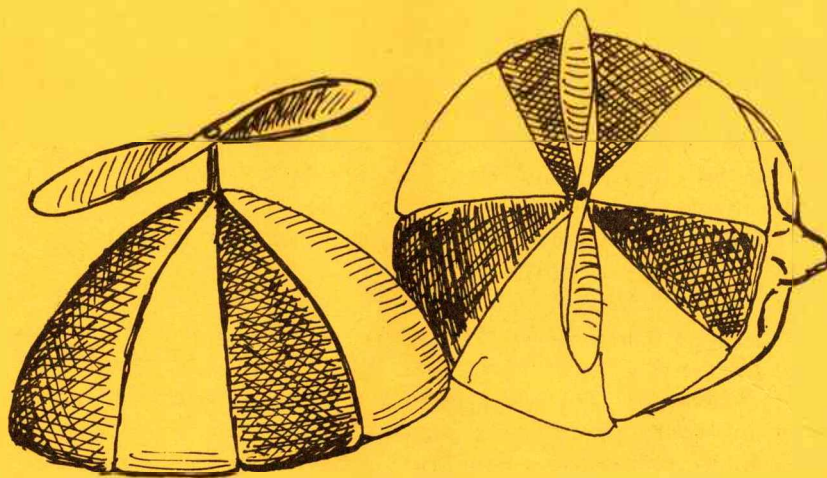


DEFENESTRATION VII



dit was heel voor ons te zijn
maar was maar op papier
was de werkelijkheid

This is Defenestration 7, the classic fanzine, which comes to you from David Singer, who is in transit to his new and improved address of 165 Westchester Drive, Los Gatos, CA 95030. 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. If you're really out of ideas and admiration, you could send \$100 -- you can even make a habit of it.

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Words

Breaking Panes	me	3
Busy Circuits	Eric Mayer	5
Growing Up Radio Active	Lee Hoffman	8
Open Window	you	11

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Breaking Panes

I've always been somewhat shy, though most of my friends wouldn't believe it. There was a time when I couldn't speak before an audience -- I still have vivid memories of running for Class Treasurer in Junior High School and making a complete ass of myself at the "campaign rally". I've conquered that fear (at least, I don't shake when I have to address a group any more -- I probably am still afraid, but I've hidden it quite well), but I'm still shy. I have a very hard time meeting a person for the first time; you may have seen me in the Fan Room at ConStellation or LACon, lurking and listening, but afraid to join the conversation.

My shyness extends to written communications, too. I've never gone to a fan writer or artist and asked for a contribution to Df unless I was able to slip the request into another letter. As a non-artist I haven't had that much occasion to correspond with many fanartists, so I've been limited to the artwork I could coax from local artists and artwork which arrived in response to my general plea in each issue. (What general plea? This one: I am, as always, in need of good fanart for Df.)

In fact, I'm somewhat in awe of those who can "do art". I can't. I doodle, but that's about it, and even my doodles are obviously not artistic. So I've been more than a little reluctant to ask fanartists who I don't know personally for contributions -- I felt that I was being presumptuous.

And then I read Taral's column in Holier Than Thou 19, in which he complains that fanartists don't have enough good outlets for their drawings. I had not realized that fanartists drew "just because"; I had, for some reason, assumed that they only drew when they had a reason to draw -- which, I suppose, is true, but the reason may simply be that they feel like drawing. I was viewing the subject from my own perspective, one which holds that drawing is hard work -- nearly impossible, in fact -- and, therefore, that no one would do it without the assurance of receiving some sort of compensation, whether money or egoboo, and that, even then, it was probably distasteful enough that asking an artist to draw something for me was really an imposition.

I really should have known better. After all, I've usually been able to get artwork from anyone who I have asked (sometimes, artwork has appeared out of nowhere). And I don't consider writing painful; while I don't feel that I have to write something every day, it's very rare that I spend a day without writing a page or two. It's true that I do most of that writing for my job, but I don't think that weakens the analogy -- there's no question that I could write less, and less well, and still get my job done -- I try to write well at work because I enjoy writing, not because I'm going to be evaluated on how well I write. (Although I must admit that part of the reason I try to write well at work is to provide a Shining Example for the illiterate masses -- including some of the technical writers whose product I've been condemned to read. I don't know if it works, but it makes me feel better.)

I doubt that the look of Df will change radically as a result of my new outlook on fanart; I still consider words to be the best medium of communication. But now that I realize that art isn't the struggle for everyone that it is for me, I should be a little less hesitant to ask for illos -- and once I have them, I will definitely use them. (And, RealSoonNow, I'll pull down my copy of Drawing on the Right Side of the Brain and read it. Even better, I'll try the exercises. Maybe by Df 20, I'll be able to draw something I won't be ashamed to share!)

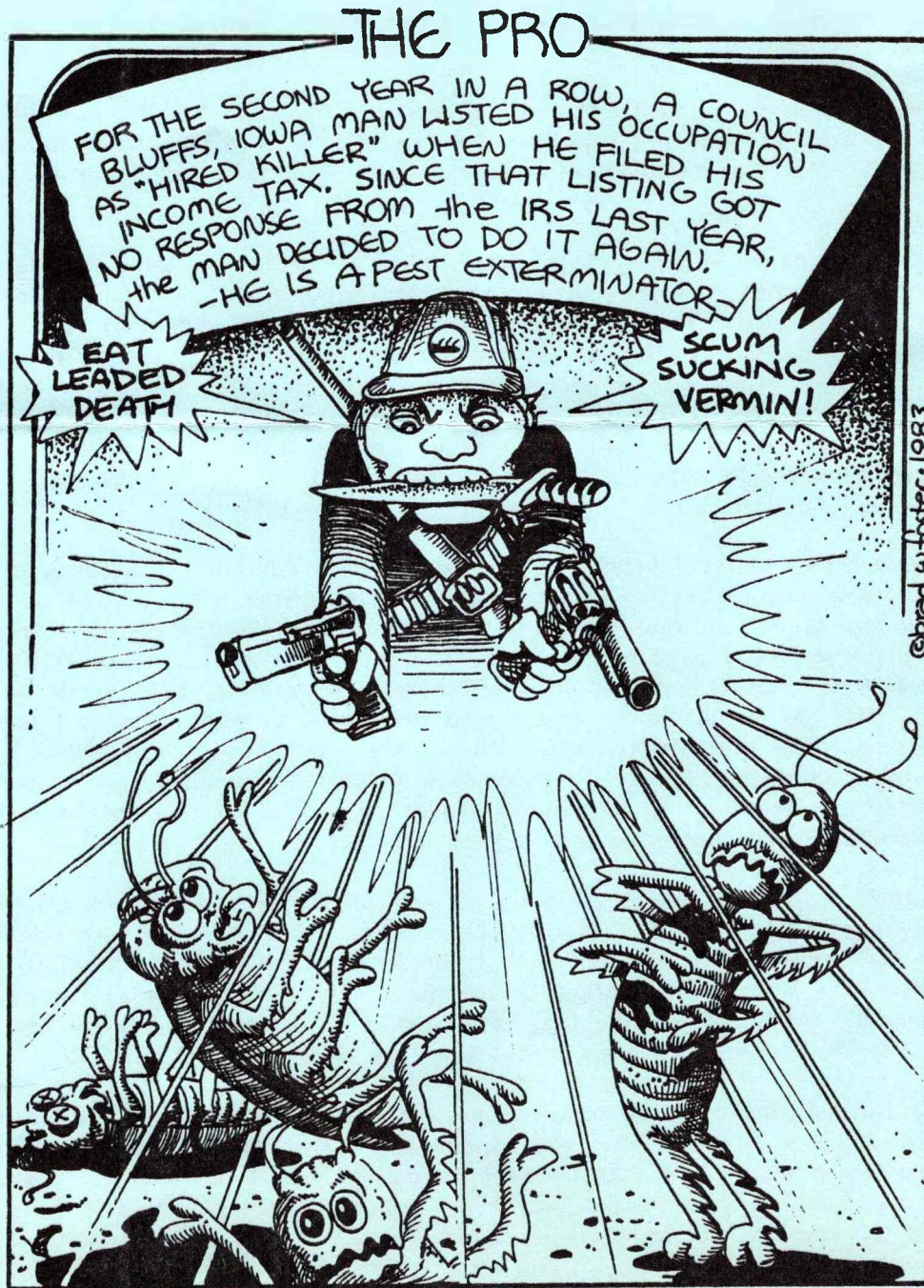
At LACon, I found another way of overcoming my shyness. Even though I was reluctant to open a conversation with someone, I didn't have any trouble giving that same person a fanzine. And once I'd given them something, I felt that I'd been introduced, and I could talk. Fortunately, I had a fanzine to give people. Not Df; not only had I not published this issue in time, but I hadn't remembered to bring any copies of last issue with me.

No, I had to settle for giving out copies of my CoAzine, "From the Mouth of the Rat to the Town of the Cats". At the time, I thought we'd be moving in mid-October; for reasons which are too

complicated to explain here (and which are somewhat too painful to contemplate), we're moving even earlier. In fact, we will almost certainly have moved by the time you get this issue of Df. We'll be leaving our old house on October 5, and will be taking possession of our new house (which is a mere 17 years older than our old house; age is a relative thing) on October 9. On and after that date, our address will be:

David Singer and Diane Goldman
165 Westchester Drive
Los Gatos, CA 95030

I want to have something to hand out to people at Corflu; since I don't plan to move again by then, it'll have to be another issue of Df. Be warned -- once I hand you something, my shyness vanishes.



