

Dear Ross,

Two and a half years *is* a long time. I wonder how many others of the people whose letters you published have drifted away from fandom? It's hard for me to tell because I've drifted (hell, sped away at full speed would be a more appropriate description) away myself. Harry Warner is still churning out magazines. Richard Labonte was in a recent *Locus*, and Aljo was going to have me print up his fapazine but he didn't get it to me yet and the deadline is tomorrow, so perhaps he has gafiated too. The last I heard from Loren was that he was folding his zine so that he could write full time, but I also know he had lone eye-trouble and may not have been able to do any kind of writing.

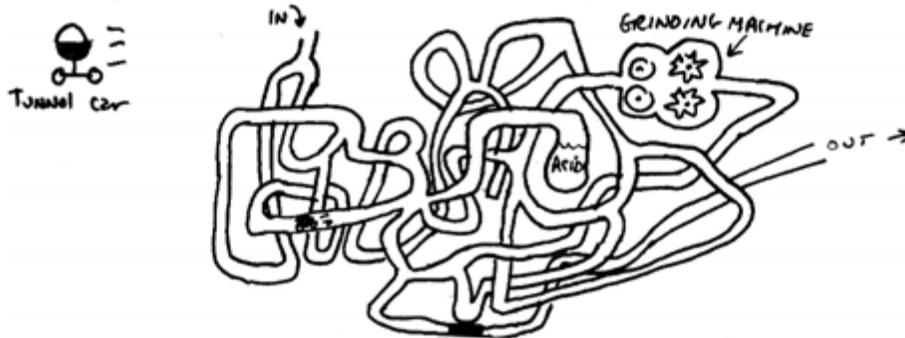
So how are things with you? I guess that the secret apa is still functioning. Both from your PondeRoss Publication Number and Ted White's latest remark in Outworlds. If I remember correctly, your roommate is/was a Lesbian and if she and I were still in APA I would like to talk with her because I've had my mind blown by reading Jill Johnston's Lesbian Nation, and it has raised a lot of questions in my Mind, some of which will hopefully be answered by the time I tackle "the question" in my novel after next. The question being, how do you relate to women-identified-women if you are a woman-identified-man! After reading Jill's book, I think that any woman who isn't a Lavender Menace ought to be. I think that men had better start getting their stuff together, or we'll be left behind.

How odd it is to read one's own old letter. Now I don't read any SF, or hardly any. I'm too busy reading my own stuff and trying to write it better. I guess I've read some stuff lately. Barry Malzberg's Destruction of the Temple and Beyond Apollo, and Gene Wolfe's Fifth Head of Cerberus, all of whom were read both for instruction as well as pleasure. I seldom read the prozines (promags—what an archaic word I used in that letter!) because the stories are so badly written.

Anyway, you ask if I got any nibbles. Yes, lots of them. As well as two sales. I sold a Captain Future novelet to a small book publisher who is reprinting Captain future stories and needed a new one! I also sold a story to Orbit, which is slightly more respectable. My second novel is off at market and so is my first one. Barry Malzberg even liked my second one but couldn't buy it, so I think I have a chance with that one. At present, I'm working on a third novel (with the weird title or Willy the Worm) and am working out plans for a fourth (Man in the Plastic Suit) and a fifth, which I call my Amazon novel. I would say that my pro career is off to a good start, after a year. In the year that I've been out of fandom, I've written five short stories, one novelet and two novels, all of which are marketable. So I'm not sorry I left fandom (and fandom is probably not sorry to have seen me leave). Every once in a while I get an urge to start up Amoeboid Scunge, just because putting out that mag was so much fun, but I resist it strongly. I keep up my FAPA and SAPS Membership, but those don't require much attention, and I don't get very many fanzines these days, unless you count Locus or Commentary, both of which I pay for and read for professional reasons. I even go to Octocon, Midwescon, Mich-i-con, and Marcon, so some would say I was still a fan, but I'm not really because I don't think of myself as a fan and I don't really think about fandom any more. I used to think about fandom all the time.

I see that Loren MacGregor (and you) had ambitions to be a great writer. I don't think I have that ambition. I just like to write and hope that I can make some money at it, because it beats working. Clarion gave me a strong push toward being a good writer, as well as a strong push.

I have tried (and still do in my SAPSzine) my hand at fannish art. I still can't draw people though, and I envy those that can. I was interested in your mention of drawing the note-book pages of terrain, since I and my friends did a lot of that in 7th grade. Only our thing was tunnels, three dimensional drawings of tunnels, one set that stretched out to forty pages. The idea was to get through the tunnels without being killed or maimed by all the traps that the various artists would put in the way. Pits of acid, machine guns, grinding machines. etc. We had tunnel cars, which were the form of transport. and they provided endless hours of amusement. Here's an example.



Well. anyway, that's all I can think of. Nice to hear from you and the other voices of the distant past.

Seth

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Seth".

It took me forty years to write my novel, with a number of abortive starts on several other works (stories, novelettes, etc.) some of which have gone further than others, but none anywhere near completion. I never had the benefit of Clarion. I was part of a writers group that Jim Frenkel, then an editor at Dell, and his wife, Joan Vinge, were hosting somewhere along in the '80s, but that didn't last long enough to give me any real edge or impetus. They got kinda impatient with me, too, I think, for bringing in all kinds of segments, but not going on with any of them. Except *Angel Without Wings*, which I more or less completed recently and has been accepted at PageTurner Editions, who do e-books. And even then it's not really complete—it is in effect the first of a trilogy. I certainly hope it won't take anywhere near as long to do the parts 2 and 3!

I see you have a substantial list of titles to your name, of which I gather many are game titles with a variety of endings available. Looks like your dedication took you into a sustainable area of work. It's good to know. Do you think the puzzle approach was helped any by your youthful work on the maze-puzzles and games you and your friends worked on?

P E T E R R O B E R T S

30 April 1974 – London W2

Dear Ross,

Many thanks for the second FANGLE which made an unexpected appearance amongst my post last week. I'm delighted to see you've decided to continue with it, since I enjoyed the first issue as well as the recent one. Now, if you can just persuade some of the other fannish fans to revive their products ("Bring me the stencils, Igor!"), then the new millenium may