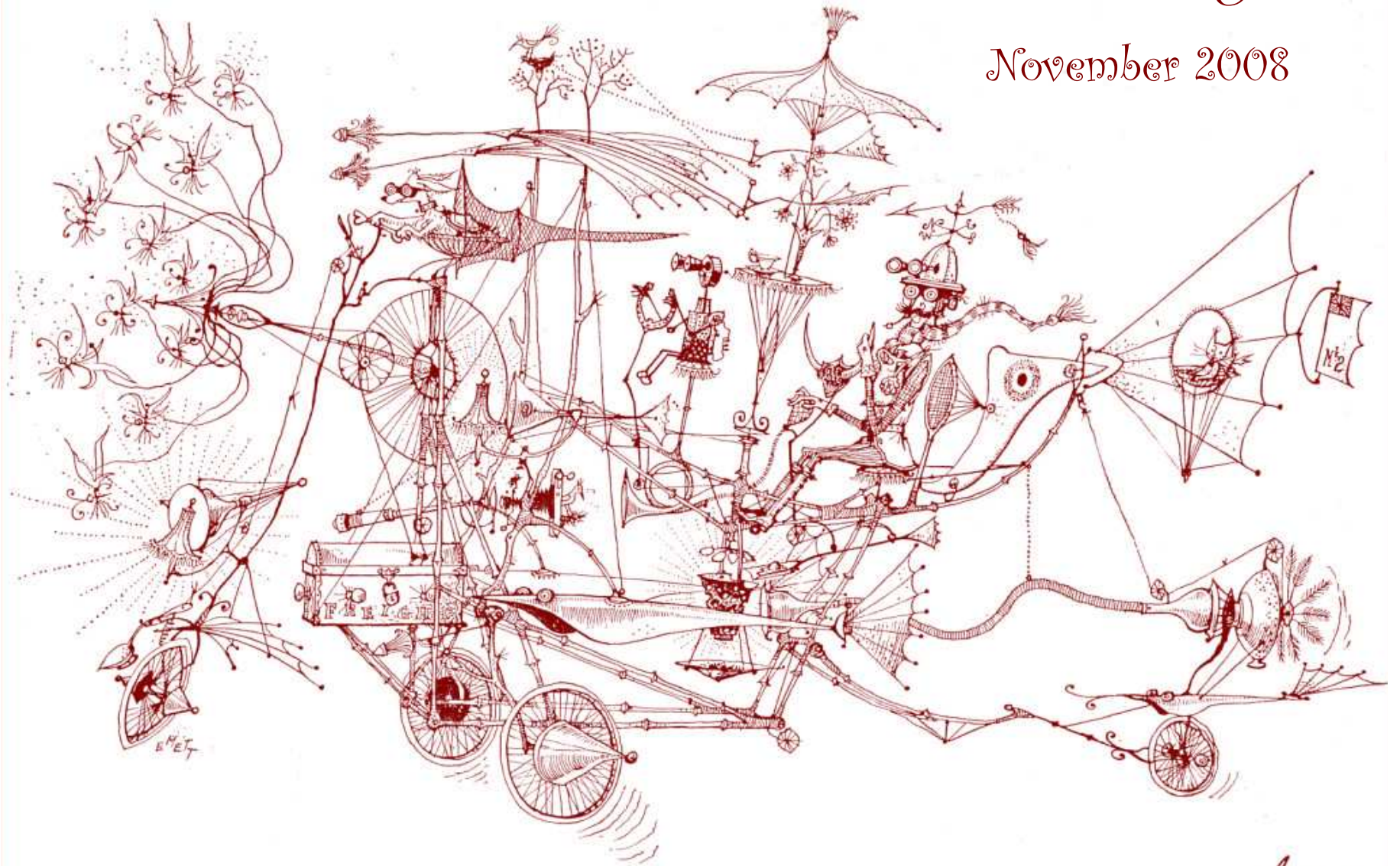


Time and Again 7

November 2008



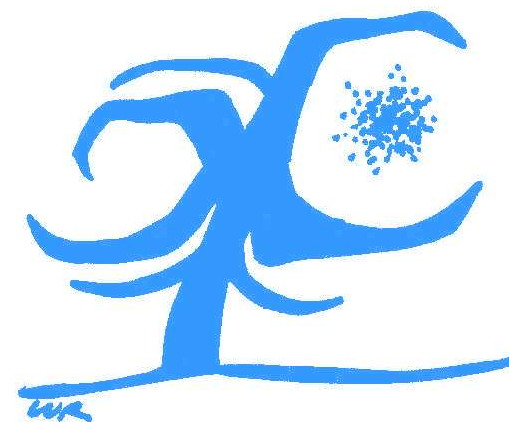
THE FEATHERSTONE-KITE OPENWORK BASKET-WEAVE Mk. 2. GENTLEMAN'S FLYING MACHINE

by E.T.

"If a science-fiction fan is someone who used to read science fiction and likes to hang out with others who used to read science fiction, what's a fanzine fan?" -- Arthur D. Hlavaty

TIME AND AGAIN #7

November 2008



Editor: [Dave Locke](#) <time3again at gmail dot com> P.O. Box 485, Pownal, VT 05261

This pub is the inherited spinoff of [David Burton's](#) fanzine *Pixel*.

Primary source of inspiration and advice: [Eric Mayer](#)

Schedule: Time and again (and here you thought that was just the title...)

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Artwork

- Cover - *The Featherstone-Kite Openwork Basket-Weave Mk. 2. Gentleman's Flying Machine*, by [Emett](#)
05 [William Rotsler](#) 14 [Alexis Gilliland](#) 18 [Jason Munn](#) 25, 30 [Brad Foster](#) 26 [Harry Bell](#)
38 [Grant Canfield](#) All else "nicked from the Net" (© David Burton)

Diabologic

Here Comes The Future Again

editorial by Dave Locke

It was written science fiction that got me into all this trouble. I mean, fandom, and the amateur publishing thing. There's much SF which remains close to my heart, or at least my tickle center, but as the years bump each other in the ass as they come down the chute I find myself very distanced from science fiction. I don't find the SF which used to fascinate me and which, when reread, still does. Exercises in taking recommendations haven't worked out well. So for the most part I've moved to the mystery genre where I've been quite happy for the last three decades. I still putter around with SF in movies and TV, looking for the rare jewels to be discovered and getting a kick out of rudely backtalking the screen for most of what it offers up.

Now, in a way, SF has turned into reality and become a bigger part of the picture again. In practical



terms. Or, at least, that's a picture of it that I see. It's even why I'm here.

But I'm getting ahead of myself.

Back in the Pleistocene, which encompassed 1961 when I quit hanging around science fiction fandom and decided to join it, my act of commitment was to publish a fanzine. *Heptagon* #1, April 1961. Yes, I know it was a terrible title. Somewhere in its lifespan I retained the numbering but changed the title to *Phoenix*. Yes, I know that was a terrible title, too. One of the definitions of Phoenix is "A legendary Arabian bird said to periodically burn itself to death and emerge from the ashes as a new phoenix; according to most versions only one phoenix lived at a time and it renewed itself every 500 years". Another is "A constellation in the southern hemisphere near Tucana and Sculptor", and that sounded real skiffy-like, too. However, never having been a fan of constellations ("that looks like what? Do you serious?"), I opted for the legendary Arabian bird definition. I even drew and pubbed a picture of a phoenix. Yes, I know it was a terrible illustration, even ignoring the fact that neither I nor anyone else knew what a phoenix would look like. And that's just thinking back on it. I don't still have a copy. Fortunately my fanzines got better as the years progressed, even if my illustrations never did.

Following that was a first marriage and a brief gafiation and a 1968 relocation from upstate New York to southern California. So, a decade after *Heptagon/Phoenix* materialized, *Awry* #1 came along in January of 1972. *Awry* was probably the fanzine I'm best known for. Why? Well, because my wordwhipping had escalated to the point where I was being noted for both *Awry* and my then-new column in *Yandro*, and I was showing an ability to package some of

the better writers in fandom at the time. Ed Cox, Tina Hensel, Bob Tucker, Milt Stevens, Dean Grennell, Jodie Offutt, Ed Cagle, David Hulan, Cy Condra. Plus, it lasted 10 issues, which was longer than any other Pure Genzine title I've done on my own... Well, so far. You'll note I don't even count *Slow Djinn*, which saw 100 issues and showed its face in the apas Gestalt, Fapa, Stobcler, FLAP, and Apanage.

Inbetween *Phoenix* and *Awry* was *Pelf*, which was co-edited with my good friend David Hulan and lasted 14 issues. Some issues were genzines, others were perszines, others were apazines. One issue got messed up on its schedule which resulted in only two copies being printed, one for David and one for myself. Hard to categorize that one... But, all issues taken together, *Pelf* set me off on a course of coedited genzines/perszines with fans such as Ed Cagle (*Shambles*), Dean Grennell (*DAGLocke*), and Joni Stopa (*Gallimaufry*). I loved coediting. The beauty of fandom is, of course, personal interaction, and coediting was a means of doing that which I've always felt was underutilized.

Wrenching myself back to my own zines, April of 1978 was when I decided to try the perszine approach, and I came out with *The Works* #1, which also contained enough outside material to stray onto genzine ground. *The Works* saw 4 issues, and probably contains much of my best fanwriting. For a value of "my best fanwriting" which interprets as "fanwriting which I look back on fondly".

I crawled back into the fanzine game with the genzine *Time and Again* which saw issues in 1985 and 1986 before going on a long hiatus. The first issue was at the end of the era of publishing by Gestetner mimeograph (not that some fanzines don't still pop up on mimeo, but the era was

ending), which had served for everything after I gave up on ditto with *Phoenix*. The second issue was by plain bond copying, in black and white. And that was the end of it until the middle of May this year when I got smitten by the digital publishing bug (which I'd tasted earlier, with a zine in the all-digital fan apa called e-APA). In living color.

There is a continuity to it all. Putting together a general circulation fanzine, especially without the drudgery of duties which dead-tree publishing adds to the mix, is an enjoyable exercise to me. I enjoy talking with fans about material. I get a kick out of visualizing the appearance of an issue and doing what I can to make the graphics work with me instead of intruding on either me or the readers. I like the challenge of fashioning an editorial which doesn't follow an issue-by-issue formula. I enjoy piecing together a letter column and communicating with those who are moved to write in. And then I enjoy pressing the *Send* button and watching the publishing and distribution functions get taken care of, all without getting ink on me or costing me hours I'd rather spend elsewhere, leaving it to deadtree diehards to handle their fix in this print-it-yourself era. All the good elements have stayed the same over the years, with technology growing to push aside the mechanical drudgeries.

