

PIXEL FIVE



S e p t 2 0 0 6



September 2006

PIXEL FIVE

CONTENTS

Cover: photograph by David Lewton

- 3 **WHITHER FANDOM?**
column by Ted White
- 8 **NOTES FROM BYZANTIUM**
column by Eric Mayer
- 11 **MUCH NOTHINGS ABOUT ADO**
column by Lee Lavell
- 12 **BRIDGE GAME**
humor by Jim Lavell
- 13 **A FUNNY THING HAPPENED
ON MY WAY TO THE TYPEWRITER**
humor by Dave Locke
- 16 **FOUND IN COLLECTION**
column by Chris Garcia
- 17 **EPISTLES**
lettercolumn

“Personally, I prefer tarantulas.”

Edited and published monthly by David Burton
5227 Emma Drive, Lawrence IN 46236-2742

E-mail: catchpenny@mw.net

Distributed in a PDF version only.

Available for downloading at efanzines.com
thanks to Bill Burns.

A Noah Count Press Publication.

Compilation copyright © 2006 by David Burton.

Copyright reverts to individual contributors
on publication.

AMDG

To receive an e-mail notification when a new issue
of *Pixel* is published, send a message to
catchpenny@mw.net, using **subscribe** as the subject.

This is a notification list only;
I don't send the zine as an attachment.

Editorial deadline for *Pixel Six*: September 15



Whither Fandom?

Ted White

In my last column I mentioned that while *Energumen* was being scanned and archived on eFanzines, the addendum to #8, *The Last Word*, was not there. Apparently this was an oversight on the part of webmaster Bill Burns, and one he corrected once it was brought to his attention. *The Last Word*, as well as all the remaining issues of *Energumen*, is now up on eFanzines.com.

I'm glad to see *The Last Word* again. Most of it consists of my first column for *Energumen*, a response to some foolishness by Ted Pauls, and I thought it read remarkably well. So it ends up I had only three installments of my column in *Energumen*: in *The Last Word*, an addendum to #8, in #9, and in the final issue, #16.

In retrospect I'm startled to realize that *Energumen* ran for only a few years at the beginning of the '70s, publishing its first 15 issues before the 1973 Worldcon in Toronto. Its impact was greater than that brief span of time suggests.



I discovered fandom when I was 13. That was 55 years ago – what used to be considered a full lifetime. In the course of 55 years a lot of things can and will happen – births, deaths, and everything which can happen in between.

I was 20 in 1958. Fans called 1958 “the Year of the Jackpot,” after a Heinlein story of that name. 1958 was a year in which a number of fans and pros died. It was the year that two fans I was close to died, and that was my first experience of such a thing.

Vernon McCain was a BNF of the '50s, now undeservedly forgotten. He wrote both fannish and critical pieces, and like me he was a jazz fan. We had a voluminous correspondence going between us, and I was on page five or six of a letter to him when Bob Pavlat (now also deceased, *sigh*) called me up to tell me that he'd just heard Vernon had died (in a hospital, of complications of appendicitis). The irony was that Vernon, a longtime bachelor, had just gotten engaged and would have been married

only days later. It hit me hard and I kept feeling impotent urges to finish my letter to him.

Later that year, in early fall, Kent Moomaw turned 18 and took his own life on the day he was to register for the draft. I'd met Kent at Midwestcon (he lived in Cincinnati), I'd mimeod his fanzine for him, and I considered him a fan-buddy. I'd told him that I'd met Sylvia Dees at the Worldcon that year and that we were getting married. He told someone else that he guessed I'd have less time for fanac (and him) now. I felt guilty about that after I heard the news of his suicide.

I'm reminded of those long ago deaths by the death, on July 6, 2006, of rich brown.

I “met” rich (who was still then Rich) in 1957, soon after his entrance into fandom, when he sent me a blotchily mimeod fanzine and joined the Cult's waiting list. I met him face to face a year later at Solacon – the same Worldcon where I met Sylvia.

We always got along well enough, but rich

had a habit of popping off on subjects before he'd thought them through, so we also clashed occasionally in various fanzine lettercols – never acrimoniously, but sometimes heatedly. (There's a piece in one of those clashes, which took place in the pages of Ted Pauls' *Disjecta Membra*, and rich wanted us to write it up jointly. He wrote his part, but I never got to mine. Now his has disappeared, but I hope to write it all up for *Trapdoor*.)

Around 1963 rich moved to New York City. I was living then in Brooklyn, and I recall storing a large trunk of rich's in my downstairs hall for months. Rich shared an apartment first with "East Coast" Al Lewis and then with Mike McInerney, and of course both rich and Mike (but not Al) were Fanoclasts. And I got to know rich a lot better.

In the summer of 1964, a year and a half live-in relationship with Sandi and her three daughters ended, leaving me at loose ends. What did I do? I spent an afternoon and evening over at rich & Mike's, hanging out mostly with rich. I think that's when our relationship began to transcend fandom and we became real friends.

rich was a major member of the Fanoclasts, but, due to the anarchistic nature of that group he did not dominate it (no one did). He was part of the 1965 Fanoclast Trek, in which six of us, in my Greenbrier van, drove from NYC to Cincinnati for the Midwestcon and then to Long Beach, California, for Westercon a week later – all to throw parties in support of our 1967 Worldcon bid.

But rich did not join the 1966 Trek (again to Midwestcon and Westercon – the latter in San Diego). He'd been involved for a time with Cindy Heap, who in 1965 had left her husband, George



rich (left) and Ted Johnstone, 1958

Heap, while the man was in a hospital being treated for facial cancer. Cindy had expanded her field to include Mike McInerney as well, but shortly before we left on our 1966 Trek (this time a larger group, in two cars) Cindy dumped both rich and Mike in favor of Dave Van Arnam (whom she subsequently tricked into marrying her). Throughout much of that Trek (which included Cindy, Dave and Mike) Mike sulked and Cindy rubbed his nose in it. rich preferred to avoid all of that and stayed home.

Smart move. A fringe-fan named Dan Goodman encountered a runaway girl, whom he brought to the McInerney-Brown apartment. There she met rich. The runaway girl, in her mid-teens, was Chinese and fleeing sexual abuse in her home. She'd been living on the street. Her name was Colleen, and she and rich hit it off. When we got back from our Trek, rich asked me if he and Colleen could live with Robin and me until they could get a place of their own. I had a large, two-floor, seven-room

apartment, and it was no problem.

A year later, while I was at Midwestcon, I got a telegram announcing the birth of their daughter, Alicia. And, maybe a year after that, I was Best Man and Robin the Matron of Honor at rich and Colleen's wedding.

rich and Colleen and Alicia lived for a time on Staten Island, but ended up moving to an apartment on 57th Street in Brooklyn – walking distance, or one subway stop, from our place. We saw a lot of each other. At one point rich and Colleen took Robin and me to see "Man of LaMancha" on Broadway.

In 1970 Robin and I and our new daughter, Kit, moved to Virginia. A couple of years later I had a phone call from rich. He'd gotten a job in Washington D.C., and they'd be moving to my area! He came down and stayed with us while we drove him around to look at rental properties. He settled on a house about a mile from ours. My two-year-old daughter started playing with his five-year-old daughter. They are to this day each other's best friend.

rich and Colleen moving to Northern Virginia seemed to open the floodgates and soon All Fandom was pouring into Falls Church. Well, not All Fandom, maybe. But John D. Berry moved here, staying alternately with the Browns or us before getting a place of his own in McLean, and after him came Terry Hughes and Terry's brother Craig – who also stayed with us and the Browns before finding a place of their own. The Hughes brothers shared an apartment until Craig married; before that occurred Steve Stiles also shared the apartment with them. Steve later shared an apartment in Arlington with Jeff Schalles, who had previously shared a house with Dan and Lynn Steffan...but I digress.

During the '70s quite an active fandom sprang up in Northern Virginia. Periodically we'd get together and put out a semi-oneshot-type fanzine called *The Gafiate's Intelligencer*. It was not numbered sequentially. The issue numbers presumed that every gathering we had was an "issue," but only some of these "issues" were written and published. A harmless conceit. The final issue was published in 1983, after the Baltimore Worldcon and while a variety of fans were staying in Falls Church the following week. Rich and I were the two constants in that fanzine.

Around 1979 rich and Colleen split up. Although their marriage ended (and Colleen eventually remarried), they remained close friends, rich still part of Colleen's "family." But when they separated, rich moved in with me. My marriage to Robin had ended half a decade earlier and I was single-fathering my daughter. rich moved into my guest room, and was an ideal house-guest. We never had any clashes at all.

During this time I started "Sunday services," a pseudo-religious observance which amounted to rich, his daughter Alicia, my daughter Kit, and me playing card games (Spades and Hearts) every Sunday afternoon. We partnered up, sometimes Whites against Browns, sometimes fathers against daughters, and sometimes with each father partnered with the other's daughter. It was all good.

In August of 1979 I became the editor (for one year) of *Heavy Metal*. This meant spending my week in New York City, my weekends in Virginia. It was rough on my nine-year-old daughter, but at least she had her best friend's father at hand during the week, and rich and Kit got along well.

rich was by this point driving a taxi. When he'd moved to Virginia he had no driver's license and little experience driving a car. I helped him buy his first used car, a '60s Mustang, which he loved. And he loved driving, so when he lost the job (as a financial reporter for Reuters) which had brought him to the area, he started driving taxis.

But he moved on from that increasingly risky job to a job with the American Seed Trade Association, where he learned the office computer and set up Drudge Enterprises – which maintained mailing lists and supplied printed mailing labels for a number of fanzine editors.



At some point in the '80s rich started to experience sleep apnea. This was more or less a part of his snoring. His snoring had become legendary. It was Very Loud – so much so that it was impossible to sleep in the same room with him. I discovered this in 1988, the year he and I drove down to Florida for the Tropicon at which Walt Willis was Guest of Honor. We stopped for the night in South Carolina and thought we'd share a two-bed motel room. rich ended up getting another room.

