

# Time and Again #13

April 2011



**50th Anniversary Issue**

# Time and Again

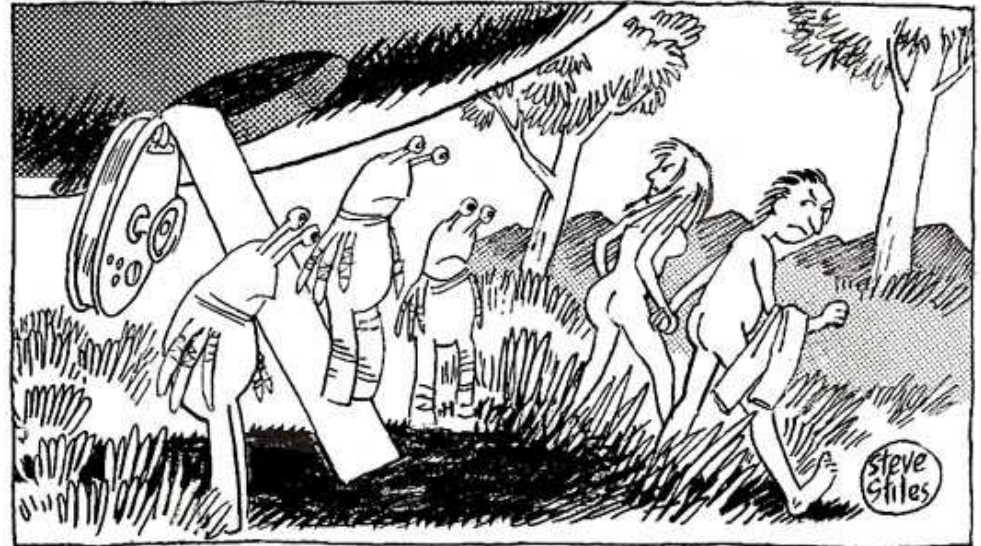
April 2011

issue #13

This genzine comes right at you from Dave Locke, who lives in Pownal, Vermont but can be reached by electrons at [time3again@gmail.com](mailto:time3again@gmail.com).

Eric Mayer provides advice and kicks the editor in the ass when needed. Bill Burns provides a place <http://efanzines.com/TAA/index.htm> to announce and store TAA at eFanzines and regularly dusts all back issues.

## FIRST CONTACT



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# DIABOLOGIC

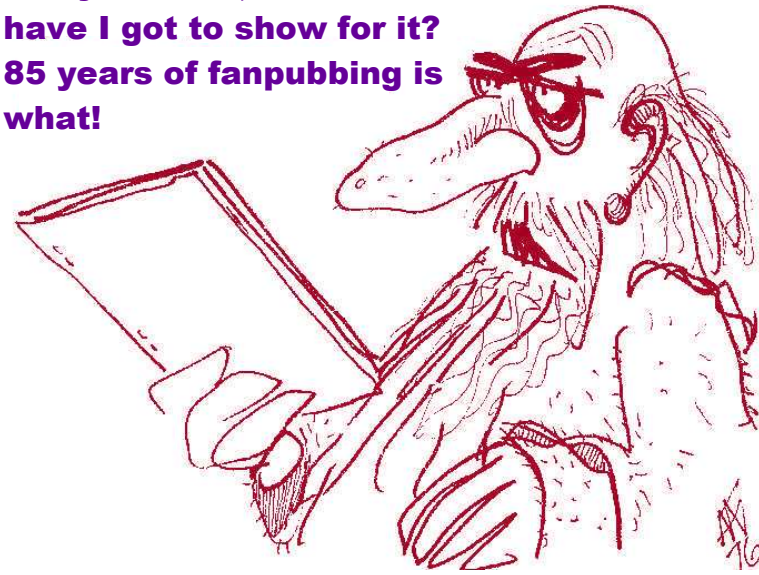
editorial, by Dave Locke

*"I'm seventeen and I'm crazy. My uncle says the two always go together. When people ask your age, he said, always say seventeen and insane." -- Ray Bradbury*

Well, yes, it's true. April of 2011 marks the 50th year since I got into fandom, just one month shy of my 17th birthday. At one point I could even remember the date in April when I made that decision but now, of course, fifty years have passed. I do remember what I was doing at the time the decision was made, however. I was raking leaves on my parent's 65 acres of lakeshore property up in Indian Lake, NYok. Bored out of my skull, without question, I was thinking how I too could play around in the daffodil fields of fanzine fandom, and here I am to celebrate 50 years to the month since I decided the breezy fan life was for me. I'd just received *CILN* #5 from Ed Gorman and it beat hell out of the zines I'd encountered up to that point (many of which came from Seth Johnson's larder of them which he sent off to new names he encountered in prozine lettercols), not to mention a large quantity of the ones I encountered afterward. But that was 50 years ago and probably you don't know what the hell I'm talking about, so let's not worry about that right now.

I published a fanzine that first month I decided to be a fan. *CILN* had inspired me. I fired up a prewar Smith Co-

**100 years old, and what  
have I got to show for it?  
85 years of fanpubbing is  
what!**



rona Jr. portable typewriter and a manual spirit duplicator, and charged off.

And, 50 years later, here I am today. But I'm not here to celebrate prewar typewriters, because I like this laptop computer a lot better and such a task would be better left to folks like Ned Brooks or Bill Burns. Similarly, I'm not here to celebrate old ditto. That's Eric Mayer's shtick with his new perszine *E-Ditto*. And I like a distribution via eFanzines better than via old spirit duplicators. So does Eric, actually, but the shtick works for him. And I'm not here to celebrate 50 years of zine pubbing, because for many of those years I wasn't pubbing. No, what I'm here to celebrate is, apparently, stamina. I have survived 50 years as a fan, unless we count the one year and nine months in the mid 60s when I was gafia. I know I don't count that. It all seems to even out when I consider that I've spent some years in fandom which felt longer than that one year and nine months.

Looking back on too many of my own fanzines, the names involved in those productions bring up many fond recollections. Some bits and pieces from those fanzines have popped up here and there in *Time And Again*, plus there's the Cy Condra article I republished here (#8, 1/09), stolen from my genzine *Awry* (#10, 1/76). Bear in mind, of course, that the first two issues of *Time And Again* themselves come from an earlier age, the mid-eighties. It would be such a shame for my last genzine title to have crapped out after only two issues, you know? Now I'm up to issue #13. Is that enough to allow me to return this production to Dave Burton? He says no, of course.

Ed Gorman may be fearful to know I've now publicized that it was his *CILN* #5 which I blame for getting me into fandom. I mean, I know he's heard that before. He may even have seen my name mentioned more recently, if I'm correct in assuming that Bill Bowers did mail him that copy of *CILN* #5 which he'd gotten from me. It wasn't the copy which Ed had originally mailed to me, though Bill was under that impression for a while, but rather had been gifted by a friend who knew that my copy had disappeared. When I heard from Bill that Ed didn't have a copy himself, parting with that gift seemed the right thing to do. So, as terrible as the asterisk will be in his fannish curriculum vitae, I do have to bring this up in any editorial maundering about celebrating 50 years in fandom. We'll have to live with it but, thank you, Ed.

I've never met Ed Gorman. However, in *Shambles* #2 of February 1976, a genzine I coedited with Ed Cagle, I did write about meeting my first fan.

*When I first became a fan one of my desires was to meet others of my "kind", but Indian Lake, New York was not at that time – and never will be – a hotbed of fannish activity. And at the age of almost-seventeen, tied to working the tourist season at my parents' business, it wasn't too practi-*

*cal to wander off in search of a tender fannish face. However, I soon discovered that another fan lived about two hundred miles from me and we promptly began corresponding. Then, within a short period of time, I made arrangements to visit him.*

*The fan whom I first encountered lived on a farm, and liked to fuck cows. He told me all about it. In the meantime his mother, who was virtually deaf, sat knitting in her rocking chair and smiled and nodded as he carried on this incredible monologue. He even pointed out which one was his favorite. Needless to say, I couldn't get out of there fast enough.*

*Having fulfilled my desire to meet a fan, it was a long time before I worked up the inclination to meet another one.*

*Of course, that was a long time ago. In the years since I entered fandom I've met a great number of fans. I realize now that the cow-fucker was probably one of the more interesting of the lot.*

While grazing about in so many different areas of fandom in these fifty years I did come to realize the best thing about fandom has been a few truckloads of the fans here. Where they're no longer with us, I remember them with great fondness. Where they are still with us, I'm thankful for their many (type)faces. And in many instances, for their actual faces. Although I'm not a social butterfly I have managed to attend 58 conventions in these 50 years, and also managed to meet a great number of fans during the years I lived in upstate NYok, in the LArea, in Louisville, and in Cincinnati. Why do I feel like I'm hearing Hank Snow in the background singing *I've Been Everywhere*?

So here I am, fifty years later, still publishing a fabulously modest little genzine. Along the way I've even coedited genzines and perszines with fans such as David Hulan, Ed Cagle, and Joni Stopa. The fans I've done oneshots with

would read like a Who's Who from the seventies -- fan names such as Burbee, Atkins, Cox, and Grennell. So many names, and so little room for safely tipping the cornucopia of names and (type)faces.

Well, okay, I'll make a few exceptions.

I have to make an exception for Jackie Causgrove. A fellow fan and talented fan artist, Jackie and I somehow managed to usually get along well with each other and shared domiciles for 22+ (76-98) of those 50 years before we all lost her. Twenty-two plus years. That's longer than my two state-sanctioned marriages added together, and all three of these ... quick, pass me a suitable collective name ... were within the fifty years that I've been yammering about since this editorial began. When you consider that I'm 67 this May, it's obvious that most things have been in that 50 year window. Those that weren't took place even before DOS or spaceflight.