The package becomes more streamlined. More science fictional, even. "Can he press the button, and instantaneously pub his ish to fans all over the world, or will he wake up and see it was all just a dream?"

Science fiction comes to life and comes to fandom.





The author at a much younger age

ANOTHER FAN'S POISON:

“A Young Man's War...”

column, by Curt Phillips

One nice thing about the way Dave publishes this fanzine with its on-line posting and immediate access, is that in writing for it I can be very topical when current events bring a particular subject to mind. For instance, here in the United States we will very shortly be commemorating Veteran's Day on November 11th; the anniversary of the end of the First World War. Originally called “Armistice Day” the name was changed many years ago to encompass the veterans of all wars - since it eventually became clear that the “War to End All War” - as WWI was referred to at the time - wasn't going to live up to its billing. And so each Nov. 11 - or sometimes the closest Saturday morning - many towns and cities all across America hold parades

and other events to celebrate the veterans who've served in the military and to remember those who died in our wars. Every kid loves a parade, and when I was very young my dad - a Korean War veteran of the US Air Force - used to take me to Bristol for the annual parade. This was back during the Vietnam War and I suppose that there was more open support for the military in those years than there would be just a few years later, but then my part of the country is very conservative and has a long tradition of supporting our people in the armed services, regardless of where they stood on the war at hand. Those parades of my childhood were impressive affairs with whole companies of uniformed soldiers from the local reserve and National Guard units; tanks and military vehicles, high school marching bands, floats, and other attractions. Could you but look back in time to Veteran's Day in Bristol in 1966, you might spot the 6 year-old Curt standing with his dad on State

Street wearing his father's old Air Force dog tags around his neck and waving his small American flag as the local soldiers march by. The oldest veterans in our community would often ride in open convertibles or on the backs of flat bed trucks, and many of these were veterans of the First World War with signs that identified them as members of "The 30th Infantry Division", or even "Veterans of the Argonne" or of other WWI battles. One of my uncles always used to drive a car with my elderly great-uncle Luther Maynes in the parade. Uncle Luke was Bristol's last surviving Spanish-American War veteran and he became such a local institution that when he died a few weeks before Veteran's Day in 1969, my uncle drove his empty car in the parade with signs edged in black crepe that read "In Memory of Pvt. Luther Maynes - Spanish-American War". Folks on the sidewalks stood and placed their hands over their hearts and soldiers saluted when my uncle's car drove by that day.

Americans of a certain age will remember the change in the spirit of our country in the early to mid 1970's as it slowly and very painfully became clear that the War in Vietnam had gone terribly wrong, and that the patriotic high we'd all been enjoying since WWII had contributed to leading us down a road that most of us realized far too late

that we'd never wanted to travel. Apparently by 1974, folks around these parts didn't feel like holding parades much anymore, and Bristol stopped having the Veteran's Day parade for the next several years. I was older by then and had other things to do anyway, and just didn't think about all that anymore. Time - instead of parades - marched by...

By 1989 I was married and was working as an electronic tech at a local company. The mood of America had gradually changed again and Bristol woke from its patriotic slumber and decided to start holding a parade on Veteran's Day again. Out of, perhaps, a feeling of nostalgia I attended and saw something I'd never expected to see; a whole company of Confederate soldiers marching through Bristol. They were the first Civil War reenactors I'd ever seen and I followed them to the end of the parade, talked with a few of the fellows and made some contacts. A few months later I entered that hobby myself, though as a Union soldier. (I'll tell you why I chose the blue over the gray someday in another article...). A few years later that hobby led to another; WWII reenacting, and one nifty thing about that hobby is that a great many WWII veterans are still around and can talk with us about the days when they were young men who went off to fight their war. Also, it was



Bristol Veteran's Day Parade: Folding the colors at parade's end

a very inexpensive hobby in those days since the local flea markets and junk shops were full of cast off WWII uniforms and equipment so we WWII reenactors could outfit ourselves very cheaply. Being compulsive by nature I picked up such stuff whenever I could find it and stored it away for trading or other possible use.

Have I ever mentioned that my wife Lizbeth is a

middle school teacher? I'm in awe of people who can be a teacher to teenagers. It's a task that I know would utterly defeat me. Anyway, I sometimes hang around at Liz's school and have given talks to her classes about Civil War history and have gotten to know many of her students over the years. One fall a few years ago while visiting her classroom I was talking with some of the kids about *why* I enjoyed the reenacting hobby. "I've never had to fight in a war", I told them, "but I'm very much aware that a lot of Americans have had to leave home to go and fight in wars to protect us. Reenacting old battles helps me understand that those soldiers of our country's past weren't just fighting for their own interests or the political

ideas of their day; they were fighting to try and build the future that we live in today." The kids had a tough time with that concept. It may have been the first time anyone had ever shown them the idea of timebinding. I asked them if they had grandparents or parents who'd been in the military. A fellow named Micah immediately spoke up. "My grandfather was in WWII" he said. I hap-

pened to know Micah's grandfather. He was a former mayor of Bristol and a well known local car dealer. "Have you ever asked him to tell you about his experiences?" I asked. "No, not really," replied Micah. "I've heard him talking with other old men about the war, but that just seems like stuff that only old people talk about. Old folks never talk to us about the old days". "Well, of course not", I thought to myself. "And they won't until you guys start asking some questions." I was beginning to feel one of my Ideas start to bloom in the back of my mind.

After checking out a few things I went back to Liz's class at the end of school a week or so later and gathered three of the kids I'd been talking with earlier including Micah. "How would you guys like to dress up in complete WWII uniforms and march in the Bristol Veteran's Day parade in a couple of weeks?" I asked. Well, they were up for it - only they didn't know then all that I had planned for them.

Comes the next Veteran's Day at 0600 and the three young men, their parents and I all gather at the fire station where I was a volunteer firefighter at the time. I'd hauled in about a dozen sets of uniforms the evening before and we spent nearly two hours fitting three excited teenagers into the proper size uniforms, getting the right size shoes

on each, and making sure that each had the proper insignia and decorations to represent local infantry soldiers of WWII. Much of the time was spent teaching the boys what each of the ribbons and the other parts of their uniforms *meant*. I had two of them wearing the shoulder patch of the Army's 80th Division since many veterans of that infantry unit still lived in the region, while Micah and I wore the "Old Hickory" insignia of the Army's 30th Infantry Division. The National Guard unit that had been based in Bristol before WWII was part of that Division and though he didn't know it that morning, Micah's grandfather had been a member of it.

By 0800 we were all outfitted and looking sharp. The boys were obviously very excited but were trying their best to act cool and professional about the whole thing. I led them to the fire truck bay and spent the next half hour teaching them the rudiments of military formation and military courtesy. To my delight they all knew how to march already and were pretty good at it thanks to the middle school band experience they had. It was actually much harder for them to learn how to salute, but they were keen to learn the art and to get it exactly right. I'm afraid I had earlier impressed on them that the key to being a military reenactor is to take it seriously and to get

the details right and they took my words to heart. As we finished our drill I was proud to tell them that if we were suddenly to fall back in time to 1943, they would all pass for real soldiers. (At least until they had to show their Army ID somewhere...).

We loaded up and drove into Bristol to the parade assembly area which by 0930 was a miasma

of VFW types, military trucks, high school band kids running to find their groups, Civil War reenactors running to find a cup of coffee and a sausage biscuit, Shriners dressed as parade clowns (that might be a local thing...), color guard units from all the various services, local politicians, and all the other things that go into making a big, noisy hometown parade. Into the middle of this



Micah, Jeff, Taylor, and Curt at Bristol Veteran's Day Parade

marched - with perfect military precision - our small unit of 4 “WWII soldiers” to the admiring looks of bystanders and the grins of gray-haired veterans. We still had a good bit of time before we were to start, just as I had planned, and I used that time by taking my guys up to some of the veteran’s groups and making them talk with some actual WWII veterans. I say “making” them talk, only because up to that moment these boys - all of them 15 years old - had very little experience in talking with people of their grandparent’s generation *as social equals*. I was thinking of how I might explain this to the boys when one of them - Josh - asked a question and gave me the opening I needed.

“Why are they looking at us like that?” he asked. “Why are they grinning and not saying anything?” I turned and caught the gaze of all three of my time-travelers. “It’s because right at this moment, they’re not seeing three middle school kids. They’re seeing three young soldiers from 1941. Right now, just for this moment, they’ve gone back in time 60 years to when *they* were teenagers in uniform going off to fight for their country. They’ve gone back in time for a moment and *you* guys made that possible for them.” I grinned and stepped back. “A few weeks ago you guys asked me what it is that reenactors really do and why I do it. *This* is why we do it, and each of you has just done it yourselves. And you’ve done it very, very well.” And then we went over and said hello to the kids of 1941.

I took them first to a group of guys I knew well, the marching unit of the local Korean War Veteran’s Association. These fellows are a lively bunch, most of them WWII veterans as well as Korean War veterans. My guys got to practice their salutes which were all returned with grins and more importantly, they got treated as though they were doing something very cool and very special by those 70-something men. They were getting the kind of respect that adults usually accord each other, and added to that, they were getting a lit-

tle of the “esprit de corps” that soldiers everywhere accord each other. Of course, those veterans understood exactly who my kids were and what they were doing, but they were reacting to the respect that my boys had shown in putting on those uniforms and in conducting themselves in a proper military fashion, and to the respect that my boys were showing *them* by trying to literally march a mile in their shoes. As I had hoped, those old uniforms were bridging a gap. After that I took my guys over to a float from the local VA hospital and introduced them to a few fellows I knew. There was Paul - who lost his right leg in the attack at Hickham Field on December 7th, 1941. Next to him was Jim, who had a foot amputated after it froze during the Battle of the Bulge. And Jim introduced us all to a new resident of the VA, Clifton, who was an Army paratrooper in the Pacific who lost the use of both legs on his last combat jump. There were several other folks I knew in the assembly area, like Mrs. Williamson, who called us over to her car - she was riding with the parade marshal - to admire our uniforms. She was a Navy nurse during WWII and Korea. And a very tall elderly man came over to talk briefly with us. He was Dempsey W. Morgan and in WWII he’d been a 2nd Lt. in the Army Air Forces and flew a P-51 Mustang fighter plane against the Luftwaffe as

a member of the famed "Tuskegee Airmen". Later after the parade was over I managed to get a photo of Lt. Morgan with my guys. We took up our position about then and began our part of the march.

