

Habakkuk

Chapter 3
Verse 2

December 1993

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HABAKKUK is a quarterly genzine edited
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available for trade, loc or show of
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All Headings and Graphics.Sheryl Birkhead
Except Page 15Dan Steffan
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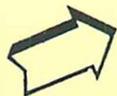
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Meanderings



Alas for my plans to keep HABAKKUK a letter substitute. But I find that I am enjoying the hell out of my fanac. So HABAKKUK is now a quarterly genzine. Next issue due in March.

Larry Shaw once said that one big difference between fandom and mundania was the persistence of friendships between people who hadn't seen each other for years. He could meet a fan he hadn't seen in fifteen or twenty years and they would immediately pick up where they had left off. But when he met a mundane friend he hadn't seen for that length of time, they might be very glad to see each other and remember each other quite fondly, but the relationship was en-balmed in the past. They could reminisce together, but they were no longer a part of each other's movie. The relationship didn't resume.

I am finding that to be very true. It's as if I have never been away. And I am delighted by the affection and strokes I have been receiving.

But unfortunately Larry himself is not one of the people I have resumed friendship with. Dick Ellington always kept mostly up to date with addresses so I asked Pat Ellington for addresses of our mutual friends. I started naming them, "And Larry and Noreen, of course." But Bill, Larry's been dead for at least eight years. . . It hurt. And then I was overwhelmed by guilt. How could I so drift away from a good friend that I didn't even know he had died until eight years afterwards? It didn't make my day.

Right after the 1978 Phoenix world-con a bunch of Tucson fans moved to San Francisco and settled in. And in September 1983 they started Third Saturday parties. On the third Saturday of every month there springs into being a fannish party, each one different, and held in different places with different themes, but all devoted to fun and frivolity with a certain amount of serious discussion.

Jim Khennedy is the only one left from the original group, but the parties have continued every month. Jim spends the second Saturday, and the following Sunday putting out RHUMBA GOODKITTY DADABASE BLUES, and concealed in an unlikely place in it is the place and time of the coming up Third Saturday party.

I'm very sorry that I missed the first ten years' parties. But the third Saturday in September marked the 10th Anniversary party which was held in an upstairs room of a Chinese restaurant. Jim provided a lavish buffet which included champagne, beer and soft drinks and a Belly Dancer who was not part of the buffet, but who certainly added to it.



There were about thirty fans there, and the only one I knew was Dave Rike . Among many others I finally met Dave Clark, Spike Parsons and other members of the ConFrancisco Con Committee. Spike said "You may not know us, Bill, but we certainly know you." It was nice getting to know them.

And I learned a few things about ConFrancisco problems. They had signed up the San Francisco Marriott which was large enough so that there would not have to have been any other hotels for the con. But the hotel found a corporation, Chevron, who wanted to use the facilities every weekend, so the Marriott reneged on ConFrancisco. The committee could have sued and forced the hotel to honor their agreement, but discussed the matter and decided that it would not be a good idea to have the Con in a hotel that was very unhappy with them, so they bit the bullet and made other arrangements.

I think they made a mistake. The other arrangements were not particularly good, and even if the Marriott's top management was annoyed, that did not mean that the hotel personnel actually interacting with the con attendees would give a damn. But it's easy to be a Monday Morning Quarterback. (But is that old phrase appropriate any more? Football games used to be on the weekend, but now we have Monday night football to contend with.)

Later on the committee had the chance to gloat when Chevron cancelled out on the Marriott. But by then they were already signed up with the other hotels and Moscone Center.

As for the room where the Masquerade was held, it was listed as having a capacity of 2,000, but it had almost 3,000 seats. And as it happened the masquerade was the only event scheduled there that had to turn people away. But how many people didn't even try the other events because they expected to be turned away?

After the buffet we drifted over to Jim's apartment and continued the fannish mixing until about 2:00 AM.

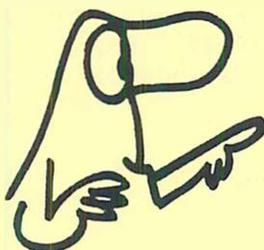
The party the third Saturday in October was held in Jay Kinney's apartment and there were many comics people there as well as the fans. Again, it was highly enjoyable. The November meeting was back in Jim's apartment. I spent most of the evening talking to Lenny Bailes, Dave Rike and Jay Kinney.

A week or so after the party I learned that Rich Coad had been one of the people hanging out in the kitchen, but even if I had known that at the time I wouldn't have had any idea of who Rich Coad was until Dave filled me in. But again it was fun. So, any fans planning to come to the Bay Area, try to make sure that you are here the Third Saturday of the month.

Somewhat to my surprise I am enjoying the mechanics of putting out HABAKKUK. Having my own computer, an IBM clone, a Tandy 1000SX with hard disk, makes a big difference. The printer is an Adeux, an Diablo clone, fairly limited as to type styles, but that's OK. And I have free xeroxing available, only having to buy the paper and do it myself, and that's a great asset.

It sure has cut into my reading time. But I did read The Chronicles of Pern: First Fall in one gulp. Unfortunately it wasn't very good. But at least it was better than The Renegades of Pern." That was dreadful. All the Wyers of Pern was at least somewhat interesting in places, though a far cry from Anne McCaffrey's best Dragon books.

MY
GOD!



DONAHO
IS
BACK!

I liked the first ones but the latter ones aren't of the same quality. I guess Anne is tired of them. When she made The White Dragon tour in 1978 I discussed her three juveniles--which I like very much--with her, and complained about Menolly's impressing her 10th Fire Lizard off stage. She defended herself spiritedly. Then I asked her when her next Dragon book would be out. "Surely it's time for something else!" she said. So, evidently they are a cross she has to bear. Or make less money. And that seems to show up in the books.

Redd Boggs spent the day in Berkeley recently, touring the book stores and whatnot. . . He, Dave Rike, Miriam and I went out to dinner. Miriam had a babysitting commitment that evening but Redd, Dave and I came back to my place and talked fannish until fairly late, trading all the latest gossip and shredding the appropriate reputations.

Writing "Memories of the Dive" has naturally rekindled in me many memories of 1950's New York fandom. One thing in particular now strikes me was being very odd. At the time I thought it was perfectly natural; it was only after I became much more familiar with fandom that it became odd.

Early in 1953 James Williams, the chairman of the upcoming Philcon II, died, and a large number of members of the New York Science Fiction Circle went up to Philadelphia for a meeting of the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society. This group was sponsoring the worldcon and at that meeting two memorable things happened: Hal Lynch proposed the idea for the Hugos, and they elected a new chairman, Milton Rothman. But the croggling thing was that as members of the worldcon we New York fans voted on the new worldcon chairman!

That may have been the way things were done in the past, but times they were a changing. Con committees became independent baronies and even if the con committee theoretically had a sponsoring group, the group didn't make the decisions, the con committee--or executive committee if there was one--did. So I am amazed at even members of the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society voting on the new chairman, much more so at fans from out of town doing it.

I suspect that this happened because the Phillycon II Con Committee was not a group that got together and fought for the bid, but rather miscellaneous Philadelphia fans who had been dragooned into putting on a con because of the fear

that Will Sykora's New York bid would win over San Francisco's since the Chicon II had hundreds of new fans voting who were completely unacquainted with fan history and would probably vote for the nearest site.

I understand that times have changed again, and con committees now have to follow the rules, but for a brief time in the fifties and sixties there was Camelot. I was privy to the operations of several worldcon committees. They did not expect to make any money. They just wanted to throw the Best Possible Party for their friends and in return for all their work and trouble they expected to do things Their Way, The Rules were advice from previous cons and they only observed the ones that Made Sense to them. This may well explain a lot of the opposition to WSFS, Inc. A sponsering corporation sounds like it might become a wee bit controlling.

And these Baronies worked things Very Well until the attendance and the resulting difficulties of putting on a con Grew and Grew.

 Redraw your Map2

Boyd Raeburn tells me that Patrick Stewart was on a recent talk show and when asked about Wesley's absence from Star Trek TNG he said that the fans hated Wesley and after awhile the protests got to be too much.

I'm not a Trekkie, but I watch and enjoy Star Trek. I've always found Wesley to be a pain in the ass. He was entirely too much Goody Goody Two Shoes. But this was the producers' and writers' fault rather than Wil Wheaton's. He has been perfectly OK in the movies "Stand By Me" and "Toy Soldiers." And one con had a panel, "Let's kill Wesley!" and Wil Wheaton showed up for it. I thought that was cool of him.

I am somewhat surprised though that, judging from the media fans amongst us, Wesley was equally unpopular with both males and females. It has been my experience that most females don't object to Goody-Goody-Two-Shoes males.

And speaking of TNG, I prefer the original Star Trek. TNG does have much better special effects and, on the average, better stories, but nothing to equal the chemistry between Kirk, Spock and McCoy. Also, I think that too many of Picard's decisions as commander are Politically Correct ones rather than the tough ones a real commander would have to make. Kirk was sort of Politically Correct too, but much more realistic. I just don't agree with the recent comments that he was too prone to shoot from the hip. Only when appropriate. And Picard doesn't shoot even when there is a crying necessity for it. (It only works out because the writers make it do so.)

I don't like Riker at all. And this puzzles me. I have never disliked or objected to anything he did and quite often, highly approved of it. Perhaps I just don't like the personality of Jonathan Frakes.

I like TNG better than Deep Space 9, but I think that DS9's first season was much better than TNG's. They were really floundering around then. Of course Roddenberry was in charge instead of Rick Berman. But I still haven't really warmed up to the DS9 characters. I am flabbergasted to realize that Quark is my favorite among them.

Commander Sisko's son is not really a pain, but he is completely uninteresting. I suspect that the producers decided that Wesley was disliked because he was too cute and too bright and didn't repeat their "mistake." But Davy Jones

and David and Sean Cassidy were far cuter than Wil Wheaton and they weren't disliked by males even though teenage girls swooned over them. And too bright is easily handled. They are doing quite well with it with that kid on SeaQuest. And he is reasonably good looking too.

I liked the pilot for SeaQuest, but the weekly shows were pretty bad, so I have stopped watching it. And I am extremely fond of NYPD Blue. But that and the two Star Trek shows is ALL the TV I watch except occasionally the news or something on PBS. And movies without commercials on cable.

"I'm not a hooker; I'm a call girl." "What's the difference?"
"A call girl doesn't bang her head on car steering wheels."
--The John Larroquete show via Boyd Raeburn

I am still getting feedback about the 1968 Baycon. Greg Benford says that it was not his first worldcon, but that it is his favorite one also. And F. M. Busby says that it is one of his two or three favorites. Buz even went so far as to say that he thinks the Claremont was a wonderful convention hotel.

Mike Resnick does a 1968 Baycon report in FILE 700 #100. He makes it sound like a convention in hell. And everything that Mike described actually took place! Oh, perhaps he exaggerated a little about the amount of time it took him to get in and out of his alternative hotel's parking lot due to the National Guard or the amount of time it took the bathtub to drain. . . .

But I have a plumbing story too. The Detroit suite had a number of hanging plants that while attractive seemed to be located oddly. Then the Detroit fans noticed that the plants were hung in strategic spots. Plumbing leaks kept them adequately watered thereby solving two problems at once.



And let's not forget the fire escapes. They weren't stairs you walked down; they were chutes you slid down. Naturally fans had quite a ball sliding down them. But there was one problem. At the bottom of the chutes a lot of stuff had been dumped, so if you weren't careful you got thrown into a pile of broken glass.

A crowd of mundanes gathered to watch the Fans At Play, cheering loudly when a fan zoomed out of the chute. And of course those hitting the broken glass got the loudest cheers.



Early in the century the Claremont was THE luxury hotel in the East Bay. And early in the fifties Frank Lloyd Wright gave it his endorsement. Helicopter regulations hadn't really been formulated then and he arrived in the Claremont parking lot via helicopter, striding into the hotel as if he were Harlan Ellison coming to a worldcon.

Obviously the Claremont didn't keep up to date on its maintenance and repair. Nevertheless

this didn't prevent them from turning the hotel into a very expensive swim and tennis club. This process was well under way at the time of the Baycon and is complete now. So, alas, the hotel is no longer available for conventions, even a small one. And they have remodeled now, in the process doing away with the chutes.

Strobe your Lobes!

We didn't expect to win the 1968 Baycon; we were putting in a token bid and aiming for 1971. We thought LA had it sewed up. And we didn't put much effort into the bid. LA also thought they had it sewed up, and they didn't put much effort into their bid either.

It was the Progress Report we distributed at the 1967 NyCon III that did it. We presented a Program for the Baycon which looked wonderful and promised Bishop Pike and Joan Baez. Harlan developed the entire program and we printed it exactly as he gave it to us, not thinking twice about having to actually do it. LA was going to win. Well, there were a lot of new fans at NYCon III and this Progress Report swayed them. Harlan is a very talented fellow and the program was compelling. We won.

So we had to put on this program we had promised. Well, Bishop Pike died, so we were off the hook there. I wanted to at least ask Joan Baez, but Alva shuddered and said, "Let's forget the whole thing." And we did.

We did try to schedule the program as far as Harlan's panels and topics went though. And it did have Great Potential. Which didn't develop. It was an OK program as it went, but I certainly learned one lesson. You can't count on

your program participants doing any work or preparation or even discussion beforehand. Or for the most part any thinking during the panel, much less before it. You're lucky if they show up.

I don't know why Harlan gave us the program. Maybe he was mad at someone in LA. Perhaps Bjo. She was a firm Roddenberry supporter of course, and Harlan had had a Falling Out with Roddenberry. Roddenberry had actually changed some of Harlan's Sacred Words in "The City on the Edge of Forever," and Harlan erupted.

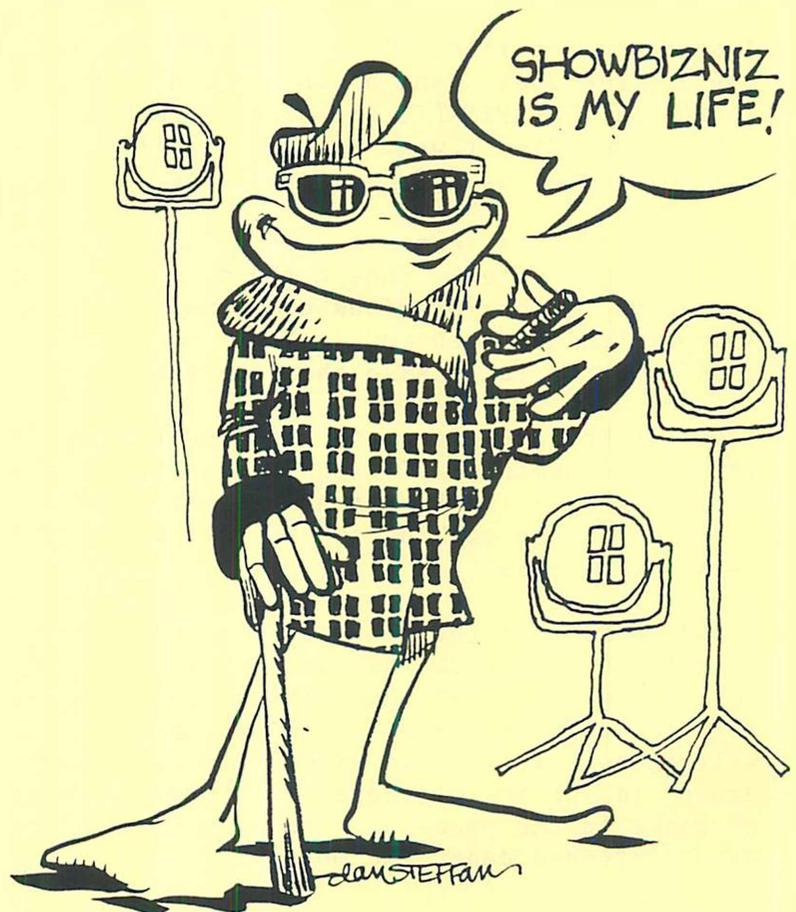
Harlan is usually mad at me; I zing him a lot, and Harlan doesn't like to be zinged. I zing Bob Silverberg too. (And I have been known to zing other people.) Most of the time Bob doesn't deign to notice, but occasionally I manage to pry a grin out of him. But not Harlan. Actually I am surprised that he hasn't taken out after me the way he did after Andy Porter.

But in 1967 Harlan and I were on fairly good terms. In Gordon Eklund's column in HABAKKUK he referred a bit non-respectfully to Harlan's screenplay for "The Oscar". And Harlan exploded in a letter to me. I wrote him a tactful but firm reply, pointing out a few Facts of Life. For some reason Harlan said he liked my letter and all was peace, not only between Harlan and me, but between Harlan and Gordon.

However, John Brunner was staying with Harlan when my letter arrived. Harlan showed it to him. John later told me that he was glad he lived 6,000 miles away. If he lived in California he didn't think it would be possible to be friendly with both Harlan and me.

And then Harlan came to the Bay Area. Dangerous Visions had just been published so PENSFA had a meeting on it with Harlan there. I lead the Attack and Mike Ward spoke for the Defense. And I did attack, mostly on the grounds that the only one of the stories that represented a vision that was in any way dangerous was Larry Niven's vision of the organ banks with people almost at random being killed to supply them. And that however striking the style or presentation, a good number of the stories themselves were pedestrian.

I even cited Poul Anderson's. And Poul was at the meeting. (Poul didn't like it, but he is an adult. He didn't get mad.) But I did try to give credit where credit was due. And Mike dutifully supported Dangerous Visions But at one point during the discussion Harlan said to him,



"You're supposed to be defending me; and Bill is attacking me! How come I like what Bill is saying better than what you are saying?"

So, right after the Hugo ballots closed Harlan called me. "I'm pretty busy now, and I don't feel like coming to the con if the only Hugo I won is for that Star Trek thing." He obviously expected to win that, but he almost didn't. I don't remember the count, but "The Trouble With Tribbles" was very close.

I felt that whether or not Harlan came to the con was his problem, but I did feel grateful to him for winning the bid for us, so I told him he had also won one for "I Have No Mouth, and I Must Scream". I regretted doing that when Harlan made that famous bet with Larry Niven about which one of them was going to win.

Bob Silverberg was also up for a Hugo, and, being Toastmaster, he asked Alva to tell him the Hugo winners, so he wouldn't be on pins and needles and could do a good job. Alva told him.

We had done it before. Clifford Simak wasn't going to come to the 1964 Pacificon II. But he won the Hugo for Way Station. We were all admirers of his work and thought he deserved his Place in the Sun. So we told him he had won. And he came. (Of course no other Con Committee has ever done anything like that. If you believe that, I have this bridge for sale, real cheap. . .)

In talking to Clifford at the con I told him how much I liked City. He said, "That was a long time ago; I hope you like something I've done recently." Fortunately Donald Wolheim was in the group and immediately chimed in, telling Clifford how much he liked Way Station.

Also at the Pacificon II we released the Hugo nominating balloting totals in the Program Book. And after the con I gave Ron Ellik the final ballot results to run in STARSPINKLE, the newszine Ron put out after he and Terry dropped FANAC. Ron didn't want to. He didn't think anyone would be interested. But after I jumped up and down awhile he agreed to do so.

These statistics seemed to sink without a trace. It seemed Ron was right; no one was interested. Except the nominees. And we got privately and royally dumped on by some previous con committees for releasing them. Anna Moffatt was particularly vehement. "It's no one else's business!" That's why we didn't bother to release them for the Baycon.

A couple of days after the 1968 con I unexpectedly ran into Erle Korshak on the streets of Oakland. I hadn't seen him since the 1955 Clevention and had no idea he was in the Bay Area. He was gafia at the time and hadn't been to the con. We got to talking and he invited me up to his place for coffee and we talked some more.

I had heard that the reason Shasta Publishers went under when it did was not that their sf and fantasy was not selling but that they put all their cash into a "beauty book" which lost a ton of money. I asked Erle about this. He admitted this was true, but said that they had had bad luck. The book was written by a well-known expert who was a very good salesman. He would go around to all the big department stores and give demonstrations, selling a lot of books in the process. The book was selling like hot cakes. Then the expert dropped dead. No more sales.

