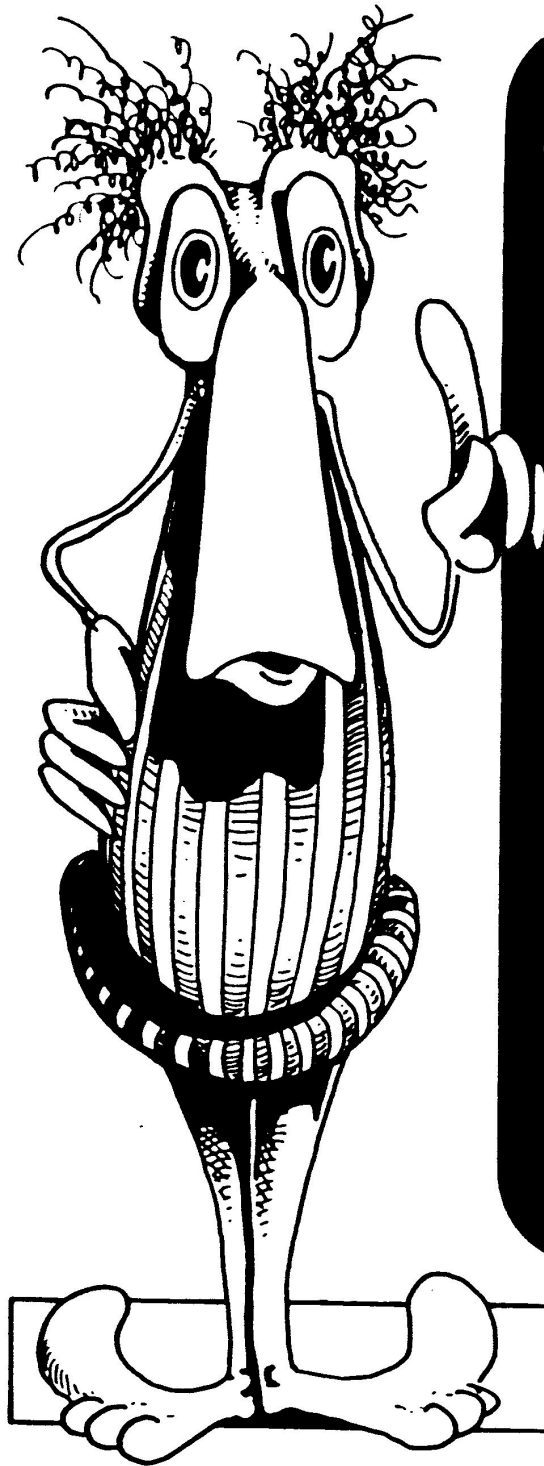


# VOJO DE VIVO #2



WITH ALL  
the CRAZIES  
COMING  
OUT of the  
WOODWORK  
THESE  
DAYS, IT  
WOULD SEEM  
the SAFEST  
PLACE TO  
BE IS IN  
the  
WOODWORK!

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An intermittent science fiction and fantasy fanzine emitted from the mind and eye of:

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Available for US\$5, US\$7  
overseas, or "The Usual" (and I'd  
much rather get The Usual)

Subscriptions? If you really insist, it's  
US\$32 (US\$45 overseas) for seven  
highly-irregular issues

## My, That Certainly Was - Ummm, Err - Interesting

Kunfanoj, it has been an interesting several days since the first ish of this little experiment in dead-tree fandom sidled into a predominantly indifferent universe (2000.02.03, to be specific).

I've been gratified by the variety and vigor of responses to my little effort. I do realize that the first issue was pretty darned skimpy, and very much too much a perzine; I hope this fatter, more diverse sophomore issue makes up for it. Not counting my two APAs, MilwAPA and FAPA {I've since joined the Turbo-Charged Party Animal

APA as well} I doubt I've sent out much more than 125 copies; but the responses continue to drift in. At one point, Cicatrice looked at the contents of our day's post and remarked, "Didn't we go to a panel at X-Con once that concluded, 'Fans are people who *like* to get stuff in the mail?'" Keep those cards, letters and zines coming in, folks!

Ironically, becoming a fan-ed has made me a more conscientious reader as well. I am catching up on my LoCs to a lot of folks (although GHL III, Henry Welch and Nic Farey are all gonna have to slow publication frequencies down if I'm going to catch up with my LoCs). I would be even more caught up, if I hadn't taken a sidetrip to the wonderful world of cellulitis this summer (see my piece elsewhere in this issue, reprinted [with one or two minor changes] from ***Bemusements of a Visible Fan***, May 2000 issue); and then been checked into a personal anteroom of Hell, the details of which I don't care to discuss at the moment. Although I inadvertently ended up discussing it on the Trufen mailing list, I don't plan to do so again; if I ever turn the whole damned ordeal into an article, it would have to run in somebody else's zine, for distancing purposes. [Any takers?] As a result of the elliptically-referred-to ordeal I mention, I may have mislaid a few zines to whom I owe LoCs, or even trades. If so, my apologies.

I've also changed jobs: I'm now Office Manager of a small program at the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee. Despite the word "Manager" in the title, I'm still a represented clerical worker, albeit in a different Wisconsin State Employees Union/AFSCME Council 24 local. New day phone 414.229.5960; additional e-mail address [orangest@uwm.edu](mailto:orangest@uwm.edu) (some darned student was "orange," so I had to settle for being "orangest").

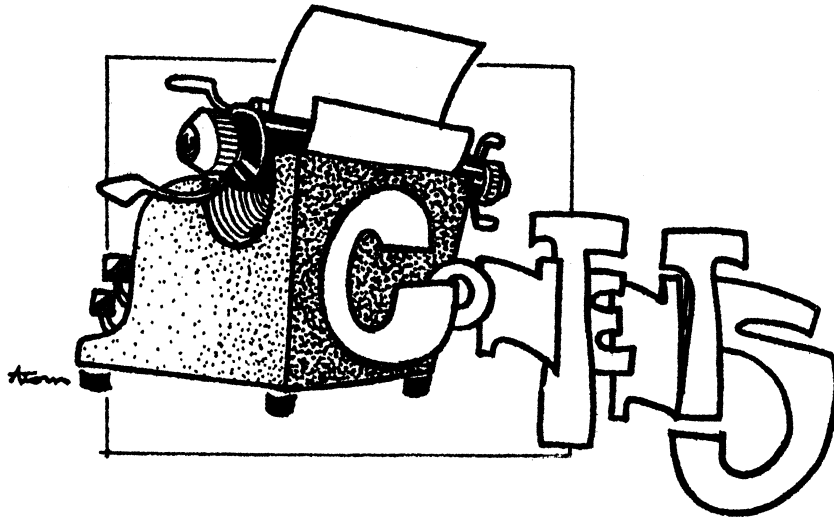
A technical note or two: I know that it is considered more artistic to arrange one's lettercol in a planned fashion, carefully arranging the order in which the letters appear to create a coordinated whole. I am a mere vulgarian, and am including the letters more-or-less in the order in which they came to me. I have laid a fairly restrained editing hand on the letters, as a whole, but few if any of these are entirely verbatim. I want to apologise to Araya: while with most folks I have tried very hard to reproduce the format of the text as received, if I were to include her letter I had to reformat it severely, or eat up an awful lot of pages with the lists. I'm the kinda guy who hates to WAHF people, but space constraints are very real indeed. Unfortunately, I may have lost an LoC or two in my moves, as well as zines.

I want to re-emphasize what I said at the end of issue #1: I am eager to see your articles, illustrations, etc. I most enjoy fandom when it is an activity carried on between 2 or more consenting fen, not some egotistical yammerer blathering away at great length in self-gratification. I want to thank my contributors in this issue, some of whom I pressured to let me re-arrange something they'd originally posted to the Internet, or to expand upon things they'd originally started there.

Somebody responded unfavorably in a review (or a LoC?) to the fact that I listed a subscription rate, feeling it was "unfannish." I did that because some libraries will subscribe to periodicals they receive, however peculiar, if there is a subscription rate listed (periodicals budget permitting), whereas they will not spring for what could turn out to be a one-shot.

Anywho, here goes ***Vojo de Vivo*** #2; I hope you enjoy the ride.

-- "Orange Mike" Lowrey, 2001.02.22



<i>My, That Certainly Was - Ummm, Err - <u>Interesting</u> — the editor</i>	p. 2
<b>TABLE OF CONTENTS (and sketch of editor)</b>	p. 3
<b>BEFORE AND AFTER — Bruce Burn</b>	p. 4
<b>FLAME WARS — Lew Wolkoff</b>	p. 8
<b>FOUR IN ONE WEEK — Rodney Leighton</b>	p. 9
<b>ALL SAINTS EVE — Jim Trash</b>	p. 10
<b>HELP WANTED! — Don Fitch</b>	p. 12
<b>TINY CREATURES DEVOURED MY FLESH! — Michael J. Lowrey</b>	p. 14
<b>CARVING QUARTZ — Lord Valdis of Gotland (m/k/a Ken Koll)</b>	p. 15
<i>HABAKKUK REMEMBERED - Steve Stiles (w/his own illustration)</i>	p. 18
<b>IT CRAWLED INTO MY MAILBOX, HONEST! (letters)</b>	p. 21
<b>W.A.H.F. &amp; ADDRESSES OF CONTRIBUTORS AND OTHER UNINDICTED CO-CONSPIRATORS, GUILTY PARTIES, &amp; INNOCENT BYSTANDERS</b>	p. 36

**Illustrations:**

<b>ATom (Arthur Thomson) via the Plokta CD-ROM</b>	p. 3, 8, 21, 36
<b>Brad W. Foster</b>	Front Cover
<b>Sue Mason via the Plokta CD-ROM</b>	p. 13, 20
<b>Joe Mayhew</b>	p. 17, back page
<b>Georgie Schnobrich</b>	p. 3



The Editor

# BEFORE AND AFTER: Millennium Madness

— Bruce Burn

## Part One

*Last year, Michael Lowrey told me the little town I live in had suddenly achieved fame. Well, fame of a sort. Gisborne had been featured in an article in the ("notoriously parochial") Milwaukee Journal Sentinel. I rushed my Internet searchers into action, and found the article on the Journal Sentinel site. The article was a column discussing New Year's Eve 1999/2000 party preparations and mentioned Gisborne as the first city to which "the new millennium" (i.e., the year 2000) would be coming. The writer said Gisborne expected 35K tourists to swell the local population of 30K Kiwis for the holiday. Michael said he'd lived in towns of around that size, and wondered where one might expect to house all the visiting yahoos.*

*I thought the article needed a response of some sort, and wrote the following:*

We're really quite worried down here.... The anticipated figure of visitors over the week or so of the Millennium Party (from the days before New Year's Eve to about the fourth of January) is about 150,000, or maybe even a few more. How do we cater for so many people when our town has a stable population of 32,000?

Dunno.

The organisers of the events are basically treating the whole affair as a prepared-for Civil Defence Emergency. (!! ) Many people will fly/sail/cruise/drive in for the Big Night, then lie around recovering and fly/sail/cruise/drive away again. Everyone with a room to spare has been asked to take in visitors - and the money being flashed around to reserve houses and the like is incredible. A motelier I know has reservations with deposits at \$1000\* a night (normal rate about \$100 a night) - he was overheard by his son refusing a booking because all the rooms are taken - the unsuccessful late-booker was apparently offering \$1500 a night to try to get a motel suite. To help you understand this, remember the \$NZ equals about 50 cents US or 38 pence UK. (\$NZ1000 = \$US500 = £UK380)

We've been joking that anyone with a veranda or a well-leafed tree could probably rent the covered space come the Big Event. I've even fielded an enquiry about a spare part of my little property - an acre or so with some trees on it that I plan to clear sometime Real Soon Now. Some out of town business people were suggesting they could lease the land from me, clear it, and put temporary accommodation on it for a couple of weeks around the Big Event.

Other friends of mine who have a house they rent out are seriously looking forward to renting it over ten days for a total of \$18,000!!!! Not that they're forcing the market - this is what people are offering so they can be here for the dawn of the next millennium. Not that it is, as we all know the present millennium doesn't end until the end of next year, and that's when the new millennium really starts of course. Honestly, people are just going nuts over the whole thing. Sure, we'll have some special shows and gatherings to celebrate the new year, and those events are enough to bring the 35,000 people here. I suspect the news story you had in Milwaukee was referring to what we're calling the David Bowie concert because that's the number of tickets being sold overseas for that event - but that concert is only one of many happenings during the days of the Big Event.

One other happening will be a three day music and performing arts festival on beaches and farmland near Young Nick's Head, where among other things they'll be projecting gigantic laser-light images onto the white/grey cliffs of the head and onto "water-curtains" produced by building long fountains in the surf nearby. This, in addition to pretty much non-stop music and dance and goodness knows what else over the three days. Organisers are planning for 40,000 at that event alone, but they've recently been asked to allow up to 10,000 "meditators" to attach themselves to the concert venue: so they've reserved a few more fields for the "meditators".

There's another crowd of at least 10,000 who've booked out the local A&P Showgrounds for two weeks at the same time for a huge Christian gathering.

Various national organisations plan to have major conferences and exhibitions here at the same time - like the Hot Rod Clubs have organised a gathering, *concourse d'elegance*, and exhibition of their machines and say they'll have about 5,000 hot rod enthusiasts here. Everyone I know is planning on having relatives galore staying from Boxing Day to sometime in January.

My main concern is that the service infrastructure can handle all this: water, sewerage and electric power: I'm far from the only one considering buying a small petrol or diesel powered electric generator, 'just in case', so we could survive a power breakdown. Another worry is the amount of road traffic this all creates: will we gridlock the whole district, or just the city? The organisers of the Bowie concert seem to think they can bring 35,000 people into the town one day, sit them at a concert that night until morning, then get them out of town again during the next day. Well, I hope they can, but I can't see how. We have one airport and even landing 767s that's only 260 passengers per flight - that's 140 flights in and 140 flights out within 12 hours - how do you do that with one runway? .... On top of everything else that'll be going on. You might understand that, like most residents, we're thinking "siege" and plan to stock our larders progressively during the year so we won't have to go shopping for anything up to six weeks from about mid-December to late January. Then I can sit at \*home and watch it all on telly. Happy New Year!

*Michael wrote to me recently, saying he wondered how the community handled the influx of visitors: how reality reflected or differed from the forecasts and worries of 1999. Well, it's only one bloke's view, but\*.*

## Part Two

One of the great delights of life is to be able to say, after the event, "I told you so." It leaves for dead the satisfaction of accomplishment, and egoboo is mere decoration in comparison. "I told you so." Four little words that elevate the speaker above the herds of those who actually put in the grunt and effort to succeed. When the greatest efforts avail nothing and all the vaunted plans topple into the abyss of (gulp) failure, he who can say those four little words becomes king. Oooh, and don't we hate him!

But, in the case of Gisborne's moment of glory, when the whole world was supposed to glance our way, no-one is actually saying "I told you so." despite the obvious failure of many of the highly-publicised plans. The difficulty is, both the plans set out in the months leading up to the end of 1999 and the concerns of those who either rabidly supported the plans or those who expressed concern about the impact a huge influx of visitors would have on our little community, lead to a merry little pickle. In the event, those most responsible for the success of the occasion actually spiked their own guns by effectively telling people not to come here! So when the influx of visitors proved to be of a scale easily handled in the community (and disappointingly small for some event organisers), no one could take much credit. Indeed, accusations are still flying around and slings and arrows are still being hurled about almost six months later.

The most recent volley of arrows was aimed at the district's mayor and senior staff of council, who assisted the launch of a body called "First Colours Ltd." which was supposed to be a marketing organisation set up to handle the commercial aspects of stamping a Gisborne identity onto merchandise: the Gisborne 2000 First Light brand. When it was set up last year, hopes were expressed "First Light" would bring considerable amounts of whatever it is at the root of all evil to our little place in the form of royalties from sales of merchandise. So, the proponents held a function in London, England, to launch it. No one has explained why London was chosen for the function, except that it may have been easier to put the full glare of free publicity on it there. The Mayor signed the merchandising agreement and the Council's CEO handed over the \$50,000 - all without the Council formally discussing to matter and instructing those actions to be taken. Later, the Gisborne District Council, as chief bank-roller

of local Millennium activity, voted to spend the money, mainly it seems as a way to cover the cost of sending the Mayor and Council CEO to London to take part in the event.

Now, many months later, it's been revealed the total cost of the exercise has escalated to somewhere about \$120,000! And not much in the way of royalties has been seen. Not surprisingly, some people are asking questions about this. In fact, part of the figure is a sum of \$28,000, which is for 'extra food and wines' used at the launch. The figure of \$120,000 includes \$19,000 paid by the Council in seeking legal advice which has suggested Council has no responsibility concerning the food and wine bill, and one is left to wonder who, if anyone, will eventually pay that particular account. The same legal advisors also cleared of blame anyone involved with this particular episode, even though money was issued and spent before the Council had actually agreed to the expense! Boy, do they make it look easy when spending ratepayers' money.

It's interesting to look back at what was being talked about and planned in the months leading up to the cusp of New Year's Eve 1999, and compare it to what actually happened.

