

ok 1-5-73

at R.C. it's
Happening!

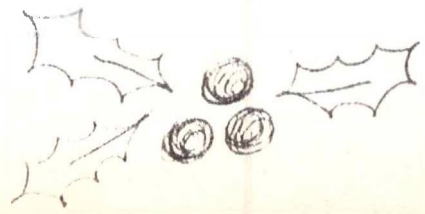
*****November*****



This is B.C. # 4 published by Railee Bothman 1300 West Adams, Kirkwood, Mo. 63122 and Leigh Couch #1 Cymry Lane, Rt. 2 Box 889, Arnold, Mo. 63010 and it's been a while friends. This issue contains all of our correspondence, so if you haven't written to us, and have enjoyed B.C. at all, we are waiting to hear from you. We do not take money for our fanzine because we don't want to be responsible for sticky quarters, subscription lists, and we don't want to receive nasty letters beginning, "I sent- money, where is my fanzine-" We send B.C. to people we like, people we owe letters to, and to people who request it. Some people need do nothing to stay on the mailing list, but if we don't know you, we would like to get to, so write to us. This issue is being published by Joe Bothman on "The World's Champion Ink-Schmearer Press" and we are grateful. Many thanks to those fans who send us fanzines. There will be a fanzine review column in the next issue. Donn Brazier is kind enough to provide me with fanzines I might otherwise not see. A lot of our art work is swiped, I think that doesn't violate copyright law since we don't charge for B.C. and they come out of ad matter.

RAILEE - If this issue looks different (messier), it's because Leigh typed the previous ones, and this time I'm having a shot at it. This is my first encounter with a typewriter - the bottle of correction fluid seems very small. When I was in school, long and long ago, I crowded all the required courses together to get out sooner - no time for typing. After I was married, I realized that learning to type would be a terrible mistake. I would be snowed under with school papers for the girls, last-minute specifications for Joe's jobs, and so on, when I could be spending the same amount of time doing something pleasant. Now I'm the only non-typist in the family, and it's do-it-yourself or put out a hand-written issue, so I'm pecking away. I figure my speed is up to one sheet per hour. There are little thingummies all over the machine - I don't know what they are for. Finding something as small as an instruction book in Pat's lair is a job for Hercules. Joe isn't much help - he just comes up from the office once in a while to look and laugh.

The holiday season is coming down on us with the speed of an express train. Joe has decided that to avoid the whole distasteful- to-him ritual of a tree, decorations, and forced good will, we are going to Los Angeles. That means we have to get out B.C., Sirriush, and greeting cards before we leave, so I can use this page to wish everyone the happiest of holidays and a good year coming up.



OBITS

For almost twenty years my hibernation continued- only to be awakened by the ruckus on my doorstep called St. Louiscon. And, for Doc Smith's sake, a local SF group!

At a post-conmeeting at the main library I joined a circle of chairs on which people sat. And looked at each other.

I joined, and when the group was looking for a new place to meet, I offered a room at the Museum of Science. But after attending a few meetings I found no one willing to talk SF. There were some there who felt like I did, but somehow a lack of candid confession prevented us from finding each other.

After I had dropped out from the coke and conviviality club, I was lucky enough to find myself a member of the no-goofing-around Bothman Bagle Parlor.

So, farewell, Osfa,
may your card games be eternally.....and so forth.....

Donn Brazier

OSFA never seemed real to me after St. Louiscon. If you've been to the top of the mountain, the flatland never looks the same. St. Louis fandom to me was Ray and Joyce Fisher, all five of we Couches, Hank Luttrell, Bob Schoenfeld, Jim and Dave Hall, Ron Whittington, and other good people who gaffiated after the worldcon. It was hectic (publishing, the "paper blizzard", 24 hour parties at Midwestcon with people promising to vote for St. Louis, traveling all over the U.S. to conventions and meeting fans coast to coast. After all that I just couldn't settle for Risk games and petty arguments and purposelessness.

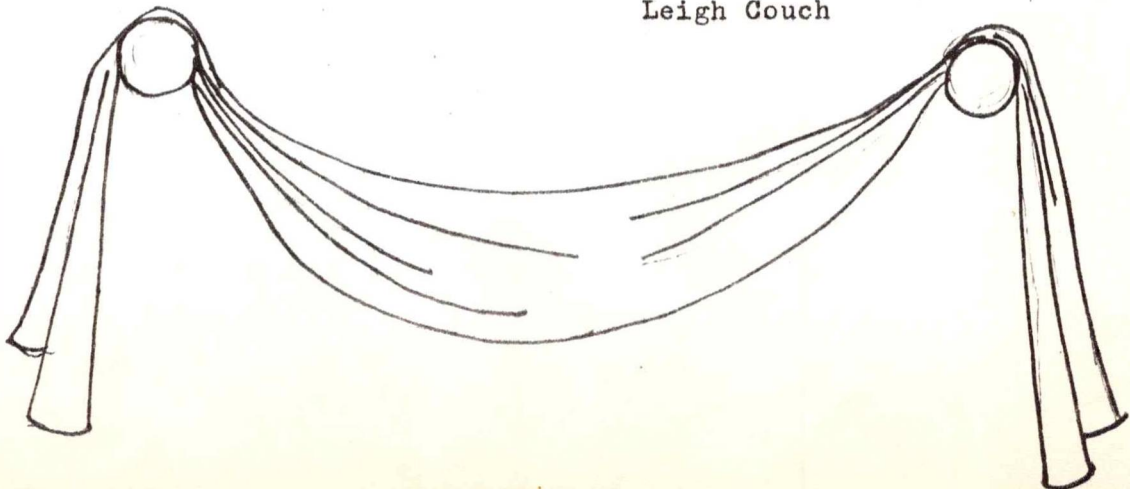
OSFA was terminally ill for a long, long time. It was held together by Doc Clarke, whom I still consider to be my friend. But it was invaded by far too many people who did not have "the spirit of fandom" as Rick Sneary call it. Fannish traditions were unknown to most of these people, and I just didn't feel at home anymore.

When OSFA was pronounced dead at Ozarkon 7½, it was just confirmation of an event that had already occurred long ago.

There are still fans here and a renaissance will probably occur some year, but I mourn the "good old days" and I am really sorry for any St. Louis fan who didn't live through them.

Ave Atque Vale!

Leigh Couch



What can I say? I can't be sorry OSFA is dead. I was driven out less than a year after I joined (1970), mostly by boredom. I don't have to drive all the way to St. Louis just to play "Risk". When I asked the then president, Doug Clark, about having discussion groups, guest speakers, and the like, I was told that I would spoil "the informal atmosphere of the club". I was also accused of "rejecting" the other members because I wanted to talk about SF instead of drugs, politics, and the stupidity of everyone over thirty. (I fully expect to read SF when I'm over thirty.) So I gaffiated. I'd never heard the term but I did it anyhow.

Celia Tiffany

OSFA is dead. I'm both glad and sorry. It was the first fan group I'd had any contact with--WOW! People who had read SCIENCE FICTION! But.....I'm married, I have children.....and Sundays are really family, especially with little kids..... and I'm supposed to cook dinner so I can't go out with everybody after the meeting....and I'm not particularly inclined to orgies of anything but talking and reading. Unfortunately I joined OSFA after the Worldcon in St. Louis and the orgies and dinner out and off to the movies were all that were really going on. Not much talking about anything at the meetings. Gradually I stopped going. A long dull Sunday was not what I needed. I was looking forward to Ozarkon but it folded with not much prior notice. Oh, well, there really still are people who read SF and like talking and doing- but you won't find us!

