

He is a she?



QUANDRY GHOST WRITER REVEALED!

Now it can be told fifty years after the fact! From September 1950 through December 1952, Lee Hoffman was widely acclaimed as editor and publisher of the star-studded fanzine *Quandry*. Issue after issue appeared in the mails as if by magic, filled with scintillating articles and stories by Big Name Fans — or so it appeared at the time. Fans all around the world (and Belfast) hailed the fanzine, praised the editor, begged for more ... more ... more!

The startling secret kept for fifty years can now be told! The accompanying photograph exposes the naked truth — Hoffwoman kept a hapless peasant chained in a locked room, manacled to a primitive manual typewriter, typing on primitive wax stencils to produce that wondrous fanzine! Oh, the hidden horror of it all. Those trenchant editorials were written by the slave; those dangerous serials credited to Harlan and Agberg were composed by this serf; those witty articles were penned by this wretched peon; the magnificent covers were drawn by this starving artist. He did the work, she got the credit. This revelation will plunge all fandom into war!

Let the bare facts be known fifty years later!

- *Bob Tucker*



HAPPY
BIRTHDAY,
JEEH!

Happy Birthday, LeeH, Happy Birthday to you! Happy Birthday Dear Lee, Happy Birthday to you!

Surprise!!!

Ok, LeeH. Now you know what we all did for your birthday. Close your eyes (after you read this paragraph), and imagine that all your fannish friends are in a circle around you. One has a big cake, with a badly drawn green icing Pogo, or maybe it's Godzilla, and the words "Happy Birthday LeeH!"

Everyone is singing, some on key, smiling and having a good time. Be glad that we didn't use 70 candles, but only one per decade. The fire marshall would approve. Take a breath, blow out the candles, make a wish. Look around, and know that you are loved, and respected.

We wish we could all be there with you. Since we can't, we hope this will make you smile. And now you know what all the surreptitious rustling of the e-mail aether has been about.

XOX...Edie

Lee Creates a Fan

by
Gary Ross Hoffman

My earliest memories of Lee were when she was still Shirley. She was a teenager living with her parents in Savannah, Georgia. (Note: These are only my memories. Errors will have to be corrected by the Reality Reconciliation Board in the Afterlife.)

I knew right away that Lee was a Special Person. Her room exuded a magical aura, attracting any curious kid who wandered too close. There were partially finished paintings on easels. There were Indian bead belts being constructed. There were miniature sailing ships. The whole room was filled with Neat Stuff. It was the best room in the house, possibly the best room in the whole universe.

Lee sometimes accused me of “messing with her stuff”, but I was a good kid at the time and never dared touch her possessions. It was many years later, when I was no longer a good kid, that I messed with her stuff. In any case, I was shy and hardly ever initiated conversations on my own, and Lee didn’t seem to have much use for little nephews, so our interactions were fairly rare.

Still, she had such *neat stuff*, and every now and then she’d set up a blank sheet for me and let me draw, so I was captivated at an early age.

Later in life I discovered that Lee had horses. Right there in suburban Savannah, Lee had *horses*. Can you imagine the impact that this had on a little kid? She even rode one over to our house one day. While she was engaged in conversation with my parents, the horse decided to roll around in the dirt road, saddle and all. (Lee accused my brother and I of “messing with her horse”, but we were a little scared of Mister Horse and hadn’t gone near him. Despite the sting of the accusation, though, it was pretty neat watching a horse decide to scratch his back right in front of us.)

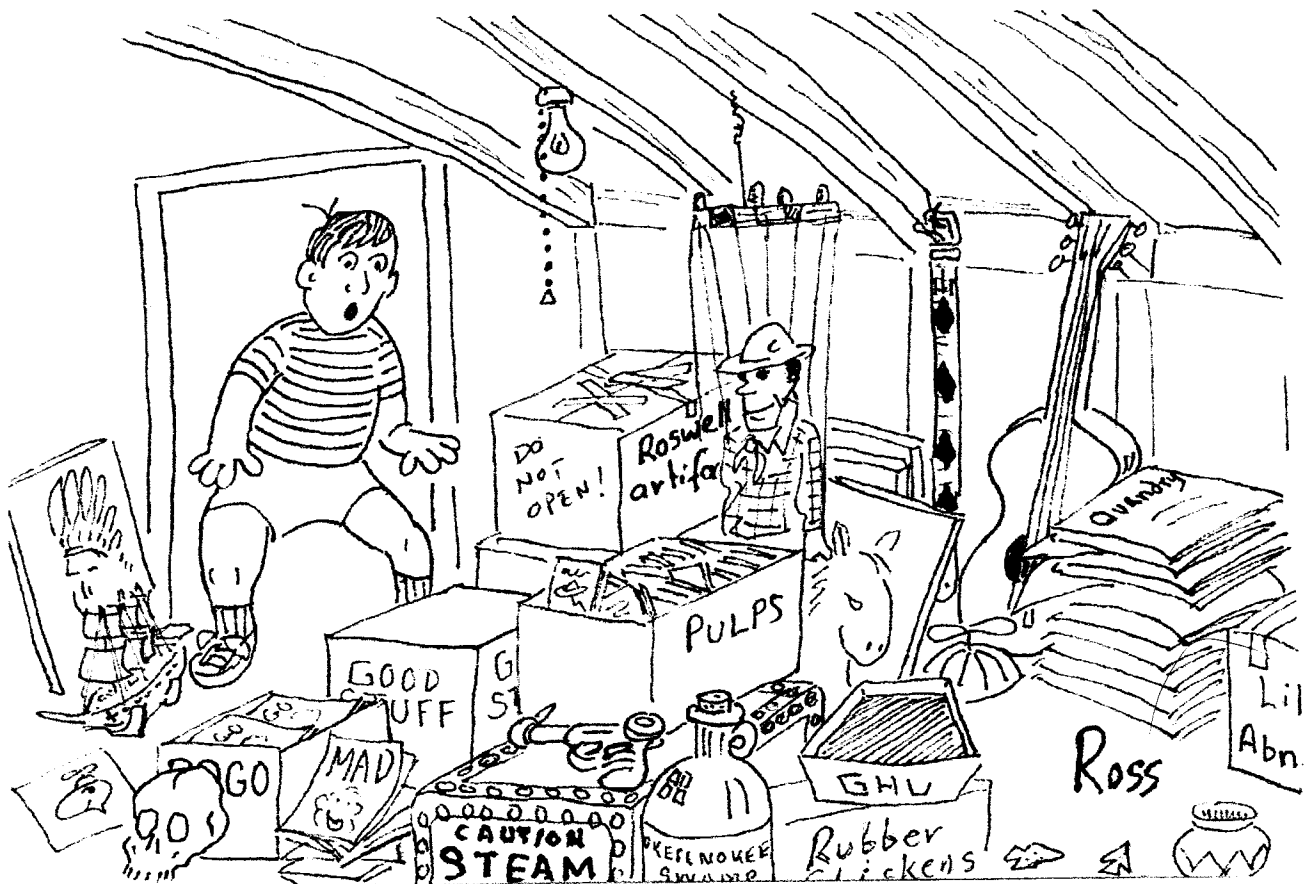
Lee headed off to New York after a few years. I was pretty sure she was actually “Lee” by that time. I didn’t know much about New York, but I knew it was a big place. Mainly I was impressed that Lee had struck out on her own, and pretty much without asking for permission.

Contact with Lee was sporadic for a while. I have a recollection of her visiting Savannah and showing us a record jacket that was based on a design she had done. But the next meaningful meeting was when my family (1) went to New York for the Worlds Fair, or (2) went to New York to catch a flight to England. My memory fails me at this point, I can’t recall the occasion. I just remember that we caught a train from a deserted and very spooky station so that we could visit Lee at some apartment. I was almost a teenager by this time, and still somewhat in awe of her, despite our limited contact. We arrived at the address Lee had supplied, walked up a flight or two, and found... *go karts*.

That did it. I now worshipped the ground upon which Lee walked. She was the coolest being on Earth. She built go karts in an apartment in New York City. She had all kinds of neat friends. She seemed to know Rocky and Bullwinkle on a first name basis. And, (shudder), I felt like she was beginning to take an interest in me. *She did not accuse me of messing with her go karts!* Clearly (in my mind, at least) she had elevated me to the status of Mildly Interesting Person. I was in heaven.

I don’t recall having much *direct* contact with Lee during my teen years, but I did discover the attic space in her parents’ home where all of her possessions had been stored. Like a stalker fixated on a movie star, I haunted that little room. I was Indiana Jones and I had made an amazing discovery, The Treasures of

Happy Birthday, LeeH, Happy Birthday to you! Happy Birthday Dear Lee, Happy Birthday to you!



Lee Hoffman. There were ancient MAD magazines. There were Dennis the Menace paperbacks. There was the entire history of Lil' Abner and how he wound up married to Daisy May. There were science fiction pulps. Oh, the joy, the rapture! I admit it. I messed with her stuff.

(Unlike Carter, Schliemann, Evans, and Jones, however, I do apologize for the intrusion.)

Once I started college I thought that I had become a Real Person, a bona-fide Adult. Thus emboldened I started writing to Lee on a regular basis. *And she wrote back!* I'm sure that everything I wrote must have been childish gibberish, but Lee was kind and did not say so.

My (first) foray into higher education was a disaster and I quickly found myself in the military. Fortunately for me I wound up in the Air Force and was never sent to Vietnam. I spent my four-year enlistment in California. During that time I started reading science fiction paperbacks. I focused on Arthur C. Clarke, Isaac Asimov, and Ray Bradbury. Lee, seeing that I was on the brink of serious interest in the genre, gave me a list of other authors to sample. That little push set my reading habits for the next several decades.

Lee completed my indoctrination years later when she (1) introduced me to Doctor Who, and then (2) took me to a science fiction convention and *literally* introduced me to Doctor Who. I toppled headfirst into fandom.

I was in. I was one of the proud, the few, the Tru-Fen. I joined clubs. I worked on committees. I wrote for the clubzine. I worked on cons and spent weekends at hotels babbling on a walkie-talkie. I hosted meetings at my home and alienated my spouse. And eventually I chaired a convention myself. And now, in my gray-hair years, I have even gafiated.

Did I do well, Lee?

Happy Birthday, LeeH, Happy Birthday to you! Happy Birthday Dear Lee, Happy Birthday to you!

Hey, Lee!

How many times did you visit us in that big old apartment in Brooklyn Heights? I think you and I, Terry and Bob Toomey would talk nonstop for 48 hours straight sometimes and pass out from sheer laughter-exhaustion. But I can't remember a word of it and that's no surprise. I do remember a pizza of out-of-this world deliciousness that we shared while visiting you one time — the New York kind of pizza where the oil drips on your lap and the weight of all the ingredients makes the center sag.

You made me an Egyptian box to house my fake Egyptian necklace. The necklace has disappeared but the box is in front of me now, how many years? — 30 at least — later. Black, a huge stylized eye in the center, flanked by an exquisitely carved and painted eagle on the left and an asp on the right. The details of those pepperoni days are muzzy in my memory but their sweetness and pungency linger on.

Happy birthday, Lee. I miss you.

— *Carol Carr*



Happy Birthday, LeeH, Happy Birthday to you! Happy Birthday Dear Lee, Happy Birthday to you!

I don't exactly remember the first time I met Lee Hoffman but it had to be during the early years of the MagiCon Bid. My ex-husband Ray and I had joined the committee and were introduced to a number of SF personalities, and Lee was one of them. At the time, MagiCon was my first encounter with Fandom on a large scale. Previously I had attended some smaller conventions but only as a regular member. I had no real experience nor knowledge of fandom but was eager to learn.

In those days Ray and I went to every convention that we could. At these cons we would spend hours listening to fans talk about fandom, its rich history and what it was like in the early days. These Fans, who later became very close friends, were people such as Joe Siclari, Edie Stern, Joe Green, his wife Patti, and Joe Haldeman. Also among this group was a lovely and gracious lady named Lee Hoffman.

