



Littlebrook 3

Littlebrook: A Journal for Today's Fan is a fanzine published by Jerry Kaufman and Suzanne Tompkins (aka Suzle), to appear on an irregular and unpredictable schedule. The publishers' address is 3522 N.E. 123rd Street, Seattle, Washington, 98125; their phone number is 206-367-8898. Email can be sent to littlebrooklocs@aol.com. This third issue is dated March 2004. *Littlebrook* is available for the usual: a letter commenting on a previous issue, an article or artwork intended to be published in a future issue, or your own fanzine in trade. We will also accept in-person begging, the provision of a beverage, or \$2. We do not accept subscriptions. *Littlebrook* is also available on-line in a PDF format at eFanzine.com. If you prefer the electronic version, let us know, and we'll send you an email announcement when another issue is ready.

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Many thanks to Steve Davies, a true fan hero, for mailing and distributing copies of *L2* in Britain as he did with issue #1.

Bewitched, Bothered & Bemildred

by Jerry

It's been nearly a year, I know, since the last issue. A lot of things have happened, but on the whole they've been small, good things that don't make for interesting reading. Response to *Littlebrook 2* was friendly but sparse, people were not breaking down our firewall or door to send us contributions, and we just let the zine settle in the backs of our minds.

Now it feels like time, especially because I'm attending Corflu Blackjack in Las Vegas only weeks from this writing. I like attending a fanzine convention better when I have "credentials," as they call it in FAPA. This may be a slimmer issue than #2, but that's okay – we have several articles promised that would allow us to produce #4 in record time, as we measure time hereabouts.

As before, we made a few mistakes or missteps in issue 2 that we corrected in the PDF version we post on www.efanzines.com. (All hail Bill Burns for maintaining that site, by the way.) In lieu of printing an errata sheet, we'll give you the corrections right here.

First, because of my cute idea to run together several shorter pieces and save a page or two, I managed to cut off the last line of Lesley Reece's lovely article, "The Old Cold War, or From Russia, with Lev." Here's the entire last paragraph, restored:

Today, I pinned the chocolate bar wrapper up on my bulletin board. I added some Iraqi stamps I cut off an envelope that came in the mail. They're cool stamps, big ones, with yellow butterflies. I can't read the writing on them, but eventually someone will come visit who can read it to me. I know we have time. I can wait.

Andy Hooper's column, "Sausage Time," requires two changes. The first is that Craig Smith's drawing of Andy is a gross libel. The Hoop is still a big guy, no lie, but he is by no means fat. Clean living and lots of walking have done the trick, and we have asked Craig to do a new cartoon for the column. (As Andy is writing a new play for Corflu Blackjack, we may not have anything from him this issue, but just you wait.)

The second error is Andy's – he referred to David Levine as a Clarion classmate, but although they both went to Clarion West, they attended in different years. (See "Backwaters" for his complete apology.)

Suzle joined the Washington Society of Association Executives last year, which resulted in me wearing a wetsuit.

The steps in between? And the reason for the wetsuit? I'll make the steps as big as possible.

As a third-party administrator and meeting planner for a number of small associations, Suzle felt the need for some networking. The WSAE (not, she informed me, *ever* pronounced "Wussy") was the organization best suited. She decided that the way to meet people in the group was to join a committee, and the committee most suited to her talents was the one planning WSAE's annual convention. Joining it implied attendance. So we attended.

Last year's convention was held in Wenatchee, a small city a few miles on the other side of the Cascades from here. Its biggest claim to fame is its proximity to the Aplets and Cotlets factory in nearby Cashmere; it also has a number of wineries in the area and lots of outdoor activities. There's not much for a bookish fellow like me to do.

So when Suzle brought home the brochure describing the city, the convention hotel, and the schedule of events, I read it closely for "Spouse Activities." I figured I could walk around one day and do a lot of reading, natch. But I was riveted by one item scheduled for Sunday, just before the con started in earnest.

River rafting. Whitewater river rafting!

Well. Maybe I'm not *that* bookish, after all.

Suzle signed me up for the rafting expedition. I read all the information provided about things to wear, things to bring. I waffled and took note of newspaper stories about rafting accidents. In the end, I let go of doubts and fears. Anticipation took their place.

June 7 (the day after D-Day and before Suzle's B-Day) found us driving up one side of the Cascade Mountains and down the other. The highway hugged the slopes alongside the upper reaches of the Wenatchee River as it roared into the brilliantly kitschy town of Leavenworth. (Every building in town is designed, or retrofitted, to resemble a fantasy Bavarian village.) The river was white all the way, looking like a daredevil's dream and a beginner's nightmare. Below Leavenworth the road swerved in and out of view of water, so it was harder for me to get a fix.

We were booked into the Coast Wenatchee

Center Hotel that night; the rafters were to gather in the lobby the next morning, Sunday, to be driven back up-river to Leavenworth. We'd put into the river there, and float downstream for about five hours with a stop for lunch and Honey Bucket visits. At the end of the trip, the rafting company would bring us back to Leavenworth, and the conference folks would take us for one final drive downriver, back to the hotel.

Up early. Put swimwear on, then street clothes. Pack cap, sun block, towel. Gather as directed. I rode in a car with two other conference attendees. Pam (not her real name, but I didn't keep her card) from the Wenatchee Convention and Visitors Bureau, was our driver. She was in for the entire trip, too, being a rafter herself and big on the whole outdoor-life aspects of the area.

There are lots of river rafting companies in Leavenworth; ours was Osprey Rafting Company, named after the fish-loving eagles that nest along the river. "Our guides know the right lines, cool pay spots, and sweet hits for a 'river jammin' foam eatin' fun time.'" So says their brochure.

They certainly knew their gear and safety measures. We were issued wetsuits, flotation jackets, booties and paddles. My smallish paunch made getting on the wetsuit a wee challenge, but at last I was successful in my imitation of a sausage. We climbed into the Osprey van, a barebones converted panel truck with no noticeable suspension, and rode down to the river.

The rafts waited for us. They're rubber, with wide, inflated gunnels and cross beams. They're designed to hold two people forward, another two pairs in two mid-raft sections, and the guide aft. I ended up being the seventh passenger in our raft, and sat on the back end, next to our guide Chris, with my feet jammed under the crossbeam in front of me so I wouldn't bounce out. Our boat included two women not from WSAE. They were sailors on holiday, and talked like sailors traditionally do: lots of crude sexual humor.

Chris gave us a quick lecture on rafting etiquette and procedures as we drifted through the first, very calm stretch of river before us. We were going to be doing a lot of paddling, of course, and would have to coordinate our efforts at his command. There would be patches that might call for a single stroke, while others would need the right side to paddle forward while the left side paddled backward. I guess we did pretty well, as we never tipped over or lost anyone overboard.

