

a VIVA publication
vol. 2 no. 2

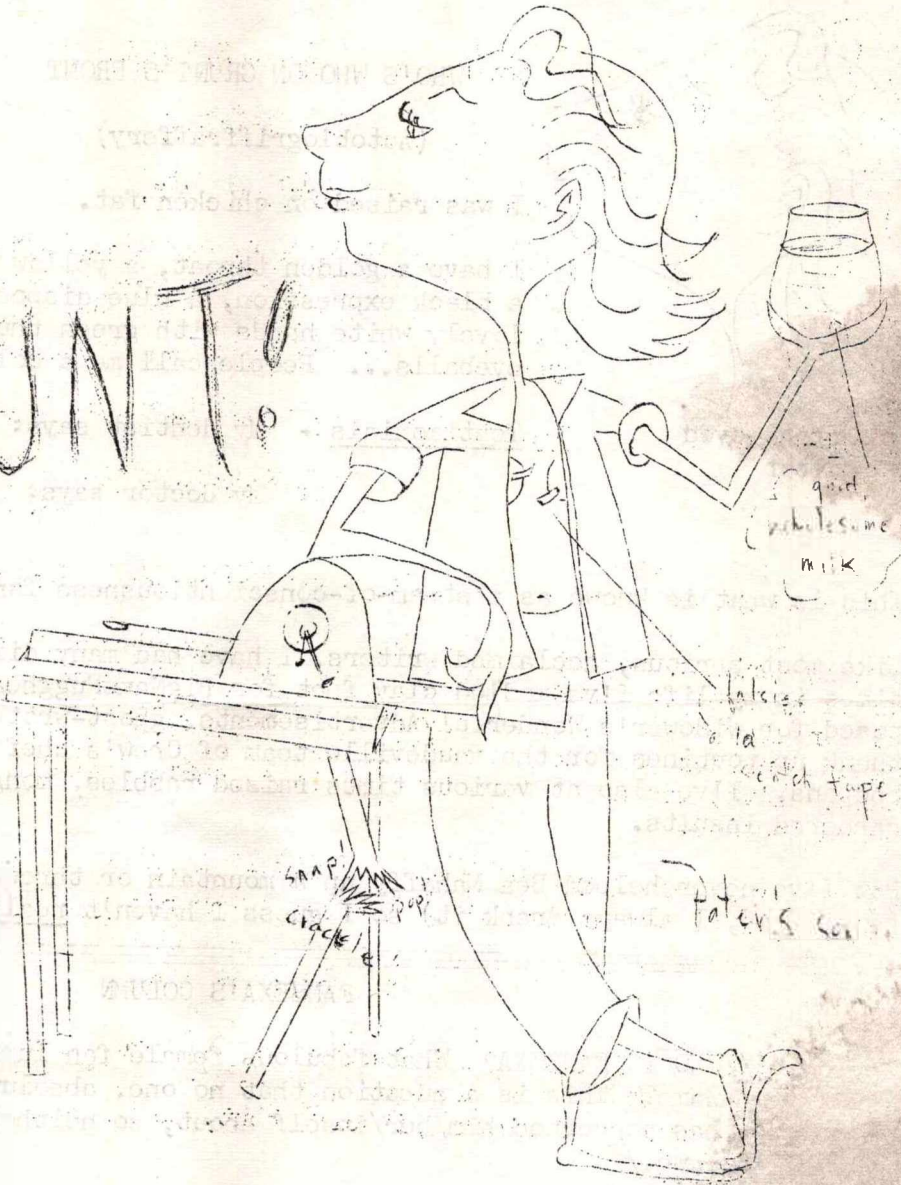
THIS IS A DETERGENT PUBLICATION
"Fandom is just good ~~xxxx~~ clean fun!"

Shatvia Press

GRUNT!

DISGRUNTLED?
Read Grunt and
get gruntled again.

Remember--you too
can be a
gruntled greep!