I have memories of sitting in the hallway at a con (usually an OASIS or Tropicon) listening to Lee spin stories and tell other unsuspecting neos about mimeographs and who did what to whom at a convention in the 1950's. During the course of these encounters, Lee and I became friends and would greet each other warmly when we saw each other. I always felt good when I saw Lee and she had a special place in my heart. You see, Lee was one of those people who would take the time to point out a reference or explain some little known detail. To a neo fan that's important.

The last time I remember seeing Lee was sometime in 1992. It was before MagiCon because many of the Bid Committee members and South Florida SF Society members were working on the tabulation results from a fan poll to determine the most popular stories from all the previous Hugo winners. Lee was among the group who spent hours tallying the results.

During one of these work sessions which was held at the Siclari/Stern residence in Boca Raton, Lee wanted to show me the incredible feat of Edie's cat Pete fetching a ball made of foil. Lee would throw the ball in the kitchen and the cat would run after it and bring it back to her. I can't tell you why this particular event stands out in my mind. But it does. Maybe it's because Lee was having so much fun. Maybe it's because I remember this being the last time I saw her. Or maybe I just want Lee to remember this event now when she reads this birthday oneshot.

In any case, these memories of Lee Hoffman are as fresh today as when they actually happened. She is a treasure and I miss talking to her. So Lee.... as you read this "blast from the past", let me wish you a very happy 70th Birthday.

— *Melanie Herz*



1952

Dick Lupoff

1952 was the year.

I'd been reading science fiction for a while, *Galaxy* and *F&SF* from their earliest issues and some of the pioneering Judy Merrill and Groff Conklin anthologies. But then my friend Gerald Bregman loaned me a copy of *Amazing Stories*. To put it mildly, the fiction was not quite up to the Gold-Boucher-McComas level and the physical presentation seemed clumsy and outmoded. But through that magazine I learned about something called fandom.

I wasn't what you'd call an outstanding kid. Overweight, short on social skills, unathletic and too smart for my own good. In a New Jersey jock-dominated high school I was, in fact, pretty miserable.

And suddenly I discovered a subculture of people who valued the intellectual over the physical, ideas over objects, imagination over conformity, cooperation over competition.

Wow!

Overnight I wanted above all else to become part of this world, and the quickest way to do it, I decided, was to publish a fanzine. Only trouble was, I had no access to a duper, not a printing press, not a mimeo, not even a hectograph. But I owned a Smith-Corona portable typewriter and I had plenty of paper and was able to get hold of some carbon sheets and there was no stopping me.

I created a fanzine called *SF52*, wrote the whole thing myself and managed to turn out a "press run" of eight copies. Four at a time, whacking away at the typewriter keys for all I was worth. I sent out copies to the leading fan publishers of the day, most of whom ignored *SF52*, but one of them sent back a letter.

That was Lee Hoffman, one of the shining figures in fandom in that era. The letter was kind, sympathetic, understanding and supportive. It made a world of difference to me. I didn't know anything about Lee other than through her paper personality, but to me she had to be a wise and mature person of great substance and *gravitas*. In fact she was all of 19 years old, but just then that would have seemed ancient anyway.

I lost track of Lee for a while, but years later, after I'd passed through college and the army, started a career and been married, our paths crossed again, and Lee and Pat and I have been friends ever since.

But I don't think I ever thanked Lee for that 1952 letter, or told her how precious it was to me. So I'll do it now. Lee, you were a lifesaving ray of warmth and light at a time when my life was cold and dark.

Thank you, Lee.

Sorry I took so long to say that.

And have a Happy Birthday!

Happy Birthday, Lee!

Having worked my way up to it *via* gradual steps like a TAFF trip and a fanwriter Hugo, I was ablaze with fannish pride when at last in 1986 I was permitted to contribute to Lee Hoffman's *Science Fiction Five-Yearly* — issue 8, guest-edited by Patrick and Teresa Nielsen Hayden. And then again for issue 11 in 2001, thanks to guest editors Geri Sullivan, Jeff Schalles and the sadly missed Terry Hughes. My cup runneth over.

All that's wrong with the title *Science Fiction Five-Yearly* is the lack of a fannish typo, as in Lee's earlier *Quandry*. It is a fondly held Langfordian illusion that I was personally influenced by that immortal title, since my own first solo fanzine was called *Twill-Ddu* ... not just a typo but a typo in Welsh. Actually the typo bit was a carefully reasoned grammatical mistake. It was supposed to be a tongue-twisting translation of Black Hole, by analogy with the placename Ynysddu near my former home in South Wales. Unfortunately, according to that definitive reference work *Y Geiriadur Mawr*, alias The Big Dictionary, *twill* (hole) differs from *ynys* (island) in being masculine rather than feminine. So it requires *du* (black, pronounced "dee"), rather than *ddu* (black, pronounced "thee"). Crushed again.

I haven't researched the percentage of letterhacks and fanzine reviewers who "corrected" the title *Quandry*, but hardly any of them could leave *Twill-Ddu* alone. Most often, unable to believe the first word's lack of vowels — actually W is a vowel in Welsh — they'd amend it to *Twyll*, meaning deceit, fraud or treachery. I used to try quite hard to be affronted.

What I *have* researched about *Quandry* is the evidence that this spelling has begun to spread like a successful virus or meme, slowly displacing the old-fashioned orthodoxy. A Google web search on *Quandry* in mid-July 2002 reported "about 23,000 hits". If you narrowed down the search by adding "Hoffman", the number dropped to 363. With a very few fannish exceptions, the other 22,637 (approx.) web pages are the work of people who believe themselves to have typed "quandary".

Now I have a vision. The fannish spelling will continue to spread, just as "rein" in "free rein" is being vilely usurped by "reign". Mere decades hence, dictionaries will record the old word as "obs." and only a few diehard pedants will defiantly insist on using it. Then, in the significant centenary year 2050, an enthusiastic new fan — using publication media unimaginable to us relics of the 20th century — will put out her first fanzine. She will know the tradition of fannishly misspelled titles. She will call it *Quandary*.

— Dave Langford



Lee!

Have a happy, happy, happy, happy, happy birthday!

I miss you. Remember sitting in the hotel hallway, talking and resting from setting up all those art shows. Sure were some special times — wish we could get together again and just gab. Do you still crochet with those teeny tiny hooks? I still have some if you need any more. Love you bunches.

— Franny

Happy Birthday, LeeH, Happy Birthday to you! Happy Birthday Dear Lee, Happy Birthday to you!

To me, there are only a few real fannish giants. LeeH is one of them – known across generations as a person of wit, a person around whom Things Happen, an occasion of the very best kinds of conversation. Fandom is about community – the building of a group of people who will talk, make something happen, and then talk about what happened. *Quandry* did this – room 770 did this – LeeH’s presence at several Worldcons I’ve attended did this. And this fanzine that Joe and Edie are putting together seems likely to do the same.

When I think of Lee Hoffman, I think of a kind of fannish kindness that opens to new people, that accepts the strangeness that makes fandom fun. I think of a sense of humor that laughs at its own foibles, that punctures pretentiousness, that reminds me that fandom is not about getting it right. It’s about play. And playing in ways that bring in new folks. We build a braid that loses some threads but gains new ones, and the braid continues on. Lee is one of the long threads that reminds me that I’m connected to people who were active here before I was born, and that I’ll be connected to people here after I die. Fandom is a large, exciting, wonderful, continuing place – and from her fanzines to her Lil Peepul to her novels to her just plain presence, Lee has helped make that true.

— *Tom Whitmore*



Dear Lee,

I can’t remember if I ever actually met you. If I did, it must have been in passing at a convention sometime in the ‘60s, maybe at a Westercon. But you were an important fannish influence on me. When I was a wet-behind-the-ears neofan in 1959 I used to visit Rick Sneary in South Gate, and he would send me home with shopping bags full of vintage fanzines. One of those bags contained a complete file of *Quandry*, and I read it all from cover to cover. As much as any contemporary fanzine of the time, it helped set the tone for my own fanzines.

I was so surprised and pleased and appreciative when you sent me, that very same seminal year of 1959, “I Remember Keasler,” your article about the late, great Max. To me it was the central item in that one and only issue of *Outworlds* I published that year. I always smile when I run across quotes from it in Harry Warner’s fan history.

Over the years I’ve also known you through your folk music fanzines, your FAPAazines and your Western novels. I even once started reading *Savage Key!* All your writing is so interesting and accessible. Hope you have a good day on your 70th birthday and that no one blew the surprise....

Best wishes,

Robert Lichtman

Happy Birthday, LeeH, Happy Birthday to you! Happy Birthday Dear Lee, Happy Birthday to you!

Hoffmanesque

Among all my favorite memories of fannish fun east of St. Louis, I always think of a fellow named Lee...who turned out to be a girl! It *wasn't* Eney's fault. It was Bob Tucker's, and I have been grateful to him ever since. At my earliest Midwestcons starting in 1965, I was lucky to renew an earlier acquaintanceship with Bob. When Lee Hoffman attended a year or so later he introduced us and the three of us clicked. We began a practice of 3-way discussions or visits, sometimes isolating ourselves from the rest of the convention, which led to an enduring friendship. This was going to be "Poolside Memories," but we got together *anywhere* for these visits and I enjoyed them so much that I carried them home with me.

On trips to New York I was charmed with Lee's basement apartment and her familiarity with neat places to eat, and somewhat awed by her apparently knowing everybody involved in sf in any way. These visits often included Lee introducing me to Bob Silverberg, Harlan Ellison and others new to the local fan or pro scene, or taking me to private parties or readings such as those at Avram Davidson's apartment.

Lee almost bubbled with her interests in such varied things as horses, go-karts, her own and her friends' writing and the many things available for a Southern gal transplanted to the big city to do.

After she moved to Florida I enjoyed seeing how she adjusted to having her own pool and took on a hobby of finding at yard- or garage-sales inoperative gadgets which she would repair and then give to friends and other visitors. We always looked for each other when we went to the Conference on the Fantastic in the Arts which meets each spring in the Ft Lauderdale area. It was a major disappointment when she had to stop attending.

Another big, and related, disappointment is my rather total lack of communication with friends other than face-to-face. Here's this friend I have known as an editor, award-winning author, tour-guide and a major highlight of my life, and this will be my first contact with her in too, too many years. Lee, I've missed you.

— *Rusty Hevelin*



I only had the privilege of meeting Lee Hoffman few times a number of years ago at various Tropicans and at Edie and Joe's home. I remember her as a charming lady of sharp wit and rare humor whom I'm sorry to say I did not get an opportunity to get to know as well as I would have liked to.

Anyway I want to wish her a most happy 70th birthday and to express the hope that she will continue to make this world a more interesting place for many years to come.

— *Jack Weaver*

Happy Birthday, LeeH, Happy Birthday to you! Happy Birthday Dear Lee, Happy Birthday to you!

The One And Only....

I always say there's nothing like slipping in right under the wire.

70! Hell no! No way. Not a day over 47 and Looking Good....

Happy Birthday, dear Lee...Happy Birthday to you.



Remember only yesterday, in the parking lot of the North Plaza Motel in Cincinnati at a long-forgotten Midwestcon.

I found this photo tucked away carefully in the bottom of my precious fan days box about a month ago and pulled it out, looking for something special to do with it.

I think a one-shot for Lee's 70th birthday would be just about the speaciest thing I could think of being a part of... so here's the picture just for you, with lots of love.

I'll pull out the good one for your 100th.

— *Earl Kemp*
August 14, 2002

**Gina Ellis's contribution
to the
Lee Hoffman 70-yearly one-shot.**

Eagerly waiting for the next edition...

