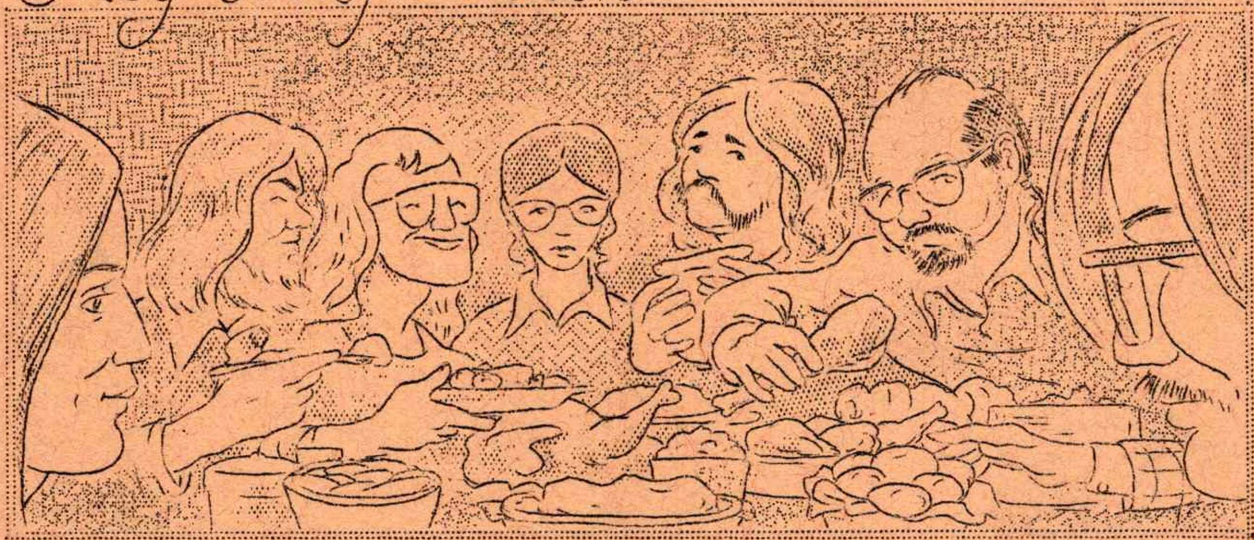


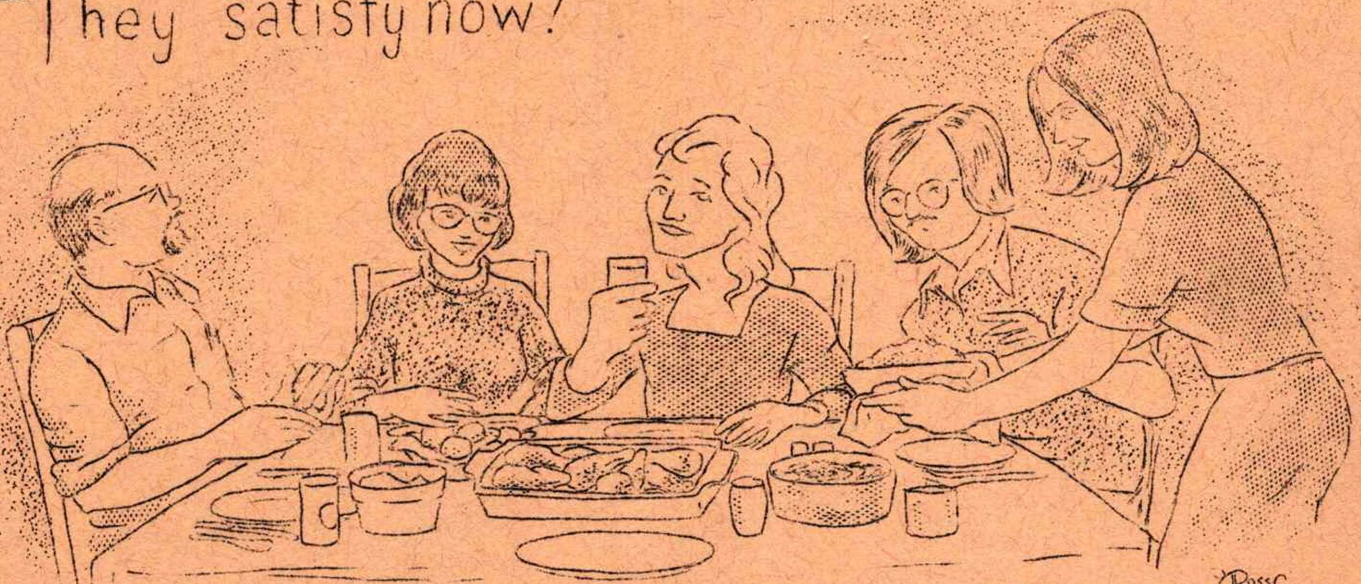
Vol. 2
No. 2

Swoon

They satisfied then—



They satisfy now!



SWOON 3

Unendurable Pleasure Infinitely Prolonged

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DULL BUSINESS

SWOON #3, Volume 2 Number 2, is edited by Joyce and Arnie Katz (59 Livingston St., Apt. 6B, Brooklyn, New York 11201) on a determinedly monthly schedule. This fan-nish insurgent publication is available for trade, letter of comment, contribution of art or written material and by subscription at the rate of 6/\$5. A sample copy is \$1. Publication date is May 9, and scheduled to be on hand to offer assistance in creating the proper fannish atmosphere (and doing the collating) are Bill and Charlene Kunkel, Moshe Feder, Lisa Eisenberg, Stu Shiffman and Gary Farber.

Copies of "The Incompleat Terry Carr", containing some of the finest work of that superb fanwriter, are still available from us for the paltry sum of \$1. Supplies of this volume are limited, but I think I can guarantee you a copy if you get on the stick. Unfortunately, there are not a similar number of copies of "The Enchanted Duplicator" illustrated by Ross Chamberlain, left. I believe I've found a previously hidden cache, though, so a dollar and an address label will get you a copy of this landmark publication as well. Watch for more grandiose projects.

Publication date: May 9, 1976.
Next Issue: June 6, 1976.



One of the striking differences between publishing for fun and publishing for profit is that professional editors are forced to polish off an issue before the first copy of the previous one has rolled off the presses. Lead time, production schedules and the intricacies of distribution dictate that next month's Chain Store Age be substantially completed before this month's is even finalized on boards. Professional editors don't have the luxury we fans take for granted -- postponing work on the magazine until ego "fuel" arrives in the form of letters of comment.

In fact, if we waited for LoC's down at Chain Store Age, we'd never publish. As many have noted, science fiction fans are exceptional when it comes to writing to prozines. If CSA, with four times the circulation of Amazing, ever got a tenth of the letters Ted White receives on an average issue, it would cause a sensation. We'd have a huge staff meeting liberally ornamented with cigar-chomping vice presidents to discuss what we did to elicit such response and decide the best way to repeat this miracle at the earliest possible opportunity.

That meeting will never take place. Supermarket executives aren't a particularly verbal lot; they're much more at home with their profit and loss statements. I've gotten my share of egoboosting letters over the years, but most communications from trade magazine readers either complain about the context in which the letter-writer's company was mentioned or dispute a statistic.

Some businessmen are under the delusion that trade magazines only exist to print good news. In fairness, I have known some publishers who held a similar misapprehension, though never at any magazine I have, or would, edit. I recall that during the tunafish mercury scare of a few years ago, I daily received sheaves of press releases from fishery groups attempting to clamp a lid on the topic. They held the position that, since nobody had died from mercury poisoning yet, all worries about the debilitating effects of ingesting an excess of this substance could be ignored. Evidently, the marketing directors of these associations had determined that the brain damage which results from excessive mercury intake would only make potential customers more receptive to Star-Kist and Bumblebee commercials.

KATZEN
JAMMER

ARNIE
KATZ

Whenever a magazine prints a statistic, it is setting a collision course with a small, but vocal fandom of number freaks. You can publish that a triangle has five sides or that Joe Stalin is President of the United States, and it usually won't even raise a ripple. But allow a typographical error -- or even worse a computational mistake -- to infiltrate a chart or table, and you'll have an insurrection on your hands. Editors can often tell to the exact hour when a particular issue has reached the readers when they see the switchboard light up with calls pointing out numerical errors.

As a result of many conversations with such callers and close perusal of the letters sent by their thriftier cohorts, it has become plain to me that there is a segment of the readership that automatically re-adds any column of figures, recomputes all percentages and, in general, attempts to ferret out any inconsistencies. Like a boxer whose opponent has a glass jaw, these Figure Filberts are relentless once they've found a chink in a magazine's statistical armor. They will call and write repeatedly until the culprit at the magazine pleads for forgiveness and vows to go and sin no more.

I've worked with editors who have become so shellshocked from their dealings with stat crazies that they've simply stopped using numbers in their articles entirely. Where once they might have written, "There are 1.672 billion bullfrogs in the United States," they now pen, "America sure has a shitload of bullfrogs."

A trade magazine letter column is truly an Experience, particularly for the bottom-rung editor who has to assemble it each month. Though many business publications have dispensed with the whole mess, some publishers insist on carrying such a feature. They aren't just frustrated letterzine editors; the readers' column comes in handy for filling awkward holes on pages with fractional advertising.

When I started at Quick Frozen Foods six years ago, one of my jobs was editing the letters. It was a very erudite column, too, with correspondents making incisive, meaningful comments about the frozen food industry. I insured this by writing the letters myself. You would be surprised, dear SWOON readers, at how many of you had letters in Quick Frozen Foods magazine in 1970.

Eventually, the mild thrill of using fannish names palled, and I grew bolder. One month, I worked the names of 26 science fiction and fantasy prozines into three short letters. If SaMoskowitz, my boss at the magazine, was aware of my hijinks, he never bothered to mention it.

This month, there's less difference than usual between publishing for fun and publishing for profit. Joyce and I retain the privilege of losing stacks of money on SWOON like proper gentleman (and gentlewoman) amateurs, but we find ourselves in the position of having to turn out the bulk of this SWOON before getting the feedback from our first issue. Perhaps it's merely the excitement of getting back to fanpublishing again -- too much, too SWOON, as you might say -- but we're determined to produce our little magazine on a regular, monthly schedule.

Now, I know we used to be rather diffident about fanzine schedules. We were downright lax. But we've acquired new respect for system and regularity as a consequence of our stint as publishers of a professional wrestling magazine. Consider us ex-lax. In order to hew to our monthly schedule without cutting corners as a result of trying to produce the whole issue three days before our deadline, we're spreading the work as evenly as possible through the month. We've stenciled the material already on hand, and we're counting on you to deluge us with witty, printable letters of comment just in time to make our deadline. Joyce and I hope you haven't disappointed us by hanging back until you're sure we're serious about this frivolity, or we may be forced to print a batch of blank pages. I suppose if you stand us up, I could take a leaf from my professional career and simply write some witty, printable letters of comment and sign your names to them. That's the way professional magazines do it, you know.