Not every raft on the river that day would be so lucky. One raft "dumptrucked" almost everyone in it, which means it stood completely on end. We rushed to the rescue, but by the time we reached them, everyone was back in and laughing hysterically.

The river alternated stretches of calm water with sections that roared over rocks, around narrow bends, under cliffs, and down inclines that created huge standing waves, whirling eddies and great backwashes. It's rated as a Category 3, which is apparently halfway

between Crater Lake and Niagara Falls in intensity.

I don't remember the trip in detail, as much of it consisted of screaming while we plunged our paddles into the river, nearly in unison. I recall most of Chris' commentary consisting of, "This is a really fun bit coming up! Stroke! Stop! Stroke! Stop! Back! Stop! That was fun!" We saw an osprey perched in a tree at one point, justifying the raft company's name. Otherwise we kept our eyes on foaming white patches of water and the other rafts behind us.

I was deeply charmed by the names given to various river features by the guides. A stretch of mild rapids called Easy Listening was immediately followed by a rougher bit called Rock 'n' Roll that runs right into Satan's Eyeball. Hobo Holes was followed by Drunkard's Drop. The Cheese Grater was rough but the Suffocator was worse.

I can't do it justice, but maybe famous kayaker Clay Wright can say it for me:

Today the Rodeo Hole is kickin' and we're going big on past-vert blunts to the right on river right - there is actually a tube at the very corner to kick you around hard. Out on river left we're popping straight airs -air blunts, clean blunts, back air blunts, flip turns, and donkey flip/ air screws. Trinity wave is huge too, and some BIG air was had, but lots of workings too. Very fast, so kinda violent when you flip. Snowblind is chock full of surfing - too many holes to hit in one round. Too bad you can't walk back up! Suffocator wave at the end is now a breaking wave and we're hitting air blunts on that too. Working the "Macho move" downstream loop off a wave-train between rapids, and of course the kickflips are flying high too. Gotta go - second session leaving soon.*

One of the services Osprey offered was a videotaped record of each rafting trip. I didn't buy one, thinking that I would be paying a lot for a few seconds of my raft plunging into foam, popping out of whirlpools like a bathtub toy, and narrowly avoiding dumptrucking at crucial points. But later that evening, while we waited for the dinner buffet to open, someone popped their copy into the handy VCR, and I was able to point myself out to Suzle. (The Pintale Ale cap I wore, and my position in the raft made it easier to spot me.)

It looked like I was having a great time. That sure agreed with my memory. This year, if we get to the WSAE convention in Winthrop, I'm going again!✂

*Quoted from the American Whitewater website, <http://www.americanwhitewater.org/rivers/id/2267>

Hummingbird Blurb

Terry A. Garey

Many years ago my father and his British wife moved from Olympia Washington down to the Rogue River area, out in the country. A modest spread of a few acres and some woods suited them just fine, but as they drove around the countryside, they began to notice that almost every parcel had a name, usually involving the word ranch, and almost every ranch had something for sale: horses, cows, llamas, tractors, hay, chickens, emus. Signs at the gates proclaimed : River Ranch Certified Emus: BUY SELL TRADE, or U Rogue Ranch Prize Saddle Llamas: BUY SELL TRADE.

Looking around they decided that the most notable aspect of their place besides the poison oak was the large numbers of hummingbirds attracted to the many feeders they had hung from the porches and trees. Zoom, zoom, zoom! Constant air traffic. Constant photo ops.

Dad went to a sign maker and had him rout out a suitably rustic sign to nail to a tree next to the gate. Humming Bird Ranch : BUY SELL TRADE.

Oddly, no one took them up on it, so I decided they needed to advertise and did them up a flyer. It still didn't get them any business, but amused visitors for a while. Please note that at the time the name hummer did not popularly indicate the presence of a large gas guzzling testosterone-tainted armored vehicle.



Nestled in the wildflower-rich Oregonian mountains near the famous Rogue River, Hummingbird Ranch offers a wide variety of hummers to suit every need and every pocketbook. Phil and Irene Garey, props.

Our stud service is fast and reliable, our brood hens sweet and motherly. We specialize in Trotting Hummers, Quarter Hummers, Percharounds

and the Famous Morning Hummer. We also maintain a small stock of selected mustang hummers, for that close to nature sound.

SALE!! All Key of C Hummers 20% off during August. Start your herd with the basics. A mere four pair and you've got a Barber Shop Quartet!

Want to try the Key of D? No problem. We'll give you a two for one trade on all other keys (except the minors).

Rare Piebald and Key of B Flat Hummers now ready for transport. Appaloosas extra; not available as breeders, yet.

We are looking for Tennessee Waltz Hummers to beef up our stock. All reasonable offers considered.

See us for your special needs in corrals, barns, nesting material: nothing too small for our shops and smiths. Bridles, tuning forks, reins and bits: we have them all here at Hummingbird Ranch, as well as specialty blacksmithing for races and concerts.

Our Super Nectar and Gloss Pollen can make the difference between a Humdinger and a Ho Hummer. Super concentrated, naturally flavored with Chamomile, Morning Glory, Rose, and Fuschia, our Super Nectars contain no artificial colors or pesticide residues. No animal testing involved, except for the obvious.

Hum Along Records. Are your hummers tired of Gene Autry and Roy Rogers? Want a classical cant to your hummers' repertoire? We've got Stravinsky, Chopin, you name it. Also in stock: Big Band, 60's Rock, and Swing, and for those of faith: Gospel and Klezmer.

Send for our catalog now! The 1995 edition is hot off the press. MasterCard and Visa accepted. Cash seriously considered. Not available in states with vowels in them. Must be 21 or have parental approval. Our birds are recyclable and certified free of wing and beak disease.✂

Auctorial Insanity

Teresa Nielsen Hayden

Varieties of Insanity Known to Affect Authors

This one, above all others:

- This is all about me, isn't it—me and my books? That *is* what you're talking about, right?

The life of the author is a hard one:

- If I could just get people to read my manuscript, I know they'd love it.
- You must not love my book if you want me to make all these changes.
- My first novel took a long time to write, but now that I've been through the process and gotten my feet under me, the rest should go much faster.
- If only you'd get behind my book more, I just know it could be a bestseller.
- My friend can typeset and proofread it for us. It'll save a lot of time, and be cheaper, too.
- I got a bad copyedit. No one shall ever touch my text again, no matter how much it needs it.
- The cover doesn't look like I imagined it would. I must now do my best to bring Western Civilization to a screeching halt.
- It was somebody I've never heard of. What can they do to me?*

*Editor's note: I thought this might refer to authors who plagiarize from obscure sources, but Teresa's further comments suggested she was talking about authors who feel they can be rude to obscure employees of their publisher.

