

Wabe 3

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*Wabe* #3, March 2001, is a zine under the editorial triskele of Bill Bodden, Jae Leslie Adams, and Tracy Benton which continues to confound all attempts to pronounce its name with confidence. Thanks go to Maureen Kincaid Speller as our U.K. mailing agent extraordinaire, and to the members of the Nurofen list for their engaging conversation. Members fwa.

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*Wabe* is available for the usual or editorial whim. Locs, submissions, and art may be sent to any of us, fomenting chaos and disorder. If electronically inclined, you could even email all three of us at [jaeleslie@aol.com](mailto:jaeleslie@aol.com), [billzilla@mailbag.com](mailto:billzilla@mailbag.com), and [benton@uwalumni.com](mailto:benton@uwalumni.com). For trades, please add all three of us to your mailing list if you can spare the copies, but we could share:

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# Fore WORDS

BY JAE LESLIE ADAMS

Next week I'm off to the west coast again for another Potlatch. Of course by the time you read this I will be back home again. I often seem to be fitting in my fanwriting around these trips hither and yon. But the travels somehow energize me, keep me moving instead of sinking into the rut as I pause to just lean a little on the side of it when it seems I've worn a rather deep path through my daily life. Going somewhere, for that rare enough sight of certain friends, pushes me a little off balance and keeps me still stepping along. Tracy and I are rooming together for this one, and so I'd better get my bit here written so we won't have to worry that over too much.

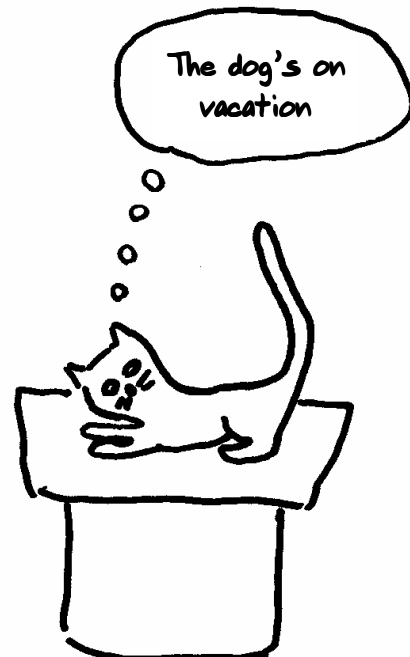
Travel writing is one of the places where fanwriting most clearly intersects with mainstream essays. It seems natural to want to tell your friends about where you've been, and sometimes writing about it can even help you make sense of it. The whole journey getting to a convention has often enough consumed more paper in the telling than the events of the con itself. Even if you don't have a particularly fannish destination, attention to the sights along the way may be of interest to your friends in fandom.

For some decades now, with nearly as long a history as the science-fiction convention, one of the organized institutions of fandom has been the fan fund, established for the purpose of funding travel for selected individuals between different geographic areas as a sort of representative. First established was the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund (TAFF), and then other funds linking Australia to North America (Down Under Fan Fund or DUFF) and Australia to Europe (GUFF). There are funds between Australia and New Zealand, and to bring fans from Baltic states to Swedish conventions. Special funds have sponsored the travel of particular individuals, and conventions sometimes fund the travel of special guests. The selection of who is to travel on the fund, and then administer it, has often been a large and contentious topic, particularly over the more than forty years of TAFF trips.

But one of the explicit expectations of the fan fund traveler is that a report of the trip should be written and distributed, so that those who didn't meet or couldn't go can find out what happened. It is a distinctive feature of SF fandom, the trip report, and the TAFF trip report is the pinochle of achievement.

Sometimes it is rather more of a platonic ideal. Almost every year there is a TAFF trip one way or the other across the Atlantic, but the number of British TAFF reports that have been written far exceeds the number of American ones. Indeed the American efforts that have seen publication in the last twenty years have never extended past a fragmentary handful of chapters. I am always sorry to make this unpopular observation, but the question of why this might be so fascinates me.

Perhaps the strong British tradition of travel writing can be thanked for the plenitude of completed east-to-west TAFF reports. Travel writing in the U.S., on the other hand, tends to concern itself with getting from one part of the country to another, and with the inner voyage, rather than with discovering old continents. Well, it's a theory anyway. This issue of WABE will contain various examples of American fannish travel writing. (Footnotes begin on page 172.)



# Road Trip to the Past

BY BILL BODDEN

My interest in the American Civil War began at an early age. First of all, my Dad was a high-school history teacher, so it was practically written in stone that I, too, must be a history buff. Second, but perhaps more importantly, was a family trip we took to Pennsylvania around 1970, ostensibly partially a business trip for Pop, and partly to visit relatives. Being more wise to the ways of my Dad than when I was five, I realize that all of this was merely a convenient excuse to visit one of the most dramatically important sites in American History: the battlefield of Gettysburg. That single trip did more to secure my passion for history than any number of faded, dog-eared textbooks could ever manage. Seeing the vista unfold before me from Little Round Top, standing on Seminary Ridge where the Iron Brigade made their noble yet tragic stand to save the Union army from being overrun by the massed Confederate army before they were assembled, looking up the intimidating slope of Little Round Top from the fiendishly placed boulders of the Devil's Den, all served to fan a spark of interest I may have had into a slow smolder, which would over time grow into a rather cheery little blaze.

In 1995, Lucy Huntzinger won the bid to hold Corflu, a traveling fanzine fan's convention, in Nashville. Realizing the potential for visiting Civil War sites, I eagerly volunteered to help out as much as I could. The convention went well, and immediately afterwards I set out as part of a small caravan for perhaps the most important Civil War site in all of Tennessee: Shiloh. It was the first I would see on this trip, but not the last. My companions were Andy Hooper and Carrie Root in the lead car, and Alun Harries and I in my trusty '93 Saturn. We set off reasonably early for the drive southwest. The Shiloh National Battlefield lies close to the border with Mississippi, temptingly close to several other tantalizing sites, not the least of which is Vicksburg, still further south and west.

But that wasn't part of my agenda this trip; I was running out of free time, and had several sites further north penned in for the return trip—besides, I had to bring Alun back to Nashville for his homeward flight.

The drive down was pleasant enough: two-lane roads wound through wooded hills and occasional pastures. As we got further from the major roads, however, we began to feel more and more as if we'd stumbled onto the set of *Deliverance*. Cars on blocks abound in that area, as do corrugated tin shacks, and yards full of assorted items too valuable to outright discard, but not valuable enough to prevent from decaying due to the depredations of weather. It left us with a vague and subtle sense of unease, and we were only too happy to arrive in town. We stopped for a quick bite of lunch, then drove on the few remaining miles to Shiloh.

The sense of isolation of the place is tangible. It seems to have changed precious little since that fateful battle over a hundred years past. The site of the battle is called Pittsburgh Landing, and was a spot on the Tennessee River used by the Union Army as a supply depot. In short, it was a much easier place to approach by water than by land in those days; at the time, there weren't any roads that deep into what in 1862 was still considered wilderness. This is what made the Confederate attack so surprising to the Union Army, but in truth the terrain worked against the Rebs as much as it was in their favor. Markers are placed all over the site, noting where particular units on both sides saw action, and where the most notable figure of the battle, Confederate General Albert Sidney Johnston, was mortally wounded early in the first day of fighting. Johnston, along with Thomas Jackson and Robert E. Lee, is one of the highly regarded tacticians for the South, and his loss so early in the struggle boded ill for the future of the Rebel cause. Johnston was given strategic com-

## THE 22 SECOND FANZINE REVIEW

Gerri Sullivan has another good *Idea*, this her twelfth. Good heavens, I get grumpy looking at a zine which has mimeo crisper than some offset printing I've seen. Great articles, great locs, great art. I would like to see a sequel to Ulrika O'Brien's article on winning TAFF. And could anything be more sad than reading wonderful locs from fans no longer with us? A fine, if poignant, zine. Available for the usual from Geri Sullivan, Toad Hall, 3444 Blaisdell Avenue S., Minneapolis, MN 55408-4315 or [idea@toad-hall.com](mailto:idea@toad-hall.com). —Tracy

mand of the entire Western Theater; essentially, everything west of Virginia. Surprisingly, he did little to reinforce his superiors' confidence in his renowned abilities. To his credit, he had only taken command of the Army of Tennessee a few months before. He and his staff had had little time to prepare before Grant began the campaign which would culminate in securing the entire length and breadth of the Mississippi River for the use of the Union Army exclusively.

The battlefield itself is rather far-flung, fanning out from the river for several miles. Picturesque names like "The Bloody Pond" and "The Hornet's Nest" serve as a reminder of the ferocity of the battle, which lasted for almost two days and shattered the serenity of this idyllic spot forever. Ironically, the Hebrew word "Shiloh" means "Place of Peace". Nearby was a settlement of a sect of Methodists and their simple log church that became one of the battle's important landmarks. These were the people who named the place; one can only imagine the horror they must have felt at the carnage which unfolded early that April.