In the three months prior to what was being called the Millennium Party, most commentators were concerned about the numbers of visitors likely to invade the tranquility of our little provincial town of Gisborne, pop. 32,000. (And yes, this is the same place described in the first Ananova news bulletins as a 'fishing village' being visited by a sea lion called 'Homer!') The most extravagant figure bandied around was 'about 150,000'. This figure came from surveys conducted by a Millennium Task Force set up by a number of local and national organisations. Derek Allen, who headed the task force, had added together the figures provided by anyone hosting any events over the Millennium Party period (effectively from about Boxing Day to the end of the first week of the new year), and thus gave us the total. I heard an even higher figure from Central Government's own Millennium Office who suggested up to a quarter of a million visitors might be expected over the period. The greatest danger of predictions made from this sort of survey material is that the material itself is usually flawed. It does not take into account the number of visitors who will attend a multitude of activities while in the area, but instead counts each such attendance as a separate visitor. However, one can well appreciate why local civic administration began to panic and consider the event in terms of Civil Defence.

One belated outcome of their panic was to produce some radio and TV ads, broadcast in the last weeks before Christmas, which effectively told people not to come to Gisborne during the Millennium Party period unless they had already arranged accommodation. These ads were later held responsible for the 'disappointing' low numbers of people attending some Millennium events, and the abandonment of others. For example, only five thousand Christians arrived for their convention, half the expected numbers. Saddest of all was the arts/music festival on the beach, which most people confused with the 'Bowie Concert': it became drastically reduced and resolved into a small tent village of ethnic crafts. Even the 10,000 meditators went to consider their tummy-buttons somewhere else. When final tallies were made of the numbers of visitors, the range of estimates was from 75,000 to 125,000 visitors, with reality favouring the lower figure.

Because such a fuss was made about the "David Bowie Concert", everybody got to hear how it was eventually cancelled. Actually, this really was a case of the Greek Chorus of "I told you so" being able to feel pretty good about its judgment. When the concert was first proposed, it was to be of a much lower profile, featuring local talent of various sorts as a 'through the night' entertainment. Then the shiny-suits moved in and we suddenly learned they'd decided to have an enormously expensive event with so-called 'top line talent'. These shiny-suits expected to fly 35,000 people into the area for the one-night concert, and have a further 25,000 local and NZ-resident people buy the rest of the tickets. At various times they tried to float a promotion company, revealed plans to build an entertainment arena over a perfectly good park, and add a hundred metres to our adequate airport runway so big jets could come in. Most people were suspicious of all this, and hindsight shows any investment in the enterprises - even to reserving seats - was of the highest level of risk. Certainly, it was no surprise locally when the whole scheme fell apart.

I had been approached several weeks before the demise of that concert, to participate in a purely local effort to replace the concert. In other words, to do what was planned originally. Unfortunately, this rescue plan didn't come into being, mainly because so many other small events were already planned. There was the big town clock Countdown Party and free concert (they say twenty or thirty thousand people attended that and it closed down about 2am), a Hogmanay organised by a Scottish Society, about six other smaller free concerts at various public stages around the city area, a rock concert at our beachside soundshell, street performers galore, and of course the remains of the "Bowie Concert". Actually, these 'remains' were always a separate event simply patched together with the shiny-suit plans. Dame Kiri Te Kanawa and the NZ Symphony Orchestra, performing on a large portable sound shell of their own, built over the sand dunes directly in line with the rising sun of the new day. Most of these events, including the last mentioned, were free for those who wished to attend.

There was a plethora of 'happenings' all over the district: one so-called big-name concert certainly wasn't missed. In addition, our district council spent somewhere between nine and twelve million dollars sprucing up the central business district and providing illuminations of city bridges and the like, and it must be admitted much of this was work waiting to be done anyway. While one might dispute the practicality of some of these 'improvements', they did make the place look a treat.

The electric power didn't miss a watt, the gas kept on piping through, sewerage did the same, and gridlock never happened, although we did have a awful lot more traffic than usual. The airport was unusually busy, there were more private vessels in the port than usual, and helicopters seemed to be everywhere for a while. People? Yes, lots of them. Not as many as predicted, and the damp weather may have helped keep the numbers down. Those moteliers with their \$1000 a night bookings presumably completed their business and there were a few grumbles about such expensive accommodation. But for campers and the like there was plenty of free camping along our fabulous beaches and cyclists aplenty merrily peddled around the whole East Cape district.

Did it all work? Without a doubt, yes, it all added up to a fine celebration. With so much happening simultaneously in so many different parts of the district, it was impossible to attend everything, but such was the happy, sharing atmosphere amongst the thousands of Millennium Party participants that everything worked. Yes, the Yahoos were here, but even the police were amazed at how peaceful and reasonable everybody was. Crowds of thousands of people who controlled themselves so everyone could enjoy a good time even in the most boisterous situations. The cops reported just a handful of 'detentions' of drunken youths and virtually a standstill in criminal activities.

The best memories are of those genuinely local events where visitors could experience features of our local way of life, and the comments of those visitors confirm this. One event, the public unveiling of a wall of colourful ceramic tiles produced by thousands of our local children and decorating a previously dull area became a warm memory for those fortunate enough to attend. "Tuia Mai" is the name of a local organisation which was established just to provide the unexpected delights of roving entertainers and such added touches as letters from local children left in hotel and motel rooms to welcome visitors. Tuia Mai organised a pageant of local history which heralded the Kiri concert, and various events on the nearby beach, culminating in the moving images of canoes and tall-masted ships approaching the shore as the pearly new dawn light gave way to shafts of first-day sunlight from a clouded eastern horizon. You probably saw these images on your tv screen, along with the dramatic sights atop Mount Hikurangi in the early minutes of the new year. Without exception, these events went well, were praised most highly by everybody present, and confirmed the feelings of many: that things done because people want to do them, rather than because they're being paid, are genuinely enjoyable. They come from the heart of the performer and are perceived by the heart of the observer.

Incidentally, Dame Kiri is a local person. She was born here, and spent her early childhood not five kilometres from where she gave the New Year's Morning concert. She sang among friends and relations that morning.

And that's a very good place to be during any New Year Celebration.

# FLAME WARS

— Lew Wolkoff

© 2000

*to: "The Major General's Song"  
by Gilbert and Sullivan*

Flames are the very model of pedantic net  
activity,  
Where both sides argue back and forth,  
displaying their proclivities  
To disregard civility, eschewing moral attitude,  
And strike back at the enemy with any silly  
platitude.

When building up a man of straw or arguing  
*ad hominem*,  
They use a tone appropriate for quoting from  
some solemn hymn.

Yes, whether foes are simple folks or those of  
true ability,  
Flames are the very model of pedantic net  
activity.





## FOUR IN ONE WEEK

— Rodney Leighton

Yesterday I received 3 SF fanzines. First time ever, I believe. And one arrived earlier in the week. Gosh, that's almost Harry Warner Jr. territory.

**VANAMONDE** is actually 5 zines, perhaps. John does these as a one-sheet, 2-page apazine which he also sends to scads of people in bunches of five as what I consider a standalone zine. Fortunately, he appears content that I read them since although I am aware that I could respond to anything printed in them, I rarely find anything I want to comment about. Lots of interesting material (although I do wish he would preview the mailing comments enough that we non-apans would know what the hell he is eruditely commenting on).

**VOJO DE VIVO** is also an apazine sent out as a standalone zine. Printed on orange paper by a guy who says he wears all orange clothing to the many cons he attends. The 5 pages were all about him which is understandable since this is an introzine for FAPA. Very few comment hooks in it thought. Still, in spite of offering the zine for subscription (\$14 for 7 highly irregular issues), this guy acts fannish as hell. This one came out of the blue. I can't recall ever hearing of the guy.

To my great surprise, **STET 9** also showed up yesterday. For one thing, it has been 6 years since **STET 8**. For another, although Leah introduced me to Sfandom, after 6 unanswered letters and a couple of published items I did not receive, I figured I was off her mailing list for sure. But I am learning that the one sure thing which one can know about SFans is that one can never know what the hell they are going to do. This one is a biggie: 90 pages. So far I have only read Leah's editorial and scanned the contents. **STET** is the only modern sfanzine I have seen which publishes drawings of anatomically correct people. There is a calendar, a lot of data on Hugos, fan funds and other such stuff, predictions for coming years and an updated lexicon of fannish terms. (I wonder how much trouble I will get in if I wonder if Joe Mayhew's drawing for the January 2001 page of the calendar is a portrait of Leah?)

Earlier, I found an envelope from Belgium in my mailbox. Goody, a new issue of **PLOKTA**. This is #16. Lots of cool pictures and some humor, albeit this issue is not as funny as most issues. The tale of the end of the year celebrations was quite interesting and a couple of stories were very amusing. Nice drawing of a moose. Art and pictures in this zine range from photos of a not-quite-3 toddler to a pair of Taral's furry critters getting it on.

John has more friends and more knowledge than I can even imagine. Michael has more energy than I can remember having. Leah and Dick spend more money per year on fanac than I earn. And the **PLOKTA** cabal have so much superfluous technology that they have started carting spare bits about England and dumping them on poor lost souls.

Listed in order of appearance:

John Hertz; 236 S. Coronado Str. #409; Los Angeles, CA; USA 90057

Michael J. Lowrey; 1847 N. 2<sup>nd</sup> Str.; Milwaukee, WI; USA; 53212-3760

Leah & Richard Smith; 410 W. Willow Road; Prospect Heights, IL; USA 60070-1250

Alison Scott; 24 St. Mary Road; Walthamstow, London E17 9RG; U.K.

I have to adjust the keyboard on my obsolete technology to print email addresses. Same order:

John is one of about 3 people I know who doesn't have one of the fucking things

[orange@execpc.com](mailto:orange@execpc.com)

[lazs@enteract.com](mailto:lazs@enteract.com) or [rhes@enteract.com](mailto:rhes@enteract.com)

[locs@plokta.com](mailto:locs@plokta.com)

November marks the 10<sup>th</sup> anniversary of STET, which means I have about 18 months to go to be in Sfandom for 10 years. Just about the time I figure I will gafiate. That's a long enough fannish career, don't ya think?

## ALL SAINTS EVE

— Jim Trash

*All Saints Eve, Halloween, All Hallows Eve. A time when the dead walk among us and a multitude of lurking horrors leap across the breach to cause chaos, confusion, pain, death and destruction. To celebrate such a joyous event red plastic flashing horns, vampire teeth and gallons of fake blood are smeared upon the multitude, Fake stitches drawn upon foreheads and bizarre games are resurrected for the evening. The Heriot-Watt SF society gaze upon the tumult and conclude that it is good.*

The evening starts slowly as members search in vain for the gleaming carriage drawn by 6 black horses and driven by a mad, whip cracking deformed dwarf called Igor who is duty bound to cackle maniacally every 7 or 8 seconds. Unfortunately what we actually get after a million year (or thereabouts) wait is a slow lumbering double-decker Lothian Transport bus. The society members who figure that, on this of all nights, the least it could do is to loom out of the mist and exude a little menace consider this a terribly poor show. Looming and exuding are traditional.

Mary Kings is the meeting place and is bezerking madly along the Halloween celebration trail by perching a small dish of rectangular, white bread sandwiches upon the bar. We ignore this pathetic display quite pointedly but they seem totally unperturbed by our indifference. They remain steadfastly at their post intent upon the proud pursuit of just being sandwiches. The Heriot-Watt Gamers are also on the prowl tonight and looking terribly menacing and dangerous. One feels that at any moment one of their number may pounce forth and without mercy regale us with tales of the mighty power and sexual abilities of Xandor, their third level elf magic user. This was the very same Xandor (they might say) who did mightily smite the thuggish level IV Hobgoblins that croucheth by the dripping pump in the Silver Cavern. A fine display of cunning and ingenuity using only 2 balloons, a shamrock and a bazooka. However they seem to be on best behaviour and the two societies merge and meld into a single unit that could, at a distance, on a misty day possibly be mistaken for a normal social grouping.

Drinks are drunk, costumes are admired and then the group head off for the Royal Mile. Here we join outgoing loud chap in Edwardian frock coat and hat who, for a small monetary donation to his private fund, will lead us around the byways and backways of Edinburgh city centre endeavouring to scare us into a coma or at least worry us a little. We think this is a good thing and so follow with attentive enthusiasm and feet. This happened here he would say, gesturing with his cane, that happened over

there, and something entirely different happened over there. Gosh, wow, and isn't that astounding we would reply. Many horrors he did relate and despite the fact that he must have done this so many times before he managed to convey such an enthusiasm for the bizarre and macabre that we were all quite entranced within the spell of the performance. One of my favourite pieces was his depiction of the Highland fighting techniques. Apparently this involves painting yourself blue, going into battle naked and looking at the person to the left of the one you're slicing up with your sword. This technique although quite terrifying at first turned out to be rather less effective against guns and so, in recent times, has been shelved in favour of selling invented family tartans to gullible foreigners.

The performance was delightful and only marred by the interruption of two mad drunks who thought themselves terribly amusing. We all adopted that age-old defence of the rictus smile as we waited for the goldfish attention span to play itself out and surely enough it did.

Eventually we wend our way to the city graveyard (where else) and here the mood changes. The darkness clings so much more closely and our guide alters the tone as if from a major to a minor key. Interspersed with his tales of Geyfriars Bobby, mass burials, murderers and miscreants there are hints of a greater evil which lurks within these precincts: Something which feeds on terror and despair; something which would pick out individuals within the group, attach itself to them and feed upon their panic.

From his many hints we build up a more complete picture of this psychic vampire and he very kindly lets us know what symptoms to look out for should we be attacked.

Cold, immobilisation, panic, despair, fainting.

Not that he wants to worry us at all.

We are now heading toward the rear of the graveyard and a closed off section containing dark corners, gloomy ruins and creepy crypts. We could almost hear the B movie cellos growing louder as we approached.

This is, of course, where the lurking horror is to be found but stay together boys and girls and I'm sure you'll be all right, well possibly, umm, sort of, perhaps. Maybe it's in this room, sometimes it is. Hmmm no, perhaps over here. Well, last resort, over here in this pitch-black room just big enough for us all to huddle inside. This is a glorious place for ghost stories and atmosphere becomes deliciously tense as we stand there, our senses heightened by the darkness, the stillness and the strangeness. Every noise is magnified and our imaginations run riot with the stimuli we have. There's a claustrophobic feeling that adds just enough chaos to the mental turmoil to make rational thought processes no more than a distant memory that probably belonged to someone else anyway.

We're all wound up tighter than a bondage corset and the tension grows almost tangible during the next 10 minutes of story telling, listening and waiting. There's huge relief as we're finally given leave to move back out into the graveyard. We surge out and there are many nervous giggles as the group straggles away toward the exit. I notice a hubbub of excitement around one particular chap who is walking unsteadily with a girl at his side who is attempting to support him. The group is just approaching the gate at the exit of this inner sanctum when a strange leaping creature possessed of an horrific visage leaps out at them scattering people in many directions. The monster keeps on running and bounds over the wall careering off into the distance. "Not a bad nights work" trills our guide. "He's a jumper ooter. A tanner he gets paid and that's all he does. He'll be back in the pub before we've even left the graveyard." The group eventually retrieve their wits from various far-flung places and very carefully totter back out into the street. Out here we find the unsteady chap has gathered quite a crowd around him. He relates his tale of demonic possession and gets much sympathy and hand patting. If we'd had the facilities I'm sure someone would have offered him a nice cup of tea (As everyone's mum knows, tea is what you do in an emergency. Whether it's a grazed knee, multiple car pile-up or demonic possession a nice cup of tea is the way to go). It seems he managed to contract all of the symptoms mentioned by our guide whilst cloistered in the crypt and barely managed to stay on his feet long enough to get out of there. He's really not feeling well at all and with loyal helper at his side totters off toward bus stop, home, a nice cup of tea and quite likely some very strange dreams indeed. We all stand around chatting and then SF president Carrie Gillespie comes up with an astoundingly good idea. "Let's go to the pub". This cry is seized upon with great relish by Kevin the Computer Scientist who immediately sets off at great speed in random direction mowing down an innocent advertising board in a great flurry of arms, legs and surprised

shrieks. Oh if only we'd got a picture. Kevin attempts to look cool and unperturbed; we fall about laughing and move toward the hospitality of the fair (if somewhat grubby) environs of Edinburgh.

We drink, we make fools of ourselves, we talk bollox, we go home.

That's Halloween.

Been there, done that, daubed fake blood all over the tee shirt.

And so I wonder about this chap who got all overcome with faintness and nausea etc.

Was it all the power of suggestion?

It looked to my cynical mind as if he was working on us to achieve that exact effect but there's always the lurking doubt in the back of my mind that I'm over rationalising the situation. The picture of fans often drawn by the media is usually that of the over credulous but my experience is that most fans are fairly analytical when it comes to this sort of thing. They question everything and yet leave the element of doubt in there.

I believe there is much that we don't know and yet I also believe that we are very much capable of causing many strange effects ourselves.

After all, fandom itself could be considered a consensual hallucination of sorts.

There's very little evidence for it and it would be quite difficult to prove it exists.

Yet I believe in it.

Is it just an article of faith?

## **HELP WANTED!**

### ***SOME NOTES ON THE CURRENT FANZINE SCENE***

**— Don Fitch**

I'm not getting as many of the currently-published fanzines as I'd like, but this is largely my own fault (though a certain Fannish Tradition – of which more later – has something to do with it).