Rather than just march I'd brought a large 48-star American flag (which was the correct number of stars during the WWII years) and the 4 of us carried it flat in the parade, one at each corner, much as I've seen large groups carry larger flags at football games on TV. There actually isn't anything in the Army's Drill and Ceremonies Manual that authorizes that sort of carry - I looked - but it looked good and

seemed to impress the parade audience. As we proceeded at a slow march groups of people along the route broke out in applause all along the way, and the guys all stood a little straighter and marched a little tighter each time that happened. There were dozens of current soldiers, sailors, airmen and Marines in uniform all along the route.

To a man - and two women - they all came to attention and saluted us as we passed. So did the police officers and Firefighters spaced along the route. So did the Boy Scouts - and there were hundreds of them - and the older veterans in their VFW caps and "WWII Veteran" ball caps. So did a group of Vietnam veter-



Bristol Veteran's Day Parade: group with 2nd Lt. Dempsey Morgan of the "Tuskegee Airmen"

ans in their biker colors with their “Rolling Thunder” emblems. So did an elderly man in a wheelchair, who with the assistance of a younger man with him, insisted on standing up from his chair to salute as we passed. And so did a 6-year old boy with a small American flag who was standing all by himself in just about the exact same spot on the street where I used to stand about 40 years earlier.

And so did a group of older men, veterans all, standing together in the heart of downtown under the marquee of the Paramount Theater where I’d asked them to wait for us. Front and center of that group was Micah’s grandfather, wearing his VFW Post Commander’s cap and flanked by his VFW buddies and the parents of my three young comrades. As we approached he caught sight of his grandson who - thanks to a photograph I’d borrowed earlier that week - was wearing the same kind of uniform with the exact same division patch, rank chevrons, and decorations that he’d worn in WWII. It wasn’t a proper thing to do since we were carrying the colors, but just as we passed I called “detail, Eyes Right!” just to make sure that Micah and his grandfather crossed that last generation gap together.

A few days later I got a call from Micah’s grandfather. He thanked me for putting the boys in the

parade and told me that his grandson and he had been talking every day since the parade, not just about his Army days but about his childhood - and Micah’s - the post-war years when he was establishing his business and political career, and other family matters. In fact, he was taking Micah and his two fellow marchers from the parade to lunch the next day. It seems the other boys wanted to hear some of the stories too. I guess we all had had a very good Veteran’s Day.



**The author, grizzled reenactor and parade stomper
Curt on the battlefield with the 101st Airborne**



Back in February the Downey Public Library put out a call for World War II veterans. They asked that the veterans bring favorite photos to the Library and sit for an interview. They copied the photos while we were there and returned them before we left. I have been interviewed a

ANOTHER FIFTEEN MINUTES OF FAME

by Len Moffatt

number of times over the years, sometimes by professional reporters and sometimes by fan historians. I do not recall having been interviewed because I survived the last truly patriotic war nor did I ever want to talk about it much except to fellow veterans.

Not knowing who would be doing the interviewing, I wrote a one-page summary of my activities during the war years shortly thereafter to take along with the four or five photos that I had selected. My interviewer was Henry, a staff writer for *The Downey Patriot*, a local weekly. He

seemed to appreciate my summary. “Oh!” he exclaimed. “You’re a *writer!*” I pleaded guilty and he asked what books I had written. I told him that I had written some stories for the latter day pulps but wound up writing non-fiction in the packaging business.

During the interview I recited my doggerel entitled “*Spam*” which I wrote in 1945 for an appreciative audience -- i.e. my buddies. Over the years it has proved popular with friends and family and Henry seemed to find it amusing too. I had copied it on the back of my summary sheet but I doubted that it would be used in the display because of “content”. I never tried to peddle it as I suspected it could bring objections from the Hormel Company.

I didn’t go into too much detail on what I did as a combat corpsman with the Marines on Saipan and at Okinawa. I spoke at greater length on our occupation of Nagasaki and what we found there. I wondered how much of each interview would be used. I saw only a couple of other interviews in process, but had no idea how many were there before or after me.

Early in March we finally made it back to the Library to see the World War II veterans display derived from the interviews we had participated in the previous month and the photos we supplied. The big glass display case was crowded with two-page folders — one page with text and one with photos. The photos were easy enough to see but the text was impossible to read, at least for June and me.

However, one of the library ladies provided us with a

large three-ring binder containing duplicate copies of the folders plus other WWII-related material. (Some were printouts from Wikipedia and the like.) So we were able to sit and read about my fellow-vets.

The writeups from the interviews were extremely condensed of course, but badly edited with typos and mixed-up information. Mine was clear enough except it indicated I was at Okinawa before Saipan. (The latter operation was in 1944, the former in 1945.) They did use all of my photos. I was surprised that they also made digital copies of my poem “*Spam*” for the binder but at least *it* was typo-free. Anyway it was a nice effort on the part of the library to honor us old guys and gals of the “great generation”.





LEN'S HOT DIGGETY DOGGEREL DEPARTMENT

SPAM

Len Moffatt (Okinawa, 1945)



Are you nervous in the service?
Are you sore at the Corps?
Are you crackin' up from lack of shackin' up?
Are you fed up with the set up?
Well, I'm willing to put a bet up
That this complaint I'm making, you'll be backing up!

The cooks are in the mess hall prying open cans of Spam
Marines come through the chow line: "Spam again? God-damn!"
Oh, they feed us all they can of that Spam, Spam, Spam -
What we wouldn't give for some turkey or some ham!
It's Spam, Spam, Spam until it sticks out our ears -

We wouldn't beat our gums so much if they'd serve a few cold beers!

I was doing front line duty and I finally gets relief
And I goes back to the CP, expecting pork or beef.
A sad-eyed mess man looks at me and says, "Gosh, I'm sorry, Sam,
But the only thing that we got left is this beat up can of Spam!"

My overseas time is up and I goes back to the States
To spend a furlough with my wife - I sure was feeling great.
She says to me, "Now, Honey, would you go down the street
And bring back something for dinner -say some nice kind of meat?"
I says what kind would you suggest and she says, "I'll tell you, Sam.
How would you like to try some of that nice delicious Spam?"
"Spam!" I said. She says, "That's what I said."
I guess you know that then and there I started seeing red.
I grabs her by her lily white throat and chokes her 'til she expires
And finds myself awaiting death behind cold prison bars.
It seems that I am going to walk that famed last mile
But if I had it all to do again - I'd do it with a smile!

The guard comes in and says to me "What would you like to eat?
Order anything you want - this last meal is a treat."
Well, of course, I orders chicken and all the fixins' too

And pumpkin pie and chocolate cake and a couple bottles of brew.

A little later the guard returns and say "Gosh, I'm sorry, Sam!

But the only thing that we got left is this beat up can of Spam..."

And so I walks that last mile and my spirit leaves that cell
And the next thing I know is - I'm frying Spam in Hell.
Down here among the brimstone and the fiery red hot coals

Spam's the only thing they feed to us poor damned souls!





ILLUSTRATION: JASON HUNN

Much Nothingness About No **UNCREDITED: A POLEMIC**

by **Lee Anne Lavell**

I am writing this in early October. The financial crisis is at the top of the news. The questions: Are we going into a recession? Are we already in a recession? Are we heading for a depression?

You don't need to tell me about Depressions. I am a Depression baby. Although I was very young, I still remember my father, who had lost his job at Stutz when it went under, eking out a living going from temporary job to temporary job. My mother had lost her teaching job when she got pregnant with me. (I am lucky that abortions weren't legal then or I have a feeling I would not be here.) My father finally landed a job at a factory, which he hated but kept until he retired. It was security. I remember lunches of green beans, Picnic Ham and potatoes. Fortunately I liked it. I remember my uncle was almost wiped out because he had bought a lot "on margin". Oh, yes, I remember the Great Depression! And we were pretty lucky,

too. So don't tell me about Depressions. The question is: what has caused this recent panic?

Yes, I know. A lot of people are blaming deregulation and the lack of oversight by our government as well as an avaricious Wall Street. Superficially all that is true. But I believe that there is more to it than that. The blame, dear Horatio, falls directly on us.

I was brought up with the philosophy that you don't buy something unless you can pay for it. Of course there were a few big ticket items that were exceptions to this, like a house or a car. But even those were carefully considered so that the payments were well within a budget. Credit cards did not exist. Various stores had "charge plates" (so you didn't have to carry too much cash around), but those had to be paid off in full each month.

Then came the Credit Card. And with it came the ability to take out lots of little loans and pay them off slowly,

but at near usurer's interest rates. People discovered that they could buy lots of things that they really didn't need but just wanted. They had to "keep up with the Joneses" who in turn were trying to keep up with you. So the whole syndrome escalated: Big houses (with swimming pools, of course) for small families. Large, expensive cars with who knows how many gadgets on it, and a car for every member of the family who could drive and a new one every year. Elaborate vacations. Every electronic gadget in sight, and updating them frequently because the new version has a small innovation on it. Designer items. And so on and on. And most put on those ever handy credit cards ... lots and lots of credit cards.

And somewhere along the line the whole philosophy of debt reversed itself. No longer was one's financial worth and credit based on what one owned, but on what one owed! As long as a person owed lots of money and paid it off at exorbitant rates, he had a great credit rating. But heaven help him if he didn't owe anything. His credit rating was abysmal.

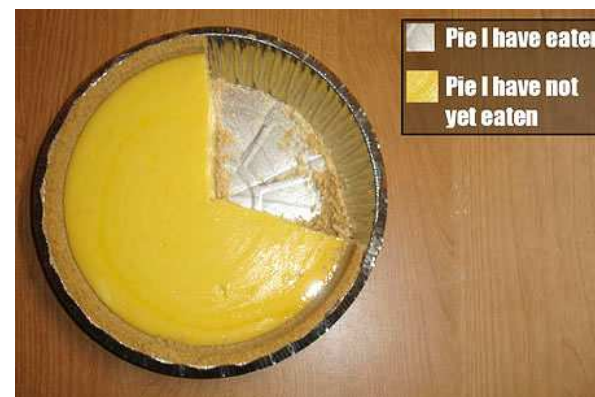
I personally found this out the hard way. I own my house. I own my car. I used a debit, not a credit, card. On checking my credit rating I found it was zilch. I was forced to get a credit card and take out a small home improvement loan (with the help of the bank that holds my Trust) in order to achieve an even moderate credit rating. (I charge my cell phone bill and any book club orders to the credit card and pay off all but a few dollars each month so they can track the payments. Evidently if you pay off everything each month, as with a debit card, it doesn't count.)