- Picking up a quickie work-for-hire gig writing a media tie-in novel isn't going to affect my productivity on the ongoing series I have under contract at another house.
- Yes—but when *I* do it, it'll work.

It doesn't get saner with time:

- He wrote that *how fast?* And that's his first draft? *Aaaargh!* He's the real writer. I'm just a talentless plodder who's put together a bag of tricks. *Alternately:* I'm not a real writer. I don't know what I'm doing. I just dash this stuff off. For some reason, people seem to like it. Or anyway, they've liked it so far. *Alternately:* He's a real writer. I just make stuff up. He writes from the heart. *Alternately:* He's genuinely creative—a real writer. I just endlessly rehash my own experiences.
- Oh my god, this manuscript is awful. Why didn't I see that before I told them it was finished? I can't show this to anyone--they'll never respect me again. I'll have to change my name and move to Lubbock to live in a trailer and work in a hardware store and never, never tell anyone that I've ever had anything to do with writing or publishing.
- I know I'm three years late on this book, and I didn't warn you that I'd finally be delivering it, but you've now had it sitting on your desk for a *month!* Why haven't you read it yet?
- If you don't pay me the big advances, you won't have any incentive to promote my books.
- I write brilliant sex scenes. How come you keep cutting them?

So long, suckers!

- I've set my novel aside because I'm working on a nonfiction book about *[some complex, recondite, and divisive subject where even the experts tread softly, about which I've very recently conceived an obsessive interest]* that will finally Set Everyone Straight.
- My last book actually earned out and made a few bucks in royalties. Why aren't you doubling my next advance?
- If you really loved me, you'd advertise my forthcoming book in the *New Yorker* and the *New York Times*.
- Your editorial comments are brilliant. I adore them. No one has ever understood my writing as well as you have. I am now so paralyzed that I can't revise the book.
- I'm tired of being poor. I'm tired of writing well-reviewed books that go out of print. I'm going to sell out and write a trashy bestseller.
- Why, when I sell this well, do I not get award nominations and prestigious reviews? *Alter-*

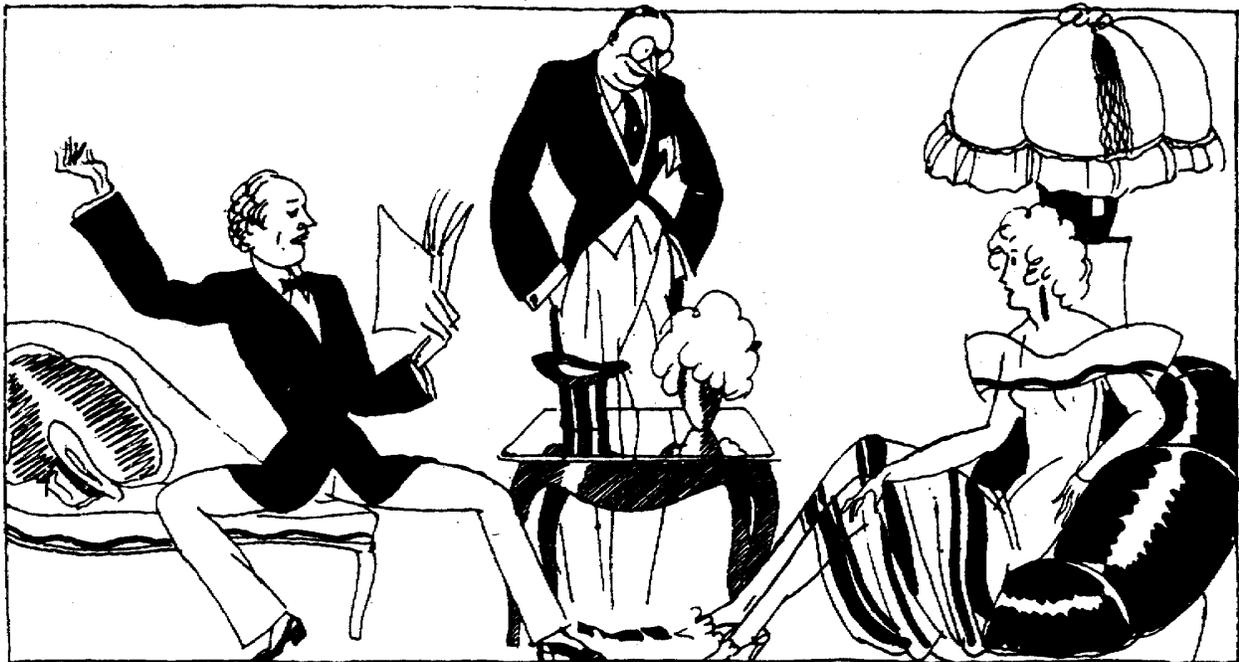
nately: I get all these great reviews and award nominations. Why don't I sell better? *Alter-nately*: It's your fault I don't sell better—my fans love me!

- If only you didn't insist on packaging and marketing my books in the ways that have hitherto made me a bestselling category author, I just know they could be reaching a much wider audience.
- I want you to publish my next book under a pseudonym so I can find out whether it's my writing or my name that's selling.
- I'm writing for an audience that doesn't yet exist.

And this one, eternally:

- Any day now, everyone's going to see through me.✂

[Originally appeared in Teresa's weblog, Making Light, <http://nielsenhayden.com/makinglight/>, December 23, 2003]



OH, MY STARS!

Andi Shechter

An article with A review attached

So, okay, I don't read much s.f. anymore. I don't get to conventions much either, darn it, and miss them, and my friends, a lot. But Stu brought home *Stars** from the library and doo-dee-doo I was looking for something to read and...WHAT? Stories based on Janis Ian songs?!

So, okay, I always knew I wasn't the only Janis Ian fan. I always knew she had a career out there, even if I didn't track her work as well as I should have. But s.f. stories based on Ian's songs? Could *anyone* feel the way I did about her work? Ahem, well, duh. Yeah. I was clearly not the only person, not the only s.f. fan who was struck to the bone by even her earliest works.

