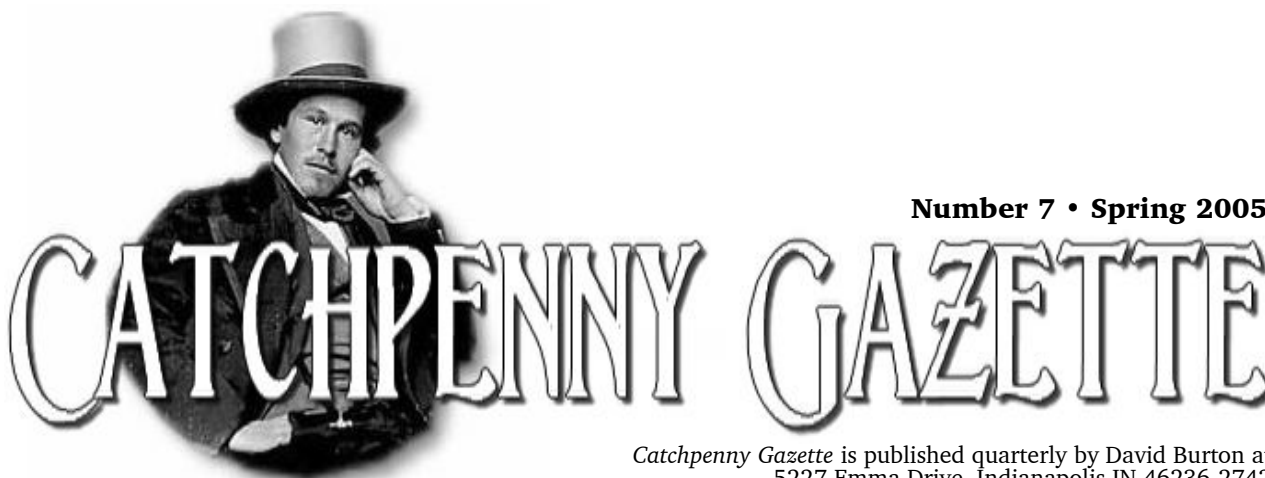


CATCHPENNY GAZETTE



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CATCHPENNY GAZETTE

Number 7 • Spring 2005

Catchpenny Gazette is published quarterly by David Burton at
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PDF version is available for downloading at efanzines.com
A Noah Count Press publication

ROCKET SURGERY

David Burton

Well, here I go *again*. Back in my first period of fanzine publishing (circa 1970) I was noted for changing things around pretty frequently. Both the format – perzine-genzine-perzine, and the publishing schedule – bi-weekly, tri-weekly, monthly. And it looks like this old dog hasn't learned any new tricks in the ensuing decades, either...

Since I published the last issue with it's emphasis on a printed rather than all-digital version, I've had a chance to re-think that decision. Even being distributed to a relatively small mailing list of approximately 50 people, issue #6 cost (for me) a chunk of change. This issue, almost twice as large, would cost commensurately more, both for printing and mailing. Looking at the amount of red ink my checkbook bleeds every month with just the necessities, it isn't something I can afford to keep doing.

So CPG is back to a digital format, although with a couple of changes. I'm abandoning the on-screen formatting in favor of the more standard 8½ x 11 size because I'm really *intending* the zine to be printed out rather than read on the screen. Some of the graphics will look better printed out, and I'm formatting the zine with “mirror” margins so a printed version can be stapled and look good.

There are things I *don't* like about publishing just a digital version. With a printed version, you're certain that readers are seeing *exactly* what you've created, and since what I enjoy most is designing and laying out the zine, that's important to me. And with a digital-only version, you can't be sure that the people you *want* to read the zine actually will...

Additionally, I'm going to change the publication schedule. Even though I didn't list a schedule for the first 6 issues, they appeared bi-monthly. Back in the Old Days, this seemed to be a fairly “normal” schedule, even for zines that were much larger than my own. These days, though, that seems a fairly hectic schedule (although digital zines tend to appear frequently) and I've decided to switch to a quarterly schedule, publishing an issue in March, June, September, and December. •

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Cover Photograph by David Burton. Masthead is a detail from a daguerreotype by Lorenzo Chase (ca. 1850). Page 4: uncredited photo from the Internet. Page 5: William Rotsler. Page 6: Brad Foster. Page 7: dingbat font. Page 11: Brad Foster. Page 13: Brad Foster

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TAIL OF THE SQUIRREL

Rats. A squirrel is defined as being a type of rodent. A chipmunk is described as being a type of squirrel. We're talking rodents. Small, gnawing mammals. A beaver is another. So is a mouse.

For some reason, I've always liked chipmunks and squirrels. Beavers and mice I'm not too wild about, but chipmunks and squirrels have provided countless hours of amusement and diversion. As a kid I used to train them, but after the first few dozen it gets really easy because you become The Giver Of The Forest. Females, when their young were able to walk without falling down, would bring the brood around to learn all the motions necessary to receive such delights as peanuts in the shell.

I've got lots of stories. The female chipmunk who carried peanuts in an unusual way which was passed on from her descendants to their descendants. The flying squirrel who swam through birdseed in a Lucite bird feeder. There'd be rodents in my pockets and at guest positions at the kitchen table. Sending Harry Warner photographs and a how-to article because he knew someone who had published a statement that chipmunks could not be tamed. Protecting these animals from untethered dogs that would bound from the cars of untethered tourists.