Most everyone knows the experience of finally meeting an unmet correspondent. In my case the one I remember most fondly involved David Hulan opening his home in California to two people plus child whom he had never met when they moved from upstate NYok to SoCal. He's another exception. We went on to generate a pretty good little fanzine called *Pelf* which for much of its lifetime was a genzine. It was the 70s in the LArea and it was a fine social scene, and from there we were forward-booted to mostly keeping in touch via the apa *FLAP* which Jackie and I had originated in 1980, plus an occasional exchange of email, plus an occasional visit. A good and great friend who also burst into fandom in April of 1961 and whom I was in contact with almost immediately. Fanpubber of many fine fanzines, and I really miss his *Early English*. David is the one ultimately responsible for my having twice been a member of the *Southern Fandom Press Association* apa, and for seven years in two incarnations in *Apanage*, the childrens fantasy apa. So much history. Fifty years. Happy 50th to you too, old shoe.

Ed Cagle I coedited *Shambles* with -- probably the most sheer fun (the best kind) I've had in the fanpubbing game. Ed I traveled twice to visit in Oklahoma (once for a week's stay), and we exchanged voluminous correspondence. Co-editing genzines with David Hulan and with Joni Stopa was likewise enjoyable, each in its own way, as was getting together for fanzine productions with all the others. For all of only three issues, *Shambles* was a blast, and the second issue was created during that one week's visit. I have proof. Eight years ago to the month, Earl Kemp published a photo of it a couple of inches down the page in eI at <<http://efanzines.com/EK/eI7/index.htm>>. And Earl was the Chairman of the '62 Worldcon, the first con I attended. See how these things all weave together...

Obviously I could make a lot of exceptions and scroll through a list of names of fans I've thought highly of over the course of these fifty years. It's certainly a long list.

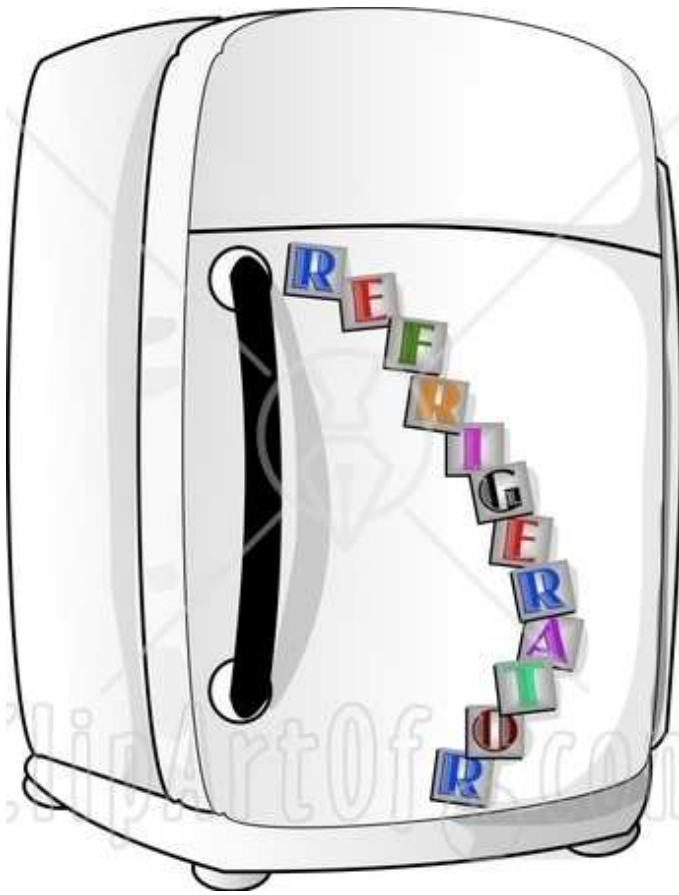
Well, it should be long. It's been fifty years, after all.

And this isn't an autobiography. It's merely an aimless musing brought about by the inevitabilities of the calendar. Since there's no likelihood of making it to 2061 to celebrate a second fifty years, unless I come back to haunt you, I'll wrap this up so you don't think I'm planning on it.

In this issue, the gala #13, Dave Rowe returns and tells us an alarming tale of Xmas dinner. Taral also returns, to curse at Leonard Nimoy. Then I come back with a tale from 1971 about my very embarrassing 1962 high school graduation exercise. That gets followed by the return of Eric Mayer who gets into several topics, including talking about his cat who sadly has passed away since he wrote this. I started this editorial with Ray Bradbury talking about age 17, and Eric finishes his column with talking about Ray. Happy reading.



**BOXING WITH A BOX ON BOXING DAY**  
**COLUMN, BY DAVE ROWE**



When arriving at a family Xmas dinner you don't expect to find nobody but the cook there. However, that's what happened last Christmas and this should hopefully explain why. For starters, one of the drawbacks of working for a

24/7/365 organization is that every so often you have to work a holiday. Carolyn was given the black spot last year and had to work on Christmas Day. That wasn't much of a Xmas present so to make up for it her parents held a special family dinner the next day.

For various unsubstantiated and unreliable reasons several family members had to pull out. Even so, when we arrived we were not prepared for the sight of Carolyn's Mom standing alone in her kitchen.

Even Carolyn's Dad, Ed, had disappeared. Heading east to help his brother, Joe. This is a direct result of a defective sequence in the family genes that renders the adults incapable of passing over a bargain. Even a questionable bargain.

On this occasion the Holy Grail was an extra wide refrigerator made by a German company that usually produces medical equipment.

Given that Ed and Joe are both overweight, in their seventies, the recipients of major operations and not in the tip-top best of health, it seemed appropriate for me to also disappear in the general direction of Joe's place and make sure they didn't "come-a-mischief."

With the punctuality of a guardian angel, I arrived just as they were about to leave. I also managed to get placed between them in the cab of Joe's 4x4 open back. As mentioned before they are rather svelte-challenged so it was a little like being an "I" between two "O"s. So tight was the fit that it was even impossible to get the seat-belt on but had there been an accident there would have been no need for me to worry. Being so squeezed in, any extra pressure would have shot me through the roof. Coming down might have proved a little dangerous tho'.

In the winter cold, at the house of the sale, Joe did the standard minor haggling, agreed on the price and we then prepared his treasure for transportation.

Joe had brought all the right gear, dolly, blankets and straps. Too much of the right gear in fact because he

wrapped one blanket over the dolly's handle. As a result, when I tried to haul the monstrous refrigerator up the 45 degree ramp onto the bed of the 4x4 my gloved hands slipped from the handle.

Although this is difficult to believe I did attempt to catch the falling hundred weight. The success of this maneuver was merely to have an extra wide fridge slam down on my knee.

Now having an extra wide refrigerator crash down on a knee actually sounds more painful than it is but I can personally attest to the fact that it is never-the-less VERY painful.

"Did it hit your foot?" Joe exclaimed with his voice full of horror and alarm, while his facial expression seemed to proclaim "You fumbling idiot. I just paid good money for that!"

Despite having one third of our team now limping we did manage to get the fridge in the 4x4 but when we arrived back at Joe's the shades of evening were falling freezing and fast with the hounds of winter baying rather hard.

Snow started to fall and I (not expecting to spend a major part of that cold day out in the wind and snow) had opted to wear a light jacket. I began to shiver while Joe's front door turned bolshe on us and refused to admit the German fridge.

So the door was taken off its hinges. By that time it was getting dark. With shivering hands we pushed the fridge towards the doorway again. Only to find the fridge jam against the screen-door hinges. Why this was not discovered the first time around is a mystery that still remains.

The night drew darker and the cold drew colder and I started to shake like a drunk with the Dee Tees. Meantime the screen-door refused to come off, even its frame's screws came out in sympathy strike with the door and refused to come out at all.

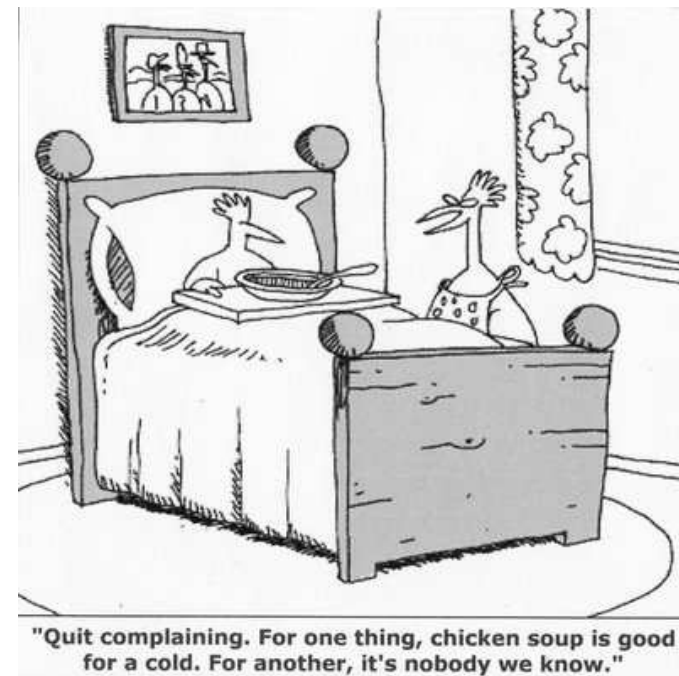
By that time I was beginning to shiver like Jell-o on a slimming machine and a snow plow was working the road. I'm not making this up (I wish I were).