Society's Child, says the bio on Ian's fabulous website, came out in 1966; Ian was 15 (14 when she wrote it, I think, 15 when it hit the airwaves). I was 13. I can sing it *a cappella* and remember the first day I did so. One morning at school, someone asked if I knew the song and what it sounded like; I don't think they expected the entire song, but I sang it, beginning to end, barely stopping for breath. No, it wasn't *my* life; my mom never said "he's not our kind" about anyone, I grew up with black folks and white folks and lots of Jews in our neighborhood in Hartford. Mom was godmother to two daughters of a close black friend of hers. But we'd moved to a very white town, where there might have been maybe three black families. A few years later, I was in a high school that had one, count 'em one black student. And yeah, Phil and I were friends (my mother got to tell me the news that Phil had died on a camping trip on Mother's Day, when I was in high school. Poor mom.) And I saw racism first-hand in those very white people and of course, in the news, the world, the country.

*STARS: Original stories Based on the Songs of Janis Ian, edited by Janis Ian and Mike Resnick, Daw Books, 2003

When *At Seventeen* came out, like I imagine lots of fannish and non-fannish girls, I was stunned that someone actually *wrote* my heart. Sure there were songs about love and loneliness, being different and fitting in, but *damn*. Janis Ian's voice got me — gets me to this day — and she was just different. Different *good*. Different *right*. Just her and her guitar and music that sank into my pores.

So I pick up this anthology, pretty skeptical, because, well that Mike Resnick, he does anthologies about well, about *everything!* We've got a lot in the house because my partner Stu is an expert on alternate history. Me? Not very; although I snorted my way through *Alternate Worldcons* and *Again, Alternate Worldcons*.**

Oh, man, Mike Resnick. So many of Resnick's anthologies seem so, well, odd. *Alternate Tyrants?* Oh, sigh. The premises, the themes they offer just usually haven't worked for me. So... Janis Ian songs?

**Major aside: For the record, I helped create two hoax Worldcon bids that make an alternative appearance in these books. Also, thanks to someone — Allan Baum, Doug Faunt, Rich McAllister (or his brother Poor McAllister - okay, that was David Bratman, what can I tell you?) — telling a bunch of us at a Little Men's Aftermeeting that you could buy a retired aircraft carrier, if only you were responsible for taking it out of mothballs, I chaired the first hoax "boat bid." We were going to travel the world and eventually we'd come to you; Kilgore Trout was a guest of honor, as was Ted Sturgeon. Great site for room parties and a massive hospitality suite. Then I was, thanks to Joel Rosenberg (and his old lady Pomegranate) chosen to run Woodstockcon and MAN, we had some great parties on the east coast; two or three, at least, I think.. We had black light posters, and some GREAT brownies, fabulous music (I have tapes I made, with Jefferson Airplane and of course, Jimmy Thudpucker); some of us managed to find our crocheted vests and dashikis. One time we had a draft-card burning and at least once we had a drug burnout. ("Did you ever look at your hand? I mean, REALLY look at it?") Jack Halde-man was our treasurer; he sat at the entrance of the party room and as folks came in, Jack, who looked like the quintessential hippie dude, would hold out his hand and ask, "Spare change?" To quote Trudy the bag lady, "I got evidence."

Ian's introduction to the anthology caused me to grin. See if you don't have the same reaction. She starts, "This is all Anne McCaffrey's fault, because I was sitting at the kitchen table with Anne and her daughter Gigi when I first heard the word 'Worldcon.' 'What's a Worldcon?' I asked."

Those of us fans fortunate enough to have discovered conventions know that feeling of discovery. Those of us fortunate enough to have met our favorite writers at conventions or to have sat at the kitchen table with them, as I have, know that "oh, wow" feeling that you actually have met the author who writes what you love to read. And they're approachable, and friendly and want to share the fun.

Ian continues to say that when she ended up at Worldcon in 2001, after she'd been reading s. f. since she was 7, she was terrified: "Here were many of my heroes, along with 5,000 or so fans."

Yep. Know the feeling. Since I discovered fandom (via Trek fandom, thank you) I've met several hundred of my heroes, in s.f. and mystery. I've attended mumblety-mumble conventions (lost count somewhere after 50, a mere fringe fan to some of you) and have worked on at least half of those. My experience in s.f. got me to mystery fandom — a straighter bunch, in all meanings of the word (they don't *do* room parties, for one thing) but they're oh, so nice and so appreciative too — and gave me the confidence to chair a convention in '97. And to have the wow of being a fan guest of honor in 2001. Wow. And as Ian describes her stuttering and tearful approaches to all those amazing authors she met in 2001, I keep thinking "damn." See, if I had been at Worldcon in 2001, maybe I could have met one of MY heroes...Janis Ian. Damn. I could have offered her my story of how sweaty-palmed I was when I *did* get to meet Madeleine L'Engle, one of her heroes and someone she mentions. After being a fan for decades and meeting so many fabulous wonderful great writers, spending time in bars, and dinners and convention lounges with them, I discovered I could still gape and sweat in the presence of my heroes, and I'm glad of it.

About 10 years after meeting L'Engle at Lunacon, I had the same reaction on heading to the airport to meet Tony Hillerman, who was coming to town to receive Bouchercon's Lifetime Achievement Award. Hyperventilate? You bet. The best, like L'Engle, are truly amazing and humble and they hate fuss and bother and you have to act so normally. After running program for two mystery conventions, working Ops for a lot of Worldcons

and other conventions, I've learned the inverse ratio applies to most writers, at least in our favorite genres; the more important they are, the better they are, the higher they are in our pantheon, the more likely they are to be just plain good folks. And it's pretty clear Ian has learned that too; while she still expresses her utmost admiration for writers, including the major talents who wrote stories for *STARS*, and being amazed that this many people knew her work, despite many awards and lots of recognition in lots of places, she's figured out that they admire her as she admires them. So after that, you just have to let go and have a conversation, or you'll stare at each other forever going, "hummuna, hummuna, hummuna."

So does the anthology work? Yeah, it does. Like any theme anthology, there are stories that work better than others. You've got the real good s. f. stories that don't really match the theme that well and you've got the really good theme stories that only tangentially reflect the lyrics they were written for. My absolutely favorite story in *STARS* isn't really a science fiction story at all, it's by Robert J. Sawyer, and it's called "Immortality." Each story leads with the lyrics it's based on (closely or tangentially, a wide range) and the Sawyer story uses well known lines from *Society's Child*:

Baby, I'm only society's child, when we're older, things may change, but for now this is the way they must remain.

In "Immortality" it's 2023 and the door is opened and things do change, at least for two people. And damn, it made me cry.

I wondered as I read whether the stories had been sitting in their creator's brains, waiting to be sparked by something — a song lyric, perhaps? The stories are all copyrighted in 2003 and it doesn't matter, truly, but how could someone come *up* with this idea based a few lines of a song? Even knowing the whole song. And as Ian points out, in the 31 stories in *STARS*, there are lots of themes that are not based on better known songs, like *Jesse* (performed by over 35 artists? Wow. Cool.)

