





E-DITTO

E-DITTO #17 December, 2011. From Eric Mayer
groggy.ales@gmail.com

Cover: Eric Logo & stamp: Dave Burton. Illos: Brad Foster p. 14
Taral p. 12 Eric p. 4.5.6.7.8.9.11

E-DITTORIAL

It was pointed out to me that seventeen is not an attractive number with which to end a fanzine. But although it may be awkward and uneven, seventeen is, nevertheless, a prime number, and so I am happy to leave E-Ditto parked right here.

During the past few weeks there were days when I had decided to continue the zine into 2012, albeit at a more sensible pace. I've enjoyed publishing every issue. That's why there were so many of them. In the end, however, I remembered why I originally determined to limit E-Ditto to a year. Too often faneds and their fanzines wear out. Publishing becomes a chore. The editor puts out another issue because he feels he has to, and the lack of enthusiasm shows. Better to quit while you're ahead, I say.

Then too, although E-Ditto's faux ditto format has been a lot of fun, the novelty is bound to wear off. Maybe it already has. I don't want to get caught in the trap of endlessly repeating the same old schtick. Believe me, I was afraid my mundane little essays might be seen by some as the same old schtick, even though my writing has evolved quite a bit since I did Groggy. That's one reason why I wrote (or reprinted in one case) about twenty strictly faanish pieces, from faan fiction, to faanish memoirs, to reviews of old fanzines and opinions on the state of fandom.

Not that E-Ditto turned out exactly as planned. When I decided to publish I never guessed that Taral and Brad Foster would generously offer me so much great stuff. E-Ditto suddenly became more elaborate so I went ahead and added old artwork for Groggy

than I had intended. Not to mention articles by Mary and art from Andy Reiss, Mae Strelkov, Taral, and Greg Rieves. Come to think of it my mold for E-Ditto was broken as soon as Dave Burton sent me the fancy logo. And a good thing too. A fanzine should be a sort of living organism, evolving as a result of the whims of the editor and also -- perhaps even more importantly -- the whims of contributors and readers.

Ah yes. Readers. What is a fanzine without them? I want to give a spin of my beanie propeller to steadfast loccers Lloyd Penney and Dave Locke. And also to Bruce Burn, Ned Brooks, Taral Wayne. Eric Lindsay, Bill Burns, Bob Sabella, Dave Burton, Brad Foster, Chris Garcia, John Nielsen Hall, John Purcell, Darrroll Pardoe, Rich Lynch, June Moffatt, Greg Benford, John Thiel, Sam Long and Jinnie Cracknell. It is a proud and lonely thing to be an ezine loccer. Thank you all.

The cover is another scan of a hecto print originally used for Groggy. Thanks to Eric Lindsay and Ned Brooks, it incorporated some nifty yellow and orange colors, unavailable in the United States at the time but still obtainable in Australia. The illos for the Christmas article are also hecto prints. An article about the hectograph process follows. I find it hard to describe so I did a few quick sketches by way of illustration which may or may not help. Not that it matters. If you have any sense you won't try it.

BOB SABELLA

A couple days after I wrote the above, thanking contributors, Bob Sabella died. He was only 63 and had just begun his retirement. His Visions of Paradise was one of my favorite fanzines. It reminded me of the friendly, accessible personalzines that hooked me on fandom way back in the seventies.

In VoP he talked about his plans for retirement, how he intended to do a lot more writing. He showed me part of a historical in progress and I'm sure he would have succeeded if only he'd had a bit more time.

Although I only knew Bob through his fanzine, his joy in life, his enthusiasm, and his love for his family and students came through clearly. He gave a lot to the world and touched many people's lives, even some who never met him.



THE ACCURSED DUPLICATOR

It was 1978 when I fell into the sticky, purple embrace of hectography. Like so many reckless affairs it felt like destiny.

At the time I was attending school in New York, living in a fifth floor walk-up in the Cobble Hill neighborhood of Brooklyn. My windows faced away from nearby Manhattan. My view was Brooklyn's tarred rooftops and at night the lights strung along the Verrazano Narrows Bridge, twinkling like Christmas decorations in the July haze. I had been involved in Fandom for half a dozen years receiving, reading and responding to fanzines. That had been enough, but then my favorite zine, Donn Brazier's monthly TITLE ended its run.