In a quandary about this tribute, since I wasn't around for *Quandry*. Dunno if it was just before I discovered fandom, or I was just out of the loop and didn't know the hip zines to subscribe to. I remember the hoo-haw about Leeh going to a convention and showing her boobs, I mean, revealing her true gender, but I disremember whether that happened during my time of consciousness or whether it was part of the (then-recent) mythology. And there was something about horses... Yes, and horse-faced (sort of) cartoons Leeh contributed to other zines... But I do remember Leeh was a jiant who strode across the ink-stained landscape...

But I settled into fandom, and in tandem with my first husband, Norm Clarke, got into apas, convention get-togethers, visits at our home, etc., with Leeh and others. I'd reminisce about all that, with many juicy details and amusing anecdotes... if I only had a memory. But I do remember Leeh as a great personality - and a looker, too, by ghod & by ghu.

But I don't have a fund of great stories, so my reminiscences of Leeh are of more recent vintage. As in after she moved to Florida, and on a number of occasions I visited her there - first in company with Norm, later on my own, later yet in company with daughter Laura and then with present husband, Keith. And a period of intense correspondence about, oh, psychology, metaphysics, dreams, the meaning of life... And I think of Leeh now as a friend and amusing companion/hostess.

When I think of Leeh, I think of her in her living room, with banks of books behind her... books about all sorts of arcane subjects. Interspersed with tableaux of miniatures. Fossils on the side-table. Colored glass in the east windows of the Florida room overlooking the canal. Or sitting with her on the lawn beyond those windows, watching for the heron or alligators or the collection of dogs next door... And talking about all sorts of stuff. Having her beef-soup breakfast, or cinnamon chicken supper...

We'd like to live down the street from each other, to yak any time and pick over junk (she used to get home delivery!). But, alas, as Leeh says, we're thermally incompatible...

BUT... now there is internet. It's not the same as in-person. It's not the same as fanzines. (And if it had been in existence back then, there would have BEEN no fanzines. No fandom as we know it...) But it does mean that any moment something strikes you, you can share it with a dear friend. (At the moment, we're talking, sporadically, about criminal psychopaths - don't ask.)

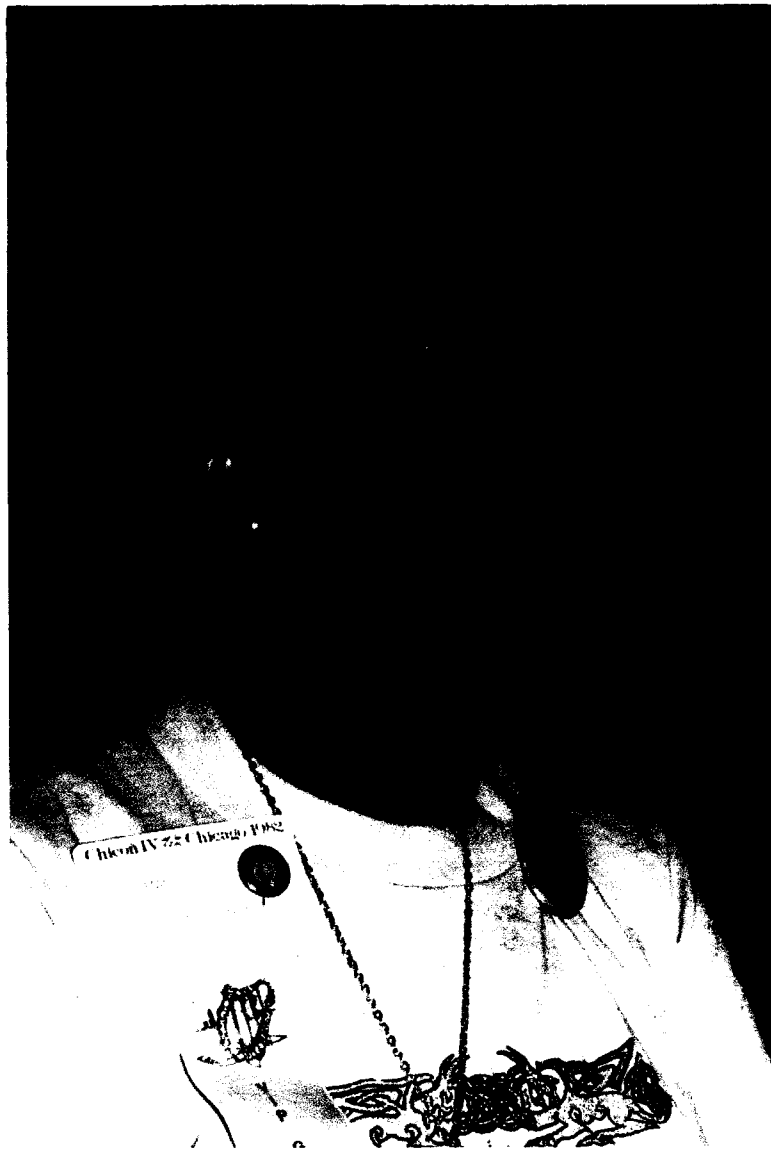
Yes, we're in the internet era. That time we all shared was a unique time in history, when sf books and prozines were rare and fringe, and we all huddled together in mail-space to share our interests and develop a culture (you know, like those globs in petri dishes), and appreciate the wit, humor, quirky observations and, well, the essence (and peripheries) of the likes of Lee Hoffman. "The likes of"?? Hey, there's only one Leeh. Thank-goodness. (Love ya, Lee...)

Happy Birthday, LeeH, Happy Birthday to you! Happy Birthday Dear Lee, Happy Birthday to you!

And this is Keith

“On the outside looking in”. Having only had the privilege of knowing Leeh in her maturity, I cannot express an appreciation of the influence of her personality upon the heyday of fandom, but my recent reading of the works of Harry J. Warner Jr. have given me some idea of that impact.

I am overawed in the presence, not only of a successful writer, but of an incisive intellect, an acerbic humor, and a wealth of knowledge almost beyond my ken. In this crazy disrespectful age, it is enormously refreshing to still have someone to look up to.



LeeH at Chicon IV, 1982, Chicago
Fan GoH

Happy Birthday, LeeH, Happy Birthday to you! Happy Birthday Dear Lee, Happy Birthday to you!

Those outside Florida may not be aware that in addition to her many other fannish accomplishments, Lee Hoffman was hostess for some of the best parties at Florida conventions. Escaping from the increasingly pure air of non-smoking con suites, Lee would find a good patch of floor in the hall outside and settle down with her spice tin ashtray. A crowd of fan, smokers and non-smokers, would soon be vying for nearby floor space, and the hall party would eclipse the official one.

Happy Birthday, Lee! Thank you for the hall parties and much more.

— *Peggy Dolan*



Banks Mebane and LeeH starting another party at an early Tropiccon!

You can pick your friends; sometimes you *can* pick your family!

My twin sister, Lee Hoffman, taught me to grow old disgracefully. She also taught me a brand new use for piano hinges and necklaces, how to write a Peter Beagle pastiche, and is responsible for the name of the fan group that ran MagiCon*. She is kind and generous, incredibly talented artistically and verbally (she is a black belt Brad-baiter), is both a wonderful houseguest and a wonderful host, and has the most beautiful feet I've ever seen.

By her example, Lee taught me that I had the choice of not growing up to be a respectable, suburban matron with predictable habits, hobbies, and horrors. Even though I was full grown and had been in fandom for a while when I met her, I had never really believed (now we would say "internalized") that it was a true choice. I somehow thought that you grew up, you matured and you turned into a facsimile of Donna Reed. Lee taught me that it didn't have to be so. It happened this way.

Lee was Guest of Honor at our first Tropicon, and came to stay with me and Joe for a while around the time of the convention. Joe knew Lee pretty well, but despite my 10 or so years in fandom at the time, I'd never met her. Eventually we three developed a lovely rhythm— Lee would come and stay for a month around Tropicon. This was the first stay over. VCRs were relatively new then, and we had traded through APA-VCR to get many interesting films. One night, we all watched one of our recent acquisitions — the *Wicker Man*. The film was brilliant, and as it approached the climatic moment, I kept stealing glances at LeeH to see if she was offended. She wasn't. She was enjoying the movie, rooting for the pagans about to burn the Christian. It took me a long time to really believe it - she was a grown woman who was a real fannish person, and reacted like a real fannish person. Hey, call me stupid. I needed the visual.

Lee became a Tropicon regular. The next year, she showed up with a screwdriver attached to her necklace, the better to help set up artshow. She and Joe were continually in discussions about redesigning the art show panels; Lee had a thought about using piano hinges to make them more versatile. She was a frequent South Florida visitor, also attending the International Conference on the Fantastic in the Arts from time to time. To commemorate Peter Beagle's guest spot, we ended up writing "The Last Cookie", which received and deserved no fame or mention. We sent it to him anyway.

Lee is my twin sister. In order to get me into the second fandom party at the 82 Chicon, that's what she told Roger Sims when he wouldn't believe that I was reading science fiction before *Astounding* turned into *Analog*. I was actually; another precocious fan. Grandpa, did you know you had another granddaughter?

Happy birthday Lee.

I have much more room now. You sure you can't come up for a month or two??

Love....Edie

*One of Lee's favorite convention activities is to nucleate. She sits, usually in a corridor within range of a good party, and soon has a group that coalesces around her. Nucleate is a good word, not often used. When we put together the non-profit corporation that ran MagiCon and now runs the FanHistory project, what more natural thing than to call it the Florida Association for Nucleation and Conventions?

Greetings from afar

I was – to understate the fact – quite surprised to get the invitation to contribute to a birthday oneshot for Lee Hoffman. After all, I've never known LeeH. Which is not to say that I've never met her – in fact, I did meet her at the first convention I ever attended outside of Sweden, which was the 1967 NYCon III worldcon, and from which I religiously preserve one of the most prized books in my collection: a copy of the Belmont double novel *Telepower* by LeeH and *Doomsman* by Harlan Ellison. My copy is signed by both authors, and contrary to popular legend Harlan does not tear the book up when he stumbles on it. In fact, on a visit to Sweden a decade ago he was pretty amused by the inscriptions in mine.

All of which is just a preliminary digression. As I said, being asked to contribute to a tribute to Lee Hoffman did surprise me. But then I started to think about it.

That I don't know LeeH personally remains a fact. But on the other hand, I do know *of* LeeH, and have known of her since my earliest days in fandom. Which I suppose means that by now I have liked, appreciated, and respected Lee Hoffman for close to forty years. This, I submit, is far from unusual in our peculiar microcosm; in fact, I would say it is more or less one of the daily, run of the mill miracles of fandom.

I was born just about a year before LeeH was shown the first *Fancylopedia* and so began her fannish career, and when at last I became a fan she had long since entered the hallowed halls of BNFdom. As I have written and spoken of interminably, the most fateful moment of my fannish existence was when very soon after my first stumbling steps in fandom I was given boxes full of old foreign fanzines by two older Swedish fans and discovered that fandom did not really have to be all about interpreting the finer workings of Galactic civilization as described in the Foundation stories by Isaac Asimov. There was an alternative. You could be a faaan. And I became a faaan.

My heroes were few and select. Terry Carr. Ted White. Bob Tucker. Walt Willis. Carl Brandon. And Lee Hoffman. To me, these were the best of the fannish writers, the funniest, the wisest and those I most wanted to emulate. Whether I ever succeeded is for others to decide, but for many years I read everything I could find by them and felt a peculiar affinity to them, all from a distance of 25,000 miles or more in space and, in most cases, many years in time. Again, to me, this in a way is the essence of fandom: at its best, it is a kind of kinship which not only transcends space and time, not only spans differences in age and nationality, but which can even create a feeling of affinity to people and events you have never met or known.

So in that particular and strange way, I feel happy and honored to join in celebrating Lee Hoffman: a wonderful writer, a humorist of note, a kindred spirit far away, a mentor and a friend I've never known, but who has nonetheless in various ways, and at long distance, influenced me, entertained me, made me laugh and made me reflect. GhuGhu knows – and I chose which deity to invoke with care – that but for her I would never willingly have bought or read a wild west novel – and to this day, acquaintances from the Swedish literary establishment when inspecting my shelves of literary fiction amuse me by not seldom reacting visibly at finding, right between Canadian postmodernist Jack Hodgins and German romantic E. T.