Jesse, in fact, was the inspiration for a brilliant story by Nancy Kress who turned Jesse into a brain virus, but a fantastic amazing brain virus, in her "Ej-Es." Not what anyone would have expected, I'd say. A surprise for me was Orson Scott Card's haunting story using lyrics from *At Seventeen* in "Inventing Lovers on the Phone," about a miserable high school girl who does invent one.

And one appears.

Harry Turtledove, not surprisingly, picks up on “Stalin was a Democrat” from Ian’s *god and the f.b.i.* in his story “Joe Steele.” He’s one of today’s major alternate history writers, so this is the kind of story I’d expect from Turtledove, and it works. There are so many different angles here, and no, I did not read every one, at least not yet (the book has to go back to the library soon). But with names like John Varley and Joe Haldeman, Kristine Katherine Rusch, Tanith Lee and Diane Duane, anyone can see this is no ordinary collection of the same old writers (these same old writers being some of the best we have, mind you).

The most amazing thing here is not that Greg Benford and Mercedes Lackey and Terry Bisson, to name yet more folks, found themes in Janis Ian’s lyrics. After all, some of her words aim at universal ideas and experiences, right? But whether the author was directly influenced by the lyrics, like Sawyer, or picked up a line or two and ran with it, like, say Joe Haldeman with “Finding My Shadow” using the lyric from *Here in the City*, it’s an experience in creativity meeting creativity. Robert Sheckley writes, well, a Robert Sheckley story that is odd and amazing. (I see from the author notes in back that Sheckley will be the Guest of Honor at Worldcon in 2005 — bravo for the folks who came up with that idea.) And Howard Waldrop, that wonderful talent, writes a fine one in “Calling Your Name,” using the idea from Ian’s song by the same name. Not everything works — I’m sure what doesn’t work for me might for you. I really like Alexis Gilliland’s work but his cartoons for this volume just didn’t seem to relate to the words he was relying on. Kage Baker’s story did not work for me at all. Also, I’m not a big fan of certain ideas so some of the stories just fell flat for me — but so what? You might find the story of Joan of Arc far more interesting than I did. That’s the strength of an anthology.

Who knew that Janis Ian was a fan? Whether she knew it or not, she was and I’m just sorry it took so long for her to discover convention fandom, one of my true families. And some of the things she just knows, her honesty and enthusiasm, her thoughts and ideas make me want to claim her as a member of my family.

I often listen to music when I read, although usually I tend to forget the music was on so that when the music ends, I’ll look up and say, “Huh, what was that?” This is the first time I have read a book that provided its own soundtrack. Since

picking it up several days ago, the songs have been lacing through my thoughts, entering my head over and over, reminding me of how it felt to know that there was someone out there who was reading my diary through the years. I love Janis Ian’s voice, too, so hearing her sing in my head, at least, was a great gift while I read. Of course, dammit, it also means I have to go and find some cd’s, since the records are long disappeared and it’s been too long since I heard *At Seventeen*. Janis Ian has had a much bigger influence than I realized on music and on our lives and I’m thrilled about it. If it hadn’t been for Resnick, this book might not have rekindled the interest I have in Ian, and I imagine that holds true for other readers. So apologies to Mike Resnick for past eye-rolling at some of what I thought were your goofier ideas; you brought Janis Ian into the fold, where she so clearly belonged for so long and you got her to Worldcon so she could find us all, and gave us this book. And Janis Ian, if you’re there? Thanks for everything. ✨

A Small Semi-Relevant Aside
from Suzle:

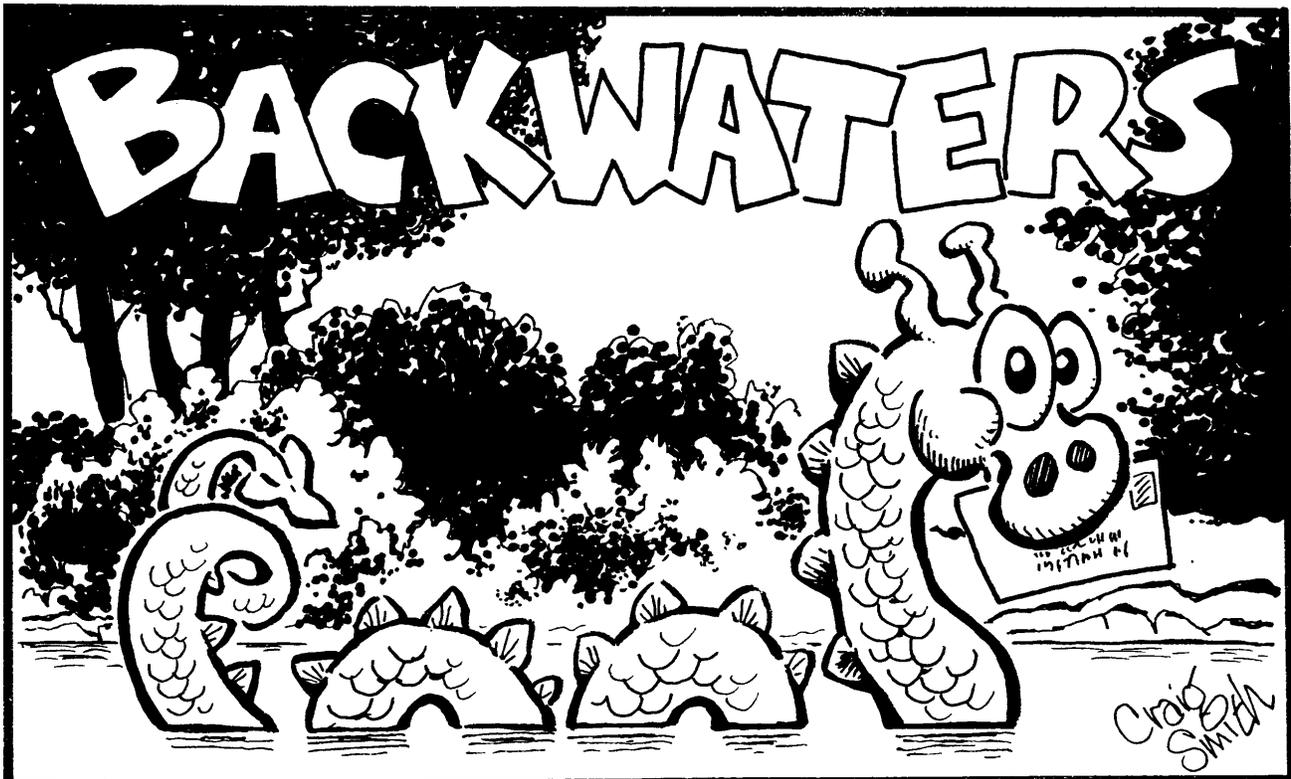
So, I was standing near the Lobby Bar at the San Jose Fairmont during Con Jose, talking with Jim Young and Neil Rest as we awaited the gathering of our dinner party (and a fabulous fan-nish dinner party it was, too, but I digress). As Jim went off to run an errand, Dave Howell, founder of Alexandria Digital Literature & co-founder of Foolscap, the literature-and-art-focused Seattle con, among other pursuits, walked up to us looking puzzled. “Tell me,” he said, “what do you know about Janis Ian?”