Alun, Andy, Carrie and I spent the latter part of the day touring the place, marveling at the enormity of the slaughter that had occurred. The day

was overcast, with patchy drizzle, so we had no lengthening shadows to warn us of the approaching darkness; luckily, we had wristwatches, and we toddled off well before dusk. Andy and Carrie would continue on south to visit Andy's sister, brother-in-law, and their recently born son, along the way stopping at a few more battlefields from the same campaign. Alun and I were heading back to Nashville and the house of Lucy and her husband John Bartelt.

Alun and I talked for a while about fandom, and the difference between Brits and Americans, and somewhat narrowly avoided hitting a herd of deer crossing the entirely unlit (and sparsely traversed) Natchez Trace Road. Road trips are infinitely more interesting in the company of others. I'd never met Alun before the weekend, but found him to be good company, and a fairly able conversationalist, if prodded lightly. I hope to be able, in the fullness of time, to take another trip to the UK and do some sightseeing on his home turf.

## Fannish Boy Makes Good

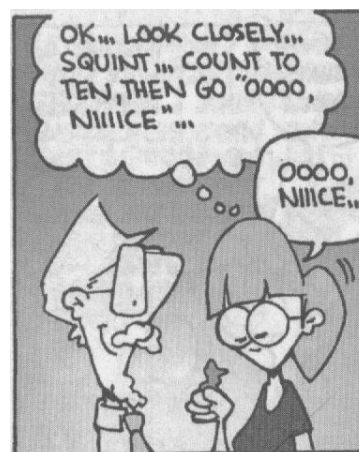
BY TRACY BENTON

WABE co-editor Bill Bodden has a famous face... almost. It takes a perceptive fan to recognize him (unprompted) in these renditions by comic book artist John Kovalic. Kovalic's character (coincidentally named "Bill Blyden") is the manager of a small games emporium, "Pegasaurus Games." Those familiar with the Madison games scene will easily spot the reference to Pegasus Games, long-time downtown gaming haven, where our Bill was once the manager.



On the right, Bill Blyden makes an appearance as a recurring character in Kovalic's *Dork Tower*, a comic book about gamers and their foibles. Although I don't game myself, I've known enough gamers to find the book hilarious. It's full of goofy game names like "Warhamster 3000" and features lovable characters like Gilly the Perky Goth and Carson, the gaming muskrat (fugitive from Kovalic's strip *Wild Life*). On the left is Bill appearing as a King in the Out of The Box card game *Bosworth*, for which Kovalic provided the art; he can also be found as a "button man" in Cheapass Games' *Button Men* (Dork Victory series). Thanks, John, for allowing us to repro your art here. Bill's fifteen minutes of fame is dissipating at an alarming rate.

Oh, and the girl in the *Dork Tower* panel? That's Bill Blyden's non-gaming girlfriend, "Stacy"....



# From Around Here

BY JIM BROOKS

*A fine loc we received on WABE 2:*

Jae writes of other places and says, "Wish you were here." But I've already been there.

The hills around Baraboo and the Dells are the hills of my youth. My Father hunted those hills. My Grandfather built the roads over and through them. My great-grandfather broke the dirt and rock of those hills every Spring to get another crop into the ground.

I was born twenty miles from the Dells in Ableman, a town just as dead as Kilbourn, which gave way to Lake Delton. I've written in the past of the Pink Lady Quarry and of the roadside spring which brought the sweetest, coldest water out of the quartzite depths.

I spent my summers exploring the streets of Baraboo and believing that every kid's vacation had a calliope accompaniment. Once every Summer we would go to the Dells, a much simpler Dells. Storybook Gardens and Biblical Gardens were among the yearly choices. Some mini-golf before the Tommy Bartlett Ski, Sky, and Stage Show every year. But the attraction that I begged for as a pre-teen was the Original Wisconsin Ducks.

We only went on the Ducks on special occasions. If Protheros were in from Washington or Gerrolds from South Dakota then the Ducks were a sure bet. There was no other way to see so many of the sights so quickly as on those amphibians. The drivers in the 60s used the same cheesy script and made sure to gun the engine just before the river

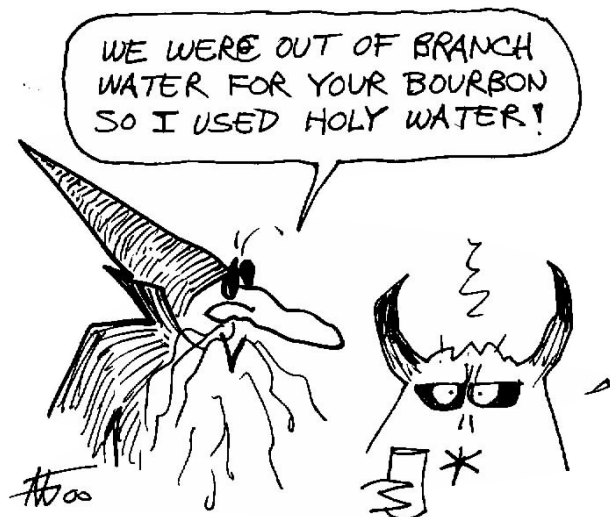
so they water-soaked the aisle, same as today. The gargoyles by the Country Club still look as if they belong more to the 1300s than to the 1930s.

My cousin Sonny would never go on the Ducks. He said he wasn't interested. He would sit in the car and wait for us to get back or he would drive downtown for a shot and a schnit. Sonny was Santa Claus in Baraboo for more than forty years. He sat in a hut on the Square and was the centerpiece of the Elks party for kids. He ran a new stand and a bakery and sold insurance and was never a success at anything but being Santa.

He's pushing seventy pretty hard now. He works third shift at a gas station and there aren't many left who know he was Santa. Once, at a party, we had a few toddies and I asked him why he wouldn't go on the Ducks with us, why he always stayed behind. He told me that he had ridden on one once and he vowed never to do it again. He said most of the boys on that trip to a Korean beach never got to make that decision for themselves.

I was on one of the DUKWs in my twenties when it broke down in the water. We drifted for a half hour in the river waiting for a tow to shore. It was high adventure long before I knew my cousin's memories, long before the Duck sank in the Ozarks and the canopy pulled the people inside down with it.

Sometimes memories should stay memories. When I get the chance I go to town with Sonny for another story. And a shot and a schnit.



# Schooner Women

BY PAT HARIO

I've a good friend from high school living in Portland, Oregon. When she was visiting Madison recently she told me about a flyer she had read about a working cruise in the San Juan Islands, in Puget Sound. I was intrigued. We decided to do it.

It sounded really great—a six-day cruise on a 101-foot wooden schooner, learning to raise the sails, steer the helm and cruise among the beautiful islands in the Northwest Passage. Best of all, it was an all-woman cruise. The flyers I got shouted "WANTED: SCHOONER WOMEN". It talked of being with a community of women working together to learn new skills, accomplish goals and share other skills, build self-esteem and confidence. How could I resist? I've always been interested in Outward Bound-type trips, and this was with all women. What a wonderful opportunity.

My friend Pat and I duly arrived at the assigned dock in Port Townsend, Washington, early Monday morning, September 10th. I got my first close look at the ship and I immediately fell in love. She was just gorgeous. Named *Adventuress*, the wooden double-masted schooner was built in 1913, sold to the San Francisco Bar Pilots in 1915, and has been owned by Youth Adventure, a non-profit organization that uses the *Adventuress* as a training ship, since 1959. Unusual for such an old vessel, she's kept the same name all of her life, and it fits her perfectly.

As the twenty or so women milled around the dock waiting to board the ship, duffel bags and sleeping bags set down beside them, I wondered what was ahead. Everyone seemed nice as we introduced ourselves to each other. There was an air of anticipation mixing with the clean sea breeze coming from the sound. Finally, out from the ship came someone with a clipboard who called off our names, marked us off her list and told us to take our gear down below. There was a list of names and bunk numbers posted on the mast. Then we were all to meet in the aft cabin down below for orientation.

We said our good-byes to people seeing us off and stepped

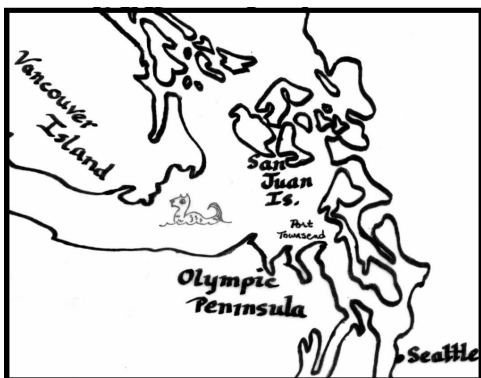
foot for the first time on our home for the next six days. I was sort of nervous at this point. Did they really mean it when they said they didn't require previous sailing experience? How much sailing terminology should I know? Did I have enough upper body strength to hoist sails?

We went down below and stowed our gear. It was pretty neat down there, dark, of course, and small, but not really cramped—not yet anyway. The space looked small, with not much headroom, but it fit with what I expected. I've seen movies about ships, after all. Excitement was taking over the nervousness.