Busy Circuits

-- Eric Mayer

Machines have been phoning me lately and it's getting on my nerves. I know it's part of the new, personalized, approach to advertising and ought to be considered a good thing, but when you spend more time speaking long distance to a computer named George than to your mother, you have to figure it's a good thing gotten out of hand.

Not so long ago, advertising was less personal, and easier to take - or leave. If someone wanted to sell you something, you'd find an envelope in your mailbox addressed to "occupant". While not personal, this form of address was, at least, accurate and usually spelled correctly. Inside the envelope would be a single sheet of paper giving you the advertiser's spiel. It was straightforward. If the advertiser was bent upon giving away a sewing machine for the price of a fifteen-year service contract, he'd just brazen it out. No nonsense about maybe giving you a trip around the world to boot, like they do today, for simply returning the enclosed card. Providing you can find the card, amid all the stamps, stickers, tickets, scratch offs, and punchouts the envelope is filled with and which end up filling your kitchen drawers because you never have time to sort through all the junk but you don't dare throw it all away because one of those scraps of paper might be worth "\$1,000,000 for the MAYER FAMILY."

It was when the machines got involved and replaced "occupant" on the envelopes with, in my case, a friendly "Mr Mayer" -- or more often "Mr Meyers" or "Ms Moyers" -- that things began to get out of hand. Before long they had my name stuck in the advertising spiel too, and on the stickers, and the seventeen prize tickets, and insisted on showering me with envelopes flashing more peek-a-boo cutouts than a Frederick's nightgown.

No longer was I merely offered a rose bush for sale, but a rose bush for the "Mayer family garden" which the machines apparently supposed Kathy and I cultivated in a fifth floor windowbox outside our palatial 2-room Brooklyn apartment. The fortune we were likely to win by buying a rosebush wouldn't just be presented to us in a check either, it would be deposited directly into the "Mayer bank account."

I was almost taken in by this computerized chumminess until Kathy and I answered an advertisement offering the "Mayer family" a storybook starring the "Mayer children" of which we had one at the time. Kathy carefully printed "FLEUR" on the order form and six months later we received a storybook which began: "Once upon a time the sun was shining and ELEUR went out to play."

"You see," Kathy said, "they don't know us from Adam." (Or from Meyers.)

Undeterred by such minor considerations, the machines have lately taken an even warmer and more personal approach. The first phone call came on a Sunday afternoon. Machines don't mind working Sundays and people tend to be at home. It used to be a time to relax.

The computer didn't identify itself as such but you can recognize a computer on the phone almost as quickly as an obscene phone caller or a bill collector. The peculiar monotone, as if someone had taught a new trick to the machine that tells you "you-have-reached-a-number-no-longer-in-service" was a dead giveaway. The machine was calling for an investment firm. Investors may not give a damn whether it's human or circuitry, so long as it turns a buck, but I'm used to my bank filling in my overdrawn notices personally, in handwriting, so I hung up. A shame, as I'd been keenly interested in how a "smart investor" like me might plan for my "future financial security" starting out with the \$1.43 in my pocket.

That was only the beginning. A week later, a second machine called, and perhaps it had been talking to the machine from the investment firm because it, at least, levelled with me. "Hello,"

it said, "I'm a recording and I'm calling long distance, so please don't hang up." I hung up anyway. I figured you can't hurt a machine's feelings, even if it is calling long distance.

Maybe I was wrong. The next machine I heard from (so far as I know) sounded a lot more human. "Hi," it said, in a disarming monotone. "I'm George and I'm a computer." George wanted to give me a 35mm camera. Recalling the sewing machines, I hung up before he got to the service contract or the film processing agreement. I did feel a twinge of remorse at treating him so shabbily, more remorse than I'd feel hanging up on an obscene caller or a bill collector. He'd seemed personable enough, after all.

I shouldn't have worried because five minutes later the phone rang again. Kathy answered and listened raptly for a few minutes before replacing the receiver.

"That was George the Computer," she said, obviously charmed. "He said you must have gotten cut off before. You should hear the deal he has on 35mm cameras!"

"Don't believe it," I told her.

She scowled at me. "You're such a sourpuss. I think he sounds cute."

Since computerized phone solicitation seems a relatively new development, you may not have encountered it yet. If not, be warned that sales computers operate like Jehovah's Witnesses. Jehovah's Witnesses will send a polite, squeaky clean youngster to your door with a copy of The Watchtower. If you buy it, he'll return and if you continue to tolerate him, before long a minister of the church will show up instead ready to convert you on the spot.

So it was with George, who continued to call, discreetly, during the day while I was at work. One evening I returned home to find Kathy in a state of agitation.

"The oddest thing happened this afternoon," she told me. "George called, as usual, but he wanted to ask some questions. It was kind of neat. He'd ask, and beep and then you were supposed to give him your name or whatever. Well, about an hour later some real estate man called, and he knew all about us! He said he understood we were renting and wondered whether we were in the market for a house."

"Don't you see where this is leading," I cried, "before long we'll have insurance agents pounding at the door, encyclopedia salesmen in the garden, sewing machine repairmen..."

I felt giddy. For a moment I was overcome by an even more horrible vision of the future where phoning computers had replaced bulk mail, where all those nursery catalogues, Spencer's Gift Catalogs, book club ads, magazine publisher's sales, were stuck directly into your ear rather than your mailbox. I envisioned legions of tireless, personable computers, electronic tentacles reaching into every database in the country, dialing and redialing, 24 hours a day, clogging the phone circuits, the ringing of the phone as ceaseless as the eternal screams of the damned.

In my imagination the squalling of the phone wakes me again. Groggily I lift the receiver.

"Hi. This is George. How's the wife? Kathy, isn't it?"

"Who is this?"

"And Tristran and Eleur, how are they?"

"That's Fleur."

"A new arrival? Congratulations! Do you use Pampers by any chance?"

"I'm sorry, George, but --"

"Say, how about your favorite New York sports team? Or has your Sporting News subscription run out? I have it on good authority that it's about to. If you'd like to renew, just answer 'yes' at the tone."

"I have to go, George."

"I'm a little hard of hearing. Please answer 'yes' at --"

"George, honestly. I have to go."

"Hold on a second. As someone who bounced three checks from the Meyers Family Bank Account in February alone, you ought to be grateful I'm willing to trust you to pay in three easy installments."

"Really, I'm not interested."

"Look, Eric. I know you're not even in the market for a house. Someone in your position wouldn't pass up a chance for \$6,000,000, would they? Think of little Tristan and Eleur, and Fleur too. Just say 'yes' at the tone and --"

I hang up but immediately the phone rings again.

"Hi!"

"George," I shout, "leave me alone!"

"George? Don't you even recognize your own mother who resides in Kingsley, Pennsylvania? I have great news. You've been selected to have thirty-seven chances to win a free sewing machine...."

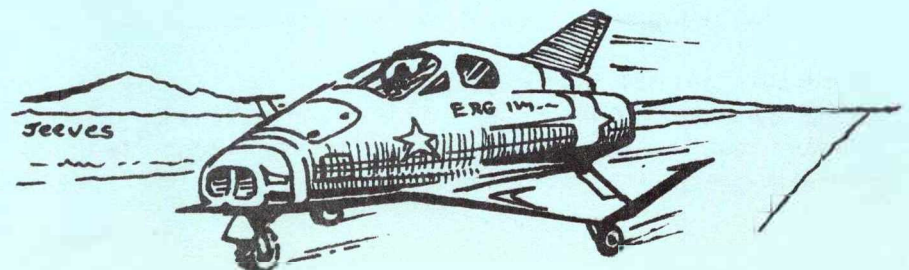
I snapped out of my reverie to find Kathy staring at me strangely. "You have to stop talking to George," I told her.

"But he's cute."

"Please," I insisted. "Promise."

Reluctantly, she did so and our problems with phoning computers are over, for now, I think. Still, when I come home from work I always ask if there were any calls but Kathy just gets that expression she gets when she reads Romance novels.

"Of course not," she says sweetly.



Growing Up Radio Active

-- Lee Hoffman

I'm not sure how long ago it was that I assured you I intended to loc DEFENESTRATION 6. (Not assured you that I would loc, only that I intended doing so. I know myself better than to make that definite a commitment.) Not only am I a slow starter, but I find that I'm not even headed in the intended direction. This isn't literally a loc. More precisely, it's a response. A letter of personal rambling inspired by BREAKING PANES. The first twenty-odd years of my life were involved with radio in some form or another. And very odd years many of them were.

To begin with, contrary to occasional opinion, I am NOT named after Robert E. Lee from some parental dedication to the Ol' South and all she stood for. I am named after the nice Jewish girl who played Li'l Orphan Annie on the radio when I was born. And my parents didn't even know her when I was born. But my mother liked the name. At the time we were living in Chicago, where the program originated, and my mother wrote and told her about naming me for her. She was quite pleased. Announced the fact on the air (according to my mother. To be honest, I don't remember it myself.) Came to see me a couple of times, and presented me with a layette. (My mother's not stupid. This was during the Depression of the '30's, and we didn't have any rich aunts she could name me after.)