Happy Birthday, LeeH, Happy Birthday to you! Happy Birthday Dear Lee, Happy Birthday to you!



John-Henri Holmberg, Bob Tucker, LeeH at 1967 Worldcon

A. Hoffmann, a dozen novels with titles like *Gunfight at Laramie*, *The Valdez Horses*, *Dead Mans Gold*, *Trouble Valley*, and *Loco*. When I tell them that they really should read a few of those books, particularly *Wiley's Move*, which is at least as magically realist as Hodgins *The Invention of the World*, and much funnier, they have been known to stop perusing my shelves and make their hurried farewells. I guess you can't win them all.

But no matter. Now that I prepare to celebrate my own first forty years of fanac, I still cherish the crumbling remains of those 1950s fanzines that so many years ago converted me to fannishness, just as I cherish the issues of *Science-Fiction Five-Yearly* that regularly as clockwork appear to reconfirm our faith in the eternal fannish truths, whichever they may be. First through Fifth fandom are long since forgotten; so are Seventh and all those following. But Sixth Fandom lives, and this piece of strangely calming knowledge I try to impart on the occasional Swedish neo who even now unexpectedly pops up. Along, of course, with as much other lore as I can muster of those halcyon days I never knew, for, by the Gholy Ghrail, the name Lee Hoffman should be one always to inspire awe and admiration in the breasts of neos. And, indeed, in these deplorable times some of them seem impressed by the story of how she was eaten by a cannibal named Hoy Ping Pong.

So from a distant land and a fandom not even born when *Quandry* reigned, I celebrate Lee Hoffman, a true faaan indeed, who most deservedly lives on in the phurple ghlow – not of other fans efforts, but of their affections.

— *John-Henri Holmberg*

Happy Birthday, LeeH, Happy Birthday to you! Happy Birthday Dear Lee, Happy Birthday to you!

I have a vague feeling that I met Lee once or twice when I was a wet-behind-the-ears neo in Washington fandom back in the early sixties. But my big memory of her was the Great Chicken Massacre of 1979.

Gay and I had saved our pennies and signed up for a Windjammer Barefoot Cruise out around the Bahamas. It was a great time, and of course we wanted to tell everybody about it. We'd driven down to Miami or Lauderdale with Rusty, and left him with our van to cruise around Florida while we windjammed. When we returned, he suggested we take a short leg across the state to visit Lee Hoffman.

Well, sure. We called, and it was fine with her. We cruised across, arriving well before dinnertime. I guess we'd made arrangements on the phone, because I picked up a bunch of chicken, with the idea of doing them on her grill.

Lee absolutely charmed us, showing us all her Western gear — pistols, saddles, boots — the stuff Western writers use instead of slide rules and toy ray guns.

I think there might have been a certain amount of beer involved, or maybe bourbon. Anyway, I marinated the chicken parts in some mixture of stuff, and got the barbecue going. When the coals were right, I put the chicken on and Lee kept us riveted with her tales of writing adventures in the half-generation before mine.

I forgot to check the chicken. Lee said "Do I smell something burning?" In fact, we had invented "blackened chicken" before its time! It was burning brightly.

I was mortified, because I do consider myself a decent cook, and I had shirked my duties — mopery on the high grill; ten lashes with a crusty drumstick! But everybody was game, especially Lee, and picked off the carbon to find the *pollo seco* inside.

Hamburgers next time. Promise.

Happy birthday!

— *Joe Haldeman*



Happy birthday, Lee!

My memory of the trip Joe talks about above is learning that Lee can fix any appliance in the house. She had a table full of toasters and electric can openers that she was repairing. I think one of us took home a can opener or toaster, a gift from the repairer. I remember wishing I could do that and wondering how to start. Never did learn, darn it.

We wish we could get you back to some of the Florida conventions, Lee. It's always been great to see you.

Happy Big Seven Oh. Remember, if you haven't grown up by the time you reach 50, you don't have to.

All the best,

— *Gay Haldeman*

Happy Birthday, LeeH, Happy Birthday to you! Happy Birthday Dear Lee, Happy Birthday to you!

By the mid-'50s, as I edged into the mainstream of our way of life, Lee Hoffman's fannish works had placed her, suitably, among our Elder Ghods. This kind of distinction takes some doing and she surely did it.

Reading is well and good; meeting in person adds a dimension. That milestone came at Chicon III, introductions by Dick Eney. What I mainly remember is an overall impression of personal charm: *my sympatico*. Later in the Con, one improbably early morning we sat on the hotel lobby's marble steps and talked, thoroughly confirming that initial take.

For some years Lee and I were in only marginal contact, mainly by way of FAPA, until showing up together in a successive couple of "Xerox apas", back when the "real" ones still relied on stencil and handcrank.

It's in these smaller enclaves that Lee truly allows her light to shine. Her views on practically everything, from the crochets of our current culture to whatever farout theory you care to name, are wholly unique and generally delightful. She views life through a window of her very own, but one she generously shares. Her scrutiny of human foibles, with particular attention to the political, tends to be unsparing, though not necessarily unkind — in any event, a great antidote to blather.

Happy birthday, Lee. And here's to many more. With love,

Buz



NOW REMEMBER, DON'T TELL ANYONE I'M A GIRL !

Happy Birthday, LeeH!

This birthday greeting is not accompanied by any molded chocolate fish suckers, as was one of my earliest pieces of correspondence with you. You and your fellow readers are hereby relieved of the necessity of dealing with two baggies full of melted chocolate like those that arrived in your mailbox back in the summer of 1990.

I'd sent the chocolate fish suckers to express my glee and appreciation over Jeff's and my becoming guest editor-publishers for *SFFY* #9. That was all rich brown's fault; he'd approached me at Corflu in New York that year, then sent his recommendation your way. My glee and appreciation is just as heartfelt these 12 years later, with #10 and #11 also under our collective belts.

Yes, really. Which just goes to prove that fish sucker was more than a tad representative of its sender, at least in its original form.

Happy Birthday, LeeH!

Chicon IV was my first Worldcon. I claim it as the place I became a fan. I'd been to a couple of conventions and fannish parties before that, had even joined Minneapa and hosted a collation. But Chicon IV was my trial by fire and I emerged thoroughly tempered to fan hardness by the experience.

I didn't know enough to pay attention to convention guests of honor in those days, and I hadn't yet read *Warhoon* 28, either. So it wasn't until 1986 that I knew enough to be tickled when Walt Willis first mistook my name for a man's. He'd figured it out by early 1987, when he sent a LoC to *Rune* 75. It was his second LoC to a fanzine that mentioned my writing. I still treasure the fannish resonances underlying his initial mistake; I reminded him of it in my own LoC to *Warhoon* 37.

Walter mentioned you in his first personal letter to me, on 1988 January 18. That was the letter he started by saying, "I know it's not done to send letters of comment on letters of comment: everyone knows there's no telling what that sort of thing might lead to — maybe even *correspondence*." Oh, yes, indeed. There's no telling....

Here are the pertinent paragraphs:

"I am sorry I originally thought you were a he. One would have thought that after that business with the Hoffman girl I wouldn't have made the same mistake again.

"Madeleine says Hi, thanks you for your message and sends her love. Did you know we'll both be at Tropicon next December? I suppose there's no chance of your being there. Pity that:



LeeH at Nolacon II in New Orleans, 1988.

Happy Birthday, LeeH, Happy Birthday to you! Happy Birthday Dear Lee, Happy Birthday to you!

you and Lee Hoffman could have had a real man to man talk.”

Well, I did make it to Tropicon that year. You and I met, exchanged a polite pleasantry or two, and I snapped a zillion pictures of Walter and his friends. But it wasn't until you and I started corresponding as part of the *SFFY* work that we started getting to know each other and appreciating our conversations, man to man, woman to woman, and, most of all, fan to fan.

Happy Birthday, LeeH!

You do contain multitudes, and there is much I appreciate about you, much to celebrate today. There's one thing, though, that stands about head and shoulders above the rest. You speak your mind, clearly and well. I know where I stand with you. Most of all, I know where my work stands with you.

I know when you express appreciation that it's true and heartfelt. I know if you like everything about a design except that one distracting little diamond shape in the frame, you'll speak up. I treasure your feedback, your opinion, because it is so very clearly yours. And you were right about that diamond graphic element in the sculpture book. It **did** take the eye away from the photograph on each page. I learned from your feedback, and I'm a better designer today for it. Thank you.

Happy Birthday, LeeH!

Remember when you sent the NLCRA tag? I **so** treasured that. Here's the story, for our readers. The time: 1995, or early 1996. We were chatting about *SFFY #10*, and traditions you hoped we'd continue with that issue. You wrote about your early use of the Gernsback SF symbol, and then went on to say:

“Similarly I'd planned to use the NRA Blue Eagle regularly, too (even if I couldn't print it in blue). Not so fannish perhaps, but definitely trivial, and it did appear on some of the pulps and comics.

“Or should I switch to the NLCRA Blue Eagle? That's trivia, too, and while it's not exactly filk, it's kind of fannish. I had the initial idea for the tags, the people sponsoring the concert were all SF readers and on the fringes of fandom. The tags were printed by Dick Ellington on the Lib League press. And Tom Paley once did a cover for a fanzine.”

“I wonder if there's anyone in fandom who'd know the NLCRA was the New Lost City Ramblers Appreciators. Handing the tags out in Wash Sq was the first move in publicizing the Ramblers' premiere concert in NYC. We started giving the tags away without telling anyone what they were all about. When anyone asked what NLCRA stood for, we told'em “National Labor Council of Russian Anarchists.” That didn't seem to stop anyone from wearing a tag on a button, or hanging it from a guitar neck. Shortly after, Izzy Young told us people were coming into the Folklore Center looking to buy them. I'm quite sure there's an old NLCRA tag around here somewhere. If I can ever find it, I'll send it to you.”

You did find it, you did send it. Jeff scanned it, and we printed the image in blue on the *SFFY* masthead in issue 10 and again in 11. After several years of enjoying the tag's presence on my office wall, I found an even better home for it. I used the occasion of Minicon 35 to give the tag to Patrick Nielsen Hayden. I so enjoy seeing it dangling from his guitar at music parties!

But if you ever find another....

Happy Birthday, LeeH!

Happy Birthday, LeeH, Happy Birthday to you! Happy Birthday Dear Lee, Happy Birthday to you!

While we have each made our own paths within fandom and within life, I am blessed to have been able to pick up and play with some of the threads you first wove. With *SFFY*, yes, of course, but before that, too, as you can see from Walter's third letter, 1998 March 7:

"I must also thank you for your Valentine. It's the first I've had since Lee Hoffman sent me one in 1950, and 38 years is long enough between Valentines. Madeleine and I never went in for them because I think we bypassed that state, spending all our time together practically since the day we met. Our first presents to each other were a book and a blackcurrant pie."

Yes, I'd sent that Valentine to Walter having just finished *Warhoon 28*, where I'd learned how you'd dropped a hint by sending a Valentine his way. Echoing your footsteps, as it were. Nuances reminding us all of the richness of life and the joys and surprises along the way.

I continued to send Valentines to Walter and Madeleine, Chuch and Sue, James and Peggy, and Vincent as long as I could, and enjoy playing with various Valentine traditions as the years continue passing. Heart stickers at Boskone, PEZ Valentines, and the occasional homemade ones, too.

So many pleasures. Talking with Dave Van Ronk at the Winnipeg Folk Festival, giving him your regards. Doing so again a few years later at Minicon. Sharing the pictures of Dave that you sent earlier this year with Steve Brust, who appreciated seeing them as much as I did.

