



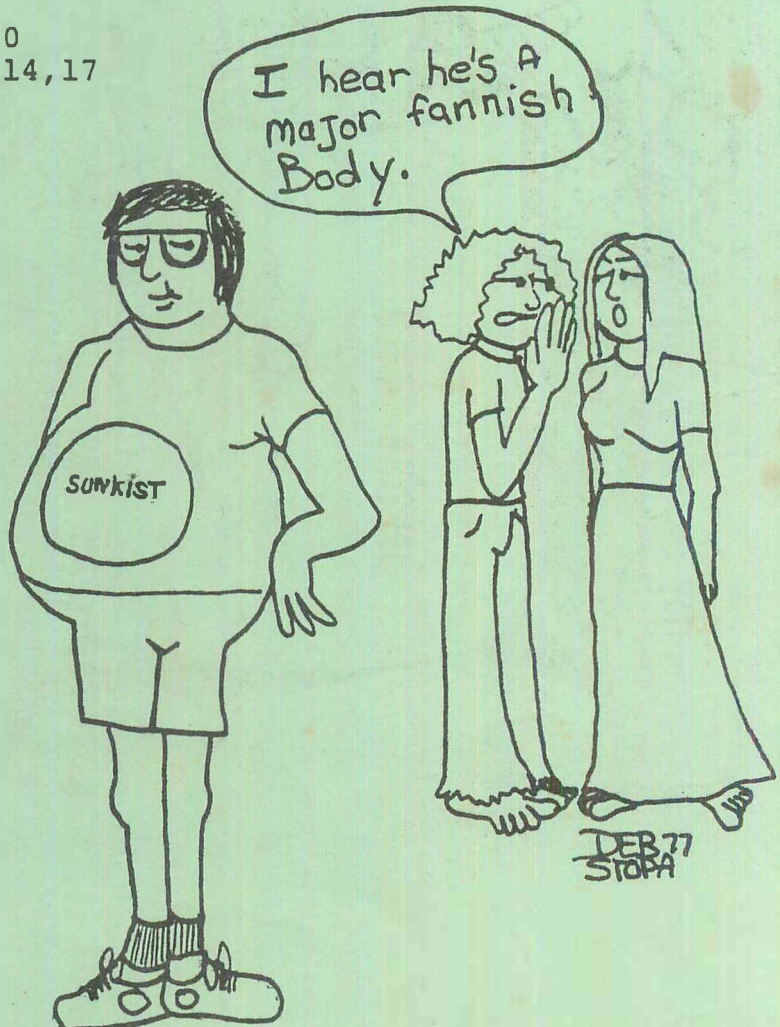
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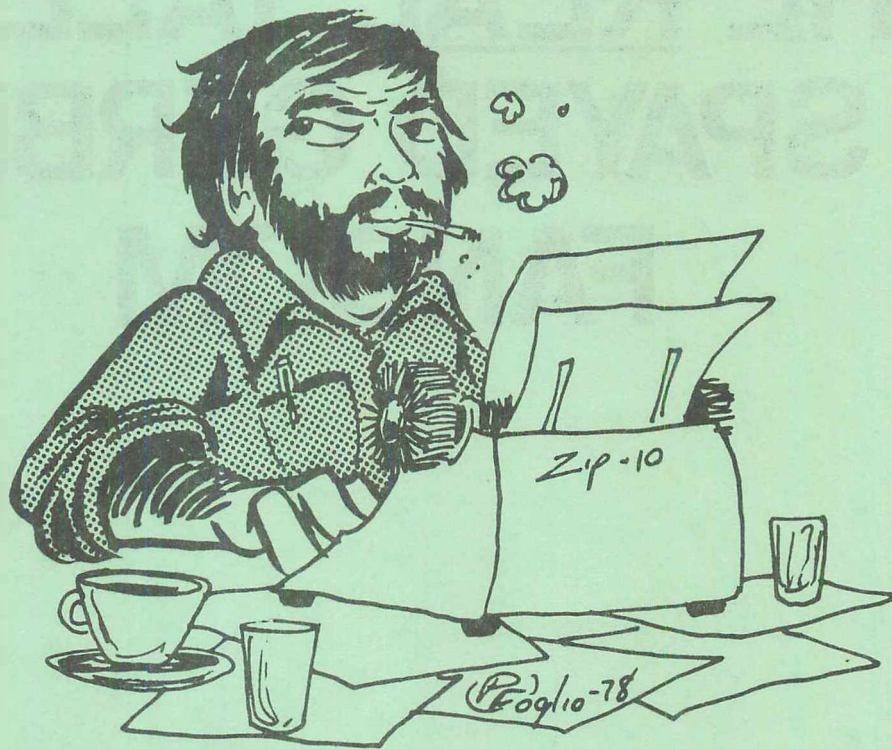
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AND
COVER BY RANDY BATHURST





So here it is at last--BEN'ZINE 3--The Gary Tesser of Fanzines. I am going to keep this Editorial short for two reasons: 1. financial. 2. so as not to bore my readers. I will, however, say that moving from Minneapolis to Chicago and getting married did have something to do with the delay. So without further ado on to a few words about the material I am delaying you from reaching.