I think it was that last memory which rose to my subconscious, or at least my navel, the day when I was in the park. I would often go to the park on my lunch hour. I read, I walked, I ate, I trained and fed a small portion of the large squirrel population in Eden Park. I moved around within the park's boundary, day to day setting up a different location for that day's road show. The squirrels came running. They never chased the car or contacted anyone in Hollywood ("They're too close to rats, and

even if they're cuter we still did that with Willard.").

Cats in the park were always a problem, and for a town with a leash law on dogs it was a bit surprising to find that dogs were, too. There's a pooper-scooper law also, but I've never seen one of those rigs anywhere in or near Cincinnati and have trouble working up a willing suspension of disbelief toward their existence here in this part of the continuum. In the populated areas you can at least see the dog shit before you step into it. In the park, dog shit was a trap set by four-footed guerrillas.

Without leashes, the dogs freely roamed the park while their owners ate or walked or jogged. There were a lot of them, which is perhaps why there were so few cats. The squirrels stayed up in the trees.

But one day I encountered a squirrel that didn't move too well and a dog that did. Everything happened very quickly, which was good because I only had an hour.

I was parked near the bend of a wooded one-way road. The squirrels would come no closer than the middle of the road to get the peanuts I'd toss to them. Except for one, no doubt on temporary leave from a different area of the park, who would come right up to the door and take the extended peanut. Squirrels train each other for you ("Hey, I can do that. Look at Skip, he took that big unshelled peanut right out of that guy's hand!").

Apparently, though, the friendlier one had

DAVE LOCKE

banged up its haunch, and it wasn't moving all that well. (Banged up its haunch: this is an old Indian expression from the Abanakee tribe, which loosely translated means damage to the hindquarter.) It hobbled and gimped. Just a temporary situation no doubt, but when the jogger and his dog came around the bend in front of my car, trouble erupted.

The squirrel was a foot away from the outstretched peanut, looked to the left, froze for an instant, and then turned tail and ran (literally). The dog was running ahead of its owner when they came around the bend, and took off as though goosed. Dirt from the ground next to the road flew backwards, and the dog's owner lifted a hand to protect his face. I pulled my arm back in the car and saw the dog accelerating to pass my car front to back in pursuit of the hobbling and gimping, but now running, squirrel.

Now, I thought about this before I did it. I really did. I mean, in those couple of seconds I ran through the subjects of interference, assistance, degree of intervention, and the potential hazards of interfering with a pet's enthusiasms and inclinations in the presence of its owner. This might have been a rather brief time for the evaluation of these facets, especially as they had to share time and space for consideration along with such things as my displeasure with dogs in general and with them in the park in particular.

I decided, during this cornucopia of time as the dog gained momentum, that the squirrels belonged in the park. Their habitat is the woods and, by design, you're supposed to see them in the park. The dogs were there illegally, and wouldn't be a problem were the leash law obeyed and/or enforced. I didn't confuse the dog with the owner, but in this situation there was nothing I could do to help the squirrel unless I dealt with the dog. I mean, talking with the owner about leashes and collars and things like that might be more productive before interfering with his animal than after. But, before, we'd be talking about it

while watching the dog eat the squirrel. After, receptivity dims.

As the dog came up to run past me, I opened the door. I opened the door a little harder than I normally do.

The squirrel was saved, the dog was nursing its nose, and the owner was standing next to my door glaring at me.

I looked over at the dog and then back to him again. "Damn, must have knocked his collar off, too," I said. I smiled broadly as he stared at me. He turned and jogged on, the dog loping along behind.

A few days later, on a weekend, someone in the park was shot and carted to the hospital, his attacker getting away. I had missed the news item, so had to inquire around work about it. I tried to find out if the victim had a beard, like me, and if the assailant had a dog with splints on its nose. No one knew, but they didn't think so. I was relieved from not having to fight a case of guilt.

Now I realize that saving a rodent and hurting a dog in the process isn't the greatest thing to be involved in, but I can't think of a course of action which wouldn't have been worse. Often we can, which is why hindsight gets so much bad press.

Just to be fair, the next time a situation doesn't require going after the dog I'll open the door on the owner. But, then, we couldn't talk about collars and leashes and suchlike afterwards. Even less than before, obviously.

Well, it's just a small matter, actually. No need to ponder about it.

A small, furry matter, with bushy tail. •

(First appeared in Bill Bowers' *Outworlds* in 1992)

From the **Now Everyone Can Be More Unique** Dept. Heard on a local radio ad for a jeweler touting engagement rings: "We limit the quantity of each design to protect your uniqueness."

FOUND in collection

Christopher J. Garcia

Ever since my family took me on a visit to the Ackermansion in 1984, I've wanted to work in a museum. The last time I saw Forry, I told him that he had forced me into a life of non-profits and he laughed, saying that I was following too closely in his footsteps. I worked at the Smithsonian, and then at the Computer Museum in Boston before returning to Northern California and the Computer History Museum in Mountain View. I've been here since March 1st, 1999, constantly on the watch for new artifacts and the stories that go with them. About the same time as I returned, I also rediscovered fandom. I hadn't been around fandom for about 5 years, not since college, and once I returned home, I found that the cons I had gone to as a kid, such as BayCon, were still around and would let me do panels with interesting people.

