

# Remember When

*An epistolary perspective on  
Art Widner, Guest of Honor  
Minicon 25 - The Silver Edition*



Dear Editor:

This is my first Brass Tack, and I have a reasonable hope it will be published.

Just finished the July issue, and I think it is a pip. Here are the stories, the ones I liked best being first.

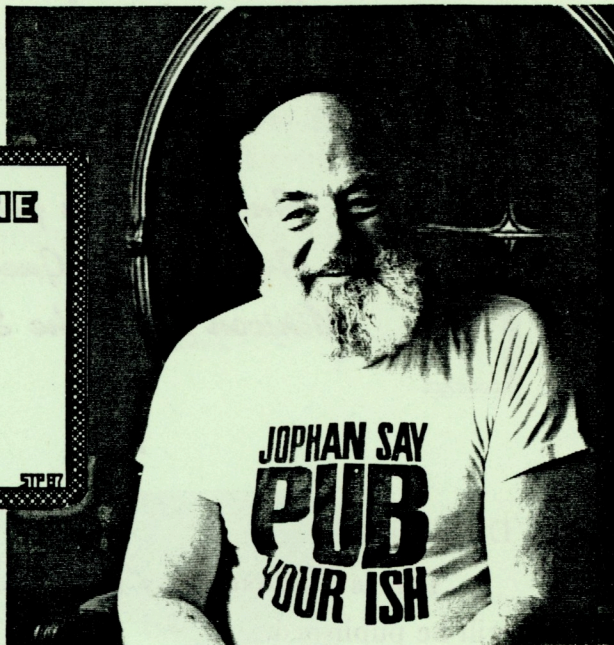
1. *Before Earth Came* — a true thought-variant.
2. *Spoor Of The Bat* — a good action story, but with a too-conventional ending.
3. *Dr. Lu-Mie*
4. *The Radio Mind-Ray*
5. *The Nerveless Man* — rather below Mr. Wandrei's standard.
6. *Guns Of Eternal Day*

*The Legion Of Space* gets better every time, if such a thing is possible.

Don't let H. V. Brown and E. Dold get away. They certainly know their stuff!

Would like to correspond with anyone interested in science-





### Remember When

Karen Cooper, Editor

Letters of comment cheerfully accepted at:

5230 33rd Avenue South  
Minneapolis, MN 55417

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*Continued from the front:*

fiction and promise to answer all letters. — Arthur L. Widner, Jr. 79  
Germaine Ave., Quincy, Mass.

This letter, appearing in the September 1934 issue of Astounding Science-Fiction, is as far as I know, the first time Art Widner appeared in print. If it is not in fact his first attempt at fanac, we may regard it as a watershed moment in his fannish career, as it certainly seems a good place to introduce him. He looks, according to Charles Burbee, a lot like Les Cole, 'though if you've never seen Les Cole, "I can't imagine of what use that description is to you."

I first met Art 55.5 years later at Corflu 6, in Minneapolis, in 1989. In all those intervening years Art's accomplishments in fandom were many. He helped start The Stranger Club, Boston's first SF club. He wrote a constitution for the National Fantasy Fan Federation (the NFFF), and served in various capacities as club officer. He published a fanzine called YHOS that he has resumed pubbing today. He forged friendship within fandom that are still alive and kicking after more than fifty years. He even found time to Get Away From It All completely for two decades.

26 February 1990

It's hard to imagine the patriarchal Art Widner as a beardless youth, but that he was. Some fifty years ago, we were contemporaries in the science fiction fan field. I never actually met him face-to-face — how many fans, outside the metropolitan centers, had direct contact with each other? But almost everybody published, subscribed to, or wrote for fan magazines (the term "fanzine" came into use only in World War II). Art was one of the 50 or so subscribers to my *Fantasy Digest*. Circulation was limited by the fact that it started out as a

hektographed journal. After 50 or so impressions, the hektographing started to fade.