But in 1984 Linda Blanchard had moved cross-country from Washington state to live with rich, briefly staying in my guest room and then renting a house in Woodbridge, and their relationship ended because she found it impossible to sleep in the same room with rich. (I was sorry to see her leave rich and the area, but happy to see her marry Dave Bridges, who is someone I also like a lot.)

rich's apnea got worse over the years. He had a job in which allowances were made for it (he had an extraordinarily understanding boss), and he'd nod off on the job frequently. He wasn't getting a good night's sleep – some nights he got no sleep at all – but he coped with it, uncomplainingly. But the job eventually ended, and the apnea kept getting worse. Rich had to stop driving all but locally – there was too much chance of him passing out behind the wheel. He started passing out briefly while standing in his apartment – and falling down, occasionally hurting himself. He'd tell me about this, a rueful expression on his face.

He'd tried a machine that assists breathing while one sleeps. He said it didn't work for him, kept him awake. But after he started getting hurt from his falls his daughter, Alicia, had him

Courtesy of Alicia Brown

hospitalized. And the doctors said they had never before encountered a living human being with such low oxygen levels in his blood.

Hospitalization helped. rich was re-oxygenated. And he learned to use the breathing machine correctly. It seemed like he'd made it over that hurdle. And ten years earlier, after trying several times previously, rich successfully gave up cigarettes.

But rich remained grossly overweight. Not a tall man, he was perhaps 5' 7", but he weighed from 250 to over 300 pounds. Now, when I first met rich he was very skinny, looking like "a drowned rat," according to one late-'50s observer. He had to *gain weight* to join the Air Force in late 1958. He was still as skinny as a rail when he was a Fanoclast. But, as he used to smilingly complain, Colleen fed him too well. (Colleen herself had a hyperthyroid condition which allowed her to eat endlessly without gaining weight, and rich kept pace with her food consumption.) And rich took sedentary, sitting-down-all-day jobs. He gained weight. A lot of weight. His ankles disappeared, leaving his legs to disappear into his shoes as thick stumps.

It amazed me that he never developed diabetes.

But he did get cancer, a couple of years ago -- rectal cancer. They had to remove his rectum and fit him with a colostomy bag. "I no longer have an asshole," he told me. "Not many people can say that." He joked about it, privately, but it was a source of ongoing potential embarrassment for him. Sometimes the bag overflowed and at least once it broke. He called me up once to postpone a get together. "I had an accident and I'm pretty unpleasant to be around right now," he told me. He stopped going to out



of town conventions, claiming his finances wouldn't allow it, but turned down all offers of financial assistance. He was too embarrassed to tell people the truth.

He went back into the hospital Memorial Day with an intestinal blockage caused by scarring. Alicia told me, "They took care of all that. They rerouted the colostomy and got rid of all the scar tissue and basically put him in much better shape. And he was losing weight. But." The "but" was the pneumonia he picked up in the hospital. They couldn't get rid of it. And his system lacked the reserves it needed to tide him over. His kidneys began to fail, and on July 6, 2006, in the early afternoon, he died.

His daughter and Colleen were there at the end; Alicia had been at the hospital every day. When he was conscious, she read Georgette Heyer to him. He had tubes in him and could not speak. And for the majority of the time he was hospitalized, he was in the ICU and

unavailable for visitors beyond his immediate family.

I really regret that. I had always before been a faithful visitor to his hospital bedside -- even as he had been my most faithful and regular visitor when I was hospitalized and in rehab after breaking my hip in 1999. Probably the first time I ever visited rich in a hospital was in New York City, when he had kidney stones. But not this time. I did not see him after Memorial Day. I could not. I kept in almost daily contact with Alicia, who kept telling me, "I'll let you know when he's up for visitors." His death was a profound shock to us both. Neither of us had expected it or planned for it.

So I never had a chance to say goodbye to rich.

That hurts, but I hurt from rich's death, his permanent absence, and I don't know how large a part of that is from not getting the chance to say goodbye and how much is just the pain of his being gone. It has hit me a lot harder than I expected, even with the preparation I've had over the years from the deaths of so many other friends, starting with Vernon McCain and Kent Moomaw, but including John Champion, Ron Ellik, Terry Carr, Lou Stathis and Terry Hughes, to name just a few.

rich brown was my friend, my lifelong friend. I haven't even mentioned his pro writing (most of which I published in *Amazing* and *Fantastic*), much less some of his idiosyncrasies, like the affectation of spelling his name lower-case, or his digressive writing style. This is not an obituary. It's just a fond memory of my friend, probably totally inadequate for the task I've assigned it in my mind.

The Sunday after rich's death I joined Alicia,

Colleen and her husband Leonard, my daughter Kit, and Dan Joy to begin cleaning up rich's apartment. It was a basement apartment and it had flooded several times from bad rainstorms. (Alicia had planned on moving rich out of it, when he was released from the hospital, because she felt its moldy atmosphere was bad for his health.) He had boxes of things on the floor which had their bottoms soaked. Mostly they were filled with fanzines, magazines, books and manuscripts – paper, the bottom layers soggy wet.

His fanzines were divided between the boxes (unsorted) and a really nice lateral file cabinet (sorted). I re-boxed all the unfiled fanzines, tossing only the wettest and least deserving. It was a hot job; his apartment had no air-conditioning. We worked, and sweated, for hours. Then Alicia took us all to a good Italian restaurant (the Alpine, where Greg Benford and I had dined while my VCR was recording the final episode of *M*A*S*H*), where we unwound and talked about rich.

Something that had stayed on my mind and I mentioned then was his computer. The computer itself was custom-built for rich, and pretty damned good. But with it he had a *tiny* 13-inch monitor. I'd tried to find the piece he'd written (and wanted me to collaborate on) in his computer files. Wow. The font-size of the type displayed on his (color) monitor screen was *minuscule* – probably about 6-point. I had to take off my reading glasses and get real close to the screen to read it.

I thought about all the time rich had spent on that computer and I was amazed. He had the money, so why hadn't he upgraded to a larger monitor? Hell, I had a 17-inch spare that I ended

up giving to Steve Stiles – rich could have had it, had I but known. And all his files – his written stuff – was in Microsoft Works, not Word or WordPerfect. He'd thought he was getting Microsoft's Office Suite – with Word, Excel, all that stuff – but ended up with Works, which was an inferior set of programs. I wondered why he'd just accepted that and done nothing about it.

The food was very good (and so abundant that it supplied my dinner for the next day), and seated around the table was most of rich's real family, those he'd been closest to over the past years. Colleen and I have known each other for forty years. I've watched Alicia grow from a newborn baby into a great person and an assured and beautiful woman in her late 30s. And Dan Joy (who regularly spent his Sundays with rich) is someone I've known since he was 11, whose musical career I helped launch 25 years ago, and with whom I'm now in the band, Conduit.

So we talked about rich. We talked about him as a member of our family. Maybe it was our first celebration of his life, our first "memorial" for him.

And a week later, on Saturday, we were back at his apartment, joined by Steve and Elaine Stiles, to finish up the packing. Nothing that didn't have to be was tossed out. Everything else was trucked out to Alicia's house for her to deal with later. She knows how her father felt about fanzines. They'll end up in a university collection. I drove rich's current car, a 1989 Volvo, back to my house, where I'll keep it for a month while my Accord undergoes transmission repairs. Eventually I think it will go to Dan Joy. I quickly discovered



2004

the air-conditioning did not work, and that the radio goes off when you go over a bump. Oh well.

So, whither fandom? For me, fandom has always been a collection of friendships. Fandom and I have been diminished by rich's death. •

Notes From Byzantium

Eric Mayer

My Life as a Columnist

I reckon that by now "Notes From Byzantium" has seen more installments than any of my previous fanzine columns. Since my zine collection is buried in the landfill beneath the entrance to the Irondequoit Mall in Rochester, New York, I'd need a backhoe to be sure.

At any rate, it's nothing to brag about. I haven't written many columns, partly because I've never quite got to grips with what a column ought to be. Mine tend to be nothing more than self-contained essays, indistinguishable from anything else I'd contribute to a fanzine.

My most successful faanish column was probably "Crab Nebula" which ran in Donn Brazier's *Title* back in the mid-seventies. I wrote short anecdotes about living in New York City while attending law school. Maybe I should've called it "Hayseed in the Big Apple." I'd marvel at the exotic beers (Ortlieb's, Fort Schuyler, Fox Head) I found in the corner grocery or complain

about whoever was playing bongos in the park outside my apartment at 3 a.m.

I recall attempting a fanzine review column for *Title* as well but I think it only appeared once which pretty much sated my appetite for faanish criticism. I don't remember what I reviewed. I'm sure I panned one of the big, popular zines of the era.

Then there was my mid-eighties effort for Marty Cantor's *Holier Than Thou*. "Notes From the Outside" was intended to be a commentary on fandom from the perspective of someone who lurked at the hobby's periphery. The reaction to my angle on TAFF convinced me that I was not nearly as far outside fandom as I should have been, a problem I promptly rectified by vanishing from sight, leaving behind nothing but the term "Café Fandom" and an assortment of enemies.

You might notice a theme running through these titles: "Crab Nebula." "Notes From the Outside." "Notes From Byzantium." They all

allude to places far removed from Fandom. Oddly, it was Dave Burton who named this column, unknowingly in keeping with my theme.

It probably is no surprise that the only column I wrote that amounted to anything was one I did for a local weekly before I discovered fanzines. "Changes" – a name I hated – was stuck on it by the publisher of *Greenstreet News*. Well, it was the end of the sixties and I was a long-haired college kid so what could you expect?

The column ran for two years and I managed to hit 102 out of 104 deadlines. Not great by journalistic standards but amazing for a student who had trouble showing up for half his classes.