My introduction to fandom was c. 1958, by way of Dean Dickensheet, who had recently become active in the Sherlock Holmes fandom group I helped start in the '40s. The first fanzines I saw (mostly *FAPA* mailings, IIRC) were part of a LASFS display at a Hobby Show c. 1958, and then (under better reading conditions) I got copies of *Shaggy* and other zines by LArea fans. The first one I got in the mail was Norm Metcalf's *New Dimensions*(?) – half-size, offset, with a page or so of fanzine reviews, and not nearly as sercon as one might expect.

After that, memory gets a bit hazy, except for *Cry (of The Nameless Ones)*. That I remember not only because it was exciting as an introduction to general (as well as Fabulous Seattle) fandom & fannishness, but also because I bought a bunch of back issues from stock that included, practically, *alternate* issues for several years. Because a major feature of *Cry* at that time was the bulky and enthusiastic Letter Column, the frustration at reading LoCs on the issues I hadn't seen was intense & almost infuriating.

Back in my neofan days I considered myself a pretty good (certainly better-than-average) fanwriter. Perhaps I actually was – at 30+, with a B.A. (major in English & minors in Anthropology and Oriental Languages) and almost two years of Army service (in Japan & Korea), I was older, more experienced, and had a better formal education than the “average fan” of that era, to the extent that these might count for anything. I was comfortable doing fanac because I felt that I was associating with my peers, and not doing too shabbily in the informal competition for Quality Status. (The one exception to this was the field of faaanish writing style, which I greatly enjoyed but was unable to practice well... but I could live with that.)

About 12 years ago, however, returning from a period of FAFIA, I took a good, hard, look around fanzine fandom, and discovered (or decided) that the vast bulk of fanwriting (and fanzines) was significantly better than anything I could accomplish. While I'd been holed up dealing with personal problems, most other long-time fans (there hadn't been many neos

coming along for some years, even then) had continued to hone their skills, so that the standards of expectation, and the average quality, were distinctly higher. Gradually I tapered off my writing of LoCs (which I'd long done in a sort of stream-of-consciousness smorgasbord style, giving editors an opportunity to pick out a few bits they considered publication-worthy), dropped out of the APAs I'd re-joined, and finally ceased (as of ConAdian, in 1994) publishing a genzine (or general-circulation individzine) that could be used in trade.

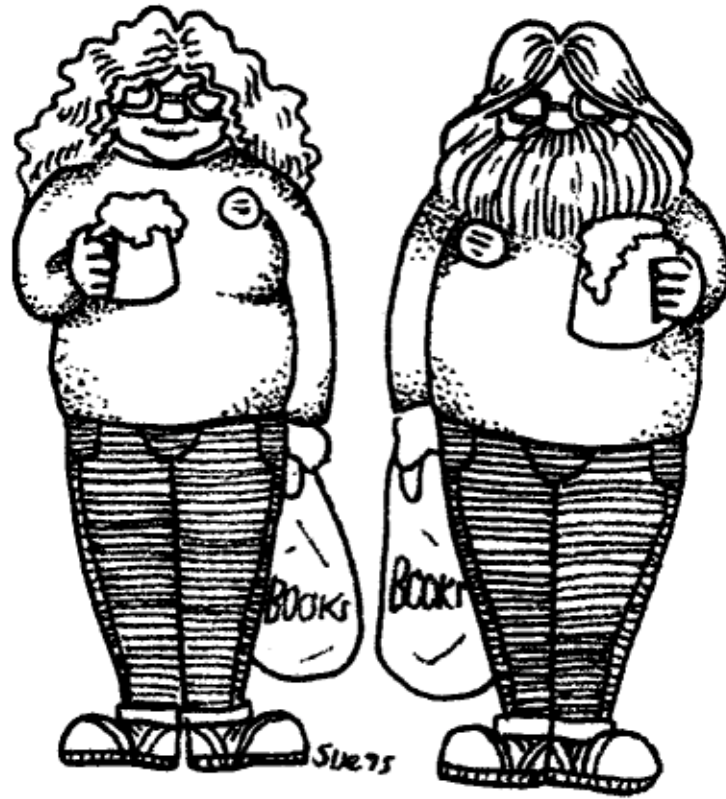
Maybe that cessation is only temporary, maybe my critical evaluations are off, maybe I'm suffering from a mild form of Depression, or the ol' brain cells are wearing out, and maybe things will change, but that's how it seems to stand at the moment.

My impression in the early years – the late '50s through the early '80s – was that almost everyone who published fanzines considered them a thoroughly DIY, interactive, total moneysink activity, strongly discouraging the exchange of cash or the acceptance of subscriptions. (Keeping track of such stuff, like a mundane accountant, seemed to be considered unfannish – a non-creative expenditure of time & effort [and possibly a strain on their computational skills].) I've always liked this approach, so different from the mundane one, and have always followed it. Trades, and Letters of Comment – direct interaction with other fans – actually are more valuable than (any reasonable amount of) money.

But I'm coming to think that it might be time for Fanzine Fandom's practices to change, at least a little. The availability of computers and commercial xerography have made the production of attractive-looking fanzines much easier, but (along with increasing postal rates), have caused fan publishing (in any but electronic form) to become more expensive. At the same time, a larger number of (reasonably) active fans have demanding jobs (and some other interests, including families, and online fanac) that leave them less time than most fans used to have for producing or writing for fanzines.

I think it's about time for more (perhaps even most) fanzines to become commonly available for money (on the order of enough to cover the cost of duplication and postage, rounded up to the next higher dollar/pound). That would enable those of us who have more money than time (or talent) to participate (in a sense) without penalizing those who are doing the creative work. I doubt that publishing a fanzine will ever really “pay for itself” (even though **Yandro** supposedly did, Buck & Juanita certainly didn't figure their time in that calculation), or that reader feedback will cease to be the major part of “The Usual”; but I think that we'd have more (and probably better) fanzines if it were easier for less-than-hyperactive readers who happen to have some spare cash on hand to help out with the monetary expenses of fanzine production by purchasing subscriptions. (I might note that I (& probably many others) did this with **Yandro & Cry** and still wrote LoCs to at least every other issue, so this policy might not significantly reduce interactivity if the zine is sufficiently stimulating.)

This idea of a paying readership isn't new, you know. Back in eofannish days, many fanzines actually had a price printed on the cover (which I'm not suggesting), and Harry Warner Jr. has mentioned that his first/early genzine “broke even” and sometimes made a “profit”. It's true that exchanging the same sticky quarters, Scotch-taped to a 3x5 card, (it would now be dollar bills, at least) for years was a bit silly... but that was back when almost everyone pubbed their ish, and wrote several Letters of Comment every week. In today's fanzine world, I think there's room for a whole (though probably small) category of interested, cash-paying, purchasers/subscribers. They won't (and shouldn't be expected to) underwrite much more than the cost of the copies they receive, but I think it would be a good way of helping retain fans who might otherwise entirely drop out of the fanzine microcosm, and I suspect that a good many of them would eventually return to more active participation.



# TINY CREATURES DEVoured MY FLESH!

— Michael J. Lowrey

On the morning of Tuesday, April 25, I woke up with what felt like a case of the flu (the super-cold type, with congestion, headache, fever, etc. I helped Cicatrice and Kelly get off to work/school, called in sick (praise God for my Union contract!) and went to bed.

As the day wore on, I notice that I was increasingly red, sore and swollen in a band all the way around my lower right leg below the calf. It was hot and tender to the touch, and did not feel pleasant at all. I'd never had *that* happen with the flu before! When Cicatrice came home, we agreed that if it were no better the next day (the flu was diminishing) I would stay home and call the HMO's triage nurse.

In fact, the next day it was worse. I called work, and then the HMO. The triage nurse was quite concerned, identified the symptoms as matching those of cellulitis, and had me book a doctor's appointment stat.

To quote from the relevant article at [www.emedicine.com](http://www.emedicine.com) (an outstanding website, never sufficiently to be praised for utility):

*"Background: The word cellulitis literally means inflammation of the cells. Generally, however, it is taken to indicate an acute spreading infection of the dermis and subcutaneous tissues resulting in pain, erythema, edema and warmth.*

*Pathophysiology: Skin and subcutaneous tissues are involved when microorganisms invade disrupted skin.*

*Mortality/Morbidity: Cellulitis may progress to serious illness by uncontrolled contiguous spread or via lymphatics or blood.*

*Physical: Hallmarks of cellulitis include: Warmth, erythema, edema and tenderness of the affected area. Associated red streaking visible in skin proximal to the area of cellulitis is characteristic of ascending lymphangitis. In lymphangitis the infection is carried through the lymph channels of the body. Regional lymphadenopathy may be present.*

*Causes: Bacterial and Fungal Infections: In individuals with normal host defenses, the most common causative organisms are group A streptococcus and Staphylococcus aureus*

*Complications: Bacteremia; Local abscess; Superinfection with gram-negative organisms;*

*Lymphangitis; Thrombophlebitis; Meningitis (8%); Gas-forming Cellulitis (gangrene); Amputation (25% mortality).*

Tom Cason [the third member of Sunrise Book, Game and Software Reviews, along with Cicatrice and myself; a Lemming of the 1987 Australia tour] was good enough to run me to the HMO's clinic (which is unfortunately 7.7 miles [12.3 km] from our house). Dr. Tucker took one look at it, and confirmed the cellulitis diagnosis. He said they'd try a course combining oral antibiotics and daily(!) intravenous antibiotics, on an outpatient basis, and that he'd then see me next Tuesday (*six* days later, if you're counting). Now, the emedicine article says, under "Treatment: Mild Cases":

*"May be treated as an outpatient with a regimen of oral antibiotics. Re-evaluate within 24-48 hours. Cases that have not improved should be considered for admission."*

Last time I looked, six days was more than 24-48 hours. In fact, the leg did not improve, but daily became redder and more swollen, resembling a corned beef brisket. When I limped into the examining room Tuesday, Dr. Tucker took one glance and said, "I'm putting you in the hospital." They slapped me on my back with my leg elevated, and started IV antibiotics every six hours plus oral treatment. Unfortunately, they stuck the IV plug in the back of my right (writing) hand, so I couldn't write if I felt like it; and when ill, I don't feel like reading much. By that Friday the infection was clearly suppressed, so they let me out, with strict orders to stay on my back etc. for another week. I finally returned to work this past Monday, May 15. My leg still has a wide band of damaged flesh (I understand the soft tissues took most of the hit points), and the skin thereof looks and feels lizardesque; but by comparison I guess I am recovering.

# CARVING QUARTZ: THEOPHILUS' 'ON DIVERS ARTS'

— Lord Valdis of Gotland  
(m/k/a Ken Koll)

*(The real reason I wrote this was that I normally try to have a different A&S piece for each [SCA Arts and Sciences] competition. I did not have a new one and I had been wanting to enter the science part of Theophilus' work. I entered this in the A&S display with a raw piece of quartz with a few scratch marks on it. The whole piece took me about fifteen minutes to type up, compared to hours and hours of work on an A&S piece. Anyway, I received more compliments on this work of fiction than I do on my hard labors in carving... conclusion, the pen is sharper than the carving knife.)*

*Using strictly period techniques directly from Theophilus' book **On Divers Arts** I will explain processes used. Theophilus Presbyter has been described as a Benedictine monk; there are theories that Roger of Helmarshausen is the same person. Roger of Helmarshausen was a renowned metal worker, whose skill is attested to by a bejeweled book cover in Nuremberg and two portable altars that are preserved in Paderborn. The only record of his life was in the papers, that his monastery conveyed a cross and a reliquary-altar to the Bishop of Paderborn in exchange for a church and its tithes on August 15, 1100. This is further supported by the fact that Roger of Helmarshausen is very familiar and goes in great detail in his writings on metal working, whereas he seems to document other techniques that he is not familiar with, with vague detail and inaccuracies. We will take one of these techniques and put it to the test.*

*My persona being a Viking artisan, worker of wood, bone, ivory and semi-precious stones, I will attempt to follow as best as possible the details given in the above stated book.*

*As most A&S competitions cover strictly the arts, I will take you through the science in the paragraphs below. Please do not try this at home.*

*Upon the wishes of Roger of Helmarshausen and for familiarity we will use the name Theophilus in the below text.*

## Carving Rock Crystal

*Rock Crystal was believed to be water hardened into ice, which then hardened through many years into stone. We will call this quartz, as I believe this is what the author was referring too.*

Preparing the quartz according to Theophilus:

Theophilus tells us to take a two or three year old goat and bind its feet together and cut a hole between its breast and stomach, in the place where the heart is, and put the crystal in there, so that it lies in its blood until it is hot. At once take it out and engrave whatever you want on it, while this heat lasts. When it begins to cool and become hard, put it back in the goats blood, take it out again when it is hot, and engrave it. Keep on doing so until you finish the carving. Finally, heat it again, take it out and rub it with a woolen cloth so that you may render it brilliant with the same blood.

Application by Lord Valdis:

Using cow's blood from the local market I soaked the rock crystal (we shall call it quartz) in the blood for an hour at which time I took it out to try and carve it. The quartz was cold to the touch and did not take the blade or file well. I did not see any difference in continuity of the quartz after soaking.

Second attempt with the cow's blood found me heating the cow's blood to a simmer and dropping the quartz into the blood. I waited another hour with the same results as above, however the stone was warmer to the touch. Note - the stench and mess of blood running down both arms is starting to get to me.



Conclusion – The blood of a goat was significant in softening the quartz.

Application:

From the local auction I secured an old goat that was inexpensive due to its age and health. Apologizing to the old goat and trying to rationalize that it was being done for the sake of historical accuracy...science. This did not make me feel any better about what I was about to do. I cut its belly open from sternum to groin with a skinning knife. Not being familiar with the anatomy of a goat I immediately found myself with a lap full of intestines and other organs. Pulling these to the side I reached in to find the heart, again my unfamiliarity forced me to place my face in close proximity of the smell and sight of this aged goat's insides. I found what I believe to be the heart and rested the quartz up against the organ and quickly went to bath myself.

After an hour I gingerly approached the atrocity that was once a goat, I reached inside, holding my breath and retrieved the quartz. I quickly took it to the blade and file, neither of which had any more effect than if it were cold.

Conclusion – The goat was too old or had some sort of blood disorder.

Application:

After disposing of the last goat I went to the auction house again and tried to explain why I needed a goat between the ages of two and three years. After being escorted out by security I decided to approach a local farm with no questions asked and none given. The farmer was happy to sell me a healthy looking two-year-old goat. Not knowing which sex to get I picked a female for this test since my aging goat before had been a male.

I was able to get into the chest cavity with the quartz with a little more ease this time. I let it sit for three hours until the stench started to make it an issue for my neighbors. Taking the quartz out and trying my file on it I found it as hard as ever, although it was a beautiful red color. Note: Be careful at this point because the stone is very slippery and you are liable to cut yourself. I concluded that I must continue with the next step Theophilus described, so I stuck the quartz gingerly back into the room temperature flesh. I should point out that this work is being done in a little workshop and the stench of flesh made it impossible to finish other projects. Night came and passed with the morning being unbearably hot and humid, I started out towards my workshop. As soon as I opened my back door I realized that I might not have the resolve to see this project to the end. The odor was unbelievable; I quickly donned a painting mask and quickly entered the workshop and took out my quartz. I hurriedly grabbed my files and headed out the door again. No luck, still hard and now very sticky.

Conclusion – After reading Theophilus' description again I realized that perhaps he took the heart out, for he says to place the quartz where the heart is. With revived enthusiasm I headed out to search for another goat.

Application:

I purchase a male goat, three years of age from another local farmer. I concluded that the male being larger would have a higher blood volume and hence a higher concentration of whatever it was that made the quartz soft.

Being an old hand at gutting goats by this time I quickly cut out the heart and place the quartz in its place. It took me a better part of an hour to clean the quartz from my last endeavor, but I was leaving nothing at risk. I quickly rolled the goat into a piece of tarp so as to keep the smell contained. After an hour I went to check on my passion only to end up doubled over outside my workshop losing my dinner to the soil. Now with an empty stomach I approach my work again and successfully take out my quartz and prepare for a successful attempt. Placing the tarp back over the carcass I quickly exit to try my hand at carving my quartz once and for all. Putting my blade to the quartz I found it as hard as ever, trying the file I made a few scratch marks.

At this point a local Sheriff's Deputies car pulls into my driveway. I was standing there with blood up both arms and across my front, my knives and files laying around me and with me holding an object that looks similar to an organ with its bright red color and dripping blood between my feet. I will not mention the look of desperation I had on my face at not being able to carve the quartz with the look of panic coming over it when I recognized the car that pulled in and what it must look like. To make a long story short, the sheriff's department kindly removed the carcasses for me and cataloged everything in my workshop for me, while giving me free room

and board until I could talk with the local judge who just happened to be at the Pennsylvania Ren Faire that weekend. Monday morning finds me explaining Theophilus before a captive audience with people taking frantic notes at my every word. I have never seen such an interest in medieval history as I experienced in that room that day. I was released that afternoon and told to hand over my copy of Theophilus *On Divers Arts* to the deputy that followed me home.