Doing SWOON so systematically has its negative side, too. Doing the work a little at a time does, indeed, help set the leisurely pace so necessary to maintaining that air of gracious living, but it also prevents us from using your letters to fine-tune SWOON volume 2 number 2 as we would like.

It's true that we basically publish for our own pleasure, but Joyce and I are really a rather obliging couple. It pleases us to please you -- as long as we can continue to please ourselves at the same time. We'd be glad to make small alterations in SWOON to keep the smiles on your sensitive fannish faces.

We can't fine-tune SWOON this month, though. I can't say to Joyce: "We've got a batch of letters here that want us to sex up the editorials," because we don't have our batch of letters yet. If we did have a batch of letters demanding more sex in the editorials, this would be the perfect time of year for our projected photo-essay on New York streetwalkers. By the time your letters arrive, the scarlet sisters will be out of season, and this thought-provoking piece will have to wait till next year. It serves you right for waiting until SWOON arrived to do your letter of comment.

Nearly as omnipresent as the prostitutes -- and with the Democratic National Convention looming, there are whores of hookers all over the city -- are the guys who hand passersby little flyers extolling the delights of what are euphemistically called "Massage parlors".

Not being a patron myself, I suppose I shouldn't dismiss the possibility that some massaging goes on inside these places, but I do have sincere doubts about the establishments that advertise, "Complete satisfaction \$10." You know, there's nothing that looks more foolish than 20 guys lined up in front of a street-level ten buck cathouse. All those macho guys stand there, doing their best to pretend that they aren't really on line while making sure no one else cuts ahead of them. I understand these assembly line whorehouses work it just like bakeries; you take a number and wait your turn for service.

Shortly after our wrestling magazine MAIN EVENT reached its peak of popularity at Madison Square Garden, we had the signal honor of having our name (and logo) appropriated by a cathouse near the famous sports arena. We were ambivalent. It wasn't exactly the type of recognition we had in mind, but it was some consolation to learn that the "Main Event" whorehouse charges twice as much as its sleazier competition for the \$10 quickie trade. Class tells.

As you might expect, the people who distribute handbills for these places are a rag-tag lot. They run heavily to dopefiend spades with pipestem arms and bugging eyes as round as saucers and befuddled longhairs from the suburbs trying to earn a little spending money.

They'll give those flyers to anyone --





sodden bums, wheelchair cases, decrepid old codgers, even shopping bag ladies. It's all the same to the leafleteers. I'm not sure where they think a guy with cardboard shoes is going to get \$50 to visit Caesar's Retreat, but it doesn't stop them from giving the wretch a handbill.

Sometimes, maintaining the frenetic pace needed to guarantee that everyone on a crowded street gets a flyer overloads the delicate nervous system of one of the distributors. All of a sudden you see a black dude spinning around and around like a top, flinging gaily colored come-ons to the four winds.

Some of you may have wondered, when I discussed the enthusiasm-building powers of letters of comment, how Joyce and I published SWOON #1 without the spur of such raw egoboo. It was a struggle, but we didn't leave anything to chance. We pursued a policy carefully calculated to fan the embers of our enthusiasm into incandescent flame.

One of the things we did was seek out face-to-face fan contact by making our return to FISTFA, enjoying a big revival under the direction of Ross Chamberlain. It was quite a rousing meeting, with Ross' apartment packed to the walls with the cream of present day New York fandom. There were surprisingly few cards, and the better class of FISTFANS simply refused to let them get in the way.

Joyce and I were quite impressed with the salutatory changes which New York fandom has undergone in our 20 months away from the local scene. There seems to be a lot more genuine friendliness (with a consequent drop in egocentric posturing), and it was a pleasure to see so many people concentrating on just having a good time instead of declaiming their psychoses in stentorian voices toward the general direction of the ceiling. Much easier on the rest of us, too.

Among the many fans I enjoyed meeting was Gary Farber, who may become the hyperactive New York fanpublisher of the '70's, if he doesn't gaffiate before producing the first issue of FANHISTORICA with Joe Siclari. They promise a 14-page article by Lee Hoffman on the QUANDRY days that has to be near the top of the list of fannish "must readers".

Gary and I talked of many fannish things, erecting vast phantasmal publishing empires. Tenth fandom may have been born, lived and died in one short evening. I'll always remember it as a golden age. Write to Farber for details.

We finally worked our way around to the subject of multi-generational fan families. We both advanced numerous examples of this phenomenon -- the Beetems, the Couches, the Lavenders -- but neither of us could nominate one genuine third-generation fan. Gary was particularly anxious to find at least one example of this rara avis, perhaps the first of a truly cosmic-minded race of tomorrow.

He was looking to his coeditor Joe Siclari and Karina Girsdansky to fill this trouble-

some void. "They're engaged now, Arnie," Gary rhapsodised. "Soon they'll get married. After awhile they'll have a child -- a genuine third-generation fan!" I thought he was being a little ova-anxious, but Joe and Karina are high-minded fan types who may indeed perpetuate our strange species.

As I mentioned to Gary, I'm sometimes surprised there are even as many second-generation fans as there are. After all, how many of us associate primarily with our parents' friends? I would think it would be hard for someone to enter a closed little society in which mom or dad is a big wheel, and this may be the reason that BNFs have not been particularly successful in producing a younger generation of similarly illustrious fans.

The jolt of undiluted fannishness from the FISTFA meeting was spent in a veritable orgy of stencil-cutting, but Joyce and I knew only too well that something else was needed to help us clear the hurdles of mimeographing, collating and mailing SWOON #2.

So I decided to call up Terry Carr on the office tie-line to see how he was doing, find out if he will continue "The Infinite Beanie" and get a further charge of enthusiasm from this font of publishing jiantism.

Two out of three isn't bad, I guess. I learned that Terry is busy but well, that he'll try to work additional installments of his column into his busy schedule, but also that he has been just about as inactive as us these past dozen months.

"You know how gafiated I've been?" the Burbee of the Sixties challenged.

"No, Terry, how gafiated are you?" I replied.

"Well, just the other day I g t a phone call from Elmer," he began, as I wondered if I should ask who "Elmer" is. "He said, 'It's two months late already.' And I said to him, 'What's two months late, Elmer?' And he said to me, 'FAPA, Terry, FAPA.' I hadn't even realized it. That's how gafiated I am!"

"What's FAPA?" I muttered under my breath, but the Burbee of the Sixties was thinking heavy gafiated thoughts and didn't hear.

There's a hidden reason for the inclusion of the preceding dialogue. I'm d ing it for Terry Carr. When I told him Joyce and I were reviving SWOON, he commented that when you haven't read fanzines for a couple of years as he has, you stop getting the jokes.

"You'll get the jokes in SWOON," I promised this sleeping titan of trufandom.

"I'd better," Terry warned. "I'd better."

-- Arnie Katz

Still hedonistic to the hilt after all these years!

THE BUSINESS END First, we call your attention to the FAAn poll ballot which, if we make all the proper connections, will be distributed with this issue of SWOON. While we certainly don't believe that awards are the reason one does fanac, it's pleasant to know that the hobby is going to heap some heavyweight egoboo on deserving heads. Joyce and I urge your support.

This is where we make our usual plea for material. Please send us material, written or drawn. We love it all. Don't let us die f broken hearts while watching the mail box. Your contribution can save two lives -- doesn't that make it sound oh-so-worth-while?

JOYCE KATZ



BLUE JAUNT

SOME THINGS TO FIX IN SEVENTY-SIX

It's been paint-up, fix-up time around the Katz' apartment, and I've been having great fun looking at "House & Gardens" and dreaming.

It's a strange coincidence that has caused everyone of my friends to suddenly be interested in redecorating all at the same time...or perhaps it's just spring. Could it be that something in the human female psyche responds to the first zephyr spring breezes with an aching longing for finer feathers in her nest? What other excuse for the over-powering desire for the smell of paint and turpentine, than a genetic trigger that is turned on by the sight of the first daffodil. At any rate, the convenience of having several friends interested simultaneously has resulted in a great trading back and forth of the homemaker's bibles, decorator books, which like the Bible, hold forth a promise of heavenly design to dream of for "by and by", and a few good rules and ideas to follow here and now.

My longings this spring have been partially sated by painting my dining room chairs... and one arm and half a leg and a fair amount of the floor...bright red. New curtains in the bedroom, new cloths for the night tables, and a great deal of anticipation for maybe buying some new furniture this fall, if.

I'm also anticipating a lot of fixing up during this year of my fannish committments. For sundry reasons, fandom fell to the side in the past couple of years, and even for a period before that my fanac was mostly confined to a small circle of friends. I regret that circumstances conspired to limit my general activity so drastically, and I'm hoping that there'll be some new fannish feathers sprouting from my wings this year. I'm not prepared to make promises as to what directions my anticipated activities will take; but, keep watching this spot. I promise I'll be here.

THE MUSIC GOES ROUND 'N ROUND

One of my long-term projects has been trying to build up again a decent classical music library. This was, when I began to do it, a rather frustrating prospect, and I hardly knew how to proceed. I considered doing this in the time-honored fashion of buying an album a week for eternity -- but, when you're all out of classical music, how on earth do you decide what record to buy first? (I chose Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto...probably my favorite piece of music in all the world.) Even after I had chosen the first album, I realized that there was just such a

large number of things that I wanted that I needed a faster way to build at least the basic library. So, I decided on the Time-Life Records series "The Story of Great Music". I had owned the complete series in St. Louis, and I already knew that it was/is excellent. The selections chosen for the series are fantastic; the quality of the recordings are as good as any I've ever bought from any company, and the performances are outstanding. An album comes to me once every two months and costs \$17.95, and I've just been awfully happy with every collection I've received. I have received all eleven boxed sets of the Story group, each one being selections from a musical era, (ie, Renaissance, Baroque, Elegance, Revolution, Romantic, Opulent, Modern, 20th Century, Contemporary, Spanish and Slavic.) Now, having already experienced the way the routine works, I know that I will receive an additional boxed set entitled "Concerts From..." each of the above eras. The first set of eleven boxes (the Story series) contained four lp's plus a book of discussion of the era. The second set of eleven do not contain books, and therefore have five lp's per box.

I recognize that, all told, these albums have cost a lot. But, they have certainly been good value, since I've obtained such a sweeping assortment of classical music. And, their arrival once every two months has disciplined me into building back the classical music library that I wanted (while if I were depending on myself to budget to buy four or five classical albums every couple of months -- in addition to the r&r we buy -- I'd probably not have done it.) There may be a few of my favorite compositions missing that I'll pick up separately, but the real thing that I'm happiest about is that I have actually managed to acquire substantially all of my favorite symphonic music. The set hasn't been, and of course I knew this beforehand, very good for opera, and operas will have to be bought separately. But for the purpose I wanted it, I am just really really happy about them.



