

rock 'n roll and hip hop lyrics and slasher movies and the current crop of horror films that glory in nightmarish torture scenarios... Well, all that stuff suggests to me that many folk who gain positions of power, be it in entertainment, business or politics, never learned either of those things either.

Woa, I coulda gotten into a serious rant, there, but I don't want to do that here. Let's just say that I ran across some of the cartoons and illustrations I did as a preteen and early teen, and I found them really disturbing (so would anyone else who saw them, so I've made sure that won't happen). I think they were a "phase" that was in many ways natural, representing urges and desires I did not understand or, because I wasn't exactly sub-average mentally, understood in a hugely uneducated way. I could never in my darkest hours have acted on any of them; these were sublimations—and I have to say that I understood that, even then. But the point is that eventually I grew out of those dark fantasies as the underlying elements of life that they represented came into context with the rest of my life.

And again, I'm laying a burden on this poor little LoC response that it shouldn't have to bear. Let me make one further note re your penultimate paragraph. There have been any number of excellent fan writers who have successfully gone into professional print—Terry Carr, Robert Silverberg, Ted White, Ray Bradbury just name a few. Good fanwriting does require certain disciplines, but they are not entirely the same as professional writers need to apply to their work. It is sometimes too easy to say that fanwriting is poor because it does not meet the standards of professional work—and it is similarly too easy to profess that fiction writers do not meet the standards of academic literature, or technical writing, or whatever... Fanwriting is relaxed; I try to be as conversational as I can, much as I do in family writing, because indeed I am writing to what I consider an extended family. Some rules of grammar may be broken here because in that context, the rules are understood in absentia. Not everything needs a strict subject and predicate with all the trimmings placed just so.

Your last question, "am I prejudiced against fans?" contains somewhere the answer, though it doesn't necessarily mean that the answer is "yes." Possibly somewhat at that time; possible, if that's the case, that has changed in the last 33 years... eh?

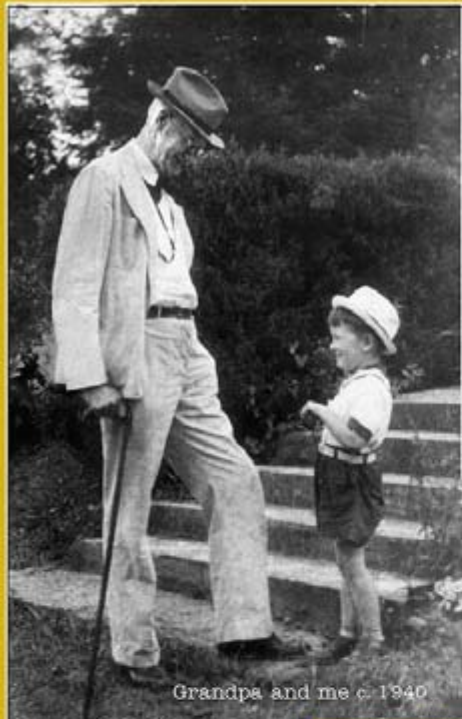
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On that cheerful note, we come to the end of something that hardly qualifies as an era, but it is a kind of coda for one persistent background melody (but not necessarily a leitmotif) of my fannish life. As noted way back at the beginning of this, I'm closing the door, but not locking it. Gosh, if I can't avoid mixing metaphors any better than that...

I recently brought a semi-closure to my novel, *Angel Without Wings* —semi in that, in fitting with the times, it has become the first book in a trilogy, so that there are great unresolved situations hanging (and more to be raised in the second book, of course) that I only hope I can resolve before my own eleventh hour edges into view. Check at [PageTurnerEditions.com](http://PageTurnerEditions.com) to see if it's available yet.

I'm not certain I did my absolute best in my own contributions to this fanzine. I'm sorry if that's true, but the focus is, of course, on the writers of the LoCs that appear here. I acknowledge that the letters run a bit of a spectrum in and of themselves. In most of those whose writers are gone I still replied as if they would be reading this, as I'd like to think they were in some way, but occasionally lapsed into addressing them directly. I trust this inconsistency will be forgiven. What's most important to me is the small expansion of fannish historical legacy this may bring to our microcosm. And truth to tell, I don't mind also letting you in on some of the egoboo I received from some these cool people, close to one-third of a century ago.

*au revoir!* 



Self Image c. 1968



### Ross Chamberlain

Lots of thens and nows...



Buxton School, 1955

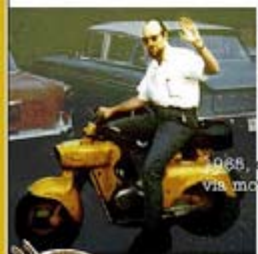
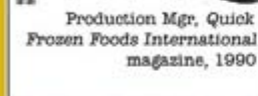
What happened?



Buxton, '54



A&M Consolidated Schools, 1960



What happened?  
Oh, the usual...  
35, 50 years.

Approaching retirement, Las Vegas, NV



Someday, they'll erect a statue of me in this town...  
...Or else...



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