All is quiet at my house now, I have just ordered the Theophilus *On Divers Arts* from online and am waiting to try and harden steel in the urine of a small red headed boy; according to Theophilus there is no better way to harden steel.

Conclusion – I have had plenty of time to think about this now and with many a discussion with my therapist, that the courts so kindly provided, we have concluded that perhaps the artisans that told Theophilus the details of their trade were either protecting their technique or just pulling a joke on him, not realizing that it would turn my life upside down some 900 years later.

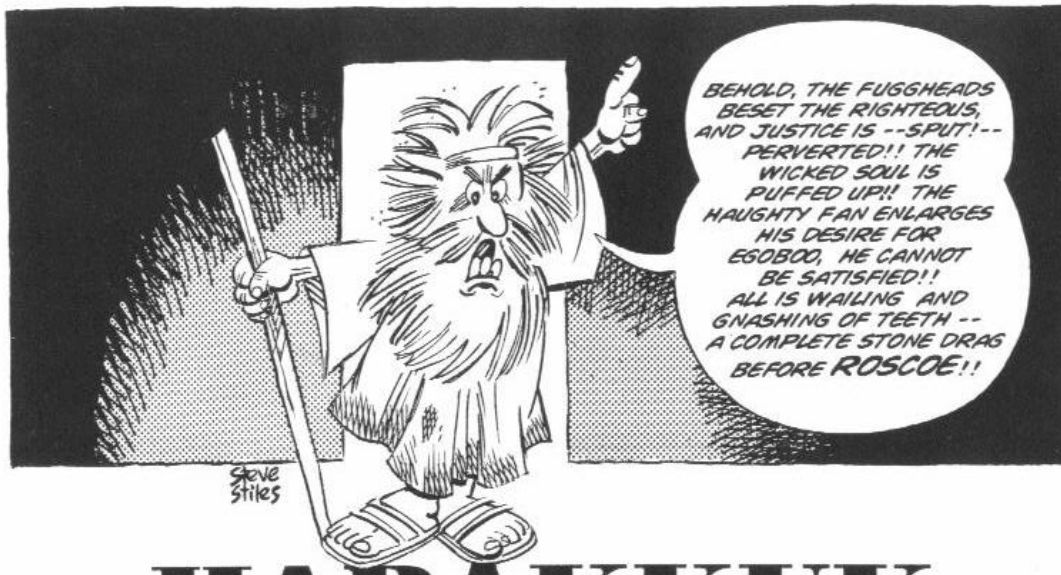
My personal feelings are that I need a goat that is from Europe and has eaten the same diet as they did in the 12<sup>th</sup> century, but I will refrain from experimenting with that one for a while, at least until I am no longer under house arrest.

Theophilus  
*On Divers Arts*  
Dover Publications  
ISBN 0-486-23784-2

*Note: No animals were hurt during these tests; the tests were purely a writ of fiction. The quotes from Theophilus are true and the description that he gives for carving quartz is accurate. My personal conclusion was that it was a joke played on Theophilus for a good laugh and to protect their trade (trade secrets). Much of what is written by Theophilus is accurate; some techniques are harmful by today's standards and should be handled with care. Please feel free to stop by my merchant booth to discuss A&S. I hope you enjoyed the read.*

*Yours In Service,  
Lord Valdis of Gotland  
(m/k/a Ken Koll)*





# HABAKKUK

## Remembered By Steve Stiles

*Lenny Bailes recently posted the following via the e-newsgroup, Memoryhole: (Date: Thu, 23 Nov 2000 10:40:16 -0800)*

*"Dave Rike phoned me a little while ago with the unfortunate news that Bill Donaho passed away last night. He didn't have any details. Apparently, Bill had an operation for a brain tumor a few months back at the Veteran's Home where he'd been staying, and Dave thinks that a complicating illness might have been the immediate cause of death."*

While an unwelcome report, this wasn't unexpected: Donaho had been seriously ill for some months and there was little reason to hope for a recovery. Prior to that bad news, I'd entertained the hope that Bill would resurface as a publisher and continue on yet again with the fanzine that remains one of my all-time favorites. I'd found Bill Donaho an interesting and likeable man on the brief three occasions I'd met him but knew him chiefly through his fanac, which had contributed greatly to my enthusiasm for fanzines.

A great deal has been written about Bill in the past, not all of it favorable (to put it gently!); after issuing THE GREAT BREEN BOONDOGGLE in 1964, enlarging on the Pacificon committee's statement on the cancellation of Walter Breen's membership, Donaho became the center of an acrimonious controversy that split friendships and fanzine fandom for years thereafter, a controversy that made him a pariah in some of the circles he once thrived in. Plenty of his former friends were still bitter with him when HABAKKUK began its second cycle in 1966. Yet his return to the microcosm at ConFrancisco and to fanzine publishing with HABAKKUK in 1993 was generally welcomed and, judging from the appearance of a number of its contributors, at least some old wounds had healed. I'd hope that many in the Loyal Opposition would now agree that we're the poorer for Bill's passing.

HABAKKUK (named after Bill's cat and not the angry prophet) first debuted in February 1960 and was 14 pages. My first issue of the zine was Chapter 1, Verse 5, December, 1960, a 117-page giant featuring a Bjo cover of the Ron Ellik squirrel in a Santa suit clutching a

foaming mug of A&W root beer. HABAKKUK's ambitious page count would continue to be to be a hallmark of the fanzine throughout its history. I was only 17 at the time and (having recently discovered Jack Kerouac and stories of bohemian artists like Van Gogh and Gauguin) was beginning to chaff at my whitebread Eisenhower Republican milieu.

My introduction to HABAKKUK's first incarnation was a window into another, more exciting, world. "Meanderings," Bill's editorial for that issue, was a good look at how the '60s were shaping up, with material covering the Kennedy/Nixon presidential race ("Thank God they both couldn't win!"), Carl Chessman's execution, Bill and Danny Curran's "Save Adolph Eichmann" Committee (which strangely fell flat with death-penalty opponents), efforts of the American Legion to haul the ACLU up before the House of Un-American Activities Committee, and a short bio of teenage ace fucker Curran. This was all giddy stuff for me, despite the fact that the actual media-hyped beat scene was deader than spam by 1960.

The rest of the issue headed off with Ray Nelson remembering how Joe Stalin had once been idolized as good old "Uncle Joe" in America's national public school magazine "Weekly Reader" (I had found a box of those in the Cold War year 1955 and had been duly amazed), also anticipating XERO by writing about wartime comic book super heroes. Other articles were by Dick Ellington, Les Nirenberg, Ted White, and rich brown (to name just a few)-- all highly interesting stuff to a beatnik-wannabe like myself.

Dominating Verse 5, in my eyes, was a very dense and tortuous analysis of all the ills of Western Civilization by the late Art Castillo ("Only under the conditions that produced this sweet paranoid dream could such fragmented concepts have arisen as Weiner's 'mechanism without matter'."). Visuals were supplied by regulars Bill Rotsler (with a "surrealism in shapes" portfolio), Art Castillo and Trina Castillo (who, as Trina Robbins, would years later become a pro cartoonist and writer, championing recognition of women comics creators), but, as far as HABAKKUK's overall look was concerned, Ray Nelson remains The Man throughout the entire run.

Verse 6 (June 1961) would be the final one of the first cycle, a mere 102 pages, and included an article on the rise of electronics in music by Britt Schweitzer, an article on jazz by Donaho, "How To Be A Beatnik" by Ray Nelson ("Just don't become a salesman, whatever you do") "War Is Bunk" by Kris Neville, "On The Road" by George Metzger, winding up with another standard HABAKKUK feature: a long and engaging letters column. The backcover sports a "pledge of mutual aid" written by Nelson, the antithesis of Ayn Rand's John Galt Oath and probably the ideological launch of something Bill would have a great deal of fun with in the later sixties, The Church of the Brotherhood of the Way, performing LSD weddings in places like the Avalon Ballroom and Golden Gate Park Be-Ins.

Chapter II was launched in May 1966, the first of three hefty issues for the fanzine's second revival (this time in FAPA). The rest of the country might have been fascinated by the rise of the hippie counterculture, but I was vegetating in the army at Fort Eustis, Virginia. Worse, while I was sick with the flu, the MPs had caught the majority of my pothead GI buddies there and shipped their asses off to Viet Nam, the equivalent of throwing Br'er Rabbit into the briar patch. Lonely, I began to spend more spare time in fanac and was sketching out some skiffy spot illo on my bunk one night when a GI wandered over and commented that there was another guy on the second floor of our barracks who did drawings just like mine. "I think his name is, uh, Colum Camberoon, something like that," he said. By an incredible coincidence Colin Cameron, my West Coast fan artist counterpart, was stationed in the very same barracks that I was! (What were the odds on that, I wonder?)

Not only that, but Colin had also received the first issue of the new multi-colored HABAKKUK. The material and Bill's "Meanderings" --Donaho's reportage of doings in Barea fandom-- were just as fascinating, but that run has a special significance to me as Colin and I

were fannishly ignited by the zine and flooded the next two issues with our fan art and articles on life in the army. (Unfortunately, in the third issue, Colin's article was about life in Vietnam, having been nabbed in another MP raid with some more of our friends. After taking a mortar shell fragment in the leg while he was at Cam Ranh Bay, Colin was eventually discharged and went on to play bass in John Hartford's and Paul Williams' bands, and was blown up good on the big screen as one of the Juicy Fruits, the house band in Phantom of Paradise. I lost track of him sometime in the early 1970s.)

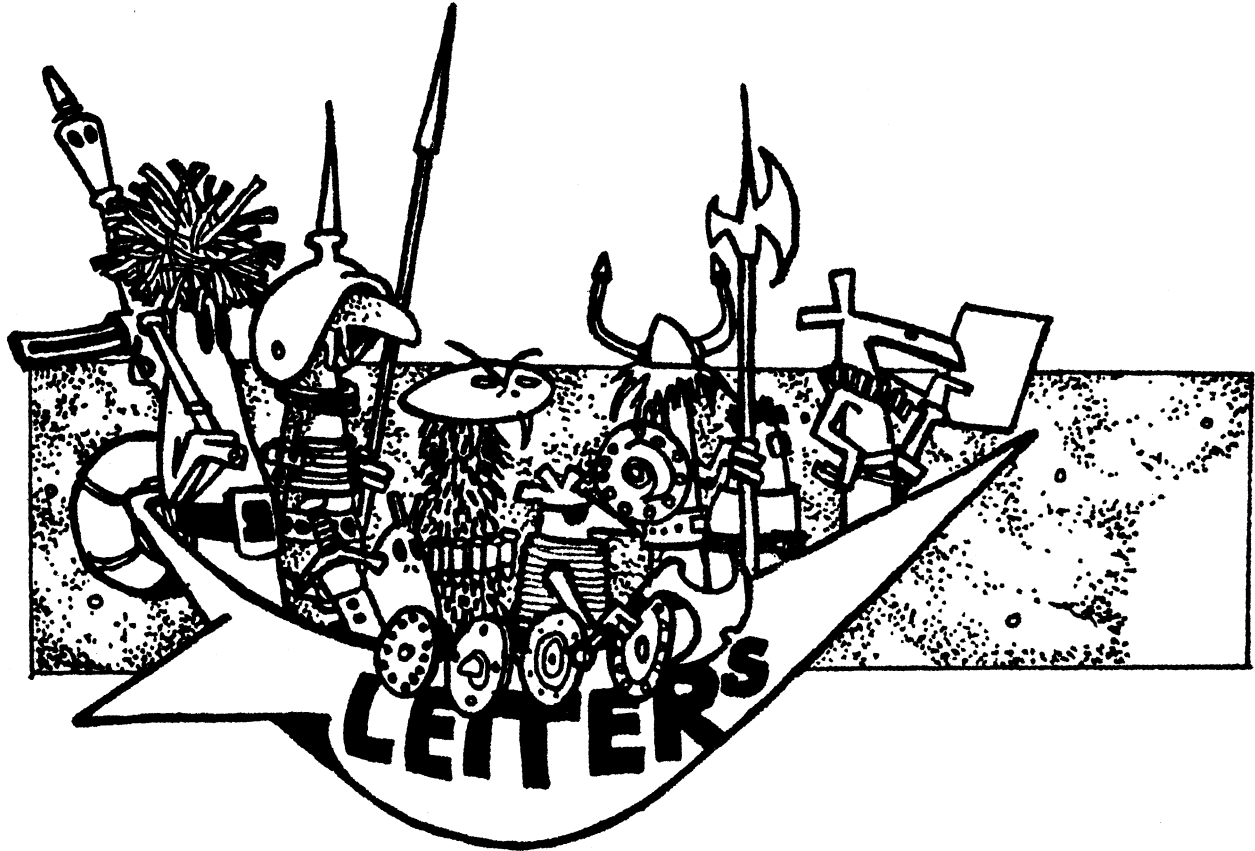
The second Chapter, featuring more of an emphasis on s.f., sported ambitious multicolored mimeography that spiffed up a 33 page profusely illustrated article on the s.f. artist Charles Schneeman by Alva Rogers for the first issue, in addition to material by previous regulars Ted White ("Jazz and Creativity"), Eunice Reardon ("Art & Communication Revisited"), Ray Nelson ("What Does Music Mean?"), and Bill's "Christmas In Berkeley 1965." The subsequent two final issues (August 1966 and February 1967), added another fan serviceman as a contributor, Gordon Eklund, writing about R&R and bizarre people and life in the military. As always, Bill's "Meanderings" were entertaining and the letters section was large and robust, featuring a wide selection of fans and pros hashing out such matters as Art, science fiction, and the worth (or lack thereof) of J.G. Ballard and Harlan Ellison.

After the 1968 Baycon and a 25 year period gafiation (ghood grief!), Bill bought back HABAKKUK again, launching Chapter III as an 8-page con report, explaining that he had been reintroduced to fandom when Dave Clark wrote offering him a free membership in ConFrancisco ("I had never heard of Dave Clark and didn't even know the con was being held in San Francisco this year! But naturally I took Dave up on it."). (It was at Pat Ellington's PreCon Party that I met Donaho again, sadly for the last time.)

Featuring a rare cover by Trina, the second issue (December 1993) of the new HABAKKUK returned to its usual panache and bulk (only BLAT! and later BOONFARKs were in that same ballpark), goosing up my weary interest in fandom a few notches. Bill led off with "Meanderings" commenting on the persistence of friendship in fandom ("It's as if I have never been away!"), and then going on with nine pages about fan friends (I was amazed that Miriam Knight had two grown kids) and pros, Star Trek, ConFrancisco and Baycon. Bill had picked up Debbie Notkin as a book reviewer and Ted White's "Trenchant Bludgeon," and both became regulars for next two, last, issues. Bill also began writing separate articles about his past, about the legendary N.Y. slanshacks, the Dive and the Nunnery and, in the fourth issue, about growing up in Texas. All choice stuff, but unfortunately Verse 4 (Fall 1994) was to be the last HABAKKUK.

After the fourth issue I sent Bill a partial cover depicting the prophet Habakkuk raving and ranting at fandom (I had hoped that Ray Nelson would complete the drawing with a crowd of typically degenerate fans), but unfortunately --perhaps due to ill health, postal rates, or burn-out--Bill stopped publishing. I sometimes wonder why I've kept as many fanzines as I have as I suspect that only a percentage of them will be reread, but every so often I go back to enjoy HABAKKUK and its tales of the Nunnery, New York, and Berkeley, and I'm sure I'll continue to do so. It was a fine fanzine, providing a good look at a man who I regret I will now never get to know better.





## IT CRAWLED INTO MY MAILBOX, HONEST!

### Richard S. Russell

"Purveyor of Fine Memes for All Occasions"

Got yer zine. Scary how much you and I think alike. *{outside of, f'rinstance, God, gun control, and residence requirements for local gummint employees, to name a few items we've agreed to disagree on}* Except that I'm now officially retired, thus have more free time to raise hell. Keep hangin' in there, buddy!

### Terry Jeeves

Many thanks for the copy of **V de V**, I gather it is an apazine? *{I envision it more as a genzine that I run through a couple of apas}* I have happy memories of my days in Ompa, Fapa, and Applesauce in days gone by. Now I just keep **Erg** as a genzine – in its 41<sup>st</sup> year!

Re computers, my first (1981) was a ZX81 with a massive 1K of RAM, then '82 a BBC B with 32K, next a PC with Windows 3.1 and a 40M hard disc. I've just been given a 6.7GB job and am just on the net.

I've been into SF since 1932 a member of First Fandom and 77 years of age.

I'm enclosing a copy of **Erg** (back issue) no. 169 went to the printer yesterday. Happy reading. *{All the above was handwritten (fountain pen, I suspect), so I may have introduced an error or two in transcription.}*

### Ronald M. Salomon

Thanks for letting me in on the ground floor of **Vojo De Vivo** with Ish 1. I feel a flush of egoboo at being in at the inception of a skiffyzine; one of the honored several.

I gotta get myself on the fannish net. *{it isn't hard to do; e-mail Victor Gonzalez <squib@galaxy-7.net>}* I've had a current PC for almost 6 months now and have yet to bookmark any fannish sites. But hey, I only heard about SF Lovers around 30 years ago, so slack me some cut please. Real Soon Now is the final answer.