But then they didn't pay me for sitting

Illustrated by
Brad Foster

The text of "Jeepers Creepers" first appeared as part of Eric's blog:
<http://journalscape.com/ericmayer>

through Psychology 101 lectures. Not even the \$4 I received for most of my columns, paid for by the inch. Nor did I get to see a byline for scrawling my thoughts on the symbolism in Shaw's *Saint Joan* into a blue exam book.

The by-line was the important thing. I would've written for the almighty by-line for free. And that's saying something. I could buy three record albums from the close-out bin at Arlen's department store for \$4.

There was something magical about that by-line. My name looked different in real print. It looked more important. This was back in the days when typewriters came in two fonts, neither of which could be mistaken for real print. Real print meant real publication.

I worked part time at the newspaper, primarily running the Compugraphic photo-typesetter. At some point during the week I would find amidst the coils of perforated tapes bearing the news stories, the tape labeled "Changes." It was a thrill to feed it into the maw of the machine, which chattered and whirred and finally ejected a strip of photo paper bearing my very own words.

And what words they were. Reminiscences, or what pass for such when you're nineteen; humorous essays; sentimental holiday pieces; political diatribes; mini fictions. I pontificated on everything from baseball to Richard Nixon and my grandmother's cat. And all the lines were justified.

The evidence that anyone read any of this was scanty. The column attracted a single letter, suggesting I be committed. While there were probably a boat load of reasons I should've been committed, my opposition to the Vietnam war wasn't one of them.

I know my publisher read the column. He'd invite me into his office and ask how long it took to compose an essay and where I got my ideas. Once he gleefully displayed a clip from a Colorado paper, a reprint of a column in which I'd (presciently) lambasted Nixon and his crew as criminals who'd eventually be booted out.

Bill Scranton III was only two years older than me, but whereas my dad was a school teacher his had been governor of Pennsylvania. Fresh out of Yale, Bill's stint as publisher was part of his preparation for public life. Not that he resembled a politician in the making. Particularly not a Republican. He wore his hair in a long pony-tail and conducted transcendental meditation sessions for the full-time staff.

When he became the youngest Lieutenant Governor of Pennsylvania a few years later (now conservatively groomed) his top aid was an associate of the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi.

You can clip the pony-tail off the boy but you can't remove it from the newspaper morgue. In November, 1986, a few days before he looked set to be elected governor, his opponent launched an illustrated ad campaign depicting Bill as dope-smoking hippie and all-around weirdo. When asked whether he had ever smoked pot, Bill, a straight forward kind of guy, said in effect, "Who didn't?"

His political future went up in smoke. He lost the race by a razor-thin margin and retired from the political scene, only emerging briefly this year for an abortive run at the GOP gubernatorial nomination.

After I left the newspaper I never saw Bill again, except on television. We didn't exactly move in the same circles. He seemed to like my

writing. Maybe if I'd tried to keep in touch I could've become a speech writer. I might have crafted a diplomatic response to those 1986 attack ads and gone on to write speeches for a governor and then a cabinet post in the Scranton presidency.

Then again, considering the results of my foray into TAFF politics in the mid-eighties, probably not.

At least my newspaper column won a Golden Quill award from the Pennsylvania Newspaper Association (for second place, humor, in a newspaper with a circulation under 10,000) even if the certificate is in the landfill up in New York with my subsequent, less successful, fanzine efforts.

And unlike my fanzine columns it didn't earn me any enemies, except maybe for the guy who wanted to have me committed.

Of course, I knew a lot more about everything back when I was nineteen. My newspaper columns usually had a moral and it seems like there should be a moral to this. How about "quit while you're ahead?"

Jeepers Creepers

The attack of the creepy crawlies continues. This morning a monstrous black beetle was hiding in ambush next to the washing machine. I grabbed the first weapon to hand – a can of Raid Flying Insect Spray – and blasted it with enough poison to peel the paint off the linoleum.

The horror shook the poison from its mandibles and scuttled under the washer. I bent down to investigate and it came at me from the other side. I shot it again. This time I kept my finger on the button.

The poison was designed to take out flying nasties, but a bug's a bug, and I was using the heavy duty spray, with enough muzzle velocity to knock a white-faced hornet out of the air at a range of five feet. The force of the blast lifted the beetle up and threw it back against the side of washer where it finally lay still. Maybe it broke its carapace. Maybe it drowned.

These bugs are getting to me. A few days ago, on the way to the shower, I was greeted by a huge spider hanging from the curtain in front of the water heater's niche. Just what you need to

see when you walk into the bathroom naked – an arachnid as big as your thumb.

This terror was at least 4 inches end to end, with an obscenely huge, bulbous body. I'd exchanged pleasantries with his great grandfather a couple of years ago. Which is to say, I'd had to hammer him five times with my shoe. The present spider could've put up a good fight against a tarantula. As for a skinny, naked guy without even a shoe...

I backed away, found my trusty bug spray, and soaked the intruder. He sauntered out of

sight behind the curtain. There are few sights more hideous than an 8-legged saunter. I heard him trot across the top of the water heater. However, the poison must have taken effect, because he didn't return that evening. Or the next.

Maybe, with his dying breath, he'd sent the black beetle after me. Probably that's just my imagination. But I'm jumpy. This morning I sprayed a menacing scrap of a lettuce leaf on the floor in front of the refrigerator. Stopped it in its tracks too. •



Much Nothings About Ado

Lee Lavell

War and Remembrance *or I like to crib titles*

Things keep cropping up on television concerning the 9/11 attacks on the Twin Towers and the Pentagon and this has a tendency to get me very depressed. You see, my formative pre-teen years were during World War II. I have very vivid memories of that war, despite the fact that I was fairly young and we didn't have the "advantage" of television in those prehistoric days, let alone computers. We did have radio, however, and newspapers, and movie newsreels. They were quite vivid enough about the horrors of war and all the deaths and destruction. I remember once reading a comic book that had a mystery about a homicide, and I wondered, *Why are they making such a fuss over just one person dying?* I was used to seeing headlines of hundreds, even thousands dying during the battles of WWII. So, when the Twin Towers went down I went into a state of shock.

I had just returned from an early morning trip

to the grocery (to beat the crowds) and flipped on my TV set to CNN to catch up on the news and the second tower had just been hit. My answering machine was blinking and it was the Lewtons alerting me to the news of the attacks. After returning that call and calling a friend to



alert her (we have this sort of phone tree for important things) I settled down and watched in horror. There before me were many of the images I remembered from childhood: the raising of the flag, the toppled buildings reminiscent of the London blitz shots, not to mention new things straight out of cheap SF movies – people fleeing down streets pursued by a billowing cloud. One almost expected to see Godzilla looming out of it. But the thing that got to me the most was the singing of *God Bless America* on the Capital steps. I hadn't heard that song for years but it was virtually the anthem of WWII. Along with the fury about what had happened, I kept thinking, no, no, not again! There was going to be another war.

During my years I have been witness to quite a few wars, fortunately from the home front. Besides WWII, there was Korea, Vietnam, and the Gulf War to mention a few. The latter was probably the worst of the group because it gave people the impression that wars could be bloodless (at least on "our" side) and civilized, and there can be no such thing as a civilized war. The attempt to put

R. Gardiner

rules on what is essentially a barbaric institution as war is ridiculous. It cannot be done. We managed in Afghanistan fairly decently but suddenly we were in Iraq for no apparent sensible reason. We weren't finished where we were and Saddam Hussein had made no overt threat, or at least none that seemed more important than several other countries. We were supposed to be in a war against terror and suddenly we were diverted. And things have gotten messier and messier and I don't see now how we can get out without leaving a whole lot of people in the lurch.

This war started out like WWII. We were attacked and had a right to defend ourselves. That

is not what is going on now. We are just in a war. We are in a country blowing up people and they are trying to blow us up and succeeding "over there" and could and probably will succeed again in doing so over here. This is not defending ourselves and we should stop trying to rationalize our motives. I am neither a hawk nor a dove, just a realist.

One final note concerning suicide bombers and martyrdom: no self-respecting martyr wants to die and goes out of their way to do so or expects to reap any gains from it. This is completely at odds with what these fanatics are doing. So, here is my wish: instead of those

seventy two virgins that they are expecting to join them for eternity, may they instead find themselves with seventy two Jewish mothers who will nag them forever. Amen.

Since I wrote this column a few months ago the shit has really hit the fan in the Middle East and things have really gone to hell in a hand basket and all the other appropriate clichés. What is wrong with people! What happened to survival instinct! Where is just plain common sense!

It almost makes one long for the good old days of the Cold War. •

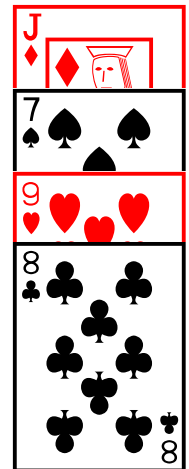
Bridge Game

Jim Lavell

The Players: Jerry Hunter, Jim Lavell, Lee Lavell, Dave Lewton

Lee: One diamond.
Jerry: One spade.
Jim: One heart.
Lee: You can't bid one heart. Jerry bid one spade.
Jim: Oh. What did you bid, baby?
Lee: One diamond!
Jim: Ok, I'll bid two diamonds.
Lee: Dumb dumb. Why don't you declare your strength before you support me?
Jim: I *am* declaring my strength.
Jerry: Come on, let's play bridge.
Lewton: Let me see now. Two diamonds, he said. Three eee-uh clubs.
Jerry: Didn't you hear my bid, Dave?
Lewton: I know what I'm doing. Three clubs!
Jim: Four diamonds.

