

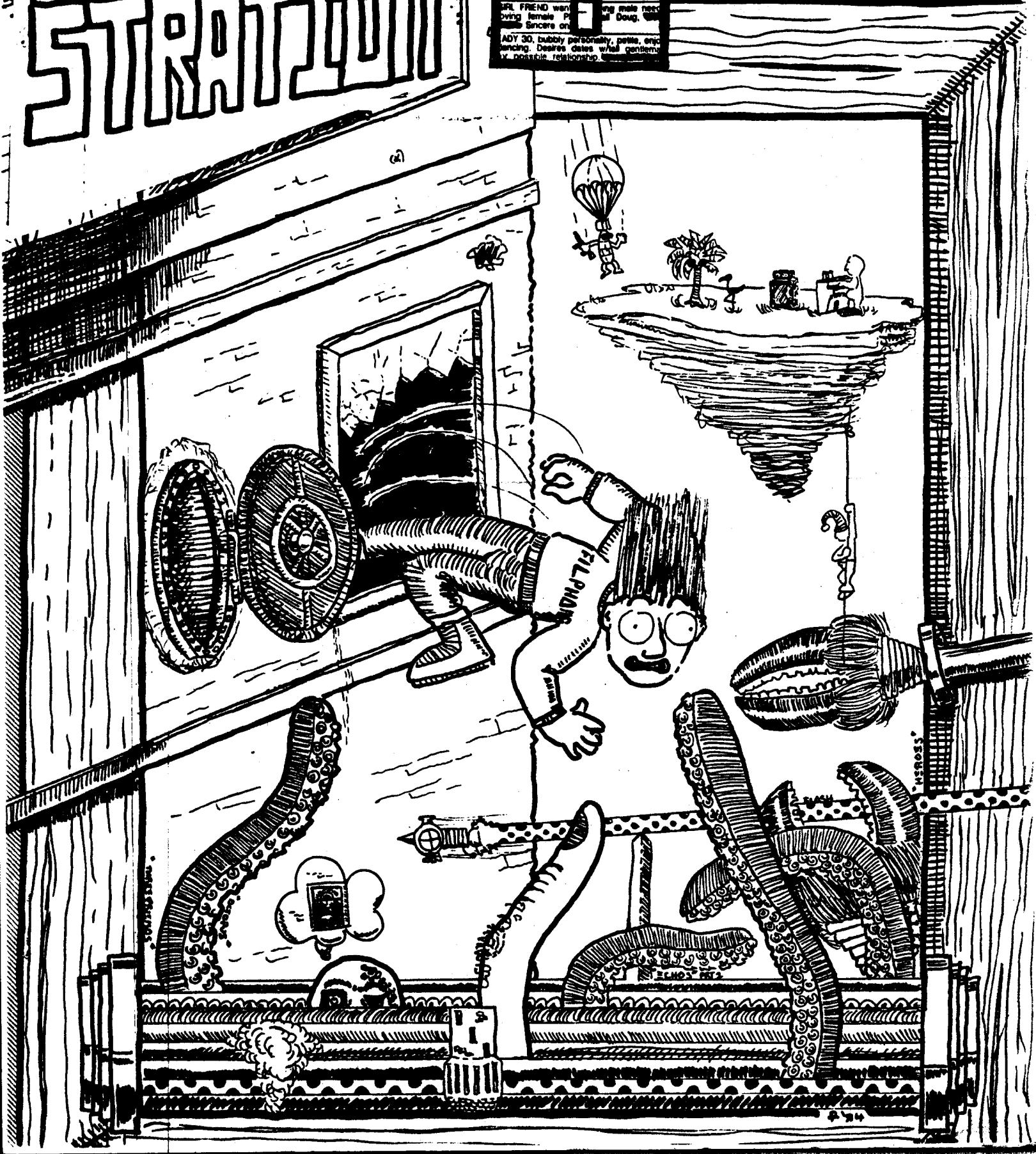
DATE-STRATTON

GENTLEMEN
 enjoy leisure, fun,
 or dining, sights
 to call an elegant
 * * * Deerfield

GERMAN LADY, 45 years old, widowed,
 lovely, blonde, with 18 year old son, a
 recent living in Germany, familiar with
 the American way of life, very reliable
 excellent educational background
 wishes to go back to the United States and
 is looking for a live-in companion
 housekeeper for motherless home
 please write to
 Room 718
 Westmont, W. Ge

SERIAL FRIEND wanted
 living female P
 Sincere on

LADY 30, bubbly personality, petite, enjoy
 dancing. Desires dates with gentlemen
 if possible relationship



SEARS

Defenestration 6

Five-and-a-half months, that's not too many. Well, maybe it is for a quarterly zine, but I've done worse. This, in case you're wondering, is the sixth issue of Defenestration, the frequent fanzine, and it comes to you from David Singer, 3271 NW 28th Terrace, Boca Raton, FL 33434. If you want it to continue to arrive, you can send artwork, trade, contribute, LoC, or provide a convincing display of admiration. If you're out of ideas and admiration, you could send \$1, but try not to make a habit of it. Whatever you do, do it by August 1, so I can publish Df7 in time for LACon II.

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Gail Bennett	8, 24
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Why You Got This:

You contributed

X

You locced

We trade

I'd like to trade

I'd like a contribution or LoC

XXX

I'm not quite sure...but if you don't do something, you won't get the next one

Breaking Panes

I've often thought that reading about missed deadlines was one of the most boring activities in all of fandom; I guess that should give me a hint about writing about them, so I won't.

No, instead of talking about anything that's traditionally fannish, I'll talk about radio. According to the World Radio-TV Handbook, the average American owns two radios -- Diane and I have over a dozen, including two shortwave radios. Even as I type this, I'm listening to Radio Canada International on shortwave; unfortunately, they are busy listing radio stations that other DXers (people who hunt for rare stations -- not to listen to their programming, just to have heard them) have heard lately. Since I'm not a DXer, that particular part of the program has all the attractiveness that a list of fanzine titles would have to most fans.

I used to be a DXer, many years ago -- I'd stay up until all hours of the night in hopes of hearing strange stations. My mother never understood it -- she called it "listening to static". I suppose it was, but it did prepare me for AM radio in South Florida. You see, we're close to Latin America (especially Cuba), and, at night, the AM band is filled with Spanish-speaking stations. But, if you listen very carefully, once in a while, you can hear an English-speaking station. With my years of training, I can not only listen to those stations, I can enjoy the programming and the music -- this is a useful skill if you're stuck in traffic in a car with an AM-only radio. Strangely enough, I haven't ever been able to transfer this skill to hearing conversations at parties.

DXing also prompted my first publishing venture. DXers tend to band together in clubs, but like fans, DXers tend to be widely separated. (I never have gone in for popular hobbies, I guess.) There are about two dozen clubs in North America; when I was in my senior year of high school, I belonged to two, and tried to found another one. It wasn't that the world needed another DX club -- it didn't. It certainly wasn't that I was an expert DXer -- I wasn't. I just wanted to publish something (if I'd known about fandom at the time, I probably would have published a fanzine, but I didn't), so I founded my own radio club, the Virginia DX Association. Naturally enough, the members came from Maryland and Iowa.

At any rate, I was the Founder, President, and Editor of the Association. With a grand disregard for copyright laws, I packed my bulletin with tips garnered from other club bulletins. Fortunately, no one minded. More likely, no one knew.

The club didn't exactly prosper, and I eventually lost interest and turned the gavel over to another member. He folded the club, but by that time, I'd become involved with a different aspect of radio -- broadcasting. WRPI was a 10,000 watt FM station, run entirely by (and supposedly for) students of Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. In actual fact, it was run mostly by recent alumni who had so much fun playing radio that they didn't want to leave, but there was always room on the staff for an eager newcomer.

I decided that I wanted to be a newscaster. Ghu only knows why -- the "news department" at WRPI consisted of an AP newswire machine, a police scanner, and a reluctantly-allocated ten minutes of airtime a day. But when I went in to audition, the News Director told me that I had too thick a Southern accent to go on the air. I was disappointed, but determined, and, one week later, returned without my accent. I have no idea what I did to get rid of it, but it has never returned. Without the

accent, I was accepted, and became a member of the WRPI News Department, eligible to annoy the hell out of the rest of the staff.

After a year or so of that, I decided that news wasn't in my blood, and I switched over to the musical side of the house. First, I studied for my FCC Third Class License (with Special Broadcasting Endorsement) and became an engineer. This gave me the privilege of running the radio station, with complete responsibility for what went out over the air -- at least in the eyes of the FCC.

But I didn't really have any control over what I played -- that was the job of the announcer. Once, I found that there wasn't a "qualified" announcer available when I showed up at the station, so I got to choose my own music -- but if I'd said anything over the air, I would have been in trouble with the station management. I realized that not being allowed to talk was boring and decided that it was time to become an announcer.

At the time, WRPI was a Progressive Rock station (much to the dismay of the Student Government officers; they thought that the station should play what they wanted to hear (top-40)), but with a fairly loose format. There were two categories of announcers: "format" announcers were limited to the approved playlist (which had over 2,000 cuts), and "nonformat" announcers, who were given free choice. It took me another year, but I finally became a nonformat announcer, and made it my practice to play unusual music. If you happened to tune past WRPI and heard Prokofiev's Classical Symphony, you probably were listening to my show.

I enjoyed playing radio, but wanted more response than WRPI's daytime announcers got (sometimes, the phone would ring as much as twice during my shift). The nighttime announcers had many more listeners than those of us who worked days, but nighttime slots were hard to come by -- most of them were taken by those alumni who'd never left the area. If I'd stayed active, I might have gotten a nighttime shift during my senior year, but I discovered fandom first. Suddenly, I was dealing with people who did respond to what I wrote, and talking to a faceless, voiceless audience became much less appealing. And I found myself spending less time at the microphone and more time at the typewriter.

So, instead of having my own radio show, I've got my own fanzine. It's more intimate, it's quieter, I can take it with me if I move, and I don't have to worry about ratings. What more could I want?





This is not the obligatory sixth fandom article I first proposed writing for Defenestration. I couldn't quite bring myself to do that.

Neither is this the article I once planned under the title Chariots of the Dogs, in which I proposed using such archaic evidence as Anubis, the jackal-headed god of Egypt, certain paleolithic petroglyphs, such Pagan religious practices as the sacrifice of a red puppy to Mars in season, and sundry literary references like Jesus' comparison of the Gentiles to dogs, to demonstrate that Earth has been visited by interstellar travelling canines, undoubtedly from the area of Sirius. (I mention this because I thought it was a neat idea, and it's been lying around gathering dust for years. I know I'll never actually write it, but I hate to chuck out the idea without doing anything with it.)

Rather, this is an article about one of the obstacles the typical Pilgrim in search of the Enchanted Duplicator was likely to encounter during the early days of fandom. An awesome obstacle that caused many to fall by the wayside. One still encountered occasionally by some trufan whose road onward is narrow, rocky, and paved with far more good intentions than gold.

I mean of course that eolithic form of duplicator, the hectograph.