Many people have expressed an interest in how Miriam is and what she is doing. She is busy and happy. She loves the egoboo she has received in the HABAKKUK

locs. Her and Jerry's kids are grown now. Their daughter, Jennifer, is getting married next June. Miriam is a Universal Life minister and Jennifer's intended's step father is also a minister and there is a certain amount of competition about who is to perform the ceremony.

Miriam will be eleven years clean and sober early next year and she gave up smoking eight years ago. Nevertheless she has recently developed emphysema which has left her somewhat annoyed and with fairly low energy.

I tried to get her to write something for this issue, but she put up a lot of resistance. Miriam doesn't like writing--she never did. So she has never written much herself. Terry Carr was responsible for getting most of her stuff down on paper. He used to write down what she said as she moved around.

Thanks to Shirley Birkhead, Dave Haugh, Catherine Mintz, Ray Nelson, Trina Robbins, William Rotsler, and Dan Steffan who are responsible for much of the appeal of this issue.

And thanks to Paul Di Filippo for some of the linos.

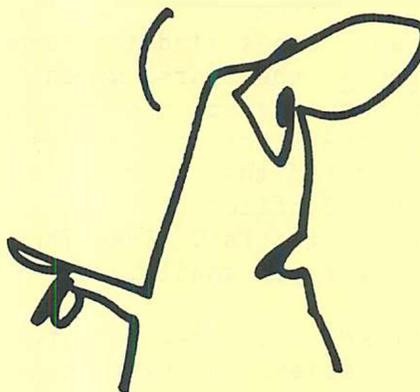
Two reviewers are added this time. Ted White on fanzines speaks for itself. Some fan editors have spoken rather apprehensively to me about this, but think of it this way. Ted is not going to review every fanzine, just the ones he thinks significantly good or bad. So, even if he doesn't like your zine, the odds are that he will not review it. But if you send him a copy, and one to Dan Steffan, you will be getting BLAT! in trade. And it is very worth while, getting BLAT!

Debbie Notkin reviewing books is also Good News. She is a Damn Good Editor and Reviewer. A while back Bob Silverberg was Holding Forth--Bob Holds Forth very well and he does it quite a lot--about Frank Robinson's book The Dark Beyond the Stars and the State of Science Fiction. Bob thinks that there are so many drecky books coming out today that they obscure the field. No one can find the good ones amidst all the trash. He said that if Frank's book had come out twenty years ago it would immediately have been recognized as a Classic and established Frank as one of the Giants In The Field. But coming out now Frank's book got good reviews and was immediately forgotten. Few fans have seen it.

I mentioned this to Debbie and she said that it would be inappropriate for her to review The Dark Beyond the Stars since she had edited it, but that there were other good, neglected books and she would review them.

I want to emphasize that both Ted and Debbie are expressing their own opinions. And their opinions may or may not be mine.

BILL!
YOU DIDN'T
TELL ME THAT
WAS GOING TO
BE IN HERE!



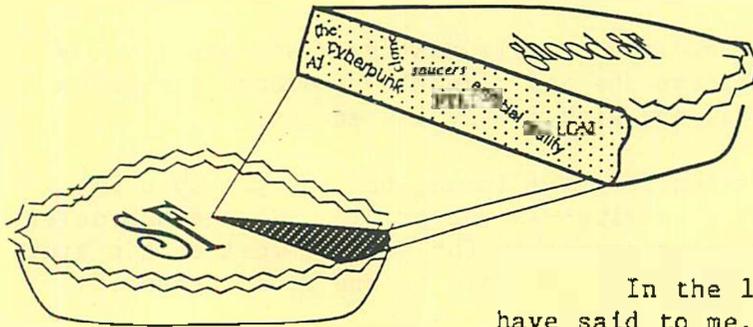
Bill Donaho

The Other Ten Per Cent

Book Reviews

by

Debbie Notkin



In the last ten years dozens of people have said to me, "I just don't read science fiction any more; I read mostly mysteries and non-fiction." I read more nonfiction myself than I ever did, but as far as fiction goes, except for a few long-time favorites I just don't read mysteries any more; I read mostly science fiction and mainstream.

Those friends who do still read some sf bemoan the enormous amount of crap on the science fiction shelves. I sympathize. I hate walking into The Other Change of Hobbit (the sf bookstore that I own part of, with Tom Whitmore and Dave Nee), looking at the new books and thinking, "There isn't one damn book here I want to read." And it happens too often. But the stack of books I do want to read and expect to like never stops growing.

Bill Donaho called last month and said, "It's been a while since you've written any reviews." True. He asked for a column about books that get passed over because people can't find them among the crap. He suggested Frank Robinson's The Dark Beyond the Stars, which Bob Silverberg says "would have made Frank's reputation twenty years ago, but now no one has seen it." I can't review The Dark Beyond the Stars, as much as I love it, because, as a consulting editor for Tor, I edited that book. (It would be terrific if I'd never make a suggestion. But conflict of interest, even in this incestuous community of ours can be carried too far. Read The Dark Beyond the Stars anyway. Bob Silverberg says you should.)

So, I've picked out a few relatively new book you might not have seen, treats for various tastes, to try to convince you to sandwich a science fiction book or two into that stack of mysteries and non fiction on your bedside table. Or at least think about how they'd look there.

 Ninety percent of everything is crud. --Theodore Sturgeon

The ground rules:

- 1) I won't review books I had anything to do with in manuscript. I will, however, review Tor books if I didn't see them until they were typeset. Tor publishes a lot of the best sf around these days, and it would be foolish to leave them out.
- 2) I'll only review books I liked a lot--if you want pointers to the ninety percent that is crap, go to Barnes & Noble. They'll be happy to help you.
- 3) I'll only review book that ~~was in print~~ seemed to be in print when I wrote the column (that condition is mighty ephemeral these days).

Although it's hardly gone unnoticed I want to start by raving around Red Mars (Bantam, 1993, \$599) by Kim Stanley Robinson. Of the twenty or thirty science fiction and fantasy books I read each year, this is the one that made me say, "Oh, that's what I read science fiction for!" Red Mars is the first of three. (The second one, Green Mars, is now available in Great Britain. My copy is on its way to me; more patient readers can get their American editions in March.)

Robinson creates a colonization scheme for Mars (one hundred hand-picked scientists and other professionals) and carries their experience through in absorbing, incredibly well-realized detail: plans, triumphs, disasters, feuds, jealousies, politics, beauties, victories, unexpected monkey wrenches.

The book is a love affair with Mars from start to finish, and enormous time and effort is spent on the details of life in the airless cold. In particular, watch for the all-too-familiar enmity that develops between Ann, who falls in love with undeveloped Mars and can't stand to see anything done to it, and Phyllis, who is an industrialist by nature. (On Mars, of course the environmentalists are the "reds.")

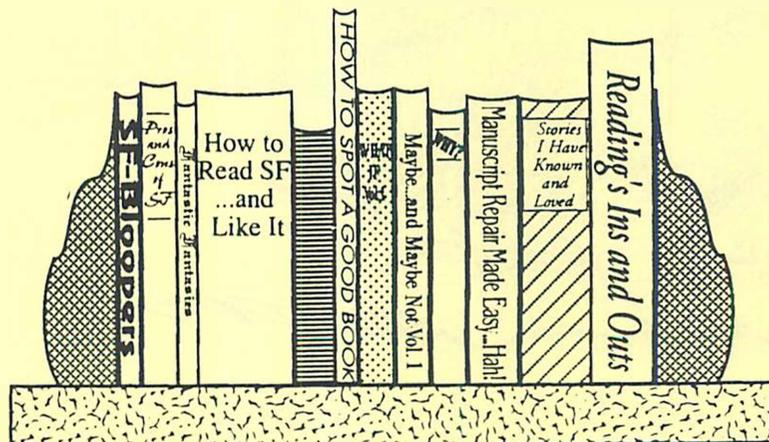
Watch how the politics changes as Mars grows from its first hundred settlers to a semi-populated planet, as the original settlers change alliances, deal with new conditions, and learn. Red Mars successfully combines a 1990s sensibility of complexity, diversity, and fragmentation with a 1950s sense of wonder. Virtually all contemporary science fiction chooses either simplicity and hope or complexity and despair; Robinson, however, manages extraordinary complexity while keeping hope and despair in proportion and never oversimplifying. If you're going to read one science fiction book in five years, it should be Red Mars.

* * *

Reefsong by Carol Severance is a first novel (Del Rey, 1991, \$4.99) with a hideous cover which I read because it was recommended for the Tiptree Award when I was a judge. Otherwise I never would have bothered with such a silly-looking book. Once I opened it I lost my heart to Reefsong because the protagonist is a troubleshooter. (We lunatics who have been known to work convention ops staffs think of ourselves as troubleshooters, but we're nothing compared to Angela Dinsman who pulls people out of forest fires.)

Angie's idea of troubleshooting doesn't exactly match that of her corporate employers, and they are not always amused. After a bad accident she finds her hands altered to waterworld tentacles, against her will. The tentacles were cloned from an adolescent girl named Pualei, a waterworld native, who would not take normal human hands as a gift. On Pua's home world of Lesaat Angie learns to manage her new hands and, more slowly, to live with them while she and Pua take on the troubleshooting task of a lifetime, in direct contravention of Angie's orders.

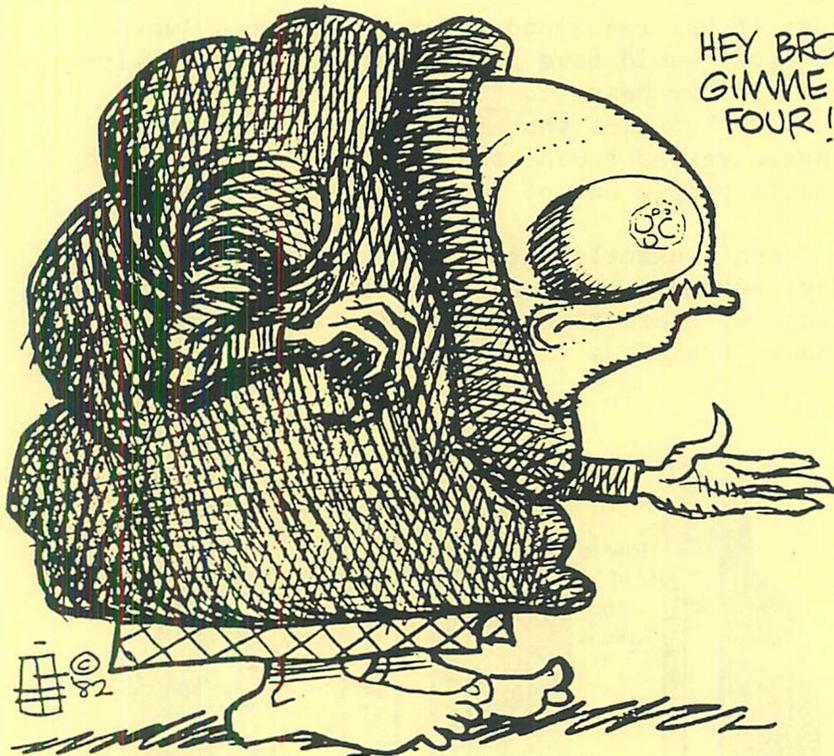
Severance has a marvelous touch with the age-old science fiction trope of the troubled young adult,



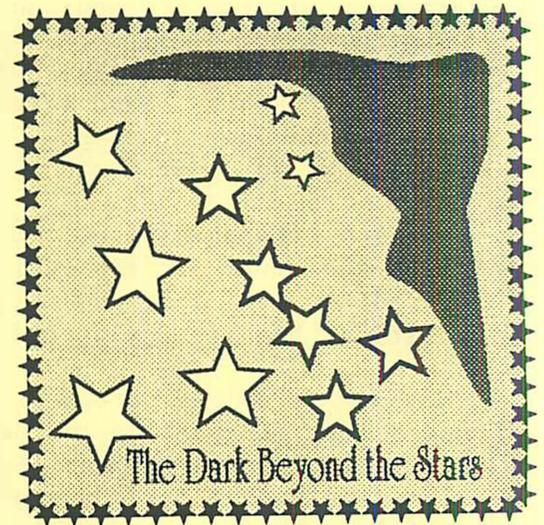
and having Pua act as Angie's waterworld guide and mentor rings a nice change. Hawaiian and Micronesian mythology, undersea technology, intrigue and suspense, and the unrelenting honesty with which Severance tackles all aspects of her story make Reefsong more than an average science fiction adventure, though it offers more than enough adventure for any armchair troubleshooter.

Mary Rosenblum's The Drylands (Del Rey, 1993, \$4.50) is another first novel, constructed largely out of stories published in "Isaac Asimov's Magazine." The U.S. has effectively run out of water and the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers are the water cops, dispersing what water there is through a population literally dying for the lack of it. As in any environment of extreme scarcity, real and perceived abuses of power and resources abound. Not surprisingly, groups of rebels determined to wrest justice from the rulers are forming.

Two things save The Drylands from formulaic boredom: Rosenblum's undeniable skill in drawing the reader into the experience (whether you find yourself guarding the dam against the mob or walking dry-mouthed through the desert of central Oregon with your baby on your back), and her matter-of-fact introduction of psychic powers into the story.



HEY BRO!
GIMME
FOUR!



Drought and deprivation have awoken dormant skills in some people, skills which must be kept secret where witches are feared and killed. The magic co-exists with the science fiction; Rosenblum doesn't use it to obscure her extrapolations or to cheat, just to enrich the mix.

And the psychic powers (in particular Jeremy Barlow's ability to create visions other people can see) play a crucial part in the climax, without overshadowing the other elements of the story, or the plausibility of the ecological situation.

The Drylands is the most familiar of stories, told originally and engagingly, with just enough surprises to keep even a jaded reader entertained.

BRENCHANT BLUDGEON

B · Y · T · E · D · W · H · I · T · E

INTRO The fanzine scene has all of a sudden become much more interesting with the reappearance of two former giants of the fanzine world, one of whom publishes this very fanzine. And, without false modesty, I will add the appearance of the new genzine, BLAT!, from Dan steffan and myself to that mix. While any one fanzine would be good, the sudden appearance, in 1993, of three important new fanzines is actually, dare I say it, exciting.

Thus I find myself responding to a phone call from Bill ("Can you recommend anyone to do a fanzine review column for me?") with a new column of fanzine reviews. The last time I tried to do a continuing column of reviews for someone else's fanzine, it was for FILE 770, in the early '80's--and as Glycer predicted, I burned out within a remarkably short period of time.

That time, owing to the context of the fanzine for which I was doing the column, I tried to be comprehensive--I actually announced at the start that I'd review all the fanzines I got!--and I'm sure that speeded up the burnout considerably. This time I'll make no such claims. This time I'll review as few fanzines as I like, with no effort to be comprehensive. That said, let's get to it.

RASTUS JOHNSON'S CAKEWALK #1 & #2
 Greg Pickersgill
 3 Bethany Row, Narberth Road
 Haverfordwest, Pembrokeshire SA61 2XG
 United Kingdom

Any history of British fandom in the seventies (like Rob Hansen's THEN #4) will be dominated by a few names, most of them members of Ratfandom, and principally that of Greg Pickersgill. His fanzines of the seventies are legend among those who've

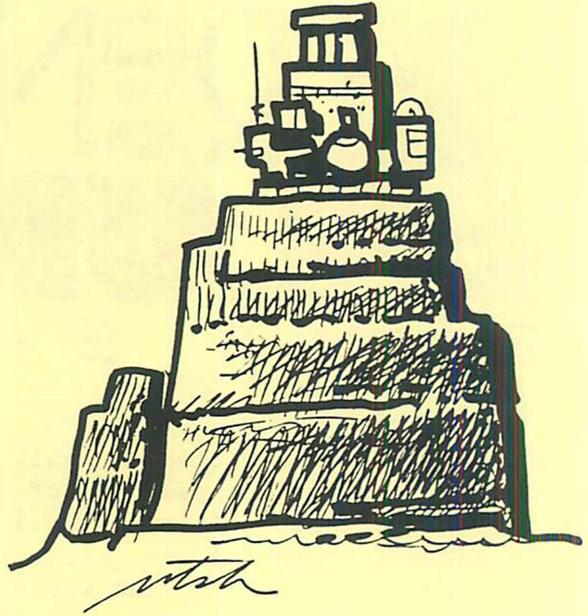
read them, and it is in them that one will find the best and most fannish writing of that era. It is completely fair to say that Pickersgill was to the seventies what Burbee was to the late forties.

I missed them all when they came out. I heard about Greg only in the early eighties, when PONG reinvolved me with British fandom. The Neilsen Haydens circulated xeroxed copies of his last fanzine, STOP BREAKING DOWN, which gave me my first opportunity to sample Greg's work in context.

From what I had heard second-hand, I was expecting a brutish, quasi-punk attitude, a rejection of The Old Ways and us Old Pharts of fandom, littered with obscenities and putdowns. What I encountered instead was a man fiercely dedicated to fandom (who wondered why his contemporaries weren't trying to publish something as good as HYPHEN), painfully honest about himself and his own failings, putting all his energies into **improving fandom by example**: by holding himself and his own work to high standards. His writing was vigorous and exciting; his fanzines were a joy to read.

But Greg had gaffiated by the time I discovered him. We sent him every issue of PONG, but alone among his British contemporaries he never responded (although he read them all). He published one final issue of STOP BREAKING DOWN in 1981, and then directed his energies into conventions, helping to launch Mexican in the eighties.

I met him in 1985, and asked him why he'd stopped fanwriting. He told me he was dissatisfied with his own work: it didn't meet his own standards. I could understand that. After a period of growth as a writer, one levels off, hits a plateau, as one reaches one's own limits. This can be severely depressing, especially if one's expectation was continued, unlimited growth.



Whatever the case, Greg had other problems. A volatile temper, an impatience with cretins, and the tendency to burn bridges left him with a dwindling number of friends in London, and the breakup of his marriage to Linda amid nasty rumors all but shattered him. So he retreated to Haverfordwest, in Wales, to rebuild his life.

Incredibly, this in turn led to a reinterest in fanzines, and to RASTUS JOHNSON'S CAKEWALK, a bimonthly (!) fanzine.

My copy of #1 arrived unheralded in the mail one day, to my complete astonishment and increasing pleasure as I read it.

"Well, hello there. Twelve years, that's not too many." Thus the fanzine begins. All but three of the sixteen pages are written by Greg, and published by dtp, in a very readable typeface (the same one we used in BLAT #2) on goldenrod A4 paper. After taking us through the recent events in his life which culminated in his decision to do a new fanzine, he discusses the local fanzine scene, and then does several pages of book reviews.

But, wait! These are not the kind of book reviews you'll find in LAN'S LANTERN. On one page he deals with more than twelve books in short, pithy comments like this one on George Melly's Revolt Into Style: "Read this years ago and was too dim to appreciate it properly. . . How many books do we waste by reading them at the wrong age, and not realising it later?"

But the new edition of the SF Encyclopedia gets more than a page, under the heading, "Big Fat Book," and that's followed by two shorter, but brilliant reviews of Alan Clark's Diaries and Letters of William S. Burroughs 1945-1959." Each of these reviews deserves wider circulation--like publication in the Washington Post's Book World, say.

Clark was a fascistic Conservative elitist, and of his Diaries" Greg writes, "In a way I love this book, and will return to it often. Clark and his people are our creatures, we made them, we let them do to us as they see fit. It is rare that one of them shows us precisely how they see the world. It is rarer indeed that one of them shows up the rest for the craven gang of weaselly dissemblers, hypocrites and self-serving bastards they really are."