This is a non-prophet publication
deditated to the precipitation of
Robert Bloch. Address all quaries,
contretemps and filthy likker to
the Indispute of the Incurr-rage-ment
of More Warship of Fhannish Ghods,
care of beheaditor.

GRUNT! is published anonymously by Dutch Ellis at 1428 - 15th Street East, Calgary, Alberta, Canada, on the //CENSORED BY HER MAJESTY'S POST OFFICE// (term curtesy C. Harris), and is not distributed in Saps, Fapa, Ompa, or any other respectable organization.

Ake Ake Hak Kof



ye
bright-eyed
editor

WHO'S WHO ON GRUNT'S FRONT

(Autoblogriffraffery)

I was raised on chicken fat.

I have a golden throat, a yellow belly, silver laughter, a black expression, a blue disposition, a brown study, lovely white hands with green thumbs, and flaming red eyeballs... People call me a colorful character.

Testimonials - My dentist says: My mouth won't stretch.

My doctor says: I have a beautiful winter coat.

This is what is known as a steam-of-conscientiousness fanzine.

Like most serious, acclaimed writers, I have had many different jobs...at various times in my life I've modded clay feet for BigNameFuggheads, distilled mimeo ink, posed for Widower's Wonderful Advertisements, ghost-wrote for John W. Campbell Sr., thunk up routines for the vaudeville team of Crew's chef & Bulganiiny, and designed bedpans. I've also at various times raised rabbles, mongered war, kept women, and garnered insults.

But I've never helped Bea Mahaffy up a mountain or thrown beer cans or smoked tea (stupid me, I always drank it) so I guess I haven't really lived it up.

FANSEXA'S COLUMN

//WHO IS FANSEXA? What fabulous female fan lurx behind that name? This is a question that no one, absolutely no one, has concerned him/her/itself about, so neither will we.
Yawn.//

Well, hello and all that this here's li'l ole Fansexa again just come from that li'l place near the White Elephant (that's where the London Ontario Squares meet, you know) where they play chess and everbuddy's male well my girlfriend and I gee we went in and gosh all the men stared at us and golly you'd think we were wearing nothing but B-flat strings or something but anyway we played us a game of chess and came out and now I'm here and I gotta drum out some crap for this here high-class magazine so here goes:-

Aha! Dick Goose has revealed his true colors! All this time of putting out a zine what everbuddy that was a really genuine fakefanzine, real cool, you know?--and NOW it's Science Fiction Review. SCIENCE FICTION ~~FZMS~~ REVIEW! You know, that's damn sneaky all this time making us believe he was a fakefan when actually he was a
.....fakefakefan in disgeis.

At least he had the courage to finally admit what he was.

You will note from that last above preceeding foregoing sentence that I have nothing against fakefakefans. And I haven't. I think in their own way they're just as good as fakefans. And I think they have a right to their own fanzines and their own discussions. I just don't think fakefans and fakefakefans should mix. I am a believer in fannish integrity. Separate but equal fanac. They can go their way and we can go ours.

Why separate? Because they are two different kinds of fans and both sides should want to retain their purity. To mixmax'm up is against Ghod and all that is profane. Besides.....fakefakefans have a tendency toward sense and they is (shudder) awful scrupulous about their personal habits.

Now some fen claim this is discrimination, but where's the discrimination in that? Equal but separate fanac, that's what Ah-all say. What do you-all say?

Now if you'll excuse me, Ah'll go work on mah chess game.

PS - Would you want your daughter to pub a one-shot with a fakefakefan?

THE 62nd SHMECKER FAN SURVEY

by

BUB SHMECKER

&

GERALD MULLIGAN

(Edited and presented by Norman J. Clarke)

Introduction by Bub Shmecker

Some forty-seven years ago I ~~stuck my nose~~ launched an exhaustive inquiry into fannish ~~heads brains~~ homes; the mailman (Ed. note: Mr. Shmecker has his own personal mailman staggered under the burden of delivering ~~words~~ better than five million copies of a ~~lengthy elaborate endless~~ long questionnaire to every ~~self-confessed~~ known fan in the world.