From the roots of the name, hecto meaning hundred and graph referring to writing, one might assume this instrument is capable of producing a hundred copies. A false impression, I assure you. When the Fantasy Amateur Press Association was founded in the late 1930's, its membership was then set at fifty, as that was the maximum number of copies the average hectographer could hope to pull. (And it was a large enough membership to encompass the whole of actifandom at the time, so whatthehell.)

In case you've never encountered a hectograph personally, it is in fact pure and simple, a pan of jelly.

I first discovered the hectograph some years before I discovered fandom. (Fortunately.) When I was in public school I saw a teacher apply a purple drawing of a bird (or was it a drawing of a purple bird?) face down on a flat pan of jelly and lift it, leaving a reversed purple bird imprinted on the jelly. She then placed a piece of blank paper on the jelly and lifted it to reveal a copy of the original bird (albeit a somewhat pale imitation.) She continued pulling copies until she had enough for the whole class (albeit each pale copy was paler than the copy before.)

This fascinated me.

The urge to publish had awakened early to me. And this looked like a much likelier way to do it than with the little jimdandy moveable type make-your-own custom rubber stamp outfits. (And much more likely to come into my possession than the make-a-fortune-printing-business-cards-in-your-own-home printing presses advertised in the backyards of cheap magazines.)

The first publishing venture I recall getting involved in was a partnership with the kid next door. And it was purely a commercial venture. We were in it for the money. Using a sheet of carbon and a couple of sheets of typing paper, we copied several recipes from our mothers' cookbooks, typing them on the old Underwood #5 in my family's attic. Each of us sold a copy to his/her mother for 10 cents. It was a limited edition.

A hectograph, I realized, could greatly expand the potential circulation of my next publication. But at the time, I didn't know a name for such a remarkable pan of jelly, and from my description my mother couldn't tell what I was talking about, so I had no way to communicate just what it was I desired. And no idea of how to go about getting one.

A while later, I came across an article in some publication for juveniles that gave instructions for making a hectograph at home, oneself. All you needed was a pan and the jelly. I no longer recall the actual process, but the ingredients for the jelly were just plain gelatin such as could be bought in any grocery store, and glycerine. Eager as I was to try making one of these wonderful devices, I was up against a problem. I didn't know what glycerine was. And I was too shy/stupid to ask.

However, having finally found out what it was I wanted, I eventually decided to ask for one for Christmas. I am certain my mother hadn't the vaguest idea what a hectograph was. My father, somewhat more worldly, may have known what, but I doubt he could comprehend why his only daughter would want one of those things. Even so, come Christmas morning I found it under the tree. It was, as I had expected, a flat metal pan filled with jelly, closed with a flat metal lift-off lid, and accompanied by two small cylindrical blue glass bottles. One contained an extremely purple fluid identified as hectograph ink. The other was filled with a white cream optimistically labelled a hand-cleaner/ink-remover.

Purple, as every fannish theologian knows, is the color sacred to the most ancient of the gheat fannish ghods, ghughu (and in that context is properly spelled "phurple".) At the time when ghughu (ghu for short) was revealed to fandom and the gholy hibile committed to writing, or at least quoting, a large number of fan-publishers toiled before the altars of ghu, the hectographs. As the symbolic "h" of ghu spreads itself into

many a fannish word, especially those beginning with "g", the symbolic purple of ghu spread itself over the body, clothing, and residence of the hectographer, especially his woodwork. In time the home, the fingers, and the soul of the hectographer become permeated with phurple. Even the lenses of the glasses he wears due to the eyestrain of reading hecto copies take on a phurplish tint, imbuing his entire outlook in ghuish hue.

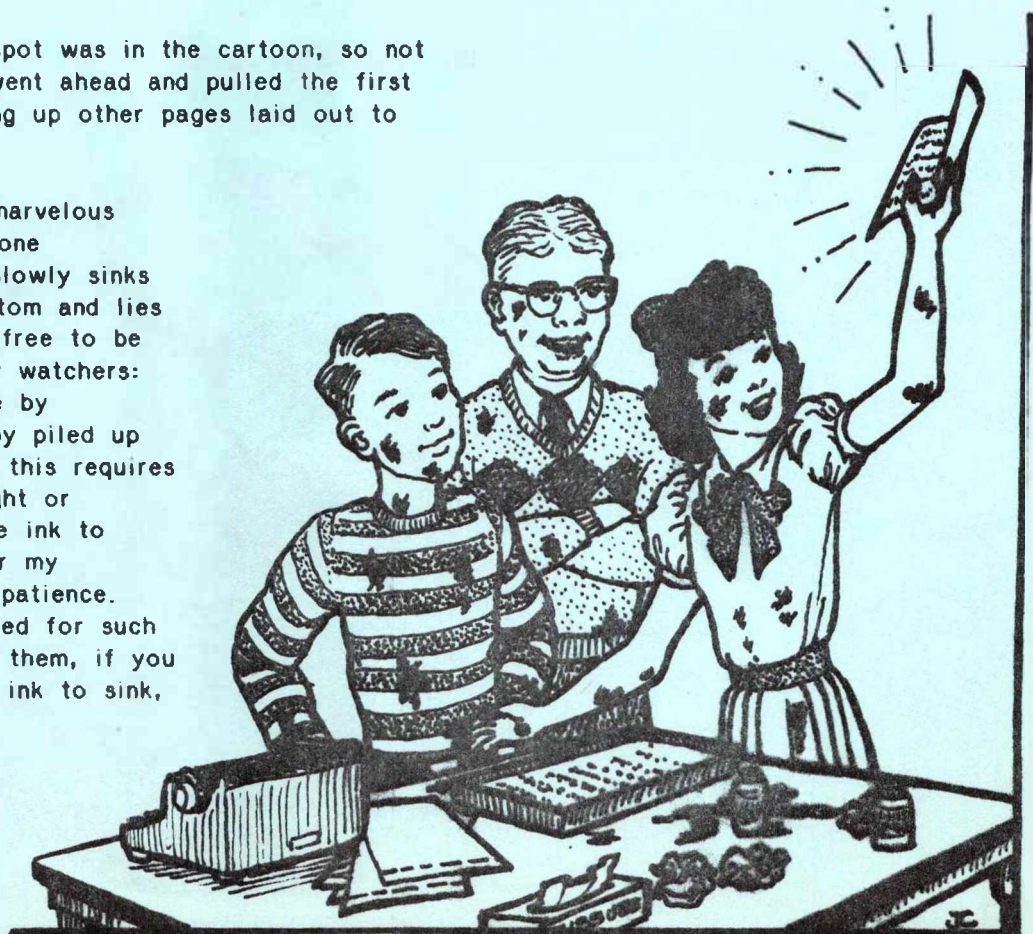
One need not necessarily be a fan for this to happen. As I was saying, I got this hecto for Christmas, and with it a bottle of phurple ink. But my ambitions extended beyond reproducing doodles and scribbles. I bought some sheets of purple stuff like carbon paper for producing master copies on a typewriter and along with two classmates set out to publish a newspaper for classroom distribution.

Fortunately, the hecto was portable and my co-publishers were as avid as I. Since one of them had a better, more accessible typewriter than the Underwood in the Attic, I took my hecto to his house to produce our paper. Fortunately.

But first things first. We made up our copy for the first page, with a political cartoon he had drawn in the center, and applied the master to the jelly. When we pulled the first copy, we discovered Santa had hoisted off a defective hecto on me. There was a large brown spot in the middle of the jelly. We discovered that large brown spots of that kind don't accept or relay hecto ink. I mention this as a warning to any readers who are contemplating confronting hectos themselves. Beware brown spots. (My conclusion was that the pan, which appeared to be protectively tinned, had a large scratch in the tin, which had allowed the ferrous metal to interact with the jelly, like oxidizing it, and that big blob was a rust spot. Trust not your copy to a rusty hecto.

Fortunately the blank spot was in the cartoon, so not too much was lost. We went ahead and pulled the first page, preparatory to making up other pages laid out to compensate for the blob.

Now the hecto has a marvelous attribute. The ink which one impresses on the surface slowly sinks in. Eventually it hits bottom and lies there, leaving the surface free to be reused. (Note for biology watchers: you can tell a hecto's age by counting the layers of copy piled up on its bottom.) However, this requires patience. It takes overnight or something like that for the ink to fully settle. Neither I nor my co-editors had that much patience. But the instructions provided for such a situation. According to them, if you just couldn't wait for the ink to sink,



you could wash off the surface of the jelly, cleaning it for immediate reuse. Well, not quite "immediate". You were supposed to clean gently and then wait long enough for the jelly to dry to a suitable consistency before you tried again.

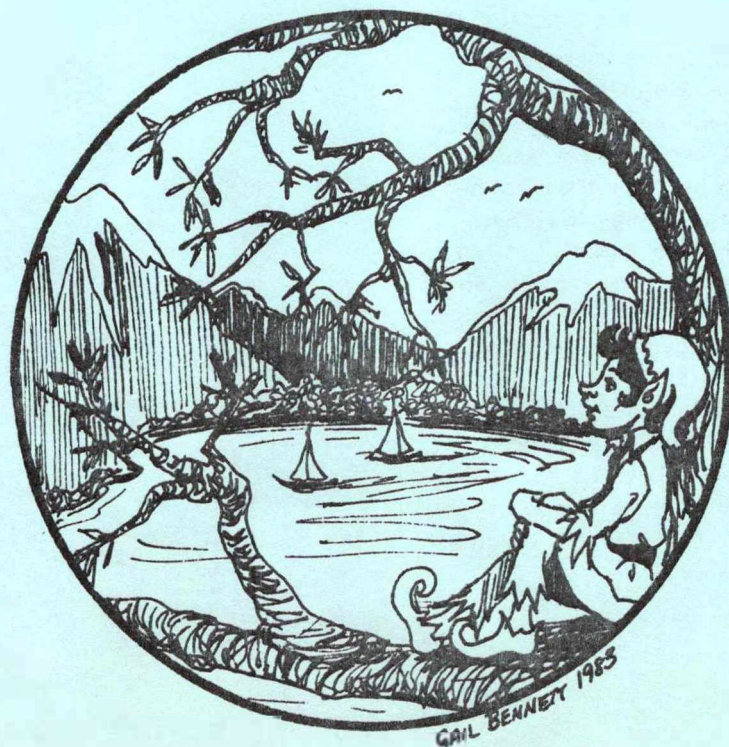
We not only lacked patience. We lacked subtlety. In our ham-handed haste, we ended up unintentionally washing all the jelly out of the pan down the drain of my friend's mother's sink.

Now, as every true ghuist knows, once your soul has been dyed phurple by knowledge of ghu, no amount of recanting or renouncing or scrubbing bubbles will ever wash it white as snow again. I don't know whether this is true of kitchen sinks as well as souls, but I thank ghu it was my friend's mother's sink our ink-saturated jelly went down, and not my mother's. For all I know, that porcelain still bears the stigmata of ghu.

