



Western Romance ##6 is done for FAPA and Fandom by Joyce Worley Katz, PMB 152, 330 S. Decatur Blvd., Las Vegas, NV 89107, in August 2003. Thanks to **Arnie** and **Ken Forman** for the production help. The lovely logo is by Alan White, and the rest of the art is by me.
Email: JoyceWorley@LVCM.com. Member fwa and afal.

Worley-Gigs

Speaking of Work

It's probably becoming increasingly obvious to everyone that my self-identity is greatly tied up with my work. I suppose most of us gradually develop that world view. I know it hasn't always been thus for me; I used to identify myself by my intellectualism, or by my religious (or non-religious) views, and especially by the people I knew and loved. I reflected their images and talents. That's not a bad thing. But as I grew older my intellectualism became more suspect in my own eyes, my religious views were ever in flux, and I could no longer ride on the coat tails of the talented people I know.

Changes in my professional life have kept me swaying like a sycamore in the three years since the Collecting Channel collapsed. In the last issue of *Western Romance*, I told about my life as a herbal witch, when I accepted a job writing about the efficacy of these mysterious concoctions. That didn't last long. (But the grapefruit seed extract I wrote about has lasted; I still think it's the best natural remedy I've run across, and Arnie and I both use it regularly.)

The dot.com depression has kept pickings slim for on-line writers. Eventually, as our savings dwindled and hopes shriveled, I began to accept that there is probably little chance that I'll get another fabulous offer to edit some glamorous on-line site for an exorbitant (but completely justified by *my talent*) offer. I accepted my Social Security, and convinced Arnie to take his, just so there'd be income flowing into the house. But neither of us gave up; he continued working on www.prowrestling.com, and I continued pounding away on every assignment that came my way.

JoHn Hardin, the same guy that invented this wonderful column title for me, recommended me for a regular column at the paper he works on, *Exhibit City News*, a trade magazine for the convention business. I write the monthly *Destinations* column, in which I discuss and describe the merits of various cities from a conventioneer's point of view. I've been doing it for six months or so, and have written about Chicago, Denver, Phoenix, Hanover Germany, Mexico City and Southern California. This month I'm doing Vancouver, with Singapore and Paris coming up. When it started, I wrote about cities I knew well. Now I'm exploring regions I've never traveled. I actually enjoy this quite a bit. Since I became such a stay-at-home, I've become a good armchair tourist. The internet lets me research and steep myself in the culture of exotic locales, and it's a lot of fun recommending the high-spots to the readers. I particularly like directing them to try exotic foods, telling them the ideal curios to seek out as souvenirs, turning them on to the top tourist attractions and out-of-the-way treats in the vicinity.

A New Direction

But something even more wonderful was coming my way, and from a most unexpected direction. Thanks to the recommendation of my niece Paula Worley, Patrick Doyle, the president and founder of Digital Endeavors Inc. agreed to look at some of my historical writings. I sent him the urls for a few pieces I had written for Collecting Channel, on Buffalo Bill, Sitting Bull, the Ghost Shirts, and the Oregon Trail. He called me back within the hour, enthusiastic and filled with praise, and made me an offer that I would never refuse.



**Six Tribal Chiefs, (Different tribes) .From left to right.
Little Plum (Piegan), Buckskin Charley (Ute),
Geronimo (Chiricahua Apache), Quanah Parker
(Comanche), Hollow Horn Bear (Brule' Sioux),
American Horse (Oglala Sioux)**

Now I'm writing Native American history for www.NativeRadio.com. This is fulfilling a life-long ambition; I have always wanted to work in this area. And, I'm delighted to be writing history; like many among us, reading history has been a major interest all my life.

I'm casting it as a series about "The Great Chiefs" and so far I've written about Black Kettle, Chief Joseph, Pontiac, and Quanah Parker. These are not happy stories; my nominations for the Great Chiefs are the ones who helped their tribes get through the horrendous changes they were forced to endure.

Most are end-game chieftains, who fought against the

onslaughts, then took their people through the horrors of the conquered. Quanah Parker provided some smiles, by his brilliant maneuvers that let the Comanche survive and prosper. But the majority of the history of Native Americana is sad to recall with little happiness to relieve the grief.

I have an agenda, of course, beyond just trying to keep the stories from being forgotten. I hope to show that there is no joy in attempting to regain the past.

No one is able to live as they would have 400 years ago; everyone's life is different than their ancestors. Joy comes from a good life in the here-and-now. And every moment given over to grief over what happened is just one more moment mired in shame and sorrow, one more victory of the evil that was done to them.