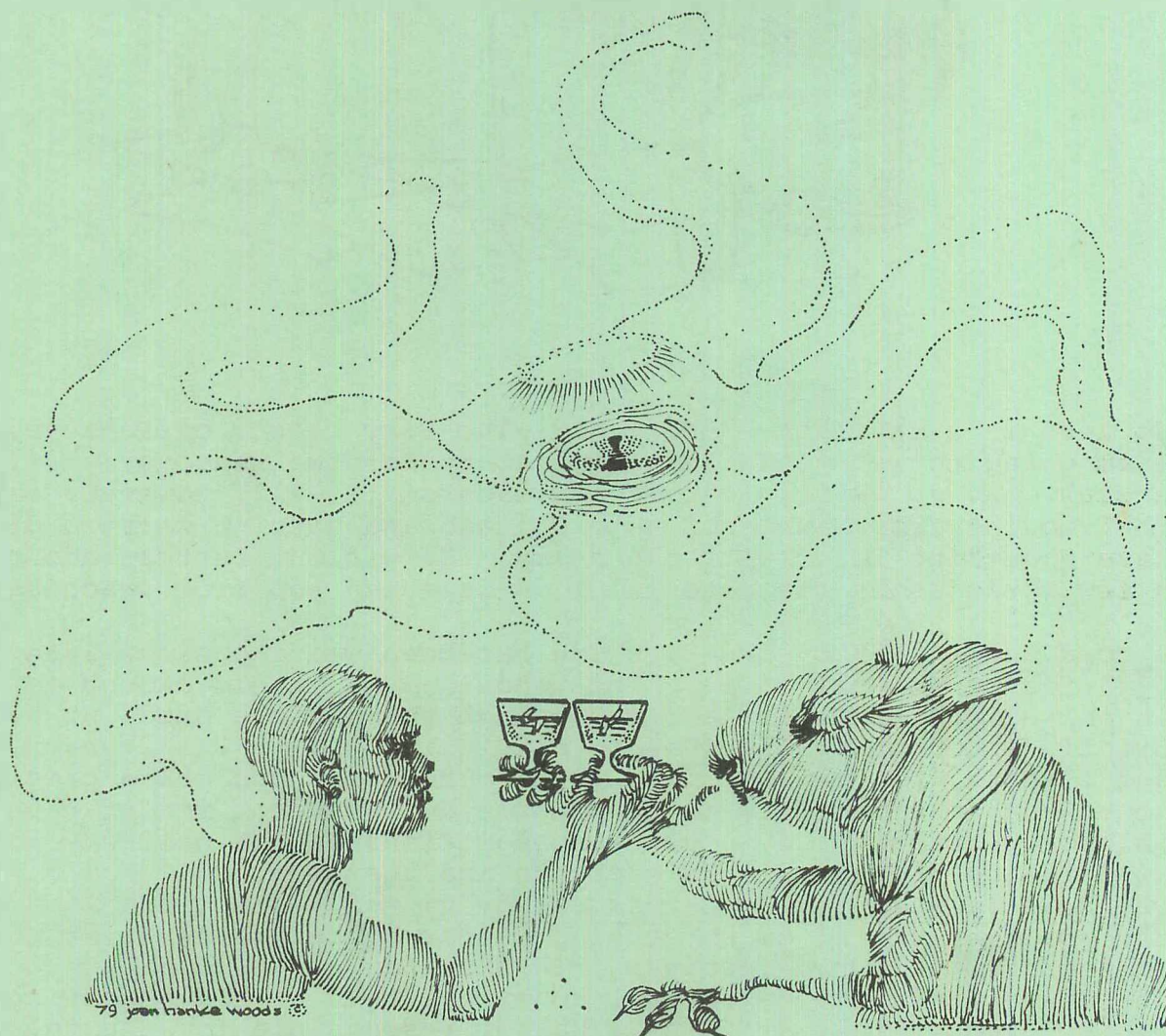
Spaced Out: 1999 by Ted Reynolds has been waiting since late in 1976 for me to publish it. This should make it old enough to cash in on the nostalgia craze (even though the article needs no help.). Lightly Through The Lustrums by Mike Glicksohn is 2 1/2 years old and I think that this will help it. The Hairy one makes predictions about Fandom five years in the future and you dear reader have a unique opportunity to judge his predictions at the half-way point. To this end the article is complete and unexpurgated.