Genie Yaffe

OSFA is gone-may it rest in peace. Its final death throes were the on-off convulsions of Ozarkon 7. Ever since St. Louiscon OSFA has been declining. There used to be a group of people who came to talk and spark ideas off each other. We were pushed aside by another group, whose need seemed to be a home and family, and someone with whom to play games. One at a time, the science fiction fans (I don't know what kind of fans the others were) stopped coming to what could charitably be called meetings.

There are people in the St. Louis area who are really interested in science fiction. We meet to have the kind of contact we looked for at OSFA, and we don't look back to what is dead and gone.

The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord.

Railee Bothman

ABC

F

It was October and the cry of the parent was heard in the land.

On the Tuesday after Veterans Day the parents of little Johnny and little Susie, and I engaged in trial by combat, otherwise known as, Parent-Teacher Conferences. I had just returned from Madison, Wisconsin in the "fabled north" where I visited Lesleigh and Hank Luttrell, so I was rested, refreshed and ready to do battle.

These conferences are supposed to be frank discussions of what the child has done academically, why he hasn't done better, and what can be done to cause him to improve. Sometimes they even turn out that way.

After many years in this profession of teaching, I have learned to do a quick size-up job on the parents to see how much truth they can bear. The one that speaks first, whether mother or father, is the one I am probably going to have to deal with. It is a highly dangerous business to criticize a child, far more dangerous than criticizing a mate. The child is often more precious to the parent than their husband or wife. All of the protective mechanisms come into play. I have learned to be very careful. It is always possible that these people can get me fired, so my protective mechanisms operate too.

Parents react in fairly stereotyped ways. One of the hardest to deal with is the mother or father who engages in subtle blackmail. I'm convinced they know that their children barely make it or are C students and so these parents coach the soccer team or become officers in the Home and School Association (parochial version of the P.T.A.) or other activities important to the Parish and they let you know about it. This is a trade-off deal. Other parents will let you know in a back handed way that they consider you to be totally incompetent and anything that is wrong with Johnny or Susie is your fault. It has always been a source of considerable wonder to me that I could have that effect on a child in a few short weeks! Boys are notorious goof-offs in grade school, anything that looks like work is anathema to them. Parents of this kind of boy are quick to tell you how intelligent their son is and how he could make all A's if he wanted to. Maybe so, but they never want to. Then there are the parents who know all about how my job should be done. Never mind if they are unconnected with education in anyway, they still are going to tell me that the subject matter, the books, the techniques that I use are all wrong and that is why their child does not do better. Some parents will seemingly accept a report card that has mostly C's with perhaps a D and a B and ask me to write out their child's homework each night so that they can see that he does it. Hah! They assure me that they are going to personally see that the kid has his nose in the books each night. Then there are those wonderful, rare people who through some miracle manage to see their child as another human being and really cooperate with me. They accept what their child can do, they offer constructive suggestions and tell me things I need to know about the child. They are rarer than diamonds in a gravel pile. Funny thing, their children are usually good students.

There is no escaping the fact that school is compulsory, it interferes with the kids freedom to do exactly as he damn well pleases, and teachers actually expect him to work! They don't like it, anymore than grown-ups like their jobs, and why should they? No matter how you sugar coat it with art, singing, field trips, recess and the like, school is still a place you have to go to and you have to work there. They don't like it and most of them are not going to do one thing more than they have to. Out of any class of 30 students, I know I'm not going to have more than 5 good students. So far that proportion has always been true.

I often wonder why ordinary parents expect to have geniuses for children.

I'm not at all convinced that the grades I give are accurate. I'm not convinced that half the stuff I teach is useful or even worthwhile, but I don't establish curriculum. I only know that somehow each child has to learn enough so that he or she can manage to get ahold of enough money to feed himself, put a roof over his head and stay out of public institutions and off welfare.

RAILEE'S READINGS

JESUS CHRISTS by A.J. Langguth This is the third time I've read this book, and every time there is something new to think about. It is a series of episodes in which Jesus and the crucifixion are presented in different forms and times. Try it - it's like nothing you have ever read.

IN COUNCIL ROOMS APART by John Craig A suspense novel with an intriguing answer to the reason the liners Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth were never even attacked all the times they were transporting troops during WW. 2.

WHO'S THAT LADY IN THE PRESIDENT'S BED? by B.K.Ripley A charming modern day fairy-tale of the first woman president. You can tell it's a fairy-tale because whatever the president wants to do, Congress lets her.

ANALOG Are the writers on a kick of (1) cemeteries and (2) keeping social structures untouched, or is this the editor's favorite choice? Some of the stories are good, but it's getting rather monotonous.

TARZAN ALIVE by Philip Farmer To someone who has been raised on Tarzan, then reread the books with every daughter, this biography was enchanting. I have been reading bits aloud to various family members who are trying to read something else. We are trying to make up a family tree, complete with all the double cross-marriages, bastards, and wierd characters. With the example of this book before me, I'm going to try to "logically" include some of my favorite people.

It would be interesting to hear how much reading you do every day, week, month, etc. I usually read one or two books a day plus a few magazines and the newspaper. Non-readers seem to think this is an unbelievable amount, but I don't think it's much more time than they spend in front of the television. If there is something special on television the girls tell me, and even then I bring a book to read during commercials.

Stefanie's English teacher has told her to stop reading sf because they are going to study that later. they are going to read and I suppose dissect, Martian Chronicles. A fine book, but hardly the whole of sf. Although I usually am requested by the girls not to go to P.T.A. because I argue with the teachers, this time I went ready to draw blood. Told the teacher this was like telling a student to stop eating until they studied nutrition. Later, Stefanie said her teacher had never heard of any other sf writers, and she never reads at home just for pleasure. How dull can life be!

The three important attributes of a great speaker are:

1. Stand up to be seen.
2. Speak up to be heard.
3. Shut up to be appreciated.

CON GAME

There seems to be a great number of married women who never travel except with their husbands (Women's Lib, here is a whole new field for you) Once the clothes are packed, the husband takes over- driving, map- reading, paying for the meals and motel bills, etc. This can be very relaxing for the wife, especially if the children have been parked somewhere.

Eventually, there comes a time when the wife wants to go somewhere - science-fiction, maybe, and the husband isn't interested, so he suggests she go alone. This is a totally different way of life. Would you believe that until Ozarkon 1968, for almost 25 years I had never been anywhere alone! I had never registered for myself at a hotel, or tipped a porter. It was a very weird sensation to be completely on my own- sort of a cross between an uneducated girl from the Ozarks and a paroled prisoner, no responsibility to anyone. I had a glorious time that weekend, even exchanging insults with Marlan Ellison, a heady experience for a neo- fan.