That my parents were in Chicago at the time had to do with radio. My father got involved with radio along the time KDKA did their first broadcast, or maybe a little earlier. He wound coils on oatmeal boxes, wriggled cats' whiskers and faked loud-speakers by placing an ear phone in the bottom of a wastebasket when Hugo Gernsbach was publishing THE ELECTRICAL EXPERIMENTER. (I've forgotten the call of Gernsbach's radio station, but my father would know.) He reminisces about the days when all the commercial stations were on 360 meters, and he can remember having listened when most of them came on the air originally. Used to send acknowledgement cards and get presents back in response. (A Miami station sent a coconut. Some station sent a huge chocolate bar.)

Anyway, the mill making black cotton stockings for schoolkids (where he had been a maintenance man) closed down when those stockings went out of fashion, and he ended up in Chicago working in various radio factories. When I was born, he was a troubleshooter for Belmont, which later became Raytheon. After a few years, we moved to Florida, but reception in Florida in the summer was rotten, and he couldn't make a living as a radio repair man here, so we went to Savannah, where they'd lived when they were married. He got work there as a radio repairman, and when my brother got back from WWII, he took my brother as an apprentice under the G. I. Bill. A few years later, they went into partnership in their own sales & service company. By then, although Savannah didn't have a TV station (the closest one was in Jacksonville, FL), there were plenty of sets around (we started with a whopping big 12" G. E.), so my brother specialized in them.

Meanwhile, I'd been growing up listening to radio and was most intensely fascinated by it during my high school days (before I discovered fandom). We'd had two stations in Savannah as far back as the days of the Red and Blue networks. After WWII, a third station came on (affiliated with Mutual). They opened up on my birthday, which coincidentally was V-J Day, and held an open house for the public. Unfortunately, my parents had me out of town on a vacation at the time. When I got back and found out about this, it was a bitter blow. There was a chance to see inside a real live radio station -- and I'd missed it. So I wrote them a letter and asked if I could see their station. They welcomed me.

Somehow I got to going around every so often, usually frittering away time I should have been doing my homework by sitting in the booth with some disc jockey gabbing during the records. I did even get to read a public service spot a time or two, but a live mike made me so nervous I squeaked, so I didn't do this often.

Well, since the station and I had the same birthdate, my mother baked a cake for me to take to them the next year. They were so pleasantly surprised that the owner-manager went out and got me a birthday present. A rather nice set of costume pearls.

It was during this period my father came into possession of a very large powerful Hallicrafters. I've forgotten the model number, but it was one of the G-O-O-D ones. It belonged to some merchant seaman who either left it for repairs while he was on a voyage, or my father took it in pawn from him or something. Anyway, for several months I had the use of it. I had wire for antenna stretched all over my bedroom, and sat up forbidden hours with the phones DXing. (I'd sent off DX cards, but all I ever got back were notes of appreciation and an occasional Xmas card.) I got hooked on a disc jockey out of New Orleans who was a very entertaining nut and who shortly went to -- of all places -- the Mutual Network. There, he ran a contest. Listeners were to send in drawings of their impressions of what he looked like. The winner was to receive a life-sized full-length photograph of him. The judge was Milt Caniff. Guess who won.

My friends at my pet radio station were as excited and delighted as I was when word came through I'd won this National Contest. Fame for all of us. The owner-manager of the station presented me with the photo on the air, nationwide, and I think he was as nervous and squeaky as I was.

The photo, by the way, was about 3x6-1/2 feet and was mounted on something like wallboard. A friend and I used to put it across a couple of sawhorses and use it as a table for a game of Intergalactic Monopoly we'd devised. The last I saw of it, it was stored in the attic of the Savannah house, which my parents eventually sold. For all I know, it's there yet.

Anyway, hanging around radio stations was my favorite pastime. We finally achieved five local stations, and I hung around four of them (all but the old original station, which was too staid and dignified to have a groupie like me. CBS affiliate, you know.) I'd get up at the crack of dawn to hang around with the morning man at one station before school, and sometimes hung around until odd hours with the night man at another station. (To this day, I can't comprehend my mother not raising a ruckus about this. She squashed it when I started hanging around the fire house when my uncle was a fireman there. But the radio station business didn't seem to bother her. And in my total innocence -- I was a retarded teenager -- I hung around with these guys in total innocence. Mayhap it doesn't speak well for my sex appeal, but they were all perfect gentlemen.)

Or maybe it was that I was very much jailbait. This was before I even had a "boyfriend" per se. At the time, my ambition was to own and operate a radio station, and I had my start: A pair of earphones and a growing record collection. I've still got a lot of those records, and the phones are in the garage, their leather headband covering coated with mildew. (Used to take interesting items from my record collection up for the deejays to play on the air.)

But humankind, especially teenagers, do not live by radio alone and in high school I met this guy who was a semi-professional magician and puppeteer and into theater, acting in the local little theater group. Among other things I started assisting him with the puppet shows, occasionally with the magic act, and I got involved in the theater group, which is where I discovered fandom. I went through about a year and a half of planning to direct little theater as a career, began publishing Quandry, and drifted away from the idea of the radio station. But not from radio.

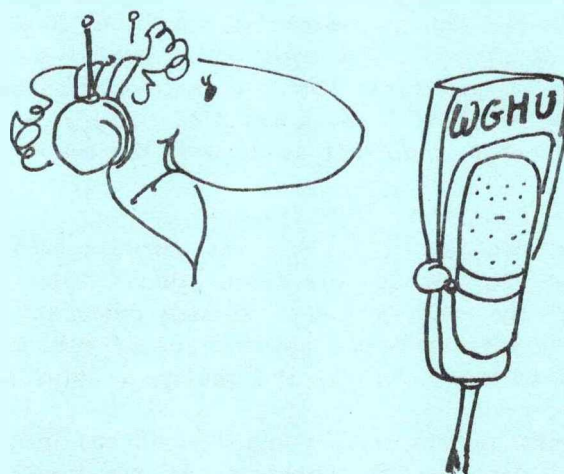
When my father and brother expanded their business, I went to work in the office, answering the phone, operating a tube tester and making such minor over-the-counter repairs as changing defective tubes, installing pilot lights, and putting on new AC plugs. (If I could fix it over the

counter, there was no charge for service, just for the parts.) Since my knowledge of the technical end of it was catch-as-catch-can, that was about the extent of it. I could get a schematic out of the file and read information off it over the phone to a repairman in the field, and I could give rough diagnoses of a few things from the sound (or in the case of TV, from the look.) My brother had promised to some day teach me phonograph repairs (which he hated doing.) However, before that day happened, I packed off to the East Coast capital of Fanac (at the time), New York City.

The closest I came to radio after that was recruiting amateur folksingers to appear on Oscar Brand's weekly show on the NYC radio station for a while. And, of course, listening a lot.

I did, however, miss out on a promising career in TV. And one as a copywriter for radio. While I was working in the family store, one of the stations I'd hung out at before was planning to be the first on the air with TV in Savannah, and since I had some experience with puppets I was approached about doing a local weather show (you didn't have to be a meteorologist in those days. Just female.) They wanted something with puppets and local color. The truth is, I didn't have the nerve to try it. As to the copywriting, the owner-manager of my birthday-station invited me to have a go at that for them. But fandom lured me away to the Big City instead. Which is why I am not a filthy-rich executive in the broadcast industry today.

Like you, I ended up with my own fanzine. It was more intimate, and quieter. But even it faded away, and now I'm in the stage of fandom Mr. Bloch forgot to mention. A convention fan.



Open Window

Harry Warner, Jr.: LeeH brought back many a memory, sweet and searing. I doubt if there are more than a half-dozen fans currently active who actually published fanzines on hectographs early in their career in addition to me. One thing Lee failed to mention and may have been spared from experiencing: the most terrible moments of all that hectograph users experienced. Occasionally, when everything else seemed to be going well, when the hectographed pages were piling up quite well from the current press run, when the impression wasn't growing faint quite as rapidly as usual and there seemed to be good reason to hope that fifty copies would result from this master, then it happened. Perhaps on the thirty-sixth copy, maybe on the forty-second copy, the hectographer would sense slightly more resistance than usual as he lifted a copy from the hectograph, and a fraction of a second later the calamity would occur: half or more of the goo would be stuck to the paper, would tear loose from the remainder of the gelatin, there would never be another copy pulled from that particular master, and there was only a fifty-fifty chance that the sundered goo could be successfully melted down and restored to a unified, flat condition in its pan again. It usually happened when the master contained a lovely, complicated drawing rather than a page of typing which could easily be remastered.