The Real Tale Of Spayed Gerbil Fandom by Andy Offutt provided me with the greatest thrill of my pubbing career by being the first unsolicited article I had received. Thanks Andy.

Bob Shaw kindly made available to me the text of his Seacon speech Eau De Clone. This Article is partly responsible for the delay in B'Z--you try typing while being doubled over with laughter; it aint easy.

For those of you interested in how anyone could get married with Glicksohn and Hebel around send to me for the oneshot titled Some people like to remain single but I'd rather knot. Due out in January.

THE REAL TALE OF SPAYED GERBIL FANDOM



...dearest, ever since you have had your operation, I have felt so safe!!!

by **ANDREW OFFUTT**

Some of us remain a bit behind. I do, and have at least since the day after I was condemned to the presidency of the organization of the unorganizable. Thus, by June '77 I'd never read BEN'ZINE 1. (I had fought Jodie for the superb Swanson cover; I wanted it on my office wall. She told me to go earn my own. It is a singularly appropriate cover for a journal containing part of the tale of the origin of the Spayed Gerbil. Part, I said.) (Spayed Gerbil is always capitalized. Intact gerbils are not; they are capitalized on.)

At Midwestcon we were given BEN'ZINE 2 by its producer/director/perpetrator, Ben Zuhl, who shall live in infamy as the man who took Offutt's money in a poker game. (Also several other games, including the abominable Anaconda, the gutless Guts -- a pure-luck board game adapted to cards -- and Spayed Gerbil, in which wild cards are one-eyed jacks, itchy-bellied kings, and pregnant queens, and the player dealt the ace of hearts has to buy drinks for all players.)

I read the letters in #2 and found references to "Joe Haldeman's invention of the Spayed Gerbil." (With which one can easily, Harry Warner, rhyme flayed herpil and spade perple; with the abbreviation, ess-gee, many rhymes are possible.) Hmp. Haldeperson, eh? He did not! Furthermore, he is wrong. Furthermore, here is the real story.

At the '76 Nebula do of the Spacefaring Fiends, Werewolves and Aliens in Los Angeles, a group of serious-minded, sober writers conjoined in discussion. We were sitting on the floor of the S.F.W.A. suite. Serious-minded writers stood around us talking, waving drinks, cigars, cigarettes, contracts, and white flags.

We were, as I recall (it was a night in latest April, one of the drunkest times of the year in that strange foreign land known as California): the handsome and debonair Marta Randall, the lovely and talented C.L. "Carlos" Grant, the suave (pronounced "swayve") Liz Lynn, and me. Maybe Tom monteone was in on it. If there was another or others, I don't remember. Nor will I apologize; he/she/they probably don't remember either.

"I think we should pronounce that abomination sci-fi as 'skiffy' and identify it as an obscenity," someone said. I think it was Lynn.

"sure," someone said. "Great idea. Maybe it's an obscene act performed in a closed room by two consenting adults." I think it was Grant.

"and one unconsenting adult," someone said. Probably Randall.

"In a bathroom or closet," I suggested, anxiously seeking ingroup acceptance. "And with an overcoat."

"A long black overcoat." (Listen, was Ginjer Buchanan one of that mindless midden of meddling mentalities? Might have been. In which case it was surely she who suggested a gerbil.)

"And a Walnetto," I said.

"A Walnetto," I iterated, in the Melvin Hoyni voice of Arte Johnson.

Marta asked for one. It was Grant, I believe, who handed her one.

"And a gerbil!" (Ginjer? Not sure.) Liz asked for one. It was Grant, I believe, who handed her one. She ate it. Randall was playing with her Walnetto.

I knew I had the biggie, and drew myself up, sitting with presidential dignity

on the floor, and declaimed it: "A Spayed Gerbil."

It would be lovely to be able to report that there was awed silence. There wasn't. Everyone laughed. An editor, seven people away, giggled. A salesman, six floors away, complained to the management of the Century Plaza. Liz Lynn ate the Walnetto.

Thus had we defined "skiffy," tru pronunciation of the abominable and vomitous cutesypoo term "sci-fi", invented by Forrest J. Ackerman (who is proud of it!), and perpetuated by such impressionables as Hugh M. Hefner, Farrah Fawcett-Majors (this is mentioned so ya can put her picture on the cover, Zuhl), Peter Prescott, and Gerald Ford. (Note that "sci-fi" is used by the outsiders, the non- or un-cognoscenti, in the same way as "porn" or "porno" -- a demeaning pejorative.)