At that time, the entire "fandom" could have been placed into the reading room of a modern convention. While I don't recall any census of fandom at the time, I doubt if there were more than 200 "active" fans - active in the sense that they did more than merely read science fiction. That would make Art 1/2 of 1% of total fandom.

After spending too many years in Mundania, I started attending some conventions in the late '70s and the ghosts of Fandom Past started to show up in living color, including Art Widner. While I won't be at Minicon, I'd like to say salud to this one of a diminishing herd of dinosaurs. Tromp the bastards down, Art!



Nostalgically,

*Ted Dikty*  
Ted Dikty

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*From the letter column of Astounding Science-Fiction*

*October 1934*

Dear Editor:

Just finished the August issue. It's a sockdolager!

I am going to wait until I get all the issues containing *The Skylark of Valeron* and then read it as a book. I think I will enjoy it much better that way.

I have been trying to get new readers for your magazine, but when I broach the subject to anyone, they look at me pityingly or else laugh right out. The best reception I get it, "I don't like it, it's too fantastic", or "That kind of stuff could never happen." Be sure to keep Dold for interior illustrations, Brown for the covers, and the covers alone. — Arthur L. Widner, Jr. 79 Germaine Ave., Quincy, Massachusetts.

423 Summit Avenue,  
Hagerstown, Maryland 21740.  
February 12, 1990.

As far as my own memories go, they're shaky as a result of the galloping decomposition of my brain. However, I believe Art holds the record for the longest interval between visits to my home. He stopped off here in the late 1930s and again a couple of years ago. As far as I could see, he hadn't changed a bit intellectually or personality-wise over that long span, something that can't be said for many fans of our generation. He seemed in the late 1980s just as enthusiastic about fandom as he'd been a half-century earlier.

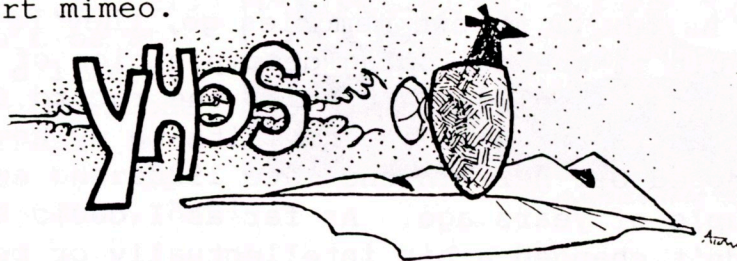
Next record I suspect Art of holding is that of *most-traveled fan* counting only travel that is done for pleasure, not required as part of a job. He has been almost everywhere in North America and is only slightly less thorough in his travels of most other parts of the world. The thing I regret most about recent changes in *YHOS* is its omission of the



detailed travelogs that Art put into it during the first few years after its revival.

I believe Art was the pioneer in the creation of long, detailed con reports that included material not directly related to the con itself. He did one or two such convention reports about early worldcons for my old genzine, *Spaceways*, so promptly and thoroughly that it got information about the cons to fans in more detail than the newszines of the time had conveyed. Other fans wrote reports on worldcons in that era but without the informal style and the inclusion of side matters that Art provided.

He is one of the very few fans still publishing who produced hektographed fanzines in his youth. I see from the *Fanzine Index* that the first issue of *YHOS* in mid-1941 was hektoed and the second issue published around the end of that year was part hekto, part mimeo.



I'm not sure if he includes it among his greatest achievements, but Art was among the key figures in the early history of the NFFF. He helped with publishing or published unaided several of the earliest issues of *Bonfire*, which was then the name of the NFFF's official organ.

Yrs., &c.,

*Harry Warner, Jr.*

Harry Warner, Jr.



Talking with a group of fen, Art among them, about the future of apae, the future of fandom, the future of fanzines, and the future in general is among my favorite memories of Corflu. And later, four o'clock in the morning on Monday, we dead dogs got to see Art's slides from the '40s—early worldcons, his cars with the goofy names, real pictures of Bradbury, Heinlein, and all the rest back when they were mere men, and even E.E. Evan's tattoo. I had such a warm sense of continuity and togetherness, a sense of time-binding. I felt connected with the beginnings of fandom in some small way and I liked that. Here was this man who remembered "way back when", who had helped invent my hobby, and had stories to tell about it. I found that exciting.