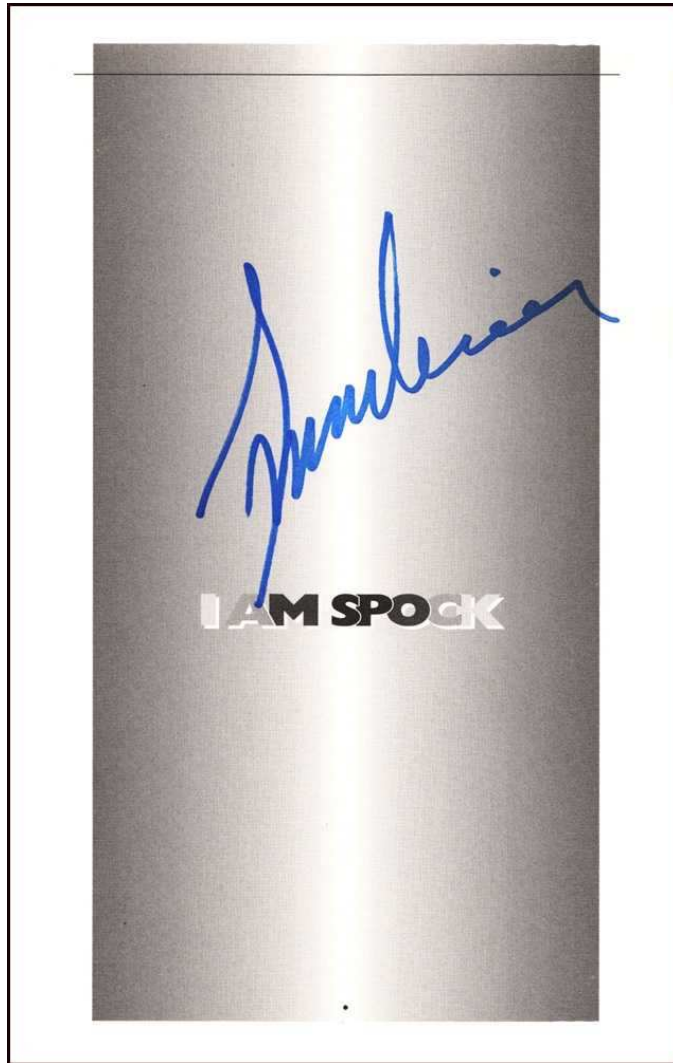
Eventually Ed and Joe drilled out the door frame screws at which point part of the door frame came away with the screen-door but at least the resulting opening was then wide enough to allow entrance to the intransigent fridge.

By the time Ed and I got back to the dinner (Remember the dinner?) it was late night and freezing and what guests had come and supped had also already left for their warm abodes but there was some bread and home-made vegetable soup left so Ed and I ate heartily. Very heartily.

Needless to say, I knew full well I'd wake up next morning with pneumonia and a limp. I knew wrong.

Moral of story: Never underestimate the power of home-made vegetable soup.





## **A Book By Any Other Name** *Taral Wayne*

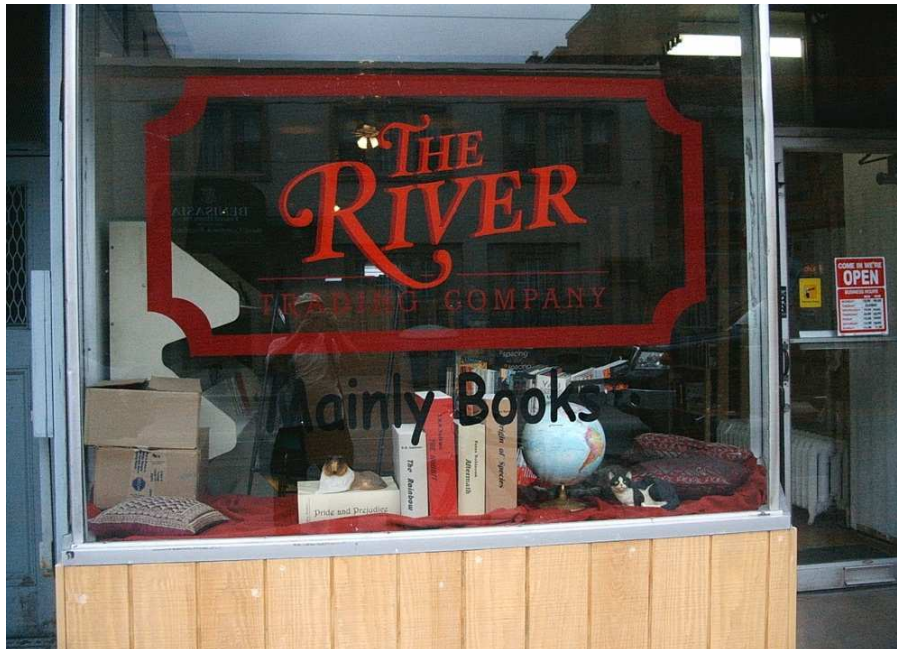
How long ago was it the new bookstore opened across the street? Two weeks?

You have to understand that a bookstore in Parkdale is something of a novelty. This neighborhood has been multi-ethnic for decades, and English, in this part of town, toys with the status of a minority language.

For years, the only bookstore I knew of was close to a mile's walk up Ronesvalles Avenue. It catered to the Polish immigrant community, and wasn't worth going ten steps out of my way for.

The situation has finally improved, though. A couple of years ago, a second "She Said Boom!" opened on "The Roncey". The newly opened used-store was about half music, half video, and half books – which is three halves, but never mind. What matters is that it broke a longstanding barrier. More time went by, and something unexpected happened. A second bookstore, called "Another Story," opened on "The Roncey." It had no *used* books. Worse, the pickings tended toward politically correct, child-friendly, issue-oriented and ethnic subjects. Had I been inclined to read a history of children's games played in Benin, or a novel about middle-aged Lesbian women in Tehran, this place would have been a godsend. As you might guess, I found it as useful as the Polish bookstore. Nevertheless, it was a clear sign that a trend had set in.

Sure enough, a fourth bookstore opened the year after, a little further up "The Roncey". This one was called "A Good Read," and was the sort of bookstore that makes me salivate.



It had a woody, dusty smell of board shelves and used books, and was dark in all the right corners. I quickly established a rapport with the owner. Curiously, I haven't bought many books from him. In fact, I'm certain I've sold him more books than I ever bought.

Four bookstores seemed more than enough, even for a fan. If I had a beef, it was that all of them were well up Roncesvalles Avenue, which was itself a half-mile walk from the Dunn Avenue Corner of Queen Street, where I lived. On a "bad back" day, a mile and a half walk there, and *another* mile and a half home again, is a problem. What I needed was a fifth bookstore, in my *immediate* neighborhood.

Ask, and you shall receive!

This summer I happened to be walking along Queen street close to my building and *there*, lo and behold – in a storefront that had just been evacuated by a Philippino-run store for cheap women's clothing – was a bookstore! Now how

did *that* get here, I wondered. The storefront had been completely empty only a few days before. But now it was filling up with shelves, and boxes full of used books. It wasn't open for business yet, but the door was wide open, so I barged right into "The River Trading Company."

They were happy to see me, too, and invited me to browse around. I fell to talking with the elderly ex-biker named David and his wife Mary, who were opening the place, and found them to have all the right attitudes. They loved books and wanted to sell them, not treasure them on the shelves until someone rich enough to pay a daunting "collectable" price happened in. Another plus was a good looking daughter who also worked there. When they moved in, it seems that the first thing the couple did was tear down the shoddy cork drop-ceiling. It had been installed in the 1960s, and hid a fifteen-foot coffered tin-plate ceiling that could easily



be made gorgeous again. The floors had also been stripped to the natural wood.

The owners pointed out a curious trap door in the floor. There was a second one in the back of the store as well. The hatches were the right size and in the right places for floor safes, they said. They believe the store had likely been a pharmacy, originally, and the safes had been to store drugs at night after lock-up.

Most of the books were in the front of the store. In the back, the man was still cutting wood and routing the boards to assemble shelves.

They were already *selling* books. I asked if they were ready to *buy* books yet.

Now, I realize that I've mentioned selling books to bookstores for the second time. Don't I ever *buy* books in bookstores? Yes. Too many. Which is why, every chance I get, I sell those I no longer want to keep. The alternative is carting them to the Sally Anne, where I can only *hope* a book will find a buyer before it's trashed by too much careless handling.

I usually accept value-in-trade rather than cash. Second-hand bookstores are habitually short of cash, and "The River" was no different. The next day I brought in about 40 pounds of books and was given a receipt for \$17 in credit. Okay, that was a little *less* than I expected, but the store's *own* prices were cheap. As well, the main purpose of the exercise was to rid myself of books I had no room for, not to make a killing. Unfortunately, I had come in late and it was nearly closing time. My credit would just have to burn a hole in my pocket for another day or two.

Before I left, I promised that the next time I dropped in I'd bring a "used" science fiction writer I knew. I was curious what I might get in trade.

The fact was, I was expecting Bob Wilson to drop over, and I could guarantee he'd want to check out a new second-hand bookstore he had never seen. There were no copies of

Bob's books in the place, so there wouldn't have been any of the obligatory book signing, either. As luck would have it, Bob dropped in on me on a *Tuesday*. I didn't know, but "The River" was closed Tuesdays.

"Oh, well, I probably couldn't have gotten much in trade for a used fanwriter," said Bob.

Ha. Ha.

I returned to "The River" a few days later... without my comedian friend. Not all the books were shelved yet, but I found a nice huge coffee-table volume, "All the World's Fighter Planes – Ever – Honest to God!" I recognized one of the editors on the cover, flipped through a number of pages, and decided I needed it. Of course, I *didn't*. While I do sometimes need to consult a book to see whether that's a Schnoor-Lutzman Dz.17 "Pflatz" triplane, or a Sperrywinkle-Swift two-seat RAF trainer flying by my balcony during the annual Canadian National Exhibition airshow, the fact is I have *plenty* of references already. The conceit that *this* particular reference was complete in one volume was irresistible, though. And it *was* effectively free... so what the hell?

As I was headed for the cash register, something else caught my eye.

Years ago, when the cast of the original Star Trek were still in deep denial, Leonard Nimoy wrote an autobiography titled "I Am Not Spock." Having little interest in Nimoy's role as a disguise-artist in Mission Impossible – nor in arty off-Broadway theater – I never read the book. Years later, after the revival of Star Trek made the aging actors millions of dollars, Nimoy's changed his tune. He wrote another book on his experiences: "I Bloody Well *Am* Spock!" Again... it was effectively free, so I picked it up on the way out.

I very nearly regretted the impulse when the book fell apart in my hands, and I discovered that the end papers had separated from the front cover. Thankfully, it turned out to be a simple repair. Nothing was torn or damaged. A little

Elmer's White glue did the job splendidly. But I noticed another irregularity. Some idiot had taken a large blue marker and scribbled on the title page!