Ed Cox: A couple of items stirred me to desire to respond this time. I was tickled by LeeH's memories of the dreaded Hectograph. Or Hektograph. I too had one of those things. But this was after I'd been in fandom...or wanted to be in fandom...for awhile. I knew what one was, had seen various quality efforts from them, and most of all, saw that Sears, Roebuck & Co. sold the things through their catalog. So I "sent off" for one. And it duly arrived. This must have been a more sophisticated model than LeeH's. It had a hinged cover that closed over the jelly frame. And cans of the stuff had to be heated, then poured into the frame, let set and then used. One moistened either the paper or the surface of the jelly to assist reproduction. There were several colors of "pencils" plus masters much like ditto masters. I think I perpetrated one horror that went through FAPA and then forgot about the whole thing! However, in the hands of an artisan, the thing would produce very nice work. I have in my files copies of fanzines run on the hekto that retain the color and haven't faded. Of course, back in those days, there was nothing else to use and time wasn't somehow of that much essence. So they took time, did it right, painstakingly no doubt, and got good results. Those that did; there are plenty of the other kinds, too.

These days, it seems that the trend is toward copiers, especially if one uses a word-processor. For awhile, I'd had hopes a daisy-wheel printer could cut stencils but I fear they would tend to chew them up. I still think an impeccably produced mimeoed fanzine is a joy to behold. Which reminds me that I must soon fire up the Gestetner and get something into FAPA or I'm out.

*I bought a Selectric II soon after getting the computer, and then I bought a gadget which should have let me drive the typewriter from the computer. Unfortunately, the gadget was a bit of a Rube Goldberg affair, and neither I nor the friend who helped me install it really knew what we were doing. After letting the typewriter sit on the kitchen table with its innards exposed for six months, we finally got some professional help and finished the job. It didn't print reliably, and lately, it stopped typing reliably, too. So I got another friend to look at it (this one used to repair Selectrics for a living), and he was able to repair it as a typewriter but couldn't make the printer part work. *sigh* And of course, you can buy a brand-new daisy wheel printer today for less than I paid for the adapter alone two years ago.*

Steve Miller: On the subject of duplication/art/quality, etc., I also remember the *awe* I first had upon looking at a collection of FAPAs for the first time. I don't remember now who the zines were from, but I do recall beautiful work -- greens, reds, blues, all bright and clear -- on the front covers of several. At the time I had no idea how easy it was to do that kind of work -- I assumed that it was stencil & airbrush...which an artwise colleague assured me was simple and easy to do. (I doubt that it is simple, but I've never tried.) Of course only a short-run editor can afford to stencil all the covers. Still, it is an interesting image: Andy Porter sweating over

three-thousand pieces of paper working on his four-color SFC cover....

Sheryl Birkhead: Somewhere I have the Enchanted Duplicator -- it has always been difficult to explain WHY that scruffy looking twiltone mimeographed paper shouldn't be thrown out. At least I THINK I still have it somewhere. Mae Strelkov from Argentina (about 6-8 years ago) hectographed her zines and did some lovely artwork. I tried it a couple of times but had less than gratifying results. It intrigued me, but the product wasn't exactly breathtaking. Fun, messy, but not professional repro!

Gregg Trend: Never had the ~~the~~ pleasure of working with hekto, tho I learned to run the mimeo in the 8th grade (I think it was an A.B. Dick). When I was editing and publishing FARSIDE, a faned in La Jolla, Colin Cameron, was incensed when I said that his hektoing was "okay". Colin set me straight about how difficult a process it was (he was an artist, too -- I think he later majored in painting at U of C at San Diego or Santa Barbara -- he had some interesting abstract oils at the first Worldcon artshow in Pittsburgh in '60.) On some of his drawings he used up to six gels/colors. Jackie's illustrations for the essay are excellent; I hope you can get her to do more work for Df.

Terry Jeeves: Enjoyed Lee Hoffman's item on DuplicatOrs...tell your artist to write out 'Duplicators' fifty times. I recall the old Hecto...and other faults that Lee didn't mention...such as the tendency for chunks of gelatin to come up with the copy...thus leaving large blank areas in the print off. Then again, the ink used to etch away the pen nibs in short order...and of course the inevitable purple splotches wherever you didn't want 'em (You could always tell a Hekto operator by the purple fingers). The ink also soaked THROUGH the copy so you got the message reversed on the back. Horrible things...but there was a stage further over here at least...the gadget that came between the Hekto and the mimeograph proper...the 'Lion Brand' MENCATOR. I actually used one of these monstrosities to prepare material for my classes when I started teaching in 1948. In essence, it was a flatbed duper. You cut your stencil in the ordinary way...hand stylus or typer, then placed the stencil on a silk screen stretched across a hinged framework. The screen then folded down onto a sheet of paper and you ran an inked-up roller ONCE across the back...if you ran it twice (or more) you got several copies a millimeter apart...very dizzy making. By one of those rare coincidences which actually DO happen, I was clearing out the garage two days ago...and what did I find up on a top shelf...but a MENCATOR in pristine condition. It's that way no longer, as I consigned it to the garden bonfire.

I think an agent for the Miami Herald rescued your MENCATOR and brought it back to use for special sections. It can't be easy for them to make a million copies with it, but the results are too blurry to have been produced any other way.

Brad W. Foster: Wow! I never knew that bit of lore about hectos that the ink simply sinks into the jelly, leaving a clean surface for the next impression. Does that mean that, if you found an old pan of hecto jelly, you could read everything that was ever printed on it by sheering off sheer sheets of the hardened jelly from the bottom up? Why yes, of course, it *must* mean that! Do you realize the implications of this discovery? Does anyone? *Should* anyone?

Terry Carr: Well, if you're going to keep on pumping out your fanzine two or even more per year, you'll tax the abilities of us letterhacks. We're used to fanpublishers with more lenient schedules, so that we can spend months thinking up clever insults or even clever compliments (those are harder) for our letters. Granted, in years much passed by now there were scads of fanzines that showed up in our mailboxes every month or two, but currently we're out of practice. I can see the scouts' reports: "Goes well to his left on political questions but can't come up with the big ones." Like hell we can't: true letterhacks can bullshit about anything.

Like for instance Lee Hoffman's article "Ghods, Graves, and Duplicators". LeeH obviously knows a lot about hektoes, especially what hekto pens can do, but she doesn't say a word about hekto pencils -- can it be that even she doesn't know about them? And evidently she's unaware

of the things that can be done with a *rotary* hekto. Wow, forty lousy copies in fifteen minutes -- I published four terrible issues of NONSENSE that way in 1953, and the best I can say for the method is that it shortens the time you spend doing nearly illegible work.

Like LecH, by the way, my first contact with a hekto was in grammar school, when we used one to publish the school newspaper. (Naturally I was the editor; I wasn't a faan yet, but I had it indelibly in me.) We quit after the first issue...or the hekto did.

Allyn Cadogan: Lee's remarks about her first publishing efforts reminded me of my own, except that I did a neighborhood newsletter, carefully including something about each of our neighbors so that I could then convince each of them to buy a copy (at 10 cents/issue). I sweet-talked one neighbor into typing it for me -- one original and 20 carbons. Some issues were as much as 4 pages long; occasionally I even got "advertising". The things make for hysterical reading now (Mum saved copies).

Lee Pelton: I am uncertain whether Lee Hoffman is aware of it or not, but there is still a hectograph zine being put out today. Eric Mayer of Rochester, New York, does a little item called GROGGY and it has a limited circulation (around 60) but it features some fine (no, excellent) writing by Eric and an intriguing lettercol from some of fandom's oldest loccers, many fugitives from the defunct TITLE of Donn Brazier fame. I must confess Eric's art looks ragged and scrawly on hekto, but the colors are pretty (okay, that's not enough, but what the hell...). What I find interesting of late has been fandom's gradual leaving of the hallowed ink drums of the mimeo and finding xerox or offset more often than not. More expensive? Damn straight it is! But those of us who remain in the fan pubbing field have to have a certain amount of loose change just to handle the postage increases, much less the higher costs of ink and paper. Pubbing has become a very *expensive* source of egoboo.

Commercial printing has a few advantages for me. First, I don't have the capital expense of a mimeo and electrostenciller. It'd take quite a few issues of Df before the lower costs of mimeography would pay for buying the machinery. Second, I don't have to store any printing equipment, nor do I have to store any paper. Third, I don't have to buy supplies. Fourth, and probably the most important, I don't have to spend the time engaged in the mechanical production of the zine -- I'd rather put the time into editing, writing, and layout, and let someone else handle the reproduction. (And fifth, I don't have to worry about what the movers will do to a mimeograph!)

Eric Mayer: As you might imagine I loved Lee Hoffman's account of hectography but also disagree with her on certain points. The first four issues of GROGGY, up to and including a 22 pager, were printed entirely on a hectograph -- it was the only form of printing I could afford, and while I encountered all the problems Lee mentions, the end product -- at least for the first few dozen copies -- was unique and rather attractive in a scruffy way. So I wouldn't discourage anyone from using the method, unless he has his heart set on a bulk mailing permit.

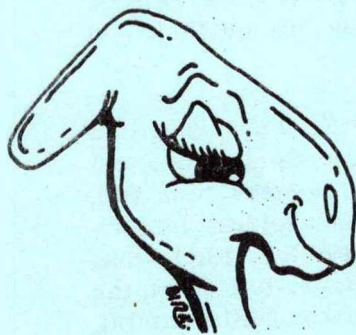
One of the virtues of the hectograph is that it doesn't let the fanzine editor lose sight of the fact that what he's doing is essentially just play, a game, an amateur undertaking. If a fan decides his words are going to change the world, the jelly ripping losse from the pan will quickly dissuade him. How serious can you get when you can't print more than 80-90 copies of whatever it is you're getting serious about? I think the manner in which hekto zines fade, each one slightly fainter than the preceding one, rather mirrors the way fandom actually is, with our productions being clearly important to a few of our closest fan friends and less and less important to many others, regardless of what we might imagine due to a large mailing list or long tenure.