So many shared sympathies, too. More nuances, more of life's realities. Ones better shared with friends, though. Thank you for that, for sharing your memories, pictures, and stories.

Happy Birthday, LeeH!

I could easily go on for 64 more birthday greetings, and only wish you were 10 years older so I could slip in a 73 reference here instead. I still hope to head to Port Charlotte for a visit someday, and may use this coming winter's weather as an excuse to do just that.

That's in the realm of the still to be hoped for, still to come. Today — thanks to Edie's brilliant idea for this one-shot — today, I simply, gladly celebrate with you through these words and pages....

Happy Birthday, LeeH!

— Geri Sullivan



Patrick & Gary always told me that I was the Lee Hoffman of my generation, so it was a thrill to meet her at last, and I still treasure the things she gave me. Later, when I encountered Chuch Harris, he had a way of writing about her as if she were always around, and I came to think of her as part of our close-knit Kent True Fandom clique even though she was never physically in attendance.

Of course, the real Lee Hoffman of my generation is Lee Hoffman, and thank goodness — my own time in fandom would have been much poorer without her.

— Avedon Carol

How LeeH & ShelVy & Max Shaped My World

by Joyce Katz

Do I know Lee Hoffman? You better believe it! In fact, I've known LeeH for almost fifty years; she's been an important fixture in my life for the entire half century.

Not that we've hung out together, or been best friends, or anything like that. Heck, I guess we've only been in the same place at the same time a half dozen times or so, if that. But LeeH's been in my life in that peculiar way that fans are, and my fan life has been interlaced with hers all the way through. In a way, I owe her everything...her, and ShelVy, Walt and the two Bobs, and Max.

It started late in the summer of 1956. Duggie Fisher and I had been married just about a month when he asked me, "Do you read Science Fiction?" (He capitalized the letters when he spoke; I could tell this was important to him.)

"What's Science Fiction?" I asked naively. Actually, I had read a little Science Fiction, mostly in the Saturday Evening Post. But I'd never heard the entire genre lumped together that way.

Duggie turned pale and commanded, "Come with me!" My deficiency in knowledge of scientifiction hit him like I'd confessed to a series of ax murderers in my family tree, or reoccurring cannibalism. This was an obvious failing on my part that had to be corrected immediately or the world would collapse. From the way he acted, the Science Fiction Police were likely to appear any moment to cleave apart what God and the Reverend Chester B. Pillow had joined together.

He led me into his sanctum sanctorum, his holiest of holy, the Fisher Family Attic. It was reached through a steep and narrow stairway, made smaller and darker by boxes of aging clutter sitting on the steps, waiting to be transported up into the gloom. At the top of the stairs, the tight room under the eaves was stuffed with old furniture, clothing, discarded restaurant equipment, and unrecognizable piffle cast off by the Fishers during the previous 30 years.

He dragged me down a narrow corridor formed by stacks of boxes, until we reached a tiny chamber encircled by the debris. There, concealed from casual gaze, was a carpeted area about 4 by 6, with an old sofa, two rickety chairs and a couple of lamps. And on every side, extending as far under the eaves as I could see, there were bookshelves containing his Collection. I had found his Most Precious, his Dearly Beloved, his Soul.

He spent that afternoon pulling out one book after another, and assigning me short stories. It was years before I realized that he was picking the best flowers of the field. That afternoon I read "Nightfall", and "Adam With No Eve", and "Killdozer". When we finally descended the stairs, slapping away the dust and paper shards, I was a convert.

That evening, sitting in the living room under a circle of golden light, he started telling me about fandom. The funny thing is, he'd told me about *Odd*, back when I was 13 and visiting with his sister. But the

message hadn't really sunk in at that time. I've always wished it had; I would love to have entered fandom in 1952-53. But now, in 1956 going-on '57, I heard him loud and clear.

He handed me a stack of zines to browse, starting with his own *Odd*. I went through them with fascination. But almost immediately, I noticed something: I found the book reviews and quasi-scientific columns to be intolerably boring. The part I liked, and the things I searched for, were the letters. In them I discovered that *Odd* owed its life to Shelby Vick, who sent a dime for the first issue and thus inspired Dug to continue publishing. I saw how it had gone from a couple of hectographed sheets to a fair-sized mimeographed rag of a zine with lots of contributors. As I went through the zines he handed me, I spotted tidbits that made sense to me, people commenting about each other and each other's writings. I learned quickly to skim for the high spots and skip the reviews: after I looked at the Ray Nelson cartoons, read the letter column, and hunted for recognizable names, I'd move on to another zine.

Max Keasler came over that evening, and saw me combing through the stack. He fueled the fire by pushing his own to the top, *Opus* and *FanVariety*. Well, of course, that started it in earnest. I met LeeH there, visited with ShelVy, laughed at Tucker's and Bloch's high jinx, and started my life long admiration of Walt.

While I was reading, Max and Duggie were filling me in about the people whose names I was beginning to know. They had a lot to say about LeeH; Max had actually met her once or twice. It was clear to me that they both had a bit of a crush on this southern flower. "I hear she's real pretty," said Dug, prompting Max. "Oh, sure... pretty. A Nice Girl," Keasler pronounced. And the two of them explained how she'd earned her fan credentials just like any guy, without relying on her femininity to get contributions and support for her zine. Right then and there I started my one-woman admiration club of this paragon, and determined to try to be like her in method even if I couldn't manage her magic.

Quandry was easy to like. There's probably not a person reading this who won't agree: it was light and witty, almost breezy. There was lots of air in the layout, and unpretentious cartoons on almost every page. Best of all was the banter passing between the half-dozen names I knew. It was clear to me, right from that very day, that I had stumbled into a society of literati who communicated with letters and fanzines, an inviting circle of friendly spirits who teased and taunted each other, even though it was clear they were fond of one another. I knew from that moment that fandom was for me.

In the next half dozen or so years, there were many evenings, many stories of fandom from Max and Duggie. And, I met the rest of the old Poplar Bluff club, William Holmes, Don and Bill Jacobs, and Jackie Dean Clark who had published a carbon paper zine. They were all gaffiates, but they all spoke fondly of fandom, and acted like they'd go back just any day... but they never did, of course.

Even though I'd lost my heart to fandom, I didn't become part of it for a long long time after that. I tried to make contact several times, but never found an active fan, until years later when I met Jim Hall in a St. Louis bookstore.

The last time I saw Max Keasler was at his house one New Years Eve early in the '60s. The whole bunch of them were there, and they talked about science fiction, and space conquest, and fandom. Duggie and I had to leave early because we were driving back to St. Louis the next morning. When we left, they were all toasting fandom and each other, drinking flaming vodkas, while the operatic Bill Holmes bellowed "The Flight of the Die Valkyrie".

Happy Birthday, LeeH, Happy Birthday to you! Happy Birthday Dear Lee, Happy Birthday to you!

Later that same spring, Max had a toothache and went to a dentist, and died just a week or so after... some kind of cancer grabbed him away all too soon. Jackie Dean Clark became a schoolteacher, and I lost track of him. Don Jacobs became well known in the Bay Area preaching under the name "Moby Whale"; and his brother Bill died of The Good Life this spring, choking on a bite of steak until he was brain-dead. And of course, Duggie died about 15 years ago. Bill Holmes and I are the only ones left of the old Poplar Bluff crew.

But if you go there, you'll still find their shades up in the Fisher's attic, and they're still chuckling over the dusty old fanzines. They're still talking about LeeH and how she fooled everyone into thinking she was a guy, and Max is still saying, "Pretty, yes... a Real Nice Girl."

I didn't actually meet LeeH until 1967 when I attended NyCon2. And she was just like I knew she'd be, still part of that fun that started so long before. She had the good grace to remember the Poplar Bluff guys, to smile sadly when we talked of Max, to laugh softly about the rest of them. A pretty lady, a Real Nice Girl — and in my opinion, the number one femmefan in the whole fan world.



I had some input in the setting up the Fan Room for the 1982 Worldcon in Chicago. I had taken over the Fan Room in Denver in 1981... it had been placed in a venue so far off the beaten track that hardly anybody could find it so I had it moved into a basement room where it was at least in the main hotel and there was a possibility of it being found... and was interested in making the 1982 edition of this room something more useful to fans than the one in Denver. I communicated my concerns to Johnny Lee, who was in charge of this room which would host both the daily newszine and a fanzine sales and display section.

When I got there I discovered that the space I was allocated was one half of a *very* small room; and, if I am remembering correctly, I had three six-foot tables on which to display zines. Despite the cramped space, I think that I sold over \$1,000 of zines during the con and lots of people found the room and lots of interesting conversations were carried on there even though there were only a few chairs on which to sit... with two of those chairs being behind the tables.

Sometime after my Fan Room operations got under way, somebody told me that Lee Hoffman was in the Gopher's Room and sort of lost. This was Not A Good Thing. I had one of my assistants take over the tables and went to the Gopher's Room and introduced myself to Lee. I told her that there were lots of zine fans in the Fan Room and that I had a spare chair which she could use to sit and talk to many of them.

Lee came with me to the Fan Room and spent much of the rest of the con sitting in that chair, enjoying many conversations with friends old and new.

I think that in a small way I helped Lee enjoy that con.

Thinking about this again after all of these years makes me feel good. Again. Happy Birthday, Lee, and may you have many more of them.

— *Marty Cantor*

Happy Birthday, LeeH, Happy Birthday to you! Happy Birthday Dear Lee, Happy Birthday to you!

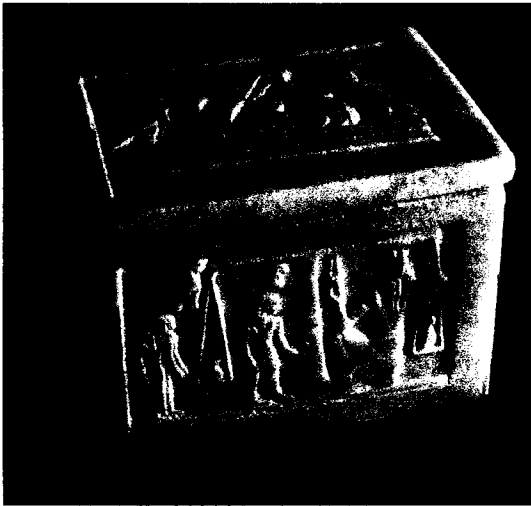
Lee loves working with miniatures. My husband, the late great Vincent Miranda and she often talked of projects they were working on. Vincent was building a temple to Bast, since our cats needed a place to worship, and Lee was fascinated. Besides making us an exquisite lamp for the temple, she carved two little cats which took our breath away. The cat statues received places of honor in the temple and we proudly showed them off to everyone who visited. When Vincent passed away, I talked to Lee about some sort of vessel into which I could put a small portion of Vincent's ashes to rest in the Temple to Bast. "Just keep your eyes open for something you think would look good," I told her, trusting her taste in the matter. Weeks later, a miniature sarcophagus arrived in the mail, and to this day it takes my breath away to look at it. Not only is her carving exquisite, her knowledge of Egyptology would impress Howard Carter. Several sides depict traditional subjects, the Opening of the Mouth, the Weighing of the Soul Against the Feather of Truth. Then things went off the meter as far as inspiration goes. There is a carving of Thoth with Godzilla (whom Vincent loved) and one of an ancient Egyptian film crew at work.