I wondered what the hell it said. It looked like "Gumbieer." Or maybe "Sumderoor?" the one thing I was sure of was that it couldn't be "Leonard Nimoy."

Well, it turned out I was wrong. Another of my friends is Steven Baldassarra. He visits as often as time permits, and if it weren't for his expertise my computer system would long ago have followed the Amiga and the ZIP-Drive into the dustbin of history. He asked if I had made an Internet search for Nimoy's signature.

"You can do that," I asked. Apparently, you can. Steven did, and turned up page after page of Nimoy's signatures, many listed on e-Bay for prices that I hardly believed could be right. After all, there



must be tens of thousands of Leonard Nimoy's autographs around. There have to be so many that any reasonable value put on a book that was autographed would be less than the value of one that *wasn't* – if only because it was likely *scarcer*.

Ask Crad Kilodney about that – a Canadian writer who sold his bizarre, autographed, self-published books on downtown street corners for 23 years, before Toronto winters and an unappreciative literary community discouraged him. (No, I'm not making this up.)

While Leonard Nimoy's autograph is most likely not worth the paper it is illegibly scrawled on, I have to admit that the semi-personal touch made my day. It gave me something to write a fan article about.

And it gave me a little story to tell Leonard Nimoy, should I ever meet him.

A little story that ends, "Learn to write in English, you pointy-eared Vulcan!"



# The Graduation

Dave Locke

(reprinted from the column *Difugalty*, which appeared in *Yandro* #211, 12/71)



I recall in particular the time when I had to write the opening speech for my high school graduation. This sounds a bit more impressive than it really was, because although graduating salutatorian I had only sixteen people to triumph over in order to obtain the honor. But I had a hell of a time writing the speech.

My English teacher set up one law governing my speech. "No humor". I presume she did so because she knew of my tendencies to write in this manner and felt the solemnity of the graduation could be better maintained with a serious opening address. Either that, or she felt my humor stunk and that I would be better off sticking to a more traditional format. In either case, I found this a challenge of the first water and submitted draft after draft containing the sly and treacherous seeds of humor which needed only a silver tongued approach to bring them into the open. She spotted everything I was trying to do, of course, and bounced it all

back with red pencil and no comment. Finally, after a half dozen attempts and a faded ribbon, I threw in the towel and did it straight. As I handed it to her, I grinned evilly.

For years afterwards I would feel guilty about that grin. Whereas all previous drafts had winged their way back to me in 24 hours or less, she

held onto this one for four days. She would pour over it during study halls and whenever a free minute was available, and she would place it in her brief to take home at night. Occasionally, I would spot her lips moving as she read it, or her left hand moving in a slightly oratorical manner. She stopped visiting the teacher's lounge during lunch break and started spending her noon hour in the English room with the door closed, behind which we could hear a muffled voice rising and falling.

Finally she gave it back to me, with trembling hands, and in a voice that quavered she told me that it was probably good enough or at least as good as could be expected. Then her voice cracked, and she went to the women's room and missed three classes.

Graduation day came, a fine and beautiful upstate New York morning. The two or three other couples who had been having an outstanding pre-graduation celebration thought perhaps it would be a good idea if we split for home and got decked up in our Sunday duds and showed up for the graduation. So we did, and with much good scotch un-

der my belt and over my brain I grundled out onto the stage and gave the opening address. But not before I had spent forty or fifty seconds scrounging around the lectern trying to sort my speech out from amongst all the others that were placed in there. I found it, looked up at all the tittering and smiling faces, grinned a bit broadly and tossed my speech on top of the lectern. My mouth slowly changed from a half moon to a very small oval as I watched the speech sail off the back of the lectern and float down into the orchestra pit where it disappeared into the large end of the trombone.

The funny part about it, or so I thought at the time, was that the sheets of my speech were not stapled together and they winged their separate ways to the trombone as though they were a flock of doves (a pack of Larks?). The trombone player was more nervous about all this than I was, and tipped over his music stand in the process of fishing my speech out of his instrument.

I moved around the lectern to the edge of the stage, and played with my tassel while the audience hoo-hawed above the noise of my English teacher who was crying in the far left corner of the auditorium. I felt rather guilty about that, and in my rush to lean over and take the sheets of paper which the trombone player was waving at me I slipped off the edge of the stage and wiped out the drums and cymbals.

It was an awful noise.

I finally got to deliver my speech, because most everyone was unaware of the real cause behind my actions. They just thought I was having a bit of bad luck.

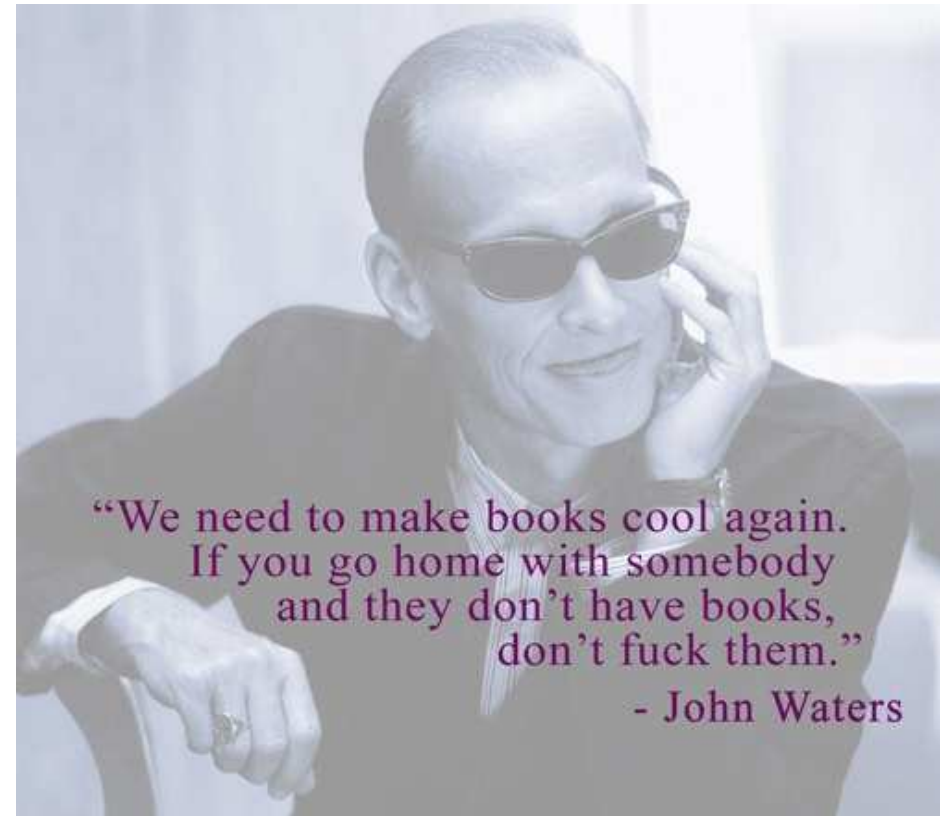
I delivered a very moving, forceful, serious speech. Even my English teacher had to admit that both the writing and the execution were well done. But somehow the effect was all wrong. People kept tittering and chuckling all the way through it. They tittered and chuckled all the way through the graduation exercises. It was a small town, and three quarters of the people in it tittered and chuckled for weeks.

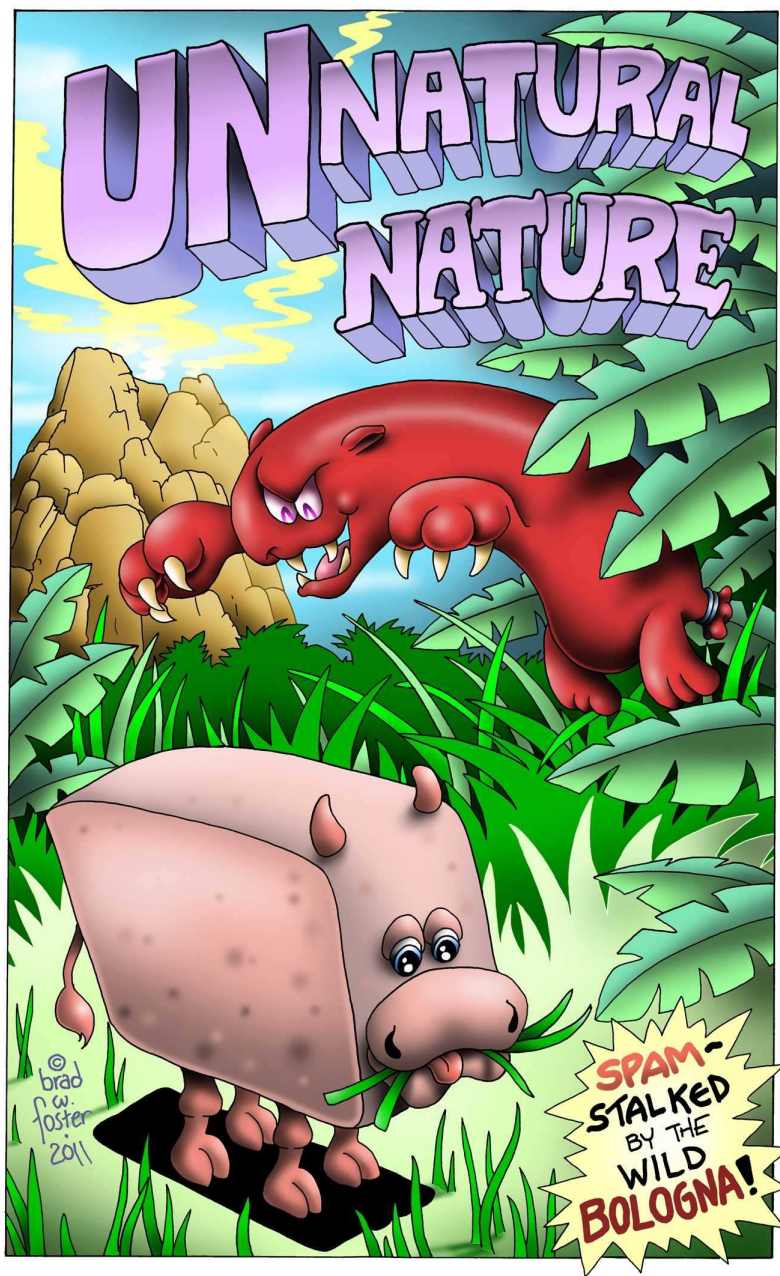
I always looked at it philosophically. Since my entrance

was such a hard act to follow, it's just as well that she wouldn't let me write a humorous speech.