Suddenly I needed a fanzine of my own.

It had something to do with the strange environment in which I found myself. Not just the city - so dirty and noisy and frantic, albeit exciting, to someone used to country - but also to the equally alien, and less exciting, environment of New York Law School. I wanted a place where I could remind myself who I was and what I cared about and affirm my own way of looking at the world.

I also wanted to talk to people other than aspiring lawyers.

Mimeo was the favored medium for fanzine production. Unfortunately, I couldn't afford a new mimeograph and wasn't

resourceful enough to find an old one, although my search led me up worn staircases to dusty graveyards of obsolete technological marvels, none of which turned out to be a workable machine.

I settled on a hectograph. A shallow pan of tough gelatine.

The Sears and Roebuck catalog revealed that the company still sold hectograph kits, although that was not to be for much longer. So one day I took the subway deep into the darkest heart of Brooklyn, where the tall buildings shrank down to smallish brownstone apartments and single-family houses. From the elevated tracks the flat, mundane landscape appeared to stretch into a bland infinity. Once I was at street level, my gaze was caught by the archetypal Sears tower, rising far above the surrounding structures. Sears, home of the fabled hectograph. The real Tower of Trufandom.

Sad to say, the flat box of faanish magic contained only a tray for the single bag of gelatine, a hecto pencil and a paltry few colored hecto strips. I doubt if Michaelangelo could have done much with the hecto pencil which was as useful for drawing as an eyeliner. (And just as well since the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel would have long since faded had it been hectographed) There weren't enough inked strips to provide a BEM with a respectable number of tentacles and gelatine became ink saturated and unusable almost immediately.

Before long I had to improvise. I brewed my own printing gel on the stove according to a formula found in an old World Book Encyclopedia:



Place into a pot 1 part plain gelatine (from any grocery) to 4 parts water and let it stand for 1 hour. Then slowly stir in 6 parts of glycerine (from a pharmacy) while heating it over a pan of simmering salt water. Cook for an hour or so. Pour the liquid into the flat tray and leave it cool. After 24 hours you have a clear, golden, rubbery jelly, ready to print whatever your heart desires. A beautiful sight indeed.

There remained the problem of creating the hecto master. I employed spirit duplicator carbons which could be found in only a

few colors in the United States. Purple printed best. Red could be faint. Green was fainter, and black and blue often nearly invisible. Whether this had been true when the carbons were new, I can't say. By the late seventies even spirit duplicators were heading for extinction and the carbons I tracked down in office supply stores had obviously been sitting on the shelves of warehouses and storerooms for ages. Some of them might have been older than I was. The cobwebs on them looked like the work of prehistoric spiders.



As often as not the carbons were too dried out to work properly which led to many fanzine pages that were half faded into history at the moment they were born. On the positive side, Ned Brooks and Eric Lindsay enlarged my palette by sending me yellow and orange carbons that were only available in Australia. Mae Strelkov sent me bottles of

hecto ink which I never got the knack of using. Mae painted gorgeous pictures with the ink.

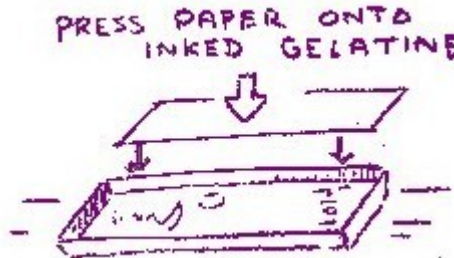
Creating the hecto master was an adventure in tedium. I began by penciling a drawing on copier paper. I then taped the top of the drawing to a blank sheet. The colored carbons were inserted, one at a time, face down between the two. Once a colored carbon was in place, I would trace over the appropriate part of the drawing with a ballpoint pen, pressing hard enough to push the carbon onto the master at the bottom of the "sandwich." When I had scribbled over every bit of the drawing that was to appear in, say, purple, I would then remove the purple carbon and insert a new color, trying to keep the sheets perfectly aligned.