Neil and I started to fill him in, explaining that we’d heard she found fandom only a few years earlier in part through Mike Resnick, that he’d brought her to Worldcon last year, that she apparently loved fandom, and was at Con Jose, appearing on a few panels, etc., as best we could.

Dave continued looking puzzled and said, “No! Who **is** Janis Ian?” Neil and I exchanged chagrined and mildly horrified looks, and attempted to explain to our 30-something friend who, in fact, Janis Ian is. In retrospect, I realized that there was no reason that he should know who she was; (I’d be more appalled if it were Joan Baez or Joni Mitchell, who remained more high profile.)

Dave will get a copy of this zine, and Andi’s article is a far better explanation.

- SVT



Andy Hooper

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I'm sitting here reading Jerry and Suzle's latest fanzine *Littlebrook*, which features my review of issues of *Bento* and *Banana Wings*, and I'm just absolutely horrified to see a mistake I've allowed them to copy hundreds of times. I meant to make some clever aside about David's Clarion workshop experiences and my own, and say that he wouldn't have been the best writer named "David" in my class, because of how strong David Marusek was in my Clarion West year -- the latter sold one of his workshop stories to *Playboy* right after we finished. But in the numerous re-writes that I gave the piece, I apparently changed the sentence to say David was a classmate, which must sadly fall into the category of wishful thinking. If only I were Class of 2000 like David, instead of a perpetually disappointed fossil from 1992.... the sentence does scan much better this way, but has the drawback of being entirely fictional. And then I reinforce that impression by talking about David's major successes since his Clarion West summer in such shorthand that I seem to presume to comment directly on his "improvement," since his workshop experience of "ten years ago." Arrrghh! "Ten years ago" fits neither of us, actually. And this replaces a paragraph which directly praised "Nucleon" instead of this arrogant drivel, but which has now disappeared entirely from human ken.

Apparently, I cut and pasted something I should not, and I think Carrie "corrected" a disagreement in tense when proofreading the piece for me. I failed to catch the mistake after six or seven readings...perhaps this is a unique opportunity to create an alternate history of Clarion West, where David and I shared a class with

Sam Clemens, Jacqueline Lichtenberg and Italo Calvino, but I'll hasten to correct the error to anyone who brings it up.

I am even more sensitive to this error because my review is in some ways critical of David's involvement with the Writers of the Future Program, although my criticism is far more directed at the program's sponsors than at David. I want to apologize in advance for any discomfort my opinions and comments may cause, and I am deeply chagrined to compound this potentially hurtful impression with a stupid factual mistake of this nature. And I thought I should forestall any question that I am actually demented, and believe myself to be David's Clarion West classmate.

I apologize sincerely to everyone for this lamentable mistake. But now, Jerry and Suzle are forced to publish at least once more so I can issue my correction. And a third *Littlebrook* is a fine thing to look forward to. [3/30/03]

Brad W. Foster

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Just a few lines to let you know *Littlebrook* #2 arrived in fine shape last week. I was pleased to see you run the "Radio Randy" toon, I'm particularly proud of that one... and surprised to see the somewhat enlarged fillo on page 6. Sometimes these unused fillos float around so long I lose track of where they originally went, and get surprised when they show up in print.

I appreciated Andy's comments around the Writers of the Future stuff in his review of *Bento*. It pretty much encapsulates my own mixed feelings on all

the Bridge projects, and the Artist/Writer of Future things better than I could ever put into words. Indeed, I've just avoided commenting on it if at all possible whenever the subject came up. Thanks, Andy.

And thanks to Stiles for making me laugh out loud, and for quite sometime, when I flipped to the back cover and saw his final toon there. Still giggle even now when I look at that! [4/17/03]

Don D'Amassa

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Nice to see an actual real physical fanzine. I think it's been a couple of years since the last one showed up in my mailbox. Sometimes the days of mimeographs and collation parties seems like something I read about rather than participated in.

I too am a devoted Buffy fan, and as such should point out that Joseph Nicholas is incorrect about what he thinks is a contradiction. No new slayer would have been called when Buffy died fighting Glory. When she died the first time, Kendra was called. Kendra was the active slayer until she died, and Faith was called. Since Faith is still alive, she's the active slayer until she dies. Not that there aren't contradictions, but Whedon's been pretty consistent on that point. [4/18/03]

{I, too, thought this was a contradiction. Now that *Buffy* has runs its course, we know that every young woman might be a Slayer, and there are no contradictions left. *Jerry*}

Henry L. Welch

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Despite the opportunity to read and get other useful stuff done I don't think I could routinely handle a nearly two hour commute. I have on occasion been known to take the shuttle one-way into work, which ends up taking about 30 minutes. I have tried to read but vibration can be a problem and then I typically end up napping because I had to get up too early to make their schedule rather than mine. If the schedule was more accommodating to my flexible schedule I'd probably use it more often, especially since it costs about the same as my gas to make the drive.

In regard to Red Green and his comments on my more manly chipper/shredder I suspect that he'd lament the lack of duct tape in its construction. [4/26/03]

Cy Chauvin

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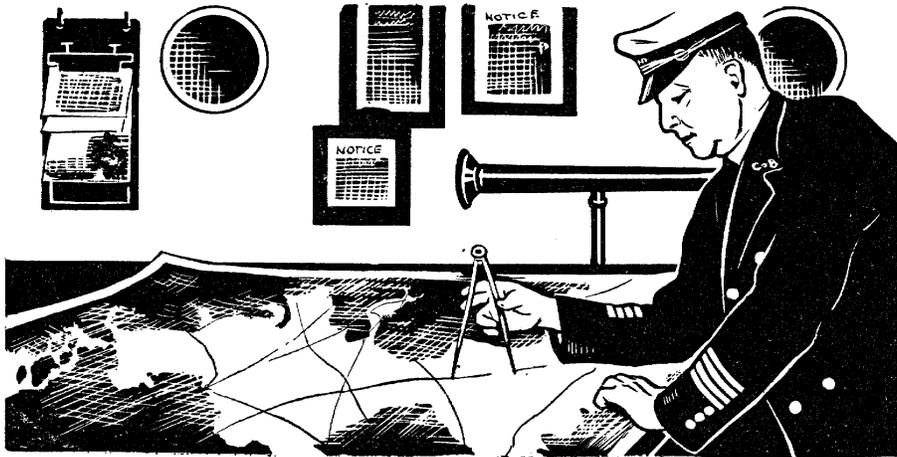
Thanks for sending me your fanzines. I'm especially sorry not to have responded to #1 before now;