Lee: It happens to be my turn to bid, dear. I double.
Jerry: Three spades. We have forty below, David. That means we need sixty for game.
Lee: Why don't you just come right out and use signals, Jerry?
Jerry: Because Dave is too stupid to get them.
Jim: Four spades!!
Lee: You dummy. They bid spades. It's *their* suit!
Jerry: (triumphantly) Ho Ho! I double four spades.
Lee: It's not your bid.
Jerry: Well, Dave will double it.
Lewton: No! I bid five spades!
Jerry: Why?? Just tell me *why*??
Lewton: Set fire to your head!
Lee: (*nastily*) Double!
Jerry: Six clubs.
Jim: Six no trump!
Lee: (*shrieking*) Six *what*?
Jerry: He said it - he said it! Double six no trump.
Lewton: Seven clubs!
Jim: Eight no trump!!
Lewton: Nine clubs!!!
Jim: Ten no trump!!!!
Lewton: Eleven clubs!!!!!!
Lee and Jerry: (*hysterically*) Hahahahahahaha.
Lee: How about a game of gin, Jerry?



A Funny Thing Happened On My Way To The Typewriter

Dave Locke

Animals are almost a way of life in this country. From cradle to casket there are animals throughout significant portions of your life. Dogs, cats, fish, parakeets, employers, canaries, rabbits, mothers-in-law, snakes, turtles, skunks. Skunks?

Sure, skunks are excellent pets. One of the few ways to have a domesticated cat is to locate a baby skunk and have it descented. It keeps lifting its tail a lot, but nothing ever comes of it. Skunks look something like cats, but they can be trained like dogs. Sort of.

A fellow I know captured a baby skunk over a year ago and still has it for a pet. One day he took it into the local beer hall with him. He sat down at the bar and waited for the bartender to approach him. The he took the skunk out of his pocket, put it tail-first onto the bar, and said: "Kill."

Once in a while you'll encounter a cat who can be trained. This doesn't happen too often. When I was a teenager I had two kittens out of

the same litter. Both had black and white markings, but each was like a film negative of the other. I called them Hal and Louie. Louie thought he was a dog. On command he would roll over and play dead, walk on his hind feet, fetch sticks, or bring my slippers. When he was still a kitten he would have to bring my slippers one at a time, but then he would crawl into one of them and fall asleep. I never could figure out what to do with the other slipper.

In the meantime, of course, Hal was very disdainful of the entire performance. He was 100% cat, and whenever Louie rolled over and played dead Hal would raise his tail up in the air and leave the room. They never got along too well together.

One day I rolled up a newspaper and swatted Hal as the result of some evil-doing or other. Hal meowed, and then just sat there looking at me for a minute with his ears pasted back to his head and his tail switching around. Suddenly he made a mad dash and exited the

kitchen, heading into the living room. He poured on the steam and crossed the living room in two seconds flat, coming to a screeching halt underneath the television stand. Under the stand was coiled the antenna wire, the cord to the television, a cord to a nearby lamp, and the cord to the electric logs in the fireplace. A lot of wires, in other words. Hal squatted down amongst them and did the biggest cat turd I've ever seen, then got up and commenced to bury it amongst all the wires. While this was going on, and it took less time to transpire than to tell about it, I stood slightly unbelieving at the entrance to the living room. When it was over, Hal leapt off the wires, dashed across the living room, and screeched to

Illustrated by
Kyle Hinton



a halt at my feet. He then proceeded to stare at me, with his ears pasted back and his tail switching around. In the meantime, Louie was a few feet away, rolling over and playing dead.

Animals take up a lot of your lifetime. If you like animals, there's probably not too many years of your life when you don't own at least one. At the very least, you visit friends and play with their animals. If you don't like animals you

tend to notice them more, and so they still take up a lot of your attention.

It's interesting to note the age-old feud between dog and cat lovers. Dog lovers say that cats are useless except as mousers, that cats have no intelligence, and that they do nothing for you as a pet. Cat lovers maintain that they appreciate a cat's individuality, that cat intelligence cannot be measure because cats are too uncooperative to be tested, and that the reason dogs are willing to do man's bidding is because dogs are more gullible rather than more intelligent. As the old maid said when she kissed the cow, it's all a matter of taste.

Personally, I prefer tarantulas.

I've seen pictures in old issues of *National Geographic* where kids in some tropical countries would have the bite taken out of their tarantulas and would walk them around on leashes. Some of these spiders grow bigger than a few dogs I've had, not to mention the cats.

Think of it this way. You leave on vacation and Harry stays behind to guard the house. Harry is basically quite stupid, even for a tarantula maybe, but unlike Lassie he doesn't require any brains at all. All he has to do is move a little when a burglar slips through your window. One glimpse of a spider as big as a king-size pillow, and it's all over. Hopefully the burglar doesn't faint dead away until he has placed a sufficient distance between himself and your house, or you may return from vacation to find that Harry has gunned someone to death.

I can't think of a better watchdog, if you'll pardon the misnomer. Of course, I don't know

for sure because I've never owned one. I'm scared to death of spiders.

Getting back to dogs, the only dog I knew that acted like a cat was a hound dog that belonged to my high school business teacher. I saw the dog around a few times, but it never really impressed me until I saw a film of it one night at a meeting of the local fish and game club. My business teacher had taken some home movies of his hunting trip. He was after pheasant, or partridge, or some other good tasting bird. How he ever had the guts to show that film at a fish and game club is something I've never understood.

The film was rather boring until it came to the part where it showed him bringing down a bird. My business teacher lowered his smoking shotgun, turned and smiled at the camera, and sent his hound dog racing after the bird which was now slowly floating around in the middle of a small pond. The dog leapt into the pond and paddled out to the bird, then grabbed it in his teeth and swam back to shore. Upon getting back to shore, he ran up to within a few feet of the camera and then proceeded to eat the bird. The camera continued to show the dog being busy at his meal until, not quite out of range, you could see my teacher frantically waving his hands and approaching the person holding the camera. At this late date I couldn't accurately translate what his lips were saying, but it was something like: "Cut!" Something like that.

When the projector was turned off, boos, hisses, and jeers filled the meeting hall. Plus a few stray comments like: "Why the hell don't you feed your dog once in a while, Nick?"

I said up above that this was the only dog I knew that acted like a cat. I was mentally

referring to a specific cat, to be more precise. The cat's name was Balls, and I called him that because he had more than any other cat I knew, including Louie. Under the same circumstances, Balls would probably have done exactly what the hound dog did. Even to the part about going into the water. Balls loved water. We had a lake next to our house, and Balls loved to run out on the dock every morning right after waking and stretch himself. Then he'd jump in the lake and swim around for a while. He couldn't get enough of the water. One morning I almost stepped on him in the shower.

I've owned a few dogs, too. As a pre-teenager, though, there was one long stretch of time when we didn't own any animal. This was due to the fact that most animals on our street wound up getting chewed quite severely. There was a large, black, formidable dog who lived across the street from us, and it had a wholly unfriendly attitude towards life. Frankly speaking, it didn't like anything that lived. Why it took so long to prod the police into coming and taking it away is a real mystery, but it finally caused enough damage to someone so that the police came code three and took it away to that great dog house in the sky. Until that happened, however, the dog was a real terror to people and to other animals on the street.

One day my father got tired of looking at this large black dog and decided to do something about it. He had a friend at the police station, who pulled a string and gave my father the use of a police dog for one day. One day was all my father figured he needed, when you consider the vicious reputation that police dogs rightly had. And this one was a big mother.

My father brought the dog home and took it

around to the front of the house, Sure enough, the black dog spotted it and came trotting over. Fur started flying. Their fight carried them to the side of the house, which unfortunately was the side where we had no windows. And we weren't about to go outside and watch.

We did, though, finally see the black dog trot back across the street. He didn't look too much the worse for wear. However, when we went outside we found the police dog minus one ear and one tail and a lot of fur, and couldn't walk on either his left hind leg nor his right front leg. I don't need to tell you how popular my father was when he returned the dog to the police station.

I think my favorite pet, though, was a chipmunk. We tamed a lot of them, as well as a number of gray and red squirrels, but this one chipmunk in particular was my favorite. He had absolutely no fear or caution around anyone in our household. He'd eat at the table with us. He'd ride around in my shirt pocket or on my shoulder. He'd roll over on command. If you hid a peanut in your fist he'd do his damndest to get it without hurting you (chipmunks can place their teeth around your finger and chomp down straight to the bone). At first he would try to force his nose between your fingers. When that failed he would jump up and down on your fist. When *that* failed he would gently take your thumb between his teeth, look up at you, and very carefully apply pressure until you decided to forfeit the game.

I was sleeping in a hammock one time, and woke up to find a squirrel sitting on my head. When I told someone about it, they remarked: "You know what he was looking for, don't

you?"

Currently the only animal in our household is a six year old boy, due to a restriction against having pets in this apartment building. Shortly after we moved in, however, they instituted a restriction against small children, too. I tried to talk my wife into complying with this new regulation, but she told me it didn't apply to people who were living here at the time.

"Maybe we could classify him as a pet," I said, hopefully.

She disagreed. "Nobody keeps a tiger for a pet," she said.

A tiger. Now *there's* an interesting idea for a pet. However, I hear they're man-eating.

Maybe I can get a smaller one. •

First published in Godless #7, May 1974



Found In Collection

Chris Garcia

“So, you’re the President of the N3F?” he said.

“Yeah, though this is the only year I’ll be serving.”

“My Dad was President once.”

That’s the only conversation I’ve ever had about the N3F presidency that originated with someone outside of fandom. Let me start from the beginning and see if you can follow along.

The Computer History Museum lives on the backs of its volunteers. While we employees do so much random stuff, it’s the vols who go forward and make the little things happen. I don’t really do tours anymore because we have volunteer docents who do them for me. We’ve got people who rebuild old computers, who help us with cataloging, who water the plants, all for no money whatsoever. It’s pretty impressive.