In case you're interested, our publishing career did not go down the drain with my hectograph. Our homeroom that term was a double-wide with an excess of blackboard space, so we commandeered a couple of end panels and chalked up the highlights of our news notes and gossip in the mornings or during lunch hours when no one else was in the room. The teachers never objected, or even erased our works, so our publishing venture continued for some time. I don't recall how it ended. Probably when term ended, and we went on to a different less well-equipped home room.

Due to the obstacle of hectograph those early publications have gone to chalk dust, not an iota preserved for any completist's collection. But I did learn from experience. When I discovered fandom and was overwhelmed by the urge to pub my ish, I found myself a different means than the hectograph.

I would recommend go thou and do likewise.



Through the Fourth Wall: Science Fiction on Stage

-- E. Michael Blake

Hollywood successes with science fiction and the growing presence of high tech in everyday life have spurred SF well beyond the print media. Even now, though, SF in the live theatre remains fairly rare. There are several perfectly good reasons for this; almost any theatrical venture these days involves great financial risk, and a show based on a science fiction script could become much more expensive, if elaborate special effects are needed. Yet in Chicago in 1983, there were no fewer than six professional stage productions with a basis in SF or fantasy, including Joe Haldeman's The Forever War, at the Organic Theatre.

Chicago theatre is a pretty strange bird to begin with. It has grown enormously in the past decade, dwarfing the occasional visits of road companies of New York shows. Last summer -- during the period which used to be the deadest of all -- there were some 55 pro shows running simultaneously in and around Chicago. This plenitude is made possible mostly through the peaceful coexistence of Actor's Equity, the performers' union, and those producers and companies that just can't afford to work with an Equity contract. At present, there are probably equal numbers of Equity and non-Equity shows in Chicago. But this verges on digression; suffice it to say that Chicago theatre is vigorous, adventurous, and not usually thwarted by abject poverty.

Joe Haldeman adapted The Forever War to script form, but I suspect strongly that a good deal of what got into the script was influenced by Organic artistic director Stuart Gordon. If Gordon asks Haldeman to make a change, that is still technically written by Joe, but....

Understandably, the story lost much of its scope in the transition. A play of about two hours equals about 20,000 to 25,000 words of narrative, and The Forever War runs about 100,000 words in book form. In the early 1970s, Ben Bova ran it in bits and pieces in Analog, with gaps of several issues; this may have made Gordon think the play could stand on only one part of the book. (As I understand it, Gordon first read the book in 1979 and thought it would make a good public-TV special; budgetary constraints forced PBS to beg off.)

Thus, the play looked only at the last segment of the book, with Mandella promoted to Major and put in charge of a unit waiting to engage the Taurans. All of what had gone before was compressed into some early expository dialogue. The impact of Mandella's careering through dilated time was therefore lost. The character of Mary Gay Potter was necessarily written out, and the love interest transferred to one of the officers in the outpost unit. This gave Organic veteran Carolyn Purdy-Gordon an interesting role (which she handled well) as a matter-of-fact lesbian who found Mandella stirring heterosexual feelings in her -- feelings she was conditioned to think of as perverse. But the love-through-the-centuries of Mandella and Potter was lost.

Even the twist at the very end -- in which Mandella and one other survivor of the battle were given a chance to migrate to enclave worlds (one each for homo- and heterosexuals) was made darker than it had been in the book. The "chance" to emigrate was clearly mandatory. Mandella couldn't be reunited with Mary Gay, as in the book, and his lover in the play died in the battle. I believe this stance was taken because Gordon would not want it thought that anything good could ever come from war. However laudable that sentiment is, it intruded on other aspects of the story.

The irony of the whole project is that Gordon clearly wanted to make not only a strong anti-war statement but one that would counteract the fascination with futuristic violence inspired by Star Wars. Yet the strongest thematic material in The Forever War was cast aside for either stage-constraint or Gordon-vision reasons. Even the fact that Mandella was the only heterosexual in a homosexual human race amounted in the play to little more than a gag vehicle. In a hard-SF magazine in the early 1970s, the prevalence of homosexuality made for a strong statement on the alienation brought on by a wartime experience. In a theatre community in the early 1980s, with gay lifestyles fairly open and not at all rare, the impact just wasn't there.

I concede that much of this kvetching stems from my familiarity with the original material. The audience sought by the Organic was largely unaware of the Analog segments, or even with the book. (Aside: I liked it as a book much more than as separate chunks.) Would someone seeing this play without having read the prose respond to it more favorably? Apparently not -- the critics for both Chicago dailies responded with lukewarm bemusement, complaining that the computer/video graphics and special effects drowned out the human side of the story.

What the play did most successfully was build up and maintain tension as the Tauran attack approached. Gordon gambled by deciding, during the two-week preview run, to change the play from two acts to a single act of 90-plus minutes. This is a long time to keep playgoers sitting, but it worked -- the approach of the Taurans and the friction within the unit were allowed to mount steadily.

The main performances were effective. Bruce A. Young brought off Mandella well, although there were moments when he seemed uncomfortable with the words he had to speak. He made good use of his formidable presence in the role of Mandella as it was framed here. (However, the Mandella of the book was not as normatively heroic as the one in the play; to my mind, the original Mandella would have been played better by another Organic hand, Tom Towles.) From the standpoint of the Chicago audience, he was able to make Mandella different enough from his portrayal of Lord Cumulus, in the Organic's most recent revival of its heroic comedy Warp!

Gary Houston, who had been the epitome of straight-arrow idealism in the Organic's E/R Emergency Room, added depth to The Forever War as Charlie Moore, executive officer of the unit -- a role that was expanded in the script. The Moore role called for Houston to direct a lot of traffic, dealing with the out-of-touch Mandella on one hand and the hostile members of the unit on the other. His cynical demeanor, which got him through the war, broke down somewhat as he realized that however alien Mandella was to him, he was still human.

The video/computer graphics, strewn on screens of various sizes, effectively brought the offstage action (space dogfights, etc.) to the close awareness of the audience. The set design and costuming were up to a reasonable futuristic-film standard.

Unfortunately, The Forever War closed in late November, after a regular run of only six weeks. The upfront cost of the show was stated as \$75,000; given the Organic's tendency to spend freely on promotion and such, I imagine that the show landed well in the red. It's a shame, since Joe spent the better part of a year working (and re-working) on the script.

The Marching Morons

-- Sarah Clemens

Omnicon. The Marriott. Saturday afternoon.

It was that level, mellow early afternoon time when most convention-goers go up to their rooms to crash, freshen up, dress up, drink, get more money....

Early afternoon was also Marriott check-out time. The elevators were full of the universal blend of befuddled tourists, 4th Doctors, bellhops, and luggage racks. Vincent and I had been to our room on the 5th floor. The convention was all on the 3rd floor, but you know how it is; who wants to take to the stairs when there are elevators? But, actually, there weren't any elevators to be had, because every time the arrow lit up for "going down", the doors would slide open to a compressed mass of humanity: heavily made-up Ecuadorians on their way down to shop for wonderful American plastic dishes in glamorous Miami, sword & sorcery lovers who had changed to their afternoon chain mail, and scowling security men.

"It's time to find the stairs", I said, and Vincent agreed.

There was the door to the stairs, around the corner from the elevator bay, and down we went. One flight.

"One flight?" muttered Vincent. "What's with the brick wall?"

Honestly, there was no continuance of the stairs. They simply ended, leaving us with two choices: go down a narrow corridor that angled out of sight, or cop out and go out the door to the 4th floor elevator bay.

"Just like Dungeons & Dragons", I remarked.

Of course we took the corridor. It wove around a few times, and ended up in a kitchen full of chefs chopping lettuce and kiwi fruit.

A chef looked up, saw us, and approached. "Zere is some problem?" he asked. (Accent like Arnold Schwarzenegger.)

"Yeah, how do we get to the 3rd floor?"

"Not ziss way. Ziss way you end up outside die hotel in die middle of novere. I'll take you to elevators."

"Well, thanks," began Vincent, "but I don't really think the elevator is the answer..."

The chef strode off, back the way we had come, and there was nothing to do but follow him. At the foot of the landing were ten or fifteen more convention-goers, milling about and looking confused.

When the chef walked right up to the door and said, "Ziss way", they followed instantly, grateful for an authority (and one in uniform, yet).

There we all were in the 4th floor elevator bay, and as the chef nervously tapped the down button over and over, the crowd grew. By the time the first crammed elevator paused and continued, there were twenty of us. By the second, thirty.

"You see?" I said to the chef. "The elevators are all full. That's why we took to the stairs to begin with."

"Vell..." Another ten people poured out of the stairs. The noise level was going up distinctly. "Ziss way."

We were now headed in the opposite direction, strung out along the corridors and off into a doorway labelled "Employees Only".

Down another corridor. Past smelly service elevators. Around a corner and down a ramp. And the whole way, we were followed by a rising din of voices from all those people, some fifty by now, who had come to the 4th floor dead end.

And finally, at last, down a flight of stairs and out of the stark yellow brick corridors. Out, and into the mezzanine with its plush burgundy carpets, low lights, and registration tables. From forth a door nearly obscured by the camouflage of paintings and sofas spewed the lot of us, led to safety by a nervous chef, who immediately took off for his unfinished basket of kiwi fruit back on the 4th floor.

We had taken the cook's tour, quite literally, and wonder to this day what it's going to be like if the Marriott catches fire. I can just see all those scared people ending up in the salad kitchen.



"...This is Blue Leader 2. Registration secure. Rendezvous at Con Suite. No Prisoners."

Open Window

Terry Carr -- 11037 Broadway Terrace -- Oakland, CA 94611

Thanks for Defenestration #5. I don't think I saw any of its issues in the earlier incarnation, because I have a reason to remember the title: I published a fanzine of the same title 23 years ago. Just one issue, and that an apazine (OMPA); however, it achieved the distinction of having one of its articles, Carl Brandon's "Down with Fandom", reprinted in First Fandom Magazine. That pleased me greatly, because despite some gray hairs in my beard I'm not nearly old enough to be a member of First Fandom and I was tickled at the thought of having those ~~staple~~ venerable ancients reading a piece of mine that, in fact, satirized them.

But never mind that I technically have a prior claim on the Defenestration title; you're welcome to use it now, especially since you publish a pretty good fanzine. (For that matter, my first fanzine, Vulcan, had a title that had been used some years before by one Lionel Inman...and he never complained, possibly because he'd been out of fandom for years.

I thought the best piece in your fanzine was rich brown's "The Trouble with the Worldcon", which states its case so well that I have nothing at all to add; I think it's the definitive article on the subject and I hope many con committees will read it and take rich's advice. Vincent Miranda's "Why I Love Sci-Fi" will no doubt get most of the comments and I look forward to seeing them despite the fact that his question about how fans got into fandom was answered many years ago by Earl Kemp's symposium Why is a Fan?, in which dozens of fans explained how they'd gotten into fandom. But that was a long time ago and conditions have changed greatly; I'm now curious to find out how fans have found fandom without prozine reviews of fanzines, which were fairly common in the sf magazines of the '40s and '50s. Probably mostly through going to conventions, which are now listed in many of the prozines, I suppose.