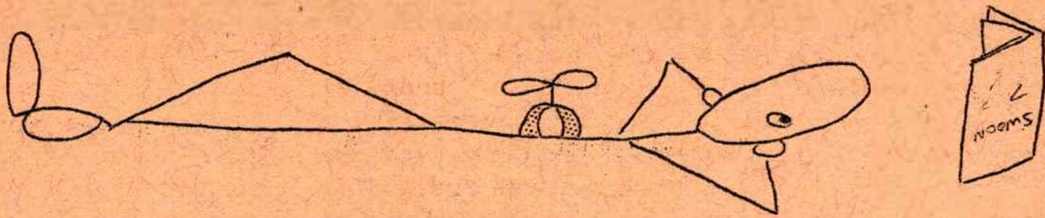
AMONG THE BETTER OFFERS I'VE HAD that came to me through the mail, is the elegant brochure, tastefully engraved in gold lettering on cream, from the Franklin Library, Franklin Center, Pa. 19091. They announce that under the auspices of the American Revolution Bicentennial Administration (and isn't everything this year?) they will soon begin publication of a limited heirloom edition of The 100 Greatest Masterpieces of American Literature. Custom bound in leather, individually ornamented front, back and spine with 22 karat gold, moire endsheets, ribbon markers, pages edged in gold, there is no doubt that this will be the most beautiful set of books produced in America. A rather impressive

group of academicians made the selection, too, and no doubt the beauty of the volumes will outweigh the slight incongruity of having THE SCARLET LETTER next to UNCLE TOM'S CABIN, or LEAVES OF GRASS next to CALL OF THE WILD.

Subscribe today. Don't delay. The enrollment for this series will close in June after which you're out of luck. The volumes will be \$38 each, plus shipping and tax. They'll come to you one per month, for the next eight and one-third years, for a total cost of only a little more than four thousand dollars.

And the tag line of the offering reads, "Limit: One Collection Per Subscriber".

LOVING THINGS THAT COME THRU THE MAIL I have, in fact, a great weakness for various postal clubs. Saturday mornings are ritualistic in Brooklyn Heights; to coax us from the warm covers is the promise almost every week of some new delight waiting at the post office. I belong to an ungodly number of bookclubs, a couple of record sets are coming to me by mail, a couple of cosmetic groups...in fact, I'd actually prefer to buy everything in this way, if it were just possible. Now if Rex Rotary would only start the "Can of Ink Per Month Club", and Polychrome the "Quire of Stencils Per Month



Club". And perhaps my favorite ladies store could start a "Dress of the Month Club". And A&P could start the "Groceries of the Week Club". Soon I could arrange my life so as to never have to leave my home, at least on the weekends.

Perhaps the future Simak envisioned for us in "City" was not as scientific, nor as distant, as you may have thought. I don't know how I'll work out the details of this with my employer, but he could, I'll suggest, mail me bundles of correspondence and computations to be handled, and I could send back the completed data...sort of a "work of the week club" if you will. (I wonder how he'd react to this suggestion if I made it even facetiously?) It's already possible, through the device of apas, to enjoy a feud-of-the-month if your tastes run that way. I'm not sure how fandom's swingers will work it out... unpleasant images of test tubes and things...but surely even the joys of love can be regulated to the schedules of the U.S. Postal Department. Of course it would be easy to arrange almost every social encounter on the visit-a-month basis, using the magic of tape and screen. Once a month, a video taped visit from, oh, Redd Boggs, or Bob Bloch, or Lee Hoffman, or Bob Tucker, could be waiting for me at the postoffice if I joined the "BNF of the Month Club". Attendance of conventions would become especially simple; I'd accumulate the tapes of all my favorite conventioners and simulcast them onto the wall. It would be just like being at a busy room party. (And not all that different from some of the plans the KC committee has told us of.)

IF YOU'LL PERMIT SOME HEARTS 'N FLOWERS I'd like to let you know that this fanzine commemorates Arnie's and my Fifth Wedding Anniversary. How about that? I recently reread my Potlatch editorial in which I described our nuptials. It seems like only yesterday that happiest-day-in-my-life event occurred. How pleasant it is to report that there have been many more happiest-days since that time, and that our life has been rosy and content. Five years...that's not too many. Not nearly enough, in fact.

I'll try to remember to give you another peek at our life when we hit Number Ten.

A NEW FAN CAREER OR THEN AGAIN MAYBE NOT "Why don't you become a fan artist?" Arnie dropped this suggestion almost casually over breakfast at Picadelli last Saturday. As his corned beef sandwich cooled, he warmed to the subject. "After all, when 9th Fandom got started, and there weren't a lot of Rotsler cartoons available, Bill Kunkel did it."

I continued spreading marmalade as I thought about it. "It certainly would be a wonderful thing," I admitted. "Right now we really need someone to do quicky fillos; if I could learn to do them, it would make publishing SWOON ever so much easier."

"Sure." Arnie was getting positively rapturous now, as he began to envision dozens of cartoons sliding effortlessly into SWOON's art file. "If Bill can do it, I bet you can too. After all, you've sold quite a few regular paintings, and Holmes offered you a private gallery exhibit of your art. Cartoons should be a snap for you."

"I'd really like that," I agreed, nearly spilling my coffee in my enthusiasm. "I've always thought that fan artists had it made. I could do up dozens and dozens of cute little fillos and send them all around fandom and my name would be a common fanhousehold word."

"And SWOON would be filled with cute little fannish drawings by you," Arnie was positively purring.

"Only," I began to have some self-doubts, "I'm really no good at captions. You'd have to help me."

The fan who had collaborated with Ross Chamberlain on a multitude of cartoon covers positively beamed. "We'll be a team. Arnie & Joyce Katz cartoons, or Joyce & Arnie if you prefer, will spread all over fandom."

"We'll send them to everyone." I could see a great career as a fan artist stretching ahead of me. "Don-O-Saur. Mota. The Spanish Inquisition."

"Maybe we'll even do a strip."

"Oh, I don't think fans would like us to take off our clothes," I halted his flow of words.

"No, really." His enthusiasm continued to grow. The entire deli was beginning to take on a glow, radiated from our booth. "We'll do a little cartoon strip about fandom. Maybe we'll call it Duperville."

"Wow!" The glory to come held me in its grip. "We may win all three fan hugos in one swoop, with SWOON, your writing and my drawing."

"Well. Maybe."

* * *

"I've done a few sample strips," Arnie's announcement followed our conversation by mere hours.

"That's great," enthusiasm had me in its grip. "Tell me."

"Well, I thought we'd start out with a few strips introducing the characters. There'd be Terry and Stefanie Truffan. There'd be the hippy, Darroll Strange. There'd be..."

"Don't you think that may be just a little ambitious for my first try?" I countered. "I had kinda thought we'd start with the duper." All that morning I had been practicing drawing mimeos. They weren't great, but I now felt I could at least suggest the outlines of our Rex Rotary 1000, which is basically shaped like a box.

"Here's a great one." Arnie was oblivious to my warnings. "Stefanie Truffan is putting a vase of flowers and some books on the duper. It ends by the duper throwing a tantrum and knocking flowers and books and things all over the room."

"Well, I dunno," doubtfully. "I guess I can try it."

"And here's another. Darroll Strange is visint the Truffans...that gives you a chance to get a lot of action into each panel...and he tells them about his travels and..."

"Maybe I'd better practice on people," I said. I could see that my boxy mimeo was maybe not enough to carry the strip.

"Why don't you begin right now," Arnie encouraged. "If you start now, we can run several strips in SWOON #2."

I quickly gathered up felt-tip pens and sketch pads and sat down at the table to begin.

(Continued on Page 17)



1950
WILL BE
A LITTLE
LATE
THIS YEAR

HARRY WARNER

Maybe I shouldn't write this article. It might cause severe disorientation in fans who think of me as such a placid and permanently peaceful old geezer that Pollyanna would be too wild and moody to consider as a possible mate. I'll come close to writing the very same kind of material which I've complained about, when this or that fanzine has published long descriptions of behind-the-scenes difficulties over magazine and book publishing in prodom.

But a lot of people are asking me about the status of my history of fandom in the 1950's. I've said very little on that topic in recent months: brief summaries of the situation in letters to a few people who wanted to know, marked down, a couple of vaguely worded grumblings in apas over how things have been going, possibly a reference or two in locs to the delay that had come up. I might have continued in this semi-silence until the book finally appeared, no matter how or when, if Ed Wood hadn't made some statements loudly in the presence of quite a few fans at this year's Boskone. His statements seem to have circulated through the con's attendees by word of mouth with the utmost speed. I have been peppered with inquiries, requests for more information, offers to take over publication ever since, via letters, telephone calls, and visits to my home. Even if Ed's remarks weren't meant as such, they had precisely the same effect as if he'd published them in a general circulation fanzine. So I want to give my version of what has happened, both in an effort to save myself from the nuisance of explaining it all over and over to individual fans, and to tell my side to those who might not ask to hear it.

Most of you know that Advent:Publishers produced All Our Yesterdays, my history of fandom in the 1940's, in the late 1960's. While doing research for that book, I'd also taken notes on later events in fandom, and there was a general understanding between George Price of Advent and me that I would write another manuscript dealing with the 1950's. George warned me that Advent couldn't produce my second book for a while, because the multi-volume Tuck encyclopedia must be published first. This was fine from my standpoint, because I wanted a vacation from fan history which would permit me to catch up on local obligations.

The Tuck set created unforeseen problems for Advent, didn't get finished as rapidly as originally hoped, and I kept falling further behind on locs. It wasn't until two years ago that I finally decided to abandon almost all forms of fanac for a few months in order to get back to work on the history of the 1950's. By June, 1974, I had completed the first draft and asked George what I should do now. He advised that it might be two or three years before it could see print, indicated that he might want to start putting it into type well ahead of the publication date, and gave some suggestions on illustrating the new book. So I didn't rush myself. More than a year later, I still hadn't completed the final draft when I unexpectedly received a letter from Ed Wood, another of the Advent people. Dated July 13, 1975, it asked me for the manuscript. He spoke of aiming for publication late in 1976. I shook off my torpor as energetically as could reasonably be expected of a fan with my antiquity. As a result, Ed got the complete manuscript on August 22. It ran to 480 double-spaced pages with skinnier margins than I would use if I typed a manuscript for a major publishing house. I guessed that the wordage was somewhere around 140,000, probably a bit longer than All Our Yesterdays.