Which leads, after the passage of a few years, to Pecon this summer. Joe drove Genie Yaffee and I to Peoria, then he continued on to Chicago to do the rounds of the camera and model shops. There was almost no one in the hotel at Friday noon, not even a clean room. Genie and I wandered around like lost souls for a while, and agitated the room clerk until she gave us a room. The maid was still there, taking arrest. While she had a cigaret, she regaled us with the story of her life - much juicier than Peyton Place. After that things kept warming up. While it was a small convention, there were plenty of interesting people to talk to. In fact, I talked so much and stayed up so late that Saturday after the dinner I fell asleep sitting up, while listening to Phil Farmer's talk.

For those of you who haven't had the pleasure of meeting Genie Yaffe, she is a charming pixie-type, and she packed for the con as if she had bought out a fabric store. She changed clothes oftener than Marlan Ellison does. Amazing to see the next of countless outfits coming out of one little suitcase, like a dozen clowns at a circus pouring out of a VW.

Pecon wasn't a huge convention with earth- shaking events, but a fine opportunity for lots of talking to lots of nice people. That includes Buck Coulson, no matter how he may deny the adjective.

Something else about convention clothes- how many of you have special clothes that you only wear to conventions? I find it a true delight to be able to wear a dress that is the inside me, even if totally unsuitable to mundane events. This is only one of the extra goodies associated with cons- when I win the Irish Sweepstakes I will go to every con all year.

Railee

ART CREDITS: p. 9- Tom Foster; p.13- Doug Lovenstein; p.14-George Foster; p.15-Tim Kirk; p.19-Kelly Freas
The rest are swipes.



the mail

RICK SNEARY 2962 Santa Ana St. South Gate, California 90280

(continued from B.C. 3) What is a Fan..? About as hard as the old quest as to what is S.F... I am enclined to think most fans are introverted, to the extent that they have found they don't mix well with their usual peer group...eather because they don't have the same interest, or abilities.. A typical fan in school finds he is interested in a lot of things that others aren't.. He has no one to talk to or share his interest...and in some cases may think he is odd and different, because he "isn't like everyone else." Thus-- when he meets other fans and finds they can keep up with his wide range of interest and beyond, he may become extroverted, withen the group. There are a few, who are so insacure that they have become extream extroverts, just to asure themselves they are importent and liked. (Fandom often seems to give the confadence in oneseif and experence with life that some people need -- and haveing done so, they move on to other projects.)

I think fans are, in certain areas, both gullible and conservative.. In that they have blind spots. Fans seem highly reluctant to try new ideas, within Fandom. And there is as much following of conventional ideas by young fans, as anywere.. That is, the neo's come along and read some BNF's ideas, and just asume that is the way to do things.. The current faaaanish Fandom virsas Sercon-Fandom, arguement is an example.

There have always been serious fans and serious fanzines, and since Tucker, there have been non-serious ones... But it is notable that those giants of faaanish writing, Tucker, Willis, Hoffman, Laney...all have a record of writing serieos articles, and taking their fannish interest seriously.. Some of these new fans seem to be saying that Fanishness is the only True Fandom, and all others are Morally Bad... and, fans who haven't reasoned it out, are going along.

I would dissagree about "fake-fans", in that not liking to read s-f is not the only difference between them and a True-fan. They seem to enjoy the company of fans, and Fandom Now, but they do not seem to feal the spirit of Fandom.

I can not define what I mean by "the spirit of Fandom", but if you don't know you ain't never going to.. - But, a carerteristic I have noted about a lot of fake-fans is that not untesting the spirit of fandom, they frequently make fun of it. They rarely take Fandom seriously.. Fans can timebind, as EEEvens uses to call it..and are "Then People", as Ray Nelson has suggested..I agree. Unlike you I think most fans do have a degree of unstability..of a type common to artist and creative type.. Many are insacure and have buttons easily pushed.. Their dealings with others, and their views on the world may be as well balanced as anyone...and because on many things they are better informed, their judgement may be better---it is the area of the "self" that the unstability lies. At least in the sense I think of the world...which encludes being highly moved emotionally by events in ones life....beyond what would be through an apropeate responce.. I think many of them endure, but are highly torn up inside. --Unstable...in the outside world you find people following the same activity or interest for years... People who serve on the same club committee for 15 years. Who always can be counted on to do a certain thing.. Who go on doing the same thing year after year. Going bowling twice a week for ten years.. --Fans rarely stay at anything longer than 18 months.. - You have been on Con committees, how stable do you think fans are after they work together a year?

/Leigh-Sheesh! But we did have a few breaks such as very little personal jealousy, a determination to make St. Louiscon a success, and a general liking for each other/

---But, I think it is the same class of instability that produces artistes, great writers, and political revolutions.. And..while I may think fans are shy, introverted, unstable, escape from reality -- they are still my kind of nuts.

I do try to hold my own opinions.. Some times this is hard durring a feud between two friends, but I've done it acouple times, and been hard nosed about it enough so that I think I can get away with it.. Most fans seam to feal, 'love me, hate my enemies..'.. Which I would, if I thought the enemies unfair.. But most often it is merely a difference of opinion.. -- But.. I am not bostfull.. I wasn't always an indapentent.. and followed others views a lot.. But time passes and ghods develope clay feet so regularly.... Maybe the main reason though is that I am not as interested in the critical approveal of large numbers as much as I am in that of those whose opinion I hold high.. I would rather have the high regard of the dozen fans I most admire, than the prase of all the rest of Fandom. (though both would be nice..and I don't go around spitting in any fanzine's eye.) The resent mention by Lee Hoffman of a phrase of mine, as being as usual, to the point.. ment a great lift...more so than a flurry of neo-fan prase.. -So, if you try nearly to please, you aren't likely to end up pleaseing anyone.. But-- what works for me, isn't everyones way to salvation..

I doubt that fans are as amoral as the average of their educational/economic level-- but because I do think they are emotional unstable, their actions are sometimes as colorfull as movie people... I seriously doubt that two actifans are emotionally stable enough to make a good marrage--though their are notable exceptions.. (Pre-Fandom marrages, seem to be made differently)

/Leigh/ You lead off for three reasons: it is a continued letter, you have so much that is worth thinking about in what you wrote, and I like you. I'm a bit sorry to see Fandom grow and change as it has, there seem to be so many fake-fans now who see Fandom as part of the Alternative Life Style (it is to some extent), and as a social life (it is that too but it is a lot more). It really tears me up when a "supposed fan" says that they don't read SF or even fantasy. I feel like saying, "What are you doing here?" But I feel that they will gafiate sooner or later. The Spirit of Fandom, yes Rick I know what it is. I have been taken down so badly for saying that I love fans that I don't do that anymore, but there are no other people that I have much interest in being with. The people I encounter day-to-day just don't have much substance and they talk in cliches. I find myself bored stiff with them. Besides I can't tell them about the latest SF book I have read or ask them what they think that article really meant in a fanzine. It's a good thing my husband Nor likes to read, otherwise he might notice that I am always at the typer or have my nose buried in a fanzine. He is very tolerant. We are tentatively planning a California trip two years hence. I'll call you./

JODIE OFFUTT Funny Farm Haldeman, Kentucky 40329

I think the quality of life is at its peak when it is changing, even though the changes themselves are often unsettling. The people who want the same friends for the rest of their lives, want to read the same types of books, and all the rest, no matter how comfortable and enviable they seem, are in such ruts that they have completely stopped living. They're merely still breathing. I really believe that. Not too long ago I realized that one couple with whom we've spent a lot of time and enjoyed being with just weren't all that interesting anymore. They haven't changed all that much and I haven't either. But it seemed that we'd just sort of used them up. Perhaps they feel the same about us, I don't know. It is a sad thing to realize about people you've been close with. There is a certain comfortableness in being with people you know well; on the other hand there is a certain excitement in getting to know new people and exploring their minds and having them explore yours.