But for the rest of her life she thought I did it all on purpose.

I'm not certain.





## NOTES FROM BYZANTIUM

Column, by Eric Mayer

### GRAPPLE WITH SCRAPPLE

At the grocery this morning I eyed the scrapple. How long has it been since I've enjoyed a mouth watering fried slice off one of those gray slabs of ground, congealed pig offal?

To tell the truth, the scrapple almost made it into my cart. It was calling me, silently. It didn't oink. They use everything in scrapple but the oink: pork hearts, pork livers, pork lips, pork snouts. No I told myself, Mary isn't ready for pork snouts.

She and I are recovering vegetarians, you see. It's a hard road. There's a tendency to say, sure, I can eat the lentils or leave them alone, but it isn't that easy to rejoin the carnivores once you wean yourself off meat, as we did more than a decade ago.

We stopped eating meat after we'd heard that Mad Cow Disease spread when sheep brains were fed to cows. It wasn't so much that we objected to eating animals. They don't suffer from you gnawing their flesh once they're dead. Rather we were horrified to think of the way our steaks were treated while alive, raised in factory farms, forced to eat sheep brains. Talk about unnatural. Have you ever heard of cows stalking sheep in the wild?

Well, for all I know cows don't find sheep brains any more distasteful than some people find pork snouts. Who can read a cow's mind, or would want to? But we became vegetarians with the welfare of animals in mind and now we are giving in to the sins of flesh-eating for our own good. Neither of us cooks well, or cares to learn, and you need to do some creative cooking to maintain a decent vegetarian diet.

We've taken it gradually. You can't go back to meat cold turkey. Not even cold turkey loaf. We started with Spam which barely qualifies as meat at all. We moved on to bologna -- perfectly uniform round slices, nothing that looks like that could have been cut off one of those notoriously irregular living creatures. Then came tinned chicken, precooked, boneless, bloodless. We're no where near steaks yet. Even when I ate meat I ordered my steaks incinerated. No blood on my plate please. If I couldn't have picked up the charcoal lump and sketched with it, the meat was underdone. I doubt I'll ever be able to deal with gory ground beef again.

So I passed the scrapple by, regretfully. Being from the UK Mary has remained innocent of scrapple. It's mostly found in Pennsylvania and the Mid-Atlantic states. It would be too much of a shock for someone unprepared.

I'm confident she'll be game for it by spring, though. She's eaten tripe after all, and liver and onions was one of her favorites. I could never eat liver as a kid, but for Mary's sake, early in our marriage, I cooked some up. It's just meat, I told myself, as I confidently placed a morsel in my mouth and started to bravely chew.

Just meat. Like hell. I chewed and chewed until I had what felt like a sponge in my mouth, a hideous web of connective tissue or maybe a tangle of tough blood vessels. I kept trying to swallow but all I could do was gag. Compared to liver, scrapple's a cinch. The oozing, glutinous mass isn't really some unspeakable coagulated animal matter as I imagined when I was younger, but merely corn meal which holds the daintily minced livers, lips, hearts and snouts to-

gether.

I can't wait until spring. If Mary can handle liver and boiled sheep intestines she can manage pork snouts.

## FELINE DREAMS

Our cat Sabrina is curled up on the floor sleeping the profound sleep of cats, indistinguishable from death aside for an almost imperceptible rise and fall of her sides. Suddenly, her ears quiver, her paws twitch, she emits a tiny cry.

"Chasing rabbits in her dreams," we say.

But she's always been an indoor cat, rescued from a feral litter in a neighbor's garage. Has she ever seen a rabbit from a window, let alone chased one?

What are cat dreams like? There can't be any language. Are the dreams primarily visual or tactile? The sense of smell is very important to cats. In their dreams are they immersed in a world of scent?

I don't think I have ever had a dream where I smelled anything. Or at least I don't remember. There's little point in my pondering cat dreams when I can barely recall my own. Have I had dreams involving tactile sensations? I don't think so. Sounds occasionally. Language? People I encounter in dreams speak to me, but less often than I would expect and only rarely do I recall what they said.

Mostly the content of my dreams, or what I recollect of them, is visual. Are they in color? I can't remember color playing a role, or noticing color. But if my dream landscapes were black and white only wouldn't I have noticed?

Although people are often featured in my dreams it is surprising how often they are those who are deceased. And in the majority of my dreams I am alone, making my way through an unfamiliar and usually surreal world.

Of one thing I am certain. I have never chased rabbits in my sleep.

## LURE OF THE WHITE WORM

Ray Bradbury turned ninety last year. When I read about him I moved his books up on my long, long (almost billions and billions) list of books to be re-read. When I was growing up and on a steady diet of science fiction -- which is maybe why my brain developed but the rest of me looks undernourished -- I read plenty of Bradbury but while I didn't dislike his stuff, it didn't impress me any more than the forgettable Ace Doubles I also read. Well, except for Fahrenheit 451, probably because to a young bookworm like me it was hard to imagine anything more horrifying than a society that burns books.

Maybe at the time I found his style too literary, or maybe I was too young to fully understand what he was saying. I certainly didn't appreciate his screen writing efforts on Moby Dick.

I and my friend from next door impatiently anticipated seeing the movie in the local theater at the bottom of our street. There was nothing better than a good monster movie. The Crawling Eye, Reptilicus, Godzilla. And now a giant white whale. Neat! (Today it would be cool but back then it was neat.)

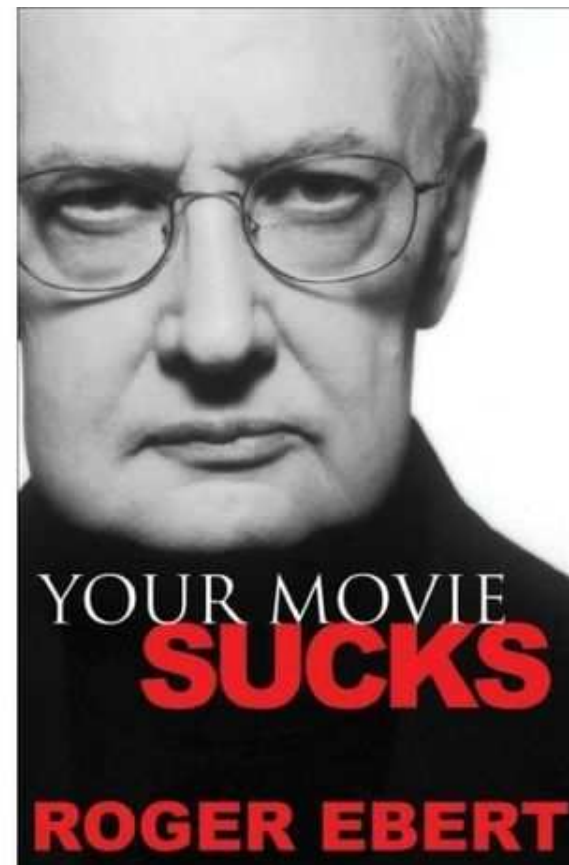
We imagined what it was going to be like. Moby Dick smashing through ships like a gigantic battering ram, reducing whole armadas to splinters. His water spout, we figured, was powerful enough to lift a whole ship into the air and then let it drop. Boom! Naturally he would menace entire cities. With one mighty slap of his tail he'd drown Manhattan in a towering tidal wave. Or he might leap into the air and do a belly flop on Tokyo. When they sent the jet fighters he'd simply dive. And woe to any submarines foolish enough to confront him. They'd be nothing more than nuclear powered snacks. And, of course, all that radiation would make him grow even bigger!

So we paid our fourteen cents admission and settled into

our seats with our large Cokes, Sugar Daddies, tubs of popcorn and boxes of Black Crows and eagerly waited to thrilled.

And waited. And waited.

How did we know they'd let Ray Bradbury get hold of the screenplay? All I can recall is some cranky old geezer stumping around on a ship and endless talking. The monster hardly showed up and when it did it was totally fake! Great White Whale? More like a white rubber ducky. Not that I hadn't outgrown bath tub toys because I was far too big for them anymore. Absolutely.



Here's the lettercolumn and here's the deal. Below Brad Foster's *Pure Quill* logo we'll find that your words are in black and mine are rendered in blue. That's simple enough that I think even I can understand it. Let's press forward, then.



**Brad Foster 8/15/10**

Got the notice from Bill that T&A #12 was up and had just gotten finished reading it, when came here to send you a loc, and found your email letting me know it was up. Wow, something kind of time-travelley about that, but not totally sure what...

It's that extra-special skiffy service which *Time And Again* provides. If *TAA* doesn't occasionally make you feel like Kurt Vonnegut had Billy Pilgrim feel, unstuck in time, then it's just not doing its job.

Liked the Douglas Adams quote on deadlines whooshing by. But hey, it's YOUR zine, so you set, and move, YOUR deadlines.

No one believes me that the publishing schedule is the same as the name of this fanzine.

And actually, if you get #13 out by the end of the year, I think three issues a year is still a good deal. After all, this is supposed to be something you are having fun with, not a job.

Five issues in 2008, 3 in 2009, 2 in 2010. I'm beginning to pace myself.

I know I've been having fun with the illos for Eric's columns. Sometimes I get a simple idea, sometimes, like the one for this issue, it is a bit more complicated. I probably put more work into the illo I did in this issue than some of my paying jobs this past year, but I did it for the fun of it. and that should stay the bottom line.

That's a common theme about what we do. This past 50 years included a whole bunch where I spent most of my days primarily writing for a paycheck, but coming home to write for a hobby. The busman's holiday.