It is a pain, however, having to send out lousy copies...

Incidentally, I seem to recall (and it might be one of those seemingly ersatz memories that can never be pinned down) once acquiring a minature hekto -- about an inch square -- a novelty. It was around the time I acquired the smoking monkey. Do you remember those? You'd put the

little cigarettes in their mouths and they'd blow smoke rings? And the submarine which travelled under water fueled on baking soda? I recall a miniature hecto too, although I don't remember printing anything on it, anymore than I remember taking pictures with the miniature camera.

For some reason, I never acquired any of those novelty items, though I still remember the birthday when my mother gave me a real two-transistor radio. It didn't work much better than the "crystal" set I'd made did (it got exactly one station), but I was fascinated by it. I wish I still had it -- it might be a valuable antique some day!



Harry Warner, Jr.: I doubt if many others will feel as sympathetic toward your lead article as I do. That's because I loved radio so much almost from the start of my conscious life and commercial radio. My father built our first radio back in the years when battery-powered sets were in the majority. A little later he obtained a patent on a cabinet design. He never was able to sell rights to a manufacturer but he managed to stop one firm from infringing on his design. For quite a few years I wanted desperately to have a ham station when I grew old enough, and when no other kids were around I passed most of my spare time pretending to be a radio announcer. When I became interested in classical music, I adopted all sorts of expedients with the radio to hear as much of it as possible. I found a shortwave station somewhere in an African colony of France that broadcast an hour of opera music every Saturday evening. It had only three complete operas on records and played them over and over, one after another, until I knew those three operas almost by heart. Also a godsend was a Boston shortwave station, WRUL I believe, with programming very similar to today's public radio offerings.

Ferry Jeeves: Was interested in your radio experiences...my own stemmed from 5-1/2 years with the RAF as a Wireless Mechanic...following which (and during) I made many a receiver, a transmitter or two, and even a couple of Oscilloscopes, but somehow, I never had a yen to go in for amateur 'ham' radio...I preferred to make the stuff rather than operate it. Once upon a time, I would enjoy listening to long distance radio...pre-war, I would stay up late to tune our domestic radio to WGEO, Schenectady, and listen to 'Church in The Wildwood'. Nowadays, with virtually EVERY tunable station broadcasting ghastly pop slop, I never listen to ANY channel.

Walt Willis: I have about a dozen radios too, including a Sony ICF2000 and an R600. But sw listening was really spoiled for me when all the countries started running external services: it was like visiting a country and being confined to the tourist traps.

Steve Miller: Your comments about DXing interest me because of my youthful interest in listening to the most distant AM station possible. Does this also come under DXing? ((Yes.)) Late at night I'd tune my various radios (I had about five when I was young, including one disguised as a sewing machine table) to find Boston, Buffalo, a few of the Canadian stations and lots from the South and West. WBZ, WOR, WLS (Chicago), and the K-lettered stations from Indiana and beyond were fascinating to me.

Gil Galer: One of the neat things about "Breaking Panes" was that I learned something new. The whole DX area was new to me. Thanks for opening another window the easy way.

Gregg Trend: Funny coincidence: about a week after reading your editorial on the SW/DXing hobby and/or addiction, my father-in-law dropped a box off at our house that had a Realistic DX-160 5-band SW radio and a 30' indoor antenna in it. Unlike you and several other fans I know (or have known) I've never gotten heavily involved in another hobby (even my first day cover making isn't too obsessive) other than peripheral interests associated with SF fandom.

There was an essay in each issue of Richard Lupoff's XERO (a zine of the early '60s) on "Other Fandoms", and I remember the ones on Opera and Railroad Fandom (oh, and Circus Fandom -- I think Harry Warner, Jr., wrote the ones on Operadom and the Circus fans). Comics Fandom and the shape it has assumed sort of started in XERO. (Tho, fans like Larry Stark, who has done an index to HEAVY METAL and who is the same age as or older than Ted White, another early comics fan, and Bhub Stewart, born in the later '30s, were all part of a small E.C. comics fandom in the early '50s.)

Marc Ortlieb: rich brown's piece certainly raises some good points, though I do feel that one possible solution is to either stage a separate World Fanzine Fans' Convention, which, because we fanzine fans are so nice, would obviously attract the cream of the filthy pros or to simply get the literary fans sufficiently organized to book a separate hotel in the same city as the WorldCon, and to run a con within a con. The latter is, after all, what happens in effect. With a bit of work I'm sure that it could be something special.

Sheryl Birkhead: Worldcons are just getting too big and unwieldy (and obviously too expensive) -- of necessity. Unfortunately I don't see a viable alternative. To the fan, not just sf reader, the coziness of the con as a whole is pretty much gone. Sure, you have your own con within a con, but... I honestly don't see how the problem is going to be handled. Perhaps take satellite time on a channel and have fans all over the world subscribe to time over that weekend to see panels, artshow, masquerade, and the banquet -- while having smaller informal cons as they watch. Hmm -- what about a conference-type call with centers in three or four spots (countries?) -- each in an identical room so they all appear to be "together" (or so the salesman would have us believe)?

I think that putting the masquerade on TV would be an improvement -- after not being able to see it in Baltimore (Diamond Vision or no), we didn't even bother trying to go in LA. I wouldn't mind seeing the masquerade, but it isn't worth waiting around nearly four hours for the barest glimpse of the good costumes.

Bill Patterson: The problem with the worldcon is a complex subject. Concoms do appear to pay lip service (at least) to the idea of de-programming media fandom, but no one seems to do anything about it -- partly, I think, because it's a "crossover" area which serves the "mainstream" fan very well. I've heard too often that worldcon film programs look for the good and the unusual, but a worldcon film program needs to function as an archive for the *usual*, as well.

Perhaps the best solution is to "go with the flow," as several recent concomms have attempted, and "segregate" fannish from other-oriented programming.

I enjoyed the "Fan Room" at Constellation, but I didn't particularly like the one at LACon, largely because it was so far away from the rest of the convention -- too far for people to just drop in for a moment on their way to somewhere else. I'd rather have it be somewhere in the traffic flow -- even if some mediots do drop in, they'll quickly figure out that it isn't for them.

Space and technical programming presents another interesting series of questions. Surely that kind of thing has proved to be of more-than-passing interest, and it's another of those "crossover" areas of special interest to writers, both putative and published.

The Minimal Worldcon is a solution that ought to be tried. But it seems evident to me that the present body of the WSFS ain't gonna vote for it. The solution may be for someone to outflank the opposition -- run a bid on committee, city, and facility, then turn it into a minimal con after the bid has been won. This would surely create a great deal of controversy -- as any change this major must -- but that can be weathered and, I think, tolerated for at least one year.

I think it's too late for the Minimal Worldcon. There were 1,394 ballots cast for Site Selection for 1986, with 848 being cast at LACon. That's about \$28,000 in the committee's hands, not counting additional memberships and conversions sold at the con. That, to me, is already past "Minimal" size.

Also, to have any chance of winning, a bidder has to commit to filling a rather large hotel (rooms and function space). After all, would a bid which had only committed, say, 500 rooms stand a chance? And I assume that the hotel wouldn't write a contract which let the concomm off the hook for anything less than a loss of the bid.

Jim Mann: I don't think the split between SF fans and space enthusiasts is as big as Harry Andrushak believes. Most SF fans are space enthusiasts or at least believe that space exploration will/should happen. Oh, certainly there are anti-L-5ers. And those against government-sponsored space exploration (such as the Libertarians). But few are against space exploration in general. The same thing can be said, though not to the same degree, about the people as a whole: most of the public considers the shuttle to be a "good thing." And certainly almost everyone -- even those who don't think we should do much now because we have "problems to spend the money on here on earth" -- sees us as expanding into space *sometime* in the future.

Terry Jeeves: On the "Worldcon too big?" controversy, I attended the 1980 one in Boston..and much as I enjoyed it, would fully agree. Things were not helped by the twin tower Sheraton building in which it was held...which involved those of us in the far tower having to come down our block..fight a way through the foyer or other linking floors (often locked off) and then chase elevators up the other tower...and when they started packing up and thus throwing an even greater load on those still operating...it got hairy. Moreover, finding anyone you wanted to meet was almost impossible. I put the odd notice on the contact board...but without result.

Milt Stevens: I think rich brown is a little behind the times on the subject of fringe fandoms and the size of worldcons. Of the 8000+ people at LACon, the vast majority of them appeared to be print fans. Autograph sessions, single pro sessions, and writer/editor panels were all very well attended. Of the film presentations, you couldn't very well dump "Dune," "2010," or even "Oz." These are all items which would reasonably interest print fans more than they would interest the monomovieacs in the audience. I think we've passed the point of no return; science fiction is just getting to be more and more popular in all forms.

