

# MOBIUS STRIP #1

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off.

CHRIS: To put out a oneshot, you must have some idea what you want to write about. Nevertheless.....

DAPHNE: This is to prove that the above statement has no basis in fact. Being absolutely sure and confident in every last atom of our respective beings that we have not the slightest conception about what we wish to write.....

RON: That's not a sentence....

DAPHNE: You didn't let me finish.

CHRIS: What were you saying?

DAPHNE: Something rather long, I think.

RON: I'll have a John Collins.

CHRIS: Never in my long, fannish career have I ever seen such...

DAPHNE: Yes Yes. How long?

CHRIS.: Well, I joined this BSFA thing in February.

DAPHNE. When?

CHRIS: 1960 of course.

RON: The B what?

CHRIS: BSFA. It was formed several years ago but, of course, you living up in this uncivilised joint probably haven't heard the news yet.

DAPHNE: Tell us more fannish news. We are rather out of things up here.

CHRIS: Well, there was a Worldcon in London in 1957 and several Amerifans came over.

RON: How's that young neo - er- what was his name? - Arnold Bennett? getting on? No, Cecil Bennett - that's it.

CHRIS: Oh yes. I've heard of him.

DAPHNE: Has he got round to putting out a fanzine yet?

CHRIS: Yes - er - I think it's called - er - PLOYRACK.

RON: Has he left school yet?

CHRIS: I understand he's **still** there but they decided they couldn't teach him anything so they put him on to turning out juvenile delinquents which he has proved himself expert at ~~being~~ doing. He plays CRIB with the milk money they tell me - that's how he can afford to go to conventions.

DAPHNE: Speaking of conventions, how's the teapot?

RON: By the way did you hear that Archie Mercer's living under canvas these days? He was getting so many fanzines that when CRY 141 and HABAKKUK 4 were pushed in the letterbox together the whole caravan collapsed round the Mercatorial ears (it wasn't malleable, you see.)

CHRIS: So now he's loitering within tent?

RON. Yes, when the caravan collapsed, the police discovered that cupboard for rough stuff and the **loose**.....

DAPHNE: The police alleged that he had hired a woman to do a

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möbius strip.

RON: One of those Girl Guides we saw hanging around Chris' camp, probably.

CHRIS: We can't get rid of 'em since Tom Lehrer TOLD ALL.

DAPHNE: Oughtn't we to introduce Chris to the readers seeing that we're now on page two?

CHRIS: (striking ~~xxxx~~ heroic pose) Baden-Powell's Gift to Fandom! Like I was camping near at hand...at map reference VAT 69...

RON: Near at hand in Scottish terms meaning only 100 miles away and about 2,000 feet up. We were driving along the road enjoying the fabulous sight of the haggis forests with their hanging clusters of purple porridge when suddenly over the horizon we saw a strange sight. Sitting on the banks of Loch Drambuie, from which he was idly drinking through a straw, was a disreputable figure with its head in a magazine. Thinking he must be rather uncomfortable, we drew up and, noticing the garish colours of the cover reflected in the limpid spirits of the Loch, who were enjoying a quiet snooze, and deciphering the title as being GOLANA/gnidnuotsA we thought we'd better start a new sentence. "Ghood Ghod" I cried. "It's a faaaaaan. Ech!" Hearing this ghastly cry ringing across the glens, the figure stood up, took a step backwards, picked itself up out of the Lochbed, draining it dry with one mighty slurrrrrp and staggered towards us. After mutual Chris Cross-quiz zing, we confirmed our worst suspicions. Not only was he a fan; he was a neo-fan. He hadn't seen a fanzine for a week and was gasping for his natural sustenance. So having lots of them at home, we bundled him in the back of the van, (deliveries of neofan under plain cover our speciality. ADVT.) and took him home.

CHRIS: Where I got the first square meal I'd had for a week.

DAPHNE: I protest. I am not a square hostess!

RON: He's the only living fan with a square stomach.

CHRIS: And a pyramidal head - to fit the hat of course. And speaking of heads, I've got a lot of questions rattling around in there.

RON: Crap anyone?

DAPHNE: What do you want to know?

CHRIS: Well - like - er - why do all Amerifen live in boxes? Why don't science fiction fans read science fiction? Can I have another cup of tea, please? How do I join First Fandom? Who sawed Courtneys boat?

RON: Enough. Enough. Allow me to sell you a copy of the Fancyclopede - dia. Only two guineas and cheap at twice the cost.

CHRIS: Are you sure you can spare it? Saaaaay! This is a great honour.

DAPHNE: In honour of this occasion, we will put out a oneshot and allow you to squeeze the ink into the duper. Now, what shall we call it?

CHRIS: Let's call it "My Day".

D & R. Ech! ... (Pause for tea) .....

RON: I don't think so much of the idea.. (Exasperatedly:) Let's call it

KIRKCUDBRIGHT, SCOTLAND BY R.R.D. BUCKMASTER & CHRIS MILLER FOR

Handwritten scribbles at the bottom of the page.