The paper with the pencil drawing tended to bulge, and tear and disintegrate as every millimeter was slowly worked over by the ballpoint. It was difficult to maintain the registration and by the time I got done filling in something like a solid blue sky my hand was ready to drop off. Eventually the original drawing was in tatters and a master, with all the colors to be printed, had been created. Unlike most forms of printing you

need to worry about registration of colors when making the master rather than while making the prints.

Next came the printing. I first lightly moistened the hardened gelatine in the tray. Then I placed the hecto master face down on the gelatine, carefully smoothed it down and allowed it to sit for several minutes. The gelatine absorbs some of the ink and releases it slowly. When I removed the master I could see the image floating in the gelatine like a scene on the other side of a dimensional barrier.



I pressed a clean sheet onto the gelatine, let it sit for a moment, then pulled it off. Wonder of wonders! There was the multi-colored picture I'd drawn, all very bright if not always clear. The second copy was less intense. Hecto means one hundred. The hectographic process is supposed to produce 100 copies. If by "copy" you mean an image that might be detected by an electron microscope, then I suppose that's true. As for copies that can actually be read....I usually managed 25 good prints and 25 to 65 not-so-good to dreadful ones. Those who failed to respond got the worst copies, until they were removed from the mailing list entirely. I hated doing that.



What I have described is the ideal scenario. A tray filled with hardened jello is not a fine tuned mechanism and more often than not things went wrong. If I wet the gelatine too much the prints blurred, the colors ran together.

Not enough moistening and the paper stuck to the hectograph. Globes of purple gelatine came off on the sheet, adding unwanted texture. (Not to mention putting any such zine over the postal weight limit) The surface of the gelatine soon became cratered like the surface of the moon. The craters formed bubbles and gaps on the print. Finally the gelatine pad threatened to become detached from the tray every time I pulled a sheet off. I



dampened my fingers and ran them over the surface of the gel, trying to coax out a few more prints without smearing the image.

More than once, despite my best efforts, the whole sticky, rubbery, rectangle of purplish gelatine came slurping out onto the table. Stop the presses!

I certainly would never have subjected myself to the purple perils of hectography if I didn't love publishing a fanzine.

Despite using bottle after bottle of hand cleaner, my fingers had purple stains for days after I'd pubbed my ish. There were purple fingerprints on the table, and my tea cup, and the door frames. I suspect I must still have purple stains on my soul.

Is it any wonder I confine myself these days to electronic publishing?



If I recall correctly, my first four issues were entirely hectographed with subsequent issues being mostly spirit duplicated on a hand cranked machine from Sears. Those generally featured hectographed covers and some hectographed illos. Eventually I went to all photocopied which just wasn't the same. There was a single mimeoed page -- all I got out of a huge, unfixable (by me) mimeo I found. One cover was color xerox, another was a silk screen. (Unfortunately I didn't realize silk screen inks don't mix like watercolors) I also tried adding a bit of crayon to spirit duplicated pages. But probably my favorite page of all was the one I stamped out with colored ink and a carved potato.



This is the time year when I wonder how in the world I could ever have believed in such an outlandish idea as Santa Claus. Even a five-year old should have had enough common sense to realize that reindeer don't fly, all the toys for all the kids in the world won't fit into one sack, and a fat man in a red suit couldn't squeeze into our fireplace let alone come down the flue, especially with a sack holding all the toys for all the kids in the world over his shoulder.

If I didn't actually remember believing in Santa, I wouldn't think it was possible.

Not that I can recapture how it felt to believe. I can no longer put myself into the state of mind where reality has not quite coalesced and magic can still co-exist with day-to-day experience. Is the child's mind not fully formed or simply not fully programmed? Whatever the reason, it seems that the very young inhabit a wilder world than adults do, a place full of mystery and wonder and possibilities their elders can no longer see.

We naturally assume that kids' perceptions are wrong, a result of their immaturity. But when you consider the universe's size, age and complexity, you have to wonder how much our tiny, ephemeral brains are filtering out.

I don't think they are filtering out Santa, of course. Where are the hoof prints on the snowy roof? The satellite photos of the North Pole workshop? How would Santa get through Homeland Security? Besides, I've played Santa. I know how the scam works. I've lied to my kids.