This survey has since been taken again and again. A short time ago I made a more modernized survey.

Is Joe Fann essentially the same as he was yesterday, or even a week ago Thursday? Does he still hope to marry a fanne, or has he married her? Or has he raped her? Or is he past caring? What does he think of interplanetary flight now? Or, better yet, why? Has his sex changed? Are there more drunkards? Than fans, though? Are fanzines as putrid as they once (or possibly twice) were? Am I boring you?

And now let us switch over to Gerald Mulligan who ~~holds the show~~ takes over from this point on:

A little more than a week ago, I printed up 18,000,000 copies of a questionnaire and had them distributed throughout fandom ~~by~~ via a variety of methods. (Ed. note: Mr. Shmecker's mailman was not available at the time, as he was somewhere in Asia, still delivering questionnaires for an earlier Shmecker Survey.) During the 6 to 8 days following, the questionnaires came back, unopened. Then came the hard part. I

went out and found The Average Fan ... whose name was not Joe Fann, oddly enough. But now, finally, we have him, the result of the 62nd Shmecker Fan Survey. I interviewed him one evening as he was sitting on the front steps of a house on Jarvis Street, while he was catching his breath and other things. I recorded all on my trusty barbed-wire recorder. And here is the interview, and, boy, I bet you're all tense with the suspense. (Ed. note: it would appear that Gerald used his friend Ron Kipling as a collaborator).

THE 62nd SHMECKER FAN SURVEY

(Ed. note: After hearing the tapes, and after gathering some further information we have taken the liberty of reconstructing this interview in as much detail as possible.)

GERALD: How do you do, sir? I'm with the Shmecker people. We're taking a survey. What's your name?

FAN : H. DeQuincy. What's yours?

Ger: Gerald Mulligan. DeQuincy, eh? That's a fine old name...

DeQ: Who's that fellow hiding behind the lamppost?

Ger: Who? ... Where? ... Oh! (shouting) HEY SHMECKER! GET OUTTA HERE! I am conducting this Fan Survey, which the results are to be published in my fanzine GESP! and also in my former fanzine CON-PHUN.

(sound of rubber-soled shoes running away)

Now, Mr. DeQuincy ...

DeQ: Have you got a cigarette?

Ger: AH-HA! You smoke! I must write that down ...

DeQ: Who smokes? I EAT my cigarettes.

Ger: ... also reads MAD ... here, have some Bull Durham.

DeQ: No, thanks, I'm a vegetarian.

Ger: (edging away) Well, some of my best friends are vegetarians. But let us get on with ...

DeQ: Just a minute. I believe I've got my second wind ... or something. (runs up the steps and vanishes into the doorway)

Ger: Well, I was just going to ask him that question, but I guess I don't have to wait for his answer. I'll just put down YES. I wonder if ... no, I guess he's never worked in a VD lab. I wonder if this is his first time, though, and, if so, what he's done to date. Oh, well.

(several minutes pass until H. DeQuincy emerges once more, wearily, but with an almost silly expression of wanton well-being adorning his face)

Ger: Well ... (weakly) how's tricks?

DeQ: Hum... huh? ...oh, fair. You know, Say, that same fellow was inside just now, while I was there. We found him hiding under a bed. What's the matter with him anyway? We had to throw him out a window.

Ger: (clenching his teeth). Darn that Shmecker anyway! What a busynosey he is! I conduct this Survey. Well, now, do you...

DeQ: Say, have you got a piece gum?

Ger: Sur. HAH! You chew, do you? I'll just mark ...

DeQ: Who chews? I just want to fix my shoe, which the nails have just fell out of the soles. I wouldn't mind having a rubber band dipped in bourbon, though. Have you got one?

Ger: Certainly ... here. (to himself) Boy, I'll write that down. I know it wasn't such an odd or unique habit.

DeQ: Pssst! Don't look right away ... but at the corner of the house--in one of the cans there--isn't that that same nosey fellow?