When we had all stowed our gear, we went to meet in the aft cabin. Erni Bennett, President of Youth Adventure, introduced herself first and told us how excited she was to have us, and how much fun this adventure would be. She then introduced the skipper, the mates, and the galley crew, who also said hello and told us a little about themselves. It was then I learned that this would be an historic trip for the *Adventuress*. While they'd had all women cruises for some years, it seems that while the passengers have all been women, always one or more of the crew—usually the skipper—has been a man. Our trip would be the first ever in the 77-year history of the *Adventuress* that everyone on board—skipper, crew and passengers—was a woman. What great luck, to be among the very first group. Everyone stressed the feminist aspect of this trip, how we could learn from each other, share stories and get to know each other.

After the crew introduced themselves, we passengers introduced ourselves, saying where we were from and why we were there, etc. What an interesting group we had! Some of the women had

lived on ships before, some had lots of sailing experience, some none. Most of the people said one of the main reasons they were there was because it was a women's cruise. One woman began her introduction, "I'm Cheryl, and my divorce was final two days ago. This is my time for myself." One woman had come with her sister. We had two mother-



daughter pairs. One of the mothers, Caroline, was 77 years old (as old as the ship); she was the oldest passenger the *Adventuress* has ever had. She did great, too: she lives on a boat with her husband, and had a wealth of knowledge, not all of it about sailing by any means.

After the introductions we were divided into three watch groups. Seven or eight passengers were teamed with a mate (there were thirty people on board all together). These are the groups we would be working with when we weren't setting or striking sails. We got quick lessons in belaying a line and cleating off, along with a tour of the ship. I was in watch group B; Phyllis was our mate. A watch schedule was posted with our assignments for when we weren't at "all hands on deck" mode. Each day was divided into three-hour shifts—maritime schedule.

When we broke for lunch early in the afternoon we still hadn't left the dock. The food on the ship was great. I ate better than I do at home. We ate vegetarian, with lots of fruit, vegetables and *great* desserts. My plans of maybe working off a few pounds as I hoisted sails and performed related salty jobs soon vanished. After eating we had more orientation.

Suddenly we heard what we later learned to be the bosun's whistle ring out, with a call for "all hands aft." We all headed to the "back" of the ship, as that was where the sounds were coming from, to learn our sailing stations. This is where we would be, and what we would be responsible for, when we were setting or striking sails or doing any maneuvering like tacking or jibing. I was all ready to be assigned to one the overwhelming number of ropes hanging from the masts or sails. Hey, I could pull on a rope, I had sailing gloves and everything, just point out my line. Mine was the first name called. "Pat Hario, you'll be at the helm."

*What!?! I may not know anything about sailing, but I know the helm is the steering wheel. Right, I've never been on anything larger than an inland sail boat, and they want me to steer a 101-foot schooner. I sort of gulped and said, "Great."*

Once everyone learned their sailing stations, we went to our appropriate places and learned what

we were to do, who would tell us when to do it and generally get the feel of things. As helmsperson, I was to keep the ship on the compass heading that Kinny, our skipper, ordered. She would stand nearby and keep watch on the progress of the sails and let me know where she wanted the ship. There was a compass directly in front of the helm, and as she'd call out "Right zero-two-five" I would repeat the heading and attempt to get the ship on that course. The wheel is a lot larger than I'd thought, but it was cool, with the pins to hold onto and everything. I kept thinking, "This is it. I'm really on a ship, and I'm part of the sailing crew."

We motored off the pier at about 4:30 p.m. and went out into the bay a bit, then raised the sails for the first time. We took a long time to do it, the mates explaining things as we went along, showing us why we were doing things in what order. We

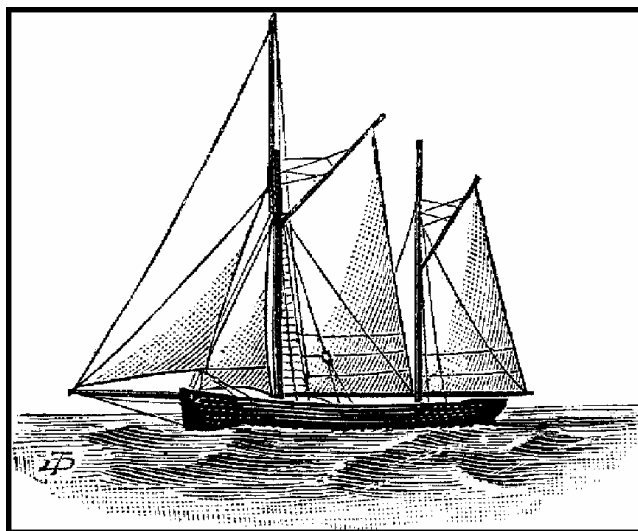
played around with the sails without moving much for an hour or so. Kinny took pity on me by saying she didn't really need me at the helm, and I could help raise the main sail. She'd call when she needed me.

We didn't go far that first afternoon as we got our sea legs and took stock of the ship. We anchored in a bay some ways off shore, struck the sails and went down for dinner

and talking until the lights were put out at 10 p.m. sharp.

With the ship at anchor for the night we didn't need a whole watch group on duty at once, but we did need two people on deck at all times. They were to check the levels in the bilges, chart our depth with the fathometer and check the bearing points to see if we'd drifted. Each watch group had one three-hour shift on anchor watch every night. Two people from a watch group would be on watch for an hour, then be relieved by the next two people in their group, and so on.

That first night, I had the 11-12 watch. After lights out at 10, we went up on deck and talked quietly with the two on duty from 10-11. It was a beautiful night. The stars were bright and clear. As my watch ended and I headed down below, flashlight in hand, I realized that I should have prac-

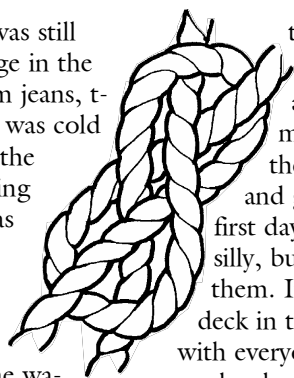




ticed getting into my bunk while there was still daylight. It proved to be quite a challenge in the dark. First, I had to change clothes, from jeans, t-shirt, sweatshirt, coat, hat and gloves (it was cold up on deck) into night things, then use the head and pump it clear, all the while trying to be quiet for those still asleep. This was my first experience with nautical heads (bathrooms). They're pretty much like airplane bathrooms, but in an airplane the engine noise cuts out the sound of the toilet being flushed. On a ship on the water, at night when sound seems to travel for miles, it's pretty loud.

Getting up into my bunk was quite a challenge. Cheryl was in the bunk below me, and I had to step on her bunk to boost myself up into mine, which was about four and a half feet up. I set my foot on her bunk, raised myself up ready to swing up into my bunk... and hit my head on a beam. I managed not to yell out too loud, but it hurt. There's not much headroom down below, and every foot or so there are beams sticking down six inches from the ceiling leaving even less space to negotiate. I tried again, this time going more in then up and managed to sort of slide in horizontally. Once on the bunk I had to get into my sleeping bag, all pretty much horizontally, too. I tried to sit up a bit to arrange the sleeping bag better for entry and hit my head again, not on a beam this time, but on a metal screw coming out of the beam. Ow. That hurt even worse. The bunks still seemed quaint, but with a tinge of maliciousness mixed in. And I'm only 5'2". Chris, who is 6'2", had a much worse time of it. It did give me a perverse thrill to hear others complaining. A ship is one place where my short stature is an advantage.

The days quickly settled into a routine. Wake up call was at 7 a.m. sharp and we had about fifteen or twenty minutes to get dressed and freshen up. The lines for the heads weren't as bad as I would have thought, with thirty people on board. There were no showers, but we had plenty of cold water, on a pump. The galley had the only running wa-



ter—hot even.

After the wake up call Kinny would call all hands on deck. We went up for our morning stretch, led by Michelle, one of the galley crew. She's a massage therapist, and got us in shape to face a new day. The first day I thought the stretches were sort of silly, but as the trip wore on, I grew to like them. It was a great way to wake up, out on deck in the clean air and morning sun, laughing with everyone as we massaged each other's backs or shook out all that jammed up energy in our hands and feet. Most mornings Carol, a mate, also led us in an oriental exercise based on the philosophy that energy gets jammed up in your joints and must be massaged out. We must have looked pretty odd to anyone on another ship watching a bunch of giggling women pounding on their bodies at 7:30 in the morning.

After the stretching, we again divided into our watch groups and were assigned to either swab the decks, clean down below or help the galley crew with breakfast. I liked swabbing decks the best, pumping salt water up into buckets and grabbing a broom or mop to scrub away the day's grime. You'd be surprised at how much dirt can appear on a ship that's been away from land for days. It was just too, too nautical, swabbing away on the deck or using brass polish on all the bright-work. Yo ho ho.

Breakfast every day was a real treat. I never eat breakfast during the week (I'd much rather have the extra time for sleep), and on the weekends my breakfasts are not quite what Mom made for me when I was a kid. On board we had hot food every morning accompanied by plenty of fresh fruit, juice and cereal.