I remember back in the dear, departed '80's, discussing the waitlist of FAPA, which was minimal around LACon '84 if memory serves, with the likes of David Bratman and/or other trufen, signing up subsequently, and when less than a year later was at the threshold, chickened out. S\*i\*g\*h.

My first G & D series, predating Tom Swift the Junior, was the 8-volume Tom Corbett, Space Cadet series published in the early '50s as a cross-marketing effort [though of course they didn't call it as such back then, this being before Vance Packard] with the TV series. So when the rocket ship ratings crashed to earth and the series ended, so did the books. I LOVED those books, never cared as much for Tom Swifty, liked more the Hardy Boys. You can age me by noting the entire Tom Corbett, as well as a number of early purchases in the Swift and Hardy series, had paper jackets rather than the printed on covers later used. As a fact of matter, maybe twelve out of the first twenty or so Hardy books were the older versions, with the '30s vintage illos, and they ran closer to 300 than 200 pages. So "dumbing down" didn't just start the other day but rather in the '50s, when they were modernized by updating illos and chopping drastically the word count. *{There are several studies now about the much-despised series books of that era, such as The Secret of the Stratemeyer Syndicate: Nancy Drew, the Hardy Boys and the Million Dollar Fiction Factory. I read an especially fascinating one which was basically the Proceedings of a conference in Iowa City, honoring the formerly-anonymous female Iowa freelancer who was "Carolyn M. Keene" more than anybody else, although a daughter of the Stratemeyer family later tried to hijack the credit.}*

Also dating me would be my frequent trips to buy paperbacks, when an allowance of a quarter could get you an Ace Original by MZB, PKDick, Silverbob, etc. or get you a Pocket Book reprint Groff Conklin anthology. Goshwow sensawunda indeed. Double s\*i\*g\*h. And although son David is prime material for his Golden Age, turning 12 today *{mazel tov}*, I can only hope the Harry Potter books will lead him to the skiffy ABCs of Asimov, Bradbury, Clarke and etc. I won't cut off his inheritance if he can't quote me the robotic laws anytime soon, but I will sniff a tear back into its, uh, gland??? Huh?

We may have crossed paths since both you and I attended some of the same Boston cons, but do not remember. Do you? *{umm... no; but then Cicatrice and I have never figured out which con we first met each other at; fandom is like that}* My first cons were in '77, starting with that year's Boskone in Ye Olde Park Plaza right Down Town, followed by Lunacon and Suncon Labor Day weekend in Miami's fabulous [not] Fontainebleau [sp] Hotel. Nearest I got to any functionary position at cons was as Boskone gofer, and Corflu Offishul Fotographir [and audio recordist]. Never a fan GOH. Envy envy envy. Maybe next lifetime timeline, eh? Was supposed to hit Potlatch and Corflu this weekend and next in Seattle, but unless the PCH Prize Patrol knocks on my door within the next 48 hours, that's not destined to be either, as I am penny proud and airplane ticket poor. Whatever that means. Have I used up my quota of s\*i\*g\*h\*s yet?

What *idoru*? Is that like throat singing? Some furrin' spicy cabbage dish? *{an idoru is a pretty, innocuous, disposable prefabricated softrock/pop "super-phenomenon" with a shelf life of 6 months to 3 years; recent USA examples would be Back Street Boys, Tiffany [or whatever the mall-diva's name is/was] and the like. The "music" industry finds them, polishes them, uses them, and discards them, with near-total impersonality. The word comes from the English "idol" via the Japanese, where they are more brutally honest about these things. Within the next 3 years, the recording companies probably won't even need actual performers, just animation software and voice/music synthesizers. Since there is little or no actual musicianship involved, little will be lost, and the profit margins for The Industry will become even more obscene. There is an SF novel by the title of Iidoru, about a self-aware AI; not the same thing}* Actually, I thought *idoru* was the name of that annual Alaskan sled race that gets so much publicity. *{Oh, you mean chocolate calomel. I like that kind too.}* I have always felt that Firesign was directly descended from The Goons, who I love, and used to tape off of BBC SW b'casts from the ol' Zenith Royal Traveler. Although I have stateside tapes and even records in the collection. Did you/will you buy the Rhino Little David Years CD collection of Carlin material? I still have his first Little David on vinyl, as well as the one he did before that for RCA [Victor] which even in the late '60s I found hard to find. Gosh, to see that cover again to see a shorthaired beardless Carlin as the hippy-dippy weatherman. Hooha! *{I still have all that Carlin on vinyl; Luddite that I am, I have not converted to CD's because 1) I can't afford to, and 2) a lot of my vinyl is unobtainable on CD.}* Sometime I'll have the bread which I'll sell for cash and then be able to afford the Bear Family Complete Jimmy Rogers [the singing brakeman one] set. Or is it Rodgers? *{I can never remember either.}* Comedy albums today pale alongside of the output of the '50s and '60s. Only VERY recently has any Nichols & May been put out on CD. And the many wonderful Verve records [Jonathan Winters above all, and to mention Shelly Berman] I own I have yet to see digitized to CD or DVD-A.

Just like the SNL best-of-comedians DVDs coming out now, I would love to have the old Steve Allen Show's best of bits with Winters and so on and so forth. There is a lot of old TV out there, which should be put out on DVD. I just hope the clearances allow. *{I suspect the primary obstacle will be the lack of copies in decent condition, not clearances.}* And now that the FCC is encouraging low-wattage stations are you going to toss in your shoestring? *{Never a major dream of mine; too many things on the plate already.}*

I haven't watched any ST series in decades, but in the last month have caught a few syndicated reruns of ST: Voyager for the first time and they seem very nostalgic to me. Oh, and Columbia House sent me episodes 2 and 3 of the original ST on DVD for 89¢ recently as a thankyou for being a good customer o' theirs, and I did indeed hearken back [which has nothing to do with lugees] to the dear dead '60s when everyone at Northeastern University [at least my crowd of potential engineers] would stop all else and get thee to the Student Union/Center building for a group television event. I forget which night, I think maybe Tuesdays at 830 PM – at least for part of the original run. In between weekly Vietnam body count TV news. Hey man, I got my 2”S”!!! *{I assume that's the 2-S student draft deferment of our era}*

Author author! I Used to Read the Stuff. Natch.

### **Brad W. Foster**

Of course, I'm always racked with guilt at getting something for nothing, so enclosed is an odd little bit of art that seemed to fit in with the idea of joining up with a group. I hope you might like enough to run, and thus fulfill my “the usual”. As long as you keep using, an want them, I'd be happy to send more in exchange for getting copies! (Some quarter century in fandom and I'm still amazed at this exchange rate!)

### **ARAYA**

First things first: where did you get my name and address from? I changed my name last year. *{A LoC in **Banana Wings**, I think, which presumably predated the name change.}*

I am a teetotal vegetarian with:

allergies to aspartame, cranberries, septrin, sodium benzoate and wheat; ancestors traced, on one line, back to the time of the Spanish Armada; asthma; chronic fatigue; a loveable husband, Gordon; hypoparathyroidism (so on regular medication to boost calcium levels – did you know that 2 oz of sesame seeds contain 580 mg of calcium and 2 oz of grated cow Cheddar cheese 435 mg?. I think I hold Cumberland Infirmary's record – almost 4 weeks – for post-partial-parathyroidectomy hospitalisation period, though at the time I regarded the most likely causes of death as boredom and malnutrition rather than calcium deficiency.); a love of alphabetical order; a love of interesting paper (my A4 collection includes books, butterflies, maps and (2 types) teddy bears – but you're getting bright orange for obvious reasons *{the letter is on Day-Glo coated stock [i.e., one side is white]; the envelope is dark orange, with the return address in pale orange gel ink, the whole embellished with light-neon-orange smiley-face and teddy bear stickers}*); lots of teddy bears; no knowledge of Esperanto, though I can read magazine articles in Dutch, French, German, Italian and Spanish, and can speak very basic Russian.; a wonderful sister called Jill-Rhianna, a wonderful brother-out-law (what DO you call an unmarried in-law?) called Steve and a wonderful nephew called Jamie

I am surprised that:

You failed to mention the colour of your bedclothes – Gordon was recently carried away and bought two orange pillow cases and an orange continental quilt cover in a sale – presumable yours are orange and, to match the SCA,

I dislike:

King Arthur (see hype); Babylon 5 *{Really? why?}*; Black Adder *{ditto}*; boring cars (i.e. ones with 4 wheels, unless they are painted interesting colours – I drive a bright blue three-wheeler kit-car myself, and no, I didn't build it); boring paper; dogs (except for Newfoundland); hype (see King Arthur); hypocrisy; icons on computer systems (I use good old DOS and MultiMate); soap operas; Star Trek 1 (I've been informed that Star Trek 4 is not worth watching, and sometimes watch 2 and 3); excessive tidyness (boring people live in tidy houses)

I was introduced (this time I'll go chronological)

to “Lord of the Rings” at ten, when my father first started to read it – but I finished it first; to SF at twelve, by an English teacher called Mrs. Woodall who read various things aloud to us including Ray Bradbury short stories and “The Birds”; to fandom at around 25, by Christina Lake, a colleague at Predicasts; to the Far Isles Medieval Society at 28, at Follycon

My current favourite quote from Terry Pratchett is:



We don't always change for visitors; but Gordon's is: DARK IN HERE, ISN'T IT?

I was christened into the Anglican church as a baby. One of my two godmothers – the second died last month – gave me a bible. Thus did my godmothers discharge their duty. My godfather considered it his duty to attempt to indoctrinate me with atheism.

I studied – mostly German – at Leicester, Freiburg, Kent-at-Canterbury and Karl-Marx-Stadt. In my final year as an undergraduate I studied mediaeval, late eighteenth century, early nineteenth century and twentieth century stuff. So far so good, until I got to the oral – all the silly man wanted to talk about was Fontane (late nineteenth century). I was not impressed.

And this is a list of authors by type so far this year, excluding:  
children's authors in a short story collection  
books looked at but not read fully.

Kiddibooks: Nina Bawden; Paula Danziger; Gordon R. Dickson\*; Adele Geras; Robin Kingsland; Jenny Overton; Hugh Walters\*;

SF/fantasy; Isaac Asimov; Marion Zimmer Bradley; Marion Zimmer Bradley/Mercedes Lackey; Gordon R. Dickson; James Follett; David Grinnell; Joe Haldeman; Harry Harrison; Fritz Leiber; Larry Niven; Terry Pratchett; Spider Robinson; James Tiptree, Jr.; Hugh Walters\*; Roger Zelazny

Others; Rabbi Lionel Blue; Ruth Praver Jhabvala; Helene Hanff; John Steinbeck  
both categories

### Marty Cantor

I thank you for **VdV#1**, which arrived in today's mail. Should I say, "It is about time!"? Nah, fanzines move at their own pace. But I am glad that you finally made it.

I have really not too much to say this time around, but I notice that we have some similar interests (besides fanzines), such as Old Timey Music (which I got to via folk music [which I got to via blues and bluegrass]). I do not know which groups in (rock?) you might like, but I parallel your preferences in decades. I am a former player of the 12-string guitar, and I have played jug and gutbucket, but the washboard is my preference in the latter types of instruments. All in all, though, in my retirement I have moved back to my original musical love, classical. Lately, all three of the local radio stations to which I usually listen have been putting me in heaven by playing lots of Beethoven and Brahms. Oh, well - you did not mention this type of music. *{I have a real but totally unsophisticated liking for classical music; I've been too put-off by the snob factor to explore the subject in depth, and my lack of ANY musical training hampers me here. I confess to a vulgar liking for the showier German material (The Ode to Joy, Wagner, etc.)}*

### Ned Brooks

- Thanks for the zine, interesting biography. You say you learned of the NFFF in Tennessee - did you meet Janie Lamb, who was benevolent dictator in the 70s? *{No, like most Neffers I only knew her postally. She lived in East Tennessee, and I in West Tennessee, a very long distance apart. Like I said, I found the N3F in the Encyclopedia of Associations!}*

I suppose "vojo" is Esperanto, *{Yes, "VOJO DE VIVO" is "[A] WAY OF LIFE"}* and "gefratoj" *{"brothers and sisters"}* - I have discussed this annoying pseudo-language with D Gary Grady many times over the years. *{Then I don't have to tell you that Esperanto is no more a pseudo-language than any other small language, even though I know that some people think so; but then some people believe Jerry Falwell and Pat Robertson are Christian examples}* I lived in Chile and went to a French school there, so I have some Spanish and French, and had Latin in high school and German in college. Beyond that I have to depend on a collection of dictionaries.

I have watched people use Macs - I stuck with Windows (bad as it is) because there is an off-ramp to DOS, which is the last system I had any use for. The peak of my fanzine publishing was done using a DOS-based typesetter to cut mimeo stencils with a dot-matrix printer.

### Irvin Koch

I knew when I saw the orange paper.... <G>.

Yes, I'd like to see in print, not online, your take timebinders vs. memoryhole vs. trufen. I don't have time for any of them, alas, but would like to see "about it." I think I heard about "memoryhole" while I was at SMOFcon, this past Dec., and elsewhere. There's a memoryhole annex or two out there as well, if this is what I'm thinking about. *{I like the suggestion, but I'd like to see somebody else tackle the article. Any takers, readership?}*

I can't find it now, but there was SOMETHING else in that issue that made me think you MIGHT be interested in doing something with the Charlotte 2004 Worldcon bid. We really need a "Midwest agent" to line up people to run parties, back pies for the suite at Chicon, etc. (and a lot of other Chicago related stuff). Yeah,

that's it. I was hoping you could get us some people in Chi local. *{Actually, I continue to make a massive distinction between Chicago and Milwaukee fandoms.}*

### Lloyd Penney

Many thanks for the first issue of *Vojo de Vivo I*. My, that orange is bright! It's always good to see something fresh, and see someone doing their own zine for the first time. And, an issue like this one is always a good place to start.

This is definitely not your father's fandom; otherwise, we'd never hear anyone say that the Internet brought them to fanzines. *{It is not that the net brought me to fanzine fandom; it's that it brought me BACK to it.}* Good to have you here, though – we've been wanting to have the Internet bring people to print fandom.

I have done fanzine panels at conventions, and those who believe that fanzines are only collections of fan fiction based on Star Trek or whatever show is popular are often surprised, or even incredulous that there are fanzines given away, fanzines that just talk about science fiction, or even fanzines that discuss everything else once the common interest of science fiction is established. I have handed out addresses and information about these fanzines so familiar to us, but so foreign to them; I know not if any of them have made the bold venture to reach out and see what else is outside of their own restricted pocket of fandom.

Having MidWestCon as your first con must have been quite an experience, given the attendees there. *{Well, because of what I'd gathered from Nashville fen, the N3F and other prior reading, I kinda knew what I was in for. I knew this was my tribe; and the magic incantation "Sorry, I'm a neo" salvaged any minor damages}* I've been to two of them, and just got the flyer for MWC 51 this very day. Seeing how orange your wardrobe is, I am sure we've met somewhere along the fannish path. I'm also sure I've asked Knarley about you.

### Henry L. Welch

Thanks for your inaugural issue. I think this makes you only the third or fourth zinehead I know in Milwaukee. (myself, Trinlay Khadro, *[[{I e-mailed back, "I've seen the name somewhere, but have no idea who it is (under that or any other name) and have never seen anything purporting to be by him/her/it." Henry responded:}* Lives in Brown Deer. I assume Trinlay is a she, but it is cloaked a bit in mystery. So far only one issue of *Dewauchen*. There used to be a N3F member in Cedarburg (Susan Zuege) but I could never get her to visit or attend any of the local cons.]] and I don't think Lloyd Daub counts anymore) *{The late lamented Jeff Ford tried for years to get Milwaukee fandom doing zines, but futilely. God, I miss him!}*

*[[{"I kinda wondered why you never thought to send me a copy of TTK; I do respond, ya know, and I think of myself as a fanzine fan."}]* I've tried off and on with other members of Milwaukee fandom (Georgie, Lisa, Leah, etc.) and no one ever really responded. I think MILWAPA occupies many of them and while I've seen a few spec copies I have no interest in joining an APA and MILWAPA always seemed kind of flat (that's not the right word, but I don't have time to dig through the thesaurus for a better one). *{Provincial? Self-referential? Uninspiring? Muted? Incestuous?}* I had no real tangible evidence that you were a fanzine except for your interest in my extra copy of *Warhoon 28*. (I don't see your LOCs elsewhere, etc.) *{A fair cop; I'm a flaky LoCcer at best, and having Drifted Away...}* You will get a copy since I put it in the mail this morning.]]

Milwaukee has one of the most interesting fandoms I've ever seen. The various schisms over the years have fractured it horribly and no individual group can seem to summon significant interest to keep a convention afloat. Further, I'd rate Milwaukee fandom as poorer than I've seen in other cities which tends to limit some of the traditional fannish activities I'm used to. (e.g. Weekly dinner/meeting at a local restaurant). *{Yep, the Perennially Impoverished Fan is an old Milwaukee tradition; and since we lost the venue at UW-M, we don't have a location for an old-fashioned monthly club meeting like, say, Nashville.}*

### Curt Phillips

Thanks for "V" which arrived a few days ago. I note with interest that in these times when fans wonder if internet fanac is killing off traditional paper fanzines, you have presented evidence that the exact opposite may be true. I've only pubbed apazines in the past few years but I agree that my activity of the Internet - particularly Trufen – has greatly increased my overall fan activity. I see from the initial reports of the Corflu attendees that this year's convention had more members from the U.K and it seems to be agreed among them that it produced more overall satisfaction than expected. As many of the Corflu members seem to have been some of the most active members of Trufen/Timebinders/MemoryHole as well, I suggest that synergy is once again at work in fandom. We may be riding the crest of a new fannish wave and from all the evidence, it's only just getting started.