Ger: (spinning around, as the lid of one of the garbage cans slams closed with a clatter) WRIGHT, SHMECKER! I SEE YOU! If you don't leave me to conduct this Survey in peace, I won't use you as a character in my next novel!

(there is more clattering of cans, and the sound of running rubber-soled shoes is heard fading down the alleyway)

Darn him anyway! He's had his fun. Why doesn't he let I, Gerald Mulligan, conduct this survey according to my own fashion? These old fans! Man! Well... do you have a record collection?

DeQ: Oh, yeah.

Ger: And what type ... what sort ... what kind of records?

DeQ: Oh, man, like, they're crazy, wild, gone, groovy, the outest, solid, frantic ... dig?

Ger: Oh, fine. Shake, fellow jazz-fan!

DeQ: What jazz? Which jazz-fan? I like Homer and Jethro.

Ger: Oh... Well, on to the next question. Would you marry a fan? Female, in your case.

DeQ: (glancing over his shoulder at the doorway of the house, from which issue sounds of laughter and crashing about) Heh heh.

Ger: Heh heh? What is this heh heh? That was a solemn question.

DeQ: Heh heh. Marry a fan? You can maybe imagine a home life with a wife always reading? Reading science fiction? With writing letters all day and night? With cranking mimeo? With thinking of interlineations always? With going

to cons? I repeat: heh heh. Excuse me.

(rushes into house, leaving Gerald to do some keep thinking for possibly a quarter of an hour)

Deq: Well, here I am again. One often wonders just how long this sort of thing can keep up. And one is pretty sure one is going to find out. Research, that's my interest.

Ger:- (clinically) H'rum. What stf mags do you

DeQ: Say, you know ... I date 78.1% of the time. Yep, about 11.6% of the time I date regular, and about 40.9% irregular...

Ger: That's very interesting, but what stf mags ...

DeQ: ... and I play the field approximately 36.2% of the time, and I'd say, oh, about 10.2% of the time I go steady ...

Ger: Yes, but what stf ...

DeQ: ... and I cheat a little - about .76% of the time - when I'm engaged, but still date.

Ger: Hell, man, I can't use information like that. Who in hell cares about that?

DeQ: Well, you can't tell. Lots of people have a sort of perverted interest in stuff like that. Deviants, you know ... like them that likes to watch young mothers hanging out baby diapers and all.

Ger: Well, I g uess you're right. I guess I can use it.

DeQ: Sure you can. You can use anything as long as it sounds statistical and scientific.

(an anguished choking sound is heard, coming from behind a clump of shrubbery on the lawn)

Ger: (leaping up) Go CN, Shmecker! This is your last warning!

(the bushes rustle, and a dim shadow is seen scuttling around a corner)

Ger: Darn him! Now ... what are your favorite stf mags?

DeQ: Time and Metronome.

Ger: Time and Metronome? They re not science-fiction.

DeQ: B..but ... but, man, the ... the plots, the ... the characters, ... the ... the ... writing

Ger: I repeat: N. S. F. Not Science Ficiton.

DeQ: Oh dear. To think ... all those years ... all that money ... building my collection ... ~~and~~ those letters to the editors ... and now - to find out ...

... oh! I can't bear it.

Ger: Never mind, old fellow. I'll mark down "ASF" as your favorite.

DeQ: But ... but I've never read ...

Ger: (grimly) Hush. A ... S ... F! There!

DeQ: Oh ... I ... I feel so despondent. Oh!
(reaching into his pocket, he pulls out a plumpish cigarette and lights it)

Ger: Hey, I thought you didn't smoke.

DeQ: (inhaling mightily) YOOOOOOOOOOOP! (in a strained voice, as he is holding his breath) Well ... not in the usual way, man. Hee hee.

Ger: (sniffing) Say ... what kind of cigarette is that anyway?

DeQ: Hee hee. Oh, jes' only a roll-y'own. Want a taste? Go ahead ... make it, man. Have a ball. Hee hee.