I don't advocate forgetting, but I do believe the wisest chiefs were those who, once they realized the inevitability of their defeat, adopted new ways and began new lives.

This is not a popular view in Native America. But the fact is, they'll never get it back, they'll never defeat the Settlers, and they'll never be able to live fulfilled and happy lives until they start trying for happiness instead of working for revenge or recompense.

Meanwhile, Back at the Ranch...

While I'm not directing tourists to exotic locales, or trying to save the Native Americans from themselves, we've been going through some stress on the home front. Now that we're both working only minimal amounts (or, to be more exact, being paid only minimal amounts) we are making a lot of changes. The most important is that we've decided to sell our house and find something easier to keep up. We have both loved the 14 years (since 10-1-89) that we've lived here. But it's time to move on.

Neither of us have been in the pool for three years. We seldom even use the spa, since the doctor warned me that it is dangerous for heart patients to sit very long in a hot tub. We get little or no use from our yard; I didn't even plant tomatoes this year. And yet we're spending altogether too much money keeping up the yard and pool. Neither Arnie nor I can manage the mowing or the rest of the lawn care, so there's a big bill. The long drought that's lingered in Nevada for the last few years has caused water to become exorbitantly expensive. Evaporation makes the pool a heavy drinker, and the grassy lawn demands much more than its share of the wet stuff. Our water bill was \$128 last August; this August it's \$183, and we're warned that the rates may double by next summer. The electric bill hit \$400 this month.

While all these expenses are soaring, our incomes have continued to drop. Though we're both enjoying our current occupations, we aren't earning much from them. So it's time to give up the house and find something easier (and cheaper) to care for.

As I write this, I believe we have found a buyer, and we will probably close on September 15. We're looking for a largish apartment or condominium. By the time I write next for FAPA we'll be settled in new digs.

Lots of the local fans have been extremely helpful in getting us ready for the big change, including providing tons of boxes and offering lots of muscle power. Stan-the-Inferno moved six months or so ago, and this has provided the incentive for him to unpack all his boxes and give them to me. Good Man! Su Williams gave me tons of newspapers for wrapping the china, and even gifted me with tape and marking pens. What a buddy she is! Ken & Aileen are coming back to Vegas to help us pack, tear down and lift up.

Ben & Cathi Wilson aren't helping, for the best of reasons—they too are preparing to move at the end of this month, to California. So that's a picture of my life now: A balancing act, between artistic happiness and financial disaster, facing huge changes in our lives, and carrying on with our basically contented lives.

So what have you been doing this year?



Council Fires

(Mailing Comments)

Fantasy Amateur Hmmn. I notice that I'm not listed as a voter, though Arnie is. We submitted our votes on the same day. Oh well. In fact, I agree that FAPA seems to be going the right direction, with more voters (even not counting me) and even a surge of new members. Robert credits the Internet for the increased interest in the egoboo poll, and I must agree. It's so much easier to vote on line. But, as far as the new memberships are concerned, I credit Robert for his good work in prospecting.

Steeleye Slan 65 (Tim Marion) Car-sized ice chunks falling off the Empire State Building? Midtown traffic blocks with no pedestrians allowed on the adjacent blocks? This seems surreal, as I sit in 105 degree temperature in mid-August. Why are you telling me this obviously scientific tale? Why is a Slanapazine in front of me talking about incidents of last winter and spring? Why am I not surprised that Bush pays no attention to "special interest focus groups"?

DVDs are certainly more compact, thus easier to store. But I imagine they're about as destructible as other media. I can remember when they said a CD would never scratch, never wear out, be indestructible except by fire or electronic disaster. For something indestructible, I sure have heard a lot of them with dings, scratches, and gaps.

I sincerely sympathise with your grief over your mother's passing. This is a rite-of-passage none of us want. And I also understand exactly your odyssey of opinion over the Robert E. Howard suicide. I believe that many people, upon the death of a truly loved one, have a desire to go with them, to go where they have gone. When my brother Ed passed away a few years ago (which still seems like only last month; the pain stays fresh) I wanted to buy a plot in the old Oklahoma country cemetery, and place myself there beside him. That passes, as I hope it has passed for you. But the grief over lost family and friends is unending. It reinforces the desire to believe in a hereafter; for the only comfort is the hope that we will meet again.