Now, most of the volunteers have what we might call issues. They’re either very old (my fave is a guy named Mr. Hashimoto who is about

85 and comes in every Thursday and does inventory and photography work) or they’re absolute computer history addicts (guys like Al Kossow, who runs bitsavers.org, used to be a volunteer until he was hired as our Software Curator) or they’re just a little off. Tim is one of the last kind. He’s nice, quiet, and really intelligent, but he’s also strange. He’s got some sort of motor skill problem as he has a left hand shudder that’s nearly constant. It’s not that bad, but it’s always noticeable. He’s a big part of all of our restoration projects, including the recent one to refurbish the PDP-1, which the first video game was written on.

Now, while I was going over some of the history stuff on the N3F site, I came across a name that was kind of familiar. Walter A. Coslet was a fanzine publisher and a Bible collector. In fact, he was one of the world’s foremost experts on English Bible translations and had a huge number of different translations. He also collected science fiction

books and fanzines. When he was younger, his mother said that she didn’t want him reading science fiction, so he started reading in the barn. That’s dedication. He eventually married and settled down in Montana. Walter and his wife started out as foster parents, but eventually had a few sons of their own.

Including one named R. Tim Coslet, the volunteer who logs a ton of hours for us here at the museum.

A few days after I read the bio of Walter, I started looking around trying to find any of his fanzines. I found a few references here and there, including an article about what it would cost to collect every piece of SF, from issue 42 of *Spacewarp*. It’s an interesting little article and being from 1952, it’s fun to see the thinking. The only references I could find in any collections to zines he did were to Coswalzine (I’m betting it

Continued on page 27

Epistles

Lettercolumn

Chris Garcia

What a lovely way to start a Monday morning. I'm in before the entire rest of the office and there on eFanzines.com is an issue of *Pixel* waiting for me to open up and awe over.

Your covers are getting better and better. The covers of *The Drink Tank* of late have merely been crackers on which the cheese of Chris for TAFF is the main point, but you have this Kyle Hinton fellow producing good stuff for you and then you go and make the setting for his art all awesome and just blow the rest of us out of the water. Well played!

I hate doctors. They scare the living hell out of me. Hospitals are worse though. That's where people go to die, so why would someone who wants to get better go there? I still don't understand that. My friend M has been lucky enough to afford her own doctor. That's right, if you've got the scratch to pay for it, there are doctors who will basically be at your call at your home. That would be much nicer than having to go to the hospital, but alas, I don't have a trust fund. I must admit my doctor, Stacy Tong, is a nice guy and a fantasy fan. The last time I went,

we ended up talking more about David Eddings and Robert Jordan than we did my blood pressure or gimpy knee. My doctor when I was a kid, Dr. Bernek, was a nice guy who left the medical practice and became first a real estate investor and then a preacher.

Hamsters are weird. Evelyn has a mouse that we bought for a movie shoot a couple of years ago. She's always wanted a hamster, but only one pet at a time in her house is the rule. I love the little white freaky bastard. I'm hoping that she'll outlive expectations and see her fourth birthday. I really should clean her cage now that I think of it.

By the way, Brad Foster's doing color? I can't think of a Brad Foster thing that's been color before.

Brad's been doing color work here since the second issue, and I think I've seen him do a few color illos in other zines as well.

Lee makes some good points about schools. I've worked as a teacher and been a student. I've also been the next-best-thing to a parent of a student who has a hard time with school. I've always blamed most of the

troubles of modern schooling on the legal system. There have been so many lawsuits, so many stupid lawsuits, that schools can't be innovative anymore. Zero tolerance policies haven't helped either. Nor treating kids like criminals (despite the fact that an increasing number are criminals). Then again, what do I know: I learned far more from TV than I ever did in a classroom.

I love apartments! They're the perfect place to live. I'll never have enough money to own a house, which is fine since I don't really want to own one, but even if I did, I'd still want to live in an apartment complex. The little things like horns going off in the middle of a Sunday morning, the kids who sometimes hit your wall with their tennis balls at all hours of the night, it's all a part of the package.

By the way, I just reread all those *Amras* over

Illustrations by

Manfred Klein

the last couple of days. There's some flat out great stuff in there.

Arnie's a wise man. His advice to Ted on dividing things up is exactly what allows me to keep pumping out issues of *The Drink Tank*. The Collecting Channel sounds like it was a good gig. I never did the dot.com thing and I kinda feel like I missed out. Despite the fact that I work at a museum and am OCD enough to count my collection of fanzines at least once a month, I don't keep them in any sort of order other than having enough of a memory to know what is in what box. Since I'm keeping the BayCon Fanzine Archive (which is traditional fanzines, Media fanzines and a couple of art APA runs that we use in the BayCon fanzine lounge and elsewhere) I've got a much bigger collection than I expected. It just topped five hundred (about half of that is APA-L and one of those art APAs that I haven't gotten around to looking through) so it's still small enough for me to handle. I'm told that it'll explode with WesterCon next year (I've already had someone say they're bringing 2k zines for the Archive). I'm bummed that I've had to catch up on all the action of the pro-heavy era through old zines. Richard Geis' zines were just packed with them, but Ted's right: without the net, they had to be seen somewhere. I've only got one pro who writes for me now and again and that's Jay Lake, who I respect the hell out of. Oh, and Eric Mayer. OK, that's 2.

The traditions of words like egoboo, ish and the like is still there. I use them all the time in Science Fiction/San Francisco and seldom have anyone not know what I'm talking about. It's strange that SF/SF is probably the least traditionally fannish zine I do (since I'm the only real fanzine fan of the crowd) but we still have

the traditions that folks are catching on to.

I love Pete's take on his fanzine reviews. I love his take on *Chunga* and *Banana Wings*, and once again Dave, you've done a masterful bit of business with the layout of that section. Well met, sir. Well met indeed. I'm glad to see him mentioning *Procrastinations*. That's a fun little zine from a very young guy who I hope will be around for a while (and I hope that I can win TAFF and get a chance to meet John). I've already written a piece for his next ish. We gotta nurture the young ones when they pop up. Hell, I used to be the young guy and it'd take 2 John Coxons to equal my age!

On Andy Porter's LoC, the museum has a massive collection of the *ALGOL Bulletin* too. I'm trying to find old issues of *Algol* to add to the collection just to watch our archivist's head explode trying to figure out which is which. •

Joseph T. Major

"Notes from Byzantium": My colonoscopy cost me \$50. I don't know how much it cost the insurance. I am not a profit center for the insurance company. I don't have the leisure of



not needing to go to the doctor's for four years, so I can (and do, somewhat) envy Eric for his good health.

One can go too far with this. I'm thinking of the cousin who figured out how to avoid going to the dentist's. He let his teeth fall out.

We wouldn't dare get a pet hamster. The cats would settle the matter promptly.

"Much Nothings about Ado": New Math was developed by and for people who were capable of reasoning from general principles to specific cases. Which children aren't experienced enough to do. Thus they learned that $2 + 3 = 3 + 2$, none of which helped when trying to find out how many \$1 bills you need to buy a \$4.95 box of paintballs when you already have only three of them.

"That little hand I held last night" and what would make it a real heart breaker would be if someone else was holding a straight flush. What I liked about the Kenny Rogers movie *The Gambler* was that the Gambler won the big poker game with a ten-high straight flush in diamonds. "On a warm summer's evening, on a train bound for nowhere..." to talk about stuff that sticks in the mind.

"Thoughts While Dwelling" And the theme of hearing things through the walls continues. Did Dave ever buy a house?

"Found in Collection": The University of Louisville library has a couple of bound volumes of *Amra*. Don't know why, it may have something to do with the Rare Book librarian, who is also one of the leading Burroughs fans. Never mind the Names printed there; the fact is, the zine had serious discussions of things like how weaponry was used, and also contained some wit and wisdom. They don't do that any more. •

Randy Byers

I was particularly interested this issue in Ted's comments and anecdote regarding Elmer Perdue, whose fanwriting I've never managed to stumble across, but whose name keeps popping up. If I'm not misremembering (and I probably am), he was featured in a couple of pieces by Charles Burbee that I've read. Ted's concise portrait gives a nice sense of the man, with his taste in stinky finger piano, marijuana, and magically weaving together disparate items in his writing - something which Claire Brialey seems to be a master of currently. (The magical weaving-together of disparate items, that is, not piano or pot, as far as I know.) Of course, if Ted continues in this vein, and that of his comments on old issues of *Energumen*, he'll need to rename his column "Whence Fandom." On the other hand, perhaps whence gives us a clue (or at least a view) as to whither.

Peter Sullivan can rest assured that the TAFF posse is hot on the trail of the bounty for Steve Stiles' at long last completed TAFF report. I'm helping Steve gather the various chapters into one big happy typo-free (ha!) report, and Steve will be doing new artwork and a cover, with layout by Geri Sullivan. Once our current TAFF goddess Suzle has had the report printed at her secret low-cost print shop, we will send copies to both SCIFI and FANAC to claim their respective bounties, and we will also of course make copies available to the general fan about town in exchange for a small but perfectly shaped donation to TAFF. More details will be announced when appropriate.

rich brown was one of the fans who helped us pull together Steve's chapters. Bless him, he

rekeyed a chapter from *Focal Point* a couple of months ago, before he went into the hospital. I really appreciated your comments on rich and his passing. •

Lee Lavell

"Notes from Byzantium": I too have a massive distrust of doctors and I feel I have reason. My mother, a cousin, and my husband all died suddenly after having a clear checkup. My ninety year old aunt's doctor said she was just a complainer when she had a perforated ulcer. (I got her to the hospital just in the nick of time, in spite of this.) Four years without going to a doctor? A mere snippet of time. After Jim's death it took me around twenty years and then only because I cleverly managed to slip on some black ice and break a leg and saw no way around it. I do have a doctor now, though I'm not positive I completely trust him, but he does seem better than most. As for needles: generally they don't bother me, having had many years of allergy shots but I just (and I mean just) had an experience that has sort of changed my mind. I developed this painful



thing on the bottom of my foot so my family doctor sent me to a podiatrist who decided it was a gangliar cyst. First treatment: cortisone shot. Unfortunately, because of the location of the cyst he had to go through the top of my foot, so it was "Yeep, yeep, yeep, YEOW!" as he went in with the biggest damn needle I have ever seen. Those years of allergy shots didn't prepare me for that.