Skiffy is an obscene act performed by two consenting adults and one unconsenting adult, of mixed sexes, in a bathroom or a closet with a long black overcoat and a Spayed Gerbil. (Federal abortion legislation has not yet extended to gerbils.) When gerbils take the Pill, they become high. Canadian authorities have almost proven that a gerbil forced to exist on a diet of 27,000 Ortho-Novum pills daily develops severe saccharinosis.

Then, somehow, we got to the drink.

Look, we were and remain the inventors. We made a Spayed Gerbil the absogod-awfulutely ghastliest kiddy cutesypoo concoction we could, Planters Punch and warm stout having been taken. A Spayed Gerbil, we geniuses declared and decreed (and decreed) is a drink consisting of one part vodka -- only children drink that alcohol which is tasteless, surely -- and 1.5 parts rootbeer.

We never specified the other .5 ingredients.

Over half a year later, I related this story of pure genius invention to Joe W. Haldeman, who, with Gordon Dickson, had been entrusted with the code name of Field Operative Red by the Bar inspection Division of our State Department. Joe promptly ordered one. The blond female waiter asked him to repeat. He did. She said she'd never heard of one. Both of us gave her a look. That, Joe told her with asperity, was within the bartender's province. She departed.

(I had not told Joe what a Spayed Gerbil was. We took vows in LA not to do so. I have just broken that vow, and note that my nose and eyelids have just this instant broken out in warts. Well, too late now. No use crying over spilt gerbils.)

The waiter returned. The bartender, she reported with apology rather than asperity, did not know how to create an S.G. As you read in BEN'ZINE 1, Joe winged it. He told her an S.G. consisted of two parts Campari and one part gin, stirred not mixed over ice, and served straight up. The S.G.s were brought. (It should be reported, with some asperity, that I ordered another Bloody Mary. With gin. And Lea and Perrin's.)

Now, Zuhl left out one further development of the first known incidence of the ordering of an S.G. -- though not the real S.G.

An hour or so later, that blond female waiter went off duty. A brunet male waiter came on. By this time I had switched to Heineken's (hand-warmed, in a non-frosted mug) and Haldeman, Glicksohn, Zuhl, and a couple of other nuts were simultaneously holding their noses and consuming their second S.G.s -- that is, ersatz or

Haldeman-version S.G.s. The b.m. waiter ambulated over.

Several more S.G.s were ordered.

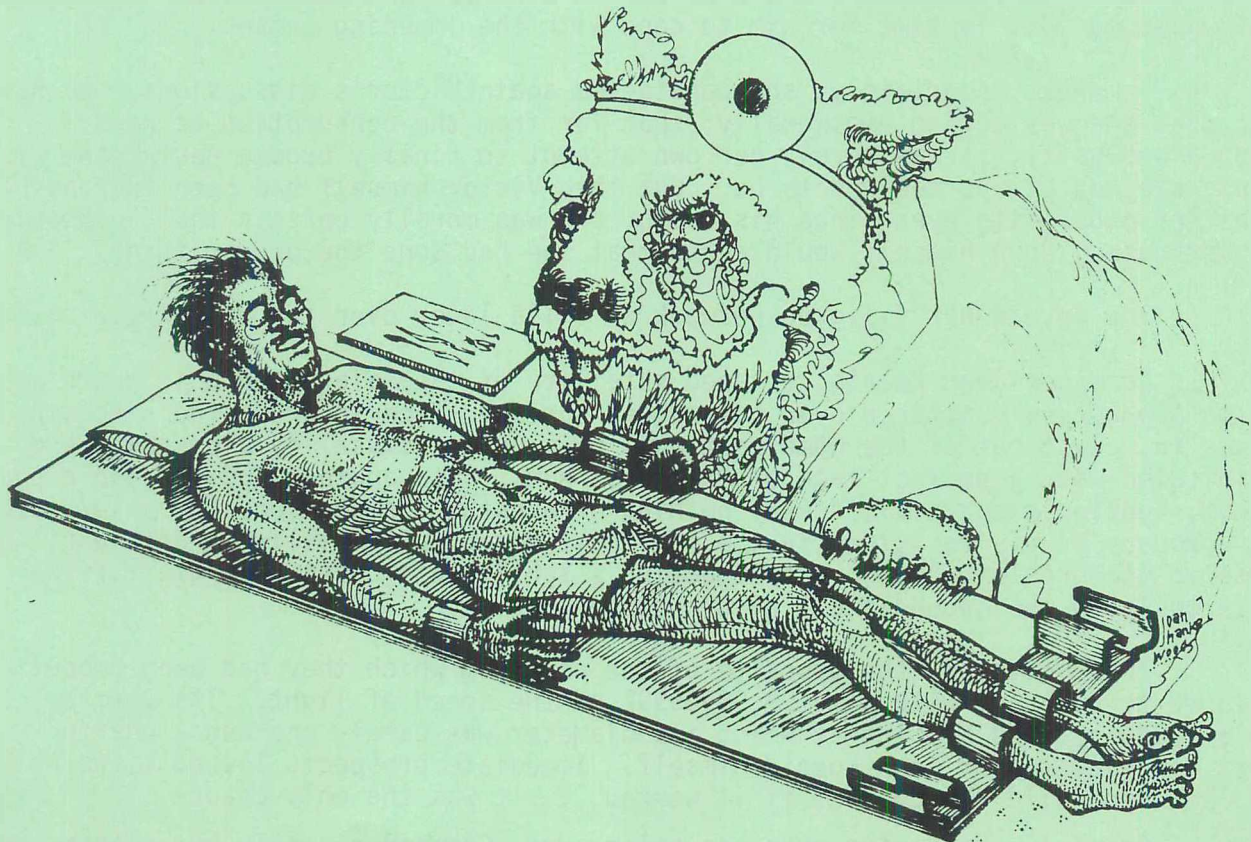
The waiter asked for a repeat. Haldeman repeated. The waiter allowed as how he'd never heard of such. With asparagus and Aspergum, H. told him that fell within the bartender's province. Having less to prove (and a more delicate liver), I ordered another beer. By now we were a table of 19, including that mouth at the far end.

