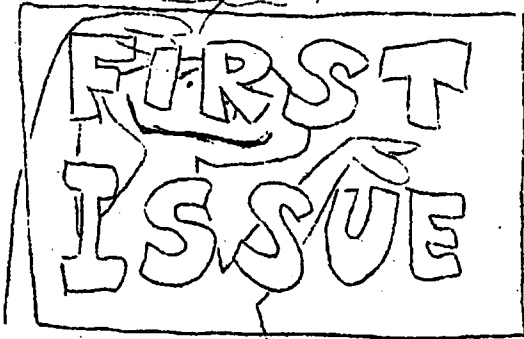


it's called "Ampersand"!



AMPERSAND, hereinafter referred to as "&", is a letter and letterofcomment substitute from

Karen Anderson  
3 Las Palomas  
Orinda, California

To you, the person reading this: I'm sending you a copy because I want to respond in some way to your letter, fanzine, visit, or whatever. This is an answer before the fact.

To members of SAPS: You're seeing & first of all, because I may need the activity credit --- and I don't seem to get much chattering done in the Zed.

To membebs of FAPA: To avoid rewriting what I have to say to everybody. I'm putting it in FAPA also. I don't chatter in ALIF, either, do I?

To people I owe letters already --- I guess I hardly chatter at all.

Well, that's what this here now & is for: all the talking I should be doing in all these directions, and somehow never do at all.

So, to begin with --- welcome, everybody, to my new home.

This is in far-off, exotic Orinda, a town which doesn't exist, although it has a post office, a freeway exit, and a considerable population.

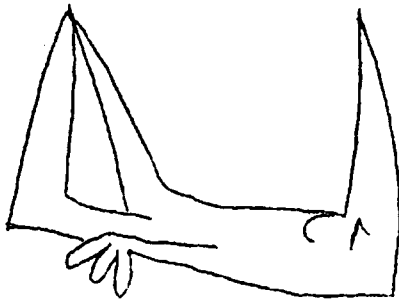
Everything's fine --- why incorporate? And so Orinda has never bothered to do so.

Roads, for instance, are maintained by home-owners' associations; apparently each development tract is separate. On the other hand, water is East Bay Municipal Utilities District, and we have Pacific Gas & Electric Co. It all seems to work out very nicely.

\*\*\* ERED LUIN \*\*\*

In the Middle-Earth of Tolkien's creation, there is a region which corresponds oddly well with pur location here. Ered Luin --- the Blue Mountains --- are a range of lesser mountains about the Gulf of Lune, which opens onto the sea in the west of the world. Far to the east are the great mountains. And here indeed is Orinda --- in blue hills above a great bay, west of the mountains and east of the sea.

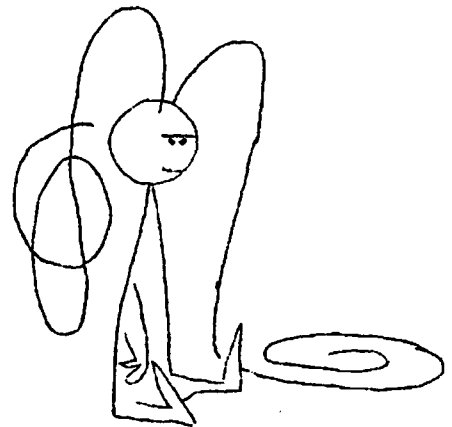
I had at one point thought of naming the new house after the Last Homely House in the West. I decided not to, on two grounds: In the first place, this isn't as magnificent a place as Imladris, and isn't even a Riven Dell; and in the second place, the east doesn't begin here. There are several fans and others who live a few miles east of here, and are obviously part of the West even if Boise were not.

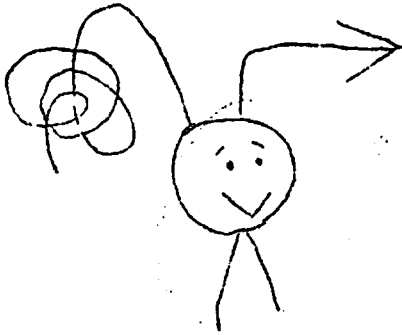


To give some idea of Ered Luin the district as well as the house, I might as well give directions for finding the place. Taking the freeway from either Walnut Creek or Oakland, turn off on the Charles Hill Road exit. Don't go onto Charles Hill Road itself but watch for a small sign indicating St. Stephen's Episcopal Church. Follow St Stephens Road to its end and turn left on Las Vegas. Follow Las Vegas to a YIELD intersection at which Las Vegas is indicated

turning right. Continue straight ahead. You are now on La Espiral. Take the first right-hand turn (use second gear; it's steep.) Enter the first driveway on the left. (Use first gear; it's REALLY steep. There's a little space to park at the top.)