"Thoughts While Dwelling": Ah, yes. I now live in a place which, when we bought it, was out in the boondocks. Although the area is building up now, they can't get close to me. The back yard abuts a creek (I'm up on a hill) across from which is a park. I own about an eighth of a mile north of me and the house south is a nice distance away. There are houses across the street but we all have nice deep front yards so about the only noise I hear is the sound of lawn tractors and the occasional motorcycle buzzing down the street. And the chirp chirp chirp of all the birds.

"Whither Fandom": Wish I could do the subdividing of topics thing. I was warped at an early age by taking a journalism class which taught me to compact as much information as possible into as little space as possible and I've never been able to quite get away from it.

Sullivan's fanzine reviews are getting more and more interesting as he is spending more and more space on each zine. I like the idea of showing a stamp sized reproduction of each cover. Long years ago I tried something similar in one of my fanzines. However my zine was mimeoed and I had to hand sketch them onto stencil and since I'm not that great an artist it wasn't too successful. •

Eric Mayer

Excellent cover again. What little I've seen of graphics programs has befuddled me and I don't understand how anyone could actually draw with one. I'm impressed. And for an ezine it's perfect.

One of the "secrets" is using a graphics pad and a stylus instead of a mouse. That's much more like drawing with pen and paper or a brush. My somewhat limited experience shows me that this requires much more hand-eye coordination than someone of my advanced years possesses, but it's not particularly a problem for someone who's been playing video games since he was born. (My sister tells me that "birthing" Kyle wasn't too bad, but the joystick that followed him out caused her some discomfort.)

This issue is a pretty amazing mixture. My idea of a classic fanzine. A range of different styles rather than wall to wall convention reports.

I'm so behind on correspondence, if I try to comment on anything I won't finish tonight and it'll be Saturday before I get back to it (right now my latest legal article is being edited and I may be asked for further input and I just today have been trying to get back to the new mystery novel, managing a draft of chapter 4) so let me just hit on what elicits immediate comment.

From my observations, Lee Lavell is absolutely correct about teaching. Not that I've ever taught. Just once I attempted to teach a writing course at a local writer's organization. It became apparent within about twenty minutes that I lack the teaching gene, even though my dad taught high school art. He loved to teach but

then he only lasted a couple years after being promoted to administration. He hated it so much he quit the profession.

It was obvious to me, as a kid overhearing conversations, that there was constant war between the teachers and the administrators who didn't have a clue what real teaching involved.

Today, of course, we have the heinous No Child Left to Learn Act, whereby politicians attempt to prevent teachers from teaching. I'm sure we all want to live in a country where nothing is taught but what the politicians think we should know. And they're obviously all really smart guys. Look at the great shape the country's in.

For whatever reason (perhaps because lots of folks didn't like school) teachers don't get the respect they deserve. One thing's for sure, teachers have demonstrated their grasp of the realities of the world, as compared to most other workers, by maintaining strong unions, which is why teaching seems to be one of the few jobs which pays relatively better than it used to. Guess the teachers know something!

Dave Locke's tales of apartment living took

me back – and not to a good time either. I rented places most of my life and hated it. I have very modest needs. I can do without space. Decor means nothing. As long as the fridge gets cold and the stove gets hot, they're fine by me, no matter how worn and outdated. But I have a problem with apartments, and that's noise. Noise, particularly the incessant thud of amplified music, rattling the walls, reverberating through the ceiling, vibrating the floorboards, drives me batty. I can't think let alone sleep. I love rock n' roll. But not someone else's. (I always use headphones by the way) Most people don't share my sensitivity. Maybe growing up where it's quiet you don't build up sufficient noise immunity for the modern world. I remember Dave commiserating with me when I used to complain about apartment noise – not so amusingly – in my old zine *Groggy*.

Actually the article did kind of take me back to a good time. The fanzines I recall from the Seventies featured a lot more humor about nonfaanish subjects than most I've seen from, say, the mid-nineties on (which, to be fair, isn't many). Those humorous essays were a big part of fandom's attraction for me. Today convention reports, and fanhistory and overtly faanish humor seem to predominate. Although I'm not keen on con reports, I quite like fanhistory and faanish humor, so I'm not complaining about their presence but only about the relative scarcity of articles like Dave's.

Jim Lavell's faan bit, for instance was terrific. Definitely had a Swiftian feel, and I mean Tom, not Jonathon. But where was the Bulgarian spy?

As for Chris' find – *Amra* was the first fanzine I ever received, although it struck me more as a prozine. Great drawings I recall, although my



interest in SF/fantasy was already waning.
The back cover's inspired. Time's up. •

Robert Lichtman

[Eric's] writing that it's been four years since he saw a doctor is, for me, pure science fiction. I'm somewhat older than you, and I've had plenty of those wonderful digital prostate exams (all's well!) and three colonoscopies. I was happy to hear after the last one of those that I could wait ten years before another! But what really got me was his story about his horror of injections. For many years I had the same thing, all dating back to the early '50s when *they* had to hold me down when I didn't want to get stuck during some medical procedure at the old Kaiser Hospital on Sunset Blvd. in Hollywood. I screamed and screamed, and after they stuck me anyway I passed out. For years afterwards I avoided getting injections like the plague – not so much, after a time, because they hurt (they didn't) but because I'd invariably go all weak in the knees, all white in my vision, and have to sit down for a while to recover. This finally did go away completely sometime in the '80s, but that was after many years of a truly annoying reaction thanks to completely insensitive medical people in the '50s.

At one time, like Lee Lavell, I was able to recite the opening sequence of *The Canterbury Tales* – but that went away long ago. What does stick in my mind from decades past is the lyrics, all or in part, of various rock and r&b songs of my youth. It doesn't hurt that I can still hear them in my head just the way they sounded on the old 45 rpm records I used to bring home from the little record shop near where I lived.

But what possible use is there, I ask you, to being able to sing things like “Bad Boy” by the Jive Bombers and “Ma, He's Making Eyes At Me” in the version done by Marie Adams and the Three Tons of Joy (with a speaking riff by Johnny Otis at the end)?

I've been on a jag lately of getting CDs from the library from the '60s and early '70s of bands that were my favorites. It's surprising how many of the lyrics I can recall almost 100% accurately. And when I listen to an “oldies” radio station that plays pop hits from the early to mid '60s, when I was a pre-teen, it's even more surprising to me that I can sing along with The Grass Roots, or Tommy James and the Shondells, or the Hollies.

What Chris Garcia reports finding in his “Found in Collection” column illustrates for me the strong interconnection between fandom and the computer world. What else could account for finding batches of *Amra* and Noreascon flyers in boxes also containing old hard drives and brochures? His description of



Amra is at odds with my own memory of the zine, which never quite matched up with my own interests – that generally don't include Sword and Sorcery. I have precisely one issue in my collection, an early one that was a rider with Terry Carr and Ron Ellik's newszine, *Fanac*, and it's only there because of that association.

Unlike Ted, I *have* passed on numerous fanzines that I've received over the past nearly fifty years. And when I left California in 1971 to join people who were still traveling in converted school buses and eventually to live on what became The Farm (at the time I left we were “catching up with the Caravan”), I passed on my *entire* fanzine collection—even including my file copies of what I'd published myself up to that point (which was considerable). Before that “cutting loose of material plane” (as we called it back then) I'd periodically weeded out fanzines as they exceeded the space available to store them, and once wrote a short piece on “Fandom's Five-Foot Shelf.” Since reconnecting with fandom in the early '80s, I've continued that periodic weeding. But even so, my fanzine collection takes up an enormous amount of space in ten different file cabinets (and some boxes of APA mailings).

No one has ever “sorted” my duplicates,” but I've sorted through plenty of other collections that were passed on to me over the past decade. Although it's laborious, I love the process as a means not only of augmenting my own collection but of getting to spend time rereading classic fanzines of the past. Once they're in one's hands, it's hard not to pause and leaf through them to see who's represented and with what.

Like Ted, I'm pleased that Taral took the time and trouble to scan the entire run of Mike

Glicksohn's *Energumen*, and I was able to complete my own collection of it by printing out the issues I didn't already have in original form. I agree with Ted that it's a fanzine that evolved over its existence, starting out rather scrappy both in appearance and material and ending up first-rate. It's good to have this sort of thing on Bill Burns's efanazines Web site in addition to the current and recent output of fanzines, and I hope more of it shows up over time.

I'm also a big fan of the writing of Elmer Perdue, and like Ted had various opportunities over the years to spend time around and with Elmer to hear him tell his stories in person. One of the many projects I'd like to do someday is an anthology of some of Elmer's best pieces. A problem is that I don't have much of his early stuff in my collection. Back in the '90s when Las Vegas fandom was publishing *Wild Heirs*, I had a reprint column in some issues and resurrected some classic Perdue there.

And it was very cool to learn, via Ted's column, of the origins of "Pub my ish."

In his review of John Coxon's *Procrastinations* Peter Sullivan notes, "Nowhere in the issue...does John really address the issue of why he's doing an e-fanzine, rather than just livejournal postings, or the other myriad of electronic fanac available these days." I don't care myself, except that I'm *glad* that Coxon chose the fanzine form as a means of connecting with fanzine fandom. I hadn't previously noticed the presence of this on efanazines, but will have to check it out.