So now we are in a debt and credit economy and, of course, there have been plenty of people up and ready to

take advantage of this. And take advantage they did. Look where it has gotten us. The whole thing has escalated to the tipping point and is beginning to crash down. The race is on to shore it up, but it is like the problem in New Orleans. You can build levees, increase the height of those levees and pray that they hold, but that doesn't address the root problem, which is that much of the city is built below sea level.

Which leaves us with the problem of what to do about our below sea level economy. I'll be damned if I know. Somehow we've got to get people on a monetarily realistic basis. It won't happen overnight and maybe it never will. It took decades of unbridled credit spending, helped along by those happy to take advantage of it, to reach this point.

Until people start to recognize that debt is a negative, not a positive thing, we're stuck. Are we going to continue as we were, building on a below sea level economy or start looking for safe areas away from the floods? In the meantime the levees have sprung huge leaks. We can try to shore them up and maybe, just maybe they will hold for a while. But for how long?



I GET AROUND

by Dave Locke

From Yandro #213, 3/72



Over the course of my tenure on this spinning little ball of mud I have come to realize that a person is rather like a jigsaw puzzle, which may or may not be an original observation. I don't know because my subconscious isn't divulging such information these days, and maybe it doesn't know. I suspect that nothing is a truly original observation or at least without some parallel, but such a thought is rather depressing and slightly annoying when one is involved in any kind of creative pursuit.

But a person is rather like a jigsaw puzzle. When put together one puzzle looks at least a little different than all the others. When torn down into its various component parts, it looks the same as all the rest. And to an untrained eye, a piece from one puzzle doesn't really look too different

than a piece from another.

I guess the problem is that we're pigeon-holed. We're labeled, numbered, folded, spindled, and mutilated. Categorized. At least we can look at our various pigeonholes and note that the combination is a little bit unique. We're probably not alone in any one pigeonhole, but when we gather all the pigeonholes about us we find that no one has an identical collection. That's something, anyway.

And there isn't any facet of a person which someone else cannot label with a small piece of dymo-tape.

But I do have a few facets which aren't encountered too often in other people. I'll have to admit that these other people are lucky.

For one thing I'm known as the guy who isn't too

lucky with cars, and whenever the spark of conversation dies down someone will almost always ask to be brought up-to-date on my latest exploits of man vs. machine. And once I get started, that subject often takes up the rest of the evening. By the time I'm finished, my tears have flooded everyone out of the room.

The first car I bought was a 1957 Lincoln Capri. I had twenty flat tires in two months, including one occasion when I left work, walked out to the parking lot, and found that my car had two flat tires. A number of these flat tires occurred just outside the driveway to our apartment. In the apartment across the street, at a groundfloor window, lived an old man who drank beer from the bottle. You could get up at three o'clock in the morning to relieve yourself, and if you looked outside you'd see him sitting by the window, drinking beer. When he finished a bottle he'd raise the window and throw the bottle out. The next day there would be five or ten scroungy kids running around the yard and playing with the empty bottles. When they were through playing with them they tossed them in the street. Just opposite our driveway. The police couldn't help, so I got in the habit of calling my wife just before I left work, and when I pulled onto our street she'd be out there with a broom sweeping away the glass. It

wasn't the best neighborhood in the world.

After the Lincoln we had a 1966 Volkswagen, which was bought new, and that broke down while we were bringing it home from the dealer. 1966 was a bad year for Volkswagen (maybe not as bad as 1972, but it was definitely a bad year for quality). They'd been making the same car for a long time, and this was the year they decided to try some major internal improvements. I didn't believe what happened when the repairman came out. He took something apart, I forget what, and when he went to put it back together he wound up having parts left over. Scratching his head and looking slightly hat-in-hand, he explained that whatever it was he was working on happened to be new to this year's model. He'd have to go back to the shop in the morning and check the manual to see where the extra parts went. In the meantime, the car worked but please don't drive it too far. Fine. Every day I had a forty-two mile round trip to work and back. So I got stuck or five hours in a thunderstorm (unfortunately near a house where five old ladies were playing cards; fortunately they kept offering me milk and cookies). Then it broke down 16 more times in about three or four months, and I went through three dealers trying to get it fixed right. So I sold it to a Rambler dealer and bought a used Mercury from him.

Upon moving to California in 1968, we bought a used Olds F-85. The faster we poured money into it, the faster it broke down. It was always in some garage, mainly for the purpose of the mechanic figuring out how he could put the biggest screw into the car's owner. At one place they gave me a loan car which ran out of gas on the freeway, with the gas-gauge needle stuck on "Full". At another place, when I came to pay the bill and claim my car I discovered they'd given it to someone else as a loan car. Without fixing it. After being called to bring it back, upon climbing out of it the guy commented "this car's in big trouble".

Then we bought our second new car. The one we've got now, as I write this. The Toyota. Purposefully, just to make us hate ourselves for doing silly things like buying new cars, it too broke down on the trip home from the dealer. I knew it had broken down because I couldn't see anything in the rear-view mirror. I mean, I couldn't see anything. It was like the world behind me was being swallowed up by a void, which would eat the back-end of my car if it caught up with me. In sheer amazement I swiveled around in my seat and stared out the back window. Great, rolling clouds of white smoke were rumbling onto the freeway from beneath the car. I jetted onto my exit and rolled down to the light. As soon as I

stopped for the light, the smoke stopped rolling out from under the back of the car. It started coming out from under the engine lid. I couldn't see the traffic light, which had obviously been red at the time I had stopped.

It must have been an interesting scene for passersby. A shiny new Toyota, with the price sheet still taped to the window, plumes of white smoke rising fifty feet straight up in the air, and me. I was standing outside the car, watching for the light to turn green.

I then lost two transmissions in 9,000 miles due to faulty seals (two of them died, leaving only the one which pedaled in reverse). (Reverse isn't a very good gear on a one-way street.)

The first time the transmission went, I rolled the car onto the curb. All three inches of it. If my car could have been powered by the noise of the automobile horns behind me, I'd have been driving an Avanti. Californians who drive to work in the morning have no patience with anything which tends to hold them up. This isn't really too surprising, as most of the people whose time cards I see usually don't arrive earlier than five minutes before eight and that doesn't leave much of a margin for error. (I saw an accident one time where a pickup truck flipped end over end and came to rest upside down. Oncoming traffic had

to squeeze by in approximately 3/4ths of a lane, which slowed things down considerably. As the driver of the pickup was struggling to crawl out of a window, I saw two motorists shaking their fists at him as they drove by.)

There weren't any houses on the stretch of road where my car was stopped, so I walked across the road and down a side street. I started passing a lot of houses, but there were no cars in the driveways and the windows on the houses were not betraying any signs of life. I finally came to a house with a car in the drive, so I rang the bell. The inner door opened, and I peered through the screen at an incredibly old woman. She must have been ninety years old.

"What do you want?" she barked.

"My car broke down out here, and I'd like to use your phone if I may."

"Where is it?" she asked, peering around. "I don't see it."

"It's up on the main road," I told her. "Your house is the first one I found that showed signs of someone being home."

She stopped peering around and peered at me. I peered back, and smiled, and felt like shuffling my feet. She kept peering. I shuffled my feet.

"Can I trust you?" she asked.

"Why of course. Sure you can."

"Ok. Come on in."

When the tow-truck came, the guy scratched his head and commented: "This is the fourth Toyota this week with a busted trans."

"Will you testify in court?"

Since then I've only had minor problems. Like windows that slowly roll down as I'm driving. A valve job at 18,000 miles. A carburetor overhaul at 21,000 miles. A radio which works one or two days a month (Toyota dealers don't repair radios, they only install them). An automatic transmission with a stick shift which automatically springs out of Park and into Reverse when you start the car. I always get 19 miles to the gallon on every single tankful of premium gas. When I switch to regular my m.p.g. gradually slides down to 16. Little things like that.

As I keep saying, religiously, from now on I'm better off buying used cars. I'd rather have somebody else's problems than my own.

I never had much luck when using someone else's car, either. My parents at one time had a 1956 Buick. The kind that had the Dyna-Slush transmission and put out a sound signifying mammoth power. You could put it in gear, step on the gas, and you'd swear to hell you were doing a wheelie and moving out at about 200 miles per hour. Or at least you thought so until you hap-

pened to look out the side window and see kids on bicycles or dogs with broken legs whizzing by.

The car developed an unusual problem. Whenever you had occasion to back up, a cloud of white smoke would pour out from underneath the engine lid. We went through seven "*mechanics*" in the small town we lived in, but none of them had any notion as to what the problem was. It didn't cause any harm. Just a lot of white smoke. Finally we imported a mechanic, and after much head scratching he discovered that when driving in reverse the transmission-fluid cable was being pinched and the fluid would shoot out through a minute hole and squirt against the hot engine. Presto, instant white smoke. He replaced the cable, adjusted it so it wouldn't get pinched again, and mailed us the bill.

About two months later I was driving along a scenic route in the middle of nowhere. I realized that I had meant to stop at a place three or four miles back to pick something up, so I started to turn around in the middle of the empty highway. When I put the car in reverse and backed up, white smoke started coming out from under the engine lid. I said something unbecoming and continued backing up. Because whathell, I was familiar with the problem. A little white smoke wouldn't hurt anybody. I was still saying that to myself

when flames started appearing around the edges of the engine lid.

After putting out the fire it was a long wait for a car to come along and give me a ride.

Over the years I've developed an irrational fear of the effect that I have upon mechanical contrivances. It doesn't seem to matter whether I own them or not. Planes that I ride in have mechanical breakdowns to one degree or another (getting a few feet off the runway and then tilting sideways to break off a wing-tip is the furthest degree so far). Vending machines give me the worst service this side of civil service. Can openers that I buy don't like to open cans. Watches don't keep good time for me. Thermometers don't always show the correct temperature. Cigarette lighters frequently don't light. Flashlights often don't light. Lamps sometimes don't light. Frequently staplers don't staple and pens don't write.

Even my keyboard sometimes ;ç123 *b@-w \$awep X4 5?neRn.

And yesterday the doorknob opened a big blue eye and stared at me.