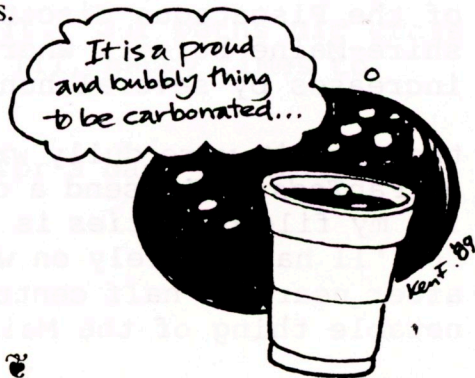
*From the letter column of Astounding Science-Fiction  
January 1935*

Dear Editor:

Why don't you use that ballot idea suggested in October an which I seconded? I'm sure it would save a lot of space for other things in letters, and also for more letters.

You say you could not publish a semi-monthly and not let down on quantity or quality. How about it, then?

Mr. Love seems to have something wrong with his liver and is venting his bad feelings in Brass Tacks. I can't take issue with him on the *Skylark of Valeron* matter, as I'm waiting for all the parts before I read it. By the way, I said I was going to shoot you if you stretched it to more than four parts Bang! Take that, you villain! — Arthur L. Widner, Jr. 79 Germaine Ave., Quincy, Massachusetts.





P.O. Box 723  
Rockland, ME  
04841

10 March 1990

Your one-shot sounds like a splendid way to commemorate Art's many years of fanac (mostly cri) in fandom and condom (oops!).

I don't recall whether I first met Art at Bob Swisher's in Winchester, MA, or whether it was in 1943 or 1944 when he and Russell Chauvenet bicycled from Boston to Rock-



Russ Chauvenet and Art Widner. Circa 1943.

land (a mere 190 miles!) for a visit to Obsequious Manor. On that occasion they reported that the 190 miles was uphill all the way, which they thought odd, since both Boston and Rockland are at sea level. (It turned out that they were unaware of the Piscataqua discontinuity at the New Hampshire-Maine border, where the sea level abruptly increases by several hundred feet.)

Minutiae of their visit were dully written up in an early issue of *FanTods*. I'd send a copy if I had one. As it is, my file of *Efties* is presently in Art's hands. So I'll have to rely on what remains of my memories after nearly a half century. Really, the only notable thing of the Mainecon (as we christened



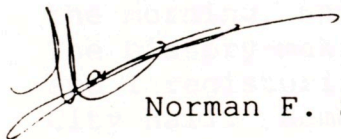
it) was the (in)famous decree that the plural of "fan" should henceforth be "fen". I do recall that while becalmed aboard my 18-foot sloop, "Betsy B", on Penobscot Bay, Art tossed a penny into the sea as a permanent (if obscure) way of saying "Widner was here." Russ chided him for this extravagance, and Art retorted that a dollar was important to him, but a penny was not. Art may now wish to revise this declaration to take inflation into account. As Mainecon passed into history, Art and Russ elected to forgo the downhill coast to Boston, and shipped themselves and bikes by train.

I was a house guest of Bob and Fran Swisher a number of times during the war years, and Art usually came over for the occasion. The enclosed photos were taken when we were putting a *FAPA* mailing together (Bob was Off'al Editor at the time). The swimsuit pose was NOT on that occasion. I think it was sent out as an attachment to one of Julius Unger's *Fanewscards*. There was an apocryphal story to the effect that Art posed nude for it. If true, perhaps the trunks were added by some photographic magic to render it mailable. Ask Art.

On some of those occasions (visiting Swisher's, that is, not posing nude) Art and I would take a bus to Boston's North Station for more fan talk before Art took his train to Fort Devens and I took the "milk train" back to Maine (eight hours from Boston to Portland!).