Layout of the house is thus: Garage at the right (or northeast) end. To your left, a wide, shallow porch, with the front door at the left end. Entering, a large living room on the right. Touring the room from right, a window, a fireplace, and a window; blank wall with one bookshelf (two if you count the top) at eye level; opposite side of house, picture window looking onto patio with fountain, and french doors opening into patio; last wall, swing door to kitchen which also has a door to patio, and to the immediate



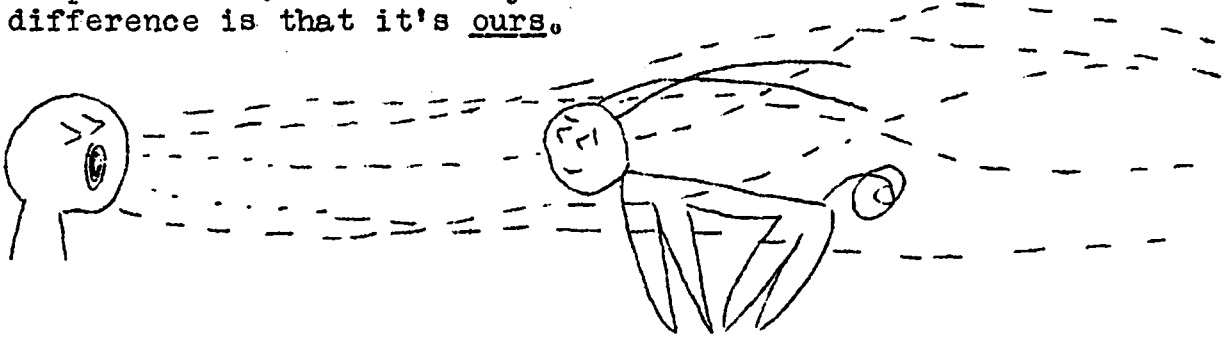


left of the front door, the hall. Proceeding down the hall, door on the right to the kitchen; door on the left, Astrid's room; door on the right, furnace closet; left, coat closet; right, bathroom; left-center-and-right, respectively, bedroom, linen closet, and study.

On the grounds --- lemons (and also piled high in a bowl on the mantel), oranges not quite ripe, banks of rosemary full of bees and blue flowers --- and wonderful to cook with it fresh instead of dried!, a flowering tree which may be apricot or almond, a white birch in the front lawn, and innumerable things whose names I don't yet know.

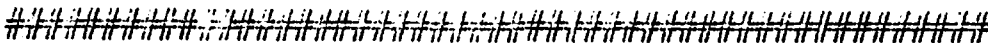
Ours, all ours, in a mere twenty years!

Somehow, I feel really home here, in a way that I never felt at home in any of the rented places we had --- even where we stayed for almost six years. It isn't only that this is so much nicer, though that's part of it. What really makes the difference is that it's ours.



Here it's possible to think in terms of years, when planning improvements or alterations; and to feel that we're doing it for ourselves, not for a landlord --- and that matters! All I ever did at the ~~place~~ place on Grove Street was to plant three Genista and some alyssum and nasturtiums. The nasturtiums died out (or maybe the landlord cleared them away from his personal chrysanthemums), the alyssum got straggly and I lost interest; the genista bushes thrived, I pruned and tended them, but now I don't have them any more. And I'm particularly fond of genista, the badge of the Plantagenets.

What I plant here is mine, for always and always.