When exactly did I discover the awful truth? Strangely, I can't recall, nor do I have any recollection of being shocked or horrified that my parents -- who I trusted more than anyone -- had foisted off on me this dreadful embarrassing hoax. It must have just dawned on me as the golden haze of early childhood gradually dissipated to reveal the cold, hard outlines of real life.

There was a period when I pretended to believe because I figured it was expected of me. How soon did my parent's realize the jig was up? For how long did they pretend to believe that they thought I still believed when they knew I didn't? None of us wanted to disappoint each other.

Christmas is a great holiday for the suspension of disbelief.

My parents didn't just prevaricate about Santa either. They also acted as if they liked the tree ornaments I brought home from school. Enormous, lop-sided snowflakes cut from thick construction paper, encrusted with glitter and white school paste, thick as icing on a cookie. Exactly what my dad wanted on the tree he tastefully decorated with subdued blue lights.

Almost as aesthetically pleasing were the jar lids wrapped in ribbons. Sometimes we would insert a crayon drawing into the center of the lid, forming a sort of cameo. In those days everyone canned. Kids were asked to bring spare lids to school. What do they use today? Hardly anyone cans and you can get a plastic angel to top your tree for the price of a jar lid.

For that matter, what do kids make these days rather than ash trays? We were always making ashtrays, not only at Christmas. Everyone needed ashtrays when I was growing up. In the unlikely event your parents didn't smoke, their friends did. They needed a misshapen lump of hardened clay painted red and green to stub out their cigarettes.

My parents put it out in the middle of the coffee table, hideous as it was, neither round nor oval, higher on one side than the other, not quite flat on the bottom. There were two large indentations in the rim, where cigarettes could sit, and so you could distinguish it from a candy dish. The workmanship was not the best. It looked like something made by a cow.

But my parents pretended it was a work of art.

Who knows, maybe they were blinded by the holiday season. Maybe they believed the ornaments and ashtray were beautiful like I believed in Santa.

I did have some scientific basis for my gullibility. I wasn't completely stupid. Santa brought me science books, after all. On Christmas Eve I set a plate of cookies and a glass of milk out on the coffee table and sure enough, on Christmas morning, the edibles had vanished, except for a few tell tale crumbs. Certain proof that Santa had visited. That and the fresh cigarette butt in the ashtray.





TO SERVE AND NEGLECT

by P.C. Taral Wayne

If you don't live an interesting life, you might try looking out the window more often. That's a bit of advice that Bob Wilson was recently in a position to give me.

Bob was speaking to me not as a professional writer of science fiction, but as the fan I've known since 1971. Our friendship has endured ups and downs of various sorts, as well as a period of several years when Bob lived on the West Coast. Most of what I know about a writer's life, I've learned by watching and listening to Bob. It's *not* intrinsically exciting.

There are benefits to be had from professional writing, of course. Not the least of rewards is the paycheck in the mail. But there are other perks as well. Only a few days ago, Bob returned from a free trip to Israel with his wife, Sharry. It was one of a number of similar trips to Europe he has made in the last few years, as a guest speaker or a guest of honour. Otherwise, his life consists of a daily routine that is no more esoteric than most people's. He wakes, he eats breakfast, he begins work, he consumes lunch, he works a little longer or goes out for a walk, he comes home for dinner, spends quality time with Sharry and, at the end of the day, he spends eight hours asleep. Not the stuff that most science fiction novels are made from - unless they are by J.G. Ballard. Most of Bob's days pass in this fashion. Now and then, however, he looks out the window...

The co-op Bob and Sharry occupy is near the end of a nondescript suburban street just north of the Toronto city line. According to Bob, the neighborhood has become home to large numbers of middle-class and very conservative Russian immigrants. Another

large demographic are second-generation Jamaicans. I speculated that not a few of the Russians may be one step ahead of investigations into their actions during the Yeltsin years, when they made their piles. But Bob points out that there are rather too many Ladas and Trabis in their driveways for that. The view out Bob's kitchen window is directly over the street and across from virtually identical houses on the other side. He and Sharry are relatively unfamiliar with most their neighbors outside the co-op, having little in common - in some cases not even the same alphabet.