In four-point-seven minutes the waiter was back -- with a tray of S.G.s.

The Chambanacon bartender had duly written down or committed to memory the recipe for the (ersatz) Spayed Gerbil! (The waiter was chastened. We treated him with aspersions.)

Now that, mes amis and Glicksohn, is the tru story of sci-fi, skiffy, and the Spayed Gerbil. Now you know that all these S.G.s ordered and consumed in various U.S. bars are not the one, the only, the definitive S.G. Though I have no report from Lynn, Grant, Randall, Buchanan(?), or Monteleone(?), to my knowledge the real S.G. has never been ordered. The editor of this fanzine has promised a prize to the first reader to write in stating that he/she/it has ordered and consumed a real Spayed Gerbil.

What all you other blokes have been drinking is a Spayed Haldeperson. Do ask for it by name.



SPACED OUT: 1999

by TED REYNOLDS

Dr. Helena Russell, chief medical officer of Seed-pod Alpha, clung to the transom of the hospital entry with three claws, and waited patiently for Captain Koenig to enter. Behind her faceted eyes, her cool mind reviewed her decision.

Koenig had been acting strangely ever since the Pod had entered these weirdly radiating currents. His latest desire to estivate only assured her of his abnormal status. With the frail bubble of breathable hydrogen chloride the only livable environment in the infinite murky pool of poisonous oxygen in which the pod helplessly had floated ever since breaking off from the Mother Stem, the mental health of John Koenig was mandatory. There was only one solution.

She would have to consume the Commander, probably against his will. In her internal metabolic laboratory, she would reprocess his organic structure, and within three sleep-periods he would be reborn a normal and rejuvenated crustacean. That would be just in time for him to cope with the impending crises.

Somewhat uncertainly, she considered again Victor's dissuasions. He had said that she was acting emotionally, that far from the consumption of Koenig being a necessity, it was merely her own attempt to finally become nest-mother to Koenig she had always desired to be. But then Victor himself had been increasingly bitter about life ever since his death; she was morally certain that, properly reconstituted, John himself would agree that she had done the proper thing.

She spread her filigree network of cilia lower over the doorway...

Commander John Koenig, escaped satellite of the Galaxy and sole guardian of the Alpha crew scattered over his rugged surface, face squarely the situation he was in. Cast out of the home continuum by a unique causality side-slip, and precipitated with a perfect lack of reason or humor into another and untenable continuum, continued survival, to say nothing of eventual homecoming, lay solely upon the adequacy of his decisions in the next half-dozen multi-milli-microseconds. He pondered the problem, his core contracting slightly, his crustal mantle lifting ponderously in the ground-swell of his contemplation.