Ed's reaction to the manuscript didn't add any new zest to my life. He called the book's organization "terrible". But he made no suggestions for reorganization; he asked about illustrations, and I assumed that we could work out whatever differences of opinion on the manuscript existed between us. He also complained about several specific points in the manuscript. He fussed about the lack of mention of Fantasy Commentator, a fanzine whose history I'd chronicled thoroughly in All Our Yesterdays; he implied I should have included something about the Earl Kemp-D. Bruce Berry hassle, which didn't happen until well into the 1960's; he was unhappy that there wasn't more in the manuscript about Advent; he didn't think it was safe to believe in Laney's death, as I do; and there were several other gripes, which I felt were equally unjustified. He found one genuine error, where I'd typed "regularly" instead of "irregularly" to refer to Bob Tucker's publication schedule for LeZombie during the 1950's.

There were other exchanges of letters between us after that. At various times, he charged that I won't report facts but will report rumors; in one letter he wanted material on the virtual extinction of semi-pro publishing firms; he thought I'd given too much space to Quandry at the expense of famous fanzines like Fantastic Worlds and Cosmos/SF Digest; he grumbled over the jacket art for All Our Yesterdays (which I knew nothing about until my copies of the published book arrived); he complained because I hadn't related how one fan won the affections of another fan's wife (I think the manuscript would have grown by 30,000 words or so if I'd chronicled all such episodes during the 1950's); and he alleged that only one person, myself, liked my title, "World of Fable". When I objected to the charge that I liked that title, and denied that that was my title, he described it as a "variant".

I didn't get angry until his letter of October 11, 1975, reached me. He wanted three "large changes and additions" in the manuscript. One of these was supposed to cover "Fan presses"; another was to deal with Chicago fandom, and a third with Pittsburgh fandom. I told him in reply that I wasn't going to make the additions and if he didn't like the manuscript, he should return it to me.

Now, I don't think my decision was solely motivated by emotion. All three of those additions had something in common with many of the other matters Ed had brought up from time to time: they were areas of fandom in which Ed had been active, either through financial interest in Advent or living in Chicago or helping Pittsburgh fandom win a worldcon in 1960. I wasn't going to throw my book out of balance solely to aggrandize the phases of fandom that Ed had lived through. Giving more wordage to Chicago and Pittsburgh fandom would have necessitated a longer look at fandom in most other large cities, because I hadn't gone into the detail about each metropolitan area's fandom which can be found in All Our Yesterdays. I emphasized the cities whose fandoms had been most colorful or made the greatest impact on all fandom: New York, Los Angeles, London and Belfast. This didn't

represent laziness on my part. Fandom had grown a great deal by the 1950's. There were more cons, more organizations, more subfandoms, more of everything than in the 1940's. To describe everything in the new book with the thoroughness that I tried to maintain in the first book would have resulted in an impossibly long manuscript.

There were other reasons why I wanted the manuscript published as I'd written it except for corrections of errors, or not published

at all. Starting early last September, I was plagued by a throat problem which my doctor diagnosed at various times as a chronic infection, a lesion, bad teeth, an allergy, and my nerves. When he finally turned me over to a specialist, I passed out midway in his examination and the specialist declined to finish without putting me under an anesthetic. I feared that something serious was wrong with me and I didn't want to waste any more time, if I faced serious illness or worse, fiddling with a manuscript that had already swallowed up several thousand of my hours. (The throat returned to normal about three months later and I still don't know what was wrong with it.)

I felt myself better fitted to decide what the new manuscript should include because I was the only person who had seen all the written comments on All Our Yesterdays. Well, I missed the reviews which I understand appeared in two or three prozines, but I think I saw all the fanzine reviews and I received a lot of personal letters about the first book. I published some of them in Horizons, not all. I doubt if anyone at Advent saw that issue of Horizons. I kept in mind while writing the new book all the things I'd read about what sections of All Our Yesterdays had been best liked and which ones had seemed tedious.

But most important of all was the whole organization of my manuscript around one theme. I'd emphasized throughout the new book the manner in which fandom during the 1950's had created legends, had transformed unremarkable people and events into immortal characters and unforgettable deeds, had become a world of itself hovering between mundania and prodom. Every letter I received from Ed made it more obvious that he neither understood completely this central emphasis of the manuscript nor sympathized with the faanish events which he found described in it. The dispute over the title is symbolic. I had used as title A Wealth of Fable. This is a phrase which I found in an article by the Irish John Berry. It fits perfectly what fandom was in the 1950's and the main thrust of my book. I'd used that title on the biography of Willis which Warhoon serialized, got permission from both John and Dick Bergeron to apply it to the new book, and Ed didn't like it. It seems to me that a book's title can have only two functions: to lure people into purchasing the book or to reflect on the book's contents somehow or both. In the case of a fannish history, the promotional aspect is meaningless; people interested in the topic will buy the book whatever its title and those with no interest in fandom won't purchase a history of it, no matter what it's called. But Ed wanted a title with "Yesterdays" as part of it, as if potential customers wouldn't know otherwise that I'd written a sequel to All Our Yesterdays.

The Copyright Office hasn't given me exclusive right to write histories of fandom. Anyone, in or out of fandom, can write a history of fandom in the 1950's, before or after mine is published. Other historians can write histories of that decade which emphasize the professional-related aspects of fandom and its sercon manifestations that Ed is



interested in. I chose a different emphasis for my manuscript. I'm not going to yield on that emphasis. I decided that there was absolutely no chance that Ed and I could ever reach agreement on many things involved in the manuscript, because of my stubbornness and his different outlook on fandom.

I reached my decision with full awareness that I might be doing the wrong thing. I wondered if I might be turning into the prima donna author who is outraged at any changes in his prose, whether justified or not. But I have been working on the final instalment of the Willis biography and I found myself happily acceding to suggestions about it from Bergeron, because they were sound ones which fit in perfectly with what I was trying to do. So I gave myself the benefit of the doubt on that point. Then I worried over the possibility that I may no longer be capable of writing fan history as well as I did a few years back. One other person has seen part of my manuscript, other than Ed and anyone to whom he may have shown it. I sent carbon copies of the sections on worldcons to Fred Patten to help in his history of that institution, and he expressed no shock at their inferiority. I looked at the FAAn award I won for locs last year, the first prize I received early this year in a contest for newspaper columnists, a couple of other egoboosting bits of evidence, and decided that hypochondria can extend to worries about one's writing ability. One of Ed's good points had been the willingness of some celebrated pros to submit to his editing and suggestions for changes on their manuscripts which Advent had published. I chewed on that for a while and arrived at a couple of possibilities: those pros might have needed the modest royalties which result from a book published by a small firm like Advent more than I do, and Ed may do a better job on editing manuscripts involving prodom than on fan history, because he knows more about the pro field than about fandom.

After this digression, let's get back to the course of events. On Oct. 20, I wrote Ed: "If you don't like the manuscript as it now stands, you'd better return it to me and we'll call the whole thing off. You can make arrangements for someone else who goes to all the conventions to write a history book for Advent. I can find another publisher or produce it myself in mimeographed form." On October 24, Ed wrote another letter which made me angry enough to write a sizzling reply which I never mailed after cooling off. It's just as well I didn't know then what I know now: Advent had decided to rearrange its publication schedule, moving a book by the Panshins ahead of mine. This would have guaranteed that even unconditional surrender on my part would not have caused any type-setting on the fan history book to begin until the end of 1976 or some time in 1977.

I didn't get the manuscript back. I thought about offering a carbon copy to others who might want to publish it. But I was preoccupied with the throat and uncertain about my legal rights. Nobody at Advent had ever said that my manuscript was accepted nor that it was rejected; the closest thing I had in writing to a decision was a remark by Ed to the effect that the manuscript was still mine. Common law copyright should protect me, but I had an awful fear of getting myself into a situation in which two different firms would be producing a book based on the same manuscript.

Finally, on March 15, I wrote to George. (I should emphasize at this point that my dispute was entirely with Ed. I worked mainly with George as editor of All Our Yesterdays. We had no real problems with the many minor changes he proposed in that manuscript. Most were piddling; I acceded to most of them and he didn't insist on some that I wouldn't approve. I am completely happy with the way Advent turned that manuscript into the physical book.) George agreed to return the manuscript, and suggested my resubmitting it to Advent later if I should have trouble placing



it with someone else. And I still didn't get the manuscript back. Finally, on April 14, I wrote a letter to Ed telling him in the plainest way I could that Advent must not publish the manuscript and that I was going to start showing carbon copies to other people if he didn't return the original. I sent him that letter by certified mail with a receipt card attached, and I mailed a carbon copy of the letter to myself, leaving the envelope unopened when it arrived. I don't know if this procedure had any legal worth but it worked. On April 22, I finally got the manuscript back from Ed. Well, most of it. He'd lost several pages. And astonishingly, with it came a five-page letter containing many compliments about me and the new book, together with some notes with more information on various matters covered by my manuscript. It's a refreshing change from all the observations on my deficiencies that had filled letter after letter from him.

Now I don't know exactly what I want to do. I'm very tempted to try to get the manuscript published in a mimeographed edition. It could become available that way within a few months, instead of the year or more that will almost certainly elapse before a printed edition could be completed. Moreover, it would sell for a price that any fan could afford. I'm terrified at the prospective price that a book of that size would require in today's inflated publishing industry, no matter whether Advent or someone else put it out.

But I've had three inquiries from people who want to publish it as a conventional book, and I understand that a fourth firm is interested. I don't know how to choose among them and any other feelers that may come later, if I abandon the mimeographed edition notion. I'm still open to suggestions, but a combination of quick publication and reasonable price would probably win my heart. I do have a few requirements. The publisher must agree to make it genuinely available to anyone who wants to buy it instead of turning over most of the edition to one or two dealers who will then proceed to advertise it at a premium price as an instant rarity. It must be kept in print, if the first edition sells out and there is enough demand for more copies to make another printing economically feasible. I want the book copyrighted in my name. I'd prefer to be exempt from the job of collecting pictures to illustrate it. Somehow, I feel just now somewhat prejudiced against the whole concept of fan history writing and the experience with Ed has made me want to get out of the role of fan historian with as little additional labor as possible.

-- Harry Warner, Jr.

Britain's Fine in '79

blue jaunt

(CONTINUED)

I industriously applied myself to trying to make something lovely out of the blobs of ink that seemed to keep appearing on the paper where I was trying to draw Terry Truffan. It didn't help my ego any to realize that the blobs were my drawings.

"Arnie," I tentatively started to break the news to him after a half hour or so of pursuing my fan artist career. "We have a little problem."