I keep my Facebook up and scan the updates about once a day or so. For many of my friends (and acquaintances: despite the name of the site, I've found I have Friends and Phriends here), posting short notes about their day, or something interesting they found, is the only place they do this. With a scan down one column, rather than having to click multiple emails or websites, I can get a taste of how they are all doing. As for the bothersome part, I've learned how to block/ignore all that quite easily. I could easily live without it, but find that it is worth keeping around for communication with a lot of folks who use it as THEIR main source.

I knew that choosing out of Facebook after a half-year of goofing around with it would leave me out of touch with people whose main source of communication was Facebook. Astonishingly few were people I had gone there to find (classmates, old coworkers, etc.), and for the most part they weren't even active in this field that had too many potholes for me to simply list it as a good place to play.

One of these days I'll have to learn how to make a PDF, and put together a little zine or something of my own. It took me long enough to learn how to write basic HTML to get my website up, so find I am still in no hurry to dip back into having to learn something again. Though I get the feeling it's not really all that hard to do, I just have to find the right free software to do it with. (And yes, if it ain't free, I can't afford it!)

You're in luck, son. We have people reading this who can fix you up in a jiffy. Probably the first question anyone would ask is whether you're already into using an existing desktop publishing program, or whether you'd be using a web-based dtp, or whether maybe we'd better stop right here and explore the matter of what you're going to use. Turning that

final copy into a PDF document isn't of concern right now, and might get answered along the way to deciding what you'll use to create your final copy. Won't take long. Holler when you're ready.

Books to recommend seems to be theme in the locs, I'll toss in three from the past month I was lucky enough to enjoy: *Fuzzy Dice* by Paul Di Filippo, *This Is The Way the World Ends* by James Morrow, and *The Land of Laughs* by Jonathan Carroll, writers who write unlike anyone else, and deeply, highly enjoyable.

*The Land of Laughs* was my first and favorite Carroll novel, though I can recommend trying some of his others since you liked this one.

I'm outta here for now. Looking forward to the next installment of Eric's column to play with!

**Eric Mayer 8/17/10**

As usual I much enjoyed *Time and Again* and, as usual, I again marvel at the paucity of locs. Not that I have written many locs to fanzines in the past year myself. The lack of letters to ezines is probably one of those problems we could discuss endlessly without finding a solution. No doubt I have already said everything I have to say on the subject, both useful and not, and probably have even said everything in this very fanzine, and more than once.

There's no reason for fans not to loc ezines. When I began receiving zines in the early seventies readers were expected, every once in a while at least, to respond with "the usual" defined generally as a letter or trade. Well, if everyone puts their zines up on efanazines for the taking you can no longer trade. But you can still loc. I know what people say -- that there's no reason to loc since you're assured of being able to

download the next issue off of efanazines anyway. That fans still loc paper zines because if they don't then there's no assurance the editor will send them the next issue.

But wait...locs were supposed to be a way of thanking the editor for the zine, of repaying the editor for the effort to produce something the reader enjoyed. Oh, and also a way to engage in two-way communication with the editor, and with other readers via the loccol. And wasn't that two-way communication, that sense of community, the most important aspect of fanzines anyway?

So what is this business about not having to loc to get the next issue? What about the more important part of loccing, the communication?

It occurs to me, very very belatedly, that if you are publishing an efanazine, essentially as a substitute for the paper zine that you can no longer afford (and I suspect most ezine

*Waiter, there's an alternate universe in my soup.*



publishers could not afford paper zines with any reasonable circulation) then why would you treat it as if it were a paper zine and send it out directly to fans who requested it and locced once in a while? Granted, it would be hard to build up a circulation. I know Arnie Katz has sent pdfs unrequested but I don't think that works. People (like me) consider anything like that spam because it can clog up your email. While it would be fine if a couple people did it, it could become a massive nuisance if it were the norm.

Anyway, to finish up my loccing rant....it is true that as an individual you can't be cut off from a ezine because you don't have the courtesy to loc every so often, however if just about everyone never locs then, in most cases, everyone will end up being cut off because editors won't have a good reason to continue to publish to crashing silence.

You gotta love someone like Lloyd Penney who goes out of his way to write locs.

As for other topics the only subset of fandom I've engaged in is written fanac. It gave me a lot of enjoyment but it seems to me that that subset today is too small to encompass all of one's fanac. Hardly anyone sticks mostly to fanzines and if you do you're not considered a real fan, unless you did some significant amount of fanac of the in-person sort at some earlier time.

*Getting grandfathered in. I guess that's how I did it.*

Plying wheedling and cajoling articles is something I am not good at and one reason I will never publish a genzine. Not that I have any plans to publish a zine of any sort these days.

*Hah!*

But I wouldn't want to beg for material nor would I want to take responsibility for presenting writing and artwork in

an attractive context which the artists will be happy with. Too much responsibility to qualify as fun. I did publish some issues of a xeroxed, digest sized genzine called *Deja Vu* which included writing and art by fans, small press folks and mini-comics folks. But most of the circulation went to the latter two groups (because of fannish indifference not by plan) and they were notably tolerant of shoddy production values. The attitude was that if you had something to say it didn't matter how crudely it was presented. Slickness was available in any professional publication.

Taral makes a great point in his article. Out here in the sticks I dread high winds and storms. When we lose our power there's no lights, no well pump to supply water, no heat in winter, no Internet. We are not far removed from savagery! We do keep extra water handy and I have an emergency propane heater. But any long outage, like Taral describes, would mean big trouble. I was in New York City during the great blackout of 1977. Our fifth floor apartment looked out over Brooklyn and I happened to be gazing out and saw the lights flicker and go off all the way from Brooklyn Heights near Manhattan to the Verrazano Bridge and points beyond. Whoa!! We have a problem. I understand there was arson and looting. At one point we heard footsteps come pounding up the stairs and looked out the peephole in time to see several cops come racing up in pursuit of someone who had escaped through the trapdoor to the roof outside our door. Then we heard people running across the roofs.

Although I enjoyed Lee Lavell's cat tales I will not bore readers once again with information about our own Sabrina, who is now 20 and in two months will be drinking age. I doubt we will replace her when she is gone. Rather, Mary and I will live the rest of our lives as free humans, no longer enslaved to our cat masters.

[Time passes and, sadly, so has Sabrina. She lived a long cat](#)

[life and was fond of her human subjects. For now, feel wildly free to enjoy your new all human environment. Do not be surprised, however, if down the road you get captured by a new cat master.](#)

Again, I will close by saying how much I liked Brad's illo. I'd propose a book of his illos and my essays but I expect the publisher would say, fantastic illos, just get some new writing!

[And I enjoy guessing what will inspire Brad most in those Mayer column installments.](#)

**Lloyd Penney 9/4/10**

Facebook did help me find a lot of my long-lost cousins... not all of them, but at least I have found most of them. It helped me find some people I first got into fandom with, and some of the people I went to high school with. Like anything else, I suppose, Your Mileage May Vary. In spite of the privacy problems it's creating, it's been a net gain for me, but like anything else online, as soon as it becomes a burden, a net negative, off it goes.

Subsets of fandom...Yvonne and I have had varied careers in fandom, and our interests have changed here and there. Unfortunately, there's always someone to put you down because your own fannish interests don't match theirs. Yvonne and I discovered steampunk a few years ago, found a whole new group of people to talk with, and we have rediscovered the fun of costuming, after being away from Worldcon costuming for 22 years. With this admission, I can just imagine some blades being sharpened.

I have tried my best to produce informative and positive reviews for John Purcell and *Askance* over the last few years, and I hope they've been good reading. Either that's

true, or no one's bothered to tell me what a cheerleaders I am. I never liked the KTF reviews either, for they did not inform on the fanzine at hand. In some ways, just finding out there's new fanzines to be had may be enough for others to contact the editor, or simply download the new fanzine in question, usually from eFanzines.com, and read it.

I am starting to understand Taral's comments on his nice neighbourhood...Yvonne and her family recently moved their mother out of a condominium a few blocks up the street from us and into a French-Canadian retirement home in eastern downtown Toronto. The neighbourhood she moved out of was quickly becoming crime-ridden, and police cars were cruising about each night, keeping in touch with the swarm of security officers who were kept busy raiding homes and finding wanted criminals. All of this is just up the street from us...hope it stays up there, but we are starting to find gang-related graffiti and other signs, like running shoes on the phone lines. I want to keep my nice neighbourhood, but the thugs are getting closer by the day.

We purchased some of Alan Beck's artwork at the Montréal Worldcon this time last year, and I can see how he got onto the Hugo ballot. Fun illustrations, and he seems to have quite the fan base.

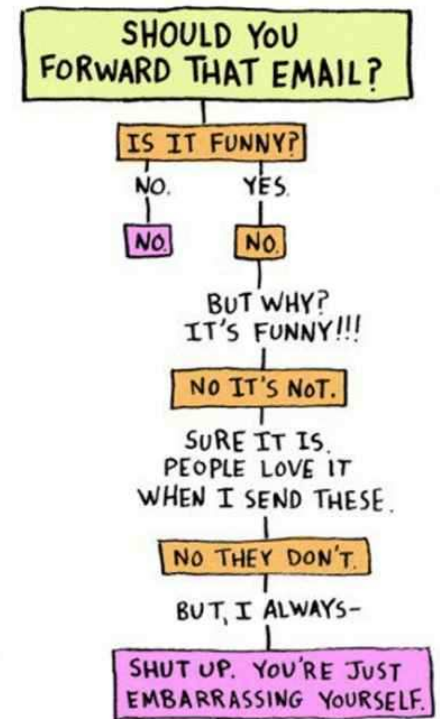
I remember the few Confusions that Yvonne and I have attended...besides the great literary atmosphere, and we could usually find Kelly and Polly Freas there most years, I do remember some of the local media fans who didn't quite have a clue as what was happening. (We had a lot of media SF connections at the time, like the Star Trek Welcomittee, but we were smart enough to know to keep that separate from a crowd who wouldn't appreciate it.) For some many, SF = SF, no matter what its origin is, and some of them were too naïve to keep from pushing their interests into the faces of others. A few stuck around until the Sunday, never aware of how foolish they looked.