#### A Filler For Ger Steward

Last night Ed Brandt, a semifan, was here, and apropos of I forget what, he was looking over Poul's Playboy calendar. Most of the Playmates are covered with partial clothing, towel, soapsuds, etc., but the one for August is standing up completely bare in a looking-over-the-shoulder pose that satisfies



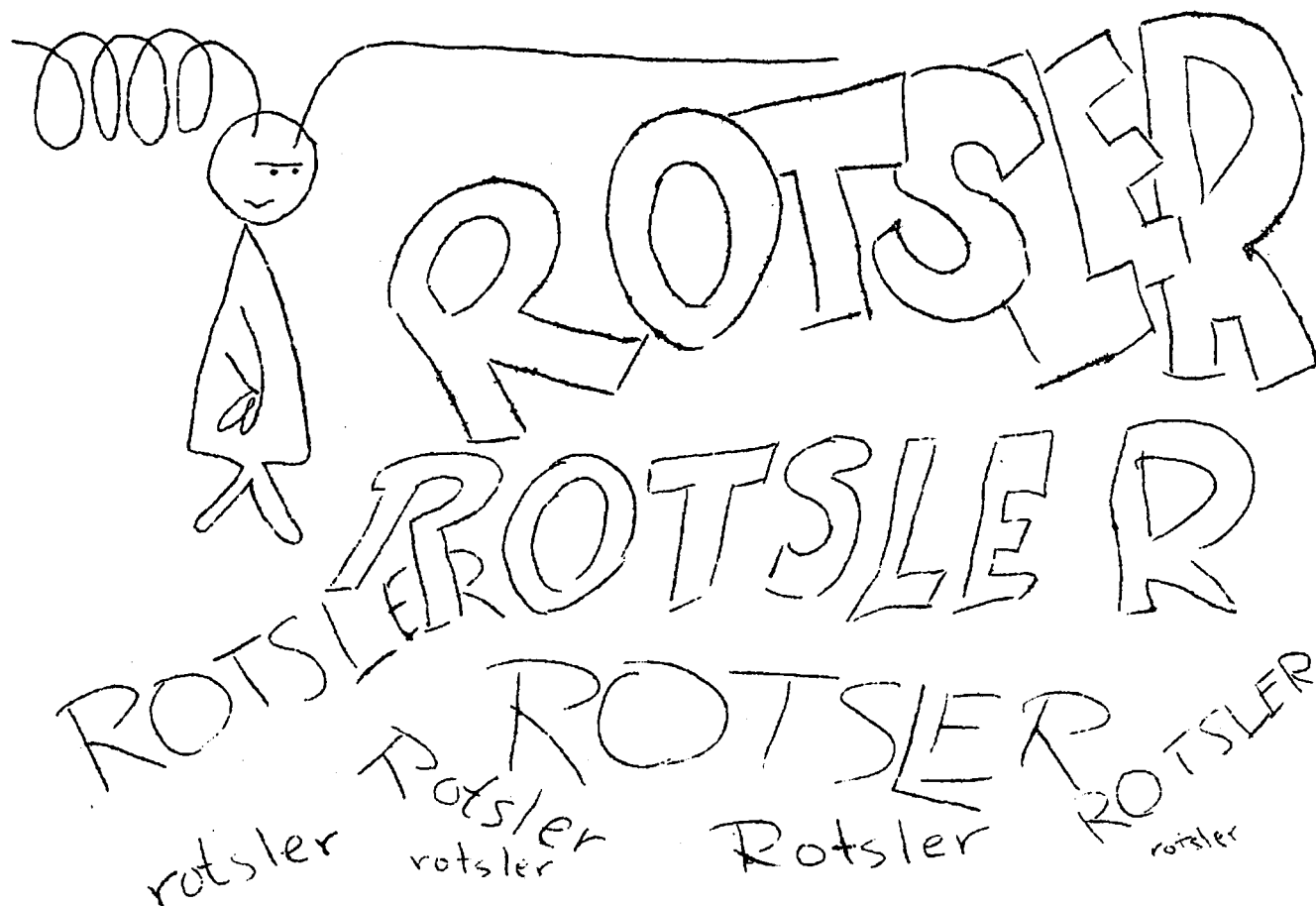
the tenets of prudery. #Goshwow, look!! Ed said enthusiastically. #She's standing beside a Mercedes 220 SL!!

And that was the only comment he made on the whole calendar.

(This is definitely NOT a filler for William Rotsler.)

~~#####~~

As long as I've brought in the name of



(intended to convey echo chamber effect)

I might as well make a Large Public Acknowledgement of a fact that is probably obvious to you all.