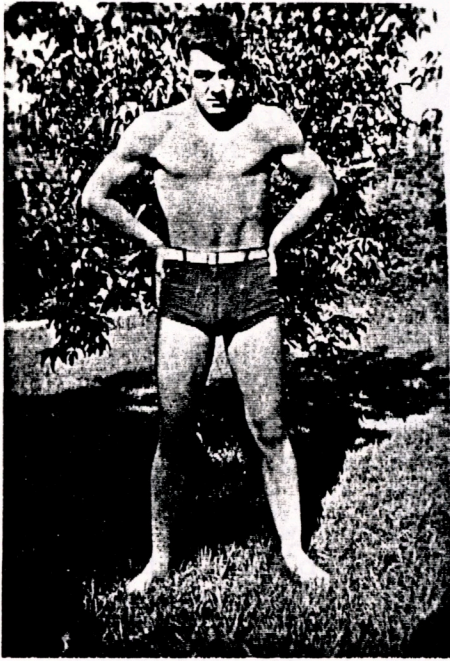
That's about it. Our paths did cross again at Noreascons II and III, happy times to renew auld acquaintance.

With all good wishes for a bang-up Minicon.



Norman F. Stanley





Hubba Hubba!



MILTON ROTHMAN  
2020 CHANCELLOR ST.  
PHILADELPHIA, PA 19103

March 1, 1990

I have one memory connected with Art Widner that has never died, and I will write down some of it. There is also one photograph of Art which is unique, but I won't let you publish it because Art might be embarrassed by it. It is hilarious.

Sincerely yours,

Milton Rothman



## The Widneride

by Milton Rothman

In 1941 I was living in Washington, working for the U.S. Civil Service Commission and trying to be as active a fan as possible. At that time, Jack Speer, Elmer Perdue, and Lester del Rey were also in Washington, so we had a cozy little group. Elmer taught me about jazz, Lester taught me about writing, and Jack taught me about being a proper bureaucrat.

Then the Denvention loomed on the horizon. It wasn't like today, when you just get on a plane and fly. We were all poverty-stricken, and even the cost of a train ticket was unthinkable. I was making about \$30 per week and was putting myself through college. I had never been west of Pennsylvania, had never stayed at a hotel. At the age of 21 I was as green as a new immigrant.

Art Widner came to the rescue. He was one of the few people in our age group to — gasp — own a car. Not only that, he knew how to drive. Which nobody else did. (I add these small details to give a sense of how different the world has become. Look, kids, we're all living in the future!) Art announced that he was willing to take passengers. At a nominal cost, of course. So he set out from Boston with a friend named John Bell, stopped at Philadelphia to pick up Bob Madle, made a loop down to Washington to pick me up, and off we went.

Art Widner drove with the strength of ten men. Day and night he drove. Some of our group were too poor to put up two bucks for a hotel room on the way. Through the plains of Ohio and Illinois we drove all night, with fantastic rolling clouds overhead as dawn broke. We pulled up at Bob Tucker's place in Bloomington, Illinois sometime in the morning, half dead, and were fed breakfast. The history-making event of that day was Bob Madle and I registering for the draft in Bloomington's City Hall. Remember what was going on in 1941?



Then there was Centerville, Iowa, where the Town Square with obligatory bandshell and courthouse was a scene fit for a Norman Rockwell painting. Next stop, after the interminable fields of Nebraska, was the tiny town of Benkelman, where the one hotel looked like a set in a western movie, and the whistle from a thundering railroad train just outside our window made us leap a foot off the mattress. There was no need for wake-up calls in that hotel.

During that ride through the midlands of the country there was no sense of monotony, because the conversation flowed without end. Even during the long nights we passed much of the time solving the problems of the world, and then spending the rest of the time despairing that they were not about to be solved. For this was July, 1941.

The biggest thrill was seeing the mountains arise like clouds beyond Denver as we made that approach across the plains. Then there was the convention. Well, you know all about that. Heinlein was there and anybody who was anybody. And some people who were nobody. Johnny Michel still owes me \$10 that I lent him because he was broke. I don't think he's going to pay me back. Because he's dayd.