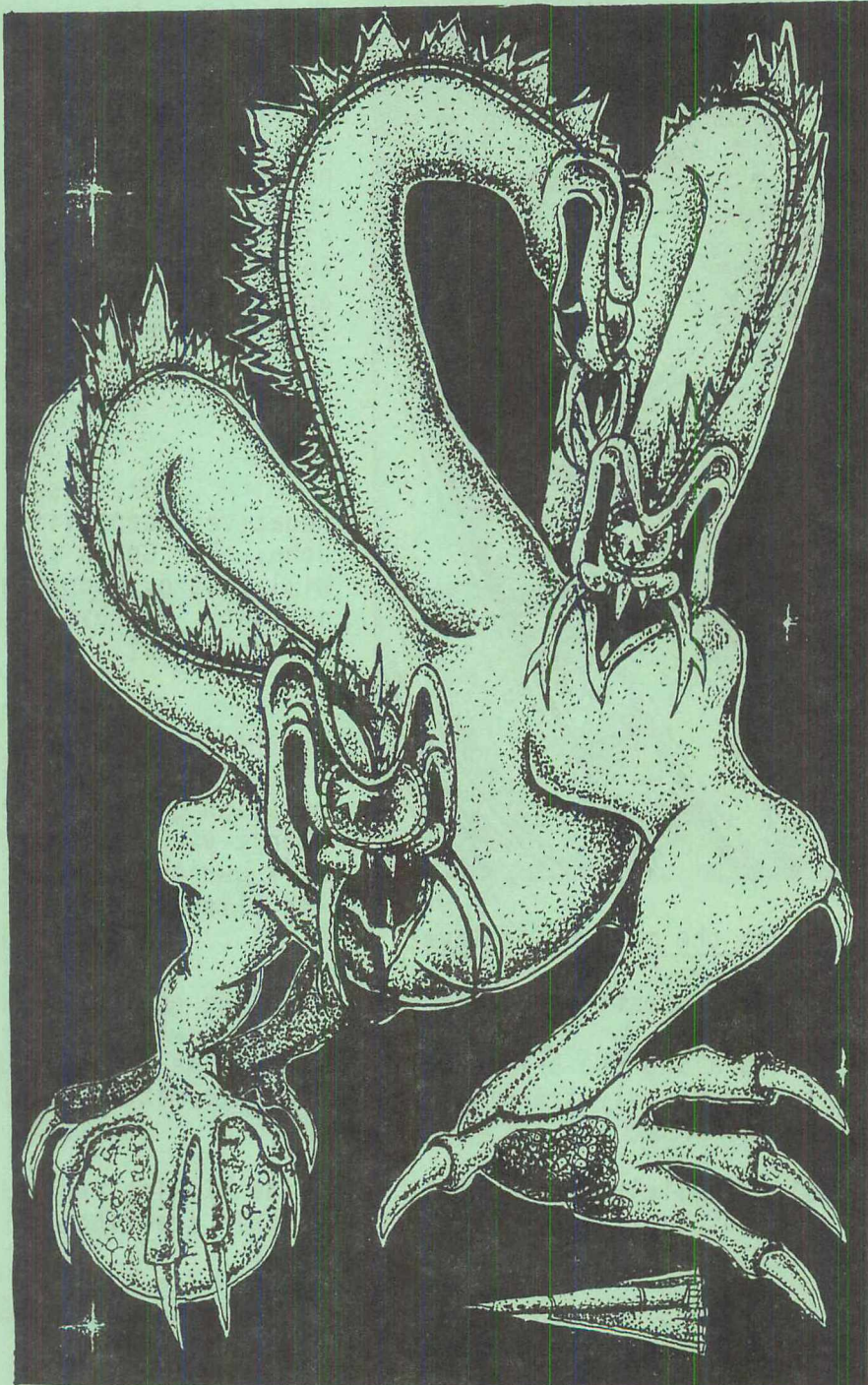
This universe, the opposite of the one from which they had been propelled, appeared to contract with some 99.9994599% of the speed of light. Its contraction had already reached a point at which its diameter was barely one and a quarter times the diameter of John Koenig himself. Immediate prospects looked bleak unless ... It was a wild chance, but if it worked... It was the only chance.

Carefully balancing upon his polar axes, Commander Koenig began to reverse his magnetic polarity...

Towering above the star clouds and galactic clusters, the huge figure reared stormy and terrible. The clawed fangs rent the alien battle fleets, spewing their hostile crews out into the airless void. From the rending, tearing fangs, grinding the opposing worlds to bleak rubble, dropped the life-juices of multitudinous beings whose paths had intersected that of Alpha. With a final gesture, the awesome form, snaky head writhing in unholy joy, cast the last fragments of rubble and corpse out into the intergalactic night, and again the path of Alpha lay clear and unobstructed.

"That's perfect, Maya," Tony observed over the comset. "Now you can resume your natural shape."