Yes, I've been altering and rearranging Rotsler artwork in this thing.

No doubt it's vile of me, and I'm sorry; but I don't have a very big selection, and I was trying to integrate it with the text.

Bill, if I promise to render them faithfully, will you send me LOTS of drawings? Now that I'm doing chatter instead of putting out my fanzines chiefly as an outlet for more deliberate work, I can use all you'll give me. In any event --- please accept my thanks for what I've got, both directly and via the Carrs. I do appreciate it.

Having filled four pages, my intention was to have about 5½ to allow for addressing area in the case of individually mailed copies; and now I don't know wottnell is going to fill up that particular amount of space. Everything I think of is either too short or too long.

Which makes the illo to the right quite appropriate, without any change whatsoever.

I hope the one at the bottom will also turn out to be appropriate, chosen as it is to represent a hoped-for feeling of rushing toward a much-desired completion.

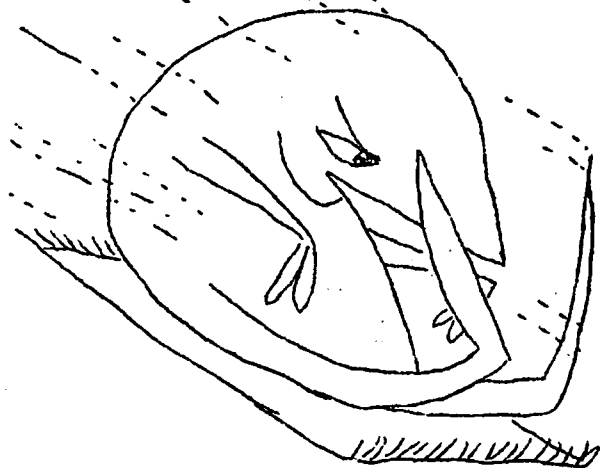
All this has been done on one evening, it being the night of the Elves', Gnomes', and Little Men's Science Fiction, Chowder, and Marching Society meeting. It was Poul's turn to babysit, but I told him to go ahead since I wanted to attend the meeting of a new fantasy and folklore society on Sunø (damn typos) day. Now he's back, and it's bedtime if not later anyway, so I've got to tie up the ends pretty quick.

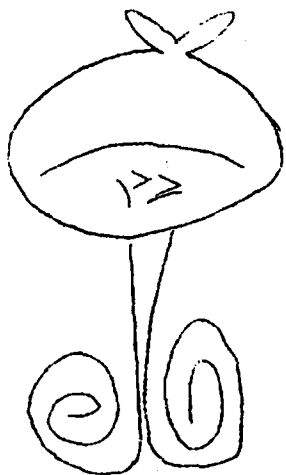


If anybody cares, the reason for the name of this zine is as follows --- first, my SAPSzine, Die Zeitschrift fur Vollstandigen Unsiän (The Journal for Utter Nonsense) got abbreviated to Zed, the name of the last ordinary letter of the alphabet in Canadian and perhaps British. I then named my FAPazine Alif, for the first letter of another alphabet --- the Arabic. The one Cultzine I put out was CALMATEMA --- the name of the series of Tolkien's tengwar whick begins with C/K.

&, or ampersand, the "extra" last letter of the alphabet, seems to round things off nicely, taking care of anything that gets left out between Alif and Zed, or between "real" and "imaginary" systems of denoting phomemes.

And this does, indeed, rpung off Page Five with something of a burst of speed. Bacover tomorrow!





STANDING ON MY HEAD --- That's how I thought last night I could finish off this  $\frac{1}{2}$  page. I'd even decorate the lower half, and it still wouldn't be very hard. Well, first I decided to put that fellow on the pedestal down therewhich wasn't exactly dashed off. Then I walked around wondering simultaneously what to put on the rest of the page and what to set the mimeo up on to run it off. While thinking about both at once, I didn't very far on either until all of a sudden I realized we have (left here) two very tall sawhorses whose bracings are about the right height, and a board that can rest on them. Problem solved. Next problem --- also easy, once I

was able to devote the full dazzling power of my thousand-megawatt intellect to it.

Just throw in some more illos and then do a little grotching. That's all it takes.

Why, I can do that sort of thing standing on my head.



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yp z ns

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