Notes From Byzantium: Dogwood Berries, Anyone?

by **Eric Mayer**

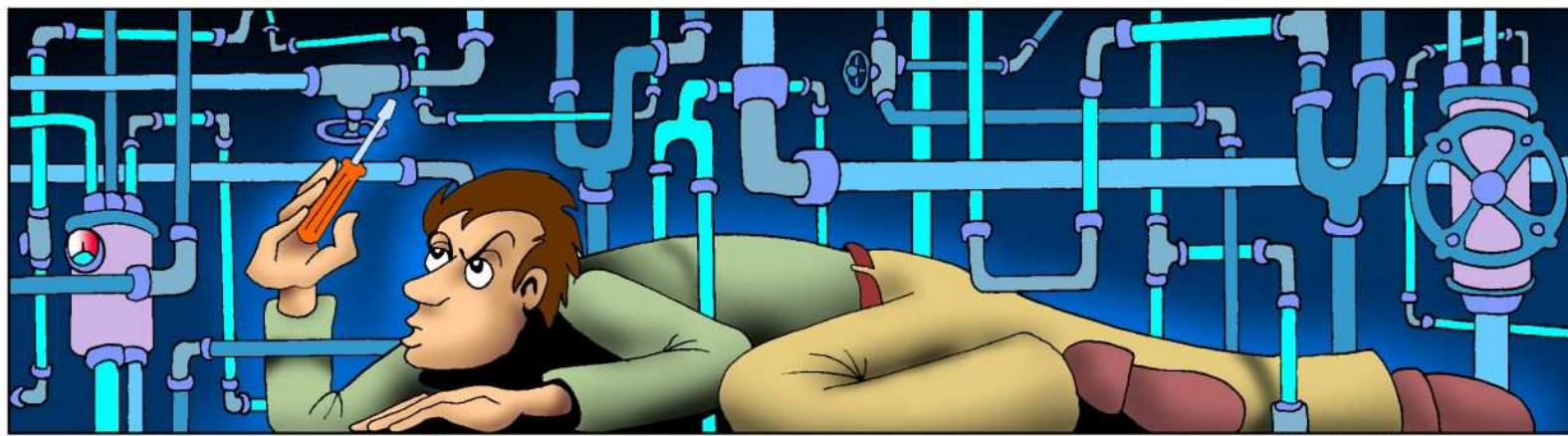
You know that autumn has arrived in northeast Pennsylvania when the dogwood berries are ripe. I ate one for the first time this year. Because it was there, in the yard.

The previous owner of our place planted an ornamental Kousa Dogwood. I need to prune the little tree severely every autumn to prevent it from obscuring the view from the front window. Nevertheless it puts on a remarkable display of blossoms for several weeks during late spring and early summer.

I never noticed the fruits until this year. They seemed

to appear suddenly around the middle of September. They range from orange to red, each about the size and shape of a raspberry, with a bumpy surface divided into polygons, somewhat resembling a lumpy geodesic dome. Appetizing! Well, interesting.

First I checked the Internet to make sure they weren't poisonous, then I tried one. (Nothing like putting your life in the hands of Wikipedia) A dogwood berry isn't designed for eating. There are too many hard seeds inside, and despite its glossy appearance the outside is a dry, crunchy



WORKING IN the ~~CRAWL~~... ~~WRIGGLE~~... SQUIRM-SPACE.

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shell. The small amount of flesh was juicy and slightly sweet, however, reminding me vaguely of the taste of pear.

I'm not sure if dogwood berries are useful except as curiosities. The one "recipe" I found consisted of placing a single berry on top of a parfait made from other ingredients.

I suppose dogwood trees could be bred to produce more palatable berries. They might become all the rage. People in the future will enjoy dogwood berry ice cream, dog-



wood berry soda and dogwood berry Pop Tarts. Or should I say Kousa Berry? Or just K-Berry. Much more marketable.

To be fair, the dogwood berry was considerably more flavorful than the bland mulberries I've tasted. And the dogwood has the added advantage that you don't have to worry about monkeys chasing weasels around it.

Daydream Believer

I must be hard up for ideas if I'm writing about dogwood berries. This isn't anything new. Recently I've often found myself overwhelmed with work and out of inspiration.

When I had to trudge in to the office I figured that the problem was simple. More time spent on work meant less time to spend on writing. Since I've been freelancing and able to control my own schedule, I've begun to realize that lack of time isn't the major issue.

Sure, it would take a bit longer to write, say, a whole novel or a regular fanzine column in short bursts. But I find that if I'm busy, even though I can now easily give myself a free hour here and there, I end up not being able to use the time.

When I spend most of the day wrestling with a legal encyclopedia article about the statutory regulation of condominiums or the law of guaranty or the wages of seamen (yes, honestly) I simply don't feel inspired to shift immediately to working on a mystery novel or a bit of fan writing. Which is to say, I don't have any ideas.

I had to show up at school regularly but that didn't stop me from drawing comic books the minute I arrived home. Actually it didn't stop me sitting in the back drawing in my tablet. But back then I also daydreamed a lot. I learned to keep my gaze turned toward the teacher so as to give the appearance of being in the classroom even if I was else-

where. From time to time I was startled to hear someone calling out my name while I strolled around the Martian desert.

For me, writing requires a lot of daydreaming. Probably that's one of the reasons I find it appealing. And one can't be daydreaming at work, even while working at home.

If left to wander, my mind seems to find ideas on its own. Ideas that elude me if I'm consciously hunting them. We are all so rushed these days, forever dealing with this and reacting to that. Probably all of us need more time to daydream. At least that's my excuse.

Convention Report

Conventions would probably make for better fanzine material than daydreams. If I attended conventions and wrote con reports I'd never be at a loss for fan articles. Unfortunately, I've never been to an sf con in my life and today's fandom -- whatever name it's going by this year -- is centered on conventions. Probably it was ever thus but I was just too enthused about fanzines to notice.

About a decade ago, when the mystery books I co-author with my wife Mary began to come out, I gave in to the entreaties of our publisher and agreed to appear on panels at the Deadly Ink mystery convention two years running. The first year it went well enough. I was pretty much drunk out of my mind on having finally had a book published. Like all drunks I thought I was under control and extremely witty. No one ever told me I'd actually made a fool of myself. The second year was a different story.

The day before the convention I helped my brother put heat tapes on the water pipes in the crawlspace under our house. "Crawlspace" doesn't adequately describe the few

inches of clearance between the uneven packed dirt and floor joists. "Wriggle-space," "squirm-space," or "more-or-less-totally-fucking-stuck-space" would be closer. I weigh about 110 pounds and there isn't room under there for me to roll over. It is tight.

And dusty. The insulation sagging down between the pipes was coated with dust, not to mention mold, cobwebs and most likely poisonous spores along with the desiccated husks of generations of dead spiders. My brother and I didn't bother to wear the face masks he bought. Heck, we were only under there for eight hours. Breathing dust... and mold, and cobwebs and spores and dead spiders.

About eight seconds after we finished I started to gag. My body was having an immune reaction. Near as I could tell it was trying to reject every one of its internal organs. Or whatever was in there. Who would have guessed that I was filled with what appeared to be black mud? I kept coughing up whole sinks and toilet bowls full of black mud.

The next morning, when I was due at the convention, I had finished spitting gunk (and dried spider bits) but still couldn't stand. Luckily, you don't need to stand to drive, and the car wasn't likely to fall off the highway sideways even if I felt like I was. In less than two hours I staggered into a weirdly tilted hotel, stumbled onto a rotating dais, collapsed into an unsteady chair and held onto the table for dear life. For nearly an hour that infernal table bucked and bounced as it tried its damndest to throw me backwards.

I think the panel went okay. I wouldn't have had strobe lights going the whole time, but what do I know about organizing conventions? I have no memory of the experience aside from the fact I managed to keep from falling over.

Needless to say I haven't been back to Deadly Ink. I'm

afraid some attendee might regale me with the hilarious tale of the zombie panelist dribbling cobwebs or would it be the writer who showed up so drunk he could barely sit upright and mumble? Or something even worse that I've forgotten?

I've also renewed my vow to never attend conventions in general. Trying to avoid making a fool of myself in the middle of a crowd of strangers while the room spins around and I try not to puke isn't my idea of a good time. But it's pretty much what I always expected a convention would be like for me.

Meteors Return

While I was trying to think of something to write while not going to conventions, asteroid 2008 TC3 plunged into the atmosphere somewhere over the Sudan. As predicted by NASA's Near Earth Object program, the car-sized rock burned up harmlessly in the sky. Although I breathed a sigh of relief, I'm not exactly out of the woods yet. There are apparently 5,681 such objects out there and 757 of them are large enough to cause damage if they hit Earth.

What has always vexed me is not whether I am terrified of being obliterated by a stray rock dropping from the sky (aren't we all?) but what, exactly am I afraid of? I've always understood that the "meteoroid" in outer space becomes a "meteor" when it enters the atmosphere and turns into a "meteorite" after it hits the ground. Should I be quaking at the thought of a "meteor" or a "meteorite"?

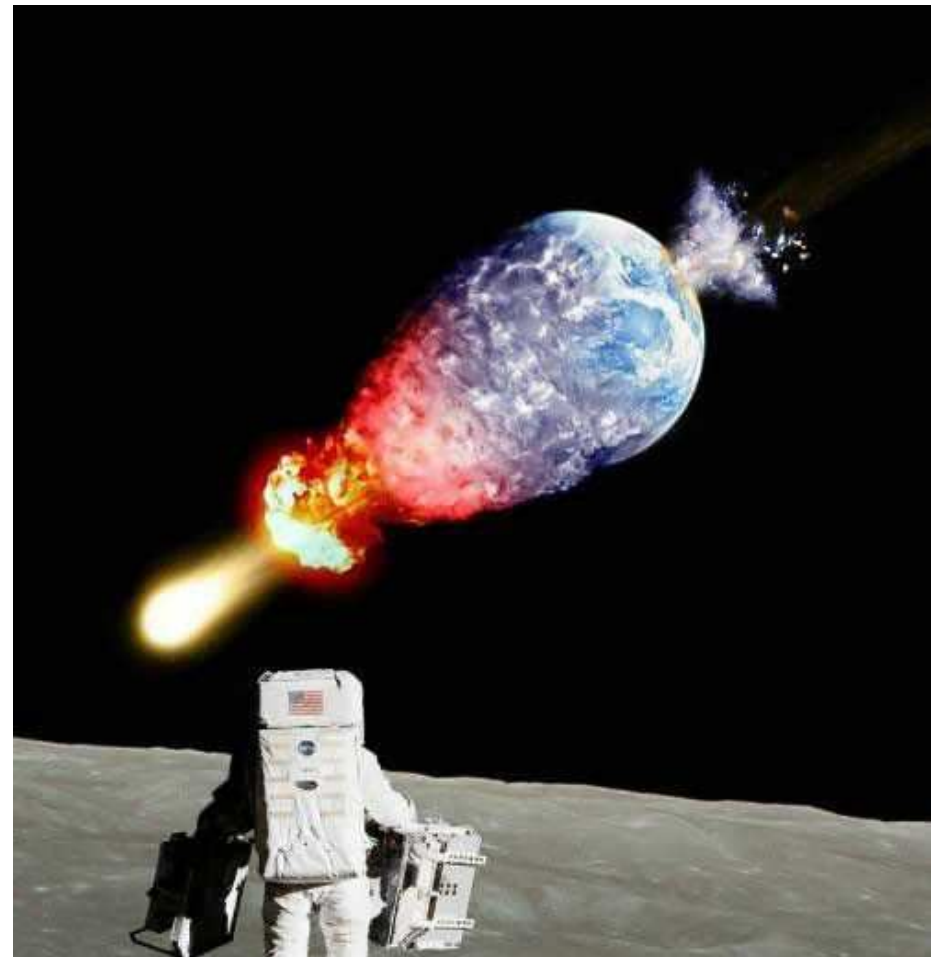
The good folks at the Goddard Space Flight Center say on their website that you would not be likely to be hit by a meteorite (since it has already hit the ground) unless someone threw one at you.