The vast destroyer howled in mockery. "Why, you odd little flea," it gnashed, "who ever told you that sexy little broad was my natural shape?"





And she reached out a taloned hand...

Commander John Koenig of Moon Base Alpha loomed over his medical officer. An elongated pale bifurcated vertebrate, his sensory and ratiocinative organs alike clustered (precariously) on the globular mass on the upper regions of his frame, he was possessed of five limbs, the midmost of which was now extending abruptly towards his companion, Dr. Helena Russell, physiologically identical save for the possession of a mere four appendages. The aural cavity in his upper swelling writhed, producing atmospheric oscillations which, resounding upon the other's sensory apparatus, conveyed the information from his brain to hers.

"Now, Helena. Right now!"

Dr. Russell signalled negative receptivity. "Not now, John. For God's sake! The aliens will destroy Moon Base Alpha at any instant. We have to do something. We can't just..."

"We must!" The Commander cut her off sharply, with a combination of auditory appeal and a manipulation of her dorsal region. "Don't you understand, Helena? It's our only chance to survive. The aliens are merciless. Helena

... we must teach them the meaning of love!"

He forced her protesting organism back onto the hosital bed...

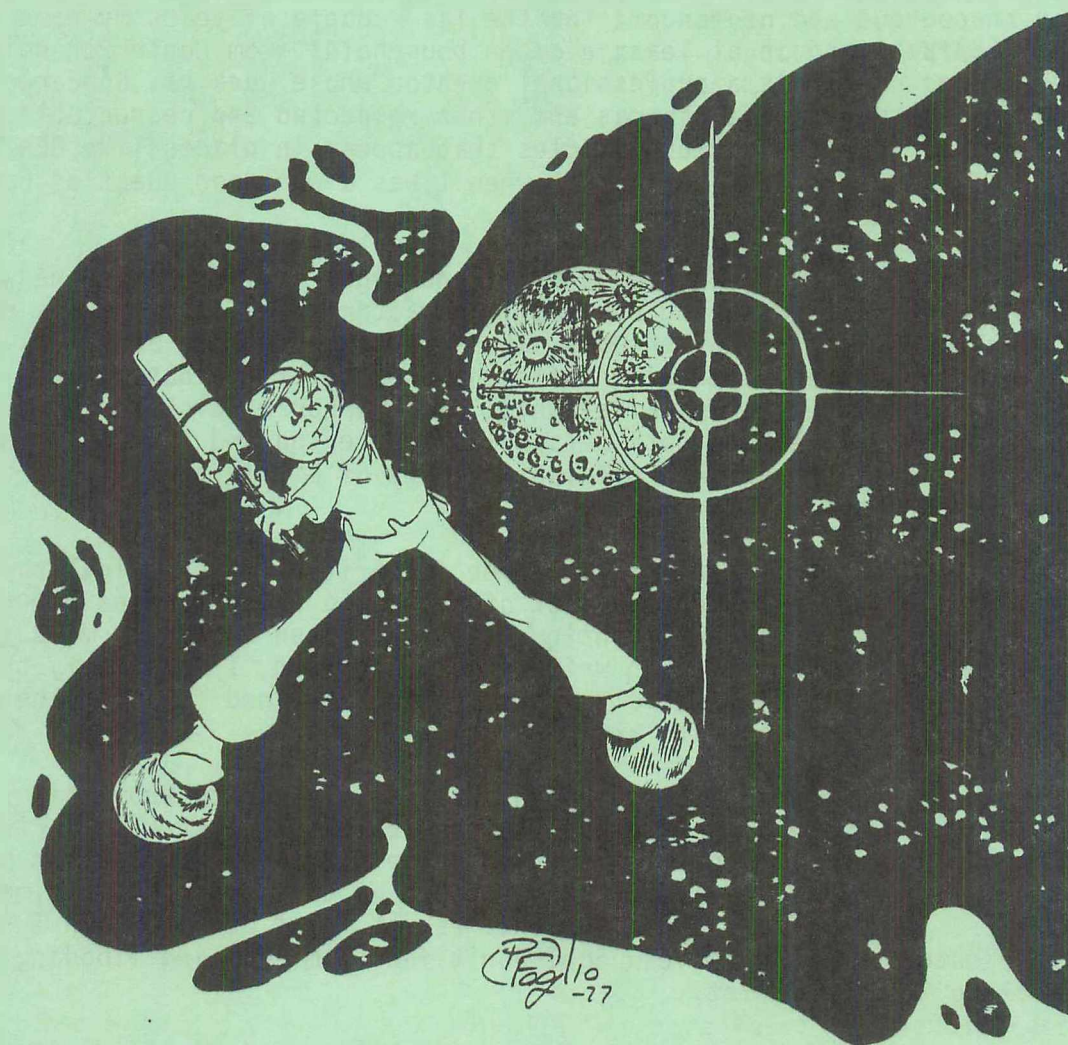
Victor hulked along the bridge wall, his consoles flashing distress signals, his transistors furiously transmitting analog information through his kilometers of circuitry...