I didn't contribute to Why is a Fan?, as it happened, so I can explain now that after discovering sf at age 11 or 12 in the late 1940s I first began corresponding with several Bay Area fans who'd had letters in the letter columns of the prozines of the time, then joined the local fanclub, the Golden Gate Futurian Society, and expanded my fanac from there. In fact, I'd already subscribed to several fanzines when I joined the GGFS, and when I attended my first meeting I considered myself as having made my mark on fandom because some of my letters had been published in Fantastic Adventures's letter column; I was taken aback when I found that no one in the club read FA and thus didn't know what a Great Big Fan I was. I discovered that fannish fame came from appearances in fanzines, not prozines, so I set about contributing to the former. I wrote dreadful sf stories for fanzines like Peon and Cosmag and even had pieces accepted by Rhodomagnetic Digest and Quandry, but the latter two folded before my stuff for them got into print. Later I began publishing fanzines of my own, which were heavily laden (the not juste) with my writing, and became a columnist for Psychotic, etc. (To this day I'm amazed by the number of good fanzines that published the junk I was writing then.)

I remember encountering parental disapproval that delayed my joining the GGFS for some months. One of my correspondents was a Mrs. Rose Davenport, who was a GGFS member and suggested I attend a meeting; she said she drove within a couple blocks of where I was living on the way to meetings and she'd give me a lift. I said yes, but when the time came and my father heard about it, he forbade me to go. "What does a thirty-year-old married woman want to get mixed up with a twelve-year-old boy for?" he asked darkly. I didn't even understand his question, but I had to go to the corner where she was to pick me up and tell her I couldn't go; I don't remember how I explained. Some months later, after I'd met Bill Collins in a bookstore -- he was another GGFS member, but was about my age -- I did get an okay to attend, but I had to take buses clear across town. I remember that first meeting I attended and how awed I was: one of the members had just come back from the 1950 worldcon in Portland and was full of news about the pros he'd met and at whose home the meeting was held, showed me his collection of sf books and magazines, which included stuff going all the way back to the '30s.

It's odd when I reflect that today that would be like showing me magazines from 1965. They talked a lot about fanzines too, and were planning to publish a club fanzine -- eventually one issue appeared (it was called Renascence or maybe Renaissance), but the club then folded and it wasn't till two or three years later that a group of us, mostly teenagers, got it going again; by that time I was 16 or so and I quickly became the president. What egoboo! I was hooked.

[[- Most of the replies I got to Vince's question dealt with how the person found science fiction, not fandom. Most replies were similar; comic books started the corruption, then the person noticed little rocketship or atom symbols on some books at the library and became addicted. I've omitted those responses, but have left in the less usual ones and most of the discussions about finding fandom. I've passed along all of the replies to Vince; he still wants more confessions -- send them to me, and I'll pass them along.

I didn't send you any of the earlier issues of Df because when I did them, I didn't realize that someone could be both a pro and a fan. Even if I had realized that you were a fan, I probably would have been too shy to send you a copy of the zine. I'm glad you don't mind my sharing the title...but what if you decide to revive yours? -]]

Bill Bridget -- 900 Mountain Creek Road, Apt. O-182 -- Chattanooga, TN 37405

Defenestration arrived: perhaps the title should have been refenestration, after such an absence from publishing as you described. But congrats on your 10th annish.

I especially liked Gail Bennett's Serpent on page 19, and Diane Goldman's column on the Judge Dee books. I had anticipated doing a review of Tea With The Black Dragon and the Judge Dee books would provide a perfectly marvelous balance for the fine MacAvoy novel, provided I can find some of them at Dalton's or at Walden Books and don't have to go over to Rarities, Inc. and pay ten prices for a dogeared copy.

[[- Just about all of the Judge Dee books are currently in print; in fact, The Red Pavilion just appeared within the last couple of months. I've only seen it in California, but it does exist. -]]

Both my wife and myself empathize with Edie Stern's Confessions of a Worldcon Widow. My situation was somewhat different as when my boss came around at work and told me that my production had suffered and that I needed to do something about it and think about what to do for a couple of days... to make a long and wimpish story short, I left the Chattacon Board and retained my job, my family, and my schooling--obviously not what a trufan would have chosen to do without, but there you are: Bill Bridget is only a fakefan who adores media, comics, and gaming (particularly TRAVELLER) and obviously is not cut out to get in step with either rich brown or the co-editor of ~~HY~~, ~~PH~~! HYPHEN. And I don't really want everybody else to get into step with me--Holy Diversity Forbid!!

E. Michael Blake -- 2125 W. Homer St. -- Chicago, IL 60647

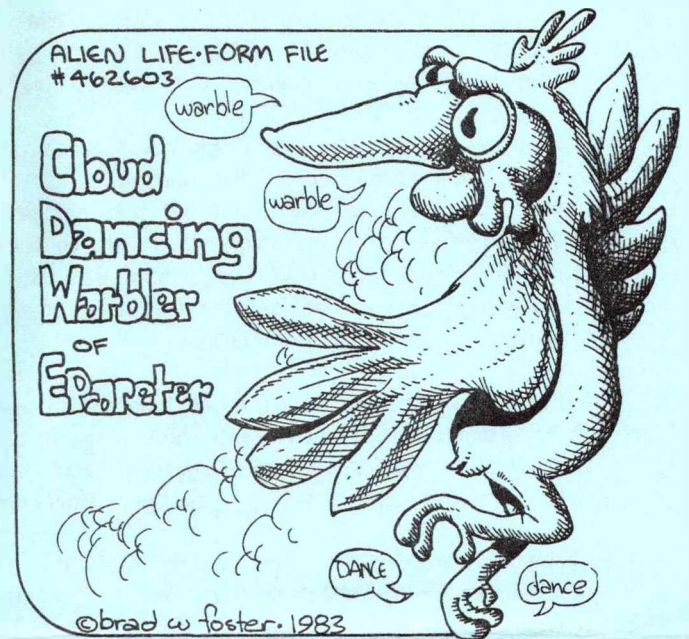
I can't say whether Df5 measures up to the four previous issues, which appear to have been published long before I was born.

Confessions of a Worldcon Widow didn't quite score with me. By the time I realized that it was a true-confession sendup, it was over. It read like what could legitimately have happened to some poor soul, and I have seen such tales of woe in person before and during ChiCon. Thus it didn't have much novelty for me.

Peggy Sue, or Reflections on Filk Singing isn't easy for me to sympathize with. From where I sit, it reads as though the group outside the ballroom was a good deal louder than the one inside, and that when the party inside tried to complain, the party outside responded with at least a semblance of

belligerence. I rarely listen to filking, but I accept it as one of our ghetto self-support activities in fandom. A good many people go to cons chiefly to sing and listen to the music they can hear at no other time. Having been in St. Louis in July, I can appreciate the possible need to keep a meeting-room door open. To me, implying that the filk group was wimpy and snooty does not justify the behavior of the party outside.

The Trouble With the Worldcon is a debate I'd like to stay out of. However much of a headache (and, in the case of ConStellation, a financial disaster) a Worldcon may be these days, and however small the province of written SF within it, I find it exhilarating just to see all these thousands of people with their interests flying off in all directions. rich brown himself concedes a willingness to see a Star Trek episode now and again, or play D & D; I suspect that a multiplicity of this sort exists in most fens. We are generalist enthusiasts. We have impatient imaginations. The emergence of home computers, role-playing gaming, etc., widens the realm of possible fascination. If Worldcon has become a sort of carnival midway to stimulate and sate these appetites, I say well and good; it encourages the fannish state of being. Even so...brown's point on WSFS as a literary society is telling, and I accept that it would be irresponsible to keep the con at its current size and breadth if it's going to keep having serious money trouble. Thus, I can muster up strong feelings on both sides.



Lee Pelton -- P.O. Box 3145 Traffic Sta -- Minneapolis, MN 55403

As a somewhat Staunch Supporter of the Anti-Filksinging Underground, Sarah Clemens' relating of doing Buddy Holly tunes at con was an encouraging sign that not all fans with musical talent are mired in the muck of folk tunes from the 60's. Not to imply that filk songs are all bad, but once you get the joke, why bother doing it again? I suppose it's like any communal experience. You have to be part of it to enjoy it. Still, I enjoy the fact that cons let filkers go into a small function space and sing their throats to hoarseness in the privacy of their own company. Sarah's description of the protest delegation, particularly their attire, convinces me of the insularness of filksinging. Costumes and all, Hey? Yuck!

Agree with rich brown on the size of Worldcons. I can't begin to relate the times I've seen friends I wanted to talk to only when we're getting into the shuttles to the airport to take us home. Frustrating. And it's getting costly to go to one as well. LA will cost me \$1000 in travel, hotel, food, etc. Costs. Grump!

But...I can't see where the influx of media types and programming for them causes my problems with Worldcons. These people and their programming affects me not at all. I don't go to them and don't know the people. Ipso facto, who cares? The fans I want to be with don't go, either. The only plus the media horde has, for me, resulted in some damn fine film programs. Being a movie buff, this is a joy. But I'll party anyway over going to a flick. That's what Worldcons are really all about.

The solution, really, is an organized message clearing house, so that those who want to contact somebody at con can leave a message that can be called for at anytime by that person. The fannish equivalent

of an answering service, if you like. It would take a lot of people and a good organizer to set it up, but it could be done.

Richard C. Rostrom -- 7344 N. Hoyne -- Chicago, IL 60645

Having run across Judge Dee several years ago myself, I greatly enjoyed Diane's discussion of the van Gulik novels. However, she left out the first Judge Dee book, Celebrated Cases of Judge Dee (Dee Goong An) which is the original Chinese work in which Judge Dee appears. van Gulik translated this work, and then was inspired to write the others. Celebrated Cases was published by Dover Books, and they keep things in print forever, so it may be available. [[- It is. -]]

rich brown's concerns about the Worldcon can be generalized to cons of all sizes, except a very few small, semi-private cons. Big regionals like WindyCon or WesterCon are almost as hard to manage as a Worldcon, being as they are larger than any pre-1972 Worldcon, and are equally overrun with Trekkies, Warriies, Galaxatives, and Whozits. An even worse problem is the group in the 15-22 age bracket who combine comics, SF, film, SCA, video, D&D, and fantasy in a sort of random melange. They are obnoxious, disruptive, heavily into weapons, leather, and drugs. This group, incidentally, is at least as much of a problem in the SCA as in fandom.