My reading diet is still mostly SF because I keep finding

books I have read yet from my favorite era, the 70s and 80s. My latest bookish adventure was in a used book store that I'd been meaning to go into for years, and finally did. It was a trip backwards in time, that usual musty smell, the rows and rows of racks of books, hardcovers and paperbacks; the hunt was on. Fortunately, what I was hunting was easy prey. I grabbed 20 excellent paperbacks, and left only \$31 behind. I plan to go again; the proprietor says he had a stash of more books ready to put onto the shelves. This seems to be a retirement project for himself and his wife.

You're right in thinking that any fanzine should be available in a .pdf as a backup, even if they do produce a paper fanzine. It may not happen, but for those of us with quickly enlarging collections, I can now put the .pdfs I have responded to over the years onto a couple of DVDs, or even a single USB drive. Takes up a lot less space, especially in apartments. I already have two lockers, I certainly won't get a third.

Pets...Momcat passed away about a month ago, so her memory will have to live on with the picture we took of her some time ago. There were some tears shed that day we were told of her passing, and should we ever get a cat of our own, I think we will try to find an affectionate one, and name her



-brian

Momcat.

We're starting to get to know Peter Watts around here, especially with his adventures at Port Huron, MI with the Department of Homeland Security. I believe he is in Australia at the Worldcon right now, and his misfortune with US Customs may turn into his writing fortunes. He's won a couple of recent awards, and may get his hands on more. Perhaps he paid his dues all at once.

I think I am done, and I am close to the end of page 2. As Eric Mayer says, I hope you get scads of oodles of locs. It's deserved. Many thanks for this one, and I hope there will be some news to pass along soon.

**Ron Salomon 8/17/10**

I read TAA 12 yesterday and thought, this is deserving of a LoC, definitely. Well, not deserving of a LoC from me necessarily [have you been a bad boy?] but here it is anyways. I can go months without writing anything online either at facebook or LiveJournal, but knowing it is there as an outlet for me, I do indulge occasionally, mostly in facebook since its character limit helpfully limits my character of expounding at too great a length and then losing the train of thought I had starting out only to wander away by distraction. This month I have started up again reading comments and making them on facebook. I also had the urge to write a few pages on recent mundane tripping and lobbed that over the fence to LiveJournal, [2nd writing this year, that's not too many!] just to get it out of my system. I do not play games on line, ignore them invitations, and try to keep things to a level similar to discoursing [discoursing?] at a con room party.

I always enjoy Taral's writings. Water and electricity I would sorely miss. However having lived a number of decades without the internet means I could certainly go on living Without It, and not really be bothered at all.

June Moffatt brought me up to date on He Who I Still Think of as Freff, and the only thing I question about her article is, "What's a Prestige?" Have I suddenly grown auto-ignorant? I thought I knew brands of automobiles but this is a stumper for me. I go along with June in not indulging on S'Mores, widely available at the recent family get-together attended [the only family member holdout I think] but I get no enjoyment out of "cooked" marshmallows. I don't think of the non-cooked variety as raw but rather naked. But my childhood favorite was the kind covered with toasted coconut, and I don't know if they can still be bought in stores. Anyways best of luck to the newlyweds, long may they wave. As a confirmed TCM addict I commiserate with June. I find it rarely available in recent lodging stays, s\*i\*g\*h.

Moorcock, wasn't that one of Silverbob's porn pen names? My reading before and during puberty [I don't think I've grown out of it yet] was extremely similar to Eric's. Although I never read the Einstein Intersection book. I think I have sixteen Tom Swift Jr books. I think I just read the other day that there is/was a Tom Swift III series, but I never ran across them. Loved those Rick Brant books, and was always anguished by the fact that I could never come across more than eight Tom Corbett books. Correct me if I am wrong. Never read anything by China Mieville but may yet, based on Eric's recommendation.

**Don Anderson 9/6/10**

I've just been lurking here, quietly, at the e-groups, for a couple of months. Not much to add to the general frivolity. That happens when you get to be 81, like me.

I printed out the latest T&A, something I rarely do for e-fanzines. I mean that as a compliment. But, I find it tough to comment on a zine while reading it on-screen. Don't get me wrong, I printed it out in black, on my laser printer. I mean,

Scot's heritage still runs strong in my veins. I can always enjoy color on-line.

I tried Facebook for a while, but soon got off of it. Too many strangers wanting to be friends. And too few people that I really wanted to find ever showed up. I had better luck finding old Air Force buddies on a telephone web site, and old school friends have stayed pretty much in touch. Those of us still left. Some family was on there, but I can always see them or talk to them on the phone. And my daughter in England and I talk face



to face once a week or so, on Skype, for free.

I visit efanazines daily and pretty much download most of the zines there, to read at my leisure. After a while they pile up and I cull them out up to the latest issue of each, just to open up the space. I seldom comment anymore. It's hard to do when the zine is on screen, and I find few to print out. In olden times, it seemed more necessary to loc a zine when the

publisher had invested so much into it. Not just the writing, but the soliciting of material and the effort of physically producing the publication. The mimeoing and collating and stapling and addressing and folding and the postage and other out-of-pocket expenses involved.

Now we have much more beautifully produced e-zines, with much good writing and illustrations, in full color, yet. The available technology has made a world of difference. But somehow, I'm just left with the feeling that the publisher just hasn't invested as much of himself as in the Old Days. Not true, of course, but there it is.

I've never considered myself as an especially convivial person. And yet, I've enjoyed the three CORFLUs I've been to. Surprisingly, so has my wife who isn't a fan. Increasing infirmities make such things less likely. But I think we'd still try to make another CORFLU if it happened within reasonable driving distance of Rochester. It's likely that our flying days are over. Maybe I could do it on a motorcycle, heh?

Taral's story of his trials with intermittent water supplies was interesting but not something I could personally relate to. I've never lived in an urban setting such as his, for one thing. I've been or lived places where water involved certain physical efforts to come by, but it was always available. These efforts involved hand pumps or having to travel a bit, or a combination of both. These occasions included farm living and fishing camp excursions or suchlike.

Lee Lavell's cat tales (tails?) was ok, too. Although I never considered myself a cat person, cat's are the only pets Sue and I have had in our home. PJ, the first one was an ok guy who loved to bring home little prizes for Sue, after the cat had spent the night out. Disposal of these prizes usually involved use of a broom and shovel accompanied by a certain amount of "Yuck"s by the intended recipient of these prizes. PJ met a messy end, caught by a couple of a neighbor's hunting dogs while trying to escape through a couple of feet of snow. You remember snow, don't you, Dave? The dogs

had somehow broken out of their kennel.

Our last cat was Pancho, and orange striped fella who didn't stay a "fella" long. Yeah, we had him neutered and de-clawed. That made him an indoor cat for life, except for a walk on a leash, once in a while. The de-clawing came after an especially destructive session with a fairly new love seat. But I would never do that to another cat. Having Pancho put down, when he developed cancer of the jaw, was a traumatic moment. I don't care to go through that again, so no more pets. Looking at it rationally, though, it's likely that any pet we would get now would have to have us put down, when the time came.

The arkle by June Moffatt reminded of our last trip to CORFLU, in Las Vegas. I used the services of a wheelchair attendant both here in Rochester and at the Las Vegas airport. It was well worth the well-earned tips. They loaded me first, here in Rochester, so I wouldn't have to contend with the loading confusion. I appreciated that. Coming home, boarding at Las Vegas, they loaded us last, after all others were settled in. The Gate Attendant said that was so that if there were any last minute cancellations or no-shows, they would upgrade me in class, if possible, at no charge. I thought that was pretty nice. It didn't happen, but the thought was there.

I agree with much of what Eric Mayer says. But then, why not? He's another one-time Rochesterian. *A Canticle For Leibowitz* is probably pretty close to my all-time favorite book. I usually re-read it about every five years, and have never failed to discover something new. Or, perhaps, something I've forgotten. That reminds me that it's just about time, again.

Failing eyesight has made reading for any great length of time difficult, so it's been a while since I've read much sf. The exception is C. J. Cherryh's *Invader* series which, with the exception of a bit of padding here and there, I admit I've enjoyed. It ain't Literature, but it's fun.

**John Purcell 9/18/10**

Well, well. Long time no read. It is about time you got around to getting another issue of *Time and Again* completed and posted to efanazines. I have the latest issue in front of me - yes, I actually printed out a copy, even double-sided the pages to make it look, feel, and read like a real fanzine - so it's time to get into the bugger.

Your brief foray into Facebook definitely matches up with some of my experiences with it. I didn't join up to find and converse with old high school or college chums, but instead my reason was to stay in contact with my science fiction friends since so many of them lurk on Facebook. In a sense, it acts like some kind of a conversation, but for the most part it's good to know what my buddies are up to nowadays.

As you know, my fanzine *Askance* is mostly an on-line zine in PDF that can easily be printed out. In fact, postage funds is going to be much easier for me now to send paper copies out because Valerie now has a permanent part-time job. (It took two years of job hunting to find and land it, but that's another and much longer story.) So, my long-lost plans to run off a few dozen copies of each issue look more doable now, which makes me very happy.

You ask a very good question regarding the digital fanzine experience of the first decade of this century: "Is the direction [of fanzines] plain enough that we can forecast it?" I am not sure if that question can be reasonably answered yet, especially in light of what - and I mean "what" most definitively here - just won the Best Fanzine Hugo at Aussiecon IV. In fact, I commented on this in the current issue of *Askance* (#21, now posted at efanazines.com) stating that I think we have entered into the age of Cyber Fanac: it is relatively easy for someone to be a science fiction fan and never leave the comfort of the home since you can read science fiction books, stories, reviews, etc., on-line, to say nothing of watching movies and television shows on the Internet (if not

on your HD flat-screen television via DVD, chat with your buddies on-line, produce and read fanzines on-line, fannish websites, blogs, podcasts, live-streams from conventions..... Do I really need to go on?