After stuffing our faces (hey, cleaning the deck is tough work on an empty stomach), we usually raised sails and set off. Kinny would tell us where we planned to go that day, and what else would be going on. I soon got used to the helm and got to really enjoy it once I felt a bit more confident. I was really proud one evening when we had to

### **THE 22 SECOND FANZINE REVIEW**

Tom Springer comes across as sincere and personable in *Baloney* #2, which is convenient, because he comes across that way in person as well. Despite a somewhat rambling writing style, Tom has many keen observations to make, especially regarding fanzines from the Midwest. (Thanks, Tom.) Much attention is also given to this issue's electronic nature, being downloadable and not mailed. The usual from either Tom Springer (15515 NE First Circle, Vancouver, WA 98684) or Arnie Katz (330 S. Decatur Blvd., Las Vegas, NV 89107) Perhaps more appropriately, e-mail Tom (Tomsprung@aol.com) or Arnie (Crossfire@aol.com). The Tummler Twins, as they call themselves, seem to be doing their level best to keep AOL in business. —Bill

make what I guess was a tricky approach into a bay, going around some large rocks. Kinny thanked me for my work and said I was a big help and did a good job. Wow!

The *Adventuress* is gorgeous. She's a two-masted gaff-rigged schooner. She has four sails: the main-sail, foresail, staysail and jib. When the sails are all up and she's got good wind, it's a great sight and feels wonderful, the wind whipping at your face, the boat rocking on the waves. She can sail as fast as twelve knots. But it's a job to get those sails up. They're big, heavy suckers and take some managing. And they have to go up in the right order at the right time. Each mate was assigned a sail and a crew. They took their orders from Kinny on when she wanted them up and what she was planning to do. The sails on the masts are the larger sails and need a boom to direct them. Because I was on the helm while the sails were being raised, I had a great view of them rising up in the air. There's something very majestic about a sail rising and catching the wind. I could see the women at the peak and throat halyard lines sweating and swaying

and the sail rising up. (Sweating and swaying is a term for pulling down and out on the line and then swinging in so the line can be pulled around the belaying pin, holding the line there if it should somehow

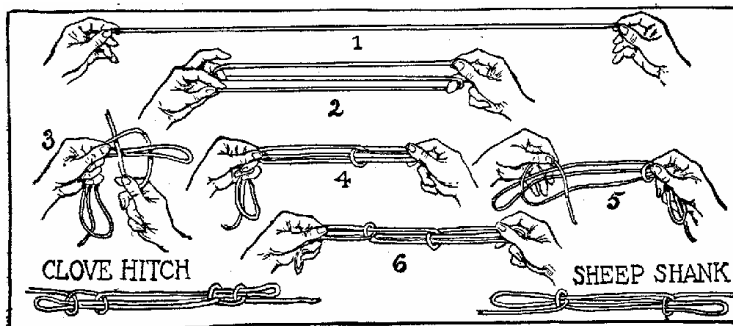
get loose from a swayer. This prevents the sail from falling back down to the mast.) It really hit me about midway through the trip, as I was watching the women pulling together in time to the mate's call, working in unison and in charge of their jobs: we can do anything.

A couple of mornings we were able to "sail off the anchor." I didn't even know what this was, or that it was considered quite a feat, until after we got back on shore. Sailing off the anchor is raising the sails while you're still anchored, pulling up the anchor and then using the sails to take you out of the harbor, (i.e., not using the motor to get out of the harbor and then raising the sails where it's more convenient). Apparently, this is a big deal. And we did it.

We'd sail during the day, maybe have a lecture on tides and currents, or charting our position, or sails and winds. When charting your course, you take a compass heading and have to do some calculations

to come up with the true compass heading to use on the chart. You take the compass heading, correct for deviation on the compass and have the magnetic reading, correct for variation on the charts and add easterly: CDMVTAE. To remember what to do and in what order, you have to remember CDMVTAE. When Kinny explained how she learned to remember these steps, using the sentence Can Dead Men Vote Twice At Elections, a voice from the back piped up "Only in Chicago."

In the evening we'd pull into a harbor or bay and strike sails for the night. After dinner, we'd sit around the aft cabin talking or singing. A few people brought guitars and would play for us; some women read poetry. The ship had a library of sea books with stories of women sailors, the history of sailing, boat building, and more. A few of the mates had built their own boats. If you weren't into singing, or just wanted the last hour of fresh air, you could go up on deck and talk with people there.



It was during the evenings when I really got to know the other women. Work was done for the day, and we'd sit around relaxing. I was curious at the beginning of the trip what it would be like to be with only women for an extended period of

time. I'd never had that experience before. It was great. It was neat to be with a group where there was a basic understanding between everyone. We were all there mainly because it was a women's trip. We wanted an adventure, to learn new things. I got to know them very well in that short time.

Some women were married with children, some divorced, some never married. One woman was an artist and had had her own one-woman shows. Phyllis, our watch leader, had been married for 20-some years. In the five or so years since her divorce she had learned to pilot a plane, learned to sail, sailed to Alaska, sailed in Hawaii. She found a new man who's not a stick-in-the-mud and they travel all over and just love it. One woman had been a cook at one time and she made scones for us for breakfast one day. There were a lot of health-care people there, too. We had a physical therapist, an occupational therapist, a massage therapist, a woman who counsels drug-dependent people.

Connie and her husband built their own log house. They cut down the trees, stripped them and built the house, all themselves. One woman passenger was a barge pilot for a city energy department, piloting boats up and around the dams. These women were strong, self-reliant, smart and amazing.

One evening after dinner when we were down below we got started talking of chauvinist horror stories. Not surprisingly, the older women had some amazing stories. Of all the people on the ship, my friend Pat and I were the two youngest, which really surprised me. I'd been feeling old, and assumed there would be a lot of women in their twenties there. The passengers ranged from 30 (me and Pat) to 77 years old. But some of the younger ones had experiences almost as bad. It made us realize what's been accomplished and what we have left to do. Sailing is an especially male profession, and some of the older women told about how they got their start and the hurdles they had. Mrs. Bennett's first name is Ernestine, but she goes by the nickname Erni. She said she's glad she has a name that sound like a man's. A lot of her contact with people was in writing, and they had known of her and done business with her for a long time before they realized she was a woman. She was sure that had helped her out.

There was a lot to see as well as to do. We saw dolphins—pretty far off, but we could tell they were dolphins. There were cormorants; harbor seals were all over, playing around; and I got some great shells. Twice, when we had anchored early, we motored to shore and got to walk around a bit. I went out one of these times and walked off by myself and just sat on a log in the sand. I could look out over the water and see the *Adventuress*. As much fun as these people are, and as great as the boat is, 101 feet just isn't all that much room for thirty people. I liked the quiet time away.



I also enjoyed the anchor watches at night. Getting up at 3:45 A.M. and looking out at the stars is a unique experience. The stars have a depth to them out on the water. Some stars are closer, some farther, like a giant blanket enveloping us. You can actually feel the distance of space. We heard some seals late one evening, but couldn't lure them to the ship. And a few nights, when you took the end of a line and dropped it into the water, magic happened. You'd drop the

line in and wriggle it about and you'd see a green phosphorescence twinkling down below, mirroring the stars up above. It was really cool. If you brought the wet line up and flung it away from the ship, the water droplets would become green sparkles and light up as they hit the water all around. It was glorious.

One big highlight was going out on the bowsprit to remove the sail covers and take the gaskets off the jib sails so we could raise it. The bowsprit sticks out in front of the boat over the water. There are a few metal cables running from the bow to the point of the sprit, with rope netting running between the cables. You have to walk out on the cables, balancing with your hands on the bowsprit and go out to the very end to unhook things. You can look down—way down—to clear blue water. It was great! And I've got pictures proving that I actually went out there.

One day, it was really foggy out (“fog” is the sailor's f-word) and we couldn't sail. We had to use the motor. It was really weird, moving along, the fog swirling around. We used the radar a lot and had two bow lookouts instead of one, putting the compressed air fog-horn to use. It made you wonder how people sailed with just sextants and compasses.