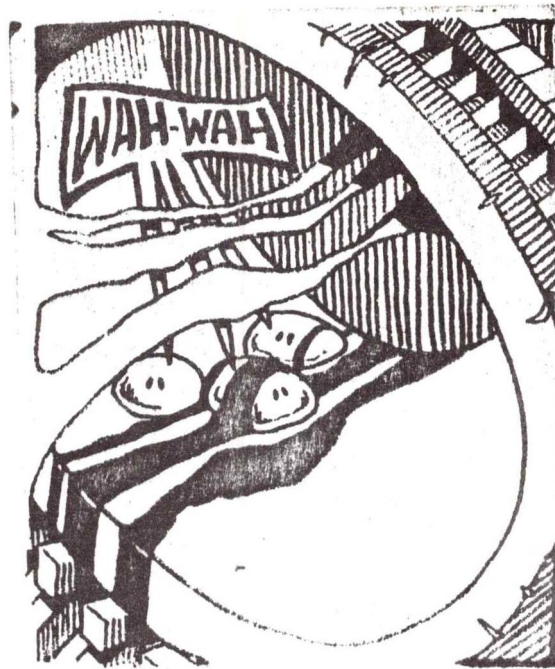
I feel like I'm having trouble explaining myself. Do you understand what I mean at all? /Leigh-Most definitely yes. It's happened to me. It's sad but inevitable./ Because of this sadness, I think it is very easy to get in ruts. This applies to places and other experiences as well as people. Last summer I took the kids to see the house where I grew up. The people who owned it were kind enough to let us go through it, and it was a big disappointment to me. It wasn't as big as I remembered and not nearly so nice. For this reason I have a different attitude about nostalgia I think it should be enjoyed for its own sake and it is a mistake to try to recreate something; it almost never will be the same. /Leigh-You can't go home again./

The people who are in the deepest ruts are those who are afraid to try anything new--people, places, books, whatever--for fear they will make mistakes. Hell, how will we ever find out anything about ourselves unless we make mistakes and they analyze the whole thing?

Life is Edge City, Leigh, and the trick, I've decided, is to sample it all.

/Leigh-Wow! That is really a Total Statement and I've lettered it and tacked it over my desk!/
A cow has one stomach containing four chambers.

Pat Bothman's story is funny. I found myself in a similar situation not long ago. We had spent some time with friends and had a long discussion about funerals, death and dying. One of the things we discussed was the cost of funerals and we wondered if you could buy wooden coffins. We didn't know, so when we got home I called a local funeral home and, identifying myself, asked if such was available. Yes indeed, I was told. The man referred to them, though, as hardwood caskets. Well, I worried for three weeks after that, that something would happen to one of us. I could just hear the man saying, "Officer, this lady called us just the other day asking about the cost of coffins..."



Astrology is something I've just begun to get interested in, and the more I read about it the more I realize there is to know, and the more I think there is something--a whole lot--to it. It really is fascinating. Honestly, the more I read in astrology the more I'm convinced there is much, much to it. The problem is we see so much surface stuff that comes across so silly and turns people off. At the other end of the cycle are those who need a slide rule and a degree in mathematics in order to figure anything out, that it makes you want to flee in frustration. There is nothing that hasn't been horoscoped: the USA, beginning with Independence Day! or the winning of the war (astrologer's choice); they do wedding charts using the obvious date; the presidents have two charts--their own and one done on the date of the inauguration, or the date of the election (again, the individuals choice). I think it is a very worthwhile thing for study and wish I could study it in class or formal situation. Some things you can do on your own, others are better got at in a group situation.

To Railee: BOACing is a fun thing to think about doing. My problem is I never think fast enough on my feet--a lot of afterthoughts, though. The best thing I ever did was about three years ago when I was at a Woman's Club Fancy Tea, dinner or something (I've since retired from this type of socializing) and somebody asked me what my husband did. I said, "He writes pornography." Boy! did that ever hush the ladies up--all over the room.

I swear I don't know what got into me, it really isn't my way to attract attention toward myself that way, nor to out-and-out shock little old, or young, ladies. But I did it! And embarrassed myself. I have an idea part of the reason was because if I'd said he writes Science Fiction, all I'd have gotten was blank stares and there I'd have been trying to explain SF to people who really don't care anyway. At least, I felt, people know what pornography is. Or, at least they think they do. (Playboy is porn in these parts.) I have since learned to say, simply, that andy writes.

/Railee-I often wondered about why one so often drifts away from old-time friends, and your explanation is a good one. I guess everything has its time to be used up, even some friendships.

Leigh-I really cracked up over your stories about the "hardwood caskets" and the silent ladies at the tea, or whatever. If some of those women were as truthful as you were they might have answered the same question with, "He fixes traffic tickets, or, He cuts people open and sews them back up for big money, or other such replies." Could the fog of phoniness have gotten so thick that you just subconsciously decided to disperse it?/

W.G. BLISS 422 Wilmot Chillicothe, Illinois 61523

At first blance, I wondered if BC was still another komics sub-fandom, but on closer scrutiny, it is strictly faaaanish. As usual, I am catching up on a few locs this evening belatedly. Part of the evening shot on pursuing a new art field I invented last week. Dunno wot to call it yet. There are variations of the method, but in general the technique is thus: the picture is painted from the back upside down and backwards and inverted. Stamp pad ink is the best so far. Pipe cleaners seem to be the best brush, cheap and disposable too. From the back, the painting looks little like a painting, some are just solid colour when they dry. With careful pipe-cleaner strokes and puddling and dabbing, the picture soaks through the paper properly with the proper contrast, etc. The same picture can be used to get two more pictures while it is still wet by sandwiching between two pieces of paper. Method so far for pressing is to stack a couple of old Esquire magazines on the stacked papers and sit on them for five minutes. Found the only art I am apt at is the consolidating images akin to rock pictures. Of course, with that method, I always get something that looks like something.

About the nearest to having any pets around here is an occasional Box Elder bug that crawls across the old roll top desk when I am typing. Ever notice that they are a little critter with curiosity? Put something small in front of them, and they will investigate it from all sides?

/Railee-Your method of painting sounds interesting to try. Right now I'm using Joe's putty knife and left over offset ink to do quick things while he is cleaning the press. Opinions I get vary from "way out", to "why do you save the paper when you clean off the knife?"

Leigh-I was much taken with your comment about the Box Elder bugs. I'm including it in memory of Columbia Fandom. There seldom was a MOSFA meeting in Hank and Lesleigh Luttrell's apartment when one or more Box Elder bugs weren't present. I got to be quite fond of them on my visits to Columbia. First Box Elder Fandom?/

ED CAGLE Rt. 1 Leon, Kansas 67074

People who are satisfied with the same old rut are certain who they are???? No, I don't agree. They don't care who they are. What seems most important to 'them' is what they have, and thereby hangs a very sad tale. I rather doubt if a human being obsessed with accumulating security for himself really needs, or is aware of the realm of human experience that is not orderly and protective. For that reason, I can't say I envy them, not ever, not for any reason.