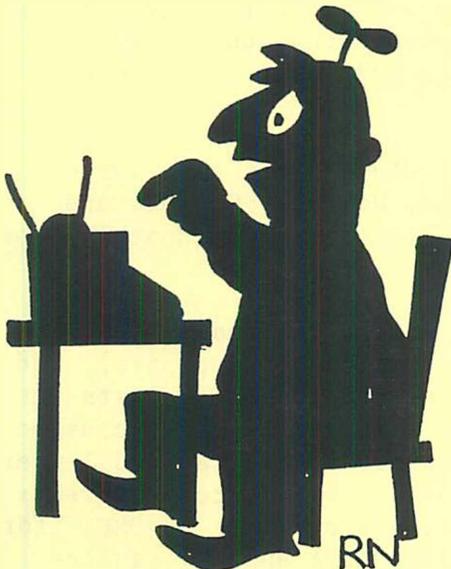
In addition to his own writing, Greg reprints a piece by J. Stuart Mackenzie from the first issue (June 1954) of "1"—a brief-lived but fabulous fanzine coedited by Mackenzie, Ted Tubb and Vince Clarke. He also publishes a piece written (but never published) circa 1974 by John N. Hall (who disputes the authorship). These pieces help make RJC more than a simple personalzine, but #1 is, perforce, mostly editor-written, and the better for it.

In #1 he "deadlines" #2 for October 31st. And sure enough, in early November it arrived in my mail. (#3 "will appear, deadlined 4th December 1993, and will be read by the deserving during Christmas," Greg promises, tightening up his schedule a bit more.) Getting a new fanzine full of fresh writing by Greg Pickersgill is a treat in itself. Getting one frequently is an added treat. The idea of a regular, bimonthly (or even more often) fanzine of real quality is, at this point in history, almost unparalleled. (How often will HABAKKUK be coming out, Bill? ((Quarterly.)) Can we up the ante and make it two fanzines of real quality on a frequent schedule? The mind, while boggled, rejoices!)

RJC #2 is fatter (six more pages) and more solid. One had the sense that #1 was a bit tentative in tone, Greg feeling out his readership, reestablishing himself, getting himself up to speed. #2 builds on that. But, curiously, it opens with a piece, "Here's One I prepared Earlier," which was originally written in 1977, probably for a never-published issue of STOP BREAKING DOWN. The question it raises is, "So why do people leave fandom anyway?" And it concludes with this statement:

"Me, I'm in it because I have been for almost ten years. All my real friends (both of them) are fans, virtually all the acquaintances I have worth a damn are too. I enjoy reading good fannish writing. I like to keep in touch with all this. Conventions are things I go to instead of having holidays. They're better if you pub your ish and people know who you are. Right now fandom seems a bit stagnant. It'll pass. It always does. I'll finish this issue. I'll start working on the next."

"Not much changes, does it, not even my style," Greg comments.



There's less of Greg's Writing in this issue. His editorial covers only four pages, and is followed by "Thrilling Wonder, New Worlds," a review of the new New Worlds (published in book form as a series anthology) by David Redd—a solid, vigorously-written piece that manages to talk about contemporary sf without slipping into the current academic-toned style. This is followed by "What's That Smells Like Fish," the letter column.

This is the meat of the issue, taking up the remaining 13 pages. Greg publishes long, solid letters from more than a dozen people, and responds to them in kind. It's here that we feel the gears meshing, the wheels turning, and fans interacting. Here Greg's talents as an editor come to the fore. This too is what makes a fanzine exciting.

RASTUS JOHNSON'S CAKEWALK is a fanzine that evokes feelings in me that I rarely experience

these days: excitement, passion, a sense that, yes, **this** is what fanzines and fandom are really all about--and getting this fanzine rekindles in me a desire to be part of that whole experience. It makes me glad to be a fan.

Now for the bad news. Below the table of contents of each issue Greg has listed the "initial mailing list for this issue." In #1 there were 65 names, only 11 of which were Americans. In #2 the list is smaller: 52 names, of which only 6 are American. (In the interests of Cultural Imperialism, I include Mike Glicksohn in this category; he's a North American.) I take the term "initial mailing list" to mean that Greg's not averse to sending out additional copies in response to trades or requests, but I have no idea of how many extras he has. (Of course the medium of publication allows him to "run off" additional copies whenever he wishes.)

There is no reason for RJC to be a well-kept secret from Americans, but, equally, Greg is under no obligation to send out hundreds of copies to Americans just because we're in fandom. What I urge you to do is to send Greg a copy of your zine, and a request for a copy of RJC. If you don't put out a fanzine, write him a letter. Tell him I sent you. Ask for a copy. "Your place on the mailing list," he states, "will be maintained by Letter of Comment, Contribution, Show of Interest, or Trade." That's not too tricky.

RASTUS JOHNSON'S CAKEWALK gets my Highest Recommendation.

#

<p>THEN #4 Rob Hansen 144 Plashet Grove East Hamp. London E6 1AB England</p>	<p>This is not your ordinary fanzine, and in fact I have a hard time thinking of it as a fanzine, since it is actually a serialized history of British fandom. #1 (or "volume 1," as I think of it) covered the early years, the thirties and forties. #2 dealt with the fifties and #3 with the sixties. This "issue" is devoted to the seventies, and one more volume will appear, doing the eighties.</p>
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"As always," Hansen notes in his brief editorial/introduction, "Now," "THEN is light of anecdotes and heavy on names, dates and places, and quite deliberately so. . . This history is all about hard data and **context**, about tracing the development of fandom and providing the necessary background to enable modern day fans to make sense of some of the fusses and feuds in those old fanzines we all eventually acquire."

As such, THEN is relentlessly chronological, while divided (in this issue) into three "chapters," "The Early 1970s: Aardvarks, Wombats, Gannets and Rats," "The Mid-1970s: The Bastard Offspring of Science Fiction Monthly," and "The Late 1970s: Culminations."

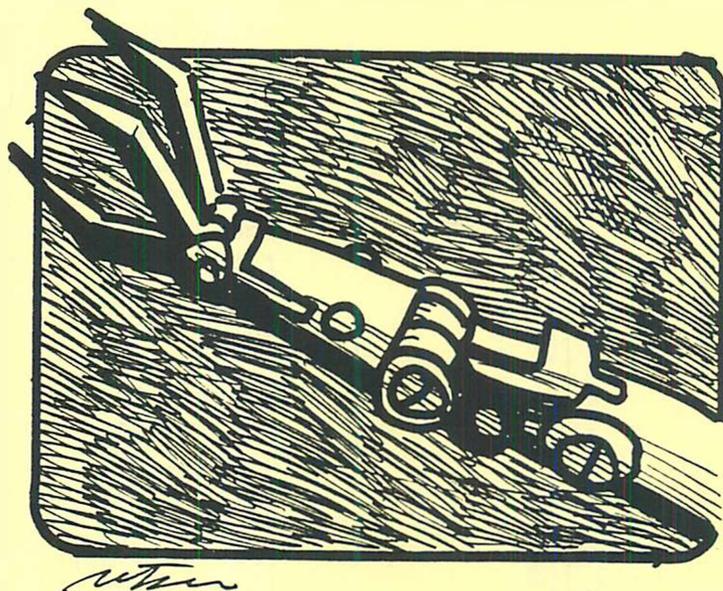
Hansen chronicles the fanzines that came out each month, the groups which organized and disintegrated (including the names of all the principals), and the general trends. The text is kept from the sheer deadliness of lists (he lists all the movies shown at each convention, for example) by the inclusion of frequent one-paragraph quotes from both the fanzines of the day and letters he has received (from people like James White) about specific groups, events and situations. There is a running discussion of the slow death of OMPA (for years Britain's only apa). and parallel problems with BSFA and its Fanzine Foundation.

But, somehow, the **lifeblood** of seventies Britfandom--the personalities and the way they interacted--is missing. Oh, the names are there, and I learned

some things I'd not known before about, say, Ratfandom (the dominant force in Britain's fannish fandom), but THEN's lightness on anecdotes--good stories--robs it of the vitality of the people and events it tells us about.

In RASTUS JOHNSON'S CAKEWALK #2, Pickersgill comments on this issue of THEN: "There's hardly anything more interesting to your average actifan than mentions of his own name, and THEN is studded with mine, but I've tried and tried and my eyes are just glazing over at the approach of Hansen's steppe-like prose. It just stretches off into infinity on all sides, littered like some World War II battlefield with the relics of past conflicts and daring pushes, signs here and there to mark the passing of full-strength combat teams of great initiative and elan, but all seen through a sort of grey mist that renders everything colorless and drab. The writing has no drive or intrinsic interest.

Because his focus is narrower (just British fandom), and his approach remains chronological (no digressions at all, not even to supply a missing punchline to an event if that punchline occurred significantly later), Hansen is more readable than Harry Warner in "A Wealth of Fable," and somewhat better organized. (Warner's prose is equally flat, reducing a Charles Burbee or a Walt Willis to little more than any of the myriad other players of 1950's fandom, and his book sprawls in all directions, lacking even chronological cohesion. But his task was far greater, and his scope literally world-wide.)



I probably found THEN easier to read than Pickersgill did, simply because my name is not littered through its pages, and I could approach it more dispassionately, without Greg's expectations. I felt a profound disappointment in Warner's volume because the 1950's were my stamping ground as a young fan, and I wanted to see someone make sense of what I'd experienced. Warner extracts no meaning at all from fifties fandom, however: he just catalogues it in exhausting (and trivial) unweighted detail.

I suspect Pickersgill wanted something similar: an examination of a period of fandom in which he was in his prime and a major mover and shaker, which would make sense of it and extract meaning from it. He wanted, I think, something that would establish his place (and that of others) in fandom. And in this he too was disappointed, although whether it was fair to have such expectations (after reading the first three THENs) I can't say.

(It's also true that earlier THENs were somewhat less compressed--due to earlier days in fandom being a lot less populated, with fewer events and stories to be told. "The sheer amount of data to be covered in each decade has already grown to the point where this account of the 1970s contains far more lists of fanzine titles than I feel entirely comfortable with," Hansen notes. This is the bane of fanhistorians--and the reason I doubt we'll ever see a history comparable to Warner's of the sixties, seventies, or eighties here, *sigh*....)

In the end, I think THEN is intrinsically valuable, even if it fails some expectations. It is a **document**, a significant collection of "data" which needed publication.

We can only hope that in the future other fans (Pickersgill?) will, perhaps through memoirs or at least fanarticles, flesh out these bare bones of history and supply the missing significance and meaning. I have started doing that (in SPENT BRASS) with "A Wealth of Fable," and I think that's the best course to follow.

CHALLENGER #1

Guy H. Lillian III
Box 53092
New Orleans, LA 70153

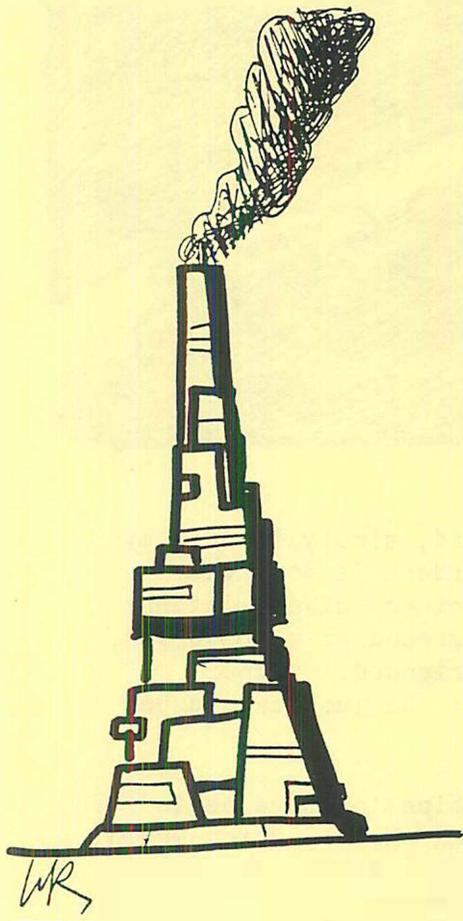
So here's this hefty, 52-page fanzine, desktop published in the Modern Mode, deeply infused with its editor's presense and personality, and I didn't like it. Just to make sure I wasn't short-changing the zine I sat down and read it straight through, cover to cover. I did not enjoy doing that.

Why, This is a subtle thing. A correspondent recently complained to me that "I get lots of things in the post that look like fanzines and smell like fanzines but which are just somehow **lacking**. I try to read them, honest I do, but all too oftlen I do no more than flick lthrough them before consigning them to the To Be Filed Real Soon Now pile." A common experience, I think, and CHALLENGER fits the description for me.

Start with the editor. "I'm Guy Lillian, known in my many pompous moments as 'Guy H. Lillian III'." Indeed, despite such self-depreciating humor, Guy bills himself throughout the issue with his full, pompous name. Guy used to be a comics fan whose ass-kissing letters regularly appeared in sixties DC comics. Then he became, as he quaintly puts in, "an Sfer" in 1969. (1969 seems to hold a great deal of meaning for him, starting with the moonlanding on his birthday--his 20th--and continuing with his first sf convention, the Worldcon in St. Louis, which he writes up for this issue.) He is now--despite a few years going to UC Berkeley--an entrenched member of Southern Fandom.

For as long as it has asserted its identity as such, Southern Fandom has been a lame and bewildered backwater of fandom, kind of N3Fish in the way it has clung to the outer fringes of fandom, inventing its own history, myths, and BNFs, all of them second-rate. Entirely too many of its members have been essentially mundane in their outlook and worldview, and few of them have mingled well with fandom as a whole.

Southern Fandom's apas and conventions were formed to keep the rest of fandom at bay; over the whole falls the shadow of a Lost War and the Failed Old South, looking backwards, clannish and defensive. I'm not certain where or how this insularity came into being--during the early fifties of Sixth Fandom, it did not exist. Lee Hoffman lived in Georgia, Shelby Vick in Northern Florida, and New Orleans hosted the Worldcon that gave us Room 770. They were all part of fandom, with none of this regionalism nonsense that would later (early sixties?) fuel Southern Fandom.



Southern Fandomers chauvenistically boost their own and ignore what fandom beyond their region has to offer. So does CHALLENGER.

But Lillian takes CHALLENGER beyond this. His "target audience," he announces in the first paragraph of his editorial, opening the issue, is "The Adult Male Fan." No, wait, he's serious: "Our times have seen issues founded on gender rise to the foremost attention of our culture. Feminism has been the greatest social force of the past twenty years. New hopes and expectations abound for women in this society...but what about men? As a man growing into maturity in the past two decades, I've had to handle those new expectations--the new measure of a man--in everyday life. But as an SFer, dealing--not always calmly--with changing roles, I've found little discussion that that new masculinity in our genre. The new femininity has a horde of SFnal proponents debating its nature and its effect on society; where is the corresponding debate among men? Where do we take the new measure of a fannish man? How about **right here?**" To which he appends this paranthetical remark: "(As if you couldn't tell, the idea for CHALLENGER began with "Esquire," probably the best men's magazine in history.)"

So now you know where he is coming from. But in simple fact, vitrually nothing in CHALLENGER's content or appearance suggests "Esquire." What it suggest instead is a balding overweight guy (or Guy) who has belatedly discovered the latter part of the Twentieth Century and is standing outside the door, knocking and hoping someone will let him in and say, "What a sensitive guy you are, Guy." Fat chance.

A regular feature of CHALLENGER, and "the section of each zine I think I most look forward to," is "Femme-fannes We Love," a two-page photo feature with a few puffy blurbs. "Our ladies are why we live," Guy tells us. Why do I keep thinking this guy is trying to sell us a used car?

The contributions are a mixed bag. Gary R. Robe's "Genuine Imitation Leather Black Vinyl Pants, and Other Embrassments" is moderately well-written, but takes far too long to get to its belabored point: whitebread southern guys end up at gay party by mistake. No big deal, but to Gary "the experience of that party allowed me to better cope with unfamiliar situations." Yes, he's a Better Man for having discovered that gay people are humans too.

This is followed by a two-page review of The Rediscovery of Man," the NESFA compilation of stories by Cordwainer Smith, by Lillian. Typically, this "review" offers no critical insights at all, but gushes uncontrollably.



The longest item in the issue is the one I found I couldn't read: "The Grimoires" by Richard A. Dengrove. (What is it with all these middle initials?) It appears to be scholarly and intelligent, but utterly fails to interest me. I dunno why it's in a fanzine in the first place, and its relevance to this Adult Male fanzine escapes me entirely. Or is the New Male supposed to be into witchcraft this week?

Lon Atkins, one of the few to escape Southern Fandom (by falling into the black hole of LASFS), "reviews James Sallis' The Long-Legged Fly in "On the Fly." Well, kinda. Before he gets to the book he spends two-thirds of his space talking about how he (belatedly) discovered the works of Raymond Chandler. This leads to the following statement: "Years later, I recognized that the true dividing line is not between genre and mainstream, but between skillful and ordinary writing." This is a valid insight, and I wish he had stopped right there.

But he continues, "At the time, I was deeply into science fiction, where cries of 'we're just as good as...' echoed from lettercols and fanzines. Listing sf writers who were the 'equals' of big name popular authors was a common form of amusement. Apologists for the genre steadfastly defended a separate but equal doctrine, even as a similar social philosophy was falling before the moral fire of the civil rights movement."

Oh yeah? Somehow I missed those lists; none of them appeared in the fanzines or prozine lettercols I read. And what in the world is Atkins thinking of when he compares the ghetto sf then occupied with the civil rights movement of the sixties? By the time he gets to Sallis' book (which he makes me want to read), it's almost a lagnaippe.

Lillian returns to center stage with an eight-page conreport: on the 1969 Worldcon. I was at that convention; indeed, I was in the middle of it. And I

recognized almost none of the convention Lillian attended. Why? Because, ever the pro-worshipper and ass-kisser (old habits die hard), Guy hung out in the SFWA Press Room for virtually the whole of the convention, Meeting Pros and copping autographs. He describes himself a bit ruefully, as "just-turned-20," and attempts to excuse his gaffes as those of a wide-



eyed neofan. But here in 1993 he is still as wide-eyed and as foolish in the way he looks back upon the convention and all the Neat Pros he met.

He still doesn't get it. He still divides the sf world into Pros to be worshipped and fellow fans. And he still worships the Pros. *Sigh*.... In a kind of preface to the piece he offers this assessment of the period: "A new sensibility, a new artistry, a counter-culture if you will, was rising, to the bemused, often terrified resistance of the old. Most significantly, I think, "2001: A Space Odyssey" had opened, and our field and our country would never be the same." I think that pretty much says it all: this Guy hasn't a clue.

Lillian spends a lot of time on Harlan Ellison, whom he worships. "He was the Star of St. Louiscon, not just its Toastmaster; he overwhelmed panel discussions (including a scheduled debate between Larry Niven and Alexei Panshin...)" I was at that "scheduled debate," and I don't even recall Harlan's presence. I do recall that Paul Williams rose from the audience, took a microphone, and treated us all to twenty minutes of his views on contemporary sf, all supposedly in behalf of his editorship of a new prozine to be launched by Hugh Hefner which was never on the drawing board.

I'm surprised Lillian didn't mention that, but I suspect he didn't actually attend the panel. Later on he describes the ripping of the hotel movie screen, the way Harlan helped raise emergency funds for the convention, and Elliott Shorter's objection to Harlan's plans for the excess funds (which ended up instead starting a Worldcon Emergency Fund that disappeared a few years ago after years of disuse). Lillian describes all this as he remembers it, and concludes with this amazing line: "The word went out: **Ellison is through in fandom.**" This is total crap. But the hyperbole is typical of Lillian's writing.

R. A. Lafferty's "notes for a speech given at the DeepSouthCon, New Orleans, July 21, 1979," "The Day After The World Ended," is introduced by a veritable torrent of gush by Lillian, but is a solid piece, without question the best in the issue.

"Cookin' With Fats" by Dennis Dolbear, was for me the most enjoyable piece. It described hanging out with Fats Domino before a Mardi Gras concert with the Beach Boys, and is illustrated by a couple of decent photos.

Alan Hutchinson gets a page to present a cartoon, headed "The AI Side," and is blurbed with hyperbole about "his wit--and incredible artistic talent," but the actual cartoon is crude in both idea and execution. But, hey, he's a Fellow Southerner.