Therefore, to be scientifically accurate, I should think

of myself as "meteor" bait rather than "meteorite bait."

However, it isn't clear to me whether I would be considered the "ground" at the moment of impact. Once flaming space rubble slammed into me, I might as well be.

After an object crashed through the roof of a New Jersey house last year it was referred to by all the experts as a meteorite, despite the fact that it ended up on the bathroom tiles rather than the ground. That's probably irrele-



vant because it turns out the intruder wasn't either 'roid or 'rite but rather space junk.

The silvery object was made of a stainless-steel alloy that does not occur in nature. It was most likely "orbital debris"-- part of a satellite, rocket or some other spacecraft. There's a lot of that stuff up there.

The object was slightly bigger than a golf ball and about as heavy as a can of soup.

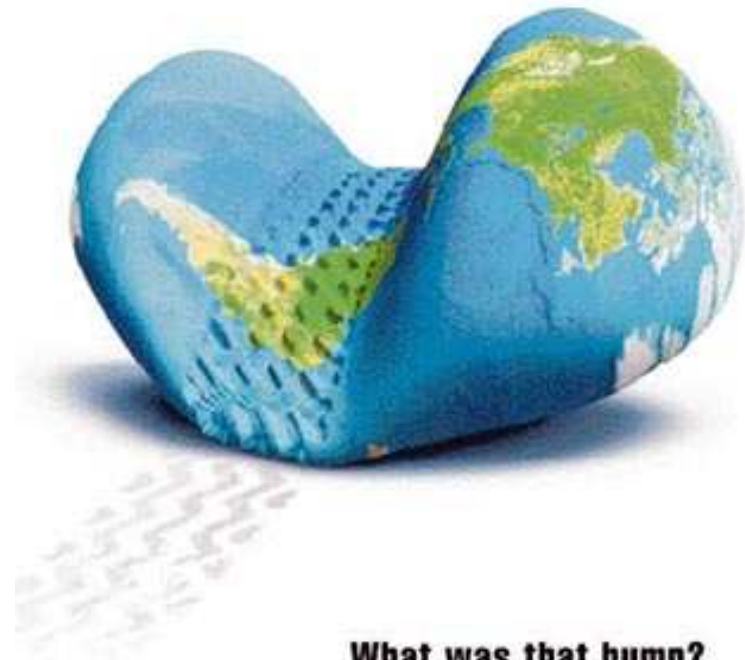
Who wants to be hit on the head by a soup can dropped from 100 miles up? Space junk is even more alarming than meteoroids. At least the swarms of meteoroids are merely floating around in space waiting for our planet to blunder into their neighborhoods, thanks to Mr Newton's lousy directions. Now it seems we are sitting permanently under an orbiting rubbish heap from which soup cans or golf balls might fall at any minute. Does the Sword of Damocles leap immediately to your mind as well?

To be fair, the object was not specifically identified. It was some of the "orbital debris" that is circling overhead. And what exactly is that? It could mean anything from a pull-tab from a can of freeze-dried chicken salad to a discarded fuel tank the size of a railway box car.

Do you suppose the astronauts on the International Space Station wonder about all those things that go missing? Where's the television remote? Did anyone try looking in Mrs. Greenbaum's kitchen in Parsippany, New Jersey? Right under the big hole in the ceiling? Do astronauts end up with pairs of mismatched EVA boots? Maybe the remains of a boot is sitting in the remains of a house in Schenectady. Better that than a fuel tank the size of a box car. I suppose one might even survive a fiery paper clip.

What can we do? We can't have signs everywhere? "Beware Falling Orbital Debris."

People don't pay attention anyway. When I was a kid my dad used to drive a road that ran along a sheer cliff. Signs at the roadside clearly admonished -- "Beware Falling Rocks." But he kept his gaze resolutely on the highway, oblivious to the menace from above. You can bet I was craning my neck trying to see to the top of the cliffs in case one of those rocks came hurtling down at us.



What was that bump?

PURE QUILL

Just to make life excessively simple for you here in Pure Quill, your comments are in black and that editor Locke's comments are in blue. And to make life simpler for the editor, he's hat-in-hand requesting that letters of comment be submitted in either RTF or email, which everyone has regardless of their computer's operating system.

It doesn't seem to matter where I am in time. There are always older fans around and sometimes they say just the right thing.

June Moffatt 9/22/08

You've got a Real Good Fanzine there, kid.

Thanks, Mom!

Mike Deckinger 9/27/08

I can offer a variation to your account of the teacher you enlightened with sf books. I had an English teacher in high school who exhibited a thorough background in sf and even local fandom. I lent him several books, he lent me others and introduced me to luminaries I was unaware of. During the school year we discussed on occasion, the lat-

est news within the sf field.

I was hardly surprised when he was appointed editor of AMAZING STORIES for a short time, under Sol Cohen's iron-fisted control, a few years after graduation. He still does infrequent editorial jobs today.

I'd like to know more about the Indie film Dave Rowe discusses, Has it been completed yet, and what's the title?

Well, as it happens, Gary Grady saw it, and mentioned that in recent correspondence:

Back in September I went to the B-movie Celebration in Franklin, Indiana, and had a pretty good time. I even saw the premiere of a film, BLOOD MOON, featuring our mutual friend Dave Rowe as an extra. It was shown on a big screen in a big, old-school movie house. I actually missed

Dave's brief performance despite sitting next to him. He could have pointed out his big scene, or at least elbowed me to be on the alert, but in fact he avoided letting on that he'd had anything to do with the film, and it was only later that I learned about his role. This might give you a hint of what we're talking about, here.

It seems the director, a real film enthusiast who also organized the festival, had his heart set on making a western, but he was outvoted by other members of the group, who wanted SF. So he came up with the idea of a western set on Ganymede, with rural Indiana playing Ganymede. Rural Indiana's heart did not appear to be in the role. To be fair, one of the locations did look moderately futuristic, and others would have worked pretty well in a western. Then again, at one point the cute heroine appears to be walking along a brick walkway at Ganymede Junior College, which just doesn't work in either genre.

BLOOD MOON isn't entirely awful. There are some pieces of good acting (and some very bad acting), one or two nice ideas, a well-cast bunch of villains, and, I'm told, the back of Dave Rowe's head. But the script has characters do and say things that make zero sense just to squeeze in a piece of business or a line they thought would be cool and, alas, pretty much never is. I don't think it will help the film career of Dave Rowe's head.

Lee Lavell's column calls to mind the 2 recent medical procedure I underwent. Last year I had open heart surgery, to correct a valve defect and receive an arterial roto-rooting, expunging decades of accumulated sludge. Only afterwards did it occur to me that this was the first time, the very first time, I was hospitalized (save of

course, for childbirth). I was never hospitalized, rarely sick enough to require more than a day or two home from work, and received very limited drug prescriptions. I had an exceptional medical coverage, which I knew next to nothing about, because I never had to utilize it. I always chose top-tier benefits but never was fully versed in what I was buying.

I recovered nicely from surgery and returned to work. Then, my blood pressure geysered way up and a long dormant asthmatic condition returned, uninstitigated. I was extremely grateful I could rely on my health coverage - and then Medicare, following retirement.

Having been deprived of experiencing hospital confinement for so long I found myself wondering what it would be like, and, ever so gingerly, hoping I might some day share in the experience. Okay, I've done it. I can tell you: (1) being poked, probed, and threaded with tubes through every orifice is not as much fun as you might think and (2) I am thoroughly and irrevocably cured of any yearning to experience it again.

There was a brief allusion to *The Day The Earth Stood Still*. It may be of interest to note that *The Day The Earth Stood Still* has been remade and will be released in December. With Keanu Reeves. As Gort. Perfect casting.

12/12/08 is the day it's due out and, yeah, that would have been good casting. As it turns out, though, Reeves is portraying Klaatu, not the robot Gort.

John Purcell mentions buying a mimeograph for \$10.00!!! Ten dollars, even in those days, is incredibly cheap for a used mimeo. I wonder how well it worked. I recently checked with several local office supply stores

just to see what a mimeo sold for today (or more likely, were they still being made?). Two large chain stores did not carry them (hadn't for years) and directed me to the Internet. At a third store, no one knew what I was talking about. I sought to describe it, but my recitation never caught on. The clerk, in his twenties, couldn't understand what it would be good for. Considering his age and his exposure to the more sophisticated printing methods of today, I could understand his confusion. I thought of explaining the ecstasy of manually manipulating printed copy into a coherent unit, leaving identifying remnants on your fingers forever, but decided against it.

Beware of those bargain-basement DVDs at \$1.00 a copy. The cost is alluring but the prints are all public domain copies, usually in sub-standard condition. The few I



purchased had defective audio and varying video quality. If you plan on viewing them more than once, better to spend a little bit more on a more durable print.

My son, Brian, goes through the bargain basement DVD section at Walmart. As does his friend Joey, and Tuesdays are when the three of us watch one or two. Haven't had a defective one yet. Of course, they're newer movies than what I think of when I hear "public domain".

Lee Anne Lavell 9/23/08

I had just finished writing my LoC for John Purcell's *Askance* when along came *Time and Again* 6. Back to the old keyboard again. Let's get right to it.

Diabologic and Plan Seven: Unfortunately, nowadays, I have found that the term space-opera has now morphed into SciFi, at least in the minds of much of the mundane world. They cannot conceive that s-f can embrace more than space-hopping thud and blunder, Earth invading UFO riding aliens or other forms of the adventure-type s-f. I blame this mainly on the SciFi Channel which seems to mostly specialize in that form of s-f. The result, of course, appears to be that s-f is being ghettoized back to "that crazy Buck Rogers stuff" of my early days. Some people recognize other forms of s-f but think of it as an aberration rather than a legitimate form of science fiction. I hate the term sci-fi because of this. The Dave Rowe piece (funny though it is) exemplifies what I am writing about. I am sure it will be marketed as a sci-fi western and no doubt will be featured on the SciFi Channel.