So living in "Edge City" is a bit rough at times, but is it uncomfortable? I can't speak for you, Leigh, but for my part any momentary spell of placidity is almost certain to inspire me to greater effort in seeking some new, ever more challenging situation. That's what I call it; others have been known to view it as a knack for getting into trouble. To heck with 'em, I'm not going to be here forever, and there are already too many things I won't have time to try. (But I do limit my getting into trouble to personal matters. Considering the way many things in the USA are becoming ever more personal to me, the future may see me getting into a more public kind of trouble...)

Tomorrow? Looks bad on some levels. But I'll find a way, somehow. Being dissatisfied with my lifestyle is something that only occurs to me once. Once at a time, that is. Then I do something about it. Somehow, for some reason, I feel that a world full of people with similar habits would be interesting, if not very placid.

Roy Tackett finds some new fans less interesting than fans of old, and you, Leigh, say some new fans make you nervous. Um-hmm... Now who is resisting change? Ruts do not always appear as ruts, it would seem....

No, really, why did you two say those things? I'm a new fan (though not a new person by any measure!) and it bothers me to know I might be making people nervous and bored. That isn't my impression of what fandom is all about. I thought difference was the key. Without it, things are boring and/or nervous-making. Don't-rock-the-boat attitudes abound in mundane life; must it also be a part of fandom? /Leigh-Touche and like that. You don't make me nervous. You don't

bore me. I'm looking forward to meeting you. You sound like a fan. I hope you read Rick Sneary's letter; if not, go back and read it. He says a lot of it, and says it very well. I'll try to say the rest of it. The new fans that bother me come into fandom seeing it as part of the alternative life style. I'm not a new person either and I've run up against "the generation gap" with some of these new fans (?). They can be very conventional within their own framework. They react so, "What is this? All these old people in our Fandom!" This really hassles me. I'm not used to that nonsense in fandom and I don't know how to handle it except to get the hell out of their company. Difference has always been the key as far as I am concerned, but these new fans (some of them) want to define difference in their own terms. That attitude makes me nervous. Roytac will have to answer for himself. Do you ever go to conventions? Toronto next year?/

HARRY WARNER 423 Summit Ave. Hagerstown, Maryland 21740

I sent a dime store take-it-yourself picture to the Eurocon, which flattered me by asking me to write an article for the program book on what is fandom and needed a picture to go with it. Would you believe a con where Dali is among the art show exhibitors? Or a con where the committee must make arrangements to handle 200 members of the press who will attend to write conreports for professional publications in many nations? /Leigh-It's very hard to believe, but if you tell me, then I believe it. It's a mindblower!/

I have begun to wonder if this Eurocon which hardly anyone in this nation pays any attention to will be the biggest force ever in breaking down the barrier between science fiction and the general literary world. The committee is going out after publicity beforehand and seems to be attracting a crowd beyond all expectations.

We've had locally something analogous to that slaughtered llama. A couple of hunters killed a coyote just west of Hagerstown a couple of months ago. It was the first recorded killing of a coyote in Maryland, and only a half-dozen or so coyotes had ever been verified in the whole four-state area of this state, Pennsylvania and the Virginias. There was a terrible fuss in the letters to the editor column: the hunters defending the action on the theory that it saved Hagerstown from packs of coyotes attacking school children and old men, and the ecologists warning that untold damage had been done to nature. Neither side was totally right, but I'm more on the ecologist's side, and now there's a move to put coyotes on the list of protected species in Maryland.

/Leigh-Right on! Let's hear it for the coyotes! I have to snicker about the hunters. It must be a real shock to picture yourself as a hero saving innocent children from slaving beasts, only to have a bunch of "bleeding hearts" jump on you. I think I understand why hunters hate ecologists. I'm with the ecologists./

Many noddings of the head in approval at the Charlie Chaplin material. I've been collecting his shorter films on 8 mm, and have been frustrated for the past year because I don't want to risk more physical damage through lugging around the projector and screen to set up for screening them. I do confess to having been a trifle nervous at the Academy Awards telecast when Charlie and Jane Fonda got within a few inches of one another on the stage. I got this sudden notion that the logical climaxes of both their careers would be for Charlie to rip off all her



clothing while the closing credits were being superimposed on the telecast.

/Leigh-Wonderful!/
You might hunt out someday the Lita Gray Chaplin book about her life as one of his wives. It's obviously prejudiced against him, yet it makes him a more fully dimensional human than he was in my imagination.

Burbee once wrote a classic article entitled, I think, I Am A Great Big Fan, which was essentially BOACing. Then I filled a couple pages in Horizons once, exploring the ways I could make my own trivial activities sound impressive. For instance, I could claim that my letters were being used as models for correspondence in American education, because Les Gerber's father is a high school teacher and one day, needing some sample letters to use in some classroom project or other, he happened to pick up a couple of mine from the top of Les' correspondence stack.

Claiming that all fans have some kind of handicap or hangup is about as accurate as saying that all basketball players are taller than 6' 8". Looking down the current FAPA roster, I'd estimate that only about half the membership has any kind of physical or psychological problem that could be construed liberally as a "problem" and that proportion is just about the same as exists among the population of the 400 block of Summit Ave. or the people employed by the newspaper company. Speer has even listed growing up in a small town as the "problem" possessed by one fan, and I've never been that kind of a liberal.

I date the change in the situation which you detail in Another Part of the Forest on the killing of those three kids on a college campus a couple or years ago. At the time everyone screamed that they were the first shots in the war between youth and the establishment. But I'm afraid that they actually killed the spirit of a lot of young people, the ones who suddenly realized that sponsoring a demonstration could cause deaths and didn't want to take the responsibility.

I hope you can keep B.C. going for a long time. Just don't let it get too big, and above all don't get embroiled in arguments about its graphics.

/Leigh-I'm tempted to say, "What graphics?". We just sort of put it together and put in whatever appeals to us. It isn't meant to be a work of art or a Hugo nominee, just a divertissement for Railee and I. We may have a problem about size though, people have been overwhelmingly good about writing to us. We are using old artwork mostly and swipes because all the fan artists seem to be in the posh fanzines. I wish I could find some new fannish artists who would deign to appear in our modest publication.

I have this feeling that Kent State and other violent incidents, plus legal persecution has driven the counter-culture people and far left people underground. They are creating their own lives outside of the establishment and they are waiting. Attrition will take care of some of their worst enemies, people do die sooner or later. Tonight I watched a TV movie about homosexuality. That would have been unthinkable in the 50's. Clothing, hair, music, all are seeping upward and a 40 year old man with a short hair cut looks vaguely strange now. I think the revolution is an accomplished fact and Nixon is the last relic of the old order./

SANDRA MIESEL 8744 N. Pennsylvania St. Indianapolis, Indiana 46240

The mention of model railroading switched on a light: Railee, we had breakfast together one morning at St. Louiscon, along with George Early. We talked about handicrafts, I recall. And ever since I've wondered who you were, as I didn't remember your name.

I too wonder why the plumage of "the young" has turned so drab. Here I'd been enjoying the opportunity to indulge my love of exotic clothes. (Con-going has skewed my wardrobe all to hell.) You mention the mandatory long hair becoming the mandatory greasy long hair (but heaven forbid that they revive the sculptured-grease styles of the '50s). You didn't mention the parallel aesthetic outrage, the no-bra look becoming mandatory even for those girls who ought not to appear unstrapped outside the privacy of their bathtubs. Do the trends reflect a new, mutant form of Puritanism?