Don Walsh (or "Donald J. Walsh, Jr.," as he is bylined here) provides a minor conceit: the pretense that the movie "Casablanca" was based on reality, and follows up on the lives of its characters. I don't know why anyone would want to do this, since anyone who is into the movie enough to care will probably resent the liberties Walsh has taken with its characters, while to the rest of us this is too close to masturbation (on Walsh's part) to be interesting.

"Femmesfannes We Love" devotes itself to Mary Ann Van Hartesveldt, who attended her first convention in 1981, who appears to be a nice--and attractive--person

who is married to an apparently nice guy named Fred and has a pretty daughter, Lillian. Gosh. But maybe someone should tell Guy that "femmes" is not a word much appreciated by the women in fandom today. I know Guy doesn't think much of Political Correctness--I don't myself--but the New Male should know about stuff like this and not go out of his way to be offensive, especially in describing those he loves.

The final piece in the issue (save Lillian's closing editorial) is "War Story," by Guy III. It's reasonably well-written, but tells the story of a fairly stupid guy whose stary-eyed liberalism turned to hate-filled bigotry in a single brief episode. I'm not sure what Lillian's point was in writing it--War Is Hell?--but what intrigues me most about it is that he originally wrote and published it (in 1971) in "The Barrington Bull," the house newspaper of Barrington Hall in Berkeley, which he apparently began editing in 1969 (he refers to them as the first "fanzines" he ever did).

This intrigues me because around ten years earlier the editor of "The Barrington Bull" was Terry Carr, and then later Jim Caughran. Terry ran a collection of his material from the "Bull" in FAPA in 1959, and published additional pieces from the "Bull" in VOID. They were nothing like Guy's piece, but I have no idea if this one is typical of his contributions to the "Bull." I wonder if Lillian is aware of this connection to one of fandom's real giants?

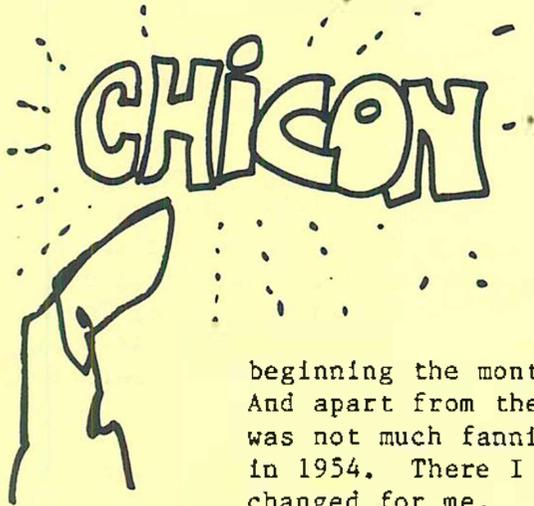
In "To Close," Guy wraps up the issue with two pages of Southern jingoism. He begins by eulogizing Robert E. Lee (whose picture is on the cover) and then excoriates Congress for failing to provide federal funds to a southern women's group. (You remember that: Carol Mosely-Braum objected to federal funds for a group that retains a rebel flag in its logo.) This allows Lillian to mount a short stump and began ranting about "a loss in the capacity to trust," and "a loss in our national faith in good will," and a good deal more such blather.

Since Lillian has interleaved his own material with the rest, he dominated CHALLENGER (the name comes from the shuttle that blew up, if you hadn't guessed--another clue to the absence of a fan-nish sensibility), and it pretty much succeeds or fails on your response to him. I think he's a windbag, a barely-reconstructed Southerner, a male-chauvenist dressed up in the colors of the New Male, parading himself in his underwear for us all to admire. I feel sorry for the man.



Memories of the Dive

The 1952 Chicon II was my first contact with fandom. I had left the University of Chicago in August 1951 and moved to New York. I worked at an advertising agency for a year and so got a vacation. I returned to Chicago to see all my friends. And being an avid sf reader I decided to attend the worldcon since I would be in Chicago while it was going on.



I knew no one there, but managed to have have fun. I spent a lot of time in Henry Burwell's suite listening to the evial plotting to that once again New York not get the worldcon--and in the process shafting San Francisco's bid. It was fascinating. I also had my first and last taste of moonshine there. Shudder.

I met Dave Kyle and he invited me to the N. Y. Science Fiction Circle. In the beginning the monthly meetings were in Jean Carroll's apartment. And apart from the meetings and an occasional movie party there was not much fannish interacrtrion until we put on the Metrocon in 1954. There I met the Fanarchists. And fandom was forever changed for me.

The Fanarchists were a social and drinking club that met every Saturday evening in Dave Mason's basement. (The basement was in an apartment house in which Dave was the superintendant.) I had become a philosophic anarchist in college, so I even found the name congenial. But Dick Ellington and Dan Curran, and possibly Dave, were the only anarchists, though a lot of the others were assorted radicals of various persuasions. And there were several tean-age fans who were really apolitical, Trina Pearlson/Castillo/Robbins being the best known.

And naturally I brought all my non-fan friends from the Chicago group to the Fanarchists.

My University of Chicago days were very important to me. I was a very arrogant tean-ager. One of my high school teachers once said that I was the smartest boy in East Texas. I not only concurred with this judgment I extended the bounderies somewhat. And a year at the University of Texas and twenty months in the army did nothing to change my World View.

But then I went to the University of Chicago. I quickly learned I wasn't the only frog in the puddle. Among others, Robert Bork was one of my classmates, and I knew him well enough to borrow money from him. Of course he was a liberal in those days. But whatever one thinks of his politics now, he is a very brilliant man.

And Mike Nichols was one of my roommates. At the age of 17 Mike knew more about people than most psychologists I have met. This of course helped his later career. And it sure helped his sex life. He is not very good looking, somewhat less so than average I would say. But this



did not seem to matter. He got girls all the time.

In the 18th Century there was an Englishman, John Wilkes, who boasted, "Give me half an hour's advantage over the handsomest man in Europe and I'll make out and he won't." Mike was like that. And of course he wanted to be an actor, not a comedian or director, but like most of us, he settled for what he could get.

Mike was also the first second generation intellectual I had ever met. And he said it was very comforting to come home on New Year's Eve to find his folks listening to Beethoven's 9th and not sacked out or listening to some shit. At that time one of Mike's grandmothers was still getting royalties from Richard Straus's "Salome." She had something to do with the libretto; I don't remember what.

So in New York I formed the Chicago group, friends I had known in Chicago. But naturally friends of friends kept getting absorbed. After awhile a majority of the Chicago group had no connection with Chicago. Bob Adler was one of the most important of these. I had known his ex-wife, Jackie Levey, in Chicago. Also Bob's friend Stanley Alboum, better known as Stanley Toothbrush since he carried his toothbrush with him always in case he was asked to stay over. I told Terry Carr about Stanley and he was so amused he wrote a piece about Stanley Toothbrush.

None of the Chicago group ever became fans--although Eunice Reardon, was a columnist for HABAKKUK--but they became intertwined in the New York fan social scene. But this broke up when I left New York.

And of course we Fanarchists and a lot of other fans went to the monthly Spanish Anarchist dinners. The people running it and most of the attendees were Spaniards who fled Spain after the Spanish Civil War. They served a very good paella. (I watched very carefully how they made it.) They were very interesting and likeable people.

Stanley got drafted and Bob gave a three-day farwell party for him. Bob, Stanley and I were there for the entire three days. Everybody else came and went. Even Bob's then girl friend was only there one evening. It was a great party.

At breakfast one morning I made the toast. Now when I grew up East Texas cuisine was more rigidly southern than some parts of the deep south, so when the toast popped out of the toaster, I immediately doused it with butter. Whatever else one puts on any kind of hot bread, one always puts butter on it first. Bob and Stanley kept insisting that they wanted to put cream cheese on the toast. I said "Fine." It took a large amount of yelling for them to get the idea across that they wanted to put cream cheese on **instead** of butter. How perverty!

By the third day all the alcohol was gone except gin and the only mix left was tonic. So I drank gin and tonic. It gave me the hiccups. It took me about 20 minutes of slowly sipping water and holding my breath to get rid of them. Then I had another gin and tonic. More hiccups. Another 20 minutes. Another gin and tonic. Hiccups. 20 minutes. And so forth and so on.

Early in 1955 at some regional New York con or other--probably a Fan Vet Con--Dan decided we needed some Drama and persuaded us Fanarchists to wear black armbands to the con. There was Drama all right. Shades of Michelism! Waves of alarm rippled throughout fandom.

And the Clevention con committee came out with some new rules: Armbands were forbidden--even as a joke. We wanted to gird our loins for battle, but unfortunately New York was bidding for the 1956 Worldcon and we couldn't see that such hi jinks would be of much help to the bid. So we cooled it. Later on I told Nick Falasca, the Clevention Co-Chairman, how much we regretted having to do this. "It would have been a lovely fight," Nick said wistfully.

About that time Dave Mason and Kathy MacLain moved into an apartment together and Mason's basement was no more.

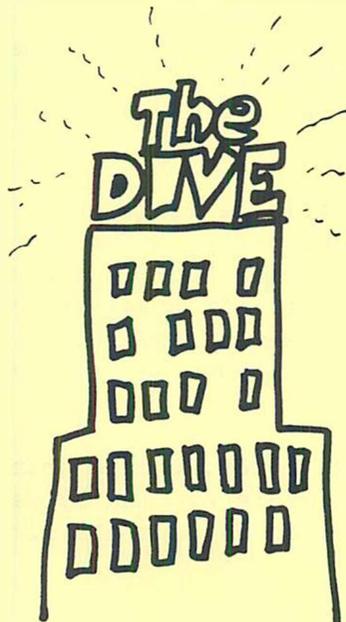
By now Dick Ellington, Dan Curran, Art Saha, Chuck Freudenthal and I had formed reasonably tight friendships and shortly after the Clevention we decided to rent an apartment together and form a Slan Shack. Landlords are notoriously reluctant to rent to groups of single, unrelated males, so we worked out this Dinglesnaff family tree, establishing that we were all cousins.

I located this 5-bedroom apartment overlooking the Hudson at 102nd St. and Riverside Drive; the view was magnificent; Art Saha and I signed the lease, and we moved in the last week in October 1955. And Pat Werner moved in with Dick a couple of months later.

We called it the Dive. There has never been another fan center like it. And since we had an all night party every Saturday there were no active New York fans who weren't there at one time or another, usually many times. Not-yet-professional folk singer Dave Van Ronk was there so often most people thought he lived there.

The Science Fiction Circle held their meetings there. And out of town fans came directly to the Dive. It was where the action was.

Nor were the pros backward in attending. There at least once, and usually several times, were Algis Budrys, Charles Dye, Randall Garrett, Phil Klass (William Tenn), Cyril Kornbluth, Dave Kyle, Fritz Leiber, Katherine MacLean, Sam Merwin and wife, Fred Pohl, and Robert Sheckley. These are just the ones I had some interaction with. There are undoubtedly others at the parties, but since I didn't pay much attention to them at the time, I don't remember which ones.



Neo-pros Harlan Ellison and Bob Silverberg were there often as was not-yet-a-pro Lin Carter. And Randall brought up John Campbell's daughter during the time he was engaged to her.

Charlie Dye was there a lot. He was drinking himself to death with apple wine (20% alcohol) at the time. In The Futurians Damon Knight says that Kathy MacLean put Charlie's name on her story, "Syndrome Johnny" to help out his career. (They were either married or living together at the time.) That isn't quite the story she told us. Charlie said he would mail it for her, and then substituted a title page with his name instead of hers.

I told Norman Metcalf this, so when he was working on his index of science fiction he interviewed Kathy and she told him the same thing had happened to two or three other stories before she found out about it.

Dick had two cats when we moved in: Crazy and Grundoon. However, Grundoon was not housebroken. The only cat I ever met who wasn't. All you have to do is to show them the litter box, and they take it from there. But not Grundoon. She left her presents everywhere, so Dan began calling her Shithead. Dick ignored this and kept calling her Grundoon. But finally Grundoon chose the Christmas tree as the place to leave her presents and Dick gave up. Shithead she was forever more.

Now the word "shit" had very little charge for us in America at that time. Some, but not much. I said it in front of my mother who was a Southern Lady of the Old School. So after awhile Shithead just became the cat's name, with no awareness at all of any charge. However, sometime in the early sixties I asked Miriam to write something for my OMPazine, VIPER. She wrote about Dick's cats. She thought nothing about the name; nor did I when stenciling.



Wow! The resulting OMPA reaction was like a firestorm. (And to think of fanzine language not even ten years afterwards.) Even Ethel Lindsay wrote me a letter gently chiding me. There was much hasseling back and forth, in correspondence as well as the OMPA mailings. What really surprised me was that so many OMPAns just couldn't accept the idea that the word "shit" had little or no charge for us. I have since heard that at that time most British jokes were about excretion and most American jokes were about sex. I can see how the word had charge for them, but what I can't understand is that they couldn't realize that for us there was No Charge.

If I had known about this British sensitivity I would probably have called the cat S**thead. But I doubt that would have made much difference.

In those days "fuck" did have a charge for us. I wouldn't have dreamed of saying it in front of my mother. And I recently read a detective novel of Elliott Roosevelt's. The hero was a man's man who had a mistress and outside sexual encounters. Most of his socializing was in men's only groups. The novel was set in 1932. Yet at one point the hero says that this was the first time he had heard the word "fuck" used since he got out of the army after WWI. Now Elliott was somewhat younger than this guy, but not too much to know the customs of the generations. So, I have the reluctant conclusion that this is a reasonably accurate description of the mores at the time. In mixed society it's what I grew up with, but in all male groups of ones friends!!!!

The Dive was on the 11th floor. There was nothing resembling a ledge outside the windows, just some ornamental scroll work. But at one party, a Chicago friend, Jerry T. Lewis, danced out one of the windows and came back in another one some three feet away. I still don't see how he made it. It gives me the willies even to think about it. And Jerry just couldn't seem to understand why the rest of the evening people would get between him and a window any time he got near one.

At another party Pat's brother, Fred Werner, a husky six-footer, became drunk and obstreperous. I had to hold him down for some time before he finally passed out. But in the meantime he seemed perfectly content as Pat and his girl friend, Marge, came by and talked to him.

Our New Year's Eve party was a mob scene. All of our parties were mob scenes, but the New Year's Eve one was mobbier than most. I made the usual Blog in an eight gallon crock: wine, vodka, gin and fruit juice. Shel Derechin added his corn whiskey (commercial, not moonshine). And as the evening drifted by other fans kept adding other things they had brought. Oddly enough the Blog tasted the same all evening. I think the first sip paralyzed the taste buds so no one could taste it anymore.

Shithead had some kittens running about. Some fan or other took up one and held it over the Blog "to test its reflexes." It's reflexes were good enough that it thrashed out of his grasp and fell into the Blog. I hastily drew it out and dried it off. It was none the worse for wear. Since we all had paralyzed taste buds the Blog tasted the same, but I didn't tell anyone about the kitten's baptism until after it was all gone.

The Dive's entryway and living room formed a huge L. The living room was large enough to play ghoddminton in and we did. However, not knowing the Irish rules, we made up our own. The living room had a large crystal chandelier somewhat the worse for wear, but it still had some crystal pendants, and you received an extra point if you managed to knock one off.

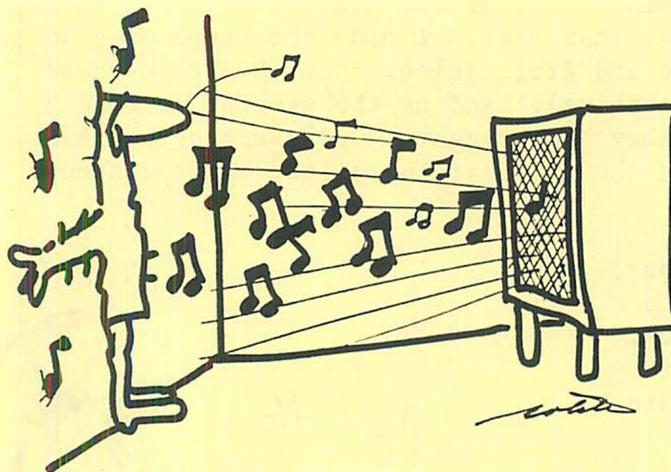
We usually played card games in the entryway or just where the entryway joined the living room. A bunch of us played blackjack there one Saturday. I won some \$35.00 from Harlan Ellison who came back Sunday and insisted on "revenge".

I didn't much feel like playing, but Harlan was not successful yet and I understood that that \$35.00 was his eating money for the week. (No one has ever accused Harlan of leading a sensible life.) So just the two of us played. The game went on for hours. Finally the deck became very positive and Harlan won it all back, splitting tens all over the place. Not pairs of tens. Face cards. Thank God it was over.

And once Dick, Pat and I played hearts with Ken Beale at one cent a point. Ken kept losing. We insisted we were cheating. We had to know what was in his hand. Otherwise why would we keep leading spades?

The dining room was also huge and the walls were panelled with dark wood. We never used it for a dining room. It was the High Fi Room. (Stereo hadn't been introduced then.) I had my high fi equipment there; Art had his in his bedroom.





I had a 15" Stentorian speaker in a Karlson enclosure. Karlson enclosures never caught on, but they really threw the sound waves out at you. We could blow out candles—and frequently did—with a Louis Bellson drum solo on "Ellington Uptown". And the "1812 Overture" with real cannon really rattled the rafters. That record ushered in the New Year for years at my New Year's Eve parties.

At one High Fi Fair in New York someone played the Electra record of speeded up earthquake sounds through a Karlson enclosure. It moved equipment off the shelves as far away as four floors down.

Naturally our High Fi was on a good deal of the time playing classical, jazz, folk and show tunes. Shortly after the Dive opened I saw Lotte Lenya in "The Threepenny Opera." I was smitten. I rushed out and bought the album. For months we played it four or five or more times a day. Someone was always putting it on. This lasted until "My Fair Lady" came out. That replaced it as the main item of the day. And I managed to get tickets to see it twice, both times with Julie Andrews. Eat your heart out, Harry.

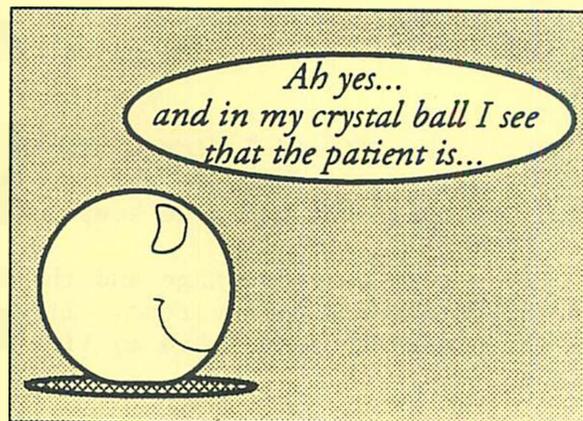
And the dining room is where we played psychology, a very stimulating and interesting game. It didn't quite lead to murder. The rules are very simple. A Psycharist is chosen and leaves the room. Then the remaining players choose the Patient. The ostensible object of the game is for the Psycharist to guess who the Patient is. And I suppose that mostly it is played that way, but in Chicago we found another dimension for it.

The Psycharist gets his information by asking questions phrased like this: What sort of X does the patient remind you of? Once he picks an X he asks the question of every person in the room. Then he chooses another X to ask about. He can ask as many questions as he wants to, but he only gets three guesses. However, even an inexperienced Psycharist only needs one if he is willing to ask sufficient questions. The X's can be anything: What sort of books, records, food, job, hobby, weather, gas, metal, sex life, etc. does this Patient remind you of? The sky is the limit.

And the extra dimension is once the Psycharist figures out who the Patient is he can ask better questions!

It is really amazing what details about a person these questions can bring forth and how revealing they are. Especially to the Patient.

One evening a guy that had been in the army with Stanley wandered in as we were playing and after the Patient had been chosen. He



was a little tight, and after about 10 minutes he exclaimed, "I don't know any of you, but the Patient couldn't be anyone else but Stanley!"

