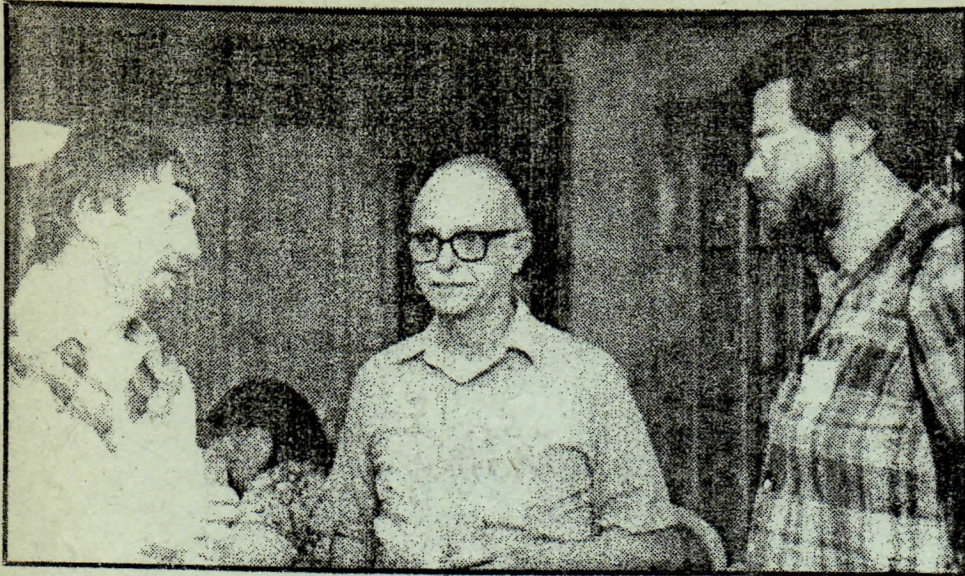


ZINE SHOW & TELL  
Exil Q. Trob with Skypk;  
Mike Brachen with  
Knights; Jerry Kaufman  
with Innuendo; Leah  
Smith with Imp; Neil  
Rest with an Eastern  
European zine; Morgan  
Andrews with Unjustified  
Center (clockwise from  
top left);





Richard Brandt with *Light in the fishel*.  
Brian Earl Brown with *Rails on Fire* and  
Jeff Ford (top, from left); Cy Chauvin  
with an unusual zine. Tom Stopa with an  
English zine, *Exil Q. Frob* and Roger Sims  
with his 1949 zine, *Fantasyscope*, with  
hectographed cover (center, from left);  
Mike Glichsohn with *Xenium* (bottom).



Three men in a car  
with: Paul Shelton, Don  
Fitch, Bob Webber; Mike  
Glicksohn and Geri  
Sullivan; Richard Brandt  
(left) and Teral Wayne;  
Tucker in a typical  
pose; Karen Cooper; At  
the bar: Dick Smith,  
Geri Sullivan (clockwise  
from top left).



## DITTO DOINGS

An at-least-one-shot from Cathy Doyle (via the intrusive fingers of Bob Webber) in support of a desire for fame, fortune, and the desire to hold next year's Ditto in Virginia Beach. Cathy's Address is 26D Copeland Lane, Newport News, Virginia 23601 USA. Telephone: 804-599-6094.

Complaints should be addressed to Bob, who's revising this under his own steam while retyping it for printing and whose CoA please see.

" " " " " " "

Kip and I got a letter from Sarah Prince today, giving her new address and Bob Webber's as well. She also mentioned that people up North were getting curious about our hopes and plans for running Ditto 4 next year: here's a quick and dirty update on what's planned for it when and if it's held in Virginia.

I've looked at several hotels on the oceanfront in Virginia Beach and have decided that the old Caviler would be ideal for a laid-back fan gathering. It's a railroad hotel, built earlier this century. The rooms have been recently renovated (and more will be by next year) and although they are small some have small parlours. The hotel is right across the street from the Atlantic, and since it's on a hill the rooms on the oceanfront have a wonderful view. Tennis courts, and indoor pool, shuffleboard and an exercise trail (in case your doctor orders you to become a health freak, like mine did last month) are available on the grounds.

One of the great attractions of this hotel for me is that it doesn't have a normal American lobby. Instead, the registration desk is in the main hall and a large room, extending down most of one side of the hotel, has comfortable seats in small groups: just the thing for quiet conversations. It also has a great room in the basement for a consuite.

The cost of all this? The room rates are \$55 for a queen-sized bed and \$60 for a double. It will also cost you about \$12.50 each way to get between hotel and airport, unless you share a cab: nothing on the beachfront offers airport transportation. The restaurants are at the other end of the resort strip, a mile or so away, but the hotel runs a shuttle up and down the main drag. We're planning a banquet for Sunday to make sure you're well-fed before you leave.

People who've offered to help with the convention include local lights Ned Brooks, Julie Ackerman, Mary Grey, Bud Webster, and of course Kip Williams. Out of town people include Covert Beach, Sarah Prince, and Bob Webber. We'd love to add your name to the list... We need programming ideas, the usual schlepping help, and of course your active participation in the programming we do present, just as with previous Dittos.

We'll be in touch...

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Journey with Jophan...

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and

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# the Annual Invitation to Neil's Birthday Party

My WorldCon vacation was completely wonderful: I am yet another person in love with Amsterdam; the first all European WorldCon has changed fandom forever, and for the better; Prague is too much Baroque (and I thought that Baroque already meant too much!), although it has no economy, alas; Parcon, in Bratislava two weeks after Worldcon, was fun, friendly and fascinating, and I had the opportunity to introduce American style room parties to Czechoslovakian fandom; Budapest is beautiful, and I happened onto the weekend of the first Blues Festival ever in East Europe!

So it was home, back to work, and start working on my annual party, especially getting the invitations out... except a couple of days later, my bicycle stopped very suddenly and very unexpectedly and I did not. I broke about three ribs. I do not recommend the experience.

So the invitations are not as thoughtfully produced as they might be, but the party is very definitely on!

## PARTY

**Saturday night, December 8, 1990**

- from: when you get here  
(if you arrive before I finish last minute housecleaning, you may help)  
until: everyone leaves
- Do BYO refreshments; I supply cups, ice and ashtrays  
bring more interesting company in any reasonable quantity
- Don't smoke tobacco in the kitchen or bedroom

Hey, it's the same invitation as every year, so only a minority of you recipients need more information than a reminder . . .

*Come, party, enjoy.*



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