Now, after a while, as I started working through artifacts to try and find new stories and interesting items to show off, I noticed that a lot of strange, non-computer stuff made its way to us. "Everything will eventually end up in a museum," the saying goes, but in this case, the good stuff didn't end up in the right museum. As I dug through, I found more and more items that were fandom-related. About once a week I'll come across something that is nowhere near our museum's field of study. I started gathering them and writing about them and the concepts behind them. This will be what makes up *Found In Collection*.

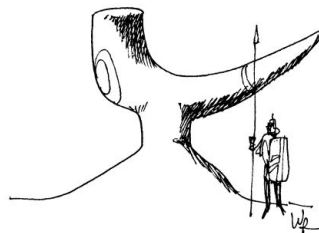
The best place to start is with a fanzine that stumbled into my hands while desper-

ately searching for information on the history of the West Coast Computer Faire. The founder of the WCCF was a gentleman named Jim Warren. Big Jim is a jovial gentleman who is best known for being the founding editor of the magazine with the greatest title in history: *Dr. Dobb's Journal of Computer Calisthenics and Orthodontia*. Warren also started the West Coast Computer Faire, a seminal event in the early history of microcomputers. In 2003 Jim donated his entire archive to the Computer History Museum, requiring us to make several trips with large trucks up a tiny road into the hills of Woodside, California. After we got them to the museum we needed to find info on the West Coast Computer Faire for a project, and as I scanned the various files, I came across an oddly sized piece of literature.

It was called *Myrrdin*.

I had never heard of *Myrrdin*, though over my early years in fandom, I had come across a great many fanzines from the 1970s. This one was different, almost as if it were trying to raise itself above the rest of the Valley of the Fanzine. The size was the first thing. I'd read a lot of fanzines, and I could never remember one being 8 by 9½. The cover was a photo collage of folks like Gahan Wilson, Frank Belknap Long and Robert Bloch. I knew this wasn't a part of the regular Warren collection, which mostly consisted of newsletters from various computer groups and a ton of technical reports. I took it back to my desk and gave it a thorough reading.

It was a strange piece of work. The meat of the issue is an article on the first World Fantasy Convention in Providence. The con report,



by Dirk Mosig, was long, slightly rambling and nearly exhaustive; the type of con reporting that just doesn't happen much any more. It was accompanied by photos of many of the notables of the day, like Wilson, Bloch, H. Wayne Munn, Forry, Don Wolheim and many more. This was the first thing I had ever read about the first WFC, a con that I've never managed to attend. The report made it sound as if it were a symposia that a major university might put on when the Lit funding grants are about to run down. Still, this was fantastic article.

Hint's From Lavinny Whateley's Kitchen #1 is a humorous little short piece riffing with the Dunwich Horror and presented as a cookbook entry under the section evil. Another story, *Magic Carpet Ride* by T.E.D. Klein, was longer and quite a bit better than much fiction I'd read in many fanzines of the 1970s. A couple of poems and a lot of talk about Lovecraft (the theme of the first WFC and apparently of this issue as well) rounded out a solid issue.

The art was fantastic, with a few stylistic pieces where I half-recognized the artist's work: Patricia Gehrman, Lance Howlett and a fantastic comedic Lovecraft-ian piece by Phil Normand. This was a solid issue of art, and in a strange event that I never thought I'd see in a 1970s fanzine, no Rotsler art!

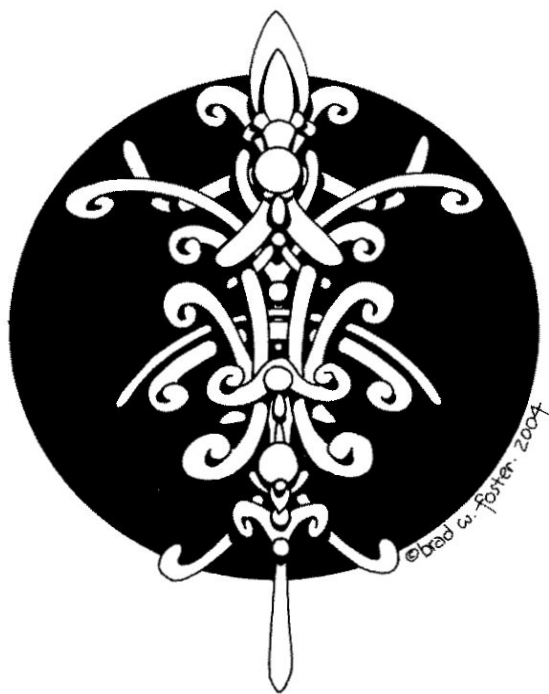
The things that made me realize that this was no normal fanzine happened to be the last two pages. Each one was numbered by hand by editor Lawson Hill. Ours happened to be number 478. The other thing was attached to the inside back cover. A floppy record was attached. One side labeled Robert Bloch, the other Frank Belknap Long. Sadly, I've never been able to play it, but I've been told that they were excerpts from their speeches at the first World Fantasy, which would make sense considering the issue's theme. I've never seen as gimmicky a fanzine from the 1970s, nor one as professional looking. The content is solid, the presentation rough by today's standards but very good for the good ole days, and the form factor is interesting and different.