One day, as Bob was washing his coffee cup, he noticed there was a funky-looking car parked in front of the house across the road. The occupants had been too preoccupied with a good smoke to notice a police cruiser had pulled up right behind them. A pair of grim-looking cops spotted a rather nice glass bong on the front seat and asked the occupants to step out of the car. There was a very short and terse conversation, then the cops began to search. Clearly, the officers were looking for drugs. The two guys from the van stood to one side, looking nervous - as well they might. Toronto cops are often cool about citizens smoking a joint, but possession of over an ounce is still a felony that carries a jail sentence... and who said it was only *pot*? Perhaps somewhere in the vehicle, there was coke, meth or any one of many "designer" drugs hidden.

I would imagine that, as trained professionals, the cops made a pretty thorough search. The comedy that followed are in my words rather than Bob's, but the details are substantially as I was told them.

The two officers would have begun by checking the glove and other compartments where one might store something about the size of a Ziploc bag. Next, they likely pulled up the floor covering, poked at the lining in the ceiling, felt under the seats, examined seams that might have been recently sewn up and unscrewed the stereo speakers. Eventually, they gave up on the interior and went through the trunk with the same precise methodology. Finally, they opened the hood and searched for packages taped anywhere in the engine compartment. But, apparently, the vehicle concealed *nothing*. Nothing they could find, anyway.

After all that, what if there really *had* been nothing hidden in the vehicle? The innocent may look just as worried as the guilty. Regardless of innocence, cops still don't like to look like fools. It looked like the two guys from the car were going to get off

with a lecture. Since the officers hadn't found whatever they were searching for, however, there was nothing more they could do. Looking disgusted, the cops returned to their cruiser to compare notes. One of the guys from the car did a rapid retreat to the nearest townhouse and disappeared inside. The other guy jumped in the driver's seat and peeled away at high speed, leaving nothing behind by a cloud of burnt rubber... and... *something else*. One of the cops looked up and did a literal double-take. There on the road, in exactly the spot that had been vacated in such a hurry, was a plastic Ziploc baggie!

Total professionals that they were, the cops had looked everywhere *in* the car. But they had not thought to look *under* it.

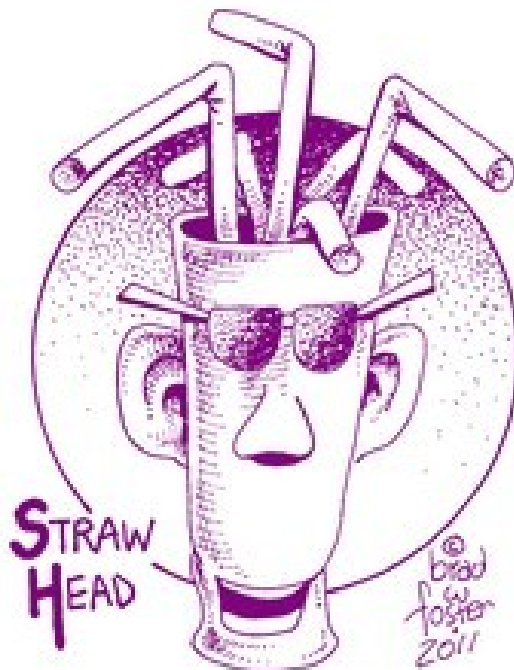
In less time than it takes to type the words, the cops grabbed the "evidence," ducked in the cruiser and roared off in hot pursuit!

As if that weren't comedy enough, a few minutes after the dust had settled, the guy who had fled to the townhouse peeked out through the front door. When he saw the coast was clear, he darted out and conducted a futile search of his own for the jettisoned bag of weed. He returned to his home a sadder-but-no-wiser man.

As for what happened to the weed, Bob suggests, "I'm pretty sure it ended up somewhere other than the evidence room of the local police station. Being a cop means never having to pay for drugs... or so I'm told."

The full facts of the matter may never be known.

]





Letters from readers. Editorial insertions are in red.

BRAD FOSTER

Hey, look, I'm coming over all fannish again! That is, been a crazy fall so far, and many things have had to be put aside or delayed while I dealt with one hassle after another. But suddenly this week, have created artworks big and small, have gotten and responded to fanzines... heck, I'm even thinking of what I might be doing beyond the next chore. Hurray!