However, a word of caution. If played only one or two times, the game is boring. People tend to be polite. But no matter how polite, zings are perceived, no matter how slight. And politeness fades. And the game gradually warms up. And becomes more interesting. It is also a good way to find out things about yourself that you had just as soon not know.

Some people have accused it of being sadistic, but it doesn't operate that way. For some reason a good hot game of psychology relaxes group tensions and can be useful for group harmony. But obviously it only works when people know each other well and interpersonal tensions accumulate, as they do when people share the same household or even a group where they interact often.

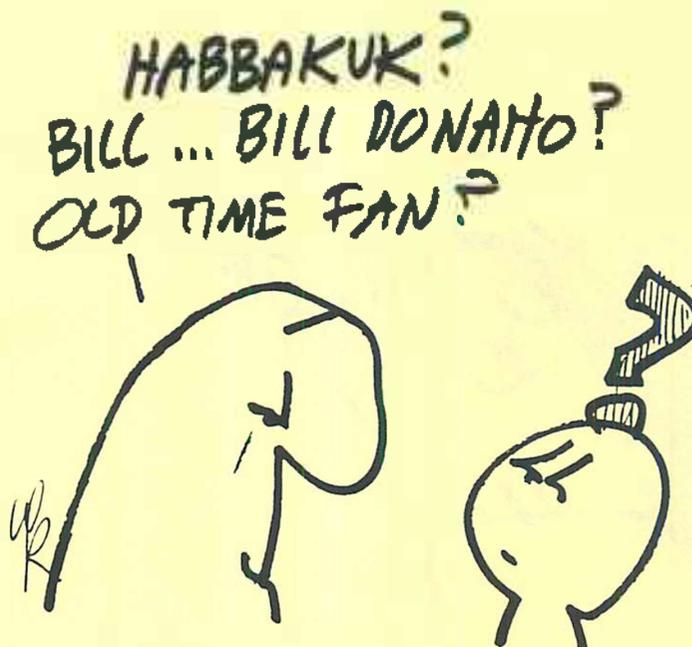
We frequently went on picnics at the park under George Washington Bridge. It was quite safe at the time. But not for a long time now.

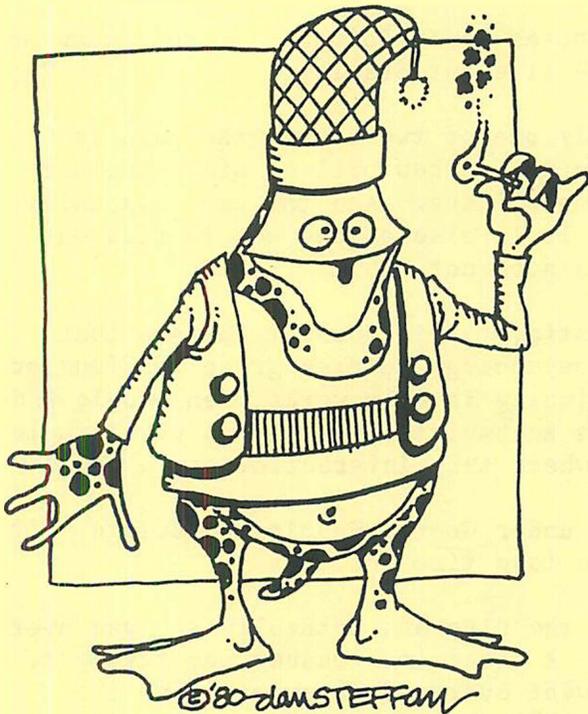
Ruth Landis lived about a block away from the Dive and naturally she was over often. She once called us up in a panic. A determined masher was trying to get into her apartment. Dick, Art and I went over and threw him down the stairs. Ruth tells me that whenever she talks about those days she still refers to me as her Big Brother.

Ruth had a TV set. We didn't have one at the Dive. But the only time we went over to watch her TV was when the Laurence Olivier production of Richard III was shown. In black and white since this was before color TV. But it was still compelling. And I can still remember Dave Garroway saying that more people were watching Richard III that afternoon that had seen it from Shakespeare's time up till then.

Bob Adler got married again. The wedding reception was at Bob and Joan's apartment and I arrived with a case of Piper Heisdick. Naturally the champagne flowed somewhat freely. None of us had any idea of how we got there, but the next day Bob, Stanley and I woke up in one untidy heap on one of the beds, fully clothed but sans shoes. Oh, my head! Fortunately Bob and Joan had been living together for some time so Joan wasn't TOO mad.

The 1956 NYCon took place while the Dive was in operation. While there were a fair number of us gofers around the committee itself-- although never formally named-- really consisted of four people: Dave Kyle, Ruth Landis, Jean Carroll and Dick Ellington.





And the Executive Committee had one member: Dave Kyle.

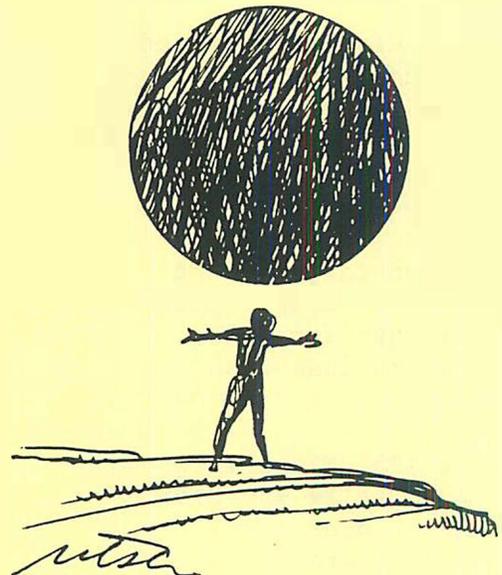
Without going into all the con's history--shudder--There is one thing I want to mention: the banquet. In those days the Guest of Honor spoke and the Hugos were awarded at the banquet. After the meal was over the fans who had not attended the banquet were let in to take part in this. Dave managed to secure Al Capp as a banquet speaker. And his decision was to reserve Al's talk for the banquet attendees as a sort of bonus.

Things got hectic and confused. Dave had more to do than he could possibly handle and communication broke down. The Fire

Marshalls made certain requirements. But Dave didn't tell us about this. So when he told Dan Curran to tell the "Insurgents" to move, Dan assumed it was part of the Al Capp thing. And he coined the immortal phrase "Dave Kyle says you can't sit here." Somehow I don't think Dan approved of his errand. He does have a way with words.

To wind up the NYCon we threw a big party at the Dive. It was one of the Great Ones. There were fans from all over including Margo Skinner, later to be Fritz Leiber's second wife. Margo was still raving about the party years afterwards; she said it was the high point of the NYCon for her.

Though we fought it to the end, shortly after the NYCon the landlord finally managed to evict us because of all the noise. But it was sure great while it lasted.





Walt Willis
32 Warren Road
Donagnadee
N. Ireland BT21 OPD

How heartwarming to hear from you again. And to find you haven't changed a bit in your capacity as a faned. This issue is worthy to rank with the great ones of the past. It was vaguely upsetting to realize how long you had been gone. Twenty five years: that is too many.

I was gafia myself for part of that time. I left fandom in the late sixties, mainly because of the pressure of work--I was deeply involved in trying to avert the calamity which befell this country. No doubt partly because of the strain involved, I suffered a mild stroke in the late Seventies and retired prematurely from work. I came back into fandom in the early eighties, inspired by the publication by Richard Bergeron of WARHOON 28, a 600 page anthology of my fan-nish writing, and here I am.

I have been back in the States twice, in 1989 for Tropicon in Fort Lauderdale, and in 1992 for the Worldcon in Orlando. I was nearly prevented from making the latter by an operation for an aortic aneurysm, which weakened me a lot. I have made as good a recovery from that as can be expected, but I am no longer a force in fandom, as I used to be. I can summon up very little energy for fanac, confining myself to about an hour first thing in the morning, like now.

((Walt, even if you gafiated again, with what you have written and all that you have done, you would still be an enormous influence, a Force in Fandom for a long time to come.))

It's now 8:59 am, and any moment the dog, a golden retriever called Max, will awaken to the fact that it is time for his walk.

Now it's tomorrow, and I've wasted some time in a vain search for a recently published reprint of Ethel Lindsay's report of her trip to the States in 1962, accompanied by a reprint of my own account of A Day in San Francisco with Ethel. You figure prominently in both and it will bring back happy memories. Unfortunately I haven't been able to find it here. . .my record system is chaotic. . . but I think the publisher was Joyce Scrivner of Minneapolis.

I enjoyed your ConFrancisco report. It reminds me a bit of the time I left gafia briefly to attend the 1976 British convention. . .the same pleasant surprise at how well one was remembered. I agree with you about the size of conventions. The Orlando Worldcon got round this by setting up a separate convention for fanzine fans in the form of a fanzine lounge in the middle of the main convention hall, and I spent most of my time there. It wasn't until the Convention was over that I found there was an alternative fanzine lounge in the main convention hotel where I was staying, and that some of the people I had hoped to meet congregated there.

Your memories of the Convention are as vivid and well written as I might have expected. We missed you at the Orlando Worldcon.

Since yesterday I've had another look for the reprint of Ethel's report, without success. It must have been put in one of those "safe places" where so much seems to accumulate. Oh well, no doubt you have originals of both? ((Yes.))

Don Fitch
3908 Frijo
Covina, CA 91722

It was good to see you again, at ConFrancisco. . .and perhaps even better to receive HABAKKUK Ch. 3, V. 1. That fandom has those two aspects--In Person and In Print--has always been vexatious and rewarding, and I don't think this has changed drastically with the advent of The Big Conventions. My First Con (a Westercon after I'd been involved with Fanzines for about two years) was such an overwhelming ecstasy that I didn't notice such things, but always thereafter (with the exception of, at most, one or two intense Conversations per Convention) my experience with personal interaction at such events (& many of these were the Great Small Cons so many of us are currently so Nostalgic about) was that the incidents were (though delightful) far too brief to be really satisfying; they were almost always either superficially social, or much less complete/complex than fanzine communication.

"Understanding" that WorldCons are getting longer, I arrived at the first in this New Series (ChicCon, 2+ years ago) on Wednesday, figuring that things would begin on Thursday (which they did, Officially), only to be told about all the Great Parties on Mon. & Tues. night. It seems a fact that many people now do arrive on Monday or before--many of them even making WorldCon a 2-week Vacation. (Now that they're middle-aged, many fans are able to afford this, apparently--especially the type of fans who still attend only one or two Cons per year.)

I'm still not keyed into that practice, however, and didn't get to San Francisco early enough (by several days), and then felt too tired to make it over to the Ellington party. . .*sigh*. . .you mention a lot of people I'd very much have liked to see, and who didn't appear at the Con.



Please give my best to Miriam; several things she said casually, way back then, have done much to shape my life--especially "Pass it on", which I've been doing quite a bit of the past few years, mostly by helping out at Cons (particularly with parties) and writing letters-of-comment to fanzines which could use a little extra encouragement.

Greg Pickersgill
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Pembrokeshire
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United Kingdom

I was very pleased to see HABAKKUK, especially as when I'd been just a small fan and had had the good fortune to get hold of a substantial bundle of Fifties and early Sixties fanzines the two issues of HABAKKUK therein were a great source of reading pleasure and interest and genuine influence for me.

I've often said that getting hold of a half-set of HYPHEN at that time was what convinced me that doing fanzines and fanac in general was a worthwhile thing--and moreover showed the qualities that could exist and be aspired to (don't just do it, do it well!) but honestly those two issues of HABAKKUK had just as much influence on me. Thanks, belatedly.

It's fascinating to read your thoughts and ideas about exactly the same sort of thing I'm going on about in RJC--the lure of fandom, the fate of the drop-out and so on. What's shaking? Have we passed like in Anderson's "Brainwave" out of a cloud that has inhibited fannish motivation? Several British fans are coming out of their boxes again after a decade or more; even now I am prying at the lids of other premature burials.

Jeanne Bowman
We B Dudes Ranch
PO Box 982
Glen Ellen, CA 95442

Thanks for HABAKKUK. I have to ask about the title. I know "Habakkuk" from Rags Habakkuk, a character out of the Rootabaga Country Stories by Carl Sandberg. "Rags Habakkuk and the Two Blue Rats." Great stories--So, how did you get the name?

((Habakkuk was an Old Testament prophet. And in the Book of Habakkuk there is a text, "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and makes him drunken also." We Fanarchists found this quite amusing, so I named one of my cats Habakkuk. I was quite fond of that beast and decided to name my fanzine after him.))

Welcome back. I think I met you at one of Pat and Dick Ellington's Christmas Eve parties years ago. There were several people in Britain who reminded me of you while I was there on my TAFF trip--tall, quiet. I think Paul Williams made some comment about you being a fannish ghost. Glad to see you being substantial.

Dave Rike has been helping me catalogue stuff for TAFF - R.S.N. - a sale cat and another mail auction. But what really impressed me about talking with Dave was how much he cares about people, now and from the past. I think that depth of caring gets lost in "Historical Documentation."



Well, I never did make it to the Fan Lounge at the Moscone mostly because my "Department" (Children's Programming) was at the Parc 55. Couldn't agree more with you about that walk. I did enjoy the evening Fan Lounge at the 55--it was the only party I went to.

I guess if you can return, after co-chairing, I can look forward to a renewal of interest someday. A thousand is okay. A hundred is better. ((Yes.))

 Eight thousand Fans is too many. One thousand Fans is OK.
 One hundred Fans is better!

Charles Burbee
 PO Box 2284
 Temecula, CA 92593

Thank you and Ted White for HABAKKUK. I saw a lot of names new to me, but some were familiar, Karen and Poul Anderson, Rick Sneary and Les and Es Cole, who are not 15 year old twin brothers, no matter what the rumors say.

Sid Birchby
 40 Parrs Wood Ave.
 Didsbury
 Manchester M20-5ND
 United Kingdom

Well, well! After lo! - these many years, comes a letterzine from Bill Donaho. Tell me, where's HABAKKUK Nos. 2 & 3? And don't tell me you never sent them. Presumably the one on hand is numbered one. All I have to go on is the Bible reference, and, for that, one about a minor prophet going on about grievances and violence. Thanks a lot, but we've got plenty of that all over.

((HABAKKUK, Chapter 1, Verses 1 - 6 (six issues) came out in the early sixties. HABAKKUK, Chapter 2, Verses 1 - 3 (three issues) came out in the middle sixties. The letter column for Verse 4 made it to stencil and Ted White has had it for years. He keeps threatening to publish it, so some day there may be a Verse 4. But don't hold your breath.))

As you say, there's something about fandom that makes me miss it when it's gone. Maybe a yearning for one's lost youth and the good times attending the fan conventions of days gone by. There's nothing like a good solid in-group to make one feel wanted.

Take care of yourself, Bill, and good wishes. British fandom is going through a bad patch, what with Vinç Clarke being poorly and Ken Cheslin with various set-backs. Still, always look on the bright side of life. For instance, it's certainly sad to hear of the death of friends. But enemies also die. . . .

jan howard finder
 "The Place"
 522 Weldon Drive, D-2
 Watertown, NY 13601

I'm glad that you had a good time at ConFrancisco. I said that my job was to insure that everyone had a good time. I seem to have done my job. I have no idea if we met there. I met so many folks and managed to forget so many names. It is unreal. Big cons do that to me.

Similar to your experience I was accousted by a fan who told me she was saying "hi" from my sister who is a reservationist with an airline in the Chicago area. My sister recognized the destination and reason when the fan booked her ticket. Small World, etc.

You predate me by a few years at the U of Chicago. When I was there the housing "rules" were just beginning to loosen up and in loco parentis was on its way out. By the time I got to the U of Illinois in 1968 it was co-ed dorms. I smiled to myself at the difference that 10 years made as I went back to a Freshman lass's dorm room and we weren't going there to study.

I lived at 6022 Woodlawn when I graduated in 1964. My roommates and I were part of the "white fringe/lace" to an all black neighborhood. Our apt. had a certain amount of notoriety. Our phone number was "NO PRUDE." Ah those were the days. (Hell, these days ain't so bad either.)

((I lived a few blocks from you at 5721 Kenwood. This co-ed housing was essentially a pre-hippy commune. And even after Mike Nichols and I moved out we still ate there and had most of our social life there. It also had a certain amount of notoriety. Mike's advisor once went on a tirade about students who sat around smoking marijuana at 57th and Kenwood. And he didn't even know that Mike hung out there. But actually we weren't smoking marijuana; we would have been had we known where and how to get it, but we didn't. Ah indeed, those were the days. But there have been a lot of other fine ones as well, including these.))

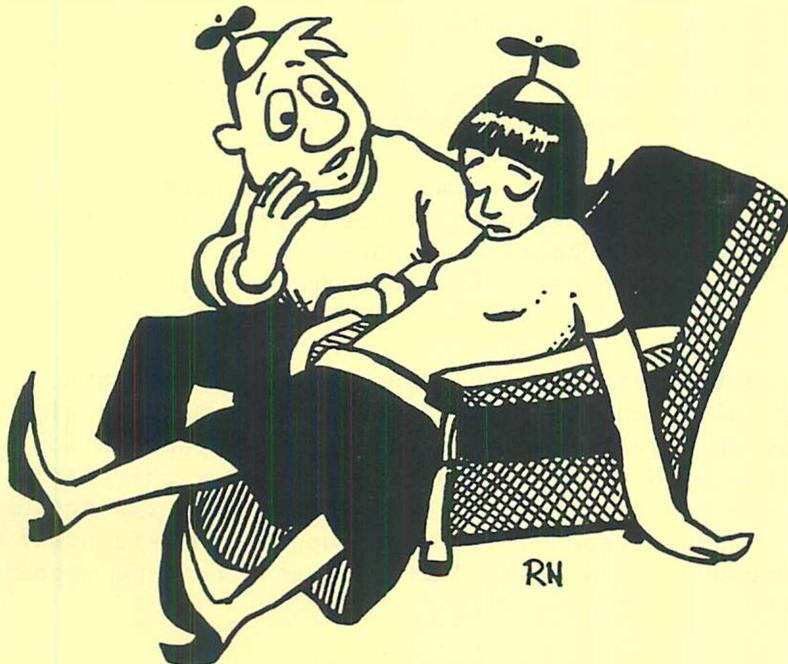
Ciao & teggeddizzi! May the Ghreat Wombat smile on you!

Buck Coulson
2677W - 500N
Hartford City, IN 47348

If someone hadn't mentioned that you were putting out HABAKKUK again, I'd have been thoroughly amazed when the copy arrived. It probably was Lan who mentioned it, at Context, since I'd brought along an old issue for the panel on classic fanzines.

We've had several people try to get us into First Fandom. Martha Beck said that "All your friends are there" and was stunned when Juanita replied that most of our fan friends these days are the age of our son Bruce. But it's true; some are a bit older than Bruce and some are a bit younger, but they're in their mid to late 30's, (And I'm not positive that this age-group covers over half of our friends, but I wouldn't bet against the idea.)

We'll probably be sharing a room with a woman who's a year younger than Bruce at one of our cons next year. (Of course, we've already done that, with Bruce's wife, girl friend and daughter, but Margaret isn't in the family.) ((Bruce's Wife AND girl friend! Together?))



Fortunately, we missed the con with the Farmer speech but one of our (younger) friends was there. She said she was up in the balcony, and by the time Farmer got into full stride, she decided to leave--and found that the doors were locked. That's one way to keep an audience. . . Then she sat back down and went to sleep, and when she woke up, Farmer was only up to the early 1950's; I forget which particular year.

It's always hard to understand a Farmer speech; he's not a good speaker as far as sound, carrying quality, intonation and all that technical stuff is concerned.

as she was, she must have known there was going to be a band on! I know all these horror stories about unsympathetic hotels, but I must admit my sympathies here were entirely with the duty manager. This was a convention problem, not the hotel's. ((I think I made it clear to her that it was her problem, not the convention's. I talked to her at some length until it became obvious that she wasn't listening to a word I said; she wanted what she wanted, period.))