Jerry handed it to me in San Jose, and I read it eagerly in the airport while waiting to go home. And then to find myself mentioned in Jerry's comments about Peter Robert's TAFF report! The only amusing anecdote I can add about the Detroit visit was Peter warning me about a possible phone call. "A female fan may call from Minneapolis to check up on me", and after I acted puzzled by this, he added, "To make sure my trip is going okay." I don't think I believed him, and then later (after you and Peter had gone to the university center) a woman called and asked for Peter. "Oh, you must be the one who is calling up and checking up on Peter everywhere," I said, in my most diplomatic manner. "Just tell him Joyce Scrivner called..."! she said. I never imagined I would ever meet Joyce and become good friends with her!

I wished I had gone to see "The Gleaners & I," that Luke McGuff reviews; it was shown at the Art Institute Film Theater. He makes it sound quite interesting. There is an organization in Detroit called "Gleaners," which collects surplus food from restaurants, manufacturers, etc., and distributes it to other non-profit agencies, churches and homeless shelter in the area, so the term (in one narrow sense) was known to me. {{At one time when I was a member of Meeting Professionals Int'l., I was on the committee that founded Seattle's Table, a food reclamation program that moved legally edible, unused food from hotel and restaurant kitchens throughout the area to programs such as you've mentioned above. In some cases, hotel kitchens would even cook up extra food to go out to this program. The feeling of actually being able to do something, however small, to help is the thing I miss the most about not being able to remain an MPI member. *Suzle*}}

It does seem there is a lot of waste in America, and that some people could indeed live on what other people throw away. I've seen people collect bottles for deposit returns. I have 'gleaned' old wooden chairs, which I've repaired for myself or others – it has become almost an addictive hobby, with broken chair parts in the basement waiting for other parts to be found so they can be repaired. I knew someone who was a house sitter for Habitat for Humanity – she house-sat (to prevent break-ins for houses under renovations) and gleaned free housing, but always had to move after the house became renovated. Actually, I think the idea Luke might be reaching for at the end of his article is this: gleaning can make you realize that the world is rich, if you just subtly change your definition of wealth and riches.

I gave you (Jerry) a copy of *A Few Green Leaves* at the Worldcon. What I wish I had acknowledged in that fanzine, Jerry, is your idea, that fanzines are gifts, that fandom itself is a gift exchanging society. I never forgot that editorial in which you described that idea, and I prepared that reprise apazine with your idea in mind, as a gift to give at Worldcon. Thanks again, Jerry and Suzle. [5/9/2003]



Milt Stevens

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In *Littlebrook #2*, you mention the on-line version. I hadn't thought about there being an on-line version when I wrote my last letter. For that version, would you please leave out my street address? I'm not terribly paranoid about circulating my street address, but there is no point in publicizing it to the whole world. I've only had one sort of strange occurrence because of my address appearing on-line. You see, there is another Milt Stevens. If you do a Google search you will find his website. I know of him only as The Trombone Playing Man. A couple of years ago, someone was looking for The Trombone Playing Man and found my address by mistake. In a fictional universe, The Trombone Playing Man would have turned out to be an international terrorist, and men in black would have appeared immediately to chase me all over the countryside and possibly try throwing me off Mt. Rushmore monument. Fortunately, I don't live in a fictional universe, so I just received an invitation to his high school reunion.

Unlike Lesley Reece, I don't think I've ever met anyone who was terribly concerned about Russians qua Russians. Even growing up in the coldest parts of the Cold War, I never really thought the average Russian was likely to be any worse than the average American. I imagined they were much more concerned with their jobs and their families than in conquering the world for Communism.

When I was in the Navy we weren't actually at war with the Russians, although they were always around our operations in the Gulf of Tonkin. I was on an aircraft carrier, and carriers usually operate with a screen of between one and maybe half a dozen destroyers. There is doctrine as to where destroyers are to position themselves based on the number of destroyers in the screen. We usually operated with two destroyers in our screen. When a Russian trawler appeared they would drop into the third slot and follow our signals as if they were one of our destroyers. It was quite obvious that they knew our signal book as well if not better than we

did. In international waters, there are no rules against what the Russians were doing. There was one occasion when one of our people (a pilot) got a little upset with what the Russians were doing. He wanted to do something about the damned commies, so he decided to try shooting at the trawler with his revolver. His squadron mates had to sit on him and explain why that wouldn't be nice.

Unlike Andy Hooper, I'm not the least bit disturbed about the commercial activities of the Church of Scientology. Even many of the

old robber barons eventually became well known for their philanthropy. That doesn't mean I'd sell out to the Scientologists for a mere trip to Hollywood. After all, that would only represent a couple dollars worth of gas, and I have higher standards than that. I have spent quite a few years working in Hollywood. If there is any glamour left in the place, it seems to have eluded me. [5/9/04]

Eli Cohen

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What? *Littlebrook 2* already? But I was just getting around to a loc for #1! How long will you be able to keep up this frenetic publishing pace? I mean, 2 issues in less than a year – I guess that's what we call Internet time :-)

I found Jerry's commute description interesting. I currently have a (much less interesting) hour-and-a-half commute to Greenwich, CT. (Last November I was laid off, after 17 years, from my job at a computer consulting company. Fortunately, I was able to get a job with one of our clients, a brokerage firm called Weeden & Co. Unfortunately, they're located in Greenwich.) I used to take the subway to Grand Central Station and cross the street to my office in the Lincoln Building. Now I go from the subway to a Metro North train ride, and then walk half-a-mile from the train station. (As Bill Cosby would say, "Half-a-mile. Uphill. In the snow. Both ways!") I find it ironic (he says, nursing his frostbite) that this past winter was the coldest and snowiest in the last 7 years. Since the view from my train is much less fascinating than from Jerry's ferry, I mostly read. The closest I come to wildlife is the "hunting licenses available" sign in the sporting goods store I pass on my way to work. Not a sign I ever recall seeing in mid-Manhattan....

I really appreciate your sending me *Littlebrook*. I was surprised at how many familiar names I saw in your lettercol. My current connection to fandom is so tenuous, the only fanac I can think of recently is John Douglas coming to our Seder. But it seems like a lot of the old-timers are still hanging in there.