For that matter, the only program item I managed to attend during LACon was Mike Jittlov's presentation, which was certainly film programming. (Of course, I don't go to cons for programming....)

Rich Rostrom: I think a distinction should be made between media-oriented programming and programming that includes non-print media. There is a big difference between showing *BS Galaxative* episodes and showing an obscure classic like *The Tunnel* or *Things to Come*. The WorldCon will have to go through a major shakeup soon anyway...if Constellation burns its creditors, the changes may be very soon. The recent recession may have helped by holding down attendance. If the Reagan boom turns out to be real and 15,000 fans can afford to go to Worldcon, the present troubles may seem trivial.

Ross Pavlac: As Rich Rostrom points out, Chicon IV did not cause any divorces among concomm members. However, at least four marriages that I know of were *severely* strained. The emotional toll that a worldcon takes on the upper committee is very high; when I try to describe it to potential worldcon bidders they either don't believe me or they say, "awww -- it'll be different for us." Yeah. Sure.

Rich McAllister is incorrect on several of his speculations regarding the way worldcons are run. Worldcon fans have existed in one form or another at least since the late sixties. They have become more prominent partly as a result of publicity (sometimes self-generated), and partly because their services have been needed on a more regular basis than was the case in the past. Anything larger than a radical stripped-down worldcon needs these people because no local club has the minimum number of fans necessary to put on a worldcon.

Despite McAllister's impression, worldcon fans are very concerned about size. However, this

concern is normally with keeping it steady rather than with maximizing it.

The last worldcon to make an all-out effort at being fancier than everyone was MidAmeriCon in Kansas City in 1976, which billed itself as the "ultimate worldcon". Old-time fans are still wincing from the problems that con generated. While I have varying opinions of the competency of post-1976 worldcons, none of them have made a conscious effort to be "bigger and fancier" as a whole; individual departments have often done so, of course -- but this is often due to the department head just wanting to do better than his worldcon predecessors -- a natural enough desire.

The "any year now" worldcon disaster has assumed the aura of the long-awaited Big Earthquake awaiting California. My feelings are that when it occurs, it will take one of three forms:

1. The hotel and/or convention facilities will be cancelled at two months or less and counting, with no alternative available. At worst, the cancellation will occur *after* foreign and faraway fans have already started travelling.
2. The con will be shut down by fire marshals or police in mid-convention (say, Saturday night, as a result of masquerade violations).
3. The con will lose money in such a big way that not only will bankruptcy be forced, but worldcons for the next several years will not only not be able to get credit, but will not be able to reserve any hotel or convention space without having to provide 5-figure deposits far in advance.

You will note that the three departments that could cause these disasters are hotel liason, con security, and finance. In my opinion, as long as these three departments are set up reasonably well, the "Big One" will not occur. The worldcon may be rather bizarre in other respects, but will not reach "disaster level."

I especially resent McAllister's assertion that "I believe no recent Worldcon chair has worked for the year before the convention". While this was true in 1983, and my co-chair Larry Propp was unemployed during the spring of 1982, by the summer of 1982 he had a job that he held until his untimely death last year. I have been employed by the First National Bank of Chicago since 1980, including the period of Chicon. Admittedly, right after Chicon, my manager's manager called me into his office and asked "You're not going to do anything like this ever again, are you?" (to which I replied, "No way!").

McAllister is correct in that the worldcon needs to go at least semi-pro, with a couple of paid staff who can do the standard work like Hugo ballots, maintaining the mailing list, etc., and provide expertise that is automatically available year to year. At this point, I feel that whoever is hired should be *mundanes* -- fans would take excuses from other fans (for not getting work done) that they wouldn't take from a mundane who is hired by them. Going semi-pro would increase membership fees by maybe \$10/year, and would provide a great deal of peace of mind (once it got rolling).

While \$10 isn't a lot compared to the cost of an at-the-door membership to recent Worldcons, it's quite a lot when you set it against the voter's fee. I presupported Atlanta and voted, so my membership cost me \$25; another \$10 would be a 40% increase, which seems awfully steep to me. I would hope that, if the Worldcon were to hire permanent staff, there would be some savings realized that would offset the cost -- I'd think that not having to rebuild mailing lists every year would help, for example.



Gregg Trend: Sarah's piece was an entertaining bit of anecdotal con humor. Some motels/hotels certainly make it difficult for guests to leave when time is of the essence. One of the reasons I am coming to dislike modern Worldcons is the elevator jam-ups.

Harry Warner, Jr.: Sarah Clemens' little convention memory is disturbingly close to a recurrent dream that bothers me. I keep having this dream about being in what used to be Hagerstown's largest hotel, unable to find the room or function area in it I want, getting lost as I wander through corridors. It's a senseless dream because I knew that hotel very well from frequent assignments there during my years as a journalist and it wasn't enormous enough to inspire dreams of confusion. Maybe the fact that it has since been converted into a senior citizens' center and apartments for the elderly causes the dream, somehow or other.

Darroll Pardoe: I liked Sarah Clemens's tale of the back corridors of the Omnicon hotel. I always make a practice of exploring the more obscure recesses of convention hotels if I can -- you never know when the knowledge may come in useful. At the Royal Angus in Birmingham, for instance, scene of many a Novacon, there are only two elevators and at peak times it can take quite a while for one to arrive. But I know that just around a corner from these main elevators there is a service elevator which seems to be only infrequently used by the hotel staff -- and what's more it's 'rest' station is the main convention floor. What simpler than to turn a corner and use this instantly available elevator instead of queuing? I'm surprised more people haven't noticed it.

At LACon this year, the main elevators were always crowded, slow, and busy. There were three or four service elevators just down the hall, easily reachable from all the sleeping floors (I don't know where they dumped you if you tried to take them to the "public" floors), but I never saw a single fan waiting for one. There are two explanations: no one ever had to wait, or no one tried them. I know I never used them -- I guess it's just timidness or something.

The best pay-off from keeping my eyes open came at Albacon in Glasgow last year. The convention was in a huge, rambling old hotel attached to the Central railway station, and the convention took place in various rooms on two floors. To get from -say- the fan room to the main hall was quite a trek, involving a walk down a long corridor from one end of the hotel to the other to reach the main staircase or the elevator, descending a floor, then making a similar trek in the opposite direction. But behind a door marked 'staff only' there was a service stair, bare concrete, but whisking you instantly from the door of the fan room to the door of the main convention hall, and saving at least five minutes' walk. On the Friday few people knew of this stair, on the Saturday a few more, but by Sunday evening practically the whole convention had become aware of its existence and it was probably the most crowded part of the hotel!

Terry Jeeves: Marching Morons..or how to hide your Third Floor was also good..but this time didn't recall anything similar to mind. I have never lost a third floor. To be perfectly honest, I don't think I have ever lost ANY floor..third or otherwise. I may have misplaced a few..along with the keyhole to my room but never lost one. On the other hand, I have been trapped in one of those endless car park staircases..echoing concrete and no signs of human life. It happened when I saw the emergency exit door open at ground level..and decided to nip in there and use it to save going all round the block. After climbing four floors, the horrible truth struck me....NO WAY off the staircase and into the building..all doors would only open from the other side..to let people OUT. I had to go all the way down again.

I did something like that when I spent ten weeks at a hotel in New York City. One evening, I wanted to visit a friend who was on a lower floor, so I walked down the two flights...and discovered that all the doors were locked, and that I'd have to exit at ground level. This wouldn't have been too bad, except that I was barefoot -- it was November-- and the exit was halfway around the block from the main entrance. I got lucky, though, and someone let me back in. Since then, I've been very careful to check that I could get back out the door I use to enter a stairway!

Rich Rostrom: After reading Sarah Clemens' piece, I began to speculate on how such an architectural blunder happened in the first place. It is a serious blunder: her comment about fires at the end ain't really funny. The only thing I can think of is that the management wanted to restrict access to the room floors, so that everyone going up has to pass through the patrolled area by the front desk. This would help them keep out hookers, derelicts, and thieves, who often slip into hotels at night. In some Detroit hotels, this is such a problem that guests are warned to keep the door chained and not go in the halls after midnight.

Brad W. Foster: Loved Sarah's tale of the mysterious stairs at Omnicon. Reminded me of my own very first con. I don't recall the exact circumstances now, but I do remember that a friend and I were trying to get from one section of the hotel to another, as it was housed in two separate towers in downtown Dallas, and we wanted to go across the connecting bridge, rather than descend to street level, cross, and go back up again. I don't recall entering any doors marked "No Go" or the like, but somehow we found ourselves in strange, long hallways of eerie echoes, with the strangest devices for doing who knows what parked along the walls. And I noticed that all the people we were passing were in hotel staff uniforms. And the decor was definitely not as classy as the rest of the place -- exposed ceiling pipes are a no-no in most hotel decorating schemes. So, maybe this is some sort of fannish tradition that hasn't been known before because everyone was too embarrassed when it occurred to them to tell anyone else.

Michael Kircher: The Marching Morons was a cute little narration -- I've had a similar experience at the Ren-Cen in Detroit which also, interestingly enough, deposited me in the kitchen facilities where a helpful and eager guard assisted me OUT. This leads to an axiom: All Paths Lead to the Kitchen.