I asked Big Jim where he got the copy of *Myrrdin* and he had no clue what in the world

I was talking about. I explained how I found it and he said that he must have been sent it to review, but he just stuck it in his files and forgot about it.

In the period since I found it, I've hunted for Lawson Hill and come up with nothing. I've found that there are a few other issues in the various large, private collections, and that the Pelz Collection, now a part of the J. Lloyd Eaton collection of science fiction and fantasy at UC Riverside, contains every issue. Currently, I've got the one copy in the hands of a private museum in the US on my desk, getting read about once a week. •

This is the first in a series of articles by Christopher Garcia about the fannish items he's discovered in the Computer History Museum collections.





man's pants, under the right conditions, can be dangerous. This is true for khaki, gabardine, corduroy, denim, and wool, both pure and worsted, pants.

I know because I was a pants victim myself. I'm just an average guy (except for the antenna). I grew up thinking that pants were ... well, just pants. But on a windy, icy February 15th in 1988, I found out how wrong I'd been.

Nowadays, I think often of my pants. Khakis, my high school togs, always come to mind first. The pants were comfortable and sharp looking but spotted easily, a potential embarrassment.

As to corduroys: spies, ministers, and muggers never wear them. The "*whip, whip, whip*" is a dead giveaway. The noise also gives wearers and passersby alike the heebie-jeebies. I enjoyed wearing such garb for one reason – attention. People stared at me wherever I went.

From 1948 to 1953, my Sunday-go-to-meeting pants were worsted wool and no fun to wear. They picked fiercely, making me itch, squirm, and wiggle. And that was just from putting them on. I had to stay dressed in that garb all day. So I couldn't play outdoors, which was okay. Just walking in them pants was more punishment than eternal damnation.

When Western denim jeans came on strong, I tried them. Until broken in, taking up to a year, they wouldn't bend. Walking was painful, and to sit down, you had to undo the top two fly buttons or take the pants off. This was a problem in restaurants.

I splurged once and bought a pair of gabardine pants. They looked dressy but had one basic flaw. After a few pressings, they acquired a sheen, especially in the seat. On dark nights, however, when the moon wasn't full, a gabardine pants wearer could light up the way home just by walking backwards.

Pure wool pants were fine looking, too, until you sat in them. Then they wrinkled. And if you got them the least bit wet, even damp, they steamed. Yet that could take the wrinkles out.

But as to how pants can be dangerous: after I lost weight in 1988, I took my wool dress-pants in (not to give them a good home, but for alteration). Inadvertently, the tailor lowered the top of my inseam (otherwise known as – the crotch), to just above my knees.

I, therefore, was able to swing my legs only from the knee, making me take baby steps. That was tolerable. But crossing streets became a real chore. Jumping down to the pavement from the curb was a snap. But getting back up on the other curb required me to stop in front of it, throw my right leg, from the knee, up onto the higher elevation, then, with a hop, bring my left leg and foot onto the curb.

On one ice-covered February day, I had my right foot up on the icy curb when I started to hop the left foot up. But it hit the curb's edge and I slipped, sprawling back in the street where a five-man toboggan, with four riders, ran over me. My newly stitched crotch, among other things, was immediately rent asunder.

Fortunately, no bones were broken. If the toboggan had had a full complement of riders, or if a snow plow had come by, the outcome could have been ...well, I prefer not to think about it. All I've got to say is – this could happen to you, too. So watch your step, not to mention your pants, closely. It could save your life. •

Problem Pants



Jim
Sullivan

Originally published
in *Ebb & Flow*
Winter 98-99

Why I Can't Write Fanzine Articles Anymore

E R I C M A Y E R

I am flattered that you asked me to write an article for *Catchpenny Gazette*. Considering how much fun I used to have writing fan articles, I'm tempted, but I don't think I'm up to the task anymore.

It's been twenty years since I had a significant relationship with fandom and nearly fifteen since my last attempt at fanwriting all ended in tears (and rejection). No involvement with fandom means no writing material. That was a problem even when I was fanning up a storm. Since I never attended conventions or club meetings, my fan life was all on paper. However, back then, my incessant locking and perzine publishing qualified me as a fan, and allowed me to invoke the commonly accepted definition of "fanwriting" (later codified by the FWA) as being "any writing by a fan."

Readers of my fanzine, *Groggy*, if any are still around, might recall how shamelessly I leaned on this definition to foist off on them a steady stream of mundania. You don't think my grade school adventures are faanish? Any writing by a fan, remember? How about my great aunt's biography? Any writing by a fan! My neighbors. Ditto. Cats. Ditto. I was lucky, to have readers who put up with me.

But in those days I was, indubitably, a fan. Whether writing a single similarly mundane article for a fanzine today would be sufficient to turn me into a "fan" so as to render the article "fanwriting" fit for a fanzine, presents a knotty problem of faanish theology. Which is to say, Ghu knows...

I've tried to reason it out, with some difficulty since I seem to have left my cosmic mind in sf fandom. If the mere process of writing an article intended for a fanzine constitutes sufficient fanac to make one a fan, then any such

article would arrive in the editor's mailbox fully qualified for publication as a fan article. But dare we say that a person becomes a fan simply by professing (or aspiring) to be one?