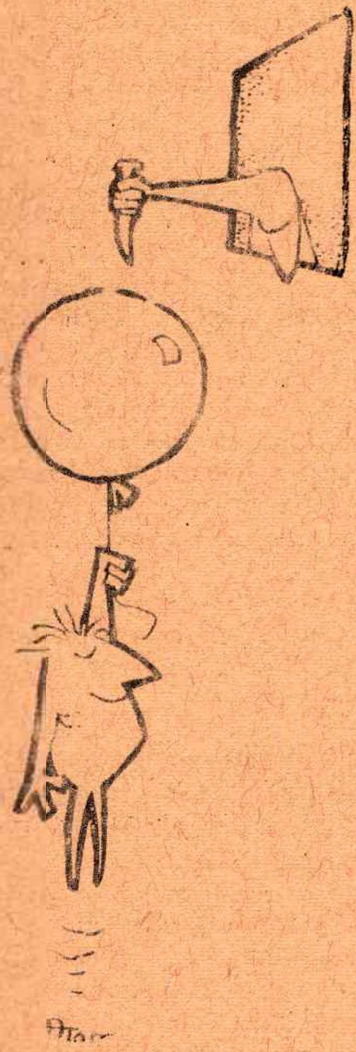
He looked at my sketches. "What problem?" he asked.

"That's the nicest thing you ever said to me," I said, as I folded my sketchpad and put away the pens.

Thus ended the shortest art career on fannish record.

-- Joyce Katz

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FEAR OF FLYING IS NOT WHAT YOU THINK
(It's What You Feel) - The Seagulls
No. 41 on the Top 40

I admit that I have
not (yet) read Erica
Jong's opus, so the
reference to her ti-

tle may be appropriate or it may not. My impression has
been that a phobia against airplane travel was not the sub-
ject of her book. One of these days I'll have to pick up a
paperback copy and find out...

Would you believe that so far I've been afraid to go
into Woolworth's or M.H. Lamson's, remove one of the las-
civiously open-zippered books from the display stack, and
present it with my money to the woman at the checkout coun-
ter? Even esconsed within a group of science fiction books,
or perhaps an inspirational book or two to balance it off --
say, Jonathan Livingston Seagull. That would be good --
after all, it has a sort of science fictional aspect to it.
But of course, I never would be so gauche as to be caught
buying a copy of Jonathan Livingston Seagull; what if one
of you found out???

Oh, hell, let's face it. I'm trying to present you
with a mask, a face of me that I think you want to see, and
it really isn't mine at all. Folks, I'm sorry--I like
Jonathan Livingston Seagull, for all its grievous faults--
mea culpa.

I know the book has its problems. Someone in a recent
review of another book linked it to JLS with its "spoon-fed
homilies," or words to that effect (homily grits?), and the
gods know it's glaringly inconsistent in its philosophy,
but somehow I don't mind that at all. I, unlike many of
you cynical souls, am irresistably drawn to optimism.

Those of you who found JLS too ishy-goo in reading it
alone I wish to warn against listening to the record, with
Richard Harris reading the book to the accompaniment of
soaring strings (echoes: ...wings...sings...)--you might
lose your most recent meal entirely. It happens that I
recently purchased the record; I don't own the book--I may
indeed pick up a copy when I go for the Jong novel.

Inconsistent? You who have read Jonathan Livingston
Seagull, with or without the jaundiced eye of the cynic,
may recall that the book opens with Jonathan teaching him-
self the art of flying. He not only seeks to fly faster
and faster, but to hover, flying at near-stalling speeds...
"To stall in the air, for a seagull, is disgrace, dis-
honor..." To him, it is not the practical uses to which
flying is put that are important--gathering breakfast, find-
ing fish, etc.--but the act of flying itself. After he is
ostracized from the flock for non-conformity, he spends the
rest of his life at the very thing that exiled him, seeking

ROSS CHAMBERLAIN

perfection in the art of flying.

Yet, when at last he arrives in Gull Heaven--or, more accurately, the Gull Afterlife--he is taught that the perfection of flying is instantaneous travel--"being there"--thus negating the whole philosophy of his existence--and the first half of the book!--by totally eliminating the "getting there" which, as Cunard would have it, is half the fun--for Jonathan, the whole of it.

True, Jonathan eventually seems to find his destiny in teaching other gulls to love to fly--thus coming full circle--but nowhere is it suggested that this instant travel gimmick is an obstacle in the way of perfection...

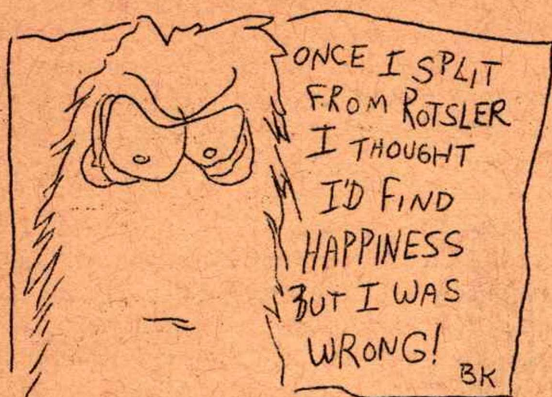
"There are two kinds of people in this world" is the cliché'd opening of many an oversimplified philosophy of life. Everyone has one or more designations of what these two types are, usually yin-yang interrelated "opposites"--the pushers and the pushed, the doers and the done to...these are the most familiar categories, usually offered as justification for doing a little pushing or "doing". Then there are the "Swingers and the Existents", the riskers and the cautious, the liberals and the conservatives, the smart and the stupid (the bright and the dull), the Ins and the Outs (not to be confused with the insies and the outsies--them folks is physiologically differentiated, only peripherally psychologically so). Generally these differentiations are applied by those to whom those specific categories are of particular concern--your rabid women's liberationist sees the human race divided into male and female, feminine-masculine, as does the piggiest male chauvinist--with little concern for the other elements in each person's life that makes him or her an individual.

My favorite over-simplification, though not necessarily the most important to me, is to divide people into the Ones Who Dig Being There and the Ones Who Get Off On Getting There. I think I'm one of the latter group.

This may be something of a surprise to those of you who know me as the sedentary, stick-at-home type. Part of this is because here in the Big Rotten Apple, it's quite often an unpleasant experience, getting there. Waiting in the subway station, sitting in the train, dealing with fellow-passengers who, as often as not, intrude on your territorial imperative, your psychic space...particularly in rush hours, but man, if you're the only one in the subway car and someone else comes in, that's an intrusion, man! (I'm imagining George Carlin explaining about territory as I write that. He, in turn is of course doing the voice of some particular denizen of the city who would typically have that reaction.)

But that trip, plus my natural restlessness while at my destination--"being there"--creates a block against my starting out in the first place. Reading, television, even on occasion getting immersed in a drawing or writing something (like this), is "getting there" for me--the ol' escape bit, right?

It's easy to do a surface psychoanalysis of myself and see why traveling is more fun for me than being wherever it is I've arrived at...and why reading or drawing is the next best thing. Those were the only times my family really got together during my formative years. My mother would be busy in the kitchen or helping my invalid grandmother, my father would be working, my older brother and sister were teenagers and had their own activities and friends of their own age, and my grandfather would be working in his shop or practicing his fiddle. All of them would occasionally have time for me, of course, but it was usually limited, and fairly often those times would be spent going somewhere, walking or driving in the car--or reading, when I learned about Raggedy Ann and Andy and Marcella and the Wiggysnoop and the Snoopwiggy and the Camel With Wrinkled Knees...or, later, about Dorothy and Trot and the Wizard and Ozma and the Patchwork Girl, and later yet, about the Phoenix and the Psammayad (I don't remember if I spelled that right) and the five children...and one non-fantasy series about several English children living around and sail-



ing on a lake, Swallows and Amazons being the title of one of the books in the series; I think the author was Arthur Ransome. The Picts and the Martyrs--an imposing title!--was another in the series, and one book in the series, called Peter Duck, was supposed to have been written by the children in the other books... Well.

By that time I was old enough to read to myself, but then I was also old enough to join my brother and sister at a table with pencils and crayons and, much later for me, watercolors, and lots of paper, and we would draw... My brother would draw cars and girls,

and my sister would draw horses and children, and I moved up through scrawls and scribbles to faces with arms and legs and boxes with windows and chimneys with smoke coming out, to faces with bodies which had arms and legs and...by this time we were living in Arizona... landscapes with saguaro and upuntia (prickly pear, I think) and barrel cactus and mesas in the background.

By the time I got to drawing girls (oh, and sometimes cars, but more usually space-ships) my brother was living away from home and my sister was taking nurses training.

Meanwhile, we had done one major cross-country move, from North Carolina to Arizona--the longest continuous time I'd ever spent in constant contact with both my parents and my brother, when I was just barely five--and another, part way back, to eastern Texas with my parents when I was just about to be seven (thirty-two years ago as I write).

Formative years.

There's a good deal more reinforcement I could add, but you probably have the picture by this point. Let me add one more item: you can guess how I looked up to my older brother. Hale was always zooming across country, and buying cars. He loved to drive and communicated that feeling to me.

I may have worked that off a little when I drove cab for a few months here in New York a few years ago. I've only owned one car in my life (a beautiful old '41 Dodge convertible. Solid? You slam that door, or hit the fender with a hand, and the door went k-bump and the fender gave a faint boom! Today, you hit a fender with a hand, it sounds like the ant's chittering in Them, and you've likely got a \$50 repair job), which I drove up from North Carolina (from my old home town, where my brother was living in the '50's; he helped me buy the car) to the Berkshires in Massachusetts, where my home base was by this time. I drove it back and forth to nearby Pittsfield (20 miles or so) while I was learning typing and Speedwriting at the Berkshire Business College, through winter snows (with bald tires!) and summer's heat, and eventually the block cracked and they told me they'd have to shoot it and put it out of its misery. Well, something like that; it was taken to an auto junk yard, and I didn't really believe I was going to have to live without it for the rest of my life...

I won't own a car while I live here in the city. For one thing, insurance would be prohibitive (to my living standards, at any rate), and if the insurance weren't too much, the registration would be, on top of it. I do maintain my license, though, and when I have a desire or need to drive, I rent a car.

I do like to drive.

I'm not that crazy about flying. (Ah, Hah! you say, he's finally getting to the point!)

I rode in my first airplane in the middle 60's, to go down to Florida and visit my folks who had thought they would try the scene in Gulfport, which is to say St. Petersburg. I probably had pretty much the same experience with my first flight that most people have, if they weren't airsick or terrified in anticipation. I enjoyed it, even with the elevator dips and the turbulence we hit as we flew through a thunderstorm as we traveled down the eastern coastline of Florida (passing over Cape Kennedy).

Not counting the flight back from that, the next time I flew was to go to the St. Louiscon. For some reason, all of a sudden I was petrified. I am mildly affected by acrophobia, fear of heights (it doesn't seem mild to me when it hits me, but I can overcome it a little with will-power: I could, if it were absolutely necessary, get within a yard or two of the edge at the top of the World Trade Center, I suppose. I might crawl, but I could get there. But pardon me, I don't want to talk about it any more; I'm feeling queasy thinking about it.) It doesn't bother me, though, if there's something substantial separating me from some mad impulse to jump, such as good, solid glass or a chain-link wire fence or some such thing--well, it doesn't bother me much--and the same holds true in an airplane. Usually. On that occasion, I just sat and held tight in my seat until the plane landed, and again on my return trip to New York, the same thing happened.