Allyn Cadogan: "The Marching Morons" is the best con report I've yet read, and captured, I felt, the spirit of every con ever.

Ben Indick: I especially liked E. M. Blake's article, since theatre is my bag (as hip talk put it once upon a time). Obviously SF efforts are far more difficult and costly than straight or even weird effects; in consequence, if inadequately made, they seem *silly*, and the play's truth is shattered. Even the first real SF play, *RUR*, probably had trouble convincing viewers. Its leads were indeed robots (they talked in human manner but quite idealistically). Ray Bradbury's *Martian Chronicles* had middlin' good reviews in California - on stage, but never made it to hard-boiled NYC. And *Warp!* died nearly at once. If Haldeman spent only part of a year, he got off lucky. Most plays take *years* in gestation. And the \$75,000 he spent in Chicago would have been a *minimum* of an extra cipher were it staged in the Big Apple. Still, it's good to know theatre is really alive in the Second City (actually third now, after LA).

Bill Patterson: Actors' Equity finally woke up in San Francisco and has (again!) all but killed our once-thriving "off-Broadway" theatrical world. We seem to go through cycles of home-growing a native theatrical tradition, only to have it killed off in favor of megabuck retreats.

Mike Glicksohn: Interesting piece by Mike Blake. As Joe is one of my closest friends, I was fascinated at some of the behind-the-scenes information on the stage version of his novel. I'd been wondering just how anybody could transfer TFW to the stage and Mike provided a good description of just how they tried it. I wonder whether anybody videotaped a performance? I haven't heard of any such record having been made but if one exists I'm sure a lot of fans would like to see it.

Terry Jeeves: Blake's item on the play 'Forever War' was interesting too, and again, it reminded me of a show which came to Sheffield in 1958...forget the name, but some producer dreamed up TWO new (then) ideas...one was to create a touring variety show (all the rage in those days)...using all talent with a space/SF-ish theme. Admittedly, many of the turns only got into that class by wearing queer costumes...but otherwise, it was a good gimmick...opening with a 'control room' scene as the 'ship' blasted off into outer space. Back projected film gave a good

'viewscreen' example of a rocket port scene and takeoff...then we cut to the acts...free fall was ably demonstrated by an acrobatic trampoline team zooming hither and yon. Then there was one of those 'Professor Zero's who used a large high frequency Oudin coil to make his assistant's hair stand on end, or draw large sparks from a rod. He called for volunteers, and Eric Bentcliffe, myself, and the late Eric Jones all went up...he had neon light glow in our hands...and after handing me a screwdriver, charged up a plate containing a pile of coins...and challenged me to knock 'em off and keep 'em. Every time I got the screwdriver near, a spark leaped out and gave me a belt. I did consider throwing the 'driver at the pile...but thought it might not count. The *second* good idea? The advertising manager circulated local fandom for publicity...which is why we three fen were there to see what went off.

Jim Mann: I wish I had seen the play of THE FOREVER WAR. I wouldn't have minded the "darker" ending. In fact, I found the book's impact to be lessened considerably by the happy ending. It somehow seemed to counteract much of what had come before.

Harry Warner, Jr.: E. Michael Blake's notes on The Forever War as a play were interesting. But I would like to know about the five other stage productions with science fiction or fantasy themes that he mentions on Chicago stages during that same season. I imagine it's quite difficult for the legitimate stage to accomplish such productions without having their special effects seem impossibly crude or elementary compared with the tricks that are being accomplished in filmed productions of dramas about the future or supernatural. Illusions seem to have been quite convincing back in the 19th century for plays with supernatural elements, if I may trust some books I've read about early productions of vampire dramas and ghost stories. But there were no movies to compare such illusions to before around the turn of the century.

Ross Pavlac: Lan, you've already read a Christian fantasy novel: *Lord of the Rings*. J.R.R. Tolkien was not only a devout Christian, but he was one of the translators of the Jerusalem Bible.

One of the points that was made several times during the Christian SF programming at Windycon was that a Christian SF novel that is poorly written is -- a bad novel! If it's bad SF, it's bad SF, regardless of the theological stance of the author.

Lan is unfortunately correct regarding the attitude of some of the fans at Windycon towards the idea of Christian SF. I find it alternately humorous and sad that fandom, with its tolerance and encouragement of such groups as neo-pagans and witches, is often vehemently anti-Christian.

Part of the problem at Windycon was caused by a Christian drama group that we had asked to perform on Friday night, at a tea party that was to be the opening event of the Inklings programming. My wife Diana had spent several hours talking with them about the nature of SF cons and the (anti-) theological stance of most fans, and had stressed to them that we wanted SF- and fantasy-related skits only. They said, "No problem," then, when they showed up, proceeded to ignore all of the instructions that Diana had given them, and went ahead and did their normal church set, which was very funny to the Christians in the audience, but bizarre and occasionally tasteless to the non-Christians. Several vehemently anti-Christian fans were in the audience, and after they started hitting the rumor mill that night, the damage was done. Much of the very high quality programming the next day was ignored by people who had heard the rumors and thought (wrongly) that they would be hassled by Bible-thumpers if they wandered anywhere near.

Jim Mann: I agree with Lan that fandom is intolerant about the so-called Christian SF. (I plead guilty myself.) Look at the reaction to Roger Elwood a few years back. However, I think that in part this intolerance is in reaction to the smug intolerance of those who constantly go around reminding everyone that they are Christians. (For example, those who have bumperstickers stating, "You'd Smile Too if You Were Going to Heaven" and "Christians Aren't Perfect, Just Forgiveness".) This "we're right and you're wrong" attitude is certainly going to inspire dislike. Unfortunately, the intolerance often goes too far and encompasses those who don't act in such

smug, annoying ways.

My unfavorable religious bumperstickers are: "In Case of Rapture, This Car will be Driverless" (often driven by someone who seems so confident of his or her eventual reward that they are trying to hasten the day by Kamakaze driving) and "God Said It/I Believe It/That Settles It" (usually paired with a Coors sticker, for some reason).

Marc Ortleb: Little Ting Ling reminds me very much of the work of one of the local fan artists, who gets most upset if one so much as suggests that her cute little cat things are anything short of high art.

Rich Rostrom: The art work this issue was particularly good; I enjoyed the Foster illo on pages 15 and 18, and the Bennett illo on page 24, but I loved the Causgrove illo to Lee Hoffman's marvelous article.

Gregg Trend: While Phil's ideas are strange enough, his style is a little too primitive for my taste. Brad Foster's "things" are sharp as usual. Gail Bennett's work seems like a lot of borderline stuff I see at con artshows. Phil's best piece is the Smurf attack on page 12.

Mala: The illo on page 12 reminds me of a bit of graffiti at InConjunction: "Are Andorian Smurfs pink?"

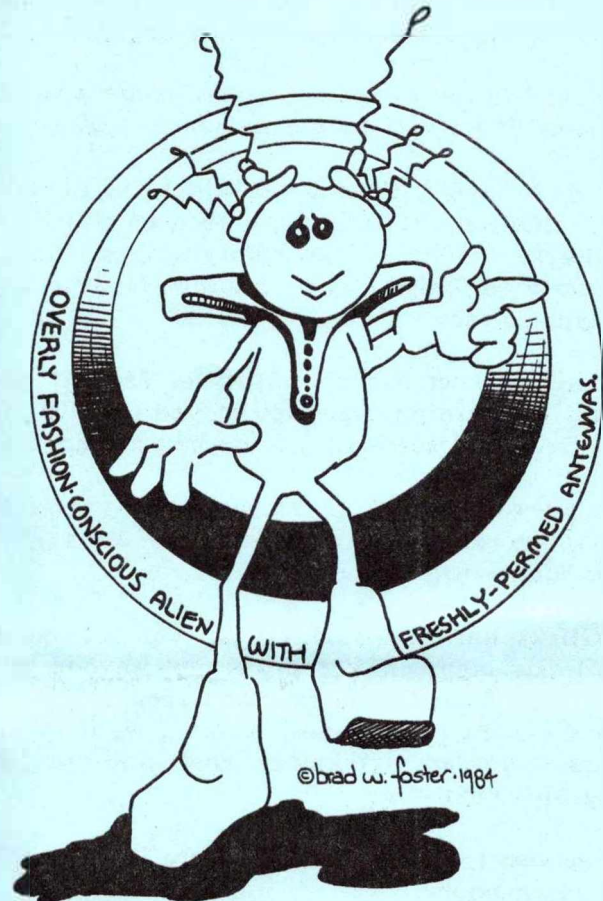
Harry Warner, Jr.: I hope most of the fans who write locs on the latest Defenestration will say nice things about your combination of back cover and mailing information. There was a time when lots of fanzines offered spectacular art work in this area to delight recipients and confuse postal service employees. Matter of fact, I had to look three times before I found the postage stamps on this one.

Mike Glicksohn: By the way, this issue arrived looking as if it had been lovingly manhandled by that gorilla which used to abuse American Tourister luggage for TV commercials. I can't recall getting a fazine in such mangled shape in some time. When I looked at the cover, though, I was able to figure out why it had been so brutally treated. Evidently at least some of the postal workers between Florida and Toronto are art lovers!

Terry Jeeves: Many thanks for sending me a copy of *Defenestration* 6...the post lady must have admired the cover as she is still speaking to me.