So you've joined FAPA...congratulations. I hope to do that in a few years when I've settled into a new career a bit more. Currently PEAPS is all I can manage, but I find that I'm surprised that FAPA has immediate openings. I'd have assumed that it stayed pretty full. Your early intro to SF was fairly similar to mine except that

I was never particularly attracted to the SCA. I don't mind the costumes and swords (hey! I'm a Civil War re-enactor, after all) but the archaic language that I've heard SCA folk use was always a bit of a put-off for me for some reason. *{The SCA folk I know never "speak forsoothly" except as shtick; and I was the kind of guy who'd taught himself book heraldry while still in high school.}* I suppose I just decided that "doing the SCA" sounded like too much work. And if you found the NFFF in Tennessee, you must have known Janie Lamb. I never did - she had passed away shortly before I pulled my hitch in the NFFF - but she left a powerful reputation behind her.

As a suggestion for future material for your zine, I nominate bookstore stories. You love 'em, I love 'em - write some. *{No, no, my friend; you write 'em, I'll pub 'em}*

### Greg Pickersgill

OH, I did get **VdV**. Nice fanzine - good content but terrible layout! Would have been much nicer to read with more paper spacing, on four pages perhaps rather than three. *{I know, I know. Like I said, it was banged out on a Windows machine at Union headquarters to relieve tension during bargaining. Had I more time, and my Mac (and the software thereof), I would only be handicapped by my aesthetic limitations, which I am informed are legion. Dammit, I'm a text person, not an art director!}* But it was an excellent intro to a fan I didn't know. You sound like a nice guy! *{one tries}*

But BEAUTY AND THE BEAST better than XENA? Oh no. XENA is something I go out of my way to see - and deeply regret not copying every episode of. *{I cut my teeth on Homer; I know way too much Greek mythology and ancient history (and anthropology) to maintain the ol' Willing Suspension of Disbelief for Xena}* I really liked the first series of LEXX, but the second was dire.

And I just can't stand Red Dwarf....

### Derek Pickles

I wholeheartedly agree with you that "the seed at the heart of fandom is the genuine, realio, trulio fanzine." Since I unfatiated in 1991 I've received some weird and wonderful publications - the wonderful thankfully outnumbering the weird - the weird being despatched to the dustbin and the wonderful to my shelves.

When I fatiated in 1956 (health reasons) I thought I had finished forever with fandom and so, in a mad moment in the '60s, I sold all my collection of fanzines, at a flat rate per fanzine. Thirty years later I found out that my of **Slant**, **Hyphen**, **Quandry**, **Grue** etc were selling for ridiculous prices. I also sold most of my collections of **Galaxy**, **Galaxy Novels**, pulps and 1st edition Bound sf books at what are now knockdown prices.

I did hang on to a handful and a couple of years ago sold a mint copy with a mint jacket of **House on the Borderland** to a dealer for \$500. Why didn't I keep the rest?

I read my first US sf pulps in 1937 and began collecting British editions of **Astounding** and **Unknown** in 1939. I found fandom in about 1946 and became involved in 1947. I went to Loncons in 1948, 1949, 1951 and 1952. With my sister we ran a Andy con in Bradford in 1951. I attended Manchester Cons in 1952 and 1954. The next con I attended was the Mexican in 1992.

I published a fanzine - **Phantasmagoria** - from 1951 to 1956. First series '51 to '53 with my sister and then with my wife. Second series '54 to '56 with my brother-in-law. In the first issue of the second series we formulated 'The Usual'.

N3F. In the '50s I was the first non-American Committee member. I was on with Eva Firestone and Roy Lavender, can't remember the others and can't start digging through the dust heaps to find the four or five N3F magazines I have.

I was a founder of the Bradford Science Fiction Association in 1952. It didn't last very long as we lost our cheap city centre clubroom and couldn't find another we could afford.

For twelve years I was the manager of a wholesale booksellers specialising in sf. I left there to go to a mature entrant teacher training college. Taught a year and a half in a primary (7-11) school, then moved to a college of further and higher education where I stayed eighteen years before taking early retirement. I've been retired for fifteen years, or really semi-retired for the first five years when I was manager of an Advice Centre at a church community centre

I was secretary of the lecturers' union at the college - about 450 members - and we had great fun and games and alarums and excursions. 'Work to Rule' action days, of course the place fell apart on the second day when people didn't work over contracted hours and duties. Lots of heavy negotiations including redundancies. *{I've always loved "work-to-rule" actions because they tend to expose the absurdity of the regulations imposed upon us by management genius.}*

Personal likes, obviously sf (straight, not streams of consciousness etc), detective fiction, big band jazz of the 30s and 40s - I grew up with it! - and football (US 'soccer'), my team, Bradford City won promotion to the Premier League last year and are fighting like hell to stay there, but they are up against teams like Manchester United (market value of £1billion), my team is probably worth £10million.

### Hank Luttrell

Just wanted to drop you a quick note of thanks for sending your fanzine. I don't see as many fanzines as I used to! Both Debra and I enjoyed it. I frequently feel an urge to pub an ish, but really I don't have the resources these days, not to mention the time. It is frankly a hard life, trying to be a bookseller. I liked your list of favorite writers. I am truly obsessed with recreational reading these days. Not only do I read, I feel like it is my duty to promote it. . . and I like writing about it. I'm really only now learning a little about computers and the internet, because I've only had a computer good enough to run a browser for a short time. (Deb's brother in law was going to throw this junker out.) When I get a platform good enough to use the tools I'm being offered, I want to create a website where I can post my book reviews and little articles on books, publishing and reading.

Ever get to Madison these days? Have you ever had a chance to visit the current location of our store? I can't remember. It isn't far from the Labor Temple. (Just a bit north, and on the other side of Park St.) We are going to move again! During the month of April we will be moving another block north to 1021 South Park. A much nicer building, and much cheaper.

### Ron Bennett

Many thanks for *Vojo de Vivo* #1. Ah, the birth of a new fanzine! Always a joy. Always a delight. Even if one doesn't know what the title means. I could guess of course, being a language buff and, having lived in South-East Asia for a number of years, knowing how to count up to three in Malay. I *think* the title is something to do with the voyages... it's probably a very *short* voyage... of someone called Vivo. Maybe it's all about an episode of the Starship Enterprise which didn't actually get off the ground.

Good gracious! It's been many a year since I last saw in print the names of fannish Ghods like Roscoe and Ghu. Did you forget Foo-Foo? Or was it a deliberate oversight? *{Actually, I'm a Herbangelist myself. I never encountered as much shtick about Foo-Foo; just the name.}* I do hope his wrath, or rather his Wrath, does not descend upon you. Which reminds me that I once danced with Roscoe's wife.

Yes, Harry Roscoe, the Belgian fan.

Ah, I notice that you're a mind reader... that little note about the N3F. The N3F, I thought... and he's inviting comments... he'll certainly get them there. And then you come up with the remark about "ritual cheapshots." Lovely.

Marrying a fan at a Con? Fantastic! Great! (and similar for three or four pages) You both *deserve* to be happy. Long may it continue.

You review games? What thinkest thou of a recent Crystal Dynamics game called *Soul Riever, the Mark of Kane*? *{rings no bells}*

Aha! A clue! So... I take it that *Vojo de Vivo* is actually Esperanto. Ah, mi estas bona knabo! And don't come back with a welter of Esperanto, please. I'm extremely fluent in Esperanto, yes, but only in that one sentence (and the usual *vi estas, malbona* variations).

Are you *sure* you wouldn't like to learn how to count up to three in Malay? Two? One?

Hot jazz? I have a Kid Ory tape playing right behind me right now as I belt the hell out of my Amstrad 640k keyboard. Ah, my love Amstrad. State of the Art when I bought it ten years ago.

And, yes, I love Jonathan Winters, too. Used to catch his weekly show many yonks ago... in Singapore. I take it that the thing's not still running.

Yes, anyone who enjoys reading Bob Tucker, Dave Kyle, Bob Bloch, Rafael Sabatini and Fredric Brown can't be all bad. But no John D. MacDonald or Raymond Chandler...? Thinks: The first time I've seen Sabatini mentioned anywhere for about twenty years. *{I said it was a partial memory dump; I was weary, and 87 miles away from my library. That said, I am more fond of MacDonald than Chandler; the latter is sometimes too self-consciously poetic.}*

About the only thing you haven't told about yourself... unless I've missed it in the lengthy paragraphs... is your age. Or do we guess? How many tries do I get? Within what range of years either way? *{try page 4, last paragraph: DOB 1953.11.25}*

So... is *Volvo de Mojo* (or whatever) going to continue as a personal commentzine? Or might it evolve into a genzine with outside contributions? *{I've never intended it as a perzine, but rather a genzine; I hope this ish carries out my vision better.}* I'd suggest a nice 96 page weekly, something fandom hasn't seen for a year or two. *{But to do that, I'll need at least 16 installments of "Malay for Aliens" from you, by next Thursday at the latest; do be prompt.}* In the meantime, while you're thinking this over, many thanks for *VdV*. I'll look forward to issue 100. And all those in between.

### John Boardman

*{extracted from Graustark #706 [yes, issue #706!]}*

As someone who occasionally runs across another John Boardman, I can sympathize with a problem which Michael Lowrey, a gamer and science-fiction fan in Milwaukee, cited in a letter I got from him three weeks ago. It seems that there are two people of that name in gaming fandom. They are:

Michael Lowrey  
6903 Kentucky Derby Drive  
Charlotte, NC  
28215  
704-569-4269  
<Mlowrey@charlotte.infi.net>

Michael James Lowrey  
1847 North 2<sup>nd</sup> Street  
Milwaukee, WI  
53212-3760  
{414-227-3944}  
<orange@execpc.com>

The Lowrey in North Carolina publishes at great intervals a gaming 'zine, with whose title I cannot acquaint you because a quick search through the last several months of my files does not reveal a copy. (If one comes in before this issue of *Graustark* goes to press, I will print the information elsewhere.) The Lowrey in Wisconsin has just, after almost 30 years of fanac, publishes his first s-f fanzine, **Vojo de Vivo #1**. (As an undergraduate, he belonged to a science-fiction club at the University of Chicago; I had been in 1950 one of the three co-founders of that group.) *{But are you certain, John, that it was the same group? The group in my day (1971-1972 academic year) was highly informal, and had more an atmosphere of ad hoc than of long history.}*

### **E. B. Frohvet**

Well, fribble me. My first thought on receiving something from an unknown (to me in my ignorance) fan in Milwaukee, was that you might be another pen name of the lamented Lloyd Daub, who gafiated after the demise of **MSFire**. Given such an extensive and checkable biography, apparently I should assume that you are, in fact, you. Of course it's still possible that "Lloyd Daub" was one of your pen names... *{Nope, Lloyd's his own critter. I was one of the folks who voted not to continue funding MSFire, as the money just wasn't available. It's a genuine shame that Lloyd doesn't has the money to do a zine of his own, as the spirit was clearly in him.}*

Respectful greetings to C. Kay *{i.e., Cicatrice}* – been there, done that. (I.e. my first effort was also dismissed as a "crudzine.") To the dismay of some and the indifference of many, I am still around.

On the record, we have a few Worldcons and such in common: Atlanta, New Orleans, etc. I don't specially recall someone dressed all in orange, but at an SF convention that would not be wildly conspicuous.

It is not quite clear whether you intend to expand **Vojo de Vivo** into a genzine, though from the request for "articles," etc. this may be the case. Don't have any available at the moment, pending the offers to two or three other zines waiting response. However, I enclose the most recent issue of my fanzine **TWINK**. Unfortunately, the space allotted for fanzine reviews for the upcoming issue #17 has been used up, so unless a whole shitpot of zines land in the mailbox in the next two weeks, I will be unable to review **VdV** in my #17. Maybe a later issue.

How exactly would you define "old time country music": Bill Monroe, or Texas Playboys? *{The Carter Family is probably the best-known recent example. I mean the twangy genuine oldtimey stuff that predates (at least in spirit) not only the recording industry but also electricity!}* Moderns who honor it – I have most of Gram Parsons' stuff, and lots of Emmylou Harris, Ricky Skaggs, etc. Anyone who can listen to "Thousand Dollar Wedding" without choking up is a zombie. For some reason, Dixie Chicks don't do much for me. *{I like Dixie Chicks fine, but I married an Iowa Gal.}*

I likewise miss Beauty and the Beast, also Cupid which could claim some fantasy element *{duh!}*, and My So-Called Life which was clearly mundane. I also miss Bloom County; I had a number of strips which I had cut out of the paper, but either they were lost when I moved here, or are still buried in a box in the closet. Your taste in SF overlaps with mine in some places, not all.

### **Sue Jones**

Some days – weeks? – ago, I received an unsolicited **Vojo de Vivo #1** through the letterbox. Then I lost it. (You think it's easy to lose something bright orange? *{well, it is in our house...}*) It takes skill, Michael. I am extremely skilled at losing things in the heap of papers and unanswered mail, unlocced zines, etc, littering the living room.) Having finally rediscovered **V de V** today, let me first apologise for not replying sooner. I assume you sent it to me in trade for **Tortoise**. *{Well, not as such. I'd seen your stuff in Banana Wings and assumed that you'd be interested in a new zine.}*

**Tortoise** has a very small print run (even the current fifty copies is a bit more than I can easily afford to print and post). Therefore it is not strictly available for trade, but is sent out on 'Editorial Whim' and remaining on the list requires an occasional show of active interest in the zine. A loc now and then, that sort of thing. Due to the cost of postage, I'm afraid that is particularly true for overseas readers – I have nearly reached my practical limit for that part of the mailing list, and would rather that those who continue to get the zine are those who get the most from it. If I had a well-paid job, it would be a different matter; but my funds are very limited, and therefore my fanzines have to be limited too.

If you like it, and want to go on the mailing list, let me know. *{Ya hey dere, you betcha! I enjoyed it muchly. My LoC should have gotten to you long before publication of this ish of Vojo.}*

I wish I could say that I enjoyed **Vojo de Vivo**, but I didn't find a great deal of common ground. (And not just because the garish colour put me off.) I am not a particularly 'fannish' fan. I know it's probably wrong to

judge a fanzine by a first issue, especially when it is aimed at being an introduction to its author; but I hope for more than a potted life-history as a way of getting to know someone. *{Fascinating. I feared I'd bled all over the tablecloth, shamelessly exposing myself so that readers could get to know me. What sort of material, in your opinion, would have been more suitable (especially in the context of a self-introduction)? Besides, you've got me pretty well pegged: unsolicited, garish, and "fannish"; c'est ma 'zette, c'est moi.}*

So I think I'll pass up on future issues. I hope you won't be offended that I don't think I'm the right audience for your zine. I wish it, and you, well; but I can't see much point in you wasting printing and postage on a middle-ages Brit *{really? I hadn't known! What century?}* who doesn't know a good thing when it falls through her letterbox. However, I was pleased that you thought of trying it on me, and I hope that you'll find **Tortoise** worth seeing too. If you don't like it, please pass it on to someone else who you think might be more interested. That way it should eventually find its true home. I shall be doing the same with **Vojo de Vivo**. I'm sorry its true home wasn't with me. *{Well, that's part of why we read, to be exposed to other folks with different souls. It seems Vojo #1 was not your cuppa; nothing wrong with that, it takes all kinds to make a fandom. Natheless, I note that you had the courtesy to send a long and thoughtful LoC, and to airmail your Tortoise to me, even though I'm not the kind of trade you want. Naturally, I'm sending thish, as you have a LoC in it; and I'm agreeable to keeping you on the list for a while yet (unless you really prefer not to have your letterbox invaded garishly now and then) without demanding any purported "right" to drain your limited budget for Tortoises. "The Usual," like fandom itself, takes many forms.}*

#### Gene Stewart

I'm glad you've finally pubbed your ish and even gladder you've chosen hardcopy pubbing. Brave/foolish move...

Interested in some cover art or fillos or anything? *{Yeah, yeah, pant! pant!}*

And if the internet sparked you into pubbing, all the better – at least it's good for SOMETHING, eh?

Which zine did you get my address from? Or zines. *{Darned if I remember; my sources have been eclectic.}*

Ever considered joining LASFAPA or FANTASY ROTATOR?

If you're interested in the former, it requires, being an APA, dues to cover postage and (currently) 15 copies of one's zine, which is then collated and pubbed in Wurlitzer, the house organ. Ahem. Marty Cantor's the guy to write to, he being the Little Tin Ghod right now. He's at martyhoohah@netzero.net

If you're interested in the latter contact the current O/A, Charles Crayne, at ccrayne@pacific.net (tell 'em OLD 815 sentcha) and this august personage shall forthwith send a greeting to orient you to Our Thing, which is more than a bit odd even for fandom. *{Pray tell, how could it be "more than a bit odd even for fandom"? Can Such Things Be?}*

**FOSFAX** is in Louisville, KY, of course, and can always use MORE material to fatten it up... *{Yeah, right. Self-righteous right-wing dogmatism is a good part of why I escaped my native South!}*

Forgive both the sarcasm and me echoing what you likely already know anyhow. Consider it a Just In Case sort of thing.