What if this supposed fan article is never published? Or never even finished? What becomes of the solipsistic faanish pretense then? We're really getting into deep purple here. For all I know, my cat (or a neighbor, or one of my relatives) thinks it's the Queen of Sheba (or a fan) but that doesn't make it so.

The FWA appears to have sidestepped the issue of who is a fan. To me, it seems reasonable that some actual participation in fandom is necessary, prior to the publication of the article sought to be classified as faanish. How could a mundane article, by being published, validate itself retroactively by turning the author into a fan whose most mundane experiences are fodder for fanwriting, even though they were not suitable subject matter before the article appeared, when he wasn't a fan? Just thinking about it -- let alone trying to write it down -- let alone trying to reread it -- makes one want to rush out and stomp on pre-historic butterflies.

This is all beside the point, though (or do meaningless digressions make for a fan article?) because I don't compose anything resembling personal essays these days, except, maybe, for some little scraps of blog entries. My flirtation with the form was short-lived. It was fans like Walt Willis, Charles Burbee and Bob Tucker who opened my eyes to the possibilities. I sought out other masters -- E.B. White, James Thurber, Wolcott Gibbs, Lucius Beebe, Robert Benchley -- and then spent a few years emulating them. But it didn't take me long to mine out the thin vein of my own expe-

riences and eventually I grew uneasy about digging into the experiences of others. Thurber wrote brilliant, comic portraits of his family and acquaintances, but who was I to present to the world a picture of another person, distorted in a faanish funhouse mirror?

In the early nineties my wife Mary and I began to have success publishing fiction and I decided it was safer, easier and more fun to just make up stories and characters.

No doubt, some subject for a fan essay might occur to me from time to time, if only as a result of all the hecto-ink remover I inhaled over the years. Not to mention the continued slow seepage into my blood stream of the poisonous purple dye still embedded under my fingernails. (I don't want you to think I don't pay attention to hygiene. I just haven't gotten around yet to yanking out all my fingernails and scrubbing my bleeding fingertips with pure lye.) Even so, there is one last obstacle to my penning a fan article – I couldn't produce anything adequate.

Over the years I've tried many kinds of writing. I've dabbled with comics, and computer games, articles for newspapers and magazines, and even (albeit as a co-author) short stories and novels. I've spent, by far, the most time writing for sf fandom, and with the least success. I mean to say, I'm only about 178 Hugo nominations behind Dave Langford. Fandom is a difficult venue. At least for me, with what I have to offer.

Worse yet, I fear that people would expect me to be produce a better article than I did back in the seventies and early eighties. After all, I've had twenty years of writing practice. Unfortunately, it hasn't been fanwriting I've been practicing. For twenty years I've been forgetting what I knew about fanwriting. (And trying to get the hecto ink off my hands). I have no idea what's going on in fandom. Did they ever catch whoever it was sawed Courtney's boat? Is Yngvi still a louse? Come to think of it, if Yngvi's a louse, maybe it was Yngvi who sawed the boat. Does using "Yngvi" four times in three sentences make an article faanish? See what I mean? My effort would be a great disappointment.

I wouldn't want to embarrass myself. Or you. Or your readers.

So thanks for asking me to write an article, but you might as well ask the Queen of Sheba.

Despite his protestations to the contrary, Eric has agreed to contribute a regular column to CPG starting next issue.

measuring up

(from an e-mail message)

2000 pounds of Chinese soup = **Won ton**

1 millionth of a mouthwash = **1 microscope**

Time between slipping on a peel and smacking the pavement = **1 bananosecond**

Weight an evangelist carries with God = **1 billigram**

1,000,000 aches = **1 megahurtz**

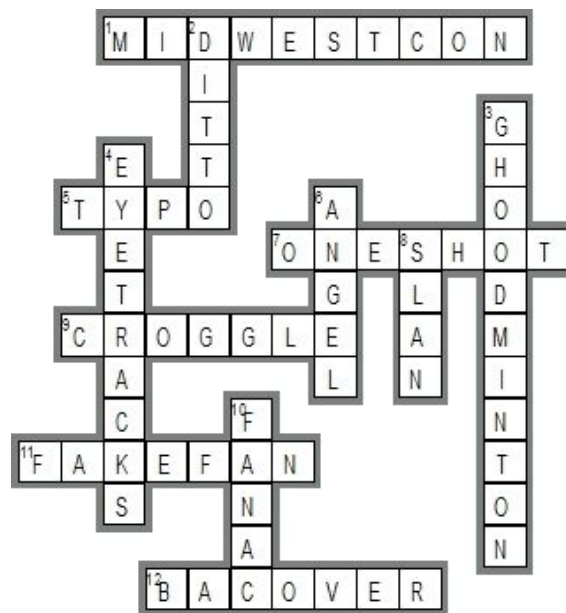
1000 milliliters of wet socks = **1 literhosen**

Shortest distance between two jokes = **A**

straight line

1 million bicycles = **2 megacycles**

100 Senators = **Not 1 decision**



Epistles



Joseph T Major

Mailing lists, and even more so chat rooms, seem to be the dominant field of fan communication these days. I like to say it's like writing on water.