That's good news. It's a pain when things too hectic. (Or am I just getting old?) We've had a lot of that this year and my own fanac seems to come in fits and starts.

And what has this to do with the new E-Ditto? Well, nothing... guess I'm just in a good mood today! (In fact, let me toss in a few more exclamation points, just for the heck of it: !!!!!!!)

The exclamation point is my favorite punctuation mark!!!! Has there ever been a fanzine called:



Appreciated your explanation of how the cover for this issue was created: both as in how the original was done, and how the copies were made. I'm assuming I'm looking at a scan of one of the

printed copies here? Because my first thought when that popped up on the screen was "Good grief, how did he get those colors to freakin' GLOW like that?". Now I know it's from those wonderfully weird old color copiers. You nailed perfectly the odd process they went through to apply color to the pages.

Yes, the scan is of the printed cover, not the painting. The amazing light effect was indeed mostly the product of the old color Xerox process. Those color copies were wild. Kind of glassy.

I hope Andy Reiss will continue the story he has started in his short strip on page 14... what could happen next?

For one thing the cartoon frames would need to get a lot bigger!

Both looking forward to the next issue, and already regretting it will be the last. sigh.

JOHN THIEL

I found the cover of this issue much to my liking—highly viewable and worth pausing and considering. It seemed much like expressionist art, having a feel to it as such art does. I see you're aware that the viewer of the cover might be impressed by it in your discussion of ancient color processes. You mention Van Gogh, coincidentally with my impression of the cover, because Van Gogh is considered to be one of the precursors of the expressionist school of art, and a big influence upon this school of art having developed. This very statement was made by the art teacher in my 3rd-year art class when I was in high school. Back to the cover, it was a pleasure to see it.

Van Gogh is terrific. I love impressionism, but also figurative painting and fauvism. Pierre Bonnard, Edward Hopper. The Internet is a great place for viewing art, although what you see is often quite different from the original work. Viewing a reproduction on a monitor isn't the same as seeing the real painting.

I was wondering about this feature in the last issue too: why is an Ozark address listed for Claude Degler at the end of the issue?

I was thinking of Claude's plans for slannish love camps the better to breed the coming race of Cosmen.

LLOYD PENNEY

Thank you for the 16thE-Ditto. Great colour on the cover, a proud reminder of our now-distant fannish past. More to come, I hope...

There are only a few more old Groggy covers that are worth showing. Each cover was an experiment and the majority didn't quite work. Back then it was interesting just to have color on a cover but at this point those failed experiments aren't anything I want to display. Even if I wanted to extend E-Ditto indefinitely in its current form I couldn't because my supply of old hecto artwork is almost gone and I am sure not going to tackle a hectograph again.

We've reorganized our pantry, and we've got plenty to help tide us over. If anyone likes peanut butter, I would recommend stocking up on it, for poor peanut crops in the US and Canada (yes, we do grow peanuts here) will mean a sizable hike in the cost of a jar of peanut butter. You have been warned...

What I really like is peanut butter on celery. Has anyone else heard of that?

I have also had access to a colour copier in the past...I still do, but it does a lot less than the other one did. Still, having something of colour on paper is still very nice to see, mostly because we know how much a colour copy costs these days. We're jaded by .pdfs, where every page could contain colour if we wanted.

Like so many other advances, being able to put as much color as one wants into a .pdf zine is great, but it also makes color in a zine not so special.

It's difficult to care about politics when one side seems crazy and the other has passed insane, and gone straight to psychotic, and neither side seems to care a lot about the public who put them in those cushy jobs they have. I don't like the current government we have in Canada for much the same reasons, and we've had far too many federal elections over the past 10 years.

I have pretty much given up on our political system. It's all just a big infomercial for corporations.

I believe that I am borderline obese myself. I could stand to lose about 50 pounds, but it really doesn't affect me much, and I see people who are much more overweight than I am. Still, I know I have to do something about it, and I am coming up with plans that should work. I need to cut down on the amount of soda I drink, for instance. Yvonne is trying that right now, and if it works for her, it should work for me. Then comes the snacking

that I wind up doing at home while I continue to look for a job. I think I may have secured a year-long contract to replace a young lady on maternity leave, so getting me out of the apartment should also cut some poundage off me. Perhaps I should go back to coffee myself, with artificial sweeteners, of course. Steven's doctor doesn't seem to have enough experience in that you can be perfectly healthy and yet overweight; it would seem to be a natural state for some people.