After a second day of not-great wind, Kinny called out all the stops. She wanted some sailing weather, and she was going to get it. Attired in a Hawaiian shirt, way-cool white shades and a straw sun hat,

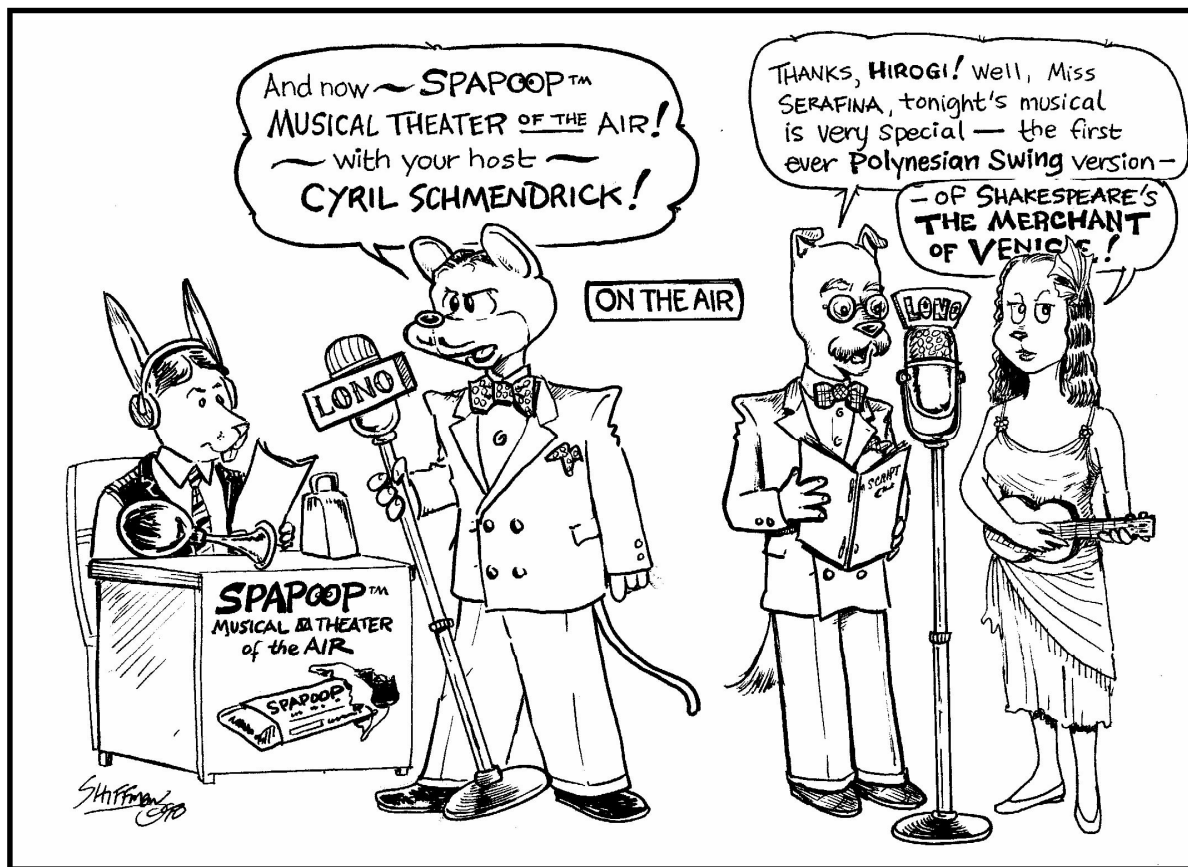
### **THE 22 SECOND FANZINE REVIEW**

Despite far too much space spent by Lilian on the Ardis Waters issue, *Gloss #2* does feature some fine writing, as well as a pitch by the TAFF hopeful Victor Gonzalez on why we should elect him the new TAFF delegate. Must've been good, 'cuz he won. Dave Hicks provides us with a con report of Plokta.con, which I was sorry to have missed, until I read in Dave's article about Sunday night at the con having been officially designated “cleavage night”; then I was *really* sorry. Available for the usual from Lilian Edwards (L.Edwards@ed.ac.uk 39 Viewforth, Edinburgh, EH10 4EJ, United Kingdom) and/or Victor Gonzalez (squib@galaxy-7.net 9238 4th Ave. SW, Seattle, WA 98106, USA. —Bill

Kinny was great. She's first mate when the full-time captain is aboard, but first came on the *Adventure* as a Girl Scout in 1972 and worked her way up. She's got some great stories and is a lot of fun. Carol, a mate, co-owns a sail-making shop and teaches navigation in Tahiti. She's one of the original founders of the Port Townsend Wooden Boat Festival, going on 15 years now, I think. Merlyn, a galley crew, also cooks for other groups, many of them hiking trips in the mountains, or other excursions. One of the things she did on those trips was to try out new names for herself. She wanted to change her name, and practiced using different names with different groups, getting a feel for the names, seeing if she liked them. She finally chose Merlyn, and it suits her. She's

The trip was great. The women I met were wonderful people, and the trip was everything it promised, and more. I'll remember it all my life.

That trip was a long time ago. I haven't lost my love of old wooden ships in the intervening years. While in Chicago for WorldCon last summer, I was able to see The Tall Ships at Navy Pier. They were truly a wonderful sight. On board the barque Picton-Castle I felt right at home. I found out that the ship makes 16-month-long sails around the world. And they take Sailor Trainees! What an opportunity... I bought the *Handbook for the Crew* there and then, just in case I'm ever able to make that trip. It costs a mint, I found out later, but you never know. Maybe someday I'll be a certified Able Bodied Seaman. I would be thrilled.



# Middle WORDS

BY BILL BODDEN

Travel ties us together in this issue, and never has travel been easier than today. Despite seemingly endless delays caused by relative incompetence of airline or airport staff, or caused by construction closing more traffic lanes than strictly necessary, fans are able to travel around the world with relative ease, which is a damn good thing for fanzines, as this issue of *WABE* might suggest. As Jae points out in her Forewords, fandom owes a great deal to the travelogue. Americans, in particular, owe a great deal to their cars; without them we'd never hear the kind of harrowing travel stories that, at their worst, make us vow never to leave the house again, and at best have us wiping tears of laughter from our eyes. Cars can be frustrating creatures, but there is no single thing more tightly bound up in the American psyche than the automobile, which goes a long way to explaining our rarely adequate mass-transit systems.

Fans seem to love to travel, and a good travel narrative can inspire us to travel ourselves. Getting there really can be half the fun, or more than half if the object at the end is a funeral or other unpleasant duty. Also important (though not essential) for a good travel story is a trusty companion, to be the butt of (or perhaps source of) jokes, and to help point out character flaws in the narrator, just be-

fore the ensuing fisticuffs. Like an addictive drug, travel causes a desire for more: for new experiences, better and different stimuli, more and exotic sights to see, and meeting new and interesting people.

The fact that we fans travel to conventions regularly often provides us with interesting "getting there" tales to swap, and also helps foster a sense of community that all human beings enjoy having. However, not all travel is "for the fun of it." Many fans now need to travel for their jobs; a year ago, I had to travel to New York for the annual Toy Fair, as part of my job being an associate editor with Collecting Channel. New York is pretty overwhelming if you've never been before, but the experience was well worth it. In fact, I found myself looking at the calendar in mid-February and sighing longingly, thinking about how this year's Toy Fair would have to get along without me, which of course it did.

Whatever the reason for travel, there's always a good story hiding in it somewhere. For those of us who enjoy telling and listening to (and reading!) such stories, life in general would seem a great deal less lively without the well-told travel tale.

## THE 22 SECOND FANZINE REVIEW

Occasionally I receive a fanzine that I just don't "get." Such is the case with *Twink* #20. The editor, "E. B. Frohvet," has a sneaky sense of humor I can appreciate, but also has an indelible air of arrogance I find hard to tolerate. In #20, he spends five pages on a catalogue of books dealing with religion in SF without mentioning Russell's *The Sparrow*, only to review the book dismissively a few pages later. Considering Russell's novel concerns a crisis of faith, I was baffled. Basically only two articles outside of book & fanzine reviews. Judging by the length of the lettercol, others are less confused by this zine than I. Repro is okay, but that typewriter sure needs a new lowercase "m" desperately. Available for the usual from E.B. Frohvet, 4716 Dorsey Hall Drive #506, Ellicott City MD 21042.—*Tracy*

# A Passion for Travel

BY JAE LESLIE ADAMS

(The fourth in a series of essays on my trip to Britain in November 2000, "Diversions and Domestic Pleasures". )

On Friday morning Maureen drove me up the M20, then the M25. This was of interest to me as I had heard enough complaints about the aggravations of traffic on these British motorways, without ever having spent much time in passenger vehicles. I had only just mastered getting into the left side of vehicle as a passenger, so now simply getting used to being on what still seemed wrong side of the road, with the faster passing lanes on the right, and so forth, made it an exciting trip for me, and roundabouts were still nerve-rackingly exotic. We discussed the minutia of such differences of habit.

After we turned off for Tonwell we passed what would be called a "double-bottomed semi" in the States, an "articulated lorry" in Britain, on fire, with emergency vehicles in attendance. But gazing through the window of any conveyance, the road ahead draws one's attention from the details of the passing scene. I had visited John & Eve Harvey at their home in the village of Tonwell once before, after the 1999 Eastercon in Liverpool, in the company of Martin Smith. They had organized the fanroom at that convention, and a great success it was: lots of comfy chairs, a location to drop by to check the fan-history programming, and quiet hours between the program items that I spent lounging around watching people trying to identify the fans in twenty-year-old photos. We had gone out for dinner there to an Italian bistro, together with Martin and with Swedish fan Lenart Uhlin, and enjoyed much laughter, various wines and many courses, and of course talked all night back at the convention. John is a highly relaxed host, and Eve combines an easygoing charm with rare dynamism.