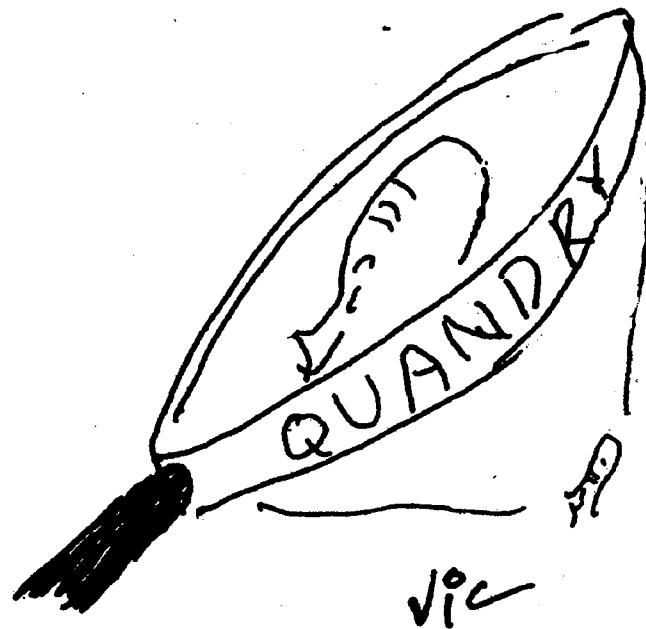
Happy Birthday, Lee.

I love you and your many gifts set a high bar for us all.

— *Sarah Clemens*



Happy Birthday, LeeH, Happy Birthday to you! Happy Birthday Dear Lee, Happy Birthday to you!



If it wasn't for Lee Hoffman, I would have remained a small minnow in the big pond of fandom. LeeH, and my wirecorder.

You say, what is a wirecorder? Well, before tapes became popular, there was a frustrating gadget that recorded sound on a spool of wire. 'Frustrating', because the wire was prone to break or become tangled — leading to exasperation, grinding of teeth, anger, and (eventually) throwing the spool away.

(It also led to confusion, but that's another story.)

ANYway, I did a wirecorded fanzine named *Wirez*. 'Fanzine?' Well, it actually was a round-robin project. I might record a fannish play written for the occasion and acted out by some local friends. I might play some music. I might just talk. Whatever, it would take up fifteen minutes of the one-hour spool. I would mail it to a member of the group (there were five of us) and each would use their fifteen minutes, the last one recording over my fifteen minutes. Frankly, I don't remember how I got my mailing list together, but I do know that Lee Hoffman was interested. But, instead of being part of *Wirez*, she sent me a spool for my own edification. (At that time, of course, everyone thot Lee was a He.)

"You're the first fan to know about this, ShelVy," was the main thrust of her message.

(Know about what? Huh???)

Seems LeeH thot her voice alone would give the secret away. But I had heard lots of teenaged boys who sounded about the same. But, in any case, I eventually Got The Message. Visited her a time or two before Nolacon, and then was hatched the devious plot to Shock Bob Tucker in New Orleans by making him one of the first major fans to know Hoffman was HoffWoman.

That, plus some contributions to *Q*, increased my fannish stature. My fanzine, *confusion*, benefited by that association.

And then there was Walt Willis.

Happy Birthday, LeeH, Happy Birthday to you! Happy Birthday Dear Lee, Happy Birthday to you!

Because of LeeH, I was exposed to WWW (Wit and Wisdom of Willis.) Because of my naivete, I thot it would be a simple matter to set up a fund to bring Willis to America.

Simple? *I* was the one who was simple!

However, with fannish cooperation and enormous help from Walt, the Willis Fund became reality and fans had the opportunity to personally enjoy the Willis humor.

Inspired by our success, others created TAFF, DUFF, and other fan funds. So my ~~stupidity~~ *idioey* simplicity added more to my fannish growth.

All thanks to Lee Hoffman.

Happy Birthday, LeeH!

--ShelVy



LeeH and Shelby Vick, Tropicon 7, 1988 in Fort Lauderdale

Happy Birthday, LeeH, Happy Birthday to you! Happy Birthday Dear Lee, Happy Birthday to you!

Lee, It's a Conspiracy!

How does it feel to be the target of your own personal international conspiracy? Yes, you can blame Edie for secretly contacting all these people to act in concert for this effort. And, hopefully, you had no hint of this over your police scanner.

There's been more than enough said about how nice you are, and how talented.

Let me tell all of you about the deep, dark LeeH that I have perceived...

This is in retaliation for those years when she would come over for Tropicon or the Conference on the Fantastic or for no reason at all, and then stay weeks. How many visitors can stay a month or more before you wish they would leave? Well, Lee would come across the state for Tropicon in early November and then stay—all the way to January even. Then she'd be back in March for the Conference for more weeks of camping on our couch. [Actually, she had her own room – *Edie*].

This lady even hooked our poor feline on tobacco — she told us she was teaching him to fetch, but she was using old cigarette packs. Whenever we wondered about something fannish, she would tell us all about it, and there was a better than reasonable chance she'd take credit for it — like Sixth Fandom or FanHistory or the fifties folk revival or race cars or plaid ink. Well, actually, she never took credit for anything. She just did all those things! How depressing. Then when we wanted to meet somebody interesting, like a man who had the heart of a small boy, we drove hundreds of miles to chauffeur her to the secret meeting. And then even after he met us, she convinced him to come back for Tropicon. Or when she found out Edie was a closet folkie, she namedropped celebrities like Dave Van Ronk, and the New Lost City Ramblers, and Pete Seeger (hmmm, that was Pete namedropping Lee in his book). Or mention typesetting



Just look at this woman. Could you trust your cat to her?

Happy Birthday, LeeH, Happy Birthday to you! Happy Birthday Dear Lee, Happy Birthday to you!

and layout and printing and she had done it first. But don't blame her for any little errors you find in this.

And crafty—you never met anybody as crafty as her. She had been into leather, see. She knows all the strange harnesses and the knots to hold them to just the right tension for, umm, comfort. And carving up skin – she could put intricate, maybe cabalistic, patterns onto any piece of skin you have. She knew about horses and leatherwork and maybe the patterns on the belt were cabalistic because I'm sure she is well-read in secret Jewish writings.

She made me a wicked sword cane with an intricately carved, vicious animal head for the handle. It's so subtly crafted that, even in these days of high security, I can carry it onto any aircraft. All I have to do is slip it into my shirt pocket, all two inches of it.

Strange things happen around her, too. She has this weird control over small mechanical devices. They lie with their guts hanging out on her table, patiently waiting for her to poke and prod at their insides. Then these old things rise up and resume their lives as if they'd never been broken. One time, she abandoned a 50 year old mimeograph and moved across town. It took three years, but it eventually followed her home. I know this from personal knowledge. I have given it a home, sometimes atop a miniature tower of trufandom. But, when I go near enough to touch its crank, it squeaks its desire to go home to Lee.

So what else can I say about Lee?

The fact that Edie and I never asked her to go home and when she was gone, eagerly awaited her next visit, probably gives you a hint.

Like Edie says, Lee. We've got more room now. We can even let you use a real bed.

- Joe



Lee Hoffman sent me to the library, where I found Courtney's boat.

I'm not the only fan to have tracked this famous *Quandry* lino down to its lair - Taral once published an article in *DNQ* reporting his research - but I hadn't seen that when I researched the matter independently a few years ago, copied the article that LeeH had read (it was actually in *Holiday*, August 1951), and posted the copy on the bulletin board at the Chicon 2000 fanzine room. If nobody knows who sawed the boat, at least now I know the full story of the circumstances (single-sculled racing boat, sabotaged the night before the big race in 1879), and got a mild historical thrill from visiting the original site on Lake Chatauqua. I was sent back to both 1951 and 1879 in one moment.

The only time I've met LeeH in person was also in a Chicon fanzine room, the year she was GoH in 1982 - at which I was pleased to notice that she was wearing the original harp brooch that Walt Willis had given her thirty years earlier, and which she had again in 1962. She said, "I always wear it to Chicago Worldcons." Again I was sent back to two earlier years.

Such are the subtle but exquisite joys of timebinding, and I owe these to Lee Hoffman. Thanks, Lee, and happy birthday!

— David Bratman

Happy Birthday, LeeH, Happy Birthday to you! Happy Birthday Dear Lee, Happy Birthday to you!

Feliz Cumpleaños



from Terry, Haroun, and the animals!

—Terry Hoffman

Happy Birthday, LeeH, Happy Birthday to you! Happy Birthday Dear Lee, Happy Birthday to you!

Legend of Blackjack Sam

.....

To Leeh:

All fmz eds stand in your shadow, still. In honor of this day, I just named a mysterious event in our far future, for a novel I'm writing, The Quandary. Nobody knows what it was...but they respected it.

— Gregory Benford

.....

It is a pleasure to be able to say **HAPPY BIRTHDAY LEEH!**

When I moved to New York City's Lower East side in mid 1963 I was still basically a neo having pubbed only a couple of zines. I was also a folk music fan and thus was doubly in awe of Lee Hoffman's accomplishments in sf and folk fandom. She lived a couple blocks away from me and kindly invited me to visit her apartment. I was so happy to receive copies of *Caravans* and *Gardylloo* (her seminal folk music fanzines) and to be treated with respect even though I was young and somewhat wild at times. Lee is still my friend almost 40 years later and I treasure that friendship. I remember her wide ranging interests and knowledge of many subjects. We once had an interesting discussion of Carousels and the carved animals on these rides. Lee knew the names of the designers of the elegant horses! On the other hand, she was kind enough to profess surprise that I knew the name of the type of butterfly that flew near us one day. (It was a Monarch.) A few years ago I went to a Dave Van Ronk concert in San Francisco and in talking to Dave mentioned Leeh. His face lit up and he said to say hello to her for him next time I saw her. I hope to see you again some day LeeH but meanwhile Hello from Dave Van Ronk and Mike McInerney and a very Happy Birthday too!

— Mike McInerney

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Lee Hoffman In the Caves of Karst

by Andy Porter

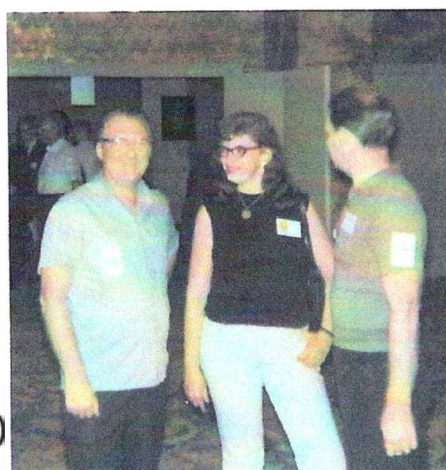
I was still very much a fannish neo, in those now distant days of the mid-1960's. After several years in the minors, going to Lunarians in the Bronx and Eastern SF Association meetings in Newark, and my first worldcon, Discon I in 1963, in 1964 I graduated to the Major Leagues — attending Fanoclast meetings at Ted White's house in Brooklyn. I think I still had a bit of the Phone Fan in me, and so when I realized the legendary Lee Hoffman was not only alive and well but living in New York City, I determined to stir her fannish spirits and revive her interest in fandom.

At the time, LeeH was living in a cramped basement apartment on East 7th Street, east of Cooper Union. It was a time when the Lower East Side was in flux, becoming the East Village, moving from ethnic to hippy. Coffee houses replaced Polish restaurants, the Ukrainian Social Hall on St. Marks Place transformed into a rock venue, and the solid ethnic population was replaced by trendy youngsters with long hair willing to pay lots more for fifth floor walk-ups. So when I called Lee, I actually reached her, and managed to stir her out of her fannish lethargy. She'd been Gafia, in a big way, having been a major fanzine fan, a major force in folksong fandom, then married to Larry Shaw, and then living a quiet life until I, in my brash, neofannish way, apparently stirred her to fanac again. I visited her, in her basement apartment on East 7th Street, which I recall reminded me of the Mines of Moria, or perhaps even the Caves of Karst. I don't think the place had a window. The floor was a remarkably bouncy linoleum, apparently resting on nothing at all (but that's another story). It was there that she entertained a neoish and rather dazzled young me, astonished that anyone still remembered her, and she gave me fannish illoes for my dittoed zine, *Algol*, then very neoish, but getting more fannish by the issue. I still have some of them...