Ger: No ... no thanks. I don't believe I will. Uh ... your coat is on fire.

DeQ: Hee hee. Yup, it sure is, man.

Ger:- (beating out the flames, to the vast amusement of H. DeQuincy) Who are your favorite authors?

DeQ: Uh ... ah .. Van Vogt ...uh ... Heinlein ... Bradbury ... and ... uh ... Shakespeare.

Ger: What? Who? Shakespeare? He didn't write stf\$.

DeQ: NnnnnnnO? Man, what a pity! Well, then, I guess I'll have to say somebody else like ... like ... likelikelike ... hee hee ... like ..

Voice: (stage whisper) PSSSST SHMECKER SAY SHMECKER!

Ger: All right! OKAY! That's it! Shmecker, you schmickle, I'm through! I am going to start up a GERALD MULLIGAN FAN SURVEY and YOU will get NO credit! (he leaps up and strides to his tiny sports car, springs inside, and in a moment has zoomed from sight)

DeQ: Man ... I thought he'd never get that thing started.

Shmecker (rushing up to H. DeQuincy) Oh, if I can only catch him! He must help me. You see ... I ... I'm not so young any more ...but I can't help peeking a little. I'll try to catch him. Now, don't go away. ... we need you. We'll see you later, on H. Ooops ... I mean we'll see you later on,

(he runs to a motorcycle, hastily puts on a black leather jacket--with an eagle on the back--pulls down the goggles attached to his beanie, and roars off in pursuit of Gerald.)

DeQ: Why doesn't he shift into second? Well ... YOOOOOOOP! (inhales, then

flicks the coal from his cigarette. He thoughtfully eats the butt) Wonder what's happening inside?

(he starts up the steps, and makes it to the door just as dawn is breaking, whereupon he falls - quite literally - asleep. Meanwhile, in another part of the city, the 62nd SHMECKER FAN SURVEY is going to press.)

.... Norman J. Clarke

SPACIAL GUESS CONTRIBUTOR, not Tod Johnson, but

DEMI-MONDE EMERY

I am running for election as the "Dirty Fan" in opposition to damon knight, the "Clean Pro."

For campaign posters, I am thinking of getting you, Leeh, Madelaine Willis, and Shirley Marriottt to pose for dirty pocsarcds, which I shall have done up in twice-and-a-half life-size to be placed at strategic positions at the NYCon next Sept. I shall have Shirley Marriott at the front door to identify the place for the TAFFund imports. Leeh of course will be shown with her herd of wild horses, all in the nude --you've seen nothing till you've seen a nude horse. Madelaine Willis naturellement will be pasted on the ceiling, so that all the fan can look up to her. You will adorn all the bedroom doors. I was thinking of Carol McKinney in the nursery, but I guess that's a bit too suggestive. Anyway, she's dropped from fandom, and she could be mistaken for Lady Godiva and exported to England with the other Taffunders.

I'm also toying with the idea of dirty pocsarcds for foamefen with such posers as Grennoll, Calkins, Vorzimer, Ellison, Myself, Myself, Myself, Walter (though this may not pan out as I doubt if Carol would like both her parents up for sale) and Brian Varley. I don't know if this can be accomplished as malefen are notoriously shy about sex, as you know. Myself, I turn blossom pink when I hear the first syllable.

Oh, yes, if I'm elected, I shall give an extra dirty pocsarcd of myself to each of my voters. You should see me in a bare skin. Girls faint (which is a douced nuisance) and strong men blanch.

For a breath of that nice, fishy, East-coast air, we present a stand-in for Harry Calnek (who, crass soul, spends his time making money) in the form of another Maritimer, Maximus Rawhide Fuggison, with a little poe-hem (ohum) to celebrate the ceasing...any ceasing. The ceasing of this zine, frinstance.

... "I shot a Pierce-Arrow into the air,
It came to earth I know not where,
Be it in heaven or be it in hell,
That damned elusive....pimpernel.."

MRF

*(Pierce Arrow 1929 Open Touring Car)