Kim Huett
PO Box 679
Woden, Act 2606
Australia

You mention the bands at the Baycon masquerade, and in a positive light! Every other mention I have seen of them has been quite negative. I can't recall why I say the various mentions (a quick look at the fanzine collection didn't ring any bell either) but the cumulative impression I received was that they were a "bad idea".

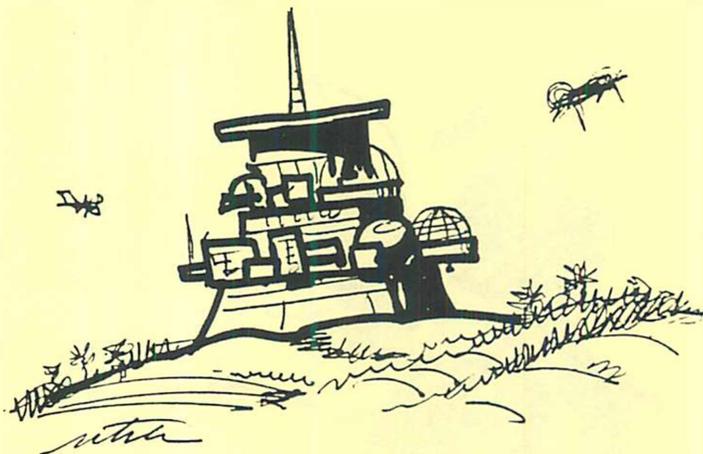
((I'm surprised you thought my comments "positive". I was annoyed with them. However, judging from the comments to me, the objections voiced were from people who don't like rock music on any terms, a minority at Baycon time and much more so today. Those who liked rock liked at least one of the three bands, some all of them. Several fans asked if Notes From the Underground had any records out.

((I suspect that for people who like rock the fact that they liked the music was just one minor point in the convention, but that it was a real sore spot for those who didn't. And while worldcons no longer have bands at the masquerade, they do have dances. And one of the dances is always a rock dance.))

I must admit to being on the side of the female committee member who spoke to you. There is a time and place for everything but I am in a public place like a hotel isn't for something like loud rock music.

((She wasn't a committee member, but she was a member of the convention. You forget; we had rented the entire hotel. It was no longer a simon-pure public place. It was our place for the week end. And as I told the young woman, even if the band stopped, the noise from the various parties would undoubtedly keep her awake.

((It has been some years since people could count on the hotel providing peace and quiet during the night hours--at least at any hotel large enough for a convention. Any hotel large enough to house a large convention HAS to have convention and business meeting revenue. Naturally they are far more interested in pleasing convention and business customers than they are transients. The people at most conventions, not just sf ones, party quite loudly and into the wee hours. If the convention isn't too large, the hotel tries to have party areas and quiet areas, but sometimes they can't.))



I would have rung up and complained myself. I wouldn't have put up with the stunt you pulled either, there would have been blood. We would probably still not be talking to each other like Andy and Dick. Oh the fued would have been famous in story and song for years.

((Maybe so. And maybe at the time you would have relieved your feelings, but the band would have still played on. Even the police would not have been interested. No neighbors were complaining. The hotel wasn't complaining. The people running the function weren't complaining. Most of the people at the function wanted it to continue. . . However, the band did stop playing about five minutes after the woman's call, so all might have been well. But what about the parties?))

I must say I was curious about the fact that HABAKKUK was wrapped in a white sheet of paper. ((Well, without that sheet of paper the word "fuck" on the bacover showed up quite plainly thru the envelope. And there are still fugg-headed postal and customs people around. So I covered it up so it didn't show through.))

Jane Hawkins

4121 Interlake North
Seattle, WA 98103

I enjoyed the story about the woman appealing to your sense of chivalry in an attempt to shut down an event hundreds of people were enjoying. If one wishes to argue such a point from chivalry, which strikes me as rather weird, some mention needs must be made of the many women who were having fun down-stairs. A me-centered outlook isn't astonishing, we are each the center of our own universe, but it pays to keep in mind that other people seldom rank our needs quite so high.

I'm not much for loccing, but I felt compelled to respond by your talk about size of cons. I can enjoy big cons but they sure aren't the same sort of thing. I started going to cons in 1974 when the population explosion was under way and still accelerating. My theory is there might be over a hundred people you'd like to meet at a big con and only ten at a small one, but you're a lot more likely to find them at a small one. When I go to big cons, I seldom meet new people. When I go to small cons, I nearly always have at least one good chat with someone I've never seen before.



RN

Jerry Kaufman, Suzle and I were the committee for the Seattle Corflu in '88. That was a kick. I was treasurer, registrar, and con suite host. Brewed three hundred bottles of beer, knew everyone's name before the con started, and had faces to go with all the names by Saturday. Not something I could do at a bigger con.

You might appreciate a story about Lenny Bailes. I knew of about six people who were fer-sure coming but hadn't bought memberships, Lenny among them. When I did packet prep and collation, I ran their names through as though they had pre-registered. I can still see the happy surprise on Lenny's face when he came up to buy his membership and I pulled out a packet with his name on it. One of my favorite moments of the con. Great fun to please someone that much so easily.

These days our bunch in Seattle is doing Potlatch, a con small enough that you might be interested, though book-oriented rather than a zine con. We figure on about 150 people.

I was number 2 for security/ops at the Atlanta WorldCon, and dealt with a woman who was generating complaints from the hotel. She had an amazing body and an amazing small though beautiful costume, so I could understand her desire to parade around mostly naked. "Nobody has complained when I've worn this before." "Where are you from?" "New York." "Lady, this is Atlanta, Georgia, not New York." We had a long chat. She stubbornly maintained her "rights".

I was beginning to consider threats about pulling her badge when she mentioned owning a big cape. I blinked a couple of times and got happy. Several paragraphs later in the conversation, she hit upon the idea of wearing the cape over her costume and flashing people on whim when hotel staff wasn't around. Good girl. She came back later and flashed me. She believed she had put one over, which was a fine thing for her to think.

 If you've got it, flaunt it.

((At the 1965 Westercon in LA a very handsome young fan came to the costume ball and to the parties afterwards as one of Burroughs' red Barsoomian warriors clad in nothing but leather straps and red body paint. This being California the hotel never even raised an eyebrow. Sid Rogers said that the guy was much sexier in that costume than if he had been completely nude and that he nearly made her lose her cool.))

Bruce Gillespie Way back in 1968 when I was organising the publication
 GPO Box 5195AA of my first fanzine, John Bangsund pointed out that HAB-
 Melbourne, VIC 3001 BAKUK was one of the Legendary Fanzines that I should
 Australia use as a model for what I wanted to do. I'm not sure
 that he actually showed me a copy, but I did send you a
 copy of the first SF COMMENTARY, only to learn that you had shut up shop.

All praise, Ted White, then for keeping me on his mailing list (but why, then, hasn't he sent me a copy of BLAT!) so that you would send me the first of the revival series of HABAKKUK.

I enjoyed HABAKKUK greatly, especially the cartoons. Baycon remains the Great Legendary Convention. For Australians, the two Aussiecons (1975 and 1985) remain the most important Worldcons, but the ones that most fans seemed to enjoy most was the 1979 British convention. I've had few other reports on ConFrancisco, although quite a few Australians attended (since some people are bidding for Australia in '99); it sounds as if the whole thing was too large. I attended Torcon in 1973; with only 2000 attendees, that was too large.

Growing old in fandom is a peculiar experience. What's this slim, dashing twenty-six-year-old (i.e. me) doing in a tubby, balding body of a forty-six-year old? Especially as I remember my fannish adventures as a twenty-six-year-old much better than I remember almost anything I've done in the last ten years.

Nostalgia can be very enjoyable. Recently ANZAPA (Australia's leading apa) celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary with a small convention. People I hadn't seen in ten, fifteen, twenty years turned up. Yes, we've all grown

older (or even old) but it didn't seem to matter. Most people have greatly improved with age. We all prickled and snapped at each other a lot more Way Back Then. We all agreed it was like the conventions we had in the early 1970s before Australian fandom began to grow and fragment. It is possible to plunge backwards in time--for a weekend at least.

Michael D. Glicksohn -
508 Windermere Ave.
Toronto, Ontario M6S 3L6
Canada

fandom for a decade or so.
He credited Ted White and Dan Steffan with motivating him to publish again.

The world, it sometimes seems, is frequently fueled by coincidence. A few days ago I received a very unexpected fanzine from a fan in Wales (who was a very significant mover and shaker in British fandom during your gafiation) who'd been out of fanzine

He credited Ted White and Dan Steffan with motivating him to publish again.

And a day or so later I received a very unexpected fanzine from you, who'd been out of fanzine fandom for more than twice as long, and you credit Ted White with being responsible for my receiving something from you. Ted has a lot to answer for. But then again, Ted **always** has a lot to answer for.

It's nice to know that Ted still has me on his mailing list, but I'm also sure that he knows I'm no longer one of "the best fannish prospects." (I was, actually, and for almost a quarter of a century, almost all of it after you gafiated, but I "retired" a year and a half ago and have been largely inactive ever since.) Still, it would be rude and churlish not to acknowledge the reappearance of HABAKKUK, and if there are two things that Canadians are not, they are "rude" and "churlish."

Besides, I have always owed you something of a debt and never thought I'd ever have the chance to acknowledge it, so your new role as a fannish revenant has provided me with an unexpected opportunity which I shall not pass up.

I doubt that you know me since I was the rankest of neofans back in 1968 when you left for the glades of gafia, but I remember encountering you at Baycon, my third convention, and I do have one copy of HABAKKUK in my fanzine collection. So you are a part of my sense of fan history at least. And since you were one of those responsible for Baycon, and since I lost my virginity at that convention (I was a late bloomer, but let's not dwell on that) I've always felt grateful for your fan career! So consider this a quarter century belated "thank you" from that embarrassingly innocent neo.



Harry Andruschak Thanks for sending me HABAKKUK 3-1. Ted White's mailing
 PO Box 5309 list? 25 years gafia? Didn't bother joining FAPA?
 Torrance, CA 90510 ((Where'd you get that idea; I'm now on the w-1.))

I did not enter fandom until the 1975 NASFIC. By that time the drug scene was much more quiet, and I do not remember any public sex in hallways, although I once was in a 3-way in a hotel room. I was much more into alcohol, but joined AA in March 1984 and have been sober 9-1/2 years. Mymy.

William Breiding Hi. I'm just another name on a Ted White mailing
 PO Box 26617 list! I know you don't know me (actifan '73 - '79),
 San Francisco, CA 94126 but I sure knew your name when yer zine showed in my
 PO Box. I wondered how in the hell you found me out!
 It was fun reading some history (Bay Area) from someone who was there.

Roger Waddington Your retreat into gafia, "still keep up with my fan
 4 Commercial St. still get a few fanzines, etc." sounds uncannily like my
 Norton, Malton fannish career. And if that was an intended gafia, what
 N. Yorks. YO17 9ES have I been doing all these years? Can't claim any mete-
 England oric rise, no famous fan feuds, nothing that would find
 me in "A Wealth of Fable;" doubt that I'll even end up as
 a footnote to fandom. Perhaps I'm what I've always been, one of the spear-
 carriers; and certainly very doubtful about being one of the best fannish pro-
 spects! Can claim in my defense that I've always been a supporter of science
 fiction, in fandom and out of it; particularly for the science-fiction maga-
 zines, which might yet find me in the Good Book.

Though I might be put on the debit side by such an old-fashioned approach; and having had my introduction to the ideas of sf through a spacemen-and-spaceships comic strip, and being launched on a love of unashamed space opera and sf as entertainment, it might not be too admissible in these Politically Correct days. But in spite of the failure of "China Mountian Zhang," I would like to raise a cheer for "A Fire On the Deep" and its shared Hugo; who says they don't write them like that any more?

And I can mourn the death of Chad Oliver, though not having been quite as close (mind you, how many sf authors live in Yorkshire?). He may not have had the column inches given to Isaac Asimov or Fritz Leiber in their passing; he may not have been so well known outside the field; but that didn't stop him writing good and memorable stories. (Think "The Shores of Another Sea" counts among my all-time favorites.) And to those of us immersed in the field, his life is a valuable lesson, that there can be another life outside and beyond science fiction.

Harry Warner, Jr. I had planned to celebrate my 70th birthday last De-
 423 Summit Ave. cember by announcing imminent gafiation, but one thing
 Hagerstown, MD 21740 and another prevented me from making the move, then
 when I had all these obligations piled up I felt I
 just couldn't walk off and leave them unattended to.

But I don't think I'll remain active much longer. I don't have the physical stamina to spend lots of time at a typewriter nowadays; my eyes grow tired from too much reading; I'm not interested in the television and movie topics that dominate so many of today's fanzines, and I have vague hopes of doing some professional writing to compensate for the retirement income I've lost via low interest rates. ((That would be the end of an era. I hope you are planning on staying active in FAPA at least.))

Of course, it was very good to hear from you again and to know that you'll be active again in fanzine fandom. HABAKKUK contains some information about this year's worldcon that I hadn't seen elsewhere. I haven't gone to a con for perhaps twenty years and have no intention of breaking that abstinence. I'm not the socializing type of fan to begin with; travel usually leaves me with a 24-hour headache upon arrival; my voice starts to fail after I've been talking for a dozen hours at a con, and the last few I attended caused me to regret having gone because I knew I would have received more permanent pleasure by spending the money on books and records.

Say hello to Miriam for me. If she would come back to active fandom, she would receive the recognition she deserves as one of the topnotch female fans in an era before Star Trek brought the great feminine invasion into fandom.

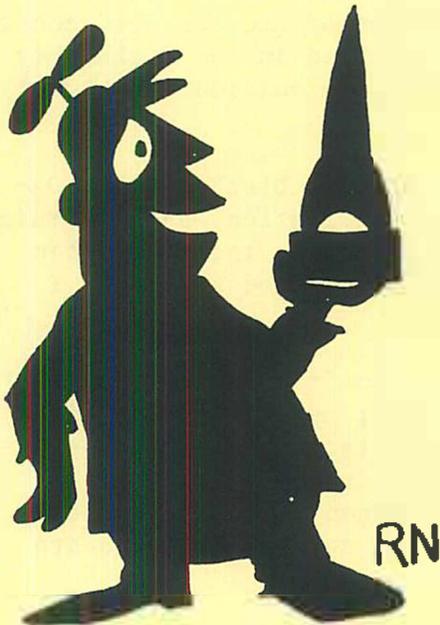
Darroll Pardoe
36 Hamilton St.
Hoole
Chester CB2 3JQ
England

Thanks for the HABAKKUK; a bit slimmer than the ones I remember! Good to hear from you again - I had wondered from time to time what had happened to you, and somebody (I forget who) said at one point they thought you had died. I'm happy to know that this wasn't so. I enjoyed your brief reminiscences of the 1968 Baycon: I have fond memories of that convention. It was the first North American Worldcon I had ever been to, and also my first visit to California, so it isn't surprising that it stuck in my mind.

Ray Nelson
333 Ramona Ave.
El Cerrito, CA 94530

Like you I attended ConFrancisco, but unlike you I had the best time I've ever had at any convention in my life, seeing everyone I wanted to see (including you) and never feeling hassled in any way. Except when sitting on a panel or going to a room party I planted myself on a folding chair at the entrance to the Convention Center and gave all my old pals the Big Hello. I figured rightly that sooner or later everyone I wanted to meet would have to pass by that point, and so they did.

I arrived early, set up a ring of chairs snatched from within the building, and announced by gathering as the Smoker Con, though I do not smoke. Whenever someone from Security questioned my actions, I told him we had to maintain a smoking section, and he went away.



Actually, since most of the interesting people in this world either smoke or allow others to smoke, I met a lot of new people in addition to my old chums, good people all, not a bit like Walter Breen, who used to pretend to be dying of emphysema if someone lit up a cigarette in the same shopping mall with him.

Like you I read "A Wealth of Fable", or actually reread it, since I'd bought the earlier mimeographed version, and like you I enjoyed it all, even the parts that were not about me, though a surprising number of the parts are about me. I come across as being quite musical, more than I'd remembered being. When I stroll down my fannish memory lane, I see myself drawing all the time, not strumming the old guitar. Well, I still am drawing!

((You're damn tootin'!))

Dian Girard Crayne
1717 6th St.
Manhattan Beach, CA 90266

Thanks for the issue of HABAKKUK! It's good to hear from you after all these years. I hope your foray into modern fandom is fun, exciting and all other good things.

Back in de days of me yuth I really enjoyed cons, but finally got to the point where I didn't really like the noise, confusion, and Monday morning exhaustion. So I retreated back into apa fandom. I've nestled down quite happily into SAPS and the Cult and eventually I'll get back into FAPA. That will just about bring me full circle from my neofan days.

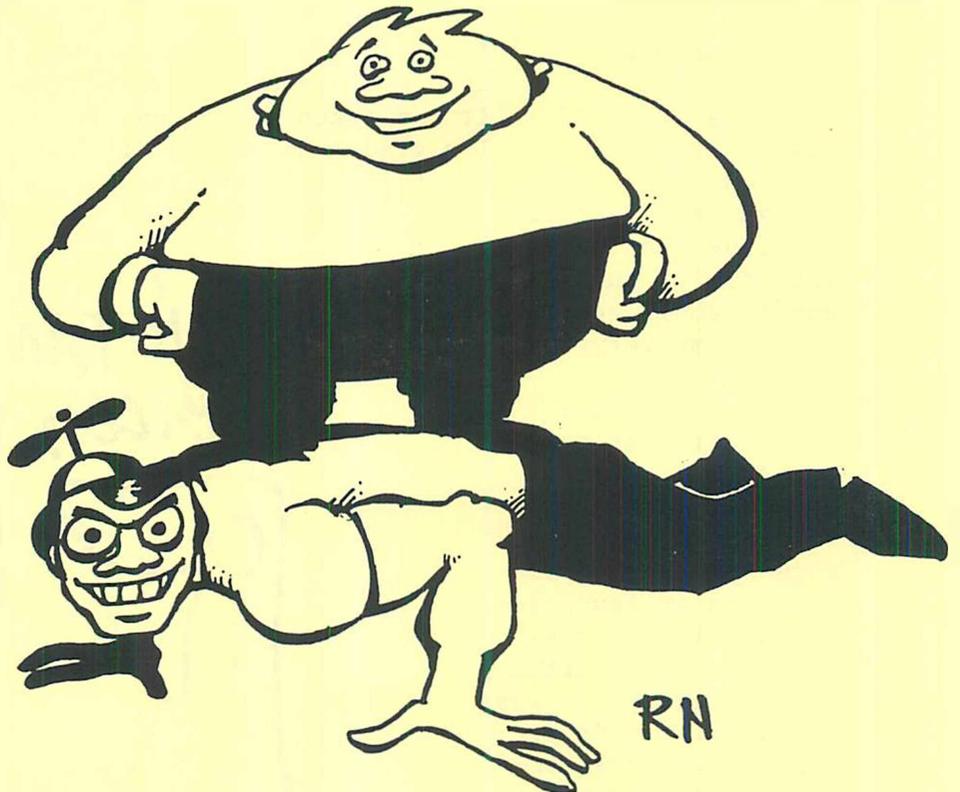
I was only an active club and con fan for about six years, so I can't say what convention was the best--although I do have some fond memories of Discon II--but some of the best *PARTIES* I remember were the ones you threw in the sixties.

I was corresponding with Avram Davidson before his death (yeah, yeah--it would hardly have been afterwards...) and happened to mention a deaf engineer I used to talk to at those parties, whom I recall with affection. Avram remembered him straight off and then wondered how it was that he and I recalled the same parties and the same people, but not each other. Was one of us in a parallel fandom? Could there have been TWO Bill Donahos and TWO great parties up above the park? It boggles the imaginataion. (It also makes me think of Bantok's Griffin and Sabine, and their problems in getting together. I wonder if his readers have their own fandom and send each other fanciful postcards and weird letters. Seems like a natural thing to do.)

