

TILL THE MORNING COMES

This is the age of pinnacles and blunders -- this is a long-distant scrawl ...

"I haven't lost your fanzine," Terry Carr would say, "I know exactly where it is."

In the days of the middle '70s I wandered around San Francisco in a half-trance, my little ID-pak leaving my body at night to encounter strange shapes which whispered of ancient space-arcs and Dr. Doolittle's Moon Moth. When I surfaced at Baltimore in 1984 I wandered around the science fiction convention looking at all the unknown faces and wondering why I had come back to stare at strange people having even stranger conversations. I passed a famous lank goateed shape coming out of an elevator, and was too shy to speak. Terry reached out and touched me on the shoulder. "You're real," he said.

The way we bitch about a dying Constellation ...

"I have very little urge to be involved in fandom, these days," Dan Steffan said, from between twin beds where Ted White, Taral, Linda Bushyager, rich brown and Steve Stiles had come together at DISCLAVE for charades. "I work out my creative urges in other ways."

When the worm creatures of Aldebaran whispered to me in dreams that my rice-paper sketches would never hang in the Galactic Museum, I was not disheartened. I remembered that we had elected an Ambassador to the Stars in the secret space of dreams by mutual consensus. I was far out, but I knew that We Lived on Levels, and there was a tall tree-creature out there who would never steal anybody's sun.

And I remember what he wanted to tell me -- Sunshine Daydream -- I shall dance.

-- thoughts from Lenny Bailes,
in memory of a friend.