I'm on a blueberry, and amen to your sentiments regarding Intel Inside.

Our tastes overlap pretty well.

Loved the partial memory dump.

#### Harry Cameron Andruschak

It was quite a surprise to receive your **VOJO DE VIVO #1** yesterday. For one thing, I am mostly DAFIA (drifted away from it all). For another, I know of *another* faned with your name, in the hobby of PBM gaming (where I am active nowadays). *{See the note from John Boardman on 'The Curious Affair of the Two Michael Lowreys.'}*

Three Unions? I am a member of one, APWU, American Postal Worker Union. I have been a Disgruntled Postal Worker since the year 1977 and hope to retire at age 70 in the year 2114. I do not wear orange underwear. In fact, now that I wear the kilt often, I don't wear underwear at all. Saves money and laundry bills.

I'll try to write more later, but I have other letters (including one to my Mother) to get out of the way first. *{Well, mommas have to come ahead of fanac, of course; no problem.}*

#### Mike Deckinger

Like you I am a fan of Tom Lehrer, Lenny Bruce, Jonathan Winters, The Committee, Firesign Theatre, etc., etc. I think we may be isolated, I doubt that many persons today are aware of these folks, or their contributions. *{The fans of all these are out there; look at the success of Tomfoolery off-Broadway, for example.}* Check out the several live recordings of Lenny Bruce's acts on tape, and the movie LENNY, for the definitive portrait of him. (I have his original recordings on the Fantasy label, love to replay them to the unprepared).

I am a MAC devotee too, currently manning a Performa 6360 with OS 8.6, and contemplating an upgrade in hardware and software, just as soon as Apple nails down its new innovations, like the DVD drive, for one. *{But there are always innovations coming down the path. We got a tangerine iMac for \$799, Ethernetted it to the Performa 6160 we'd been using with like \$30 of cable, and viola! An in-house network, and heartwarmingly increased speed from the chip in the iMac.}*

With a wife called Cicatrice and a father named Jim Dandy, you could surely have come up with a more inventive name for your son than.... Kelly!!!! Give him the chance to find out what it's like to go through life with a truly distinctive moniker. *{Well, "his" full name is Kelly Jeanette Aurora Lowrey! Our daughter got two conventional names from the families, plus something more esoteric, in case "he" decides that being a Kelly or a Jeanette is just not sufficiently exotic/fannish. We'd had fourteen years to mull these issues before an actual child came along. Also: my daddy hated his full name; he was many years dead before we kids found out he had a middle name!}*

You say that you've been a "spasmodic member" of MilwApa. What do they think of all the twitching? *{A jerk is a jerk.}*

I use WINDOWS software all day too, and I have no problem reconciling it with my MAC usage at home. I just feel sorry for all the persons who go through life convinced that WINDOWS is the ideal and penultimate operating systems, when a far more viable alternative exists.

### Roy Lavender

OK, so you got a late start. No need to apologize. I vaguely remember a guy is orange at a Midwestcon and a few cons since. You may vaguely remember an old geezer wearing a propeller beanie. We all have our little idiosyncrasies.

I pubbed my ish as The Committeeman, while Deedee and I were keeping NFF from total collapse.

It was as a low point in 1949. At the Cinvention, Tucker proposed donating one dollar to pay for NFFF disbanding. Since several of the fans I knew had found fandom through NFFF, I volunteered Deedee and I to be sec/treas for a year.

Which made her an officer before she was a member.

The zine was pounded out on a royal portable typewriter that needed a tack hammer stroke to cut stencils and mimeoed on a non-housebroken Sears and Roebuck SOB of a mimeo in a cubby behind the book cases. Not enough headroom to straighten up. It never achieved greatness, but the club still maintains a ghostly presence. Thankfully, without me.

There's more detail of that ugly scene in one of the links to my home page.

<http://www.angelfire.com/ar/macvsog/web3.html> or <http://home.earthlink.net/~roylavender/web3.html>

*{Actually, I didn't find anything on your home pages linking to stuff about the N3F; just Cinvention, and Midwestcons Zero and after.}*

Also my picture. The cane is no longer adequate to prop me up, but I put bigger wheels on my walker and still manage to get around town. I'm writing this on an ancient Kaypro computer, of which almost the only original part is the case. I'm using a WP named Webster's writer. It's no longer supported, but it does what I want and my fingers know the system. It's great for manuscript and letters, and very little else. *{That first Kaypro of mine ran C/PM and had the first internal hard drive in a personal computer, a whole 10 MB! It came bundled with its own clunky line of software: PerfectWriter (it wasn't), PerfectCalc(ditto), etc. Most of my early sales were of articles written on that beast. The things the youngsters missed out on...}*

I'll print this out on an Epson DX-10 daisy wheel printer (\$10 at the local Red Shield store) at the blistering speed of 60 WPM. *{We got an adapted teletype machine to go with our Kaypros; still around the house somewhere.}*

Meanwhile, my friend John is using my Micron computer to extend his internet business. The laser printer crapped out and a new HP color printer was cheaper than getting the laser printer fixed. That's progress, I suppose. You can see his mall at <http://ww.hotyellow98.com/masvsog/>

### Joseph T. Major

Unfortunately, you have stuck yourself between two irreconcilable factions. Group A believes that paper is, like, dead, fan, and the phat hip withit cyberpunk culture is the Wave of the Future, because it opens you up to an audience of millions and millions of nascent Fans out there. Group B believes that anything that isn't done using genuine mimeo on authentic twiltone is a fakefannish inauthenticity, to be disdained by anyone truly possessing the Secret of Fandom.

But is slash all that bad? It seems to have mortally wounded STAR TREK™ fandom, a consummation in some circles devoutly to be desired. You forget that "real" fanzines™ are the size of unabridged dictionaries, sell for \$25 and up ("The Usual"? Well, if you give it away, that must be what it's worth." and may contain as much as two sentences worth reading.

**Strange coincidence:** MidWestCon in 1975 was my first con. **Sad coincidence:** You talk about getting married at a con where L. Sprague de Camp was Pro Guest of Honor. As I write, Catherine de Camp has died

earlier this week. {*Actually, L. Sprague and Catherine [Crook] de Camp were co-Pro GoHs. She seemed a pleasant and dignified lady. We have since lost him as well.*}

So Inali came back with de Soto's expedition. Interesting, since a book I recently read on the expedition discussed his way of getting porters: 1) invite the local chief to a dinner; 2) take him/her hostage, demanding the service of his/her tribesmen as porters; 3) march on until all porters have died due to lack of food, overwork, etc.; 4) repeat. {*Well, that's overstating the case a little; many of his involuntary servants just faded into the woods when somebody's back was turned. Nonetheless, he was your classic arrogant Spanish explorer, and little loved or mourned. Inali had to be treated better, because his services were to be needed longer (and a potential convert had propaganda value).*}

Though the de Soto expedition has helped disprove all those vaporings about Prince Madoc, etc. who came to America before Columbus and built everything, since <sarcasm> those stupid Injins could never have done things like the Mounds or whatever </sarcasm>. Artifacts from de Soto's expedition have been found in excavations of sixteenth-century sites. Somehow, all the Welsh, Irish, Basque, Iberian, Phoenician, Greek, Carthaginian, Egyptian, African, etc. sea voyagers who crowded the Atlantic never managed to leave any significant relics – coins, pots, beads, tools, weapons, and the like. Presumably they cleaned up their camps extraordinarily well. {*Arguing from negative evidence is always risky. When you consider that most of these putative travelers would have been involuntary castaways, with limited impedimenta to leave behind (how many coins is a West African fisherman likely to have with him on his boat?), it's pretty weak. I personally, however, feel that the only way anybody can take the Book of Mormon seriously any more is by ignoring all archeological, genetic, linguistic and anthropological learning of the past century and a half; but try telling that to the LDS!*}

Oh, you speak Esperanto like a native! {*Sendube; kial ne? La lingvo estas denaske facila por lerni, paroli kaj aliel uzi.*}

{*Joe's original signed in Roman letters, and also in tengwar, which I cannot read*}

### Alan J. Sullivan

Thank you for **Vojo de Vivo** which is much appreciated, albeit in a belated sense of post-ironic modernism, or some such bollocks (© A. Shepherd). I bet you really wanted to hear that.

**The Internet...** Hmmm, yes, The Internet. The thing that's bugging me most, at present, is the way that fandom seems to be getting very divided into those who use the internet for everything (well, just about) and ignore the more conventional forms of communication, publication and general dissemination of information/opinion/etc that constitutes fanac in its broadest sense. Worse still, more and more often I'm encountering the attitude that if you're not on the net, it's your fault you don't know what's going on, and can't participate in things that range from getting involved with the running of cons to finding out which parties are happening where. What about those of us who are not on the internet? It seems to me that we're becoming all but *persona non grata*, as various people keep reminding me, when they can be bothered to acknowledge my existence (not that I'm bitter, you understand). {*Perish the thought, lad.*} It's enough to make me believe that e-mail really is for w@nkers. For this reason I'm always glad to see *any* fanac in hard-copy form. The internet is a great tool, and a wonderful means of communication, with tremendous potential. Let's just not make it a means of separating the Haves from the Have-Nots. Besides, isn't there a limit to the amount of fun a person can have *discussing* fanzines, rather than actually getting down to business and *writing* the things? Let's be honest: if for no other reason, those of us who are so inclined have a *duty* to write fanzines. Otherwise what are fans, fifty years hence, going to be discussing on the internet? Hundred-year-old fanzines? Let's just *not...* this rant was brought to you by The Campaign for Real Fanzines. {*Truly, it is a proud and lonely thing to have to fan...*}

**I Suppose...** Funnily enough, a lot of more recent stuff was (and still is) done in APAs. I used to do a thing called **Sullivan's Lore**, which was an apazine contrib, but I would also hand out copies, shorn of the mailcomms, since they wouldn't have made any sense out of context, as a mini-fanzine substitute. I eventually got so used to doing these little "single-sheets" that I turned them loose as an independent fanzine, handling stuff that just wouldn't "fit" in with the apazine. Hey, if it's a good enough format for Dave Langford's **Ansible**, it's plenty good enough for me.

**Who Am Us...** That is a very impressive SFCV, I have to say. I just did too many books at an early age, took to RPGing at college/Uni (and still do it regularly) and graduated to Live-Action RPGs in due course. It's much like the SCA stuff. With the Lorien Trust, I'm Borlund Qwatrow, Romano-Celt, fighter-healer, and under the Fools and Heroes system, I hight Ji-Nand Tonec, Guildsman-Scout of the 69th. It keeps me off of the streets, committing mayhem (and keeps me *in* the woods, and fields, committing mayhem, with other like-minded consenting adults). I do serious stuff too, though. With ZZ9 Plural Z Alpha, I served as secretary, and duly secreted. {*You consider that "serious stuff"?*} I did likewise on the committee of **Lazlar Lyricon II**. I was in *The Organization*, and I'm presently in *DNA* and *PAPA*. APazines include **Sullivan's Lore (TO)**, **A Fan of Wealth and Taste (DNA)** and **Do Not Adjust Your Mandelbrot Set (PAPA)**. My fanzines started with **The Screwed Up Letters** (a proper 'zine, with reviews, letters and so forth) and went on to **The Gerbil** (the single-sheet, derived from **Sullivan's Lore**) and currently **The Mongolian Jird** (similar, but with a furry hat and a



much higher sex-drive). {*Since I ride with the Great Dark Horde, naturally I found the name of your zine intriguing. I found a gerbil-fanciers' website with far more than I ever wanted to know about the fuzzy little dickenses. I confess that I hadn't known that the "ordinary" gerbil, the gerbil of quotidian commerce so to speak, is the Mongolian Gerbil (or Jird):* <http://www.rodent.demon.co.uk/gerbils/mong.htm> }

I'm a data-entry clerk for a mailing company, so work is something I live to get away from at every opportunity. Imagine 8 hours a day, five days a week, spend doing nothing but typing names and addresses into a database – without doing any of the interesting (and potentially useful, in a career sense) stuff like database maintenance. {*A lot of the lowest-end jobs in my Bargaining Unit of the State Employees Union are like that. Do you have representation where you are?*} With the possible exception of the C & W (my dad was a big fan, but I never took to it) I share many of your musical tastes – especially the bit about the stuff I may or may not have heard yet. Likewise the comedy. T.V. is a bit of a take-it-or-leave-it with me, although I enjoyed *B5*, and thought that *Blackadder* was excellent (especially the second series, in the Elizabethan period). *Red Dwarf* could be a bit variable, but was good overall. *Lexx* can scrape major lows, but it has its highs, too, in my view. Whatever may be said about *Xena* and *Hercules*, I still think they knock several shades out of *The New Adventures of Robin Hood* and *The Legend of William Tell*. Not to mention *The Tribe*...{*I never so much as heard of the last two.*}

**But What...:** I've not read all of those, or anything like. Mind you, I read a fair bit outside SF and the related fields. I'm not sure just when I stopped counting, but it was a good few years back.

On a saner (?) note, have some *Jirds* – there are far too many more where those came from, and I may have to start selling the surplus ones to Richard Gere for obscene purposes (unless I can foist them off on the Kipple Fairy). Must go – *rigor mortis* of the libation is about to set me horizontal – as usual.

### **Randy Smith**

I was particularly interested in your account of how you entered fandom. Like me, you seem to have joined the “tribe” and stayed in it despite circumstances which could have easily kept you away. Since the 1960s, most folks seem to have entered fandom because they saw a flyer for a con or a notice about a club meeting. You put some effort into seeking out fandom and making fannish contacts because of your interest in SF, your desire to relate to a community, and your early SCA experiences.

Your description of coming home from the library with stacks of books to read reminds me very much of my own teenage years. Our small town library had an SF section that consisted of one shelf of books, including Heinlein's *Between Planets*, Asimov's *The Naked Sun*, and Padgett's *Robots Have No Tails*. The main stacks included a large number of the works of Edgar Rice Burroughs and Sax Rohmer. I always looked forward to family trips to visit my grandparents in Iowa because I got to visit Ivor Rogers' SF bookshop in West Des Moines. I credit Ivor for first introducing me to the larger world of the SF and fannish community. {*Remarkably, Ivor was not at Icon XXV I'd intended to give him your best when I saw him.*}

On another topic: What do you mean by “a Baptist by baptism, a Universalist by ordination, and a Quaker by theology?” I am (understandably) fascinated by this comment. {*For those who don't know Randy, he's a Methodist minister by trade. To quote from an e-mail I sent to one R. Smith of Oakland, CA back on August 19, 1999: "I was raised Southern Baptist (full immersion at age 17); ordained by the Universal Life Church when I discovered how little respect the established clergy of my home county accorded the spiritual needs of [myself] and my age cohort; was at one time President of a tiny Metropolitan Community Church congregation; and now consider myself Quaker (although I would have been pretty happy among the 19th-century Universalists, before the U's and U's went gonzo)." By the latter phrase, I meant before the Unitarian Universalist organization ceased to be a liberal Christian denomination, and drifted into running what I consider a generic, to-whom-it-may-or-may-not-concern operation; God Lite, as it were.*}

I look forward to the next issue of *Vojo de Vivo*.

### **Cheryl Thompson**

I just retired from the university and moved to a new apartment. All of this cost me a lot of money. My pension doesn't even *start* until next month, and I just began training as a bank teller, so my outgo is bigger than my income. (“Blimey! It's bigger on the inside than it is on the outside!”) The only convention I'm likely to attend this year is PhilCon, in November. HOWEVER... I will be at the Millenium Philcon in 2001! I already have my membership (bought back in the pre-retirement days when I was still flush). I hope to see you there! {*Unlikely, with our current cash flow.*}

Fanzines and such kind of got sidetracked in the turmoil after the move. Part of the turmoil involved losing a job after three weeks and needing to begin job-hunting all over again. This same turmoil is also to blame for slowly the eta on my own ish. Hopefully, I'll have something to circulate (under the name, “*Stuph*”) RSN. I just came home from bank teller class about an hour ago and, since I'd much rather read zines and LoC than study my assignment, how about I do you a note right now? First off, I can't help but comment on the hue of your zine. So, you really do wear oranges which are this intense, huh? Brave man. While anything but a Goth, I often wear black. Perhaps we'll meet at a con some time around Halloween. ;)

I'm not sure where I fall in your taxonomy of fen. You list Tired, Old Fen, aging Boomer-era fans like yourself and the truly young whippersnappers. I feel like a multiple-fensuality: I'm older than you (born in '46), yet I have less knowledge and experience in fanzine fandom than some of the whippersnappers. I think I may also qualify for the "tired" designation, at the moment. On the other hand, I'm pretty darn sure that I'm not a spasmodic member of anything. Are you sure you are? Your self-characterization immediately elicited images of an orange traffic cone randomly vibrating in front of a keyboard. Now, I've met some strange fans in my time... Far be it from me to take a cheap shot at your ancient N3F membership, having weathered that one as well. I endured a round-robin for a while. I loved getting the mailings, but then The Dread would set in --- Arrrrghhh! Now I need to write a response. Maybe that's the real reason it took me so long to LoC your ish. Yeah... That's it! Blame on PTN3FDS --- Post-Traumatic N3F Dread Syndrome!