((The deaf engineer was Barry Miller. Unless there were two deaf engineers as well! Barry, being deaf, became an expert at signing. Expert enough at it that he was one of the people working with Koko, the "talking" gorilla.

((Did you ever see him do his Party Trick? He would do pushups with me standing on his shoulders. And since I'm 6'4" and at the time weighed quite a bit over 300 lbs. this appealed to many fans' Sense of Wonder.))

On aging, one of the advantages of hanging around the same group of people for years and years is that you never notice each other getting old. I'm always startled to see photos from someone's one-shot session, or convention pictures in LOCUS, because the people's faces violate the mental images I have of them. After all, none of the men I knew in the 60's can possibly be a day over forty, and the femmes are all still vibrant twenty-five years olds, right? As for Bill Rotsler, he



is definitely wearing better than the rest of us. I think it's because he's still got an appreciation of the ridiculous in life.

((Right. Karen Anderson says that when she goes back home she and her friends look like they always have, but that college kids are getting younger and younger. Yes. I was in the VA hospital for a check-up and a gaggle of interns passed me. I thought they looked like a bunch of high-school boys. I mentioned this to a nurse. She said, "Yes, and they make me feel so old. . ."))

But the Old Guard is fading into the West, and First Fandom has changed its rules. . . Migod, I joined LASFS in 1961 and that makes ***ME*** eligible for membership. I'm not sure I'm ready for that. My, my, how time does fly. . .

We're getting ready to retire and move out to the boonies in Northern California. I'll be one of those strange reclusive fans that seems to be on every membership list but no one remembers SEEING in years.

Avedon Carol
144 Plashet Grove
East Ham
London E6 1AB
United Kingdom

I don't know what to say. I mean, HABAKKUK, of which I learned at Ted White's knee. *** I think I'm actually more shocked at how much I've aged than I am at how much everyone else has. Sure, you had 25 years to catch up with when you finally saw all those people again, but I've spent so much time seeing myself in the mirror, and I looked the same for so long, that I've still got my image memorized, and it surprises me every time I look into the mirror now and see how different I look from the image I knew so well for so long.

Leigh Edmonds
6 Elvira St.
Palmyra WA 6157
Australia

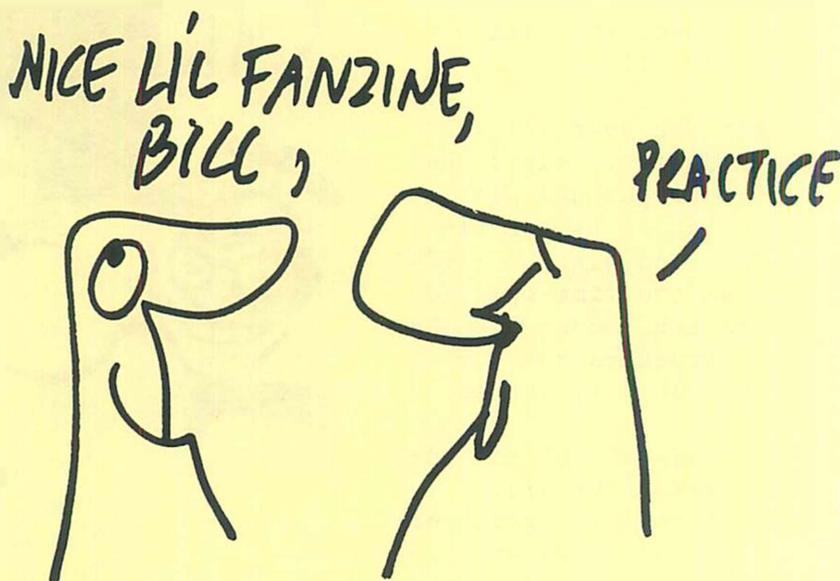
I somehow have the suspicion that this is the first letter of comment that I have written to HABAKKUK. The fact that it has taken me so long is your fault rather than mine, but I'm glad that you've finally got around to doing something about it. (I have very vague memories from my early days

in fandom of a fairly fabulous fanzine by that title, but I don't recall getting one for my very own.)

Well, I hope that this letter brings you a little bit of egoboo. Your fanzine brought me more pleasure than seems possible in so few pages. Perhaps it was the linos. A lost art that. Perhaps it was the writing. Or perhaps it was the cartoon on the front. Most likely, it was the whole lot rolled up.

Roy Tackett
915 Green Valley Road SW
Albuquerque, NM 87107

Where ya been for the last quarter century? Non-fanzine fans you saw at panels for old pharts: Kyle and Wood. SaM has articles in FANTASY COMMENTATOR; Hickman has a zine in FLAP; Widner pubs a genzine;



Speer has a zine in FAPA and contributes regularly to the ALPHA CENTURA COMMUNICATOR; Tackett pubs five fanzines. Now I'll admit I don't publish a genzine any more because postage got too bloody expensive, but a non-fanzine fan? Pfui!

((Alas. I was fishing, and you were the only bite I got. Well, a couple of nibbles from fans defending the "not guilty" cast of characters. . .))

Shocked at how we've aged? Haven't we? I admit that when I stumble into the bathroom in the morning and I look at the face in the mirror, I mutter "Liar!" I know there is a tean-ager somewhere inside this ancient body.

Cats? I have one. Many years ago when elder daughter was attending the university and working nights at the Holiday Inn she called home with this sad story about how this fellow had left a kitten at the desk and she couldn't get anyone to take it and could she bring it home for a couple of days until she could find it a home? The Holiday Inn Cat was 21 this past spring and is still going strong albeit more slowly. But aren't we all?

Anyway, thanks for sending HABAKKUK my way. You got a note out of me which is more than most fanzines do.

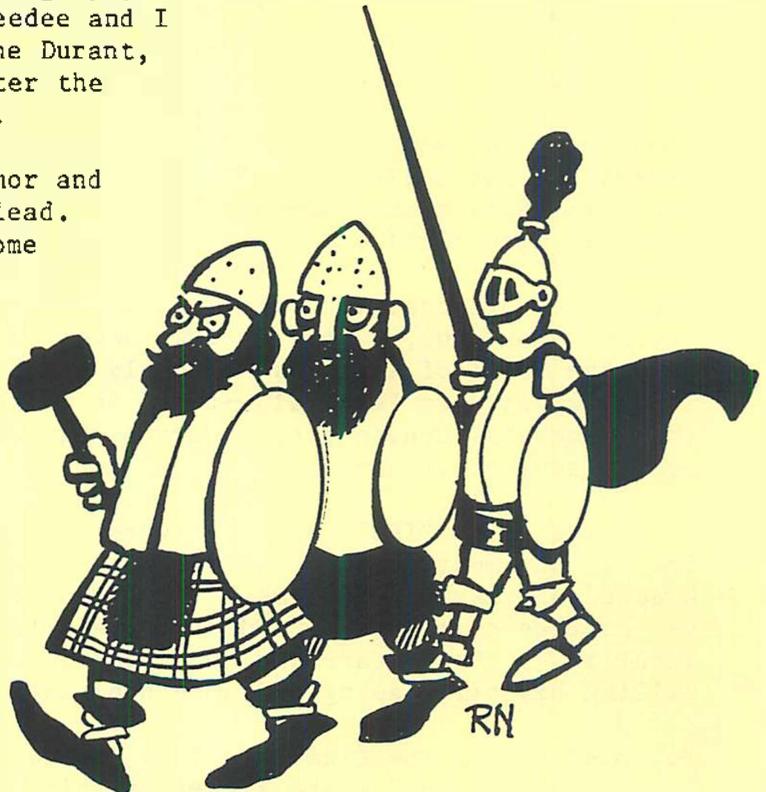
Roy Lavender Yes, Lester's death hit me hard, . We had exchanged letters and were planning on meeting at
2507 East 17th St. Midwestcon. Damn.
Long Beach, CA 90804

((One of my favorite memories of Lester was at the 1954 Metrocon where a then thirtish and beardless Lester gave a speech on "Who Killed Science Fiction?" that brought the most applause I've ever heard at any convention. Many, many decibels. Some years later I commented to Lester about his "rabble rousing" speech there. "It's what they wanted to hear," he said.))

At the BayCon in 1968 Deedee and I were among those who stayed in the overflow hotel, the Durant. The National Guard was on Telegraph, one of them about every ten feet. Deedee and I were walking from the Claremont to the Durant, in company with a column of SCAs, after the tourney on the lawn at the Claremont.

Paul Zimmer, in hardened bearskin armor and carrying a bronze hammer was in the lead. He was hairy enough that there was some question where the bearskin started. He was followed by a tall knight in Scottish kilt, carrying a two-handed broadsword, then a knight in full chain mail and another half dozen in scruffy leather.

When the young National Guardsman, with steel helmet well down over his ears and holding an M-1 with fixed bayonet and no ammunition, saw this apparition, he just stared and his head slowly swiveled. We crossed Telegraph and entered the rear door of the Durant, unchallenged.



-ience. You commented at the time how much "better" it was than the controlled encounter sessions you'd attended. Many, if not most, of the people most actively involved had taken those "THC" caps. ((As would I had there been any more available. And I'm beginning to have Deep Dark Suspicions about that unavailability! I remember that session well.))

My experience with PCP then, and in the next few years, was that it fostered unhibited social interaction, which could be very positive in the right context --but that it blocked my ability to "get into" and enjoy music. I had an overdose of PCP at the 1974 Worldcon, which many of my friends still recall with mixed emotions (I went into shock), and I've not taken any since.

It turns out that PCP is itself a brain chemical, used to regulate traffic between sections of the brain. When used as a drug, it blocks off the forebrain, and leaves the basic, reptile brain in control--which no doubt explains much about the behavior of people on PCP.

Janice M. Eisen

1111 Scalp Ave. - #453
Johnstown, PA 15904

There are still plenty of small cons out there, Bill-- they just aren't Worldcons. I enjoy Worldcons as an enormous party, and I find I have remarkably little trouble in finding my friends. ConFrancisco was much too spread out, though; like you I bothered schlepping over to the Parc 55 (I was staying at the ANA) only once. And I never got to the filking either, though I enjoy it.

People complain about the fragmentation of interest groups at large cons, but that kind of segregation institutionalizes it. At my first Worldcon (and first con), Noreascon II, I wandered around the main hotel doing some of everything, partying, filking, watching movies, hanging out and talking. That sort of buffet approach isn't possible at a con like ConFrancisco.

Gary Deindorfer

447 Bellevue Ave. #9-B
Trenton, NJ 08618

You may be wondering upon receipt of this letter; that is, wondering by now what brought on me sending you six manila envelopes full of fanzines with no explanation until you read this. ((Many, many thanks. Six envelopes with postage of \$2.90 each! Now, that's a TRADE.))

Well, see, it's this way: I am constantly ridding myself of books and fanzines because I don't have room for them, what with (also) the thousands of records and cassette tapes I have (but so far I have not gotten into CDs).

Once I have read a fanzine I feel no need to keep it. Yet I feel that fanzines are too valuable samizdat and folklorish material to waste by throwing them away. So every once in awhile as the zines accumulate I send them to someone. And who better to send the fanzines (or some of them) of the last year than to you, a returning gafiote. I hope you like them, or at least some of them. ((You bet! They were a Great Help in catching up. Thanks again!))

I remember meeting you for the first and only time at the 1973 Westercon in



San Francisco. This is also the con where I first met Miriam when she was married to Jeremy. Please say hello to her for me. She and Jerry helped me out in Berkeley at a time in my life when I was in terrible emotional, mental and financial shape. I hope she finally received the \$25 money order I sent them months after borrowing it from them in Berkeley before leaving for toxic New Jersey.

Sorry I have no back issues of my zine SPUD and its letterzine SPUDNUT, but SPUD #2, eight pages all of my own writing, will be out in a few weeks, and I hope you read it over Bill's shoulder, old buddy Miri!

Glad you had a fine old time at ConFrancisco. I was talking to Steve and Elaine Stiles on the fone last week asking them about the con.

He said one highlight was British TAFF laureate Abi Frost getting drunk and indulging in a shouting match with, of all people, Arnie Katz and Bill Kunkel. (Wonder what **they** were on.) Sounds like grand fun.

((Ah, the fannish grapevine. I don't know about Bill, but everyone here says Arnie wasn't at ConFrancisco. I heard that the incident took place in Las Vegas when Abi visited there on her U. S. tour. There was a **S*T*R*O*N*G** disagreement, but the report made no mention of either volume level or intoxication level. That of course says nothing about where on the scale they both might be placed.

((I am told the disagreement was about whether the next American TAFF winner should come to the 1994 British Eastercon or wait a year and come to the 1995 Worldcon in Glasgow. Evidently Abi feels--as do many other fans, both British and American--that the TAFF winner should come to Glasgow.

((I find this strange. It seems to me that both the British fans and the TAFF winner would prefer the smaller con since it would offer better chances of contact and socializing. However, I think the preference of the British fans should be the deciding factor.))

They Were Jiants in Them Days

--Ken Cheslin

Ken Cheslin
10 Coney Green
Stourbridge
West Midland DYS ILA
United Kingdom

I was extremely gratified to get this HAB, even tho I read here that my N/A was culled from Ted White's m-list. (Oh, the shame of it!) ((Not exactly culled. I remember you from the old days.))

I remember that you had a cat called Shithead....but that's not something I tell my mentally bewildered moggies.

((Actually it was Dick Ellington who had the cats Shithead and Crazy, not me. But at the time I had, among others, a very bewildered one called Gideon. Very beautiful, solid grey, long-haired, but barely enough sense to find his food

THE TOP TEN REASONS
WHY I'M BACK IN
FANDOM



dish. Somewhat bigger than Habakkuk, but completely under Hab's paw. But Habakkuk was an extremely intelligent cat.))

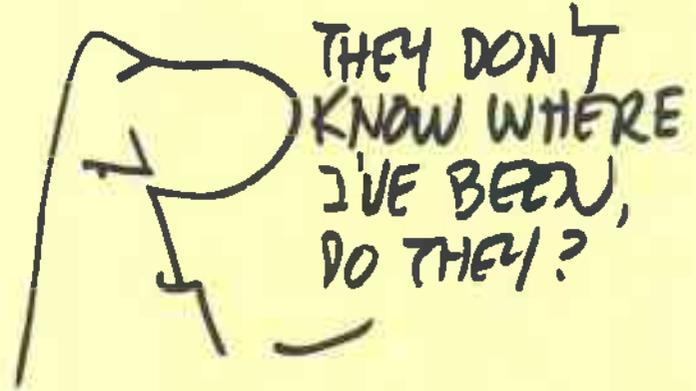
I was gaffiated for several years and yes, it was a shock to see how old friends had aged, some had had strokes and walked with sticks, some looked worn and crumpled, some (not actually present in the flesh you understand) had even been so inconsiderate as to die. I suppose I look old and wrinkled to them too.

Joseph T. Major

4701 Taylor Blvd. - #8
Louisville, KY 40215-4308

It is not the deaths that bother me so much, though they do, as the illnesses. Everyone seems to have his own collection of ailments and pills to take. And this leads to issues skipped, conventions missed, meetings foregone, from hospital stays or bed rests or just whatever. It all sounds as if we can expect an "organ recital" panel at future cons. The old fen can get up and discuss their current ailments and treatments, and field suggestions from the audience, there to see their future.

You realize, of course, that you stand alone against a rising tide of academia, who have discovered a new untrammelled field upon which to wreak their havoc. In fact I first saw this mentioned in an Avram Davidson--I agree, what a loss--interview in "The Alien Critic" lo these many years ago around 1973, so it should be clear that this is not as recent as all that.



But anyhow at the annual picnic of our club just yesterday, one of the attendees gave me a copy of the Science Fiction Research Association bimonthly

bulletin. If you can imagine trivial goshwow reviews by some neo who thinks everything he has just read is abso-lutely the greatest somehow, written in stultifying academic prose, you can conceive what I read there. Seeing D&D tie-in hackwork books praised as master-pieces of prose and style is startling, I tell you.

The preponderance of opinion I have heard on ConFrancisco is that ConFiasco would have been a more appropriate name. On the other hand, I have actually met someone who went and liked it. What does this argue? 1) Worldcon is getting too big to be. 2) If you had a good time, it was a good con regardless.

Thanks for the zine. (Why is it that all those complainers about how fanzine fandom is dying always say in the next breath "And I am so far behind in my reading/loccing/pubbing.>") Hope to see another one soon.

Ethel Lindsay
69 Barry Road
Carnoustie
Angus DD7 700
Scotland

The last big con I attended was at Brighton and the hordes of people there just wearied me. Once I was walking back to my hotel when among the crowds I spotted Bruce Pelz. We greeted each other gladly, and then I never saw him again. I stayed away for a few years and then I started attending the Novacons in Birmingham. Now that I enjoy because it is not too big and

I can meet all my old friends. Last year on the Sunday morning Peter Weston took a small group of us on a walk through the new refurbished heart of the city and we ended up in a pub which had a marvelous jazz band. Highlight of the weekend and Pete promises this again this year.

Like you I do not mind getting older; it's what happens to me friends that I

as well, landmass-wise that is. This is one of the things that has kept me away from conventions for some time. Trouble is, I can remember the pre-SEACON '79 (Worldcon at Brighton, UK) era when there were only about three or four conventions per year, and EVERY ONE OF THOSE WAS A SPECIAL EVENT, unlike now where a fan can go digging through the news releases prior to the weekend and then pick and choose which convention to attend before going back to work on the Monday.

That, and the fact that conventions have become too specialized here in the UK (one convention I went to I had some fanzines and paperbacks for the auction, handed them over, and was told in no uncertain terms that "it's not that kind of convention" and was handed the fanzines back.)

This has also had a knock-on effect in that I was looking for someone at a recent fan gathering, and when I started asking about I was asked "I don't know if I should know him. What sort of fandom is he in?" Fuck, have we gotta wear our colours on our sleeves and let said colours dictate who and what we associate with?

Don't get me wrong here; I'm all for new blood (been crying for it for ages in my own zines) but I would like to see few barriers being deliberately imposed and also a more reasonable stance with conventions. Strange as it may seem to the likes of thee and moi there are convention fans who know nothing about fanzines, apas or the like, and believe them to be elitist backwater shitholes (I should know; I've converted three of them into writing for me, enjoying the experience, and wanting to stay on the mailing list).

((I've seen in several fanzines remarks to the effect that today there are NO teen age fans. They were a very important element of previous fandoms. And evidently there is very little new blood at all. In his STICKY QUARTERS 22 Brian Earl Brown says that he went to the 1993 Midwestcon and "Most of the people there were people I'd first met back at the 1978 Midwestcon. The only 80's or 90's fans there were the ones we're breeding ourselves."))

This kind of press is something I thought fandom had gotten over back in the 70's and 80's in the UK when the proliferation of mini-cons started up. Like yourself, although my primary form is fandom is the fanzine (well, when you're 8,000 miles from the UK, dropping supplies off to the Antarctic Expeditions at Bird Island and Grytviken (South Georgia, South Atlantic) it is a little difficult to pop around to the clubhouse and say hi to the boys & girls in the backroom, isn't it?) I have never had



the blinkered mentality to limit my enjoyment to one or two avenues at best.

I suppose if one thing has managed to remain constant over the years then it has to be fan fueds. Reading the piece about Andy Porter and Dick Eney not having spoken to each other for 19 odd years still makes me wonder "why bother?" It's somewhat akin to reading about MagiCon in Gerri Sullivan's IDEA and hearing that the TAFF WARS was still a topic of conversation (No, don't ask, you were lucky to miss all the rabid snapping and spitting ON BOTH SIDES—and seeing it still being dredged up reminded me of when the family budgie dies and you bury it in the flowerbed (‘cos the kiddies won't let you flush it down the toilet "like what you did with Joey The Goldfish") only to have the dog keep on digging it up and dragging it back into the house, maggots, earth and all.)

("Joey" The Goldfish of course begs the question of how the hell do you sex a goldfish? That's one I'm leaving up to you good sir, though I do suggest you leave the lights on all the same. . . .)