My doctor is considerably overweight. Last time I was there he admitted he probably should lose a few pounds, but couldn't seem to do so. He shrugged. "Hey," he said, "what can I tell you. I've always been a big guy." When I first started seeing him I tried to modify my diet to gain weight, but that got nowhere. Weight is largely a result of genes. What someone needs to come up with is a way to determine not some theoretical perfect weight for everyone but what the ideal weight for a given individual is.

My loc...yes, just when I think I might be catching up with all the zines I get, Bill Burns puts another few zines up on eFanzines. Foolish mortal that I be... I don't mind all these zines; in fact, I do enjoy them, but I could use a couple of weeks to write letters for them all. With the Christmas holidays coming up, maybe I can do a marathon letter-writing campaign for myself before the end of the year.

I have to admit that although I had fun cranking out 17 issues of E-Ditto in a year, it was a bit too much to ask of dedicated loccers like yourself. I really appreciate that you responded to every issue.

The age of the enchanted duplicator and the perfect fanzine has, alas, gone away some time ago. We can wish that this would still be our ultimate destination, but we must face reality at some point. The enchanted convention? No, that doesn't happen, either. Even conventions are going away to a degree, for there is so much online now to allow you all the SF you want without getting off your chair. I do enjoy conventions, but I can see that they aren't what they used to be, either. Yvonne and I have retired from convention running after 30 years, and they are much more difficult to run now than then. Could I run one today? Not a hope. There's so much more to remember, so many more legalities to worry about. I keep both 'enchanted' entities, the fanzine and convention, in sight, but will aim more at the fanzine. It is now a future age, and we must take away what we can. That past age we have faunched for and enjoyed will simply not return.

Yes, as we get older it becomes tempting to hang on to the past. Look at this zine emulating ditto? Or for that matter, look at this .pdf file emulating a zine. A zine, when we have blogs?

There's always something to comment on and reminisce about; that may be the only thing that sustains us as we enter our later years. I look forward to the next issue.

DAVE LOCKE

I enjoyed your tale of fighting with watercolors in your quest for a color fanzine cover. Although I don't draw, one thing I used to do a lot and seem to have given up in recent decades is doodling. Some of those doodles have even appeared in fanzines and, as hard as it is to believe, some of those fanzines weren't even published by me.

You should start adding some of your doodles to Unstuck in Time. I wouldn't submit my work to other zines but since it is personal I think it fits in my perszine.

A few years ago I read Steve Stiles mentioning that he had a small stockpile of Rotsler drawings which had been done for the purpose of other fanartists adding in their bits to produce a collaborative piece of fan cartooning. I asked about that and Steve, nice fellow that he is, sent me some. Every other day I see the envelope they came in, postmarked 8/9/02, at the bottom of one of these desk drawers. Obviously I intend getting around to this collaborative exercise any day now.

I'd be interested in seeing such a collaboration. I'd sure as heck never dare to try one.

I used to write pain stories, and Taral's tale here reminds me of those. But this is a different type of pain story. While still involving doctors, this is more of a figurative pain-in-the-ass story. Hey, I have several... One is about the Cincinnati doctor who kept bugging me about giving up smoking. I finally got him to quit that when he came into the examining room and immediately asked me if I'd quit smoking. I said yes. He did a double-take and asked me when I'd done that. I told him I'd quit just a moment ago, as soon as I'd heard his distinctive footsteps coming down the hallway.

Ha! I'm surprised he didn't tell you that were due for an immediate rectal exam.

You commented: "What I see is the infrastructure for a police state being put into place." Yes, exactly, and I see it on almost a daily

basis. Just yesterday, 11/30, I ran across this one over on Boing Boing:

For those who don't think we're being played by the government: Senate set to pass bill that redefines America as a "battlefield," authorizes indefinite military detention of US citizens without charge or trial

First paragraph: "The US Senate's Defense Authorization Bill redefines America as a "battlefield" and authorizes US troops to conduct military arrests of civilians on US soil, and to indefinitely detain citizens without charge or trial. The ACLU wants you to write to your senator and demand that this insanity not pass."