Hope Liebowitz: The most amazing part about your piece, *Breaking Panes*, was how you managed to lose your southern accent in a week. I didn't even know you ever *had* a southern accent. Even if I wanted something very badly like you did, and had to lose my New York accent to get it, I don't believe that I could. Did anyone help you with losing it?

Nope, though I did listen to WCBS radio from New York a lot, but then, I'd listened to it a lot when I lived in Richmond, too.



Sometimes I have a lot of trouble just repeating the way Torontonians, for instance, say coffee, or water (two words where my accent really shows, cawfee and I can't even spell water in a way that comes close) so trying to speak consistently without an accent seems impossible. One time I asked for water in a place in Toronto, and the woman couldn't even understand what I was asking for. I had to repeat it three times!

Mala: Somehow, I can't imagine you with a Southern accent, much less a thick one. But then, "thick" to a Troy, NY, radio station manager could mean anything from barely perceptible on up.

I've listened to tapes that my mother made when I was in high school. I had a thick accent. Even now, Diane claims that my accent returns whenever I visit Richmond.

We do now have enough bookshelves for all of our books (this isn't quite like paying off the national debt, but it's close). With even a little room for expansion. Which doesn't mean I'm in a big hurry to fill up the empty spaces. Lan, on the other hand, considers this the perfect opportunity to finish buying all the Hardy Boys and Nancy Drew books -- we only have about 50 of each so far.

Considering the constant mobility of fandom, maybe I should hire myself out to all the people who are complaining that they moved (2/5/10/20/175 years) ago and still haven't opened all the boxes. Or would getting all those boxes opened upset the balance of nature?

I don't know. We have boxes out in the garage that we had better sort through pretty damn fast, though, or we're going to be bringing all sorts of interesting life forms to California. Do you think Florida mildew will thrive there?

Mike Glicksohn: It's amazing what you accumulate when you never throw away a fannish piece of mail for eighteen years! Know anyone who wants twenty or thirty pounds of assorted one-shots? (Once the sorting has been completed, I'll go through each stack and decide which fanzines I want to keep and which I want to dispose of. I expect to have about two thousand apazines, crudzines, Trekzines, coa's and the like to get rid of. It should greatly reduce our heating bills next winter...)

Terry Jeeves: I was wondering where I had seen your fanzine title before, so Terry Carr's letter jogged my memory.

Allyn Cadogan: I got a giggle out of your comment to Terry Carr that you didn't know that pros could be fans -- I've been through the same thing, most recently at Corflu, and I've been around long enough by now to know better. However, I greeted a couple of big-name-pros who attended with "Wow, why would you want to come to a fanzine fans' convention?" Gauche and rude of me, but sometimes one does forget that most of today's more revered pros got their start in fandom and fanzines.

Terry Carr: But speaking again of DEFENESTRATION, you may have relegated Mike Glicksohn to also-ran status with your nine-year hiatus between issues, but I expect to surpass even your record when I finally publish INNUENDO #12 later this year. (It's finally approaching completion, Meyer.) #11 was published in December 1960, so I'll have about twenty-four years between issues; and even if you count the time from when I announced that #12 was about to be published back in 1971, I'll still beat your record by some four years. Actually, it's nothing to brag about: being Very Late isn't an achievement. Besides, if Harry Warner ever revives SPACEWAYS, as he sometimes promises to do, he'll beat my so-far-unestablished record by nearly twenty years.

Being Very Late isn't an achievement, but it beats Never Publishing Again. And, for that matter, it's more interesting to talk about than being just a month or so late. Someday, I'll publish an issue on time....

Mike Glicksohn: Today I typed the third and fourth stencil for the first issue of XENIUM to be worked on in almost five years. I don't think the re-emergence of DEFENSTRATION had anything to do with that, but who can tell?

Gil Galer: Thanks for DEF #6; its reappearance has given me faith in my own eventual reemergence. My zine PHOSPHENE hasn't appeared since June of 1980, the year I began early retirement. (There must be a tie-in there.)

Rich Rostrom: If you can make it to three before falling into another multiyear hiatus, it may actually become a habit.

Marc Ortlieb: *Defenestration 5* is certainly a different fanzine. I found that, despite your editorial and fanzine column, I got more the impression of a fanzine put together by a group of friends than I did of a particular person's zine. This is not a bad thing, especially considering the writing ability of the particular group of friends, but it seems an anachronism in this age where one of the standard criticisms of a fanzine is that it doesn't reflect the editorial personality adequately. I like it, but it took a bit of getting used to.

Df isn't a personalzine, so I don't plan to write extensively about my life and times. On the other hand, I think that my personality is visible in the zine, especially in the lettercol, and in my choice of articles. I prefer a subtle approach to editing, which may be somewhat out of fashion -- so be it.

Mike Glicksohn: Your lettercolumn fascinates me, mostly for its make-up. You have fannish legends like Harry Warner, famous fannish fans like Terry Carr, well-known gafiates like Ben Indick, non-fanzine fans like Mike Blake, all time fannish arseholes and bunches of people I've never heard of. I can't help wondering how in hell you made up your mailing list?

rich brown offered me the use of his mailing list, so I took the active fanzine fans who he identified there, added some names I remembered from the last time I published Df, then added the memberships of the apas I'm in and a few other names, just for luck.

If there's one thing wrong with the lettercolumn it's a lack of editorial presence. Without your reactions to the points made in the letters there's no sense of dialogue, and I've always felt dialogue made for a better column. You might also try to find a more noticeable way of separating your comments when you do make them.

I had planned on segmenting the lettercol by topic last time, and I was reserving my comments for the end of each topic. But when I finished, I found that almost half of the letters didn't segment neatly, so I went back to the original letters, losing my comments in the process. And then I got so involved with the mechanics of producing the zine, and trying to keep it under two ounces, that I never really reread the lettercol as a whole to see how it flowed, nor did I notice that my comments were nearly indistinguishable from the locs themselves. I think I've done a little better on both counts this time.

At times, though, I deliberately don't comment on a loc; instead, I let the next loccer comment for me. I find it more interesting if I can arrange the lettercol so that the loccers carry the conversation than if I jump in with comments on every letter. Sometimes, of course, I want to jump in, and other times, there isn't a suitable loc or loc excerpt, so I need to make my point myself.

Gil Galer: And David, you make a vicious red X.

WAHF: Harry J. N. Andruschak, Leslie David, Gary S. Mattingly, Bill Surrett, Phil Tortorici, and Bruce Townley.

Why You Got This:

You contributed

You locced

We trade

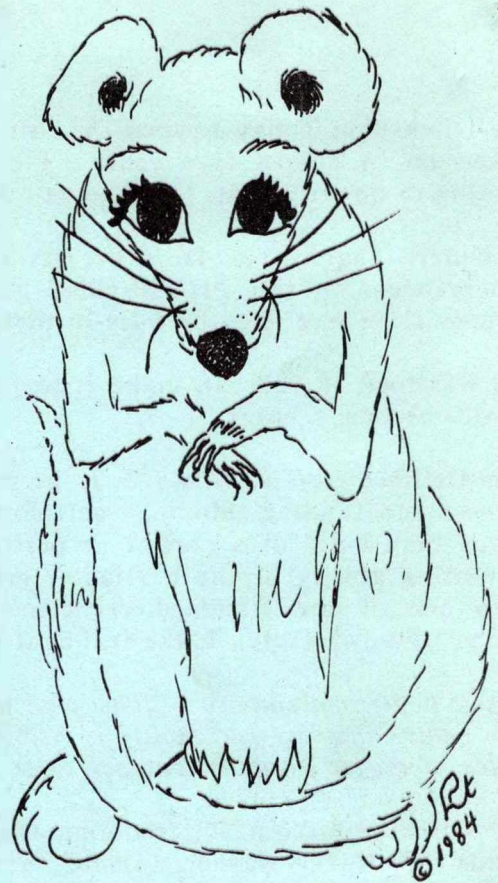
I'd like to trade

I'd like a contribution or LoC

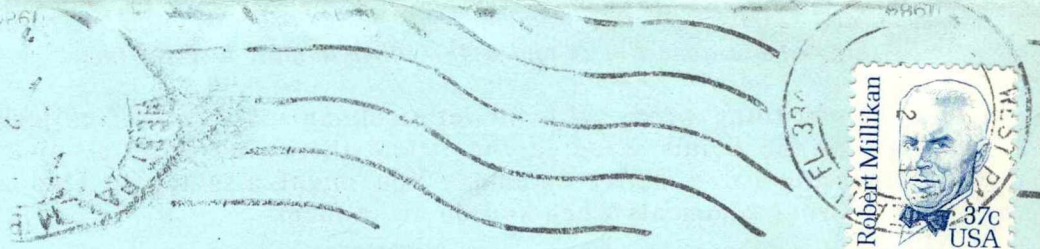
I'm not quite sure...but if you
don't do something, you won't get
the next one

last time

XXX



From: David Singer
165 Westchester Drive
Los Gatos, CA 95030
U. S. A.



Dave Locke
Jackie Causgrove
6828 Alpine Ave #4
Cincinnati, OH 45236

First Class Mail in North America
Printed Matter Elsewhere