And speaking of old-timers, I have to say how

sorry I was to hear of the death of Harry Warner, Jr. He loosed the very first fanzine I ever produced, and many of the rest, as he did for countless other faneds. And despite the unbelievable volume he produced, his letters were always well-written, interesting, and quotable. I'm sad that he is gone.

Suzle's note about "e-stencilling" was striking. I suppose in some sense it was one of the first incursions of really sophisticated technology into fanzine production. I mean, a Gestetner 460 was pretty sophisticated, but wasn't it still the same basic technology as a hand-cranked duplicator? Which could trace its ink-from-a-template-onto-paper concept back to Gutenberg? But electronic stencilling, now there's a real 20th Century concept! Only a few hops away from e-mail, e-commerce, and Ebay – where you can probably find a Gestetner for sale.[5/11/03]

{{ Back in the oh so modern '60s, A.B. Dick would proudly show off how high tech and easy to use their new mimeos and e-stencillers were by having demonstrations done by women wearing white gloves and supposedly keeping them white. While I did demonstrate my share of mimeos for my family's A.B. Dick distributorship, I could barely keep from getting ink on my face while running a mimeo, let alone my hands, so no white gloves for me. *Suzle*}}

Randy Byers

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I wanted to write to let you know that I'm really enjoying *Littlebrook*, which has a nice feel of quiet excellence in the two issues so far. It's like you guys know what you're doing! It's like practice makes perfect! The design seems very clean and classical, and I like your drop caps too. Good artwork throughout. I especially like Craig [Smith]'s sea serpent. I'm not sure what to make of the Brad Foster piece in the middle of my article. Weird serendipity, or was it commissioned?

{{ Weird serendipity, that's all. Check the date on the drawing. *Jerry*}}

Jerry, it's true that your version of my platform was better than my own. The obvious solution to the conundrum would have been to ask you to nominate me, and I counsel future TAFF candidates to ask people to write a sample platform before asking them for a nomination. In any event, thanks again for the egoboo in yours. I'm afraid my family won't get over themselves now that they know they're a pack of itinerant philosophers. (But it's true that my parents are moving again.)

Elsewhere, Andy looks to be grasping for cover when he tries to pin his disillusionment with SF on L. Ron. He's just losing interest in the genre like many other people do as they get older. He'll be addicted to mysteries

before he knows it. Not to mention Georgette Heyer.

Okay, now down to brass tacks and hard-bitten analysis. The real problem with your zine is that it's too much like *Chunga!* This Seattle fanzine renaissance is beginning to look like the same six writers and two artists recycling the same stuff for different venues. Surely there's more talent than that here! Where are the hungry young writers and artists? Why, when I was a young fan ... I didn't write for fanzines. And I didn't live in Seattle. [5/19/04]

Lloyd Penney

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Well, Randy Byers did indeed win TAFF, and I am looking forward to his trip report. I am happy to report that for the first time, CUFF had a runoff between three candidates, and the deadline for voting is not far off, so now I really feel that CUFF has finally made it to the so-called fan fund big leagues. I am also eager to hear more about Guy and Rosy Lillian's DUFF trip. I think it's a sign of resurgence in fan fund popularity when it seems that most fanzines are talking about them.

Great article from Lesley Reece... Yvonne deals with some mad Russians where she works. Her company, OpTech, hired many of the Russian technicians and scientists who maintained the old Mir space station, and she's had to teach some of them about the basics of capitalism, like bank accounts and credit cards. She's become their lifeline to understanding their new home. Were the last few lines of this article cut off?



{{Yes. See my editorial or the corrected version at eFanzines.com for the complete final paragraph. Jerry}}

I hope Stu Shiffman and Andi Shechter may be inclined to come to Toronto next year...in 2004, the Bouchercon, or World Mystery Convention will be here, and now that these conventions have become fairly large in comparison to the last time Bouchercon was here (1992), it will be held at the Royal York Hotel and Toronto Convention Centre, where Torcon 3 will be this Labour Day.

My loc...I do have an air conditioner, Suzle, but it's in the living room, not the bedroom. I get plenty of white noise any time I want (I live right beside Highway 427, the big north-south highway in Toronto's west end), but insomnia still continues. I've gotten rid of the rotten job, then went to a better job, but have since been laid off...the job hunt continues on. What I need is more exercise to tire myself out by the end of the day, but time never allows. [5/27/03]

Ed Meskys

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I found the article "From Russia with Lev" a very pleasant read. My own background is Lithuanian, both parents born there tho I was born in Brooklyn. My mother was in her 90s and still living with me (she sold her home and moved in with me when she turned 80), and the grand-daughter of her sister visited us for a couple of weeks. Lithuania was still part of the Soviet empire, and didn't gain its independence until a few months later. She flew into NY and stayed a few days with family friends in Brooklyn and then I came down to meet her and bring her back to rural NH. She was crogged at the hills in CT traveling from NY to Boston, but when we got to NH we took her into the White Mountains...trivial compared to the Rockies but still overwhelming to someone from a flat country. We took her on the cog railroad up Mt. Washington.

The biggest difference for her was that between a land of shortages to a land of plenty. My parents came here in 1917 and 1931, and I learned the Lithuanian they spoke. I grew up using "krautive" for store, where the literal translation is "where things are piled up." She used "perktuve" which means where things are pur-

chased. They didn't have things "piled up." [6/4/03] [[We sent Ed *Littlebrook 2* as a series of attachments, and he sent us emails on each article. So we also heard from Ed five or six times. In addition, he sent single articles to several others, mentioned below. This issue will be sent to Ed as one big file – plain text, I think, but not a PDF file – so Ed's computer can read it to him. You could do the same. Jerry]]

Jason K. Burnett

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I just finished reading *Littlebrook #2* at eFanzines.com, and enjoyed it greatly. You had a great mix of writers. I would be hard-pressed for say which article was my favorite because I enjoyed them all so much. Lesley Reece's article about the Cold War reminded me of my uncle's stories and photos after visiting Soviet Georgia as a geologist in the 1980s. Luke McGuff's article about "The Gleaners and I" made me want to go out and find a copy of the movie. Randy Byers' article about a day in the Yap Islands was just wonderful – calming, dreamlike, evocative, a truly great piece of writing.

Please tell me this wasn't last thing you published! Please say that you're about to publish something new, and that you'll send me a copy! [3/10/04 – yes, 2004!]

We also heard from: John Berry, Joe R. Christopher, Cathy Doyle, Carl Fred-ericks, Guy H. Lillian III, Eloise Mason, Gary Mattingly, Ray Nelson, David Palter, and Kate Yule.