But his remedies are even worse than the disease. I doubt very much if anyone goes to the Worldcon for gaming: the gaming area, which at most cons is never heavily used, is merely a convenience for those who enjoy a spot of SF gaming. Banning films and video would prevent rare and exotic items from being made available to fans who otherwise could never see them.

rich would justify his purge on the basis that these are not "literary" activities, and therefore not supported by the WSFS charter. Well, is filksinging a "literary" activity? Obviously, all filksing rooms should be shut down. Costume contests aren't literary; shut that down, too. The art show has got to go, too.

rich wants to run off the L-5'ers and the High Frontiersmen as having no relationship to "literary" SF. This is completely bogus. SF is not an abstract creation, but a reflection of the real world. Many of SF's greatest works address the concerns of the real world; see Robert Heinlein's remarks on Starship Troopers in Expanded Universe, or consider the recent work of John Brunner. Any "literary" analysis or discussion of SF would include the real-world concerns of SF writers, of which space travel is far and away the most important. Hell, SF is supposed to deal with technology: what's wrong with keeping track of the current technological frontier, which will inspire many SF works in coming years?

The Worldcon is a gathering of people interested in "SF", a subject which has never been defined to general satisfaction. Efforts to screen out the "impure" elements have never been successful, and they never will be, unless (appalling thought) fandom becomes rigid.

brown's complaints make an interesting counterpoint to Edie Stern's hilarious "Confessions". The sheer size of the Worldcon has caused it to become a devouring influence on the people who run it -- though this is not new. Stern's narrative is not as funny when I remember an old old-time Chicago fan telling me at the close of Chicon IV that it had been the first Chicago Worldcon which didn't result in the immediate divorces of all married members of the concom.

Harry J. N. Andruschak -- P. O. Box 606 -- La Canada-Flintridge, CA 91011

The main item of interest to me, as far as the contents of the issue go, was rich brown's article on bloated Worldcon attendance. I agree with almost all of his stuff. His ideas are mostly mine.

Mostly. But there is this matter of the L-5 Society and pro-space programming. It used to be that every SF fan was also a pro-space fan. Even if, back in the 50's ((and I am talking about me)) "space" was a dirty word and taxpayers yelled about the VANGUARD program.

Somehow, somewhere, a split has occurred between those who support the space program and those who read SF. It is by no means a total split...there is still plenty of overlap. Yet, as a 39-year-old diabetic, I cannot help but notice that more and more young SF fans have no interest in the space program.

In fact, more and more are opposed to it, regarding it as a waste of money that could be spent on better things. And not just young fans, either. Marion Zimmer Bradley told me much the same thing at Iguanacon. I dropped out of the organization known as Friends of Darkover as a result.

[[- I'd think that you would have found it more desirable to stay in Friends of Darkover because of the opposition to the space program; after all, it's easy to be pro-space in, say, an L-5 meeting, but then again, that's preaching to the choir. If you want to convert others to your viewpoint, you need to go where they are, even though it might be less comfortable than staying with the faithful. -]]

Mike Glicksohn -- 508 Windermere Avenue -- Toronto, Ontario M6S 3L6 -- Canada

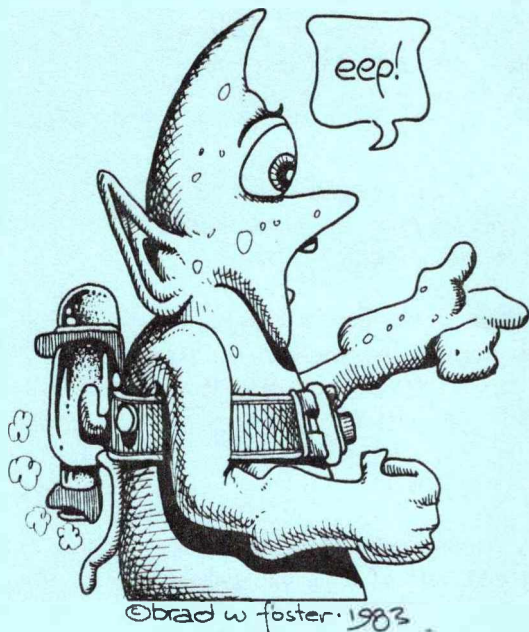
Gee, time for another loc on Defenestration already? If you intend to keep publishing every nine years maybe you'd better drop me from the mailing list: I'm too old to keep that sort of pace up anymore.

Seriously though (as we always say after something we meant to be funny but feel probably wasn't) welcome back. Somewhere in the basement of this newly-acquired very old house there must be old issues of Defenestration but I wouldn't know where and hence I can't recall a single thing about them. If they were like this issue, however, I must have enjoyed them because this revival issue is both readable and enjoyable as well as easy to comment on. The truth of which I will now probably fail to demonstrate...

Hell, I thought I'd been a tad unusual in going over eight years between issues 15 and 16 of Energumen and here you relegate me to the status of an also-ran with a nine year hiatus between your own publications. I shudder to think what will happen if this sort of fannish resurrection becomes commonplace. If an issue of Tomorrow and ... shows up in the mailbox I think I'd gafiate in sheer terror!

Edie's "Confessions" was a painfully accurate piece of faan fiction (I assume it's fiction although it may well be distilled from actual events) and I liked the double ending option. I've known many fannish couples that experienced this sort of syndrome to various degrees (perhaps involving fanac other than worldcon running but the overall result is the same) and the end result isn't always as positive as Edie's conclusion. Consequently I read it with somewhat mixed emotions. Interesting piece, though.

I got my start in science fiction the best way possible: when I was growing up in England my dad and I used to listen to a BBC radio show entitled, if memory serves, "Journey Into Space". I've frequently suggested that radio is the perfect medium for sf as far as youngsters are concerned since it gives freedom to the imagination far beyond a visual medium while not requiring the degree of intellect needed to visualize something from a printed description. I loved the eerie sound effects that accompanied the radio plays and soon graduated to reading sf stories in boys' magazines and library books. It was a decade later that I discovered fandom and fanzines and conventions but much of that ten years was spent devouring written science fiction. Sadly, I haven't heard much radio sf in the last thirty years and I regret that a lot. Growing up without TV and looking forward so eagerly to my weekly escape from earth made it easy for me to understand how Orson Welles was able to panic a large part of America with his "War of the Worlds" broadcast. I imagine that the TV generation finds that rather implausible.



As usual, rich brown is sensible and accurate in his observations. Few would disagree that the worldcon has grown far too big, in large part for the very reasons he suggests. His proposed solution (the so-called "no frills worldcon" that some groups have seriously thought of offering as an alternative to the bigger-'n-better-three-ring-circus con we have nowadays) is one I'd vote for in an instant. But realistically I don't see anyone actually going through with such a bid. It does seem as though there are always some fans around who want to run a "something-for-everyone" worldcon and as long as they keep bidding they're going to keep winning. (It may happen that the spectacle of the Baltimore worldcon plunging thirty or more thousand dollars in debt will discourage some future committees from bidding but I wouldn't put too much money on it.) Since I haven't the slightest interest in being on a worldcon committee (once was enough) and since most of the people I know (like rich) don't want to run a worldcon either, we're more or less stuck with accepting the sort of worldcon the willing committees offer us. Or we can choose to ignore the worldcon completely if we don't like the way it's set up.

The one thing I don't agree with rich on is his handling of cons he finds too expensive. I've always felt that if you attend a con you have an obligation to pay the committee. Either that or you stay away. The argument that you aren't attending the con if you avoid the formal structure of the program is rubbish. You can't separate the social part of the con completely from the con itself. There wouldn't be any social part of the con if there wasn't a formal con going on. Anyone who attends room parties at a con is at the con. And if they don't buy a membership, they're effectively costing those of us who do register more than the con should cost us because they reduce the amount that the committee has to reinvest in fandom after the con is over. (I acknowledge that this is an order of magnitude different from the sort of direct increase in expense that rich describes but although it's on a separate level I feel quite strongly about it. So I'd modify rich's statement to read "The trouble with the worldcon is it's too damn big -- and there are too many damn freeloaders who ought to stay away if they think it's too damn big.").

Rich McAllister -- 2369 St. Francis Drive -- Palo Alto, CA 94303

I've noticed "fandom returning to its roots" (sf) in more ways than just lizard recently. There is a lot of talk about sf in C/rapa these days, which is new; and I've even noticed people talking about books at Pensfa recently, which is distinctly odd. I subscribe to the theory that rock & roll and science fiction run in the same cycles (tho rock's New Wave followed sf's by some years); they both seem to be getting better recently.

I'd be happy if the Worldcon was to change the way rich brown wants it to, but I don't have much hope that it will. I think the people who run Worldcons these days want them the way they are. There is a definite sub-species of fan now, the Worldcon fan (Edie Stern's article describes one quite well.). These fans live for the Worldcon each year -- they attend other cons and visit other fans mostly to run bidding parties, SMOF about Worldcons, and line up people to work for them at the next Worldcon. Worldcons were already quite large when these fans started attending, so they think of Worldcons as inherently large. When they run a Worldcon (and nobody else is crazy enough to do it, at least for

North American Worldcons) they want to make the convention bigger and fancier than ever before, which is only natural if one thinks that bigger and fancier is better.

I keep expecting each Worldcon (except for off-continent and Boston conventions) to be the Great Worldcon disaster. Iggy almost did it; I seriously expected Denvention and Chicon to do it; ConStellation seems to have come close, at least financially. I don't know what shape the Disaster will take when it comes. In a way, it's unfortunate that we have a lot of people that will pitch in and do a lot of work to keep a Worldcon going; it just puts off the inevitable.

The only hope for the Worldcon in its present form is for fandom to admit that it can't be done by volunteers. I believe that no recent Worldcon chair has worked for the year before the convention; we should admit this and pay them a decent salary. We also need a permanent staff. All this is Expensive, and to me it's not worth it.

I suppose I'll just keep on waiting for the disaster and hoping it happens in the Western region so I can witness it. I can't bring myself to pay much to travel to Worldcons anymore -- we went to Hawaii instead of Baltimore.

Cy Chauvin -- 14248 Wilfred -- Detroit, MI 48213

There seems little excuse for "Mangle". I mean, I have nothing against fanzine reviews that are just listings of fanzines and their contents (in fact, I find such reviews very helpful when I need to update mailing lists or want to find out what's new and different), but your column seems to be an attempt to be funny or witty or perhaps entertaining, and really doesn't succeed. At least, I presume that is your intention when you describe where you rescued your copy of STICKY QUARTERS from (time to clean up, you write -- or else this is a very subtle comment to Brian about his zine). I think the column reads too off the cuff and is too disorganized -- if you were composing direct onto stencil you might have an excuse for not finding Brian's zine right away for your review or not knowing EGOBOODLE 6 would arrive so soon after your review of #5, but since you're writing on a word processor, it's certainly easy enough to go back and revise your comments. You had a theme that could have made a fun little column (Seattle fanzines), but blew it. I don't expect fanzine criticism, but from the way you began I can see that you wanted to do more than list the contents of the fanzines.

[[-- Actually, I deliberately didn't rewrite the column to remove the "progress report", because I wanted to leave a little of the "direct to stencil" feel to it. I have a hard time finishing a column when I use the computer because it's so easy to revise it again and again; I wanted to stop while there was still a little spontaneity left. --]]

rich brown's article on the worldcon is probably the best article in the zine, and I agree with rich just about 100%, but I'm tired about talking or writing or reading about the worldcon and its problems. That's why I gave up my subscription to File 770.