While I am at it I have to mention the SciFi Channel's *Tin Man* (that bastardization of *The Wizard of Oz*) and the

new horribly inflated and warped version of *The Andromeda Strain* were both up for Emmys, if you didn't notice. Thank ghod they didn't win!

I didn't, but I saw the latter. Not bad, but nothing I'd rave about. Also never saw any of the award nominees for best mini-series except that one.

June Moffatt's Power Surge: I am an idiot when it comes to the current electronics. I admit that I am a bit of a Luddite that way. But I do have a computer and a cell phone (which I mostly keep turned off). I have only had my computer for around three years. I keep meaning to take a course to teach me something about it but due to various circumstances I haven't been able to make the time yet. In the meantime I have the problem that Comcast doesn't like Firefox and so is absolutely no help if a problem occurs. (Their solution is switch to Internet Explorer.) So, what do I do. I call Phoenix Arizona where Andrew Lewton lives. He is the son of David Lewton (one of the three Davids, which also included David Burton, who came out of Indianapolis in the early seventies) and seems to know just about everything concerning computers. The latest glitch I had concerned sending attachments. Actually, according to Andrew, it wasn't really a glitch. They just changed things. But in my ignorance I panicked. Andrew calmed me down and now things seem to be going ok. Long distance is better than nothing...a LOT better!

Eric Mayer: Columns. I too can speculate (rather than research). I also thought of the architectural columns, straight and upright. Then I thought of how a newspaper (and generally a magazine) is laid out: straight and up-

right. While all other items vary in headline, a column has a steady title and author with the article underneath—straight and upright—supporting the title and author. Thus it is a column of words supporting a title and author.

Hmm...I must try green tea some time if it does not taste like regular tea. I usually don't care for regular tea, except occasionally hot tea with Chinese food. On the other hand I think I would be leery of drinking anything from China right now. It might have melamine in it.

Pure Quill: to Lloyd Penny: I appreciate any comments late or not. I might add that if one issues an attractive zine you are more likely to draw better contributions. Who would not like to see their toiled upon work appear in an attractive setting?

To Jim Williams: Oh, I loved *The Mind Thing* and *The Deep End*. Who cares if they were founded on improbabili-



ties. They were fun to read.

All in all another excellent issue. Keep 'em coming.

Thanks, Mom! I'll keep trying, or at least keep being trying.

Joseph T Major 21 Oct 2008

And I used to comment regularly on *Pixel*. Oh well, back in harness . . .

Ah, someone else who's read Smith. I have a combination volume, 3 *Smiths In the Wind*, with his first three books, *Life In a Putty Knife Factory*, *Low Man on a Totem Pole*, and *Lost in the Horse Latitudes*. Read them in Frankfurt, more years ago than I like to remember. *The Complete Practical Joker* is a very inspiring book, though I've never been inspired enough to act on it.

Have you ever read his novels? I recommend particularly *Son of Rhubarb*, which has the most fourth-wall breaching ending I've ever seen in a novel.

I mentioned that Cy Condra had given me a copy of *Low Man on a Totem Pole*, but what else I've read by Smith was pre-1983 before I started recording the name and author of books I'd read. And, regarding most things I read back then, memory dims...

Lee Anne Lavell is one of us undergoing the graying of fandom in an unpleasantly personal fashion. I mean, by now we were supposed to have immortality pills or psych uploading or something like that. Again, reality has failed us (as when Bob Tucker got up on January 1, 2001, looked out the window, didn't see the Pan Am shuttle to the Moon, and disappointed, went back to bed.)

Ah yes, I can recall 3/26/64, when I was doubtful it could happen but still kept an eye out for Fredric Brown's Martians. That was the day they came to Earth in *Martians, Go Home*. But, alas, they never showed at my parents' tourist business and, being that early in the year, we didn't even have any aliens masquerading as tourists.

"The Curse of the Atomic Piles". I'd rather not think about Atomic piles, or any other kind of piles. Evidently they couldn't even use Anatomic Preparation H to reduce them . . .

And, of course, the Preparation H-Bomb was the property of David Hulan's brother Dick, who I believe wrote a story about it...

You know, somehow Core Fandom getting all concerned about the Enormous Threat of the N3F seems rather like some of Degler's descriptions of the Fan Wars of Bloomington. Particularly as compared to the mundane world, never mind Fandom.

Core Fandom. Aside from the question of "*what is it?*" I still think you have to be tone deaf to think that Core Fandom is an attractive name. Apart from being fugly, it's non-descriptive. The attempt at renaming fanzine fandom doesn't appear to be getting any traction, and if I said anything other than that I was thankful then I'd be lying to you.

I remember seeing "The Wrath of Khan" at 12:01 of its day of release. And I had to work that day, too. When I was younger and less in need of sleep, proper food . . . In

fact, the university's SF club was sponsoring the showing. Technically, the projectionist had to run the film to make sure that it would go through the projectors properly, and if several hundred people just happened to be in the building at the time, that was none of their business. Nowadays there would be all sorts of problems.

Nowadays, hopefully, they wouldn't play *Wrath of Khan*. I say that, of course, while admittedly not being much of a Trekfan. Worse, I even liked the first Trek movie better...

One thing I lost through not having commented on lastish was being able to say something about "*The Jet-Propelled Couch*". Fortunately, I can respond to Alex Yudenitsch. You would think that the guy who identified a little too much with the book character would be named "John Carter". So would I. However, Leon Stover, author of many books about SF, knew different. Dr. Lindener's patient on the jet-propelled couch was none other than Paul Myron Anthony Linebarger. Sometimes also known as "Cordwainer Smith". And it wasn't the Barsoom novels he was fixated on. Linebarger believed he was really Kimball Kinnison. Stover had some complicated explanation having to do with Linebarger's pseudonym being "Smith", the same as the author's name.

The capper being, of course, that Stover had had it from Lindener himself!

This still doesn't seem likely, though attempts to find various other people named "John Carter" have fizzled out. The time frame does not fit what else is known of Linebarger's career.

Lloyd Penney 27 Sep 2008

Thank you for *Time and Again* 6. I know it's just arrived, but I've got to tackle it now...I'm caught up with all my LoCs, I'm writing articles and reviews, and I'm planning my own zine. Not sure what got into me, but all the writing I've wanted to do is getting done.

Another fanzine. Surely we can't have too many. Okay, I'll stop calling you Shirley. And I'll keep an eye out for your new fanzine.

All this is with a new daytime job at *Southern Graphic Systems*, the evening job at the *Globe and Mail*... I've gotten a fresh start, and this start is better than ever. I just have to take inventory of what I'm doing and adjust my time management a little.

The cover is great. We always like to find out what happened next. This may not have been what we expected to see, but it is what will happen. The Tinman's warranty will expire sooner or later, or he'll catch a bad case of rust. (I took the hint from the far tombstone. I mentioned nothing about *Pixel* in my opening paragraph. What is David Burton doing these days, anyway?) (I see my question is answered on page 26. Guess we can't pester him to write an article on what he's been up to lately?)

Tales Out of School...I worked with a elderly woman similar to your teacher; all sci-fi was crap, and why do you read that garbage anyway? I had gotten a copy of a book, I think it was *Science Fiction for People Who Hate Science Fiction*, might have been edited by Terry Carr, and gave it to her to read. She tried it...and, she hated that science fiction, too. She also gave it back to me looking like she'd run it over with her car a few times. Space opera is fun...I

think sometimes we forget that reading is supposed to be fun, no matter what you're reading.

I have been told in the past that I am utterly unfannish because I don't drink. Well, con suites don't usually serve what I like to drink, hard apple cider, so I am rarely seen with a bottle in my hand. Besides, I like to see what's happening at the end of the party as much as the beginning. I'd like to see what the Katzes have to say about your comments on Burbee.

I'm not aware of Burb's reputation when he was in Nevada, and it's certainly not too late if Arnie or Joyce want to add something. Well, it's too late for [this](#) issue, but...

Wonder what CGI studio Bill the director has some equity in? I've had a little experience with a movie, especially he short film I starred in. If only they'd finish it up and release it so I could show everyone what I'm talking about. Dave Rowe, should I look you up on IMDB?

I hate dealing with customer service for any software. A few days ago, I had to contact McAfee Software because my Inbox emptied out, and a Google revealed that something about the McAfee scan software might have something to do with that. Contact customer service, download the chat software, and deal with a customer service agent. I think. The entity on the other end of the chatbox identified himself as Tony John. His perfect working, accurate typing, and particular phrasing made me wonder if I was actually chatting with a complex programme serving as the CSR. Eventually, I was politely informed that they could do nothing for me, but if I was to contact my ISP, they would be able to help me, and thank you for contacting McAfee. Let's see if that works...I expect I will eventu-

ally talk with a CSRdroid at MicroSoft.

We're all showing our age with all our various infirmities...I expect my cataract surgery to take place sometime in the new year. At least it won't be as invasive as my retinal reattachment surgery.

Atomic Piles? Only when you sit. Of course this review calls to mind all kinds of rude proctologist jokes I won't write up for a family fanzine. "How the hell do you make a zombie?" Guess there were no bartenders in the crowd, hm?

Had to smile reading Eric Mayer's column. I guess such a column held up the newspaper. I also wrote news for my high school in the HS section of the daily paper, and I am a J-grad too, and I remember waxing paper strips with my perfect prose on it. Some years ago, I was asked by an employer to repair an old waxer. after checking the guts and connections and plugging it in, it worked fine. I waxed some strips of paper, told the boss what it was used for, and I think that's when the boss realized how old I was. I wasn't in my job much longer after that.

Are we still a target for the N3F? Is an onslaught of crudzines on their way like Scud missiles? It's easy to handle...just respond with one of the KTF reviews you've read in the past. Never thought I'd say that a KTF review has its uses, but this may be it.

Any Elvis painting on black velvet is called a Velvis? Hey, this fanzine is fun to read, and it's educational, too. I am certain there's all kinds of names for Elvis paintings on black velvet, but that goes back to my original claim that this is a family fanzine.

I thought I was sending out .doc files from Word 2000, but had no idea that the people I was sending my locs to were receiving .rtf files. I'll have to keep that in mind. Not

everyone likes rich text files.

Most people creating .doc files are actually producing .rtf files with a .doc extension. Unless they're doing something more than playing with fonts.