In your comments to Andy Porter you write, "There are still times when I think it would be easier to do a mechanical paste-up on a page rather than doing it on the computer, but they're

few and far between." I certainly have the same wistful thoughts from time to time, and just recently I had out one of the boxes containing the bits and pieces that make up past issues of *Trap Door* and spent some time admiring the multi-layered "camera-ready" paste-up of the last of the pre-computer issues, which was also the last issue in the old half-legal format. I did those things double-sided, printing out each article individually and then cutting it down to fit on the folded legal length sheets I used for the dummy. Artwork was put in place, and all was done with double-sided tape. This meant that at a minimum each sheet was three layers, and if artwork was involved and placed just so there could be as many as five layers of paper when one counts both sides of the legal length sheet. Ghod, was it ever a lot of work now that I type out the steps!

The last place I worked as an artist had a tremendous storage problem. All of our paste-ups/mechanicals were done on illustration board (for dimensional stability). Now, illustration board isn't very



thick – maybe an eighth of an inch – but you multiply that by thousands of times over 50 years, and it comes out to quite a stack. We had row after row after row of architectural filing cabinets for storing art, and since no one in all those years had ever devised a really workable filing solution, finding a given piece of art was as much luck as anything else. I suppose had all that artwork been digitized, it would have required a few terabytes of hard disk space, but it could have been stored on someone's desktop rather than in a large room. The company is out of business now, and I would imagine that decades worth of art that dozens of artists worked on (including me for 6½ years) was thrown in the trash. That makes me a little sad; about the way I felt when the thousands of software reviews I'd done over the ten years I worked for Ziff-Davis disappeared with a few mouse clicks after C/Net bought Z-D. I guess it may actually be true that "all is vanity and a striving after wind..."

And you also observe one of my own favorite things about electronic fanac: "it eliminates the need for the editor to retype articles and letters." In fact, one of the last things I do working on an issue is type up the handful of letters that still come on paper. Yes, there *are* a few!

John Purcell writes, "If I ever ran across a box of fanzines or old SF mags from any era at a garage sale, I think I would wet myself." I hope he won't respond that way to reading that from time to time I did run across old SF magazines and books at garage sales. I always checked them out, but there was seldom anything I wanted. Long ago, though, I ran across three of the seven issues of Walt Willis's late '40s and early '50s

printed fanzine, *Slant*, in a used bookstore near downtown Los Angeles. For 35 cents each!

Joseph Major informs us that he has “a set of CDs with all the issues of *Mad* from the beginning up to 1999 or so. After which, as we know, it went really downhill.” In my own perhaps crusty way, to me *Mad* was no longer very good after its original editor, Harvey Kurtzman, left the magazine and it got dumbed down a lot. •

Lloyd Penney

I haven't been to the doctor in a number of years myself. The biggest problem is that it is nearly impossible to find a local doctor who is accepting new patients. There's fewer doctors than we need, and many new graduates are lured away by big bucks in US hospitals. My doctor is in Brampton, northwest of Toronto, where we used to live about ten years ago now, and getting up there by public transit is not easy. One doctor I had in the past seemed to love giving needles, no matter the diagnosis...maybe he practiced voodoo on the side, who knows. As a result, I know I should give blood, but it's been more than ten years since I have.

Knowing several fannish teachers, like Mike Glicksohn, and the late George Laskowski, I know that in the US, it's not the teachers, it's the curricula they are given to teach. American students do not get much in the way of world history, I am told. The greatest problems teachers seem to have is to overcome the training of modern culture that learning and reading are definitely not cool. I also wish there was some way to lengthen attention spans.

In our apartment building, one overly-loud

fellow we've nicknamed Mr. Tinker (he's always under his car's hood, revving it) has decided that with our newly-rebuilt elevator breaking down about half a dozen times since it became available again, he wants to form a tenant's association for the twin buildings here. We have expressed our interest, but it is guarded. It is illegal for any apartment building holding company to evict you for organizing the tenants into just such an association, but the last time this happened, they found various excuses to evict the organizer. The association never got off the ground. Let's see what happens this time.

Chris Garcia might like to know that my computer just got a massive upgrade, which means a new chip, a new motherboard, and an additional 160Gb hard drive, so that means I can screw up on the computer faster, and send it out quicker. Chris, do you get the feeling that perhaps another fan worked for the Computer Museum before you did, or is the Museum a convenient dumping ground for SF clubs and readers?

Whither fandom? Ah, always the question of the moment when we feel our age because



fandom is not what we remembered it was in its/our heyday. My zines are in Bankers' Boxes, in rough alphabetization. There's not enough shelf space for them, and probably never will be. I admit I still sprinkle some fanspeak in my locs, but so much of it is starting to fade away. Perhaps it's not so much whither fandom, but whither all the little bits, memories and traditions that make up what we call fandom.

I still have Xactos, a light table, and blue pens and pencils. I just never used them for creating a zine. One job I had some time ago, I had to clean out and restart a waxer for computer-set type strips set upon a broadsheet layout. Good thing we never have to do that again, but who knows what some publishing companies have hidden away in their closets?

Hey, John Purcell, I am catching up, and making inroads to do so. I admit, yesterday I received three fanzines in the mail, and they have been added to the pile. I would never be able to catch up if it hadn't been for multi-issue LoCs. I still get a number of e-zines that are not archived on eFanzines.com, and there are still those who print and mail, bless 'em. By the way, David, after I finish this LoC, I will be archiving it in that LJ I spoke of in my LoC.

Joseph Major, let's hear how you caught that fish, and I will relate my own similar story. I must have been about 12 or 13 years old when I was paddling in Young's Lake in central Ontario, just off the shore by our family cottage. As the water lapped around me and the reeds stayed still, I spotted one reed that was bounding up and down with the waves. I grabbed the reed, and found about 50 feet of fishing line wrapped around it, and more line heading out into the lake. I pulled at it, and found a fish at the other

end. I yelled to shore, my uncle Joe (just coincidence here, Joseph) grabbed the fish net from the nearby rowboat, and together we snagged ourselves a pike, about 18 inches long. That is still the largest fish I've ever caught, and I wasn't even out fishing at the time. •

James Vance

A newcomer to the e-zine world, I've been checking out different titles over the past few days, and the last two or three have contained references by John Purcell to Reed Waller, most recently the letter column of *Pixel Four*. Obviously, Serendipity has flounced into the room and won't stop tossing its twee little head. So here's my first letter to a fanzine, an update on Reed.

Reed is still an extraordinarily talented musician, but he has fewer opportunities to perform these days. In recent years he's moved out of the spotlight and turned his hand to writing and producing digital music for a fictional chanteuse and her equally fictional group, "Nellie and the Drummers." It's utterly unlike the stuff he did 20 years ago, at times a little bizarre but sophisticated and often charming.

John's right in his memory of Reed's talent in the old Minicon days. I was privileged to hear Reed perform, solo and with Kate Worley, a number of times in the late '80s and early '90s. No solo act was better than Reed's, no duet was better than the two of them. Their "Omaha" album was a nice distillation of what they could do, but they were even better in person.

Yes, the *Omaha the Cat Dancer* comic book was done by the pair of them. Reed, however,

only wrote the first two of the 20-plus issues in the series. He freely admits that the quality of the book took a dramatic upsurge when Kate came on board as writer with the third installment. She turned out to be a sex-and-soap writer without equal, and Reed was free to let his artwork evolve into something lush and gorgeous. It was an equal partnership that made *Omaha* a literal cause célèbre on a small but still international scale.

The collaboration didn't long survive their relationship (Kate and I were married in 1996), but interest from a publisher in getting the series back into print led to the two of them agreeing to team up again to finish the story of Omaha as a final volume to the projected series of reprints. Kate was working on those scripts when she passed away two years ago at age 46.

At her request – and with Reed's approval – I'm getting her scripts in shape for Reed, copyediting her completed material and fleshing out the bits that were still in outline form when she died. Reed is drawing "Omaha" again for the first time in a decade, and though his work has evolved in new directions, it's



still a lovely thing to behold. The reprint volumes are already coming out, and the concluding volume of new material will be out sometime next year.

So while Reed isn't wowing 'em with "Judy Blue Eyes" and "Window on the World" as often as he used to, it's nice to be able to report that he's returned to one of the other things that he used to do so very well. •

John Purcell

Echoing Chris Garcia's comment in this issue's lettercolumn, Kyle Hinton's cover artwork is very nice and stylish.

Unlike Eric Mayer, going to the doctor doesn't really bother me. In fact, needles don't phase me; I usually watch them pick and poke me, drawing blood, and all that stuff. What I don't particularly care for lately are those damnable annual prostate exams. Not my idea of a fun way to spend part of an afternoon. Back in the early '80s I wrote an article for Marty Cantor's zine *Holier Than Thou* which recounted anal surgery that I had to endure. It was a real pain in the ass – literally.

Here at the Purcell Petting Zoo we have had hamsters a couple of times. The girls had them, but my policy of attrition was strictly maintained, so they were not replaced upon their expiration. This article sounds like Eric made the mistake of putting one female in with two male hamsters, thus proving that Kipling was right. This little story makes me wonder if Eric has been visiting the Purcell Petting Zoo when nobody is at home.

Lee Lavell's article about teaching really hits a nerve with me. I am a teacher – Blinn

Community College – and totally agree with Lee’s statement that teaching is an art and instructing is a science. The way I look at it, a teacher has to be flexible and use a lesson plan as an outline. Something always happens in the classroom that will make a well-organized lesson sprout wings and fly right out the window. Then again, a teacher can’t lose control of the class. That’s no fun. But I have also learned that even at the community college level, when that “teachable moment” hits, teaching becomes so much fun. I truly enjoy working with students and seeing them succeed. This is the bottom line.

Lee is so right when she says that some instructors think of students as cookie dough. I can’t do that, not anymore. It would be remiss of me to say that I never did this. All new teachers begin that way; the good ones adapt, make connections, and learn from the kids as much as the kids learn from the teachers. I won’t get started in on the dreaded No Child Left Behind act except to say that it is completely ass-backwards. The basic concept is fine, but the way it’s being administered is so wrong it’s silly. ‘Nuff said.