I did not fly again until this last February.

A year or so ago, my brother, his son and I hiked a tree-lined, easy-grade trail to the top of a cliff-faced mountain. (Anyone familiar with the Rockies is permitted to consider Looking Glass Rock a mole-hill; from the top, to an acrophobe, it's high enough.) My two relatives tromped around atop the rounded face, snapping shots with their cameras and mine, while I, heart pounding and stomach churning, clung horizontally and determinedly to the ground ten yards further away from that awesome blue emptiness. My angle of view of course made their traipsing look even more precarious than it was, which didn't help...

So, when my boss Sam Martin (better known to you as Sam Moskowitz) told me he had gotten tickets for me and my associate Associate Editor, Richard Hodgens, to fly with him down to Charlottesville, Va., to interview officers and visit the plant of Morton's Frozen Foods, I was not overjoyed. It may have been a psychological quirk that resulted in my arriving at the plane at the last possible moment...

We took off at a time when dusk was settling down over the Eastern Seaboard and the lights of the city were on. The plane banked over Manhattan Island and I saw it as I had never had a chance to see it before. My powers of description, never great, are almost completely at a loss to handle that experience. The glowing outline of that shape familiar to me from maps, with the orange-yellow brilliance of the streets moving and flowing with the traffic as the angle changed, providing the three-dimensional effect no still photo could achieve, and I don't think any movie film could catch the quality either.

My ears adjusted easily to the lower pressure as we gained altitude; descending, however, taxed their resources, and although by much yawning and swallowing I did manage to get them to the point where they were less painful, they bothered me until some time the next day. I visited the frozen food plant, said to be the largest in the world, and had a freshly-made frosted doughnut, caught from the conveyors before it was frozen (yum!) and got a lot of good pictures and info which were later incorporated in a huge feature section we published on the company. The trip back wasn't so bad on the ears, and as we came to Manhattan what should happen but we had an even better, even more impressive view, as we moved up the Hudson, past the Trade Center towers, past 34th Street and the Empire State Building, and the white-and-color brightness of 42nd Street picked out against the orange-gold light map... The long faultline of Broadway snaking down through the street and avenue grid of upper and mid-Manhattan and much of the lower island...

Well, the time had come for me to admit that I didn't mind flying. Anything that

could offer that kind of a thrill, and that much overworked word is the right one I think, is worth a little trepidation and risk.

The fear of flying is, or may be considered as, the fear of taking a risk, or being willing to dare for the sake of something special.

Which is not to say that you're going to have a special thrill like that every time you fly. The most recent time I flew, just a few weeks ago, I was again on an assignment to cover a frozen food operation, this time in Wisconsin. I had a good time, the meals were nice, I had a nice room at the O'Hare Inn--I was a little disappointed that I didn't have a chance to get into Chicago; I've never been there--and I spent a nice day at the duck farms and had a more than nice--a great--duck dinner, then a nice trip back. Nice. But nothing special, outside of the dinner. It was overcast both ways; I had less trouble with my ears but still some; we were stacked up outside Chicago but not for very long; there was nothing much good on the tv that night (I had a chance to catch an episode of Dark Shadows, which must be on reruns there, but it was on too late for me)... Enh. (Shrug, twist of wrist.)

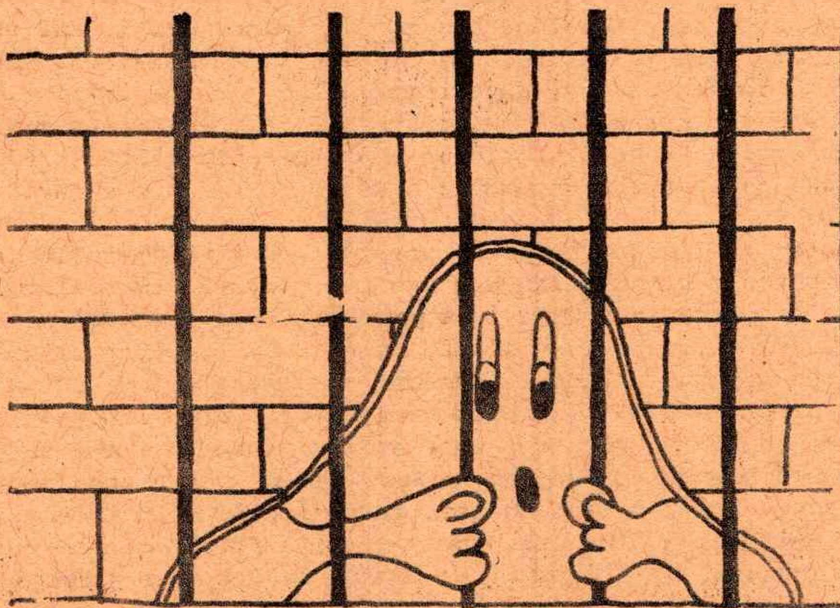
But I enjoyed the flight. I enjoyed riding on that plane a good deal more than I did almost anything else on that trip (okay, okay..I'm overly fond of eating!). And I will probably enjoy the next plane trips I take...

I'd rather drive. I'd love that.

But I'm not afraid of flying any more.

-- Ross Chamberlain

Snog and blog in the fog... Britain in 1979!



I rode in my first airplane in the middle 60's, to go down to Florida and visit my folks who had thought they would try the scene in Gulfport, which is to say St. Petersburg. I probably had pretty much the same experience with my first flight that most people have, if they weren't airsick or terrified in anticipation. I enjoyed it, even with the elevator dips and the turbulence we hit as we flew through a thunderstorm as we traveled down the eastern coastline of Florida (passing over Cape Kennedy).

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A year or so ago, my brother, his son and I hiked a tree-lined, easy-grade trail to the top of a cliff-faced mountain. (Anyone familiar with the Rockies is permitted to consider Looking Glass Rock a mole-hill; from the top, to an acrophobe, it's high enough.) My two relatives tromped around atop the rounded face, snapping shots with their cameras and mine, while I, heart pounding and stomach churning, clung horizontally and determinedly to the ground ten yards further away from that awesome blue emptiness. My angle of view of course made their traipsing look even more precarious than it was, which didn't help...

So, when my boss Sam Martin (better known to you as Sam Moskowitz) told me he had gotten tickets for me and my associate Associate Editor, Richard Hodgens, to fly with him down to Charlottesville, Va., to interview officers and visit the plant of Morton's Frozen Foods, I was not overjoyed. It may have been a psychological quirk that resulted in my arriving at the plane at the last possible moment...

We took off at a time when dusk was settling down over the Eastern Seaboard and the lights of the city were on. The plane banked over Manhattan Island and I saw it as I had never had a chance to see it before. My powers of description, never great, are almost completely at a loss to handle that experience. The glowing outline of that shape familiar to me from maps, with the orange-yellow brilliance of the streets moving and flowing with the traffic as the angle changed, providing the three-dimensional effect no still photo could achieve, and I don't think any movie film could catch the quality either.

My ears adjusted easily to the lower pressure as we gained altitude; descending, however, taxed their resources, and although by much yawning and swallowing I did manage to get them to the point where they were less painful, they bothered me until some time the next day. I visited the frozen food plant, said to be the largest in the world, and had a freshly-made frosted doughnut, caught from the conveyors before it was frozen (yum!) and got a lot of good pictures and info which were later incorporated in a huge feature section we published on the company. The trip back wasn't so bad on the ears, and as we came to Manhattan what should happen but we had an even better, even more impressive view, as we moved up the Hudson, past the Trade Center towers, past 34th Street and the Empire State Building, and the white-and-color brightness of 42nd Street picked out against the orange-gold light map... The long faultline of Broadway snaking down through the street and avenue grid of upper and mid-Manhattan and much of the lower island...

Well, the time had come for me to admit that I didn't mind flying. Anything that

could offer that kind of a thrill, and that much overworked word is the right one I think, is worth a little trepidation and risk.

The fear of flying is, or may be considered as, the fear of taking a risk, or being willing to dare for the sake of something special.

Which is not to say that you're going to have a special thrill like that every time you fly. The most recent time I flew, just a few weeks ago, I was again on an assignment to cover a frozen food operation, this time in Wisconsin. I had a good time, the meals were nice, I had a nice room at the O'Hare Inn--I was a little disappointed that I didn't have a chance to get into Chicago; I've never been there--and I spent a nice day at the duck farms and had a more than nice--a great--duck dinner, then a nice trip back. Nice. But nothing special, outside of the dinner. It was overcast both ways; I had less trouble with my ears but still some; we were stacked up outside Chicago but not for very long; there was nothing much good on the tv that night (I had a chance to catch an episode of Dark Shadows, which must be on reruns there, but it was on too late for me)... Enh. (Shrug, twist of wrist.)

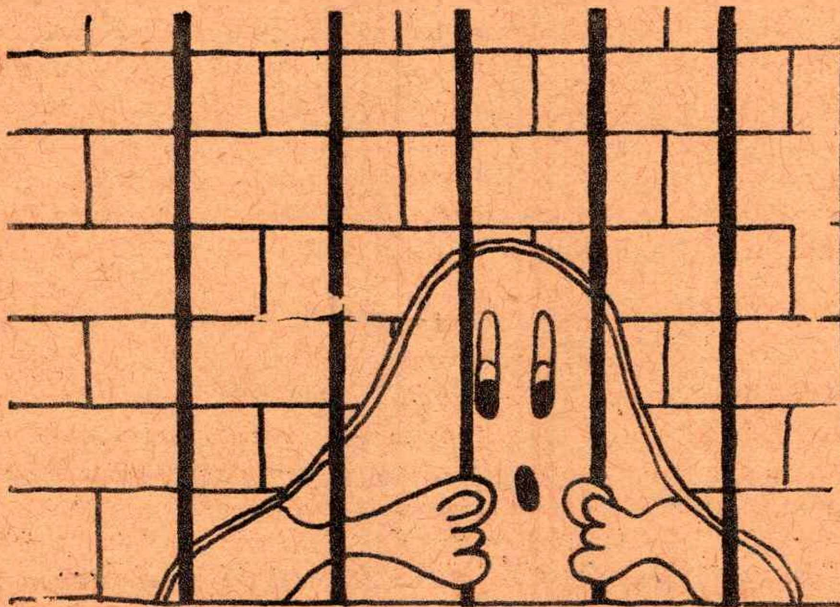
But I enjoyed the flight. I enjoyed riding on that plane a good deal more than I did almost anything else on that trip (okay, okay..I'm overly fond of eating!). And I will probably enjoy the next plane trips I take...

I'd rather drive. I'd love that.

But I'm not afraid of flying any more.