I hate to say it, but this is how I do most of my fanac now - on the computer. Yes, I enjoy it, but it still doesn't take the place of physical contact of being with my SF friends at conventions. I guess the bottom line is that print fanzines may reach the end of the line by mid century; by then, most of the fans who started producing paper fanzines at the tail end of the 20th century will be gone, and the dead tree fanzines will go with them. Of course, if anybody wants to print out a copy they sure can. So what will the next generation of fanzines look like? That is anybody's guess. One thing is certain to me: however communication technology changes, so will fans, who will always remain in contact with each other by whatever means are available.

Yeah, I am with you, Dave, in never caring for those KTF fanzine reviews that were all the rage 20, 25 years ago. I much prefer a fanzine review that tells me not just the contents, but includes personal reactions - connections - to the contents and describing what works or doesn't work in the zine. That's the kind of review I like, and Lloyd Penney is doing this quite well in his column in my zine.

Hmm. I better stop plugging my zine. Onward to some other articles for commenting on.

Taral Wayne's article was entertaining and enlightening. I think he's right; most civilized people will resort to some version of a Lord of the Flies hierarchy when the situation arises. My family has had to endure multiple days without power due to ice storms or some form of severe weather, and it was reassuring that everyone in our neighborhood was in the same boat, so we all helped each other out when possible. Not everybody is going to be as lucky; I think it all

depends on where you live. Look what happened in New Orleans following hurricane Katrina. Nasty shit went down. Most of us live in areas where the residents probably wouldn't act like that. At least, we hope so. Taral's observations are good, especially in his closing paragraphs. Toronto is definitely a vestige of Western Civili-



zation at its best, so it doesn't surprise me that the city never resorted to animal skins and sharpened sticks for survival. People will have faith in their local infrastructure if it's pretty solid in the first place. That will always make a difference.

Lee Lavell's cat tales were likewise enjoyed, especially since our household has many cats running our lives - I mean, living here with us. Love the names of Lee's cats, especially Gummitch and Champaign. Question for Lee: did Champaign have a sister named Urbana?

No real comment on your reprinted article "Ply, Wheedle, Cajole" except that I have on occasion employed these techniques. Since I am such a nice guy, physical torture is not one of the methods I use to acquire material for my zines. Guilt works the best. If you can adopt the best Yiddisher Momma attitude and use it effectively, you will always have contributions.

Thank you, June Moffatt, for the wedding celebration article. It sounds like everyone had a grand time, and that is such A Good Thing. Nice article with a nice photo, too. What really impresses me is that Peter Beagle officiated. Now how cool is that? A fine and private wedding, definitely.

By the way, great cartoon on page 18 mainly because it's too true. Too many of the freshman comp papers I grade have texting shorthand, and the usage is growing. It has reached the point of telling students DO NOT USE TEXT SHORTHAND IN YOUR ESSAYS - IT WILL NEGATIVELY AFFECT YOUR GRADE. 'Nuff said. My observation about this is that students - hell, American society in general - has become extraordinarily lazy about EVERYTHING. A Dangerous attribute to have, says I.

Finally, I enjoyed reading Eric Mayer's column. Heck, I always do; Eric is a fine writer who does a good job of reflecting on his experiences and getting them across in writing. I still haven't read any of his and Mary's John the Eunuch books; really gotta get some of those since they sound inter-

esting and like something I would enjoy.

Ah, me. That should do it. I thank you, Dave, for the zine. Don't take so long between issues now, y'hear? I made it past the dreaded thirteenth issue painlessly; so can you.

So let's see what next issue brings.

***June Moffatt 11/10/10***

Dave: I got onto FaceBook at the invitation of a friend, and find it useful in keeping up with activities of people I don't see on a regular basis. I don't have any of the problems that seem to have driven you away from it.

Tara: Perhaps your perception of only the one pump "breaking down all the time" is because you're the one afflicted by it. We keep four gallon jugs of water in the kitchen as a reserve, though we live in a one-story house. (But we do live in earthquake country.) I don't want to think what it would be like to be without water service for more than a day—or even several hours! We have a bedside commode (souvenir of a trip to the hospital back in 1999) and it has a lid—but still! The "little fiend" you mention must have been in his Terrible Twos—bored silly and not bearing it at all well.

Lee Lavell: Your neighbors expected pet cats to feed themselves??? I think Heinlein had something to say about the obligation that descends on people when they decide to have pets, though I can't remember it right now. Such people should be prohibited from having pets! I don't envy you the task of socializing older kittens. Kittens should be socialized as soon after birth as possible.

Dave (again): I once sat at a table with some Trekkies, one of whom was sporting Spock ears. I gave the Vulcan salute and smiled and they assumed I was One of Them, just in mufti. (This was at a LosCon Ice Cream Social.)

Eric: I found the most remarkable of Tom Swift's inventions to be his television, which apparently worked without a

camera. Thanks for the mention of John D. MacDonald, one of our favorite writers.

I remember, in the 70s, writing for a neat fanzine called *The John D. MacDonald Bibliofile*. Oh, wait, you'd remember that, too. You and Len were the editors and pubbers.

Lloyd Penney: "It's a good source of Vitamin B..." Just make sure it includes B9, folic acid.

Dave (yet again): Good caption on the Hitler pic!

**Taral Wayne 12/19/10**

Once I knew that the man who ran The River bookstore was an ex-biker,



I was less surprised to discover that we also shared an interest in old cars. It went even further – David collected 1/18 die cast replicas of them, as I did. He showed me some of those he owned on the store's laptop computer. I brought a few of mine over one by one, including some top-of-the-line 1/10

Orange Country Choppers die cast cycles. He told me what all the little working gee-gaws that were spring operated actually did.

Time went by. It was likely inevitable that sooner or later I would mention that I had a large number of die cast cars in the smaller, less detailed 1/24 scale that I was looking to be rid of. I didn't like the idea of donating them to the Sally Ann, where the odds were high that they'd be broken or at least scratched before finding a home. I also didn't want to waste a lot of time selling the cars one at a time on eBay. They were worth something, but not a great deal. None had cost me over \$10 and sometimes as little as \$5.

So I mentioned them at The River and asked if David would take a crack at selling them on commission. After all, the store only said on the window "mainly books." He thought it was a good idea, so the next day I brought over about ten to display. He placed them in a good spot in the glass top counter behind where he sat.

This didn't turn out to be a very choice spot after all. People just didn't seem to notice the cars there. They noticed the cars in their own plastic display case on a regular shelf, though. David dug up a couple more of the cases, and I loaned him three or more of my own, so more of the cars could be prominently displayed at the same time. With that, they began to sell like hot cakes.

Does anyone know why hot cakes sell well? No? Neither do I. Possibly just because no-one will buy them once they go cold.

Later, I brought in another ten or a dozen. They sold too. A couple of days ago I brought in the last six or eight that I wanted to be rid of. The deal was that David might try to sell them at \$4.95, as long as I got \$2 of that when sold. So, all in all, I've recouped about sixty bucks from clearing out unwanted stuff from my apartment. Now I'm tempted to see what else I have that I really don't need and can be converted to cash. Old issues of *Trap Door*? Naw... the walk-in

public couldn't be expected to appreciate their good luck, nor likely is it willing to pay full value. Besides, Robert wouldn't understand. Maybe issues of old furry comics instead? Oops... already gave those to a couple who ran the "Stupid Comics" web site. Oh, well, something always turns up.

**Alex Yudenitsch 2/27/11**

Speaking of TAA, here are a few comments on #12:

- Taral Wayne's "A Visit to the Third World" started with:

*"Someone once said that civilization was only three meals away from anarchy. If you like, you can search the internet for the person who said it. I tried without success, but maybe you're more clever at internet searches than I."*

I imagine that someone must have written in about that, because it's not hard to find -- and it seems there's an error: It's '3 days of 3 meals a day!' Here's a quote:

*The phrase 'nine meals from anarchy' sounds more like the title of a bad Hollywood movie than any genuine threat.*

*But that was the expression coined by Lord Cameron of Dillington, a farmer who was the first head of the Countryside Agency -- the quango set up by Tony Blair in the days when he pretended to care about the countryside -- to describe just how perilous Britain's food supply actually is.*

*Long before many others, Cameron saw the potential of a real food crisis striking not just the poor of the Third World, but us, here in Britain, in the 21st Century.*

*The scenario goes like this. Imagine a sudden shutdown of oil supplies; a sudden collapse in the petrol that streams steadily through the pumps and so into the engines of the lorries which deliver our food around the country, stocking up the supermarket shelves as soon as any item runs out.*

*If the trucks stopped moving, we'd start to worry and we'd head out to the shops, cking up our larders. By the end of Day One, if there was still no petrol, the shelves would be looking pretty thin. Imagine, then, Day Two: your fourth, fifth and sixth meal. We'd be in a panic. Day three: still no petrol.*

*What then? With hunger pangs kicking in, and no notion of how long it might take for the supermarkets to restock, how long before those who hadn't stocked up began stealing from their neighbours? Or looting what they could get their hands on?*

*There might be 11 million gardeners in Britain, but your delicious summer peas won't go far when your kids are hungry and the baked beans have run out.*

*It was Lord Cameron's estimation that it would take just nine meals -- three full days without food on supermarket shelves -- before law and order started to break down, and British streets descended into chaos.*

*A far-fetched warning for a First World nation like Britain? Hardly. Because that's exactly what happened in the U.S. in the aftermath of Hurricane Katrina. People looted in order to feed themselves and their families.*

*If a similar tragedy was to befall Britain, we are fooling ourselves if we imagine we would not witness similar scenes of crime and disorder.*

this was from:

<http://www.dailymail.co.uk/news/article-1024833/Nine-meals-anarchy--Britain-facing-real-food-crisis.html> and I think Taral's article put the whole concept into a more relative way, which seems much more realistic.

- Was this "Much Nothings About Ado" Lee Lavell's last one about cats? Hope not!





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