The rest is, I guess, fannish history. She started coming to Fanoclast meetings, brought in her friends Don and Jo Miesner — who worked on designing the Hugos for the 1967 Worldcon that the Fanoclasts ran, and coincidentally got me interested in their interests, including the National Maritime Historical Society — was on the memorable 2-car fannish expedition that went out to the 1966 Westercon when we were bidding for the 67 worldcon, got active again, attended other conventions and became the Lee Hoffman whose fannish career still flowers, to these many years later. I am now four times the age I was when I first met LeeH, and she still lives in my fannish memories, and in the real world of life and fandom as well. I'm happy to wish her a memorable 70th birthday, all of health and happiness.

Fiawol!

Bob Madle, LeeH and Rusty Hevelin (really, it is!)



Happy Birthday, LeeH, Happy Birthday to you! Happy Birthday Dear Lee, Happy Birthday to you!

The day and time of my meeting Lee Hoffman was not recorded. Nor do I recall the exact circumstances of when I first met Lee. However since NolaCon was my second Worldcon and not only her first Worldcon but the first meeting with fans, I know that it was there we met. I believe we probably met each other in the room that I shared with Ed Kuss, Max Keasler and Rich Elsberry. It was a very large room with four single beds. She must have been at The Friday Night Party. (The famous one in room 770 of the St. Charles Hotel). But it was not until the next afternoon when she came to the room with several Little Men that we were introduced. I was one of a few who had not heard about her. That might have been because my only involvement with fanzine fandom was membership in SAPS. Someone decided that it would be great fun to pull the shades and turn off all of the lights and "hassle" this rare addition to Fandom – a female. And I being the oldest (21), thought that this might not be the greatest fun ever and whispered what was afoot in her ear. Lee smiled. The others thought better of the idea and after a few minutes we went down to the single track program.

The soup at the banquet was jellied consommé. Lee and I were at the same table. We sat opposite each other at a rectangular table of about eight fans. I looked at the consommé and thought *ugh!* I mentioned that it would be jolly good fun to start a fire in the saucer and melt it. She decided that that would make a good article for *Quandry* and so I had my first published article. For some unknown reason I never sent her another.

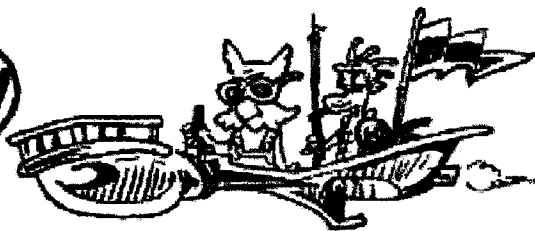
In January 1957 I moved to NYC. While living there first with Harlan Ellison and then with Ian MaCaully, I went to the apartment she shared with a banjo player. Not sure why I did this but I had a good time visiting with them and their other guests. There may have been live music. I don't recall seeing her again until Chicon IV in 1982 where she was Fan GoH. We had a pleasant conversation covering the passed years. Since then I heard by way of Joe that she has read my fanzines and planned on making some comments.

Last but not least I hope now that we are living in Florida to visit her someday soon. That is if she will have me.

— Roger Sims

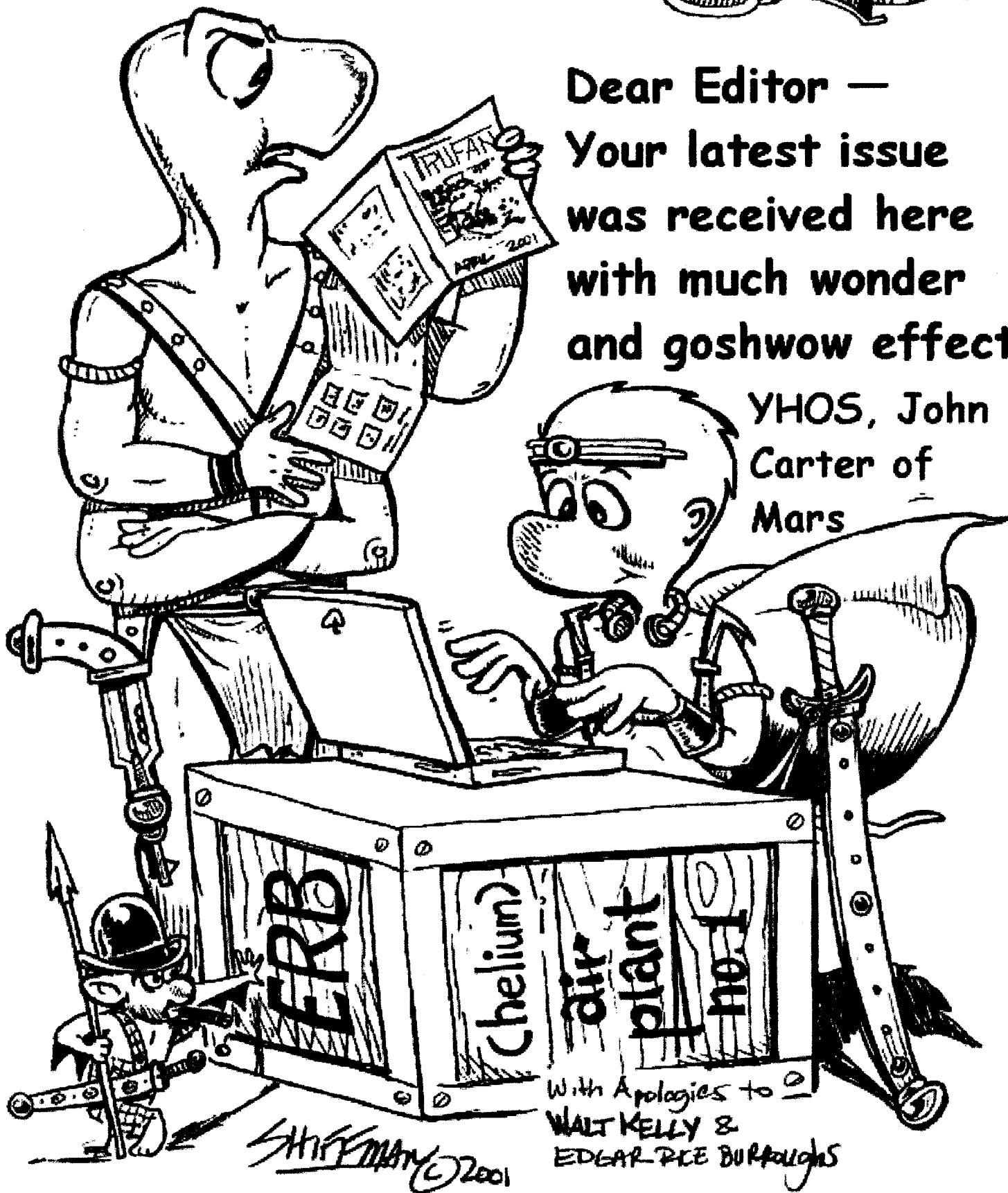
FanHistory

Rowrbrazzle!!



Dear Editor —
Your latest issue
was received here
with much wonder
and goshwow effect

YHOS, John
Carter of
Mars



SHIRKMAN © 2001

With Apologies to
WALT KELLY &
EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Happy Birthday, LeeH, Happy Birthday to you! Happy Birthday Dear Lee, Happy Birthday to you!

Gardylou

For Lee's 70th

It's one of the oddities of SF Fandom that I've known Lee for close on twenty-five years, yet never met her in the flesh. At first, that bothered me – it was like communicating with a disembodied spirit that only existed on paper. But as the years went on, it came to seem less and less important – the part of Lee that I know matters a lot more than what she looks like or what her voice is like.

I know how Lee writes, not just because we correspond, but because I've managed to collect several of her books. She has a lively wit and a firm command of the English language, and it was a great loss to readers when she decided to retire.

To a great extent I know how Lee thinks, because she and I have shared political commentary, scientific theories, religious experiences and explorations, and disgruntlement about the general stupidity of the human race. We don't always agree, but we recognize each other as intelligent human beings, and tolerate each other's differences while we take joy in our similarities.

It's very difficult to spout off *ex cathedra* from the depths of your own ignorance around Lee, because she asks for facts and figures and background. "Where did you see that?" she'll say, or "I saw such and such about this. Where did you see this and that?" It makes life more interesting – my research skills have greatly improved, although my laziness about research hasn't. Of course, now that Lee has connected herself to the internet, she'll probably do all the research before she asks the questions.

It's been a pleasure knowing Lee these past years, but it hasn't lasted nearly long enough. I hope for many more years of argument, agreement, congratulations and consolation, and the little pinpricks that burst my bubble just when it's gotten too big for my good.

Happy birthday, Lee! Here's to the next seventy years!

—Mary :)

Self-Preservation

One of the junkies pinned Mike McInerney's arms behind his back while the other held a knife to his throat. The third was jamming a .45 in my stomach in a very unpleasant way. "We won't give you any trouble," I said, "you can have all our money." That came to about eighty bucks and our wristwatches. After ordering us to sit on the grimy tenement foyer floor, the three left. In a few minutes we did too.

It's true what they say about life threatening emergencies, at least this time it was: when faced with imminent danger, survival mechanisms kick in; Mike and I remained relatively calm during the rip-off, our attention on survival. Afterwards, however, we were flooded with adrenalin, trembling, completely un-nerved.

So we went on rubber legs to Lee Hoffman's nearby basement apartment and she listened to our story and talked to us and gave us some tea and in an amazingly short time our shakes went away and we felt *much* better – as I expect we knew we would. Long before I ever saw an issue of *Quandry* (which was long after she left New York) I got to know Lee as a warm and wise friend rather than A Big Name Fan totem. As a BNF she deserves her reputation. As a human being, she's a real Mensch.

—Steve Stiles



Dave Van Arnam and LeeH on the trip via unairconditioned Chevy Suburban to the 1966 Westercon.

Degrees of Connection

I really don't know Lee Hoffman.

I know Edie (and Joe too, but that's not the point).

When we visited them a few days ago, Edie mentioned this terrific idea she had for a special present for Lee: a very neat fannish idea – a one-shot anniversary ish in her honor. Would I want to write something for it?

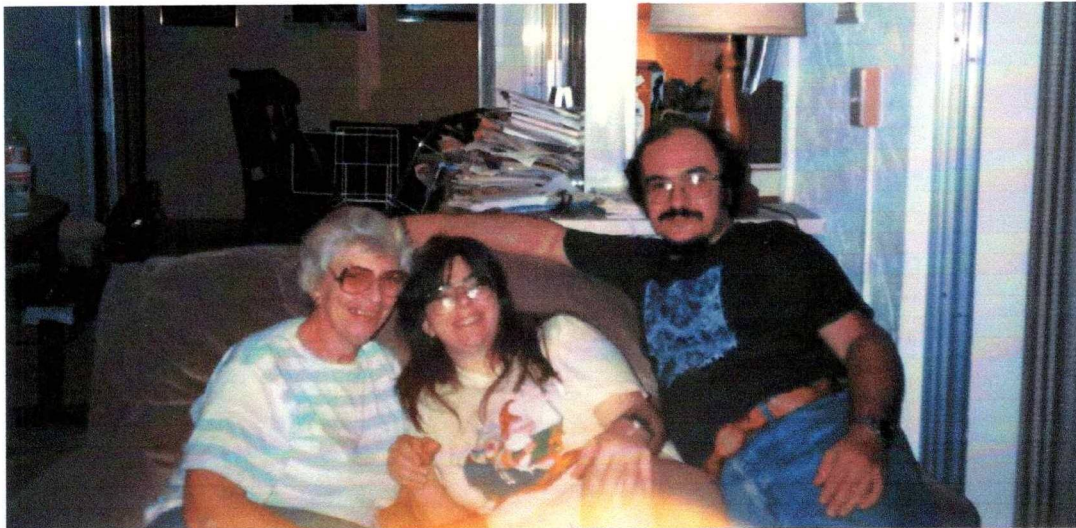
Except that I don't think I've ever actually met Lee. Sure, I know the name (as every proper fan should), and may have seen her at a convention. I might even have worked with her when I was helping put together MagiCon. Who knows?