I like faan fiction a lot (I wish more fanzines would print it), but "Confessions of a Worldcon Widow" seemed a little thin. I'll admit that the idea for the ending was clever, but the author seemed to write the whole piece with the ending as its sole point -- there really weren't any funny or even clever lines along the way. The characters weren't very individualistic -- too much the "average fan" -- it would have been far more amusing to have seen details that we could attach to real fans we know, or else were exaggerations of their own attributes. I mean, if Sam was someone I knew grossly exaggerated, I might have laughed my head off. I say that too because I realize it's difficult to totally create a character for a fannish story -- not that a fan writer shouldn't attempt it just because it's hard. I hope that Edie Stern tries to write more.

Jessica Amanda Salmonson -- P. O. Box 20610 -- Seattle, WA 98102

I hope that Edie Stern's article is truthful to the smallest particular.

Jerry Kaufman -- 4326 Winslow Place N. -- Seattle, WA 98103

I enjoyed guessing how much of Edie's story was autobiographical.

Maia -- 652 Cranbrook Road #3 -- Bloomfield Hills, MI 48013

Edie Stern's article was, I hope, fictitious. The ending was particularly effective. But I have this perverse temptation to paraphrase, "After all, fandom is just a goddamn hobby ~~that's not a way of life.~~"
[[- Are you planning to move to Nevada and take up a new career?. -]]

Enjoyed Diane's review of the Judge Dee books. Those may be the only books we don't have. I almost hope Lan didn't read this particular page; it might give him ideas. We don't have much room left as it is....

Back about five years ago I learned about a Star Trek convention in my home town. Attended that and while there picked up a flyer for Marcon. Attended that (even getting to talk to the Guest of Honor!), met some very nice people one of whom talked me into going to Midwestcon (and I later married); there, I uttered the immortal line, "What do you mean, there isn't any programming? What do you people do all weekend?" After inventing Mustard Fandom and participating in other fannish activities best left out of print, I not only answered my own question but decided This Was For Me! And the rest is history.

But I still haven't decided whether it's a way of life or just a goddamn hobby. I'm not certain it matters.

George J. Laskowski, Jr. (Lan) -- 652 Cranbrook Rd. #3 -- Bloomfield Hills, MI 48013

The artwork in general was pretty neat. I liked the Kurt Erichsen cover. Maybe you could start a whole series of covers of people being defenestrated? Might get some as interesting as the "lanterns" I get for my fanzine. I especially liked the back cover -- Smurfs (Smurves?) are not my favorite characters. Nuke the Smurfs, one and all. (What's blue and is often served as a breakfast pastry? Smurfberry muffins!)

Fandom's tolerant/intolerant dichotomy was driven home to me at the most recent Windycon. There were a group of Christian SF fans with their own track of programming, and with some tables in the hucksters room. The first time I encountered the concept of Christian Science Fiction at that con, I felt righteously indignant. The feeling lasted about 5 minutes or so. During those 5 minutes I ran through my own prejudices and feelings about my open-mindedness towards new and interesting concepts. This was/is the main reason I continue to read SF--it is the only genre of literature which continually stretches my mind. I thought about my acceptance of paganism, various other aspects of fandom and such, and realized that though I don't necessarily believe in or follow/participate in all aspects of fandom, I accept those who do--mostly without condemnation. (I usually only look down on those whose activities are generally harmful to others or to themselves--either physically or mentally.) I realized that I would have to read one of those Christian SF books to see how the ideas were handled, but, yes, I could accept the concept. After that I could ignore them as much as I could any other fannish aspect I had no interest in. Then I watched them with disappointment at the number of fans who showed hostility towards the Christian groupies. The group that is usually so tolerant of differences became, for the most part (from my observation), extremely intolerant.

SF is the only genre of literature that continually stretches my mind. The one that comes next to doing so is the genre of the mystery story. I enjoy Dorothy Sayers, but have generally been too busy reading SF to spend much time with mysteries. Now I see that I should probably pursue Robert van Gulik's "Chinese Murders" series. If only I had time enough....Diane Goldman's review of that series does make me want to read them.

Harry Warner, Jr. -- 423 Summit Avenue -- Hagerstown, MD 21740

Of course I'm glad to see a new issue of Defenestration. But I can't conscientiously claim to have been emitting a daily lamentation over your failure to publish it these past ten years. When I stop receiving a fanzine, my guilt complex invariably takes charge of what remains of my intellect and assures me that I've been cut off its mailing list for failure to write locs frequently enough. So it would be more accurate to state that I'm very happy you're publishing again and that I haven't missed dozens upon dozens of Defenestrations for erratic response.

But I couldn't blame you for shirking a genzine during fascination with apas. It has been just 42 years since I last published an issue of a genzine and I've been producing nothing but fanzines for FAPA ever since, plus an occasional small venture into some other apa. I keep telling myself that I'm accumulating lots of experience and knowhow for improvement of my genzines when I resume their publication.

Confessions of a Worldcon Widow is excellent. It's so authentic-sounding that I wasn't sure until almost halfway through that it is fiction rather than autobiography. The doublebarreled ending helped to avoid any suggestion of soap opera inspiration.

Why I Love *sigh*-Fi bears witness to my contention that nobody much under the age of 50 can pinpoint with precision his first exposure to science fiction. After the mid-1940s or thereabouts, science fiction became so ubiquitous in the movies, television, pulp magazines, paperbacks, children's literature, and other places that little kids were automatically exposed to it as they became able to comprehend what they were seeing and hearing. Vincent Miranda must be older than most of today's fans and yet look at how many things were available to him as sources of science fiction and fantasy before puberty: comic books, hardbound anthologies, Superman on television, science fiction and horror films at five neighborhood theaters, and Ace doubles among other paperbacks. Before I was in my teens, there were no paperbacks, no comic books, no anthologies of science fiction between hard covers, no television except on an experimental basis. So it's easy for me to recall my first exposures and I'm sure the impact was stronger for me because it hadn't been a gradual ability to understand what had been available all along. My father borrowed a Jules Verne omnibus from the local library so I could read this author for the first time, he bought me my first prozines when I was ten years old some summer evening, and I first heard science fiction on the radio via the Buck Rogers series. The only form of fantasy that I grew up amid was fairy tales and other non-mundane stories meant for very young children, so I can't remember that particular first exposure.

I have doubts that even rich brown will succeed in reforming the Worldcon. It is a machine which has gained so much momentum that it is out of anyone's control and it will change only after the inevitable Labor Day weekend when it suffers some sort of debilitating crisis like a spectacular drug raid or a riot from too many people in too small a place or the emigration to Patagonia by someone who takes along all the Worldcon's financial resources. I shouldn't talk, since I don't attend any sort of convention, big or small, very often. But I think it would be much simpler to enjoy the smaller cons which are occurring everywhere nowadays instead of wasting time and energy in doomed efforts to restore the Worldcon to its original nature. You don't get Hugo awards at those smaller cons but you find much of the camaraderie and non-commercialism that prevailed at the first dozen or so Worldcons.

Incidentally, I think the name of the event is more or less an accident. There's good reason to believe the first Worldcon was called a Worldcon because it was staged in the same city and the same year as a World's Fair and fans were urged to come to New York and attend both affairs. There was no particular reason to call that first one a Worldcon for fannish reasons because the only fans known to exist at the time were those in North America and England plus a few diligent youngsters in Australia; nobody could have expected fans to attend from all over the world because they weren't known to exist in other nations.

One big change in the past decade has been the disintegration of my vision. So I'm glad to find you using type which is on this side of the limit of visibility for me and not too dark a shade of paper to go with the black ink. Nowadays, I must read some fanzines the way elderly people like to read the Bible, just a page or two a day, because that's all my optical apparatus can endure if the fanzine has had its typing reduced to one-fourth original size through offset reproduction or has been mimeographed in purple ink on dark green paper.

[[- Harry, I hope that the type in the lettercol isn't too small for you. I had to choose between a smaller typesize or cutting even more from the letters than I already had, and I decided that smaller type was the lesser of the two evils. -]]

Don D'Amassa -- 323 Dodge Street -- E. Providence, RI 02914

It's nice to see Defenestration again, even if it is after a gap of ten years. Just goes to show you the effects of attending a few conventions, right? Now all you have to do is expand to a monthly schedule of fifty page issues, with professional quality artwork, regular columnists, and a printrun of 1000. Then you can get on the Hugo ballot. Right?

[[- If that's an offer to become a regular columnist, I accept. The next deadline is August 1. -]]

The value of books is amazing. When we last applied for a loan, we mentioned we had 30,000 books. The loan officer asked how much we thought they were worth, and I said \$50,000 off the top of my head. He put it down without question. Actually, they may be worth more. There are a couple of hundred bound galleys, among other things.

rich brown does have a valid point about outside interests at SF conventions. If they don't program for literary interests at media cons, why program for media at SF cons? The problem is that the World SF Convention does not state that it is specifically aimed at prose fans. The term SF does include fanzine fans, Trekkies, media fans, and the like (I've always thought the SCA connection was questionable), and as long as the non-exclusive term is used, non-literary program items are not unreasonable. I even attended the sock hop at ConStellation. So what? It was a good way of channelling the activity of a certain subset of the attendees.

Ben Indick -- 428 Sagamore Avenue -- Teaneck, NJ 07666

Yes, it has been a long time. Indeed, you are, perhaps, lucky I'm still alive to receive Defenestration -- after all, I am an aging fan of 60 already! Yes, I recall old RAPS, and some of the other, long-vanished Rappers, and it is nice to see you again.

I have dropped out of general fanac, but I still do ibid, over ten years now and regular, plus an occasional HPL-apa "Onyx". I occasionally receive fanzines, but rarely do more than an acknowledging loc and an ibid. I haven't the time or patience for them, and still -- I never could quite gafiate.

I enjoyed Vincent Miranda's reminiscence, although I apologize -- my current SF lack of knowledge is so abysmal that I do not recall his name. Still, anyone who dares call Harlan "Harlan" must be professional. As for my gestation into SF, it was a natural progression fifty years ago from fairytales to chivalric romances to Jules Verne and H. G. Wells to pulps. A lifelong downfall (less 15 years, from the early 50's into the mid-60's) resulted. (JRRT brought me back, and nostalgia keeps me in. My only real current must-read favorite is Stephen King.)

Brad W. Foster -- 4109 Pleasant Run -- Irving, TX 75038

Like the idea of a 10th anniversary marking ten years since previously publishing, rather than ten years of continuous publishing. Something slightly askew in that notion, but it has a charm all its own.

That certainly is an interesting two-tone effect on the art of page 6. Was that an effect you were trying intentionally to get, or was it just a lucky accident? Either way, the effect is nice. [[- That particular piece of artwork had been drawn in two colors on an overhead projector transparency at the Tropicon Artist's War. I tried several ways of getting it to reproduce in one shade, but I finally convinced myself that I liked the two-tone effect my copier gave me. I'm glad I wasn't the only one! -]]

I liked the "pick your own" ending to Stern's tale. I sort of like the second one more, but then I'm a hopelessly romantic dirty old man. I will say it was more of an eye-opener than Edie probably expected as, when I first read it, I'd already been set up that Pat was female from the first ending, and so when I got to "...he'd been in love with me...", I attributed that to her talking about her husband, Pat remained female in my mind, and things got kinky really fast after that! What kind of a zine is this, anyhow? Gasp!