Then on the way back we detoured through Rocky Mountain National Park, over the highest pass in the West. Some of our members complained because they were broke and wanted to get home. But we shared our funds and carried on. It was worth it, because the mountains were the most magnificent things I had ever seen up to that point. (This coming June my wife and I are going back there for the first time.)

I'm glad I went. I'm glad Art drove. I'm glad I got to know him. It was the best time we were to have for a while, because in five months we were at war, and in another few months I was in the army.





Russ Chauvenet and Art Widner at the home of Bob Swisher. Circa 1943.

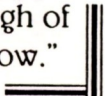
So, over the summer, when we were voting on Honored Guests for Minicon 25, I wrote a little campaign speech and chatted up Art's name to people, and it ended that we decided to invite Art to be an Honored Guest at Minicon.

I borrowed a copy of All Our Yesterdays by Harry Warner, Jr. and I was kind of boning up on fannish history. Not specifically because Art was coming to Minicon, although that was part of it; I also wanted to have a better sense of where fandom came from, and how it got here, and why, and who's fault is it, anyway?



In reading AOY, I came across a lot of names I'd never heard of. A **lot** of names. One of the few mentioned as being very active in the '40s and on into the '50s lived in Helena, Montana. By coincidence, I have a good friend who lives in Helena, and I, out of the clear blue sky, decided to call my friend and ask if Walter A. Coslet was still listed in the phone book. And it turns out that he is.

So I wrote to him and said, "Gee, I hope this letter isn't intruding into your life, but I wonder if you have anything to share with me about Art Widner because he is coming to Minicon in April." (This in January.) Walter got excited about that and ended up coming to Minicon, too, which is a whole 'nother story. Somehow, that exchange ignited in me the desire, as Laney put it, "to interfere with the slow erasure of time". I thought, "Gosh, maybe I can gather some memories, and whole lot of things on Art, and if I can collect enough of them, I'll put together a fanzine and publish it at Minicon. Wow."



*From the letter column of Astounding Science-Fiction*  
*February 1935*

Dear Editor:

I don't suppose this will be published, but here goes, anyway.

When are you going to put in the story ballot for readers to vote on? You can easily squeeze it in at the end of some story or other, and it would leave a great deal of space in Brass Tacks for letters that are more interesting than the ones that just classify the stories.

How about a quarterly? I think most of the readers would rather have a quarterly than have the magazine go semi-monthly, and I don't think you can do both — even with the galaxy of fine writers who contribute to your magazine.

*Old Faithful* was the best story of the issue, because it seemed so natural. There's not a chance in a million of Martian life being like that of earth, as most of the authors make it. No. 774 was a unique hero, who did not overcome the tremendous obstacles of the story as easily as most of the stereotyped heroes do. The ending was swell, too.



If anybody between fifteen and nineteen years of age outside the U.S. would like to correspond with me, I promise I will try to answer all letters.  
— Arthur L. Widner, Jr. 79 Germaine Ave., Quincy, Massachusetts.

3/7/90

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WOODLAND HILLS CA 91367  
(818) 883-4562

My contacts with Art Widner during my most active fanning days were casual. Early on, of course, he was on the East

N.E. "Gus" Willmorth, Ph. D.