Not to mention that lists decline. I joined one list the day one of the regulars announced his forthcoming trip to New York. All the other contributors, it seemed, dropped the ostensible topic of the list and started telling him where to go, or offered to meet him somewhere. After three days and it seemed like 100+ messages/day, I dropped out. And then there was the list about a historical topic that had one of the more notorious participants from that era join it, and it promptly became a high-volume argument of him versus everyone else.

I am reminded of the Fred Pohl story about the drug that was remarkably relaxing and calming, and utterly nonaddictive. You could get off it in a moment. As a result, everyone in the country stayed zonked 24/7, because, you see, they could quit taking it in a moment if anything important came up ... •

Brad W. Foster

What knocks me out about getting this, especially now, is that I was just saying to my wife the other day how I've gotten more notices of e-zines since the first of the year than I have actual print zines in the mail. I was able to read all of one of those on the net, but ended up with very tired eyes and a slight crick in my neck. The other two I ended up doing a lot of scrolling and scanning, just so tiring trying to concentrate on that screen. Told her if this trend keeps up, my fanac might be dropping off quite a bit. And then, ta-DAH! CPG#6 shows up, with your notes about the decision to go with a print version. Thank you, thank you, thank you!

[[I guess you'll be disappointed in my return to a digital version, then, Brad, but at least I'm now formatting the zine specifically for printing rather

than on-screen reading. Hopefully, since it's a small zine and mostly black-and-white, people will be more comfortable printing the PDF version for reading.]]

I thought your logo was quite striking, and had to wonder how old you were from your photo behind the name.... then read through "Rocket Surgery" and got to the note that you were "nearly 52", and glancing back at the top of the page thought that, just maybe, you'd been living a much harder life for half a century than I had. Fortunately, getting to the information in the indicia box at the bottom cleared up that bit of confusion!

[[Yep, "rode hard and hung up wet," that's me! Although I don't have a date on the photo that last issue's masthead was cropped from, I suspect that great-great-uncle Alex may have actually been younger than his early 50s when it was taken. Hopefully this issue's masthead photo (whom I've nicknamed Noah Count) depicts a more youthful alter-ego for Your Humble Editor.]]

The discussions in here about the difference in response between a print zine and on-line zines seems to come up more and more these days. I've always felt, if someone has taken the time and expense to actually print up a zine, find my address, and spend more money to mail me a copy, the least, the *very least* I can do is to respond to them in some way. But if someone has posted a zine up on the Internet, and I get an email notice, along with hundreds of others, of the URL location, I feel less inclined to take this as a personal connection. Add to that my own personal difficulty, so far, in being able to comfortably read online zines, and my incentive to write back drops even further. I'm not saying I feel people should only do print zines, I think anyone should work in whatever medium they want to. It's my own problem if I react to it differently. But possibly other people feel the same way in regards to the feeling that they "owe" more, in the form of response, to something sent specifically to them at some effort, over what in the back of your head looks like "just another click on the web", like the thousands of other pages we go through to get info all the time.

Does any of that make any sense?

[[Sure. The notion of what the reader's "owe" a fanzine, and specifically what they owe a print versus digital zine, seems to crop up every time I see the topic discussed, and your comments just reinforce what I've read to date.]]

I agree totally with Lloyd re "reality" television series being anything but. Set up a contrived environment with artificial rules and toss in some arbitrary "surprises" now and then... yeah, that's real. I recall reading just recently of at least two programs which involve panels of "judges" where the decision of the judge can be over-ruled by the producers. i.e., we may say the point of this show is to find such-and-such a person, but if we feel some of the people not selected would make for "better television" (which I believe is TV speak for "irritating assholes"). So they screw with their own artificially set up "reality" even more. I'll turn to the great programming on the History Channel, or Discovery Channel, if I want reality. (In fact, I always wonder about people who automatically say there is nothing good on TV. If you are limited to broadcast TV, without access to even PBS, your choices are frighteningly limited. But if you get even basic cable choices, there actually is a lot of fine programming ... you just have to look for it. It is like people who say they don't read because books are so boring. I figure these are the ones who, early on in school, were force-fed enough boring "classics" that were over-analyzed to the point of sucking out all the pleasure, that they now hate the sight of a book. Books, television, movies, lots of bad, lots of good, find what you like! •

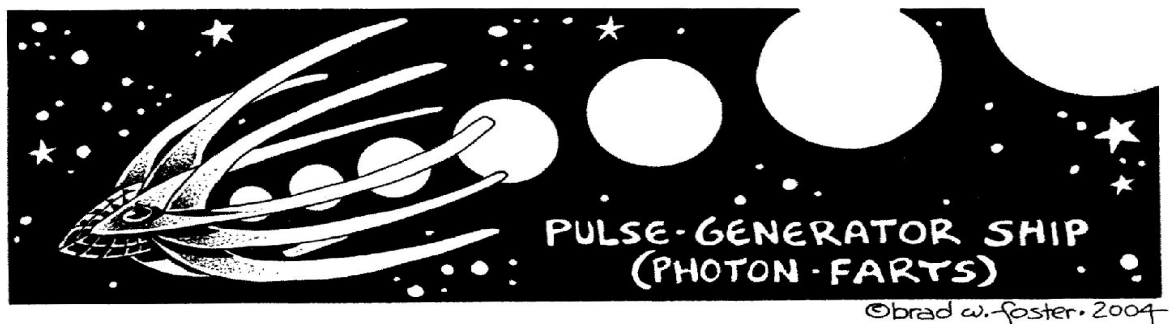
Robert Lichtman

It was quite a surprise to find a *paper* fanzine in the mail from you the other day. It looks so ... drab in comparison to the colorful ones I've been downloading and

printing (in full color) in recent months. But the contents are no less interesting.