Big Cat #1 (Ray Nelson) Gorgeous kitty on the cover. Here's a peculiar thing. You mentioned the authors of the Berkeley Circle, among them Avram Davidson. I always loved his work; I discovered him when I was living a different life in Hollywood in '61 or so, going to the used bookstores along the Boulevard. One of the store proprietors turned me on to him, and also engaged me in conversation about other, like-minded readers. My ears rotated on my head, I thought I'd finally found a road to fandom. But instead he introduced me to a group of Spiritualists, including Betty McCann, the past-life reader, and I never did find any California fans.

Years later, in the science fiction section of a book store in St. Louis, I met Jim Hall and asked him if he knew about fandom. He introduced me to his son Dave, who became my conduit to fanzine fandom.

The very last letter Dave wrote me, he talked about sitting by Avram's bedside, befriending him at the end. And he reproached me for doing fannish fanzines, that instead I should do a memory book about you, Ray Nelson. Then he cursed me and said if I ever sent him another fannish fanzine, he'd have me arrested. He obviously didn't realize you were an icon in the very fandom he despised.

That was the last I heard of my old friend, until this year when I learned he died several years ago.

And yet, here we are, discussing him and Avram. Life sure does go in circles.

Not Good Enough To Wrap Fish (Marty Cantor) Yes it is. Thank you, Marty, for publishing the picture of Harry, and especially for the following page of Rotsler cartoons about Harry. I suspect the two of them are in That Great Convention In The Sky, laughing at them right now.

I like to remember Harry in the years when I was just beginning in fandom. His letters just meant everything to me...as I am sure they did to many others of us. Such a kindly fellow, so learned and erudite! He was one of the people who made fandom shine for me.



Feline Mewsings (Laurraine Tutihasi)

I am particularly fond of The Flying Dutchman, although it's been years since I heard the opera. Knowing this, Ross Chamberlain gifted me with a gorgeous print of a painting by him of the ship. It hangs in my office just opposite my chair, so I gaze on it often to compose my thoughts. I don't know why it has such appeal to me, given the fact that I dislike and fear the ocean.

Sadly, I gave Ross all my classical music in the last month, including my small but well-loved collections of operas. We no longer own a turntable, so all of our LPs are going. I was glad that Ross accepted them; at least now someone will appreciate them.

Selling LPs is an unrewarding job now. Ten years ago our rock collection would have been worth thousands. That's no longer true; the bottom has dropped out of the market. Even such formerly awesome music auction houses as Good Rockin' Tonight has quit holding auctions for LPs. Now you can't get more than 50 cents each, and in fact the local dealer wouldn't even take them all...just creamed the collection for the rarities. Maybe we could get a bit more on eBay. But probably not; most items seem to receive no bids at all.

I liked the pictures of the art in Orange County. I often think that the paintings on the sides of buildings, such as you see in many urban areas show more vitality than much of the fine art you find in museums.

That's particularly true in Las Vegas, a city not particularly known for its artistic qualities. Most locally-done art is Southwestern Pap, pastel sunsets and purple mountains, each so like the other that they are practically undistinguishable. It's times like that when I think back to New York and the wonderful street shows. I miss them.

This is a photograph of Laurraine Tutihasi's cat. I'm showing it to you because this one appears to be the twin of my own cat. In fact, it's uncanny how similar they are. The only difference is that my Flash Foggie won't sit still for such a nice portrait, so from now on I'm going to use this picture and tell everyone this is he.

A Propos de Rien (Jim Caughran)

What lovely pictures you have scattered through the issue!

I really do enjoy seeing pictures from far places, particularly now that I have decided that I don't care to travel much anymore. Now I anticipate my friends' reports of distant places, enjoy travel specials on television, get a kick out of the pictures.

There are certainly places I haven't been that I would like to see, especially northern Canada around the Lesser and Greater Slave Lakes (I read "Mrs. Mike" 13 times as a child), and most particularly New Zealand (to seek Middle Earth, of course.) But I know it's unlikely I'll ever take such lengthy trips again.

I'm like you, in that I grew up in an age when tattoos were not popular, nor piercings. But both are certainly in fashion now...I hardly know anyone young who doesn't have several of each. Ah, well...fashions rise and fall, and it really makes little difference in the end. There are still better ways to judge a person than by their body art.

As you know by now, we were unable to go to Madison. I hope you are able to come to Vegas in March 2004 for Corflu. Ken & Aileen Forman, and Ben & Cathi Wilson will do a good job, I'm sure, and we're all greatly looking forward to it.