CORRESPONDENT  
THE RAG TIMES  
PLEASANT MOMENTS

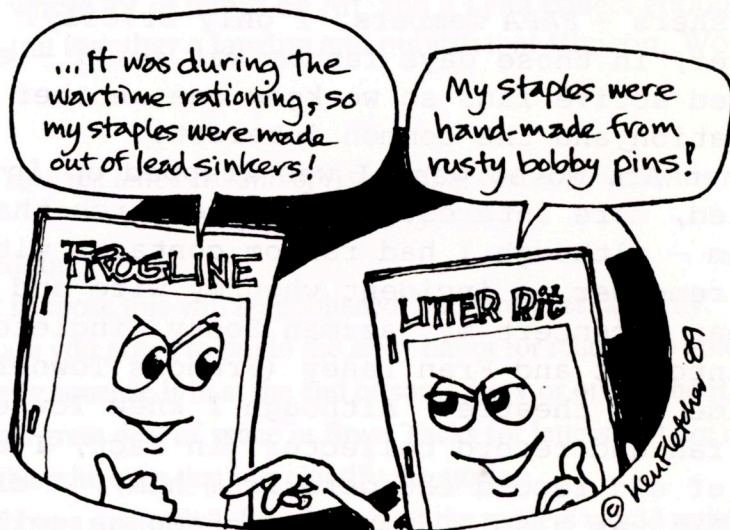
Coast and I on the West. We were both fan publishers — FAPA members, I only briefly. However, in those days fandom was small — a few hundred active fans so we knew one another by reputation and the common interest.

When Art moved west I was wrapped up in college, married, more interested in my research than active fandom — although I had random contacts with LASFS. I do remember an incident when my wife and I went to hear a concert my jazzman Zooty Singleton and ran into Art and Fran Laney (Francis Towner Laney) outside the theatre. Although I knew Towner was a jazz fan and record collector (in fact, I bought a mess of old record changers from him), I didn't know Art was also a jazz aficionado as well as an SF fan.

Only other gossip of note that I have is how Art came down to a Westercon and lured Pogo back up north with him. Sure was a blow to Cy Condra, Perdue and me when the lovely Pat decamped!

Art and I have exchanged a few letters, fanzines (mine in the jazz genre) and met at a few conventions — Art is a fascinating fellow and stuck in the field faithfully. I was only really active

from the late '30s to the early '50s. Began as a reader in the early '30s: *Blue Book*, *Argosy*, *All Story*. First real SF mag was the Clayton *Astoundings*. Became a collector as soon as I earned any money; the best part of the mags back then were the letter columns. Early on, I wanted to be a writer – I was consumed with jealousy when Asimov (who was my age within a few months) began to sell. Fanzine editing was a sublimation. I came to LA in '41 and contacted Walt Daugherty who took me around to the LASFS – Them were the days! Drafted into the services a few months later and Uncle Sam sponsored two years of fanning and book collecting in England. That was great, too!



Despite having dropped out pretty much from active fandom, I'm still an avid reader – but stopped collecting, really, years ago. (The house is full of books anyway.) The conventions I go to are ragtime and jazz festivals.

I guess you could say I'm still into amateur publications – I'm the editor of our local jazz club mag and contribute to ragtime mags.





A topless Norm Stanley and Art Widner at a FAPA collation. Circa 1943.

My clique of SF fans is slowly disappearing – me, too, I guess. Perdue and Oliver King Smith are dead. Burbee's moved out to an Indian reservation (but I saw his ex-, Socorra, a few months ago – she's still all wrapped up in Union affairs). Roy Squires also passed away. Been eight years since I was to a LASFS meeting (didn't really know anyone). Enough babbling.

As Art would say:

YHOS

Gus

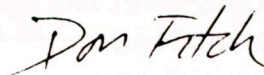
Don Fitch  
3908 Frijo, Covina, CA 91722

14 Feb 1990

Art was An Old Fan, and Tired (or at least fafia) several years before I discovered fandom. (Not that he's that much older than I, but he started early, and I started late.) Indeed, I don't recall even encountering his name in fanzines during my neofannish days.

YHOS was one of the first fanzines I encountered upon defafiation, 2 or 3 years ago, and especially welcomed because it had the same feeling about it as fanzines of yore - many of the same interests, a certain nostalgia, and an attempt to identify the nature of fandom and try to figure out if there were some ways in which the better aspects of it could be emphasized within the framework of today's very different microcosm. And, of course, the zine displayed Art's extraordinary ability to sit down and talk calmly and comfortably on topics of mutual interest, as if we were old friends...a situation which continued when we first met in person (at an LArea con prior to Corflu, if memory serves).

Best Wishes,



*From the letter column of Astounding Science-Fiction  
October 1936*

Dear Editor:

The monthly gabble again. I just have to annoy some one.