Like you, I was fortunate when I came into fandom in the late '50s that Rick Sneary took me under his wing and turned me on to incredible quantities of classic fanzines. I used to ride my bike from my part of Los Angeles just north of the airport to Rick's bungalow in South Gate, where he lived with his aged mother, and spend afternoons with him soaking up fan history and old stfnal memorabilia. I remember him showing me with great pride his drawers full of Flash Gordon and Buck Rogers color Sunday strips from the '30s and '40s, for instance. At the end of each of those visits, he would load me down with a shopping bag containing choice old fanzines that I would carefully bring home strapped to the spring-loaded kipple carrier on the back of my bike. One time it was a complete run of *Quandry*, another time a complete run of the genzine issues of *Spacewarp*, and still another time the first dozen SAPS mailings, still in their original mailing envelopes. I put them all to good use. In 1960 I published a 20-page fanzine, *Some Of The Best Of Quandry*, that I circulated through OMPA, the now defunct British apa, with about three dozen extras I sold or traded. In the same year I produced a replica edition of the first issue of *Spacewarp*, a fanzine that was half-legal sized and entirely hand-written and drawn on hektograph masters. I don't recall how I distributed that. I also read and reviewed those first dozen SAPS mailings over three issues of my own early SAPSzine.

Yes, it is rare to find a new fanzine editor these days who has "some of that sparkling innocence and seemingly boundless energy that Nydahl had," but in the past year we have the example of one Geneva Melzack, a British fan who sprung forth on the scene with a fanzine called *Thought Experiments*, an entirely



editorially written perzine just bursting with energy. I don't think it was widely distributed in the U.S. More recently she's produced the first issue of *Meta*, a genzine. I haven't had an opportunity to read my copy yet, but am looking forward to it.

You write that "a few of the songs from *SMiLE* have been available only in much-altered form on subsequent Beach Boys albums and on bootlegs that were never 'assembled' in the form that Brian originally conceived of." Having *Smiley Smile*, *Wild Honey*, *Friends*, *20/20* and *Surfs Up* (as well as the earlier *Pet Sounds*), I have to express a certain disagreement because so many of the songs on *SMiLE* are scattered over those albums and are, really, quite acceptable versions. The 5-CD *Thirty Years* set has many variants of material from *SMiLE*. But all that said, I was quite pleased that *SMiLE* finally appeared in a form that's pleasing to Brian – and I don't really mind that his is the only original Beach Boys voice on it. I've been enjoying driving to it on my trips back and forth between Glen Ellen and Oakland.

[[I think that some of the reworked material that appeared on later albums may actually work better as "stand-alone" songs, but fit into the framework of SMiLE they take on a different dimension.]]

I'm not quite sure of the provenance of my copy of *Awry* No. 5, in which Dave Locke's "Blue Waters" originally appeared, though not under that title. (Did Dave send them to me? Were they part of Boyd Raeburn's fanzine collection? Of Bill Donaho's? I was fasia when it came out, so I didn't read it at the time.) In the original fanzine, it's part of his editorial column, "Align and Tilt," and is introduced with "And now for the serious part of my editorial." It's an enjoyable read, a reminder of what a good and humorous fan writer Dave is.

[[Yes, he is. I've asked Dave a number of times to write some new pieces for CPG, but he politely declines, saying that he's an Old Fan and Tired, and that his "best" days are behind him. I hope to continue to reprint pieces from his salad days, however, as long as he allows me.]]

Good to see Eric Mayer back in a fanzine lettercol, where he belongs. His comments fit together well with yours on the back page about why you've gone back to paper production for CPG: the search for response. That's one of my big concerns looking ahead to the inevitable day

when the bulk of *Trap Door* will have to be circulated electronically. As I wrote in my editorial in the latest issue, it's likely that I will restrict the electronic circulation in the same way you propose and Bill Bowers has implemented for quite some time: a password system for getting access to the download and a response requirement to keep getting the password, which will change with every issue. I'll continue to produce a print edition of one hundred copies to send out in trade as well as to contributors and for my own files, but will resist all temptation to expand that back out again. But response will have to happen, or I'll be looking at doing something else. •

Chris Garcia

It seems that the two of us have had similar luck in the early days of our fanzine fandom. During the first two periods when I read fanzines I had access to many classics, though it was long after their time. My father, a con-going fan dating to the late 1960s, had managed to gather copies of *Space Ship*, *Granfalloon*, *Off-World* (the original from the 1950s, not the later one), and even a copy or two of *Vega* that I remember from my days as a youth, before Mom got mad at Dad and tossed a lot of them, along with all of Dad's precious 8-tracks. After a long period away, I came across a friend in Boston who had an even bigger collection, a few thousand, that he had gathered through trades, buying at Cons and various auctions, and just plain picking up when no one was looking. Here I got the chance to see fanzines from the 1970s and 80s, the stuff I had missed since Dad really only had stuff from earlier.