-- Ross Chamberlain

Snog and blog in the fog... Britain in 1979!



YOU WRITE 'EM-WE PRINT 'EM...

QUOTE:

WALT WILLIS awakes and sings (with Harp accompaniment)

Thank you for SWOON Vol 2 No L, which roused me from a decade of apathy like some distant tocsin. Of course it helped that I had just attended my first convention in 11 years, but I can think of quite a few fanzines which might have been more like some sort of anti-tocsin.

As one revenant to another, Arnie, I can offer a word of comfort about your reputation. We used to define a BNF as someone who was mentioned in the report of a convention which he did not attend. Well, I am here to tell you that YOUR NAME WAS MENTIONED at Mancon 5: and since I am now reporting this fact, you can take it that you are still a BNF by the standards of Sixth Fandom.

Mind you it's a pity that nobody nowadays seems to have ever heard of Sixth Fandom. I'm not quite sure where this leaves you. (Perhaps no one in the United Kingdom remembers the glory days of Sixth Fandom, but fanzines of the period remain extremely popular in this country. Coincidentally, I've spent the last week reading HYPHEN, FAN-VARIETY and QUANDRY to get in the proper modd for Chicon II this Labor Day. ak)

I liked your cover, which in a fine old tradition portrays a male with designs on a girl's reproductive equipment. I'm not sure which contribution it illustrates, since I can't find one titled "Roneo and Juliet," or even "Desire Under the Ellams."

Sorry to hear that your wrestling magazine has bit the dust, but I'm sure the experience will be a great help in reporting convention room parties. Anyway, I liked your editorial, but I'm sorry I can't agree with your tribute to people for sending you fmz while you were fafia. In my experience they stop sending them after a mere five or six years, being crassly unable to distinguish between a cold, unfriendly silence and the warm, constructive silence actually emanating from me.

Joyce's piece was beautifully written. I particularly like the little phrase about Miss Katie ("she was not well") which conveys evocatively the child's reaction to her disability. But halfway through the reference to Poplar Bluff conjured up in my mind the idea

that Joyce was once Joyce Fisher and connected in some way with Duggie Fisher. Can this be, is it merely some mind-wandering senility? (You're correct. Duggie-- or "Ray" as he was known in his most recent fannish incarnation -- was Joyce's first husband. They went their separate ways in early 1970; Joyce and I have just celebrated our fifth wedding anniversary, and Ray is also remarried and living in gafia in Texas. Poplar Bluff has figured prominently in fandom for such a small town. Besides being the hometown for Both Joyce Katz and Ray Fisher, it was also the birthplace of Claude Degler, Max Keasler, fanartist Mickey Rhodes and the comely authoress of the letter ultimately destined to follow yours. Something about the water, I think. ak)

I liked your "Two Roads of Insurgentism," too, especially because of its technique, which is one I have used myself. It illustrates the law that there can never be no subject to write about, since the absence can itself be the subject. Just as there can never be no news, because if there ever were a day on which nothing newsworthy at all happened it would be a major sensation.

::: 32 Warren Rd., Donaghadee, Northern Ireland.

LINDA WATTS: SWOON's neofan of the month!

Just finished reading my copy of SWOON for the third time, three because of Arnie making it clear in "The Two Roads of Insurgentism" that "three" is really an ethical number. This is the first time in many moons that I have taken the time to read anything more than once, including recipes. (Sometimes dinner is rather strange around our house.) Speaking for my husband Denny as well as myself -- if he doesn't like the way I'm saying things, he can write his own damn letter -- we are very new inasmuch as Fandom/Fanzines are concerned. Yet even not knowing anything about it, yet digging SWOON the way we do, I can't see how the whole thing can keep from becoming a pleasure, a joy, a habit, an addiction, an excuse... whatever. I mean, where else might I someday see my name in bold type? (The post office wall, mayhap? ak)

I think this fandom is going to be a good way to get acquainted with people I do not know and probably will never meet. As it is, I feel like Joyce and Arnie are really related to me. (We don't have to tell them the truth, Auntie? (Some niece! Twenty-six and a neo-hand gliderer. ak)

::: 10533 Tumilty Terrace, Midwest City, Oklahoma 73130

HARRY WARNER tells the real reason for SWWON's revival

Today I was reading Lee Hoffman's western novel, "The Legend of Blackjack Sam," and found a description of the heroine's appearance on page 94: "Only now she was out from under the tent of a shirt and them jackboots and that old floppy Kossuth hat and it was like what happens when a caterpillar comes out of its shell. It certainly was a wonderful thing." Tonight I read the first issue of the restored to consciousness SWOON, and I'm not sure which experience delighted me more. Come to think of it, maybe I could get a lot of other important fans back to publishing by mentioning somewhere how they have manuscripts from me which I would like to see in print. Terry Carr has one about an important fan for a special issue of INNUENDO which has never appeared and Tom

Collins has another about a different important fan for a one shot which was to honor that individual, and there's the preface I wrote to the checklist of all Ace Doubles which never got published and so on. (I'm also waiting for that same special issue of INNUENDO, because Terry's holding one of my articles for it. I asked him on the phone a couple of days ago what the status of this nifty fanzine was, and he indicated that the main stumbling block was locating a willing fan with a gestetner to run off the 80 or so stencils he has cut. Any volunteers? ak)

I'm sorry to hear about the unhappy outcome of your adventure with the wrestling industry. But nothing in that field surprises me. They used to have wrestling matches in Hagerstown, promoted by a fast-stepping little man named Zacko. He could wake up a sleepy newspaper office better than the advance man for three circuses combined, when he decided he wanted some publicity. I never attended the matches. All I can remember about them is the near-riot that resulted one night when the bad guy in the featured match refused to face the flag while the National Anthem was being played. This riled up the crowd something awful, which wouldn't be so unusual if it weren't for the fact that there wasn't any flag to face. Nobody had put up a flag, so everyone was supposed to face where the flag would have been if they'd had one. People got mad anyway. (I am indeed familiar with Mr. Phil Zacko, who is an officer of the promotion which booted out all the press. Mr. Zacko is not presently enamored of the fourth estate, and the mere mention of the word "magazine" is enough to send him into screaming fits. I imagine he will figure somewhere in my account of my sojourn among the mat maniacs when I feel up to writing it all down. al)

Naturally, Joyce's editorial had special meaning to a chronic baseball fan like myself. You must try to find opportunity someday to take her to a game in Boston's Fenway Park, though, because Shea Stadium like most of the modern facilities just doesn't have the genuine baseball appearance of the Red Sox' park, the only non-mausoleum-type major league park surviving in the East. Of course, my favorite type of ballpark is the small one, like the Hagerstown stadium which used to serve for both semi-pro league games and for the minor league teams that this city had intermittently for several decades. When I was small, the appearance of the man who drew the batting box meant more than it does today in a major league ball park, because everyone knew him personally. He was Pat Parrish, who formed every batting box at that stadium for about sixty years. There was only one concessionaire, a weird creature popularly known as Hooley Magooley, and to this

day I don't know if he had another name. He conducted all his transactions looking at a 90-degree angle away from you, because of some rare vision problem, and he didn't have much time to serve customers, because he was so preoccupied arguing loudly with this or that fan in the stands. (My fondest baseball memories are of Ebbetts Field, one-time home of the one-time Brooklyn Dodgers. They took their baseball seriously in Brooklyn; a Dodger losing streak had a noticeable correlation with the number of barroom riots, and wife-beatings. On the other hand, a Dodger bad streak also had a salutatory effect on church-going, as fans flocked to their Houses of Worship to put in a few good words with the number one fan for Gil Hodges. ak)

Bill Kunkel writes of matters that are less in my experience. But I had a strange musical accompaniment to this when I read it. I couldn't shut off the half-remembered



song which was popular perhaps three years ago, based on similar adventures. I can't remember who sang it, just some of the words like the recurring "Rock and roll, I gave you / The best years of my life." The local radio stations played it incessantly for several months, even the ones that specialize in rock, although it didn't sound to me much like rock music. (The second part of "Electricity Kings" was originally scheduled for this issue, but illness prevented Bill from finishing his final draft in time. It'll be in the next issue. ak)

There have been a couple of developments since I wrote that installment of "All Our Yesterdays." Jean Linard has resurfaced in fandom to a limited extent. He has bobbed up in Bill Danner's STEF, as well as in Len and June Moffatt's JDM BIBLIOPHILE, and I think I've seen letters from him in several other places. And Eric Bentcliffe published a more extensive article on the British tape productions, which I hope will help to encourage someone to make dubbings available someday for interested fans. I've even bought myself a cassette recorder with the vague thought of resuming tape correspondence on a limited basis; hardly anyone in fandom seems to use open reel machines like my old Wolensak for this purpose nowadays.

::: 423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Md. 21740.

True Confessions from the soul of BRUCE D. ARTHURS

Good cover by Ross Chamberlain. The idea of a fannish confessions magazine seems to be one ripe for use by fan artists. A few years ago in Apa-H, I began running through covers for FEMMEFAN CONFESSIONS, which were not only popular, but even sparked additional covers by other people. Some of the contents mentioned on the covers were: "I Was Raped by My Co-editor!" "My Lover -- A Corflu Addict," and a series on apa groupies with such titles as "My Wild, Wicked Night with the Cult!" (How about "My Sensetive Fannish Face said, 'No,'" but his duper said, 'Yes! Yes! Yes!'" or "The Town Called Me Sercon -- But I Couldn't Stop!" ak)

Music is something I've had little experience with, which is odd, since all three of my brothers at least tried to learn musical instruments. Lemme see... Gary played the trumpet for a few years but gave it up for comics collecting and schoolwork. Then David played the accordion his last few years in grade school. Eventually he lost interest, and my dad tried to sell the accordion. This was in about 1963, and when dad took the accordion down to the music store, he was offered \$25 or \$30 for it. This was not particularly pleasing, since Dad had paid about \$400 for the thing new. "Well, ya see," the store manager explained, "ever since those long-haired freaks, the Beatles or whatever they're called, got popular, the only thing that sells worth a damn is guitars, especially electric guitars. All the kids are playing them now, and as far as accordions, flutes and all the good instruments go, you can just about forget it. But if I were you, I'd keep ahold of that accordion for a couple of years. This guitar kick is just a passing phase. After a while, the Beatles will disappear and eventually some new band that uses accordions will become popular, and you'll be able to get a better deal on yours." And that's what Dad did. I think that accordion is still being stowed at one or another of our relative's.

And finally, my brother Denny was one of those kids who'd played guitar, but he discovered dune buggies and girls before he learned more than a few chords. But me? Nope, not at all; I can't even make a comb and tissue paper hum.