And since then I had spent other enjoyable times with them. At the Aussiecon, they were the first Brits I ran into in the bar and it was as though no time had passed since our last meeting, and then I had enjoyed a good talking-to from Eve at the dead-dog party where she gave me good instructions on straightening out my life. I saw them



again earlier in the year at Corflu in Seattle and then in Chicago, while they were visiting the States, and although I had not perceivably straightened out my life, we happily wandered around the Chicago Loop in the company of Karen Babich and Nigel Rowe, had another Italian dinner that couldn't be beat, and found a singularly pub-like Irish tavern on Printer's Row where we discussed the peculiarities of basketball (which of course none of us knew anything about) and fandom (which of course we did). Eve had recently completed the trip report from her GUFF trip to Australia in 1985 (sponsored by the Europe-to-Australia fan fund), of which the first chapters had been published in their fanzine *Wallbanger*.

The drive from Maureen's home in Kent to the Harvey's in Hertfordshire seemed to me a short journey, only a couple of hours, and since her American TAFF trip Maureen no longer looks on such distances as far either. We met John and Eve in Tonwell for lunch at the pub around the corner from their house, and there also met Carol, Eve's assistant. They had steak & kidney pie, while I cautiously ordered familiar fish & chips, which was excellent. The conversation turned to the Novacon just passed, for which Maureen had organized the programming. It had been at her suggestion that John's band, Jack of Herts, was engaged for the Saturday evening dance. After a leisurely lunch Maureen was off again, to drive home to Kent.

With such friends it is easy to spend all the time available simply sitting and talking, and that was our chief occupation for the weekend. Eve was recovering from a headcold that had come on at the convention the weekend before, immediately on her return from a training program she was

## THE 22 SECOND FANZINE REVIEW

*Quasiquote 3* from Sandra Bond, 46 Stirling Road, London N22 5BP, UK. Okay, I'm a sucker for such a cool cover treatment, an abbreviated illustrated wrapper. Claire Brialey's meta-fanzine review is my favorite piece, in an issue that features essays from Avedon Carol, Dave Locke, Maureen Speller, Gail Courtney, and a skiffy fable from Taral Wayne. A strong editorial voice steps back to highlight a strong correspondence column too. —Jae

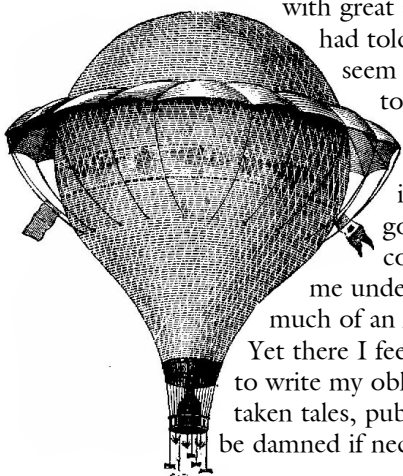
teaching in the Near East. I was perfectly content to continue my exploration of British domestic habits, which are the kind of thing one can seldom observe as a tourist. Eve made an excellent chicken casserole that night, rather, *chasseur* or *cacciatore*. We had the usual discussion of which hand you eat with, as the American way of switching the fork from right hand to left seems clumsy to the British, and the British way of balancing food on the back of the fork in the left hand seems odd to Americans. I have heard the American habit is the preservation of a colonial-era custom.

As Eve observed, sometimes speaking the same language glosses over deep differences in culture between the U.K. and the U.S. If we were trying to cross a formal linguistic barrier, as between English and German, we would less often assume a common understanding when in fact we may mean quite different things by the same expressions.

With such discussion we stayed up late, watching television. Living deep in the countryside without cable television as they do, we resorted to a fund-raising program called "Children In Need", which featured celebrities unknown to me making fools of themselves. It made the lighter Novacon programme items suddenly look quite reasonable. There were Olympic athletes playing musical chairs, the BBC news girls doing the can-can, and a panel of soap stars answering quiz questions about shows I had never heard of. Late at night the variety show segments took a more risqué turn than American network television would ever tolerate.

Lying awake that night in the silent house, under the influence of far too much coffee, I thought about my conversation with Eve about fanwriting. She always takes me right down to basics again, what I am doing and why I am here, and however unintentionally encourages me to follow my own creative path, sometimes quite insistently, always with great affection. As I

had told Maureen, I seem to have come to Britain for the writing part of me to find itself again. To go to a foreign country makes me understand how much of an American I am. Yet there I feel comfortable, to write my oblique and mistaken tales, publish them and be damned if necessary. To find



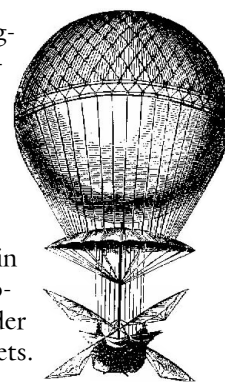
friends who welcome and recognize that side of me is a powerful draw, to bring me such a long way from home.

The next morning we drove into Stevenage, and brunch on the Old High Street. It seemed a narrow street, paved in a variety of eras, lined with two-story brick buildings, rather older than most American Main Streets. First we had to look into the pubs to select one. The Red Lion? the White Lion? the White Hart? all were noisy with the football broadcast. Most featured dark timbers, yellowed walls, and low ceilings. We sat down finally at the quiet Marquis of Lorne, with a pint, and tuna melt on baguette, and discussed TAFF. The long-ago strife of Topic A (in which all of fandom was plunged into war) it turns out is all John's fault, for having suggested TAFF candidacy to the principles in the first place. One would never expect it of such a mild friendly fellow.

Afterwards we explored the shops there, including a guitar store filled to the rafters with fine instruments, and then the modern shopping district. They pointed out the modern hotel where Precursor had been, a small fannish convention held immediately before the 1995 Scottish Worldcon. The stores were beginning to offer silly gift products for the Xmas season, like the remote-control fart machine we laughed over—one press of a button and the whole display was set off. The crowds of shoppers were dense. We browsed windows and wandered the market stalls, getting out of the rain, and then bought groceries for the feasts Eve had planned.

A few minutes in the car through the lush green hills and we were back in Tonwell, where we ate and drank and smoked and talked again far into the night. Eve cooked Thai. I saw a fascinating half-hour example of reality TV, "Airport", not the staged kind of thing American networks are exploring now, but factual reportage of a day at Heathrow. Then John dug out a tape for me to see of the cult favorite "Thunderbirds" (an episode in which a mad scientist proposes the world food problem will be solved by his bioengineered species, "sardonicus americanus"). I had to refrain from asking that John not fast-forward the tape through the advertisements, bearing in mind that they were absolutely nothing new for my hosts.

The next day we had considered visiting some nearby castle, but it rained like mad. My previous visits to Britain had been characterized by unusu-



ally dry weather, so this time I was rained on more than ever before this time. Eve's cold was getting better but John's was definitely worse. So we relaxed at home, watching the rain pour down in the back garden. The house sparrows looked the same as those at home, but we don't have chaffinches or thrushes in our yard, and the starlings looked different. Eve pulled out a bird book for me to browse through. Jays it seems in Britain are not blue.

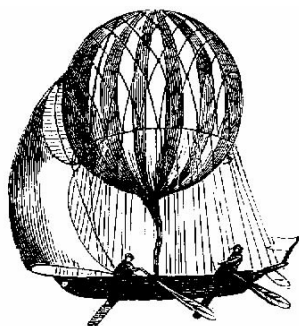
John brought Eve's electric piano downstairs, so that she could play the pieces she had performed for friends at their anniversary party. I noodled along on the keyboard that afternoon while she cooked another feast. That night we ate curries: beef, chicken, lamb, shrimp, a great abundance, again far into the night.

And then it was Monday morning. John boxed up a dozen tubes of mimeo ink, stored since his mimeo publishing days, which I might still have some use for, in a nice package with a sturdy string handle. I had arranged my return ticket so that I would have plenty of time to take the train in and make my way to the airport. But instead, they drove me to Heathrow, which John insisted was a regular habit of his anyhow, as Eve is so frequently traveling for business. After I dropped off my luggage we sat in the cafeteria and had breakfast and coffee. It was pleasant to have company during the airport wait. It was sad to be parting. Already I

was looking forward to my next trip back to Britain. Such a mix of contrary feelings.

The mimeo ink was interesting to explain to the U.S. Customs when I arrived back in Chicago. They had to x-ray the package again, and ask, "In the box—tubes??" Duplicator ink, I replied, having decided beforehand that this was the most understandable description, and they knew no more than before. Toothpaste in such quantities would not have sounded reasonable, but importing duplicator ink apparently was. And they are always confused about why I am declaring the cheese, even though their form asks about any agricultural products in my possession. Well, I am easily amused by such things.

There is plenty for me to enjoy it seems, even in a convention like Novacon that the Brits find more or less unsatisfactory. I am unaccountably one who will travel thousands of miles to spend my holiday in the decaying urban centers of Britain, or rustivating in a friend's home. What I like in traveling is finding exactly what I have brought along besides my baggage, whatever thoughts or interests I cannot leave behind, which are inescapably my very own. The world is out there and cares little enough how I measure myself against it. From my experiences I pick up postcards and occasional pebbles, but I like to travel light.