Another aspect of fandom I first heard discussed by Lester Del Rey at PgHLANGE II is its function as a surrogate family. Some of the best and worst characteristics of our institution could be explained on this basis.

/Railee-Maybe the drabness of plumage of a part of "the young people" expresses their failure to be the big bosses they tried to be with all the demonstrations, etc. You can still find bright gay clothes on young professional men, look at a class of med students. Maybe this expresses happiness at being productive--I'd like to think so.

Leigh-Your con-going wardrobe is impressively beautiful! Did you notice the conversations stop when you walked into the Washington party at Midwescon? I did. There is a bar here in St. Louis called "Blueberry Hill" and it is a trip back to the '50s. All the old records are on the juke box and the patrons dress strictly in the era, if they can get the clothes. The men have the sculptured grease hair. It's really nostalgia on a scale I've never seen before.

I'm intrigued by the idea of a surrogate family. One of the good things about fandom that you don't get in many families is being accepted for what you are. Also there is no pressure to "succeed" except what you might put on yourself./

LYNN HICKMAN 413 Ottokee St. Wauseon, Ohio 43567

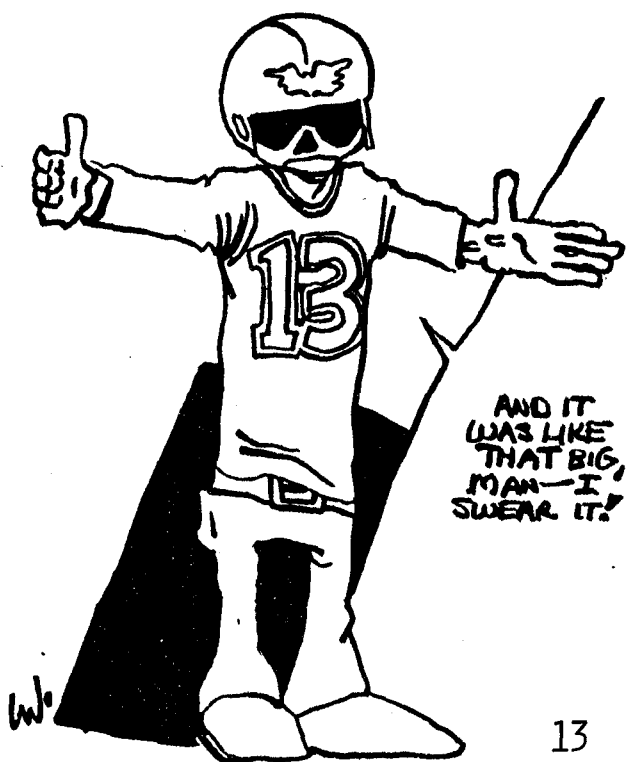
My favorite spots for living were Orangeburg, S.C. and Ketchum, Idaho. If and when I ever retire, I'll probably go to South Carolina (south-eastern section). I have lived in Wauseon now for about seven years. It's a lovely little town to raise children in, but like Mo., the climate leaves much to be desired. But since my children run from 25 to 6, I'm not sure I'll stay here till they are all out of school. The oldest graduated from The Defiance College a couple of years ago. The youngest will start 1st grade in the fall. Old fans never die, but I'm starting to fade away.

/Leigh-Wow! and I thought you just read science fiction and pulp magazines!/
I too love Chaplin. The Westwood theatre in Toledo ran a series of his pictures, but financially they didn't go over, so they dropped them after showing three. Carole and I went up to see Modern Times and The Great Dictator. I wanted to see them all. I'm also a great fan of Laurel & Hardy, W.C. Fields, and Joe Penner.

/Leigh-I love Joe Penner. I thought no one else remembered him./
Like Roy Tackett, I became a fan at a young age (1935) through my older brother and a club he and his friends started. I first started reading G-8 and His Battle Aces, went to fantasies in Argosy, then to Wonder Stories and Amazing. Most of my best friends were met through fandom. For example - Roger Sims. We met at the Nolacon in 1951. We visit back and forth about every six weeks. Carole and I were at his place this past week-end.

Carole and I went to see Fritz the Cat the other night. Really enjoyed it, but a \$3.00 admission charge to movies still rankles me who used to go on Saturday afternoons for 5¢. I watched Joe E. Brown in "Earthworm Tractors" the other night on the late show. Wonderful! It's too bad they don't make real comedies anymore. Tell Gene Wolfe the really good science fiction of the late 70's and early 80's will be reprints from the 20's and 30's if the present trends continue.

/Railee-As time passes events repeat and we don't get so excited. I think we need to work a little for that feeling of newness that exhilarates.
Leigh-I watched that movie too. It cost me 15¢ to see Joe E. Brown at the neighborhood show. I envy you living near to a fan friend of long standing. I wish more fans lived in Missouri./



JOE HENSLEY 427 E. Main St. P.O. Box 407 Madison, Indiana 47250

I just spent the whole week end plodding back and forth through a suspense novel written for dirty old money instead of joy. I'm glad it's done. That Larry Propp is always trying to get me on the other side of a lawsuit. Is a summary proceeding one that is tried in warm weather Propp? But truly, Leigh, I'm not out to get you. I will speak with you about a retainer. B.C. was fun. One thing to remember in the war with the Clods, Leigh, is that they normally don't have enough intelligence to either enjoy as you do or worry as you do. They never will live in Edge City. Simple pleasures only. There is something to be said for the routine rut, but the people who live in it aren't competent to make that statement.

Actually THE FIFTH HEAD OF CERBERUS is Gene Wolfe's own head, which he keeps hidden in the bookshelves at Betty Drive, getting same out only for good friends. So I guess you could call the story of same an autobiography. (In truth--a very good story.)

With all of this going on about falling in and out of fandom I can look back on a 30 odd year history (and odd is the right word) in which I have gaffiated so many times that I feel like the whirling dervish of fact and fable. But I suppose I've stayed on and on and on because I've always been able to do things at my own pace. I can ignore things or I can observe them as I choose, comment, or fail to comment.

However, where else could one observe the moulting of Tucker? The springtime rites at Cinninnati? The crossing of the Bar at Boston? Where else could I have met Harlan? Or Coulson for that matter? Or, going sharply downward, Degler?

/Railee-Lost of people who live in ruts are happy in their unintelligence. We don't have to crawl in with them, just regret for them how much of life they're missing.

Leigh-A letter from a Real Live Pro! Hot dam! Isn't that the equivalent of a fannish scalp. Seriously, it was a joy to hear from you. I think I listened callouses onto your vocal cords at Ozarkon 7½ and I enjoyed every minute of it. You have a lovely wife. She fits my definition of lady. She is most gracious. I'm looking forward to your new book, I want to read it and plug it./

ROSE HOGUE 1067 W. 26th St. San Pedro, California 90731

Hi! Got Donn Brazier's TITLE this morning and really enjoyed your article, "It All Began In The Rectory Basement". It makes me thankful indeed that my kids are still too young to be ambitious or even fen for that matter (they're 10, 8 and 2½)...also sort of made me happy we're always too broke for me to get any more equipment than typer and carbons and occasional ditto masters for my apazine (which Joanne Burger is kind enough to publish for me)...but one of these days we won't be and heaven forbid the time I have enough for a used mimeo, ditto or whatever...Fandom will be deluged with the worst crudzine imaginable!!