Well, yes, filksinging is in the most part boring. But then the filksingers are also usually nice enough to do it off somewhere by themselves. Evidently at Archon, they got themselves a whole room set off, and plainly marked it as what it was so no one would have to stumble on it unawares. So, while I've no love for filksinging, I've no love for dips who bother them by making their own music right outside the one place the filkers have asked for. It's people like this what cause unrest.

Jeanne Bowman -- 1260 Hill Road -- Glen Ellen, CA 95442

Jaime, my eldest heir, loves the "Bubba Smurf". We were discussing the possibility of its being a gangster. "See, Jeanne, he's drinking soda and has a smoking gun." Looks tough.

Are you another of these old fart fans coming out of the woodworks for the Eighties??

[[- Not that I know of -- I got into fandom after the last numbered fandom had risen and fallen (1974), so I don't think I qualify for old fart status -- not yet, anyway. -]]

I'd like to rise to Vincent Miranda's request for "How I got into fandom". I got into an ~~old fart~~ big name fan's (of the past) pants. I said I read science fiction (before children, I read anything. After, I focused on the science fiction section of the Sonoma library and read works by authors I recognized from Analog, which I read whenever I could snatch it from my parents). Anyway, Robert knew I read science fiction and kind of mentioned fanzine fandom. Then Pong started arriving in the mail and it got where I wanted to eye track 'em first, and next thing you know it was crashing parties at local conventions or award ceremonies and between being overwhelmed (gosh, that's Robert Silverberg, gee!) and delighted (Ray Nelson in a beanie talking about why he likes to go to sexy pornographic movies: "People seem to be enjoying themselves. Nobody gets killed."), I got introduced to fandom. Now, I can't say I've even begun to see it all, since I've never "been" to a con (just room parties at Westercon). Gosh, that was weird actually -- people really did dress weird. So I like the social fanac and wend my way into the written stuff in dribs and drabs (I mean, this is probably my fourth or fifth letter of comment).

Maybe Corflu is the answer to rich's dilemma; maybe it's just another small, splinter con. I like to say "Elite, and not embarrassed."

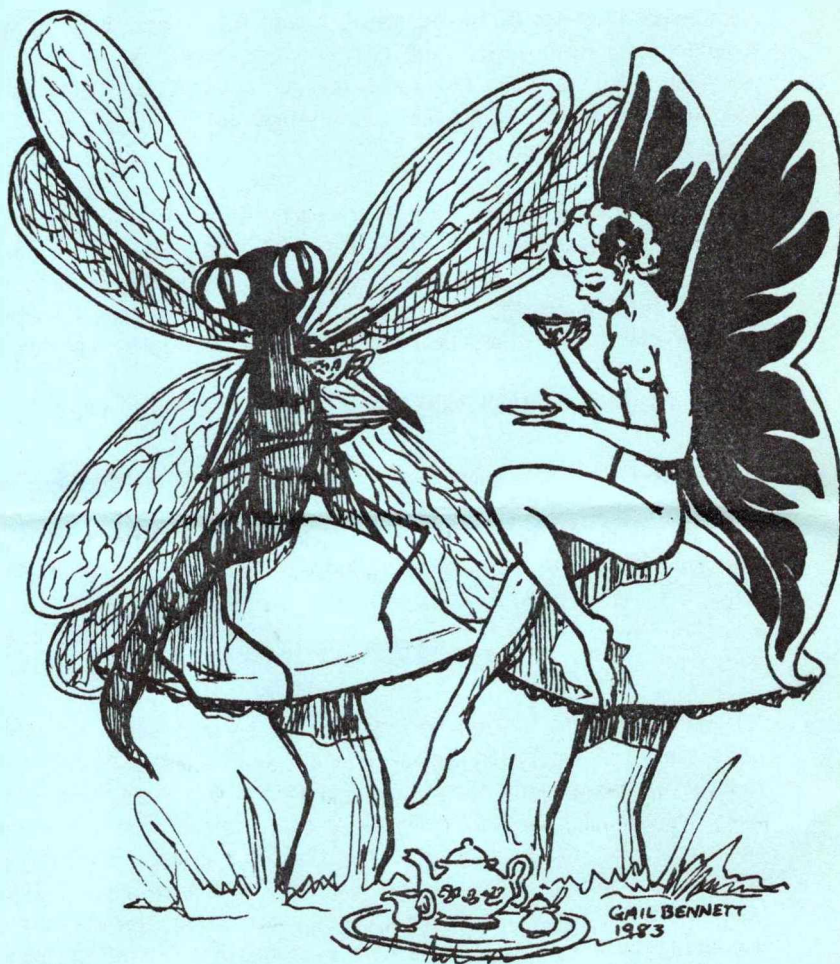
I liked the story of the Worldcon widow. Especially the endings. How like life -- the left column doesn't know what the right is doing. Peaceful co-existence results.

John D. Owen -- 4, Highfield Close -- Newport Pagnell -- Bucks. -- MK16 9AZ -- ENGLAND

Many thanks for the copy of Defenestration, which arrived here a couple of months ago. I'd apologise for the delay in answering, were it not for the inordinate amount of time between issues of your zine. I mean, I thought I was bad, with an elapsed time of about three years between two issues of my fanzine, Crystal Ship, but nine years makes me look positively frequent.

Like Vincent, I was a long time discovering the existence of fandom. I'd picked up the interest in SF as a kid, first from the radio, when British listeners could hear some very good SF in the early fifties, with things like 'Journey Into Space', and even 'Dan Dare' (both of them were serials, and didn't get exposed outside the British Isles). Then there were comics, followed by juvenile SF from the local library, which led me to search out paperbacks from local second-hand bookshops (cheaper than buying them first hand, plus they gave me access to some American books, which were traded in by American servicemen from local USAF stations - no such things as 'import bookshops' at that time, to my knowledge). Then I just became a common-or-garden reader, a habit that kept me happily breezing along until the mid-seventies, by which time I had got married, set up home for ourselves, and acquired enough spare cash to satisfy my cravings for import books. Then an SF magazine came onto the British market which wrote about this weird bunch of people known as 'fans'. With fear and trepidation, I entered into the fray by joining a fringe society (the Tolkien Society of GB), which got me into the swing of the thing, and delivered into my hands a number of fanzines.

The first time a long-time SF fan sees a fanzine is a wonderful experience. I mean, there is a discovery that there are hundreds of folk out there that have the same weird views of the Universe that you do, since they've all read the same books (more or less), and are looking for the same thing.



It didn't take me long to realise that pubbing a fanzine looked like a lot of fun. So I started my own, used it as a way to stimulate myself into writing, into some self-discipline in thought and deed, and have kept pushing forward ever since. I'm strictly a postal fan since conventions don't hold any particular appeal for me, and my home life would be too disrupted by including them in the yearly round, but the benefits of fandom as a means of self-expression, and of a forcing ground for nascent writing talent, have been, to my mind, irreplaceable. I guess that's why I put so much into my fanac, in terms of turning out the best fanzine I can, in locking as much as I can, and in giving encouragement to other, younger, fans to develop their own ways of doing things. I've got so much out of the process myself, that I feel I have to give as much as I can back.

I wonder about this whole 'literary vs. non-literary' schtick that's making the rounds at the moment. The concept that 'literature' is the written word, and that every other form of self-expression is subordinate to that is something I can't accept. If we think in general terms about what constitutes literature, we find that it encompasses Drama as well as the written word. Drama is essentially an early version of the film world of today, since it expresses in words and visuals the ideas of the playwright, and of the actors and producers of the play (the mode of production subtly altering or reinforcing the playwright's intent). With the advent of movies, and television, and, in a way, comic books, we begin to have a growth in 'literature' that is largely non-verbal, that is conveyed by visual cues that can be every bit as complex as written text. My own personal influences are largely textual, but also include strong inputs from the radio (see above), from music, from the movies, and from TV. I cannot extricate the one from the other and say 'that is of paramount importance, you can sling the rest'. And I don't think I'm alone in that, since I feel that most people have been brought up with a multi-faceted approach to the consumption of 'cultural influences', and most people would not want to lose one side at the expense of the other.

Leslie David -- ACOFS, Services -- HQ 19th Support Command -- APO San Francisco 96212

Congratulations on your 10th Annish, and what's a little delay in publishing after all? Look at it this way, better late than never. It did take a while for my disty to arrive, since it went from Florida to Virginia to San Francisco, where it entered the military postal system, finally arriving in Taegu, Korea, where I'm presently stationed. I had more or less decided to gafiate when I got to Korea (being fed up with apas and conventions was a big part of why) when, surprise, surprise, I found I was answering more letters from fans than anyone else. So here I am, eagerly awaiting what the mail will bring every day.

I enjoyed "Confessions of a Worldcon Widow." Remind me never to get involved with anyone who has con-running in his mind. Football and baseball at least have seasons -- cons don't. Having gotten minimally involved with Iggy I can safely say it's not for me, and since then whenever I've been foolish enough to volunteer, something usually gets in the way to stop me from carrying through. I guess a good name for it would be common sense. I rather liked the dual endings Edie Stern used; do I get to pick the one I like best based on my leanings? I would pick fandom is just a goddamn hobby; because that's how I've always viewed it.

I read randomly until I was 17 and happened to take an SF course offered through the English department of my high school. Mrs. Miller was an elderly lady who was a fairy godmother to me. Not only did this woman have a filing cabinet full of SF paperbacks, she had magazines -- Analog and Amazing, and short story anthologies, but she introduced me to the old silent movies -- Frankenstein and Metropolis, as well as King Kong. She also found movie interviews with Poul Anderson, Ray Bradbury, Isaac Asimov, and Harlan Ellison, so for the first time I got to hear the writers talk. Not only that, but this incredible woman had been to a convention! At this point I was able to direct my drive towards authors I liked, while still discovering new ones from the haphazard search method, and so I continued to read and watch SF movies until my junior year in college, when I finally found the SF bookstore near the campus and met some of the local fans. I got off to a bad start with them, since I attended 2 meetings and disappeared for 5 weeks at ROTC Summer Camp, but I came back and got involved in local fandom. Went to a Trekkie convention and hated it, went to a local con, Westercon, and worked on the

worldcon all in one year and was firmly hooked. Four worldcons and almost 7 years later I've distanced myself a bit from fandom, but even if I never read another fanzine, write another loc, or attend another con, I'll always read SF.

Phil Tortorici -- PO Box 057487 -- West Palm Beach, FL 33405

I didn't read a lot of SF when I was growing up. Or comics, either. (Mom and Dad didn't approve.) What I really liked was 60's TV SF. I spent a lot of time soaking up radiation during the late sixties. I hardly ever read -- anything. I think I can name all of the SF/fantasy books I read 'till I was nineteen. There were about a dozen of them. I preferred -- and prefer, now -- to do. Modelling, mostly; motoring, railroading, rocketry, and building, though not all at the same time. It gave me something to do with my hands while I was watching TV.