#### THE 22 SECOND FANZINE REVIEW

*A Brighton Belle Meets Skippy*, Eve Harvey's GUFF report from her 1985 trip to Australia, was completed in 1999 from the audio tapes she made during the trip. Composed in diary form, it convinced me that this is the only way to report in such detail on such a lengthy trip. Food, drink, and merriment with the Harveys, and a terrifyingly comprehensive introduction to Australian fandom and its contingent. Available from Eve Harvey, 8 The Orchard, Tonwell, Herts, SG12 OHR, UK, proceeds to the GUFF funds, US\$5, A\$7.50, GBP3, plus postage. —Jac



# IMPENETRABILITY!

Thanks for all your great letters.  
We really look forward to them!  
Again, we have edited due to  
space constraints.

## *Regarding E-zines*

**LLOYD PENNEY:**

Many thanks for the next issue of *Wabe*, number 2. And once again, bless you for a paper fanzine. Bucky Fuller said that medium is the message, and the message may be Move to Newer Technology, but still, the black type on paper says a lot to me, too.... Any e-zines, webzines or .pdf zines I get are usually printed out into the format I like. It's not that expensive, and might take up about a dozen sheets of paper, and some ink... whatever I receive, I'll convert it into what I'd like to have. Much easier on the eyes.

**HARRY WARNER, JR:**

I am glad to see so much support for paper fanzines in the letter section. I'm sure my eyes would never hold up long enough to read a complete fanzine on a computer screen if this house weren't a computer-free zone.

**MARTY CANTOR**

I am amazed at Calvin Powers producing four different versions of the same zine. But I am poised to do something similar with my own zine, *No Award*--if it works. But only two versions. There will be, of course, will be the traditional one on paper--I have no desire to ever leave that form of fanac. The second, though, will be the same issue but with colour enhancements which will be .pdf formatted which can be downloaded and stored on one's hard drive or printed out on paper. I was very impressed with Arnie Katz's *Jackpot* #2 and I would

like to do something similar....

**PAMELA BOAL:**

I heartily agree with your LoCers who are in favour of the paper zine (long may they live) for the reasons given, plus the fact that my eyes can't cope with reading on screen. Not only do I have to go get a web zine I have to save it, open on another programme, enlarge it and print it out, things can go awry at any stage and the final product designed for the web seldom looks as good on the paper page.

**CHERYL MORGAN:**

I steered clear of Bill's comments on e-zines in #1 because I figured that the world was fed up of my whingeing about such things. However, some of the comments in #2 did perk my interest.

I am hopeless at stuff like layout. My art teachers at school would have expelled me for incompetence if they were allowed to. When I produce a fanzine, what I think of as my, to use Lloyd Penney's words, "crafted gift" is the writing. It might not be very well crafted, but it is all I have to give. I find it very sad that those who rail against e-zines often infer that words have less value when distributed electronically than when distributed by paper.

In his letter Harry Warner reminds us of the changes in fashion regarding how fanzines are judged. I was publishing a mimeo zine back in the late 70s when photocopying first became viable. At the time a lot of editors bemoaned the fact that from then on fanzines would be judged on appearance rather than content. At the time I hoped they were wrong, but they were not.

As to Marty's comments, I love paper zines too. That's why I send



A LETTERCOL

out Word and RTF files that can easily be turned into paper zines. But on a quick estimate I reckon that Emerald City would cost me around \$600 an issue to print and post. With electronic distribution it costs me less than \$30, and most of that is the cost of the web site. I have limited funds too, and there's no way I would have produced 63 issues on a monthly schedule at \$600 an issue. As one of my main reasons for producing the zine is to tell lots of people about lots of good books I have chosen to try to reach as many people as I can cheaply.

**Tracy chimes in:** Because the whole e-zine question interests me professionally (I test internet software), I checked out a bunch of zines available on the Web. There are quite a few out there, many more than I expected. Bill Burns has put up [efanzines.com](http://efanzines.com), with handy links to zines by Arnie Katz, Marty Cantor, Ron Clarke, Nic Farey, and others. A wonderful idea—Mr. Burns, I salute you. Some of the links are downloads while others whisk you away to the zine's own site.

The zines seem to be split into two types: PDF files (portable documents), meant for printing, and actual web zines, meant for viewing. The PDF's often contain beautiful color art, as in Joyce Worley Katz's *Smokin' Rockets*, and some have been thoughtfully split into sections to avoid the massive-download-fugue-state. But the PDF zines are mainly still formatted for the printer, not the on-line reader. For example, many are in two columns, which means a lot of scrolling if you want to read it on the sly at work. On the other hand, the straight e-zines like Nic Farey's *Nichevo* aren't meant for printing, although they look great online.

Cheryl, I commend you for offering your zine in either online-viewable OR printable downloads (at [emcit.com](http://emcit.com)). Your site is very clear to use. But in offering these "love 'n' hugs" back, I must also suggest that the black menu backgrounds be ditched... so 90's, you know.

### *Regarding Wisconsin*

**ERIC LINDSAY:**

I remember Wisconsin (or was it Lumaria?) Had a strange dairy dell place, and lots of cheese.

Liked the helpful suggestions for tourists. I can cope with asking for a Coke if I want a Coke. So what are the local beers? Can't see myself ever having the right clothes. Living in the tropics means we have discarded almost everything that doesn't suit T-shirts, shorts and sandals. If it weren't for traveling, I wouldn't own a coat or a jacket... or shoes (apart from sandals). Which reminds me, I

must see if I still own a pair of gloves.

**HARRY WARNER, JR:**

I've never heard about the conversion of World War Two amphibious vehicles into Ducks for pleasure driving purposes. It's better than to have them rusted away in some dump. I do wonder why no manufacturer seems to have created a smaller version of such vehicles aimed at private ownership for recreational purposes. I would think that a lot of people would enjoy playing with them in much the same way as they've taken to all-terrain vehicles in recent years. Maybe there would be too much opposition from preservationists since the things would be used mostly on seashores and river banks where it's already hard to prevent damage to nature.

**LLOYD PENNEY:**

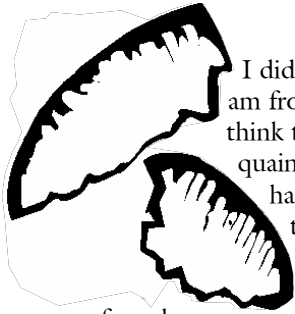
Ah so we're all speaking Biglish...soda, soft drink, pop, tonic, tinnie (well, maybe not so soft)... My own term is pop, but when I have a room party at a con, I place a menu on the wall beside the bathroom door. You know, the horizontal refrigerator.... I'm the beertender in the baRthroom? The menu usually says POP/SODA/TONIC. I try to leave little to chance. The other side of the doorway has another sign with a universal word that all can readily understand. It says BEER...

Muscoda is pronounced with the emphasis on the third syllable, I believe. Come to Ontario and try names like Kashegawigamog and Penetanguishene. Up north from us is a region called Moskoka, with the emphasis on the second syllable, thank you. (A place name from Nova Scotia... Mosquodoboit. Have fun.)

The success of Wiscon, by the sounds of it (I've never been to one), and to Madison fandom itself, is in taking part, trying new ideas, not being afraid to hand out the egoboo, and to just get busy. So many fannish groups could learn from this. Jeanne Gomoll's speech here outlines what Madison fandom has been able to accomplish with the right people, and their labour and money over time, bright and innovative ideas and most importantly, a positive and constructive outlook, and all are to be congratulated for such an accomplishment. Look at what can be done!, we should be saying. Why can't the rest of us do this? In the After-Words, you say there's about a dozen core fans and a score around the fringes. It looks like 32 fans do so much more than cities with hundreds of fans, core or fringe, can do.

**MARTY CANTOR:**

A Lady Of The Area writes, "If you are someone who likes to point out how quaint things are outside of New York or L.A., just stop reading now."



I did not stop reading, even though I am from Los Angeles, because I do not think that the centre of our country is quaint; it is, for the most part, uninhabitable by civilized beings, even though there are a few oases here and there. The interior of the country is really much too cold for human habitation, and too many of its ex-inhabitants have moved to our more salubrious climes. Those who have not starved to death, that is. I mean, and as ALOTA describes, nobody taking the first bite of food at a meal is a sure formula for starvation. It is hard to sustain a civilization with a culture with such a ritual. If I ever decide to pay your area a visit, please remind me to eat first.

**Hmmmph.—ed.**

**RANDY BYERS:**

Thanks so much for the latest *Wabe*, with its introduction to the wonders of Wisconsin. I think I must be a displaced Midwesterner, what with my own efforts to escape reticence through drink. (Currently imbibing a Kilt Lifter, in fact, and you know what that means.) Come to think of it, I was born in Indiana, while my Dad was attending a Mennonite college in Goshen. And I have relatives in Wisconsin: Mennonite dairy farmers, out tipping their cows—or tugging them, as the case may be, though that seems awfully Faulknerian for a Mennonite.

In any event, I'm sorry to see that Wisconsin is responsible for this damned Duck thing. They drive through our neighborhood all the time, fresh from the Fremont Troll and on to the industrial wonders of Lake Union. We're on this bit of hill, and the best patter that the tour company can come up with is, "Now, this is the rollercoaster portion of our ride. Everybody say "wheeeee!" At which point the sound system bursts into that disco song, "Rollercoaster". Worse, if I'm out weeding the flower bed, the drivers have to stop and instruct the tourists to chorus, "Looking good!"