Great story about the haunted classroom corner. This made me laugh. And I guess memorization has its place in some instances. Basic math memorization makes sense, and I still remember the first 7 lines of *Paradise Lost* that I memorized in my Milton class at the University of Minnesota back in early 1976. So guess what I’m teaching in my World Lit Survey class right now? Yup. Good old *Paradise Lost*. Wouldn’t you just know it? Things come around eventually.

Dave Locke’s article makes me glad I am no longer an apartment dweller. We’re actually

living in our third consecutive house – two rentals, one ownership – and this is a real advantage when you have kids thrown into the mix. Dave’s story about his friend applauding his neighbor’s performance was wonderful, and reminds me of the Minicon years and years ago (1979 or 80, something like that) when my hotel room was adjacent to a well-known fan and his girl-friend (both shall remain nameless since they are still very much alive and knocking about), and each night they really got into it. Apartment living can be just as bad. Remind me to tell you of the time when the guys in the apartment below mine in Bloomington, Minnesota tried setting my balcony on fire at 2 AM by using a well-fueled stack of charcoal on their grill. No, I don’t miss apartment living at all.

Ohmighod! Ted White’s really talking about fandom and fanzines in his column! Interesting comment he makes in here about dividing your topic up;. Just like Arnie Katz told Ted that “every topic divides itself into sub-topics,” this is what I tell my writing students: work from the general to the specific. It’s easier to complete a writing assignment



when you think along this line instead of looking at the whole assignment/project and getting brain-locked; taking it apart makes writing easier to handle and do. Great advice, and I thank Ted for sharing this with us. The other thing I have marked off in Ted’s column is his story about Fred Phillips coining the term “ish.” That’s a great story.

One of the reasons I was extremely happy when Ted agreed to do the column was that he has been around fandom so long – 55 years as he notes in his column – and can pass along these types of stories.

I want to thank Peter Sullivan for the kind words about my zine. At first, I thought he was going to do a pudding theme here, which would have been interesting. Many years ago I did a “fanzines and bheer” review column in *This House*, and that was fun, especially when I made it mandatory to drink the bheer I linked to that particular zine: e.g., Harp for *Hypnen*, Lone Star Beer for *Nebulousfan*, Guinness Stout for *Warhoon*, and so on. That was first time I ever finished a zine with a hangover. An interesting experience. As for Peter’s comment about my other zine being a web-log in disguise, I can see the resemblance. *And Furthermore* was initially an experiment that has now evolved into its own separate entity: an ensmallled e-zine. It’s sort of like a blog, but not a blog. I look at it as a filler zine between issues of *In A Prior Lifetime*.

Reading “Dave Burton and his Papier-Mache Spaceship” makes me wonder if Tom Swift is spinning in his grave. Funny bit, though.

A quick comment to Chris Garcia is in order, here: historians by their very nature are detectives, have to be. And Chris, thank Roscoe, is getting very good at it. Thanks for sharing the

discovery of that batch of *Amras*.

David, your graphic in Chris's loc makes me wonder about how many people are actually downloading and reading my zines on e-fanzines. I need to set up a counter to check this out. Also, since All Knowledge Is Contained In Fanzines, I suspect that all of us are on the NSA's surveillance list.

Lee Lavell: If you want to see nudes, just check out *Drink Tank*. Unfortunately, those are always females, but you never can tell sometimes exactly what's going to show up in that zine. •

Sandy Black

Boy, I'll tell you what, this Internet is a dangerous thing. There I am, surfing away when out of the blue I get a wild hair up my you-know-what and decide to enter "fanzine" into a search engine to see what turns up. I wasn't even sure if the things still existed. A few clicks, and there *you* were – I guess they let just about anybody online, eh? And publishing a fanzine again. Well, well. (I'm assuming you remember me. I used to write letters to all the fanzines you folks in Indianapolis used to publish, which seemed the thing to do since I lived there at the time, too.) All joshing aside, I will say that your fanzine is a whole lot better than what you used to publish.

Yes, I remember you, Sandy. Didn't you marry Sam Fath or something?

If Eric Mayer thinks "regular" shots of penicillin are no barrel of laughs, he should count his lucky stars that he (I hope) never contracted one of those what they used to call "social diseases." Way back when, when I was a nubile young lass, I was a touch careless and

managed to catch one myself. (It was one of the three Rhea sisters, and it wasn't Dia or Pyo... Hey, man, it was the Sexual Revolution, and I was out there on the front lines doing my patriotic duty with the other soldiers.)

Anyway, Eric would probably have a massive coronary if he saw that needle chock full of a million units of penicillin headed his way. I used to think I could take anything (I used to read and enjoy John Norman's fiction, fergodsake), but I almost fell into a dead swoon when I saw the doc headed towards my rump with what appeared to be a turkey baster instead of a hypodermic. I'll tell you, I resigned my commission then and there, and any guy that wanted to get with me after that had to have a notarized certificate from the health department and had to wear an overcoat if we were going to, as the young folks say, "knock boots." (And I'm not using "overcoat" as a euphemism for "condom," either; although they had to wear one of *those* as well.) Needless to say, my social life went to hell pretty quickly. We were at least lucky in those days that all that gunk *could* be cured, and taken care of with something as simple as



a single shot. I think I'd be scared to death to be a kid experimenting with sex these days.

Lee Lavell's comments about teaching sure seem to make sense. I don't remember any really *bad* teachers from either my grade school or high school days. (I do remember one substitute English teacher in high school who ridiculed me in front of the entire class because I used the word "anachronism," which she claimed wasn't a word.) I do remember a couple of doozies that I had as instructors in college, though. One of them entered the classroom, faced the blackboard, and talked directly to *it* instead of the students for 50 minutes. That was one class where no one sat in the back, I'll tell you, and God forbid you had a question. The other instructor not only stuttered, but he had a lisp as well (I've never run across someone with both since, and I hope I never do!) which made him incredibly difficult to understand. I don't know why people with these sorts of problems would choose teaching as a profession, but there you have it.

I lived with a whole group of people in an old house near downtown Indianapolis for a while. (We called it a commune, just because we thought it was hip, I suppose, but virtually nothing was shared but living space.) The female half of one of the couples was what's called a "screamer." Everybody else in the house wore stereo headphones to bed, whether they were listening to music or not. This was back there in the Cretaceous, when headphones were big whopping heavy damned things, not those cute little "buds" you get with an iPod – ever try to *sleep* with those old things on?

Interesting column by Ted White; I find these kind of personal reminiscences fascinating, even if I

don't know the people involved. (And someone with a name like Elmer Perdue almost *had* to end up as a fan!) And is Ted going to tell us what the zine was that was the exception to his rule of never throwing any away? Then again, maybe we're better off not knowing.

After having read the other fanzine review columns by Peter in earlier issues of *Pixel*, he sure seems to be getting more in-depth with the latest one. He's going beyond just listing the contents and so on and putting some real meat into them. You know, it bothered me just a bit that he hasn't had much negative to say about any of the zines he's reviewed. But I went back and looked at a bunch of zines at efanzines.com, and it seems like they're overall a lot better than they were when you guys were crankin' them out left and right. Some of the fanzines you used to show me back then (your own and those published by other people) were pretty terrible – they looked bad and seemed to be written by semi-literate teenagers. Of course, some of them were awfully damned good, too. I don't know how representative efanzines.com is – I mean, are there still many printed fanzines?

Yes, there are still some printed zines out there, published mostly by crusty old Luddites with deep pockets. All kidding aside, some of them are actually published by crusty young Luddites. Or what passes for "young" in fandom these days...

Overall, I think the quality of fanzines is relatively high these days. Whether digital or paper, I can't think of any "crudzines" being published these days.

I got a kick out of Jim Lavell's little yarn. Nice parody of the old, what'd they call it, "goshwow" style. You know it's complete fiction when he

describes you "as usual, level-headed at even such an exciting moment." He was a good writer and a good guy, and I'm sorry he isn't around anymore. Although Lee's done a good job recounting some anecdotes about him in your letter column.

Liked the artwork in the issue. The cover was interesting, although I can't figure out whether she's an alien or just a slightly unusual looking human being. Love Brad Foster's stuff. •

Wisdom Of The Ages, Part 73

Give a man a fish and he will eat for a day. Teach a man to fish and he will sit in a boat all day drinking beer!

Change is inevitable, except from a vending machine.

Those who live by the sword get shot by those who don't.

It is said that if you line up all the cars in the world end to end, someone would be stupid enough to try to pass them.

If the shoe fits, get another one just like it.

Flashlight: A case for holding dead batteries.

"Found In Collection" continued from page 16

was an APazine) and to issues of *The National Fantasy Fan* from the 1950s that are in Greg Pickersgill's collections. I'm pretty sure there are a few floating around out there, and I know that his collection went to the University of Maryland, Baltimore County Albin O Kuhn Library (aok.lib.umbc.edu/specoll/popcul.php)

I mentioned this whole thing to my curator, Dag. He was tickled, as he always is when I tell him of fannish exploits related to people in the museum, and he must have mentioned something to Tim. The next time I ran into him, the opening conversation happened. I really wanted to follow-up, to see what he knew about his father's time with the N3F, but he got distracted by something technical going on. It happens a lot in a collection where 7 out of 10 objects are nice and shiny. I found his Wikipedia entry on his Dad and read it with great enthusiasm. (en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Walter_A._Coslet)

It took me a while to realize that Tim and I both have fannish fathers. That's a weird thought. I always assumed that all children of fans end up being fans, and I did, but Tim didn't. Maybe I should try and do a study of fannish tendencies in second generation fan-types.

Naw, I'm a historian. I don't do original research. •