Cover: excellent, except for the Paulish sky. But that's all right if it attracts customers and might be a sunset anyway.



Stories: *Astralano*, not an extra new plot, but well-written with lots of human interest — which is one of the main points in any story, science-fiction or otherwise. *Frictional Losses*, written in the typical tragic style of Stuart — almost like Frank Kelly. Superbly illustrated by Wesso. Give him a couple more stories to do. Also more Saaty and less Dold.

Thompson and Hopper and Flatos aren't science-fiction artists. Please let us know who does which drawings when the artist doesn't sign. Brown's illustrations on the inside are much better, especially on the weird, ruined buildings. Be sure to have him do all Lovecraft stories.

*Pacifica*: Just a shade ahead of *The Virus*. The new Campbell series is good. Keep 'em up. How about a new, super, super Wade, Arcot, Morey, and Fuller story? That quartet is one of the immortal characterizations of science-fiction.

Can hardly hold off from *The Cometeers* until the next issue. Let's have a Burroughs story, a Merritt tale and a Kelly yarn.

Van Lorne is making a good try at filling Weinbaum's shoes. I think he will rattle the least of any in them.

Too bad Brass Tacks is being split to make room for the science-feature. Robbing Peter to pay Paul. All the endless bleat for a quarterly! Drops of water will wear away a stone in time so I'm hoping these drops of ink will inevitably wear down your story resistance — or at least get a good reason why we can't have one. I'll also join Jack Darrow's eternal squawk for Paul, although I can scarcely hope for that.

There seems to be quite a controversy about the question of lightning strikes. If hasty, slightly dense persons will take the trouble to go to a library and consult a good physics textbook before they start making fools of themselves in writing, they will find that lightning strikes upward. Ripley says so, too, so that settles it.

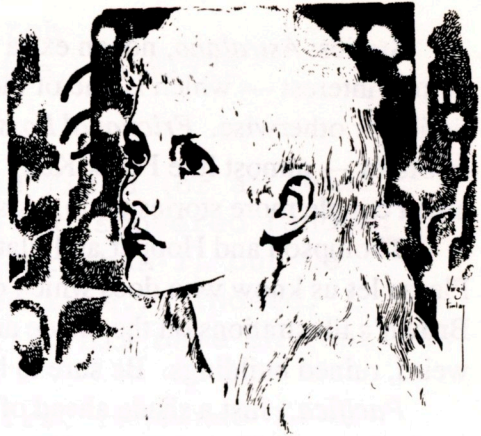
Hah! I thought something was missing. No Old Faithful Gallun! It's like a big hole in the middle of the magazine. If this gets into Brass Tacks, I would like to hear from other C.C.C. lads in other parts of the country. Would also like to renew my acquaintanceship with Doc Lowndes and Lynette Hamakami, if they are willing? Anybody in South America read science-fiction? If there is, drop me a line. — Arthur L. Widner, Jr. 119 Co. C.C.C., Waterbury, Vermont.

*From the desk of:*

## Gerry de la Ree

*Scientifantasy Specialist*

7 Cedarwood Lane  
Saddle River, N. J. 07458  
Phone: (201) 327-6621



Feb. 24, 1990

I guess Art Widner entered the SF fan field a few years ahead of me. I know in 1940 we were swapping fanzines and perhaps an occasional letter. At about that time Art started running fan polls to determine the most popular writers, magazines, artists, etc. in the SF field. These polls were of great interest to me, so when he ceased, I took over in 1944 and ran a series of similar polls.

I ran at least four fan polls and eventually in 1947 I combined the results of Widner's polls for top authors with the results of my efforts and came up with the "top 10" writers. I then polled my mailing list for the favorite stories by these writers. At that time, the "top 10" was composed of H.P. Lovecraft, A. Merritt, Stanley G. Weinbaum, H.G. Wells, Robert Heinlein, Henry Kuttner, John Campbell, Jr., L. Sprague de Camp, E.E. Smith, and A.E. Van Vogt.