Re, the fact that you're the son of Jim Dandy. We may be related! My mother's maiden name is Dandy. Is yours also an Anglicization of the French Dandee', meaning "court jester"? Our branch of the family lived in the Maryland area, though some moved to Pennsylvania a few generations ago. There one of them met and married into a local family, the Handy's. Thank goodness hyphenated names were less common then, or we would be Handy-Dandy's. *{No, my daddy was named after his grandfather, who was known as "Dandy Jim"; my father, in other words, was a jimdandy!}*

Since that last comment probably wore out my welcome, I'll sign off here, just noting in passing that I also miss *Beauty and the Beast* and *Babylon 5*, and that there is a strong overlap in our respective random memory dumps of authors. Is there any order at all (with regards to preferences) in your list, or is it truly random? *{Truly!}* All for now! Sherry, the soon to be recently retired yet presently employed bank teller who's finally pubbed her ish.

### **Roger Waddington**

Many thanks for *Vojo de Vivo 01* (my Sherlock-type mind reads it as Esperanto, translating to A Way of Life) *{Bingo!}* and if you send future issues my way, rest assured there'll be a response. Hopefully, much sooner than this; which must be what they call Real Soon Now.

I can maybe claim a seniority in fandom, if not much else. My coming-of-age in science fiction was in 1965 with the discovery of the magazines (the cover of *F & SF* featuring *Rogue Dragon* by Avram Davidson still gives me a charge) and the discovery of fandom came a couple of years later. Like you, I had a childhood grounding; in my case, it was the disaster novels of John Wyndham (science fiction for people who didn't like science fiction) *{my sentiments exactly!}* in the family bookcase and the long-running radio serial *Journey Into Space*; the very last time a radio audience would be measured in millions. *{I never heard of Journey Into Space; care to enlighten us ignorant Yanks?}* Add to that *Earthman, Come Home* by James Blish and *The Stars My Destination* by Alfred Bester, and I couldn't go any other way, could I?

Personal circumstances: well, I'm unmarried, living with a widowed and pensioner mother, but the greatest difference must be that I'm long-term unemployed. And likely to remain so, in the current climate; of course, it gives me all the time in the world for fanac and the like (not altogether successfully, as with this LoC); but I'd cheerfully give it all up to be back at work again. *{My sovereign solution to unemployment among fen has always been a rigorous course of civil service test taking; but I suppose the Iron Bitch and her successor didn't leave many public sector jobs standing, did they?}* I have another life besides sf as a self-styled local historian, delving into the past of the country village of Leavening where I was born and brought up, just five miles from here. (Apart from three years living and working in London, I haven't moved very far, have I?) It started as a rainy-day pastime on my trips out, taking refuge in libraries and noting down the references to Leavening in their history books. Soon enough I realised it needed something more; leading to the current situation of some twenty-plus articles and transcripts, three of them published, and with prospects of more to come. *{How old is Leavening? Is it one of those little places which appear in Domesday Book, but never got large, or what?}*

My first – and also my last – major Con was back in 1970 in London, the year after I'd returned home for good. It was the annual BSFA one, held over the Easter weekend, and I left that a day early. Add to that, a one-day miniCon while I was living in London, but it makes for a sorry total. I sometimes think I might not have lasted so long if I'd been more in contact, seen more fans en masse, had a short life but a merry one; but I'd have loved the opportunity. Although I've kept on my BSFA membership, still crazy after all these years, and been a member of the N3F as well for part of the time. So I'm not one of those knocking it; in fact, two of my contacts then are still corresponding.

My first personal computer is also very much with me, and still going strong, as this letter proves. By necessity, rather than choice; it's an Atari 512k (not even 1 megabyte), bought back in 1990. Since then, I've seen computers go from 4mb to 128; seen those floppy disks replaced by CD-Roms, and now DVDs; but being able to buy an all-bells-and-whistles new model seems as far away as ever.

Of course, I just might have had enough for a down payment by now, if I hadn't been so determined to hang on to the magazines rather than leave them bathed in a nostalgic glow. Yes, in spite of my unemployed state, the big three (*F & SF*, *Analog* and *Asimov's*) are still very much present; there's also a lifetime sub to the British *Interzone*, bought in the days when I had money to spare. Actually, as much as the sense of wonder, it must be the sense of continuity. In those long-ago days of my first encounter, there were Old Master authors

such as Murray Leinster and Doc Smith sharing the pages with the Established (Poul Anderson, Philip K. Dick, etc.) and still finding room for the up-and-coming, authors like Joanna Russ and Samuel R. Delany. And yet it didn't seem at all strange.

You just might get a hint of some of my favourite authors from those names. I have to admit, I read sf far more for entertainment than insight, then and now. Although there's a partial blind spot, in my reading of fantasy. I came across one from your list, J.R.R. Tolkien, at an early and impressionable age, so the Ring trilogy has been the fantasy epic against which every other one's been measured; and as you might imagine, they've usually been found wanting. *{Damned rough on the aspiring fantasy author, for certain.}* Among the non-sf authors, Rex Stout stands out like a beacon. Before the latest clear-out, trying to force an infinite collection into a finite space (there's only so much room in a two-up, two-down) I had almost complete sets of Leslie Charteris, Phoebe Atwood Taylor and Rex Stout, along with umpteen years of sf. But when the hard decision had to be made, it was the Taylor and Charteris collections that went, and Rex Stout remained. Not least for the sheer re-readability; after the first reading you know who the murderer is but that doesn't matter at all, does it? *{Not for those of us who cherish the inhabitants of a certain brownstone on West Thirty-Fourth Street, it doesn't.}*

Anyway, that's part of my life; and I would like to see more of yours, through the pages of **VdeV**; dare I guarantee a speedier reply?

### **Steve Sneyd**

Getting yr fz I think solves a mystery – few weeks back batch of flyers for Daniel DeLeon, Socialist Party candidate, arrived from States, no explanation. Years ago I'd got FBI file on SF writer/poet Lilith Lorraine under FOIA, for a bio/biblio reprint of her work, & I assumed the flyers were some US govt spook squad subtly saying "We know where you are, you Limey nuisance," but presumably was you who sent em. *{Hell, no! DeLeon was a charismatic sectarian leader who took over the first US leftist party, the Socialist Labor Party. Now, many decades after his death, the SLP's remnants are still in his spell; and there are other DeLeonite splinter groups as well. The Socialist Party was founded after he took over the SLP. I've got no use for sectarianism or cults of personality, being rather broad-church and irenic by nature.}* Yr only 2<sup>nd</sup> US fan I've encountered has even seemed to know unions still exist – other being Mark Manning w. IWW links, etc. *{Well, Madison fan Dick Russell has been active with AFSCME and AFT, serving as an officer, on various bargaining teams, etc.; New Hampshire fan Scott Green is a national officer of the Writers Union, in addition to serving in his State legislature; there are others.}* Yr obviously far more dynamic/active fanacwise than I ever have been/will be – I've been getting fzs since '70, been to a handful of cons, in most cases to either take part in or organize a poetry event in prog, I have a timebinding link in that I've written a series of chapbooks covering use of poetry in fanzines from 30s on in UK & US *{interested in doing a summary article for a later issue of vøjo?}*, & I do my best to loc what fzs I receive, but that's abt it. Notice you were married by a ULC Bishop. I've got a ULC Minister's cert, tho never "practiced."

Do you speak Cherokee? *{Don't I wish! My grandfather was ashamed of his mixed racial heritage, and didn't even know what clan his own mother belonged to, which is the most basic information Cherokees learn about themselves other than gender. I can state my tribal affiliation, and pronounce and write the name I have adopted, and that's about it.}*

Are you into Hawkwind? *{Not especially, although I do fondly remember the concept album "Lucky Leif and the Longships" which I understand to be mostly Hawkwind personnel.}* I just co-authored a book on Robt 'Hawklord' Calvert, Spacerock icon, if you know any Hawkwindites spread the word, ok?

Postcard near-orange, anyhow. Best Wishes,

PS Weird to see • gone "official" as stamp – made respectable by being on Geri Halliwell's b/s, I suppose. *((This was handwritten all over a manila postcard with a cartoon on the back, mostly legible except for a character here and there, especially in the PS.))*

### **Sally Syrjala**

It is so cool to receive fanzines in the mail, even those pubbed on hot day glow orange! Many thanks for including me on your mailing list.

It's also good to see you publicizing the N3F. As past Chairman of the Board, past National Secretary & past editor of Tightbeam, it's good to see the N3F providing a springboard to the great wide world of fandom ☺.

Your reading list does not include Lisa Goldstein. My current reading is her *Dark Cities Underground*. I think it might be something you would favor.

Rudolf Anaya has also written some mysteries such as *Zia Summer* that can provide some mazes for the mind.

Cowboy music I enjoy playing as I roam the range in my silver Saturn. Sons of the Pioneers CDs and such songs as "Ride Ranger Ride" join with those of Marty Robbins such as "Big Iron" as my trusty Saturn carries me through the day.

91.9 WUMB is a folk radio station from Boston you can access through your computer. Today I heard an interesting play of songs. First was a song chronicling John Brown's history from Bloody Kansas to Harper's Ferry. Next was a song, almost an anthem, of the golden arches now circling the globe with the spread of Americana.

Once America lit her lamp of liberty for those yearning to breathe free. Now the illumination of the golden arches speaks of our culture. They almost seem to be the embodiment of the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

It is interesting to note what others seek out when they come to America. This weekend the Russian tall ship came through the Cape Cod Canal & docked @ the Massachusetts Maritime Academy. One group of Russian cadets opted to spend their shore leave @ Wal-Mart on a quest for American jeans, not ones made in Poland or China. This van full of cadets went directly to Wal-Mart. Another van on its way to a water amusement park had its course diverted to the Wareham Wal-Mart & a group of five who were to spend the time with a host family asked to be taken to Wal-Mart as well.

On this, the Cape Cod side of the Canal, opposition has kept Wal-Mart, Sam's Club & Home Depot from our shores. The Outer Cape has kept all but one Wendy's franchise from building on its land. The Mid and Upper Cape are dotted with such enterprises but not so towns such as Chatham and Truro.

A McDonald's in Yarmouth tried to paint itself red & yellow in honor of its heritage. Local bylaws forced it to shed its gaudy colors & go to a misty battle ship gray.

Here in the county that gave birth to the tales of Mad Jack Percival who commanded Old Ironsides on her round the world journey, James Otis the father of Mercy Otis Warren who is thought by many to be the true author of our Bill of Rights – are still being heard rumblings against these modern icons. Life can get most ironic.

One wonders how Tom Lehrer would have set these happenings to lyric, but then the Golden Arches "anthem" had traces of the tune, "We'll All Go Together When We Go" in it! Nearly 3 Billion #'s of Well Done Steak!

#### **Sean McLachlan {note C.O.A.}**

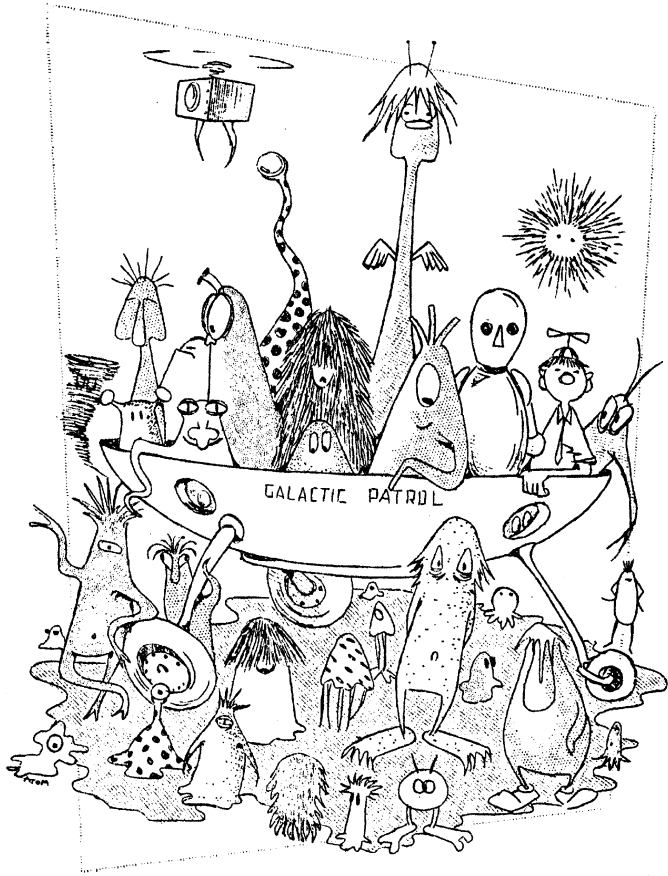
I've been on hiatus for a (long) while, but I'll have another [*Ichthyoelectroanalgesia*] out in August which I'll send along. [*No sign of it as of mid-February.*] Glad to see a socialist in the SF fanzine world. Will you be writing on politics? It would provide a nice balance to **Fosfax!** {**FOSFAX** again! *Everybody seems to be playing "Let's you and him fight!" The problem is that (from what I've seen) FOSFAX doesn't seem to respect the opinions of others if they differ from the Right path. Life's too short to waste it arguing with fuggheads. My late lamented brother-in-Christ Ross Pavlac, on the other hand, delighted in good, honest disagreements (and Heaven knows we had those). We differed, but he was always ready to respect his opponents. God, I miss him too.*}

#### **John Berry**

...[A]s you observe, it {**VdV**} is full of yourself, but that is really how it should be – FAPAites and others are now fully cognizant of the many facets of your personality and rugged physical appearance, and will therefore find it much easier to associate your wordage with a visual & mental image, as I have!!! That was a long sentence. However, I am stunned by your admission that you (on special occasions) are totally garbed in orange clothing. This would make you very popular (or unpopular) in Northern Ireland. {*Ah, yes; the Orange question. I am a republican in the Irish sense, a unionist in the American sense: NEVER the other way around! I love the color because I find it pleasant, nothing more. On the one (and probably only) occasion I actually went to the ancestral homeland, I toned my chromatic preferences down, for fear of being identified with swine like Paisley and the like. Every year I do, however, go to IrishFest here in town dressed from head to toe in orange. We start by attending Sunday Morning Mass (usually celebrated by an Archbishop or Cardinal) and taking communion (for God's church is one Church) and stay all day, me and my Manx wife and our pan-Celtic daughter. When the ignorant brace me, I give them my canned lecture on "Great Irish Patriots and Martyrs for Freedom, of Protestant Faiths." The lads from Irish Northern Aid (the U.S. front group for the Provos) don't even bother to rag me any more.*}

#### **David Redd**

...[Y]our "random memory dump" intrigued me – where was the sense in this random collection of writers/cartoonists? But then I'd like to see some sort of "then & now" in it. My own effort, if it's of any interest: Favorites: always Schulz in cartoons & Jon J. Deegan! Teenage: Eric Frank Russell, John Wyndham, Arthur C. Clarke (sf novels) also Capt. W. E. Johns, the "Kemlo" series, Arthur Ransome (non-sf), J.R. Fearn. Juvenile writers still readable as adults: Tove Jansson, Monica Edwards (a few borderline fantasies). Today: only read short stories, so: Paul J. McCauley, Steve Baxter, Sheckley. Throughout: occasional "standard British" thrillers by, e.g. Tod Claymore, Gavin Black, Angus MacVicar (his juvenile sf was good too), the "Sexton Blake" series... i.e. nobody modern or brilliant, just "relaxing." Apologies for scribble!

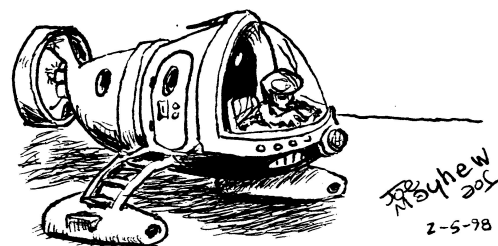


WAHF: Araya again! “Sandra Bond claims – this is a quasi-quote – that **QQ** is the brightest fanzine around. I beg to differ,” Sabina Becker, Sheryl Birkhead (*note c.o.a.*), Pamela Boal (who is suffering from RSI, a particular fear of mine), Sandra Bond, Bridget Bradshaw, Cathy Cupitt, Nic Farey, Ken Forman (“I think I’ll dig up my copy of Laney’s ‘I Am A Great Big Man’ ” *{please do; I’d like to read it myself}*), Bruce Gillespie, Judith Hanna, dwain Kaiser, Jerry Kaufman (who sez “I hope that you’re still enjoying Trufen; it got to be too much for me”), the Lynchii, the late Joe Mayhew (who sent some art and a kindly note), Alex McLintock, Joseph Nicholas, Lawrence Person, Mark Proskey, Vicki Rosenzweig, Yvonne Rowse, D.M. “Mike” Sherwood, Joy V. Smith (who sent me a large envelope with a brief note, but full of more-or-less stfnal kipple culled off her desk), Ylva Spångberg, Maureen Kincaid Speller, Milt Stevens (“Your background seems entirely improbable. This must mean that you are real, because a hoax would have a more probable background”); Lennart Uhlin, and Taral Wayne.

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