But I really liked Edie's idea, and wanted to do something to help out. And it occurred to me, that since I know Edie, and Edie knows Lee, then I know Lee too. Two degrees of separation barely count.

Yet the word "separation" doesn't really work here, does it? I mean, this is fandom, after all. OK, I don't know Lee personally – why should that matter? We're both fans, so we're practically family anyway (well, make that "community" to keep from going over the top!). Fandom makes us **connected**. Bound together, and by ties that can bind more strongly than mere acquaintance.

And sometimes more strongly than we expect. The connections go beyond the now. Friendships beget community, and even the most neo of fen can thereby timebind as well – to the giants of the past, and (one must hope) into the future as well.

— *Priscilla Olson*



Lee, Edie and Joe - a visit to Boca Raton circa 1988

The Valdez Horses

1969. St. Louis. My first Worldcon. I'd published a couple SF stories, a few fanzine reviews, and a UK publisher had bought my first novel. Attending a big SF convention seemed like a good idea at the time. But when I got to the Chase Park Plaza Hotel, I was feeling so intimidated, I immediately dropped some first rate blotter acid in hopes of achieving clarity, or at least that sense of unreality that's so helpful in times of stress. And it did help, up to a point. I strolled through the melting lobby and spotted a group in deep conversation. I hovered around the edge of the group, checking out name tags, when suddenly I saw a name I recognized. Lee Hoffman. She was just sitting there, smiling, not saying much. But the thing was, Lee Hoffman was a guy. I knew this because I'd just read a book by him a couple months earlier, a wonderful novel called *The Valdez Horses*. And the other thing was, Lee Hoffman wrote Westerns, and this was an SF convention. Or was it? Had I accidentally checked into a convention for Western fans? It seemed, under the influence as I was, totally possible, even likely. Unless of course this was a different Lee Hoffman, which seemed even more likely, since Lee Hoffman was a guy who wrote Westerns, and there was still the remote possibility this was an SF convention. While I was working all this out, I must have been staring at Lee very intently, and she finally noticed me and said, "Hi," which was pretty brave of her considering the weird shit that must have been bouncing around behind my eyes. And I said, in my sly, oblique fashion, "I like horses." And she said, "So do I." And I said, "You wouldn't be the author of *The Valdez Horses* by any chance." She nodded, and I said, because I really needed to know, "Is this a science fiction convention?" She nodded again. "Wow," I said, sagging with relief. Not that it was all starting to make sense, or anything like that, but there was just something about her that made me feel everything was going to be okay. Lee must have realized that I was adrift, because she took me off to a quiet area of the hotel and drank about a thousand cups of coffee with me, and we had this long conversation about everything under the sun. And let me say, you should only be so lucky as to encounter something as perfect and beautiful as Lee Hoffman on an acid trip, especially when you're alone and in the heart of darkness at your first Worldcon in St. Louis. Lucky, lucky. Lee gave me the gift of her friendship, and the boundless generosity of her spirit, and even now, over thirty years later, the memory of that meeting warms me on the coldest nights. Happy Birthday, Lee. Thanks for everything.

Love,

Bob Toomey

Happy Birthday, LeeH, Happy Birthday to you! Happy Birthday Dear Lee, Happy Birthday to you!

Lee Hoffman

In my seventy-four years on this earth, I have seen a little of life, and met quite a few people. Throughout all of that time, the number of persons I feel I can look up to, and try to emulate can be counted on the fingers of one hand. At the top of the list, or at least very near the top is Lee Hoffman.

I first met Lee in the early fifties, when she was heavily involved in folk music circles in New York's Greenwich Village. Since I and several others were interested in that genre, we all became friends. Many were the happy evenings we spent in her basement apartment in the East Village watching our favorite TV programs and discussing ways to cure the world's ills.

Lee has always excelled at anything she has turned her hand to; from using an (A)bacus to (W)riting. Since she hasn't quite reached Z yet, I'm waiting for her to try for (X)-ray technician, (Y)odeling, and maybe riding (Z)ebbras. That last one should be easy, since she has had ample experience with horses.

When she moved to Florida, we kept in contact by occasional letters. I also made a trip or two down to see her and her parents. When I met my wife Rose, we came down together. These were some of the most enjoyable trips she and I made.

How we happen to live here in Florida and in the same town as Lee, makes for an interesting anecdote.

At the turn of the 80s decade the biggest land developer in this area was a now defunct company called General Development Corp. At that time they were sending their "missionaries" to various states to try to sell their houses and lots. They happened to come to our house in New York, and gave us their sales talk. When they mentioned Port Charlotte, where Lee was living, we became interested and ended up buying property here. Within a relatively short time we sold our house up north and moved down to Florida. Once here, we became even closer friends than we were at long distance. As you can see, it's all Lee's fault.

Over the years, we and Lee have exchanged many gifts. Aside from the physical gifts she has given us, she has also extended her friendship, which we prize even more. Two of the things she has given me are guiding principals, which I use every day. She has taught me to think logically, and to be true to the principals you know are right. These are gifts which will never wear out.

LEE, ITS YOUR SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY. LIVE IT UP AND ENJOY. WE ARE PROUD TO BE A PART OF YOUR CELEBRATION. WE LOVE YOU.

Rose and Aaron

LEE HOFFMAN

AS I HAVE KNOWN HER

by Ted White

I knew who Lee Hoffman was before I ever saw one of her fanzines.

I read about her in a prozine – in Mari Wolf’s “Fandora’s Box,” in *Imagination*. Ms Wolf (in actuality Mrs. Roger Phillips Graham, or Rog Phillips’ wife) reviewed fanzines for *Imagination*. I read the fanzine review columns in the prozines (there were several) and pretended to myself that I knew all about these amateur publications.

I read all the fanzine reviews, but one stuck with me. In it Mari Wolf raved about a fanzine because it used *color mimeography*. This was, she explained, a very difficult and demanding task, an arcane art in fact. She was very impressed with even the fact that it had been attempted, and the actual work was so good that she was almost beside herself with rapture. That impressed itself deeply upon me. I noted that the fanzine in question was called *Science-Fiction Five-Yearly #1* and it had been published by Lee Hoffman.

In the next two years I worked on practicing my mimeography on my little postcard mimeo by putting out pamphlets devoted to Superman (now rare and highly prized in comics fandom, but in reality rather lame excuses to try out stencils-cutting techniques), and in 1953 I assayed my first attempt at a fanzine. You can bet your bottom dollar that it employed color mimeo work. I was 15 years old and I had as yet little to say to the world, but I knew what impressed Mari Wolf, and even in my first little fanzine the color mimeo work was decent and maybe even impressive.

By 1955, I’d graduated to a normal-sized mimeo, put the seventh issue of my fanzine through FAPA, and gone to my first worldcon, where I met Lee Hoffman.

By now, I knew her to be a Major BNF, one of the luminaries of fandom, whose *Quandry* had been the focal point of Sixth Fandom, and a fellow member of FAPA. I was semi-tongue-tied when I met her but Lee was immediately friendly and complimented me on my fanzine. I felt like I’d closed the circle.

In the next few years, we became friends. I visited her in New York City, spending part of a week as a guest in her apartment as she and Larry Shaw showed me their New York. We wandered the Village and she introduced me to both Dave Van Ronk and Izzy Young, who ran the Folklore Center. I have a reel-to-reel tape of Van Ronk singing and playing guitar in her living room, and at different times she gave me a small oil painting (of a trumpet player – semi-impressionistic and very nice) and a soapstone sculpture of a lion (which sits on my mantel next to my Hugo).

When I moved to New York City in 1959 Lee had moved into the apartment she kept until she moved to Florida around ten years later – a basement apartment so old that its bath tub was in the kitchen under a fold-down table top. Lee had painted one wall with a convincing replica of a stone-age cave

Happy Birthday, LeeH, Happy Birthday to you! Happy Birthday Dear Lee, Happy Birthday to you!

painting, and it seemed perfectly suited to that dim but cozy place.

I have happy memories of the period in the '60s when I began writing books. I would live the book I was writing, spending most of each waking day working on it, and unable to talk about anything else when I came up for air and socialized at Fanoclast or FISTFA meetings, Friday nights. One day Lee told me that whatever I had was catching. She had this western novel she'd started, and she wondered if I'd take a look at it and tell her if she should keep working on it. Well, of course it was good. She had a natural narrative voice. I immediately recognized that she was a better writer than me, but that struck me as somehow perfectly natural. She'd always been better than me – at putting out fanzines, at painting – so it seemed only right that she also wrote better. She had as a fanwriter, too.

So I took a mild proprietary pride in Lee's successes as a western and then a science fiction writer. (I was delighted to publish her "Always The Black Knight" in *Fantastic*.) Twice we tried to collaborate, and I think we demonstrated an ability to work well together, but neither project (a juvenile mystery series set in NYC's East Village, and a time-travel novel set largely in 1886) got past the preliminary stages. (Every editor told us a SF-western was a no-go, and the editor who commissioned the juvenile series turned out to be an alcoholic who changed her mind too often.)

I've seen a lot less of Lee since I moved back to Virginia and she moved to Florida, but I like to think that *S-FF-Y*, which I've contributed to for the past 40 years, has kept us linked. I hope so. I've admired Lee most of my life.

— Ted White

Always the Black Knight

Happy Birthday, LeeH, Happy Birthday to you! Happy Birthday Dear Lee, Happy Birthday to you!

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Happy Birthday, LeeH!

Table of Contents

Quandry Ghost Writer Revealed – Bob Tucker	3
Surprise!!! – Edie Stern	6
Lee Creates a Fan – Gary Ross Hoffman	7
Hey, Lee! – Carol Carr	9
Blast from the Past – Melanie Herz	10
1952 – Dick Lupoff	11
Happy Birthday, Lee! – Dave Langford	12
Have a Happy, Happy – Francine Mullen	12
The Fannish Braid – Tom Whitmore	13
Dear Lee – Robert Lichtman	13
Hoffmanesque – Rusty Hevelin	14
Best wishes – Jack Weaver	14
The One and Only... – Earl Kemp	15
Gina Ellis's Contribution to the Lee Hoffman 70-yearly One-Shot.	
Eagerly waiting for the next edition – Gina Ellis	16
And this is Keith – Keith Harvey	17
Hall Parties – Peggy Dolan	18
You Can Pick Your Friends; Sometimes You <i>Can</i> Pick	
Your Family! – Edie Stern	19
Greetings From Afar – John-Henri Holmberg	20
Great Chicken Massacre – Joe Haldeman	22
Happy Birthday, Lee! – Gay Haldeman	22
And Here's to Many More – Buz Busby	23
Happy Birthday, LeeH! – Geri Sullivan	24
Thank Goodness – Avedon Carol	26
How LeeH and ShelVy and Max Shaped My World – Joyce Katz	27
1982 Fan Room in Chicago – Marty Cantor	29
Lee Hoffman and the Temple to Bast – Sarah Clemens	30
If it wasn't for Lee Hoffman – Shelby Vick	31
Lee, It's a Conspiracy! – Joe Siclari	33
Lee Hoffman sent me to the library, where I found	
Courtney's boat – David Bratman	34
Feliz Cumpleanos – Terry Hoffman	35
To LeeH – Gregory Benford	36
It is a pleasure to be able to say – Mike McInerney	36
Lee Hoffman in the Caves of Karst – Andy Porter	37
Meeting Lee Hoffman – Roger Sims	38
For Lee's 70 th – Mary Holwager	40
LeeH, Calming Influence – Steve Stiles	41
Degrees of Connection – Priscilla Olson	42
1969 – Bob Toomey	43
Lee Hoffman – Rose & Aaron Rennert	44
Lee Hoffman As I Have Known Her – Ted White	45
Contributors	47

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