John Purcell remembers Marv Wofman's *Bambi vs. Godzilla* and *Bambi's Revenge*, and bless you for that. We used to show those films along with Mike Jittlov's *The Wizard of Speed and Time*, *Hardware Wars* and *Dark Star*. Those were fond memories of my early cons' film rooms. I saw *Bambi vs. Godzilla* lately...it's on YouTube.

I thought the creator of that was named Marv Newland.

I miss *Rune*, and *Proper Boskonian*, and any clubzine that truly became a club project and activity. I guess those zines just aren't made any more.

I will be making a small attempt to turn back the clock in a few weeks. Mid-October will be *Con*cept*, the annual convention in Montréal, and I will be nominally in charge of a mini fanzine lounge. I may print up some of the pdfzines available on *eFanzines.com*, and put them on a table for people to peruse. If anyone shows up at the table, I would be very surprised. But, we will find out. I think I have a box of old zines somewhere at home; I will see if I can find it, and take it there for dispersal.

I look forward to the next issue.

Alex Yudenitsch 10/7/08

"I have this strange habit of trying to let fans know when their name is mentioned (at least mentioned once...) in an issue of *Time And Again*. So here we go with

the 6th issue, hot off the press, and I'm doing it again."

Ah, this issue (T&A#6), like the previous one, feels like a fanzine, independent of the medium it's on, or how it's distributed, both in that it's a 'closed work' and in the contents.

I won't reopen the "what's an editorial" question, and agree that, specially in fanzines, it's mostly 'whatever the editor writes (under that heading)'; so, *Diabologic* is accepted as such -- and, it is about SF and fandom, so, as you said, "it's close enough for fanwriting".

But, 'classic reprints' from *The Editor*? Well, your *Afterward* explains the reason for that, tying it to the previous issue's (s/o/-/c/a/l/l/e/d/) Editorial; what I found most interesting is the comparison between the book and the movie, and the differences ring true, even in this day and age.

Brad Foster's "Why Green Tea Is Green" illo for Eric Mayer's *Notes From Byzantium* is even better than last issue's (it's completely relevant to the column, and takes full advantage of the resources that an on-line zine has, as opposed to a printed one). Give the man another Hugo!

BTW, the 'bit/piece' about green tea shows how each person is different: I like 'regular' (or 'black') tea very much (yes, with a little lemon juice and sugar), but learned to like green tea (no sugar) when I became acquainted with Japanese cooking -- and I get a reaction similar to his with 'white tea' (all three are actually from the same plant, but at different stages and prepared differently), which feels like 'green tea from Betelgeuse' to me. I also drink lots of mate tea (which is a different plant from the previous ones, though not that far off), iced, during the day, instead of water (which is so insipid and colorless...) -- and this brings us back to Buck Coulson,

to whom I used to send packets of mate for quite some time (he said it was good for his asthma) until his cardiologist forbid it, because of the caffeine (also present in the other teas, but not in teas made from fruits or flowers, which I like from time to time, but not as a regular drink).

In the LoCol, Eric Meyer also asks if Grant Canfield is still around, and you replied that you "don't think Grant is still around, though [you] recall some mention of him in recent years. Anyone know his current status?" Coincidentally, I can: I ran into him as a seller of SF books/mags on eBay, living in Sausalito, CA.

In Sept/06, he wrote me (as part of an exchange about some F&SF's):

"Maybe I should also mention that I'm not a bookstore proprietor, per se. I'm just a 61-year-old single guy selling off bits of my personal collection as I near retirement. I do this weekends and evenings in my spare time, as I have a regular job -- for another 5 years, anyway. (Today, thankfully, is a day off.)"

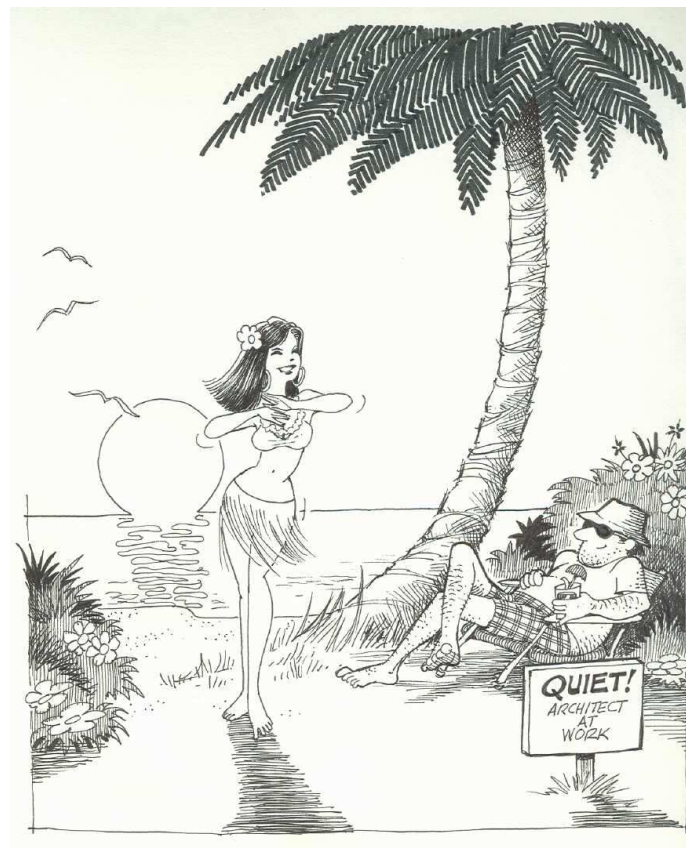
Only then learning his name, I asked him if he was "THE Grant Canfield, [and] What's a BNF artist and 7-time Hugo nominee doing selling SF on eBay (and writing to pesky would-be buyers)?", and he replied:

"Yeah, I'm that Grant Canfield. Thanks for remembering my glory days of 30 years ago. I sell on eBay (and write to pesky would-be buyers) because I live in a small town-house bursting at the seams with books, magazines, pulps, comics, laserdiscs, and DVDs, and I need to sell some of it off to make room for more. Collecting -- It's not a hobby, it's a disease."

Sound familiar?...

So, mystery solved (and he should be retired in 3 more years; maybe then he'll relent from his f/gafia)?

Thanx for the heads up, Alex. Almost immediately I wrote to Grant.



Grant Canfield 11/1/08

Oddly, I did remember the eBay exchange with Alex Y. in Brazil, so I guess my working memory extends back at least 2 years.

Please advise Eric Mayer that I am "still around," though understandably older, slower and grayer than in my days of prolific fanac, A.K.A. the 1970s. Other than occasional appearances, both graphic and written, in Robert Licht-

man's *Trap Door*, and sporadic participation in an online chat group with him and other fan friends from the old days, for many years I have been noticeable in fandom mainly by my absence. For instance, the last convention I attended was so long ago that my strongest memory of it concerns an episode in a Las Vegas titty bar with myself, Dan Steffan and Bill Rotlser. (I'm still in touch with Dan but I miss Bill, as do many.)

Perhaps in the future, when I dwell in a glorious, magical realm we call "Retirement," I will find the time and energy to resume fanac on some level. That magic future is still at least 4 years away. In the meantime, I must finish my career as an architect, hoping in these times of economic woe to continue to earn enough and save enough to support that future fantasy life and my lifelong addiction to books.

It was great to hear from you, Grant. I have very fond memories of your artwork, and of our doing that one cartoon together, and your *Waste Paper* fanzine was one of my favorites. I look forward to your upcoming retirement, and a possible subsequent reincarnation in fandom.

Eric Mayer 9/25/08

I love that cover of T&A 6 but then I am a morbid bastard.

I guess I liked space opera as a kid, although even then I went in more for sf that served up weird ideas. I was never much for intergalactic battles and today's military sf is simply revolting but I guess it caters to male adolescent power fantasies. How grown ups can stand to write it is beyond me.

Interesting bit about Charles Burbee. As you know, I'm

a little leery about airing other people's dirty laundry in fanzines (particularly if they are dead) but this all seems to be about Burbee's public behavior. I also appreciate that you don't pronounce an opinion of his mental processes as if it were a fact, as if you were some sort of omniscient being. Having said that, the Burbee you describe sounds like one of those folks whose work I enjoy but whose company I would probably avoid. (like, say, all of the Sex Pistols) His writing is some of my favorite fan writing even though it can be mean, something I don't usually find funny. Does anyone know what Al Ashley thought of the whole shtick about him? Was it just plain meant to be nasty? Was Al O.K. with the joke? What was going on there?

Coming to a movie theater near you -- the back of Dave Rowe's head! Wow, Dave's articles make his area sound like Hollywood-midwest or Indianapolis Babylon. Well, kinda. I never would have imagined there were so many movies filmed there, though. Where do these movies end up? Film festivals? If I knew about it I'd no doubt realize there were two every week within driving distance. So many things for people to be fanatical about. So few things that pay a living wage. I loved Dave's descriptions of how they cobbled sets together. Doesn't really sound like they'd look very convincing. What amazed me most was when he described how everyone gorged themselves and then were ready to make a movie. These days I eat a big meal and I'm ready for a nap.

Power surges never bit me as hard as they did June Moffat. A couple weeks ago our power blinked off for a few seconds and afterwards Firefox wouldn't open, which struck me as pretty inexplicable, but I needed to download the new version, which I did using the Internet Ex-

plorer I keep for emergencies (and because I'm not sure what vital components it might remove out of pique if I deleted it from my machine). Lightning got a portable TV once. The set was turned off. There was crashing and rumbling and suddenly a big bang, the screen lit up, then the set started to smoke a bit from the back and that was that.

Can't say much about movies and TV shows I fear, but I hope Lee Anne Lavell is doing better with her health problems. Stroke or not TIA episodes sound frightening and I am pretty sure they aren't good for you. Losing 35 pounds in 4 months is amazing, and probably not good for you either. I could never do that. If I lost weight at that rate I'd vanish before 4 months were up. And physical therapy too. Exercise no less. Scary stuff.

Doesn't quite sound right to say I enjoyed the *Curse of the Atomic Piles*, so forget I said it. But I am glad you made the trip to the replacement seat place. (And maybe there's a reason for such a business being next to a porn theater.) There are some classic lines there and some classically dreadful, but oh so familiar, writing. This article is from 34 years ago. Were you born being able to write, Dave? Was the great lost essay about your birth traced out in drool on the inside of your incubator?

[I probably should get around to reprinting that.](#)

All I can say about Brad's green tea illo is that it's spectacular. It absolutely seems to glow, kind of similar to what you see with atomic piles. Seriously, what an effect.

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