/Leigh-If you are in an APA I'll bet the time wont be far off when you will find that mimeo or ditto or whatever and publish a fanzine. I'm sure it wont be a crudzine. A warning, it's so much fun that once you do it, you will probably continue. Railee and I are blessed with understanding husbands, Joe Bothman is a railroad buff and Nor Couch is a convention fan and an SF reader. I hope your husband is equally tolerant! I had the luck (?) to find a used electric mimeo for \$75.00. The man had gone broke in his business and I think he was supposed to turn the mimeo over to his creditors, but he sold it to me from his garage. Wanted cash only. Slightly shady business! I'll be looking for your fanzine any year now./



TIM KIRK 1530 Armando Dr. Long Beach California 90807

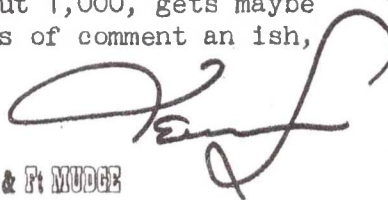
Thanks for B.C. I really enjoyed about everything you had to offer; but Leigh's thing on the Rape of Arnold (that doesn't sound quite right, somehow) was horrible. Los Angeles has been an overbuilt anthill for so long (and I've lived in it's shadow for all but two years of my short life) that I've gotten a little insensitive to how it must feel to have Creeping Development creep up on you. I'm going to find the smallest, dullest, most rural burg in New England and hide there, emerging at intervals to make furtive trips into New York City in search of illustration jobs. Is escape possible? I wonder. Never, never in your wildest dreams consider settling in southern California unless you're very fond of people. Lots and lots of them. We have two daschunds and a 14 year old cat. Cows have four stomach.

/Railee-If you find yourself a rural burg in New England, it will probably turn into a "suburban development" of a zillion all alike houses. We think we have the best of all worlds-a few blocks from civilization (stores, schools, etc.) we have three acres of what one daughter calls solid jungle, complete with wild little creatures and poison ivy.

Leigh-It was great to hear from you. In 1968 when you totally turned on every fan at the Baycon art show, I was lucky enough to be able to buy "Lankmar, Looking East" pen, ink and brush work of yours. It graces my wall of fan art in my den where all this fanac takes place. I treasure it, even though I really longed for "The Gaurdroom of Cirith Gathol (???)". I'm sure I didn't get that right but I'll never forget those magnificent alien warriors. You should have no trouble getting illustration jobs. When you have time why don't you write to us and tell us what work you are doing, what you hope to do, and how you feel about art, fan, pro, or whatever. We are both very interested in art and we both tremendously admire what you do. Many of the fans we mail this to are also interested in art. If you pass through St. Louis ever, call 296-7929 (my number) and save yourself a motel bill./

AQUILONIAN LEGATION
INFORMATION SERVICE
Publications Division

Y'all were looking in the wrong place in the dictionary about the multiplicity of cow stomachs. Webster, American Heritage, and Funk & Wagnalls all give the info (4) under "ruminant", which covers cows, sheep, goats, and so on. ### Amra, sub list of about 1,000, gets maybe 10 or 12 letters of comment an ish, so ...



THE TERMINUS OWLSWICK & F. MUDGE
ELECTRICK STREET RAILWAY
GAZETTE



/Railee-No one wants to look up facts and find their beliefs are wrong. Leigh-Only 10 or 12 loc's per ish? Incredible! And you publish such beautiful, beautiful stuff! Your card seemed appropriate to this page./

ALJO SVOBODA 1203 Buoy Ave. Orange, California 92665

I dunno about the failure of the Revolution. It never started here. Oh, there is the token radical faction, of course, but they're just as bleak as everyone else around here. Just as blind, just as deaf to the cries of the outside, being fed the predigested pabulum of the masses.

I can actually remember when the Beatles were first "in" around here. I couldn't stand them, because I couldn't understand what they stood for. The thing is, tho, people were threatening violence if I said I didn't like them, me, a first grader, for God's sake! From that point on, my hatred of all types of popular music became almost religious, mindless! Classical music didn't turn me on either....as a matter of fact, there really wasn't any type of music that I liked..but I actively campaigned against rock...or at least the "bubble gum music" that was the only stuff my classmates exposed me to.

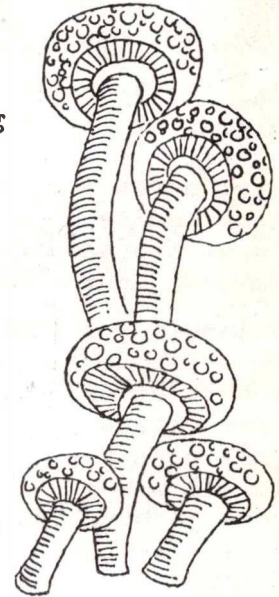
But the flower children...now there were pioneers. We were in a Renaissance, but Rome looks like it may be falling while at the same time Columbus discovers America right now. The world seems to be returning to dull, somber shades of black, white, and gray after a sojourn in a land of brilliant color, albeit a bit off tune, and we'll all miss the color.

How do we bring it back though?

/Leigh-Well I guess it's up to the radical half of B.C. to comment here. People do get very upset when you don't go along with the herd and fall into the prevailing cultural pattern. I can understand the threats of violence but it horrifies me all the same. The school in which I teach has kids which are the product of well-off middle class homes. They are 95% for Nixon and the "established order". This past week I had to break up a fist fight and rescue one poor little rebel who dared to say he was for McGovern. Since, he has been getting harrassed to the extent that I finally had to give a little talk to the class on what democracy is and the rights of the individual. I can't remember a time when popular music wasn't a big part of my life. I date from the big band era, a long way back! But even then I was interested in New Orleans music, black music, all music. I can remember people grotching at me about jazz, "Why you can't even hear the tune!". The 60's were a great time, so much music, so many groups and ways of expressing music. I've gone through 3 stereos and two motors on the one I have now. The first time I burned out the motor on this stereo, the man who sold it to me couldn't believe it. He said, "But you haven't even had one tube replaced in your TV set!" He's an old friend so he forgave me for being different. The flower children raised the bloodpressure to an extent I have never seen before and middle america hasn't recovered yet. I wonder why they feel so threatened? Social change is frightening but I've never seen the older generation react so violently. Baba Ram Dass is in St. Louis this week-end and is now anti-drug. Quite a switch for one who was an intimate of O'Leary. I'm glad though. This hard stuff scares me. I've seen what it can do off and on all my life. I've know a lot of musicians. It saddened me to read of the death of Mezz Mezzrow. I remember him from Chicago and State Street. Mushrooms for old time's sake. Orange, California is conservative country isn't it?/

MIKE GLICKSOHN 32 Maynard Ave. Apt. 205 Toronto 156, Ontario, Canada

Bad form, I know, but let me first comment on your comments on my comments on # 1. First, to Railee: Ouch! A bit unfair, I think. Of course, one joins fandom to find interesting people one can mesh with, but in issue # 1 you said you'd decided to publish a fanzine because nobody knew you.