<http://boingboing.net/2011/11/29/senate-set-to-pass-bill-that-r.htm>

I went via the hyperlink there and had a letter to the proper senator signed with my name. I'm sure that will do almost as much good as pissing into the wind, and be as useful as balls on a priest and tits on a nun. But, you know, I don't own a gun anymore.

It is horrifying. Sounds like satire actually. Even scarier, as you point out, our so-called representatives are not going to listen to us. They no longer represent us. They represent corporations and the super wealthy. We are represented by...nobody.

Maybe it's just as well I never read BEYOND THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR if it noted that the enchanted destination was really the enchanted convention. Conventions can be ... nice ... and I've certainly been to enough of them. 58 to be exact, counting only fannish conventions. Helped run two of them, even -- Westercon XXV and Corflu IV -- and I can say without fear of contradistinction that they were always my least favorite form of fanac. Not that there aren't worse forms of fanac, but they were enough worse that I never bothered getting actively involved with them. However, to pull myself forcefully back on track, I never read BEYOND THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR because, unlike many including you, I never really cared for THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR. I loved Willis as a writer and in general as a fan, but this particular item seemed a bit ... what's the word here? Twee, I guess. I even, decades later, read it a second time because I'd begun to get the impression that it was so well thought of that I must have misjudged it. Reading it again did not improve my regard for it. These things happen. So it goes. This paragraph would probably bring as much down upon my head, if this weren't the last issue coming up, as my negative review of Harry Warner's ALL OUR YESTERDAYS in YANDRO back in the 1970s. Thankfully

we have many different people to match up with our many different opinions.

You just dissed my two faanish holy books! TED probably is twee. And I usually hate twee. However, great writers can "sell" just about anything (to some people at least!) and in this case Willis managed to get me to overlook that aspect of the piece. Beyond TED was another matter. Reading it didn't diminish my esteem to Willis though. He was just telling a truth that I would have preferred not to hear, especially from him.

From BEYOND TED you note that the Spirit of Trufandom tells Jophan, "This is the Ultimate Convention. ... you will be able to ... see every program item you missed". After my first two conventions I had a tendency to skip virtually all of those program items. I *wanted* to miss them. I don't want them facing me in my old age, or I would immediately begin lobbying very hard for legal euthanasia.

Let's see....how many program items did you miss during the course of 58 conventions?

And, since this is indeed the last issue coming up, let me thank you for this run of your personalzine. I've really enjoyed it. Thanx for taking me along on the ride, except for a few issues I missed because you were coming out with them too quickly. Or because I move too slowly. Or whatever the reason was.

Thanks Dave. Your letters were a huge part of this zine and one of the things I most enjoyed about it.

ENDITTO

Well here I am at the end of the final E-Ditto, back where I started, or almost. E-Ditto #1 went off to Bill Burns and eFanzines on a cold day in January, with the office heater whirring. As I write this it is a cold day in December and heater is going again.

In that first issue I wrote about our 21 year-old cat Sabrina who, sadly, did not make it to 22. I mentioned that Mary and I were working on our ninth Byzantine mystery which we finished and which is scheduled for publication in March 2012. At the time we hadn't settled on a title. Now we know it is called Nine for the Devil.

My stated intent was to keep E-Ditto to 12 pages, the size limit for Groggy -- the amount that could be mailed with a single stamp. You can see how that resolution worked out! Not very well. I

think I've published somewhere around 280 pages of E-Ditto this year.

And yes, I wanted to publish every one of those pages. E-Ditto took me back to the late seventies, when I was not yet thirty and fandom was still a great adventure. Too bad it didn't put some color back in my white beard.

In some ways publishing today is better than it was then. I never did care for the drudgery and expense of doing a paper zine. Finally liberated, I let myself run amok in cyberspace.

Gee, Amok in Cyberspace....sounds like a good title....

Eric Mayer
groggy.tales@gmail.com



Claude Degler
Cabin # 1
Cosmic Circle Sunshine Camp
Ozarks