Irwin Hirsh Thanks for HABAKKUK. I enjoyed reading it. When Wendy
26 Jessamine Ave. said, down the telephone line, that the day's mail had
East Prahran brought a fanzine from a Bill Donaho, my main thought was
Victoria 3181 that it was nice to see another neo putting out a fanzine.
Australia Not that I don't know something of your fannish achieve-
ments, Bill, it is just that there is a big difference
between reading about someone in a fan history book and linking that person's
name to an, as yet unseen, item of mail. It's good to have you back. Or,
rather, intersecting my fannish universe. It was weird reading the first few
paragraphs because you started going gafia about a decade before I got into
fandom. And here I am 33 years old and already viewed upon as being one of the
old and tired brigade.

I'm with you on the size of the worldcon. I've only attended two worldcons. The first was Aussiecon Two, but being on the committee I was in too much of an organizational haze to make much out of the experience of attending the con. My second worldcon was Conspiracy '87 which I attended as the GUFF winner, and I found it too big and too tiring. At the end of it I came to the conclusion that I'm unlikely to ever again travel outside Australia with the worldcon as my fannish focus. Other cons, such as Mexicon or Corflu, hold far more appeal to me than the worldcon.

Jean Young You gave an interesting account of what it's like for a
Animal Fair long-time gafiate to go to a WorldCon. You did, of course,
RR 4 - Box 47 still have many, many friends among the attendees, and it
Decorah, IA 52101 seems you've kept up during your absence a lot better than
I have, or than I do now.

I myself live a rather hermitish existence, living alone--well, as sole human--with three dogs and a vast number of mice, with whom (the mice, that is) I'm in constant battle. Old farmhouses are like that. No cats (my dogs like cats real well--for breakfast. Or supper, same difference).

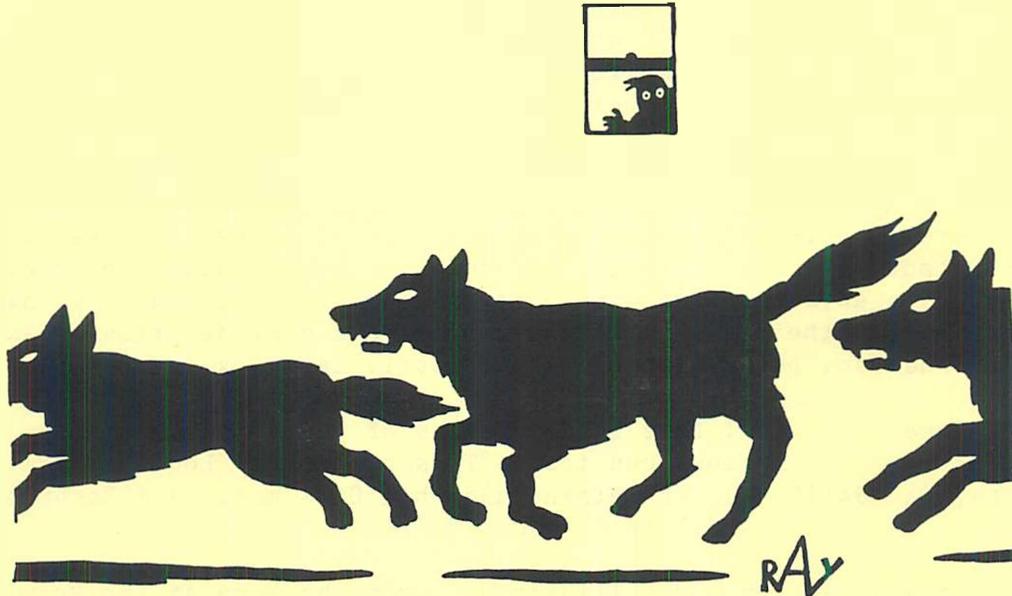
From your comments on the Hugos--agreements & disagreements--it seems that you still read that Crazy Buck Rogers Stuff. Many "fans" seem not to any more. ((In the fifties Larry Shaw said that most current fans didn't seem to read it, at that time, but that it had been very important to ALL fans at one point or another in their lives.))

I read very little sf myself these days, except for (blush) Star Trek novels (good, bad & indifferent) and the occasional "heroic fantasy." I read mostly mysteries, preferably the "cozy" sort. I want ESCAPE, not blood-&-guts realism.

((Me too. I mostly want a **Good Story**, not something that just tweaks my usual reaction patterns. That's something that is a terrific bonus to a good story, but pretty thin in itself. But said tweaking seems more than enough to a lot of reviewers.))

I haul mail for a living (well, almost a living) six nights a week, between Decorah, IA and LaCrosse, WI--a short run with a long, unpaid layover--good hourly rate but only 20 hrs. wk for all that time away from home. Not a bad drive in good weather, but very, very scary in winter--many hills and curves (some banked the wrong way), and last year winter was 6 months long. Since we've had snow flurries for 3 days & we are supposed to have them for 2 more, it looks like another LONG winter this year too.

My dogs are howling their heads off. I suppose it's the coyotes again. This particular region has been heavily plagued with them. There's a den (or maybe more than one) somewhere down the valley below the barn. (Not my barn, though it was part of the farm that this house belonged to. I just have 2/3 acre, w/house and a so-called garage, a kind of ancient dilapidated shed where I keep my lawnmowers & where I used to keep goats when I first moved here 12 yrs ago--before the coyotes got them.)



((I read recently that there are far more coyotes in the country now than there were when Columbus "discovered" America. They are now found in every one of the continental states. My ex-housemate, Steve Rosenquist, swears that late one night he saw a pack of them near our apartment in San Francisco. And he had been clean and sober three years at the time!))

Time for me to eat something & be off on the mail run, stoking up the wood stove before I go & hoping it won't get too cold while I'm gone for 10 hrs overnight and that I don't burn the house down! My constant worry (one of them).

Brian Earl Brown
11675 Beaconsfield
Detroit, MI 48224

Your 1st page illo, the "Outland" strip, upset so many people here that it was moved from the front page of the funnies to an inside page. I think it's a brilliant display of why men just don't get it.

"To Hell with the Grips." Yeah, movie credits are too long. But I did see one that ended with the note, "If you'd left before the credits, you'd be home now."

Linda Hardy Artist I like the cartoon on the 1st page. I have one
20190 Milburn like it on my refrigerator. My husband says I'm "picking"
Livonia, MI 48152 on him.

Rodney Leighton I appreciated receiving HABAKKUK, but I am not a con
R.R. #3 goer and not much of an SFer. My big interest in
Pugwash, NS BOK 1LO fanzines is the letter column. *** I loved your back
Canada page strip and the comic on the first page.

I always enjoy studying...in a lackadaisical sort of way...humans, human nature and reactions. Sex is something I used to do and sometimes watch people doing on tape, but sexual activities are part of the human spectra which is always intriguing to me.

I have been a pro wrestling fan for many years and am aware of groupies . . . called "rats" by the way, in that fandom. I have seen a few things written here and there in SF zines which suggested that cons might attract groupies or possibly that femmefen were fairly liberated gals.

Do groupies show up at cons like at rock concerts and sports events? Or are femmefen particularly uninhibited gals? Or is it that femmefen are ugly dogs who are well known to screw any guy who's willing? Or is it a case of, like: "Hey, you turn me on--we may well never see one another again--let's fuck" sort of thing? And, if so, what effect has all this AIDS and other sex related disease scares had on such activities?

((There are a certain number of groupies, but they are mainly interested in the pros. The women in fandom are equally as attractive as their sisters in mundania. There is a certain amount of sexual activity just because it's away from home--in fact I've heard stories of groups of people arranging their "bed time" schedules in advance. But like everywhere good looking and/or charming guys make out by far the best. A little respect and consideration doesn't hurt either. And fans being slans I assume mostly Safe Sex is practiced.))

Cynthia Goldstone I have fond memories of your '64 con and the Clare-
350 Dolores St. mont con too. 'Twas at a party Lou and I gave that
San Francisco, CA 94110 Roger Zelazny and Phil Dick met. And Roger taught
Phil to do a Cat's Cradle.

Pray why didn't you mention three illustrious women who were at the Precon party --Carol Carr, Barbara Silverberg and me? ((I also didn't mention Robert Lichtman, so I'm not a complete MCP. But you were all on my mind; I don't know why you weren't on my typewriter.)) A Great Big Hi to Miriam.

Mike McInerney Thank you very much for sending HABAKKUK, Chapter 3,
83 Shakespeare St. Verse 1. It is the first fanzine I've received in many
Daly City, CA 94014 years. It's my own fault since I stopped writing locs
or publishing.

I went to ConFrancisco on Saturday as a 1-day member - \$50! Spent one hour in line to register and was upset to be told that 1-day members don't get the Program Book! When I started looking for old friends I realized I had just missed a panel about memories of the Baycon. From 10 feet away I saw a cluster of people talking who had just left the room. You were there, Bill, talking to Ben Stark, Ed Wood, Bob Silverberg, somebody else. I hurried on to a meeting of Memories of Jerry Jacks. Figured I'd run into you again later and say hello then. Sorry I never got the chance.

Not only the sheer number of people at the con made it difficult to find any

particular friend, but the logistics of spreading out to 3 or 4 different hotels and dozens of meeting rooms and a football-field-sized-combination artshow, huckster room and fan lounge helped keep fans isolated.

SAAAAY, ISN'T THIS THE
FANZINE THAT GROWS
EXPONENTIALLY?!



At the Jerry Jacks Memorial I ran into Robert Lichtman who told me about the Fan Lounge where I spent most of my time on Saturday until 6:00 PM when to my surprise they closed the huckster room & Fan Lounge. Talked to Andy Porter, Len Bailes, Don Fitch and hooked up with Steve & Elaine Stiles. Steve seemed very happy to see me and told me about parties for the evening. He mentioned one 2 blocks from Moscone Center where there would be chilli, and he told me the password was "swordfish". We agreed to meet there later.

I lost track of my friends and decided to take a walk over to check out the movie screenings and the nighttime Fan Lounge since I had 2 hours before the masquerade ball.

I found the hotel with the movies--6 or 7 blocks away from Moscone--after passing dozens of homeless, penniless beggars along the way. So much for escaping the mundane world at a world-con. The movie was "Horror of Dracula" which I've seen several times. Only about a dozen were in attendance so I left after a few minutes. Nothing else fannish was happening at that hotel, so I left to go on to the next hotel and the all night Fan Room.

Again passing the street peddlers obstacle course I got to the next hotel only to find the Fan Room not open yet.

Feeling isolated I stayed in the lobby long enough to watch lots of unknown con attendees pass me enroute to their rooms to change for dinner, parties, masquerade, etc.

I headed the six long blocks back to Moscone as it was almost time for the masquerade doors to open at 7:30 PM. Much to my surprise there was a line of fans waiting to get in that stretched around the corner. I walked to the corner and around it where I discovered the line stretched along the entire block to the next corner! I saw people counting the crowd and saying that not everyone would get in.

I made it before the cutoff, but when entering the hall had to take a seat on the farside of a football-field sized room. I heard that the fire marshalls of San Francisco had visited the con and ordered that there be no standees at the masquerade or they would close it down. The city should encourage conventions, not harass them. Anyway the con workers were very diligent at making everyone sit down before and during the show.

The room was too large for good viewing despite the projection TV's hanging above the stage. What I could see at that distance was good, but the details were lost. After 2 and a half hours of the show I left to go to parties.

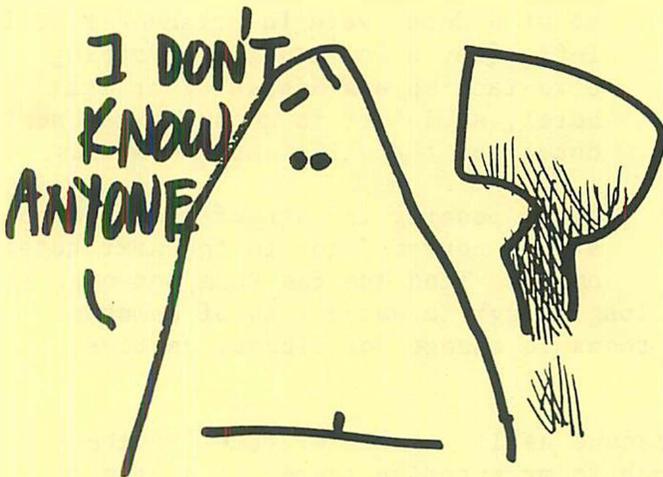
First party stop was 2 or 3 blocks away to a fancy apartment complex with an entry area with a uniformed guard at a desk. I didn't know which apartment the party was at and had to talk to the guard. When I mentioned the name he asked me, "Are you here for the chili party? What's the password?" "Sword-fish" I told the guard and was waved on the the elevator and given the correct room number.

Upstairs I found Steve & Elaine and their friends, Bill & Lynn who were hosting the party. I didn't know anyone else there except Hank Stine whom I didn't recognize at first because of his sex change.

We had some Anchor Steam Beer and Mexican food, talked and ate and relaxed for an hour. Refreshed, Steve, Elaine and I decided to search for parties back at the con hotels.

We walked the 7 or 8 blocks back to one of the con hotels where the SFWA party and the Dell party were happening. My memory gets hazy from this point on although I do recall a very nice talk with Bill Rotsler whom I hadn't seen in 10 or 15 years. I also enjoyed meeting Alexis Gilliard.

It was around 2:00 AM when I finally decided I was too tired and had to go home. Andy Porter had said earlier in the day that he no longer could stay up all night, every night at cons, and then keep going all the next day. I used to do that too. But time slows us all down a bit I guess. ((It helps to do that if you eat six meals a day, spread out over the 24 hours. It keeps the energy up.))



In retrospect I am glad I went to the con. I want to be more active in fandom again. I especially want to keep getting some fanzines. Hint. Hint. I've never stopped thinking of myself as a sf fan, despite the fact that I've been inactive. Even in the past when I went to 10 - 15 conventions a year and published 10 - 50 fanzines a year I was never much of a letter writer. Bill, this is probably the first letter I've written to you. ((Yes.)) But I know now that I will need to respond to zines to keep getting them and I PROMISDE ANY FAN-EDS WHO ARE NICE ENOUGH TO SEND ZINES - I WILL RESPOND!

I think I miss the weekly Fanoclast and Fistfa meetings the most--Ted White, Dave Van Arnam, Steve Stiles, Andy Porter, Frank Wilimczyk, Dick & Pat Lupoff, Dan Goodman, rich brown, Ross Chamberlain, Lee Hoffman. . . all the fans in New York during the 60's. Those were Fun Days and Nights where Fanac was the Focal Point of my existence, filling a void in my life.

Maybe some nice Faned will send me a zine or two. Since the con I have received zines from you, Steve Stiles (old ones), and Gary Deindorfer! And

maybe someone will have an extra Program Book for ConFrancisco or any of the Harry Warner fan history books.

Fred Lerner

5 Worcester Ave.

White River Junction, VT 05001

I'm not the only one glad to see you active again. When I announced at Ditto (a small Fanzine relaxacon in Boston this past weekend) that you'd revived HABAKKUK, there was considerable excitement in the room.

Alexander Yudenitsch

Caixa Postal 9613

01065-970 S. Paulo, SP
Brasil

Getting a copy of HABAKKUK, Ch. 3, Vrs. 1 was mildly mind-boggling, both for what it was and who it came from, AND from the fact that, as far as I know, I never was on Ted White's mailing list! So I STILL have no Idea Why (some say I Haven't A Clue, but I ignore them); but who am I to look gift horses in the mouth?

I've had some sort of correspondence with US fans at least as far back as 1962, being a SF reader since 1953 or so. But I have over 30 years of hearing about HABAKKUK and Bill Donaho without ever having seen one or the other. And now the latter sends the new incarnation of the former to me, citing the fan/pro editor that I most liked in the 70's as the reason. Yes, mind boggling. *** LA in '96? Who knows?

Lloyd Penney

412-4 Lisa St.

Brampton, ON

Canada L6T 4B6

My wife Yvonne and I are responsible for the fanzine lounge at ConAdian in Winnipeg next year. . .any advice for operating just such a lounge? What would you like to see there? I've got the basic idea, but are there any words of advice that could make this room the best yet? I need as much fan-ish input as possible. ((Gentle Readers?))

Jenny Glover

16 Aviary Place

Leeds LS12 2NP

United Kingdom

I am actually quite interested in your views of the fanzine lounge, as my partner Steve and I are doing the fan programme for Intersection, the Glasgow Worldcon in 1995. I want to make sure that there are lots of comfortable chairs/sofas for people to sit and see other fanzine editors and fan friends. But I do agree with you that a Worldcon is so big that it's possible to play hide and seek with people and only see them when they are on the down sideescalator and you are on the up, or you are starving, just about to eat, when they are leaving the cafeteria for a programme item.

But I do agree with you that a Worldcon is so big that it's possible to play hide and seek with people and only see them when they are on the down side escalator and you are on the up, or you are starving, just about to eat, when they are leaving the cafeteria for a programme item.

One way to make sure that you meet up with a particular group of people might be to have a special event, say early evening, say for members of apas or specifically for fanzine people. There's always the alternative of having a specialist party, run by some people with a common interest, but open to everyone. I don't know how effective a Voodoo board is in terms of communication:



even if you know that someone is looking for you, that still leaves the problem of actually finding them, looking for a small print name of a badge because you've no idea what the face above it will look like. It doesn't help, of course, that many people, men for example, tend to wear their badge on the waistband of their trousers, their jacket inside pocket.

You mention Karen saying that the idea of going to a con is to meet your friends. I don't really agree there. Sure, it's a bonus to meet friends, and it's great to sit and relax while chatting. But what about the programme, the Guests of Honour, the sense of wonder? And the sheer culture shock of going to a strange town/country/hotel to get some new attitude to life?

The other glitch I'm thinking about is that you see the fanzine lounge as a way of meeting your friends. That's good. But what about the new fans who don't have friends to meet? Isn't there something else to do in the fanzine lounge? Like, do a fanzine? I'm feeling irritated through no fault of your's, just wondering if it is enough to sit and chat with other fanzine people. Will the ideas zing and clash off each other and see fruition after the con—after all, you have done this. You said that you enjoyed ConFrancisco so much that you decided to become a little active and start HABAKKUK.

I'm planning out an Avenue of Duplicators, in all states from very ancient to the most modern available, including hektographs, which I offer for use to apas and for small fanzine runs. I want people to be able to do fanzines at the con, distribute them then and there (with a copy to me if possible).

Brad Foster Liked your report on the pre-Worldcon party where consensus seemed to be everyone disliked big conventions. I PO Box 165246 hear that a lot these days in fanzines. Me, I like the Irving, TX 75016 big conventions. They give me a lot of options on stuff to do at any time. Whereas at most small cons I've been to, if you're not interested in the one panel that hour, or have already looked at the seven tables in the dealers' room, or the ten panels of art in the art show, not much else is going on. If I just want to visit with friends, I don't need to pay for a convention for that. Count me as part of the fannish minority who likes bigger-n-better in their cons.

Of course, I also tend to avoid the strictly fanzine-fan areas at big cons, but that's mainly because I have no memory for names! I love fanzines because when a zine arrives in the mail, I can look it up, see who that person is, what we've done in the past. If someone comes up to me in person at a con and starts talking like we're old friends, it gets embarrassing having to say I've no recollection of them whatsoever. After the last couple of times, I've tended to avoid situations where I look more like a jerk than just a guy with no memory cells. Give me print and time to research! *** On your front-cover toon, I didn't realize that wearing briefs is what brought meaning to men's lives. Imagine that!

WAHF

David Bratman, Ned Brooks,
Chester Cuthbert, Rich
Dengrove, Frank Denton,
Paul Di Filippo, Allyson

Dyar, Sharon Farber, Elizabeth Garrott,
William Gibson, Kim Hainsworth, Ben In-
dick, Tom Jackson, Jeanne Mealy, Derek
Pickles, Tom Sadler, Noreen Shaw, Mae
Strelkov, Taral Wayne, Henry Welch.







DAN
STEFAN
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