Fuck off, you cow-tugging daytrippers!

Er, I mean, you know, there are more people than raindrops in Seattle. Really.

### *Regarding WABE 1*

**WM. BREIDING**

My favorite things among a plethora of great reads were Tracy's piece on armchair traveling.... I highly recommend Jonathan Raban—anything and everything he's written. He is not only abundantly

witty and insightful but also a prose stylist extraordinary. I love traveling through America and have spent a lot of time doing that. Funds being what they are I've only once been off of this continent. I've read a lot of travel books. Check out Lawrence Millman's stuff, for the opposite personality type and prose style to Raban. As Tracy notes, a lot of great atmosphere can be absorbed through fiction. The Hillerman books are great for the southwest and you can't beat Lawrence Sanders' Matt Scudder series for a good drenching of NYC. Same goes with Stephen Greenleaf and his mysteries set in San Francisco. They are vivid and generally correct in their landscapes.

**GWYNETH JONES:**

**Jae explains:** In *WABE #1* I reported that before the Seattle Potlatch last year, fannish negotiations were under way for the exchange of an isle in the eastern regions of the North Atlantic for some yet-to-be-established quantity of glass beads. The original offer was for Great Britain, but the counteroffer mentioned Jersey. We received this lyrical comment from Gwyneth Jones.

Re bead negotiations, Jersey is also good for tomatoes of surpassing sweetness, fields of highly marketable spring flowers, the prettiest cows in the world, and of course the tastiest potato variety, ditto.

Don't let them fob you off with this year's Jersey Royal potatoes though. There wasn't enough rain in the growing season. They are (ugh) floury.

### *Regarding Feminism*

**CATHERINE MINTZ:**

I enjoyed Bill's article on feminism and why we need it. It fattens my quiver when I go out to debate. It is especially depressing, in one way, or uplifting, in another, to find how many young women of today are unaware that they once could not have hoped for equal treatment in college and that an English Ph.D. was assumed to be a secretarial degree.

I confess to enjoying it when one such returned to complain she had hit the glass ceiling. "How did you know?" she said. I replied something noncommittal, since I have learned that nothing teaches like experience and that the wisdom of one's elders may be mostly history remembered and still be right.

**E.B. FROHNET:**

I would probably have to disavow being a feminist; however I believe I can claim a higher level of female involvement than any other Male—edited

American fanzine with which I am familiar....

The only other thought which leaps to mind at this moment is that I know of several fanzines which are produced, or nominally produced, by multi-gender teams (*Banana Wings*, *Plokta*, and *Steam Engine Time*; with *FOSEAX* probably falling under "nominally"); but NO fanzine which has been consistently produced by an all-male team. (Well, maybe the late *Apparatchik*.) What this says about males and consensus-sharing, I leave as an exercise for the reader.

**Well, readers? Is this correct? If you know of zines consistently produced by all-male teams, please write us!**

**PAMELA BOAL:**

In this ish Jeanne Gomoll's GOH speech was the key item for me. The key sentence 'making the largest number of choices available to everyone'. I wanted no truck with the strident feminists who denigrated parenthood, lost no opportunity to revile half the human race, were totally unaware or uncaring of the fact that disability or inner city poverty were as limiting or even more so than being female. On Jeanne's terms of giving a voice and opportunity to all people that have less than a fair share of life's good cards, I too am a feminist.

**Tracy speaks:** It is undoubtedly unfortunate that the vision of the "man-hating feminist" has taken over the word "feminist." I find it very wearisome to have to explain what I mean when I tell someone that I am a feminist. "You're a feminist?" they cry in horror. "Yes," I say, "I think, for example, that men and women should be paid equally for equal work." "But I think so too!" they rush to reply. "Good," I say, "It's so nice to meet another feminist." Upon which they look so terribly confused. What a pity.

### *Regarding mimeography*

**BEN INDICK:**

The new issue was amiable indeed. You people do not seem to have heard that fanzines are a dying form. Keep injecting air. Like you are on twill paper yet, next you'll be on mimeograph! If my mimeo hadn't broken down, in fact, I would likely still be using it and the \_\_\_\_ with computers, which always confound me in the end.

**E. B. FROHVEY**

Nice Brad Foster cover. Maybe a dash more toner in the copier might be a good idea.

**Jae responds:** The first issue of *Wabe* was xero-graphically copied at our local Kinko's, but for the second and subsequent issues we are in fact using a Gestetner model 4130 duplicator. I under-

stand this was the last model that allowed for hand-cranking, just in case we ever try to produce a zine from the unelectrified forest fastnesses, but as long as the electricity here holds out here on the north coast we're mostly using the motor to crank that screen around. Works nice, as long as I clean the dried ink out of the ink gun before starting it up again after sitting idle for too long. The counter has logged 3,245,830 copies. Since Madison's SF3 purchased it for production of *Corflu 10* publications and the clubzine *Cube*, it had fallen into disuse, and we have already had to replace the electrostenciller (Gestetner 1103). Another eight issues (or some other project) and we'll run out of stencils.

**We regret** that lastish we forgot to run Brad Foster's address as a contributor: P.O. Box 165246, Irving, TX 75016. His cover elicited many words of praise!

**WAHF:** David Redd, Malcolm Edwards, Terry Jeeves, Caroline Mullan, Julie Zachman.

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# After WORDS

BY TRACY BENTON

(Warning to our non-fan readers: this article may be incomprehensible.) I find it impossible to think of "travel" and "fanzines" without automatically thinking of TAFF. The TransAtlantic Fan Fund, founded so long ago to bring one highly-regarded fanzine fan to the USA to meet American counterparts, continues to provide discussion fodder for admirers and detractors alike. Sometimes I wonder whether half of the fund's appeal is its capacity to provide basis for argument—in much the same way that fanzines often get deluged by letters after the editors publish extreme editorials. (Not that I'm hinting for letters here. Oh wait, that sounds like more of a hint. Strike that.)

TAFF is really supposed to be about that whole "travel broadening the mind" bit, isn't it? Meeting new people, seeing new places... then you have something to write about afterwards. Whether it's Christina Lake bemused at Americans playing softball in the mud, or Ulrika O'Brien wondering whether she's quite getting all the jokes in the pub, I bet each winner felt a little differently about both sides of the pond when they got home. But for the majority of fans, TAFF provides none of these benefits... in some cases, just speculation and acrimony about the person who takes the trip.

TAFF has candidates: people who wish to journey across the sea to visit fans on the other side. Yet, according to some, they must "stand" and not "run." In fact, more than a polite acknowledgment that they'd "rather like to go if you wouldn't mind" seems to be looked upon as crass tub-thumping. On the other hand, if they would actually like a few votes, they "should" get fanzines out and about to make themselves known—*Snufkin's Bum* comes to mind, a fine zine I might never have seen otherwise—and this seems to me rather like running anyway. Where's that line again? If the zine says "me for TAFF" it's standing, and "me for TAFF!" it's running? So from the outset, anything they do in their candidacy is sure to piss somebody off.

On top of this, they must be "good" candidates. Fortunately we have few rules concerning what a good candidate is, because otherwise conversation might grind to a halt. The best candidates, apparently, are deserving poor-as-churchmice fen who have never been to the destination country, yet

who have been sending a 10-page zine monthly to 350 people for the last couple years. (Except, of course, that if the poor mouse had saved all that money instead of paying the copy shop, he could easily have taken that dream vacation.) By focusing attention on this type of "fitness," of course we lose sight of the fact that our candidate may be terminally shy and/or financially inept, both rather more important for making the trip and for performing well in the future as the administrator.

Yes, TAFF has administrators: people who must be immune to flood, fire, criticism, backstabbing, and back seat driving; people who must inspire some fans to donate to auctions and browbeat others to provide con memberships; people who must make numbers dance on the end of a pencil without being tempted to line their own pockets. Oh, and by the way, don't forget to produce that trip report, chop, chop! Remember, we wanted to meet these people because of their writing. Did we think about the fact that a great writer might not also be a party animal, a compulsive organizer, and a CPA all rolled into one?

I've given money to TAFF fairly regularly over the years, and even been urged to stand for it once or twice. It's unlikely I would ever do so—I enjoyed the UK, appreciated the beer, and like the British fans I know, but what could convince me to administer the fund? It sounds like your doom in fandom. You could end up gaffiated, shunned, mad, or all three. (Roll for sanity points upon exiting this dimension.) I've already told Victor Gonzalez that my nominating him for TAFF felt, to an extent, like sentencing him to TAFF. How much of an honor is it, anyway?

Some people would like to see TAFF roll away into the sunset, never to return. I'm sure that won't happen as long as any six people are still interested, and why should it? It runs on the support of fans who like it, and is therefore unkillable. Personally (and I should note here that the *WABE* editorial tripod shares only a little common ground over TAFF), I'll continue to vote and to spend too much at auctions as long as the people running it fail to hurt anyone irreparably. And me—I think I'll save money to go back to the U.K. sometime soon and write a trip report about it, without having to administer anything other than my luggage.

WABE #3

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