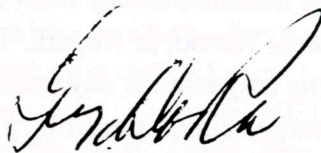
Toward the end of my poll-taking days, I note Widner was among those voting!

In 1946 and 1947 I ran the first of my three polls on space travel - the opinions of fans and writers on when Man would first reach the moon. In the 1946 poll, Widner picked 1960 for the first



moon landing. Not too far off the mark compared to many others! A final, more ambitious poll was conducted in 1953. In this one I contacted more professionals than fans. It was my final activity as a "fan", I guess, although I remain active as a collector and dealer to this day. But I am fairly certain that without Widner's efforts, I would never have gotten into the polling business.

Sincerely,



Gerry de la Ree

Classified Advertisement

## **Wanted To Buy**

A copy of THE POLL CAT,  
which contains many of  
Art's poll results.

Contact Art Widner at:  
231 Courtney ~~Boat~~ Lane  
Orinda, CA 94563

*From the letter column of Astounding Science-Fiction*

July 1939

Dear Mr Campbell:

Comes the every-so-often report. *Astounding Science-Fiction* continues on its super-excellent way — well, I've got to take that back, as the May issue drops to 80.9, which, while good, is below par for *Astounding Science-Fiction*. The main reason for this subnormal showing is the illustrations, which averaged only 76.8, which is decidedly mediocre after the good pictures you once showed us. As a remedy I suggest removal of irritant Gladney from the cover, to be replaced by soothing-salve Brown, Wesso, or Rogers. Rogers' cover was one of the best I've seen on *any* magazine at *any* time. For the internal illustrating ailment, which is more acute, I prescribe a liberal dose of Schneeman, mixed well with Wesso, Orban, and Cartier. A good-sized capsule of the only and only Finlay would hasten, beyond a doubt, the quick recovery of the patient.

For the Analytical Laboratory:

1. "The Day Is Done" 90
2. "Employment" 90
3. "Design For Life" 90
4. "Melody And Moons" 85
5. "Special Flight" 80
6. "Coils Of Time" 75

The first three are really tied, but if they must be rated, they shade each other the way I have them. "One Against The Legion", of course, must wait until I have the final instalment. The book reviews are entirely acceptable and interesting. The second part of "Design For Life" gives promise of being even more interesting than the first part. — Arthur L. Widner, Jr., Box 122, Bryantville, Mass.



Julius Schwartz  
80-35 Springfield Blvd. #2N  
Queens Village, NY 11427

3/6/90

Art surfaced into fandom after I had drifted away. Thanks to an invitation to be an award-winning guest at the 1984 Worldcon in Anaheim, California, I got caught up again into the swing of science fiction - and it is there that I first met Art as he presided over a meeting of First Fandom.

I am eagerly looking forward to the old-time fandom panel I'll be doing with Art [and Bob Tucker] at Minicon - which I hope will be the [long overdue] "beginning of a beautiful friendship."

Be seein' ya,

*Julie Schwartz*

### We Also Heard From:

Walter A. Coslet, whose correspondence really started it all; Redd Boggs; Russell Chauvenet, who sent invaluable reference materials; and the United States Post Office, who says that Larry Farsace doesn't live there anymore.

Doing the research for this has been a lot of fun, because I didn't really do much research at all. Mostly I spent the late winter months writing dozens of letters: "What can you send me? Who do you know? What's his address?"

In the course of writing all those letters, and at the same time re-hashing just what it was I was trying to develop, a quote from a Ted Sturgeon book came to mind. It's from The Dreaming Jewels, and



*Continued from inside back cover:*

if you're familiar with the story, there's a reunion scene late in the book. Characters who had not seen each other for years and years were enjoying having breakfast together. Sturgeon described the scene with a line that seemed to fit what it was I was trying to do here, and from that I chose my title:

"...they happily played 'Remember When', which is, in the final analysis, the most entrancing game in the world."

*Karen Cooper*