I couldn't stand horror movies. The Hammer films and dubbed Italian vampire movies were too much for an impressionable child to handle. By far, the worst of them was the American version of The Midwich Cuckoos, Children of the Damned. It used to cycle through Long Island every two years or so. The eyes used to scare the hell out of me. When it hit town, I was so well-behaved it was eerie. I wouldn't look at a newspaper or watch television commercial breaks for at least two weeks, until I screwed up enough courage to check the movie ads to see if it had left town. I'd like to see a copy of Children of the Damned now just for a complete catharsis.

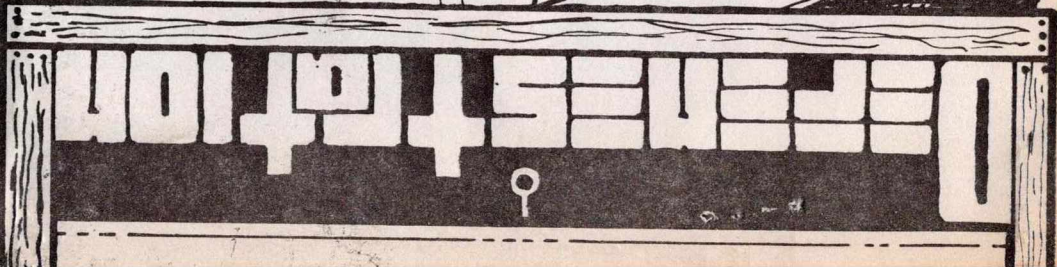
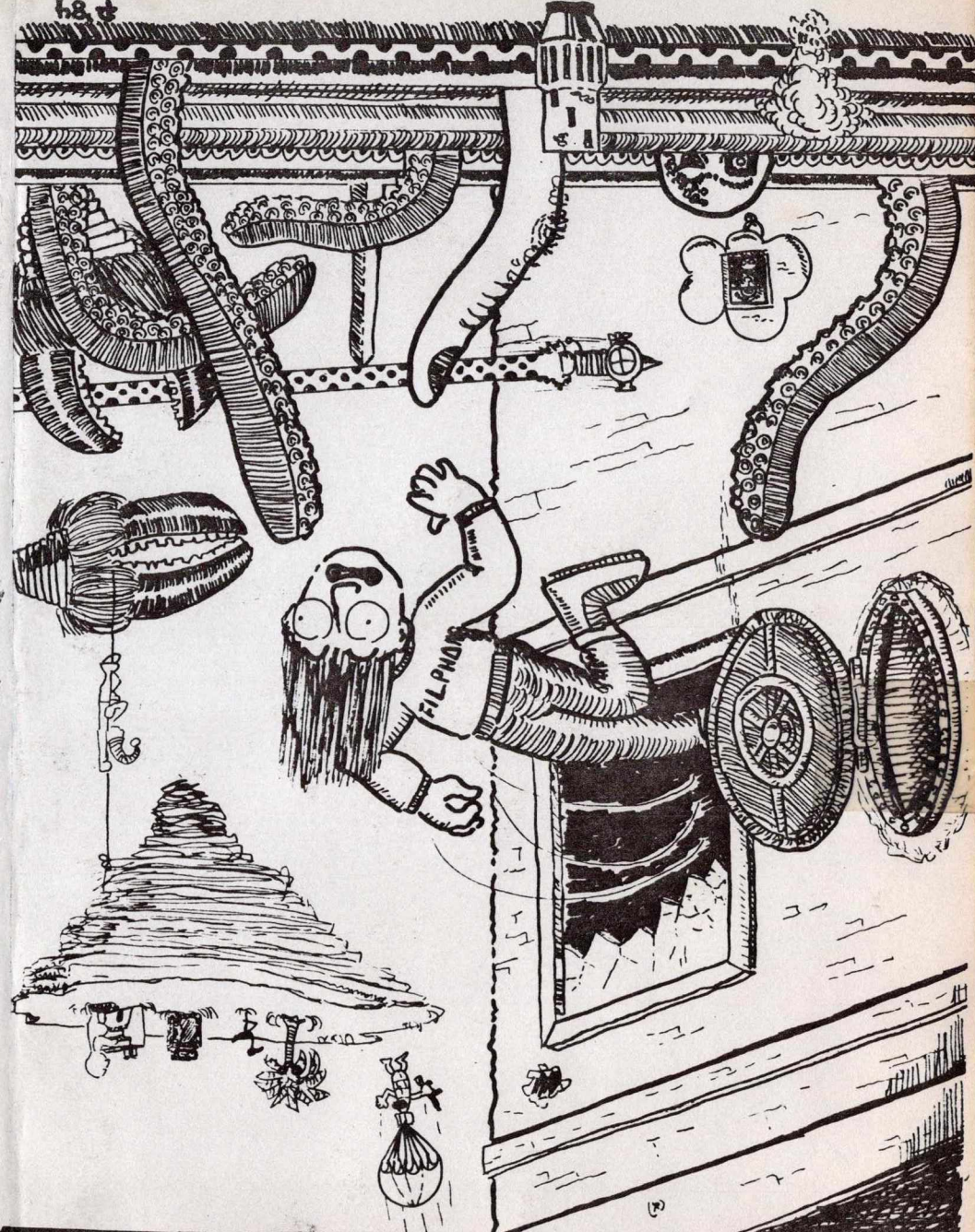
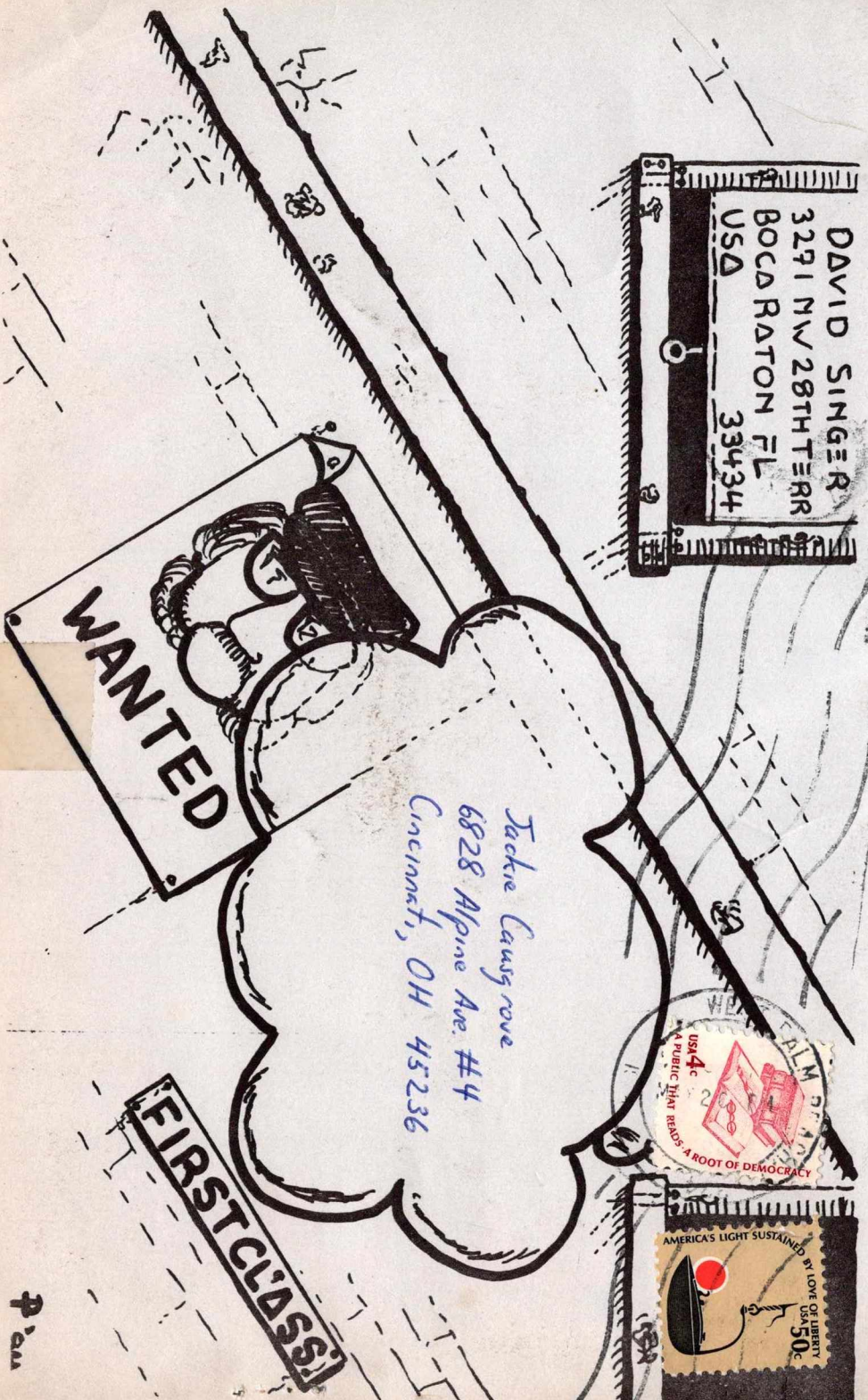
I fell in with a clique at Palm Beach Junior College based around the Secretary of Productions office in 1973. I started to cartoon posters for their weekend movie series, in an "underground" style. I had never owned an underground comic prior to 1974, but I liked their pen and ink techniques. More importantly, my friends were progressive rock fans, who also read SF and fantasy books. Groups of the time -- like Yes, ELP, and Genesis -- drew on science fiction, fantasy, and gothic themes for lyrical inspiration and album cover art content. I started to read SF again, starting with Heinlein.

I moved to Tallahassee in the fall of 1976. I met up with the local SCA chapter there and fringed with them for about a year. It was then that I discovered something about my involvement in fandom to that point. A friend of mine who was active in SCA hypothesized that SCA members were either history buffs or weapons freaks. I told him that I was neither; I just liked the fringe element involved. And that sums up my involvement with fandom. It's the intensity of interest that fascinates me.

What brought me back to reading was D&D, which I learned to play in 1978. I first saw it at SunCon and was very skeptical. Whoever heard of a game with no board? Little did I know that I'd be playing it four nights a week a year later. D&D exercised imagination muscles that hadn't been used in years.

After some more false starts, I got back into fandom -- somewhat -- this time as a cartoonist. And this is where I stay right now. I guess that makes me a "fakefan". About the only things I read these days are gaming and rock and roll magazines and fanzines...especially those that will print my art. I game only one night a week and try to draw the rest of the time. It's funny, though. I still don't read a lot. It cuts into my drawing time. But fandom is fascinating. As I've said many times before, "There is only so much room on the lunatic fringe...there's a lot of overlap." And I'm hanging off of a tree branch just below the edge, looking down...and wondering.

WAHF: Arthur Hlavaty, Joyce Scrivner



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