I merely picked up on that and suggested that if you wanted to become known, letterhacking was a faster route. I wasn't suggesting it as a *raison d'etre* for fanac by any means. And Leigh, if I pushed any of your buttons, it was purely coincidental. In responding to a fanzine, I simply read through and comment on things I feel strongly about one way or other. I suppose it's only natural that some of the things I feel strongly about will be things you also feel strongly about (or they wouldn't have been there in the first place) but I didn't sit down and try to figure out your buttons. But I guess if I pushed 'em it doesn't really matter if I did it intentionally or not, eh?

Some recent experiences I've had with fans make me wonder if Will's opinion that fans are more open-minded than the general run of people is based on any available evidence. For every open minded fan I know (and I do know many such) there's another fan with a mind like a rusty bear trap. Your response to Will's comment is a bit hard for me to follow: you say "If I had to choose between intelligence and open-mindedness, I think I would take open-mindedness. There are...Whoops...this is a classical case of bypassing. Now I understand; I was misreading that last sentence and it seemed to contradict your first statement. My mind refused to include the "a" in the sentence. I agree completely, of course.

Hmmm? To whom do you suppose Sandra was referring when she mentioned "only three active fans who dislike cats"? Was Alexander small, I believe he was? I'm not quite as short as Napoleon and Hitler, though, and my only territorial demands are in the postal diplomacy game I'm engaged in. My reference to the verb "to educate" was to its commonly accepted mundane definition; i.e. to prepare for one's role in society. And our cat's failure to become educated lies in his inability to realize that pissing on the walls and shitting on the floor buy you a fast one-way ticket to the taxidermist.

/Railee-I'm too much of a procrastinator to be a letter hack. Figured out why we got your letter so soon-you must have filed your fanzines alphabetically. Leigh-I wouldn't keep that cat either, he's obviously disturbed or feeble-minded, neither of which conditions is very curable in cats. I've only had one problem cat, a male who went insane when he reached maturity, killed one of my other cats and tore up two more to the point where they had to go to the vet. I hauled that cat off to the Humane Society post haste and told the attendant to destroy him on the advice of my vet. Does heights really matter anymore except to a basketball player? I thought that was one relic of the Middle Ages we were well rid of. I included your remarks including the "Whoops" because it was interesting to me and I have done exactly that same thing myself. I wonder how many other fans have? I write to a lot of fanzines but I usually ask to be put in the WHAF column. I just like to show appreciation of the zine because I certainly know how much sweat goes into a fanzine! I like your stationary. See you in Toronto in August. We'll be there early playing tourist and maybe we can be of some help./

ED CONNOR 1805 N. Gale Peoria, Illinois 61604

I was going to start out mentioning how I thought "Railee Bothman" was a make-believe boy, a vague presumption arising from my seeing a mention or two of "her" somewhere, and that learning differently was a real surprise, but since you'd see how easily I might become a victim of a real hoax, I won't bring it up. When you brought in that bit about the clicks of phone-dialing, I remembered trying years ago to "read" the clicks by ear. It was easy for low numbers, but I never pursued it. But your remark made me try it, now, and I just noticed that the damned phone doesn't dial with a really distinctive clicking like most, or perhaps all, used to. It does make a rather loud noise, but to figure out the numbers by ear you'd have to train yourself to measure the time each takes to dial. I wonder if all phones are like that now? Presumably some older ones are left-- after all, it hasn't been all that long. (But maybe mine is a clickless oddball. If so, it's in the right place.

Wow, I can see how fifteen cats would keep you jumping to keep them fed. I have only two, one being four years old and a tame house cat.

I got him as a kitten by answering a newspaper ad, bringing him home in a box on my bicycle, and having a devil of a time deciding on a name. Finally picked "Tabby". His stripes gradually disappeared and now he's black except for a white spot underneath. The outside cat showed up almost starved over three winters ago and I kept feeding him and putting him in a basement room in sub-zero weather, during blizzards and rainstorms, etc. Now he eats 3 or 4 meals a day here, sleeps in his room regularly, but is mostly outside and makes his regular "circuits" to the abodes of cats within a radius of a block or so. At times he's been in some terrible fights, but has escaped "serious" damage. He's had holes punched completely through ears a number of times, a piece bitten out of the edge of one ear, nickle-sized chunks of hair pulled off the top of his head, often with pieces of skin attached, and fantastic gouges inflicted across his nose and over and around his eyes. It takes little imagination to figure out what he must have done to his opponents. Oddly enough, neither he nor Tabby ever forgets that this is Tabby's house and that, he even though somewhat smaller, rules the roost. This neighborhood, in fact is Tabby's territory, and even though he is a "house" cat he chases, with great rage and gusto, all strange cats away.

When I de-gafiated a few years ago I remember being quite surprised at just how many of the home addresses of even top writers were readily available to anybody.

Your wondering why certain authors claim to not like certain stories written by themselves years before (and since regarded as classics by so many readers) brings the obvious suggestion that it is probably that they themselves have changed in outlook enough so that they've become increasingly dissatisfied with at least part of their early work. They want to change segments of it, or perhaps wish they'd never written some things. Ray Bradbury told me not long ago that a very short "story" he'd written years ago for a special issue of a fanzine--the theme of which was the condition of the world in (I think) the year 2000-- was not good enough to be used today. He had merely used the idea of atomic doom, postulating in one short, crisp sentence that in the year 2000 the sun might have a partner (the ignited Earth) in the Solar System.

I found the various definitions of a fan to be interesting and amusing. It surprised me to find Donn Brazier involved, as I'd thought him to be an even bigger fan-hermit than myself. But then he seems to be full of surprises, what with his new fanzine popping up out of nowhere (and containing a hint of perhaps an even bigger one? Hmm).

/Leigh-I like cat stories and I really liked this one. Mobe impresses the hell out of me. Where do you get all the energy?/

RICK STOOKER 1109 Paquin St. "Columbia Slan Shack" Columbia, Mo. 65201

What are the names and ages of your daughters, Railee? It throws me off when you refer to "daughter # 3". In fact it bothers me, because it seems so impersonal, although I'm sure you aren't impersonal towards your children at all. I don't mind computers and corporations referring to people by number, because they can't be expected to know any better. But I think you do.

I asked Mike but he thought you only had three, and wasn't too sure who they were. I'm nineteen. If any are close enough in age, maybe I'll come visit you sometime, he said with a leering grin. Maybe I'll come visit you anyway.

There's a definite relationship between introversion, reading and fandom. But there are two different kinds of fans. There are the natural introverts who turn to reading and eventually to fandom, if they discover it, because they don't know what else to do with their time. I knew many people in high school who made good grades because they were social washouts who just sat home and figured they might as well study and excell in something. Once they learn to be social creatures, make friends, maybe find a mate, etc. then they no longer need or want fandom. Others (and I consider myself in this class) like reading and writing as worth while interests in themselves. I am introverted to a degree but not as much as it seems. Kids like me who read a lot tend not to fit into the gangs and cliques of early adolescence, which is where the change comes. Before the 7th grade I wasn't conscious of much difference between me and other kids. But that was a difference like hair color. And the realization that it was a Difference with a capital 'D' came only gradually. Eventually I would up a social misfit and an 'introvert' though I don't remember ever not liking people or talking to them.