I can't find any comments about "All Our Yesterdays", though I used to have a cassette recorder come to think of it. I still do, but my present one is built into my stereo unit, and I can't carry it around. I never used the old one for recording my own speech. I've been told that I have a very sexy voice on the telephone, but when I tried recording my voice on tape and listening to it, the results were, well... dull and stilted is the most I can say for it. Perhaps I wasn't quite comfortable holding that microphone in front of my face, or maybe I'm more used to written communication than verbal. (I've always had the same trouble when it comes to cassette recording my voice, but I didn't have any mike fright at all when we were doing our weekly half-hour radio show last winter and spring. In fact, doing the show was one of the most kinky things I got to do in my nearly two years away from fandom. ak)-

::: 920 N. 82nd St., Apt. H-201, Scottsdale, Az. 85357

It's ERIC BENTCLIFFE, live on tape

Interesting coincidence in that Harry Warner writes about the celebratory tape that certain members of U.K. fandom made when I left the country (under the auspices of TAFF)... coincidence in that I chaired a TAFF panel at the Mancon 5 and played that very tape to the audience. However, he has one fact wrong; the tape was made by the Liverpool Group, not the Cheltenham Mob. If my hazy memory serves me right, I sent him the dubbing of this tapera together with one made by the Cheltenham gang, so the mistake is easily explained... if my hazy memory serves me correctly, Harry?

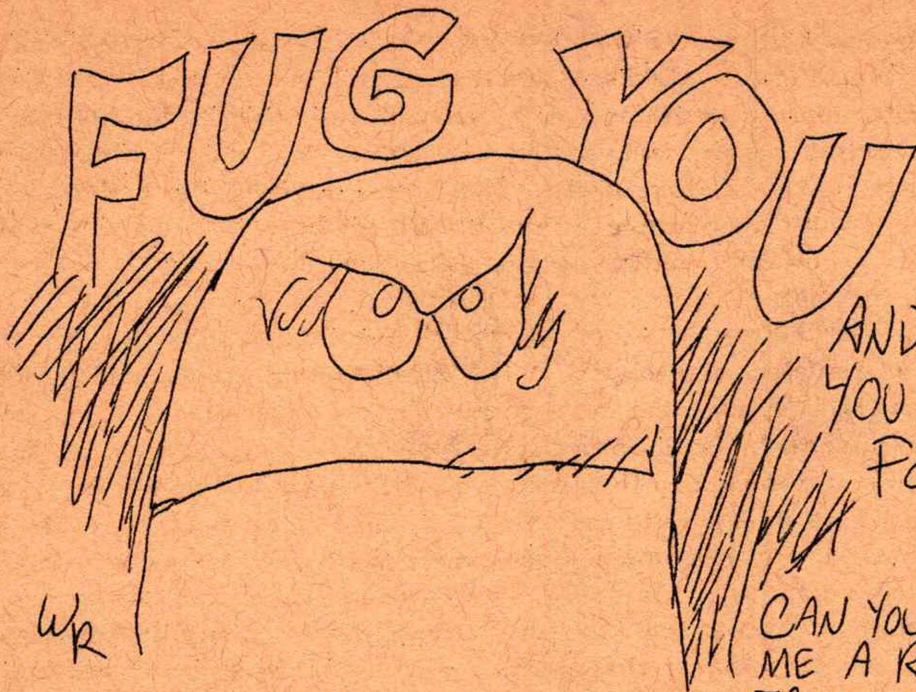
As to how Norman Shorrock, Eddie Jones, John Owen, Stan Nuttall, and the others involved in the making of the tape achieved that quite remarkable fannish-choir over the LSO sound. I can only offer the theory that without the aid of Blog, they probably wouldn't have been able to do it; but three tape-recorders, several record-players and the unwitting cooperation of the Treorchy Mail Voice Choir helped.

Y'know the mind boggles at what indignities AMTRACK will suffer in future Bob Tucker novels, but I suspect that at least the next six or seven stories written by Bob will feature their ineptitude... if, indeed, he doesn't have them completely superceded in his first next story. It's perhaps a good thing for future air travel that nothing unduly happened on his flight to aussieland! I'd hate to have to cross the Atlantic by balloon - if the pound recovers enough to let me make the trip again.

::: 17, Riverside Cres., Holmes Chapel, Cheshire. CW4 7NR, United Kingdom

MIKE GLICKSOHN worries about keeping up with the ~~Jobs~~ Katzes

The new SWOON leaves me in two minds. (Different from seeing double, which is routine around here.) Despite a few personal differences in the past, I've always admired all the Katz-combine fanzines, and this new SWOON is no exception. It's a fine, fun, fannish fanzine, and I'm sure you don't need me to tell you that. But the thought of another monthly fanzine of this quality is enough to send Chivas down my spine. I find I have a strong desire to be a part of fanzines I enjoy, admire and stand in awe of, and SWOON bodes to be such a fanzine. And yet I doubt I'll find it possible to keep up with such a frenetic publishing schedule: hell, if you stick to your announced periodicity, I'm already going to be too late for your next issue. Conflicts like that I could do without: but fanzines like SWOON I can't do without, especially in the face of the very sizeable number of con-



siderably inferior fanzines that arrive here every day. Ah well, lead on McKatz, and damned be him who first cries "Gafiate, enough!"

Arnie certainly hasn't lost the touch as far as fannish editorials are concerned: his introduction is every bit as good as the material with which he used to regale us in years past. The fate of your wrestling fanzine (for lack of a better description) is disappointing to say the least. I was surprised by the relatively dispassionate way in which Arnie announced the pulling out of the rug from beneath your feet. Such an unfair and unjust pronouncement from the powers-that-~~shouldn't~~-be ought to have resulted in a fair amount of screaming, tearing of hair, swearing, and pounding of heads (theirs or yours) against the wall, but it was all described, dismissed and discarded in a couple of paragraphs. You're a better fan than I am, gung-ho djinn.

I'd be extremely interested in reading some articles about your experiences in the world of professional wrestling and professional wrestling fans some time. When I first came to Canada, at age eleven, I was a big pro-wrestling fan, and since Maple Leaf Gardens in Toronto was one of the more important stops on the pro-wrestling tour, I was often in attendance at the matches. I used to have quite an impressive collection of wrestlers' autographs, back in the late fifties. But it didn't take all that long for me to realize that it was all a hoax, and I abandoned wrestling for the real world of Spiderman, the Fantastic Four and The Hulk. Didn't you ever get twinges of conscience writing seriously about such patently phoney entertainment?

BLUE JAUNT shows once again (sorry Arnie) that Joyce is the better writer of the two of you. Those opening paragraphs are simply beautiful, the sort of brilliant and poignant personal writing that one simply enjoys and thinks "Damn, I wish I could capture mood like that!" (Arnie is a better humorist, and has a surer ear for dialogue, if that's any consolation.) As a baseball fan from 'way back, though, I can't say I was in sympathy with the topic of Joyce's column. It's a sign of the sheer quality of her writing, though, that even though I didn't want to enjoy what she was writing about a game I happen to have a strong

liking for, I couldn't help but admire the way she systematically destroyed America's national pasttime! There are several indications of truly superior writing talent: one is when someone can write about something I have absolutely no interest in (like religion, politics, finance, or the price of hogs in Iowa) and make me enjoy it (Milt Stevens does that regularly) and the other, less frequent, is when someone can take a stand diametrically opposed to something I do have interest in and still make me shake my head in grundging admiration. That's rare, but Joyce has done it here. A really fine column and some excellent writing.

Arnie's column on insurgentism could well be an extremely important historical precursor. I'm reminded of the way that the Insurgents almost single-handedly redirected fandom along the path they were interested in following. Nowadays hardly anybody is writing the sort of material embodied in this column. Possibly Terry "I am Howard's bastard grandson" Hughes is a lone bastion of this sort of faanish writing. It'll be interesting indeed to see if SWOON can become the sort of focal point for today's fandom that earlier Katzian fanzines were famous for being. (I wasn't really that stoic about having MAIN EVENT jerked out from under us by those jerks. It's just that it didn't sound like a very entertaining idea to spend two or three pages crying in my beer about it. That wouldn't have been much fun for the rest of you to read, right? ak)

::: 141 High Park Ave., Toronto, Ontario CANADA

A jolt of egoboo from the electricity king himself, BILL KUNKEL

Ross just outdid himself himself on the cover, and that isn't easy as you well know. I think it's high time that Ross got some heavy-duty recognition for the covers and the artwork he's done (the reprint of "The Enchanted Duplicator" would just not have been the same without his stuff.) With SWOON and RATS! due to be appearing regularly for the foreseeable future, there should be more than sufficient reason for him to get a long overdue Hugo nomination. (Don't forget Ross' work for such fanzines as SPANISH INQUISITION and FANHISTORICA when you're assessing his contribution to fandom. I don't know about the Hugo -- I have some doubts about its relevance to fanzine fandom -- but I'd say that Ross is a solid bet for a Faan Award nomination next time around. al)

It was fantastic, heady stuff, that dose of Joyce there. One of the really great writers around, and she writes so little that one comes to regard each work as a precious piece from a master and a true original. The report on your trip to Shea was a genuine pisser, with a capper that left me smiling from ear to ear.

I was even pleased, for the first time I can remember, with something of mine that appeared in a fanzine other than my own. Even the loss of a few "o"s was hardly more than a trifle. And there was a line, as I wrote it: "And he had a Belgian shepherd that looked like the fucking Hound of the Baskervilles." Well, it appeared as: "And he had a Belgian shepherd that looked like the fucking House of the Baskervilles." In my opinion, the finest typo in the history of fan oubleshing. (Well, I knew it was one hell of a big dog, and I guess I just got carried away. ak)

Terry Carr's column fascinated. Faan fiction has always intrigued me. I've never been able to envision myself writing in the genre, but I've read all the recognized "classics" and the whole concept (and frequently the execution as well) has never failed to im-

THIRD CLASS

SWOON

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press me. The article slated for TV Guide was interesting, too, though it's true, it did break down toward the end. Still, as a regular reader of the attempts at humor in that publication, I have no doubt you could become another Isaac Asimov with a little effort.

PO Box 163, Richmond Hill, N. Y. 11418.

We Also Heard From...

Leah Zeldes, Dave Burton, Dave Emerson, Alexis Gilliland, Doug Simmons and probably a few more whose letters will show up just after the deadline.

Now we've arrived at that part of SWOON which I hate and which you can't love too much more: the section in which I exhort all you scintillating people to send witty, printable letters of comment, articles and artwork to enliven the next issue of this monthly madness..

It is also the section in which the familiar little box makes its appearance. If there



is any type of mark in the box, it indicates that this is the last issue of SWOON you'll be receiving.

Now, Joyce is going to miss you. My cat is going to miss you. Perhaps I will even miss you, but you're going anyway if there's a mark in the box and you don't respond.

Tell you what I'll do, though. Everyone without a checkmark has to do something, too. What could be fairer than that? The next issue of SWOON will be published June 6; see all of you then.

-- Arnie