That innocence that you talk about showing up in *Vega* was all over fanzines in the 1970s, particularly those published in 1977 through 1979, when the generation of fans brought in through Star Wars started putting out their own fanzines. I remember a long, probably 32 pages, zine written by a sixteen year old who had never written anything before. I believe it was called *Far Far Away*, though I could be wrong. It was him gushing about Star Wars, Star Trek, and the various other films and TV series of the day. He even wrote a wonderful recounting of the *Six-Million Dollar Man* episode featuring Andre the Giant as Sasquatch. He also wrote about his first

cons, the Boston Worldcon in 1980 and a few other smaller cons, and about how accepting and wonderful fandom was. They all say that before they fall in and discover the politics of the world, and by the fifth or sixth issues, those themes were starting to pop up. It's great to watch the evolution of a new fan and see how quickly, in this case the space of a year or two, they become jaded. •

[[Actually, the innocence I was referring to was a little deeper than just having a Gosh-Wow attitude about fandom. Although I don't have any children, as I observe my teen-age niece and nephews, they certainly seem more worldly than I was at their age; I suspect that my generation was perhaps a little more so than the previous one as well. For a variety of reasons, kids today seem to have much more exposure to the less-savory aspects of life than when I was young. Not that those aspects weren't around – just that most of us didn't see them that much.]]

Eric Mayer

I've meant to do more than browse those old zines you mention online but I never seem to have time for anything lately. (There are so many there it's getting to the point you could relive whole years of the past by reading them the months they appeared).

It might be hard to hook loccers but very appropriate for you to catch Lloyd Penney. (Someone had to say it...or have they already?) I don't think anyone will take offense to your requiring some response. I had to do it for years with Groggy because the cover was usually hectographed (well, "hectographed" by using ditto masters and hecto gelatin) and I could only produce 60 decent copies so circulation had to be limited.

I'm pretty much out of touch with music but it was interesting to read about someone from the sixties still producing good music. My faves were the Kinks, who seem defunct as a band, although brothers Ray and Dave still make some albums...oh wait...I suppose "album" isn't the right term anymore. Then there are the Beatles who are half dead and the Ramones who are $\frac{3}{4}$ gone. It would be wonderful to be able to experience the world anew, to be able to rush out enthusiastically to buy the never-before-listened to Kinks album, to take Outworlds out of the mailbox for the first time. Age has its own advantages though. I get a discount at the grocery.

I enjoyed Dave Locke's article but I worry about his sanity. We are prone to water cutoffs in the winter because the pipes under the house freeze. We'll get up, turn on the tap and all that comes out is a loud *Clunk!* Then it's panic time. You can't do without water. I race out into the cold (it's always below zero because that's what froze the pipes) dig the snow away from the foundation in back of the house (the snow has always drifted there because the wind is always blowing because along with the sub-zero temperatures that's why the pipes have frozen) and wedge myself into the approximately 6 inch high crawlspace. Ok, it may be more than six inches, in places, but I'm built like a mop handle and there's not enough clearance for me to roll over. There are spiders under there that have to crouch. If I manage not to run into the spiders, or inhale too much of the poisonous mold dripping from the tattered insulation hanging down like monstrous spider webs (or are those actually monstrous webs?) it only takes what seems like five hours with the heat gun before I can hear the ice breaking up and rattling around in the pipes. And then we have water again. Water. Precious water. The one thing necessary for life. Because without water...there is no coffee!

And Dave used the water from the coffee pot to rinse soap! You see what I mean when I say I'm worried about him? •

DANCE
TAKES MANY FORMS-



-NOT ALL of THEM ARE
PRETTY to the UNTRAINED EYE.

Also Heard From:

Joel Nydahl: "Innocence and energy – yes, those certainly were qualities/attributes I had plenty of. And you're 'right on' in finding a lot of the boy in the man of today." **Kyle Hinton:** "..and the crossword was fun too.. I got six down, What sound does a ray-gun make, and that was it .. but it was fun!" **Lloyd Penney:** "I am trying my best to ensure that all the online zines I get or find get a letter of comment from me. I keep

hearing that netzines get little or no response, and as some say, why write when you're not sure you've got anyone to read your writing? I've been on the mailing lists, and I find it's like being in a crowded room. Too many conversations mix on them, no one really seems interested in listening to the others, and the heat-to-light ratio is awfully high." •

Catchpenny Gazette Crossword

By Urban Todd IV

ACROSS

- 1 Cincinnati convention billed as the "Relaxacon"
- 5 What tihs is
- 7 Fanzine produced during a single session
- 9 Induce momentary physical or mental paralysis
- 11 Someone who hangs around fans but takes no active part in fandom
- 12 What's at the end of a fanzine

DOWN

- 2 A method of reproducing a fanzines by a dye-transfer process
- 3 Game of heroes, invented by Walt Willis
- 4 What you get on printed matter when you read it
- 6 Someone who contributes money towards publishing a fanzine
- 8 A.E. Van Vogt's superhuman mutant

Solution on page 9.

All answers can be found in *FANCYCLOPEDIA II*.