Alan circled futilely in his orbit, his fins glowing redly in the thickening atmosphere, his fuel tanks empty, his metallic skin cracking open under the climbing pressure...

The extras marched forward, threw their spears, softened, metamorphosed, disintegrated, died, marched forward, threw their spears...

Straight down the cosmic alley, between the frowning walls of the universe, the lost moon tumbled. Grazed by dead stars and giant dwarf planets, black holes and ichronoclastic infundicubi, it bowled on its undeviating arc, veering neither to left nor right, a cosmic bullet of life and hope aimed for the end of space and time. At the far end of the pitch, eyeing its beeline approach, the batsman stood, feet planted firmly on interlacings of doubt. He hefted the bat on his shoulder and readied himself for the swing.

This would be a sticky wicket.



LIGHTLY THROUGH THE LUSTRUMS

by MIKE GLICKSOHN

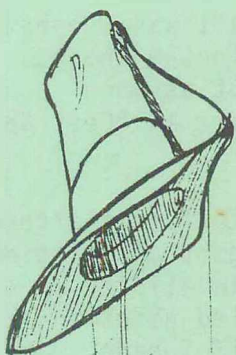
Sometimes it amazes me how much I have in common with Bill Rotsler. Bill lives in a comfortable house in sunny California; I fight my way through six feet of snow for a third of every year to reach a cramped little second floor flat. Bill shares his life with a very beautiful, talented and sexy lady; I live with Derek Carter. Bill has been a fannish legend for thirty years, is known and loved and respected throughout all of fandom; for the last couple of years my name has been a household ~~word~~ word in at least a dozen households from North Porcupine to Tierra del Fuego. Bill is a professional creator whose work has appeared in paperback books, slick magazines, cinemas and other respected and respectable outlets of popular culture; I write amateur articles that appear in places like BENZINE. The only real difference between us is that when I was a worldcon Guest of Honour they got the right picture to put above my name.

Seriously, though, as Alexis Gilliland might say, there is one way in which Bill and I are currently sharing one small characteristic. Everone has seen the "series" cartoons that Bill often does, where he takes a theme and draws five or ten or even more cartoons exploring different aspects of the basic idea. His "Harry Warner As Sex Fiend" series was a delight. His "Warner & Glicksohn, Letterhacks Anonymous" cartoons have been both personally flattering and fannishly incisive. And somehow or other being the recipient of many of Bill's thematic cartoons seems to have influenced the way I write.

For most of my career as a would-be fan writer, my principal topic for writing fanzine pieces has been the lack of topics to write fanzine pieces about. In dozens of fanzines on several continents I've written hopefully mildly amusing items about not having anything to write about. In fact, I'm probably the only fan in history ever to write an article about setting a record for articles written about not having things to write articles about.

Both of you reading this, though, will be pleased to know that I've sharpened the focus of my range of non-topics for non-articles. Instead of writing about why I've nothing to write about I'm turning out explanations of why I'm not writing fan history type material. I've already expound on this twice, both times for the proposed first issues of new Canadian fanzines, at least one of which I hope to see being distributed in Sydney Cove. So I don't feel I'm realling flooding the market or overkilling the idea. Yet.

Essentially I'm not writing fan history because I simply don't have a good enough memory, for either general fannish history or for personal incidents. Some part of this may be due to the way I've systematically been destroying brain cells as an accepted side-effect of my emirical investigation into the long-term effects of scotch whickey on the genesis of themes for fanzine articles. But an even larger part I honestly believe to be either hereditary or environmental in nature. As a pre-teen in England and a teenager in Canada I always had an absolutely abysmal memory. And I never drank anything stronger than beer until I was ten.



I typically review my life as a bad new wave movie. When I try to recapture events and incidents from my fannish past it's as if I were looking at a sepia-tinted, mirror-image, rain-distorted reflection. Someone will say, "Hey, remember the time we did..." and everyone else will smile broadly and describe the weather conditions, the furnishings and decor, the clothes all thirteen people present were wearing and then quote the actual dialog verbatim, while I nod to myself and try to remember if I was awake that summer. Such a wellspring of inspiration is scarcely conducive to the creation of instant fannish mythology.



When one incorporates to this Lethian crossing of the currents of fandom a mentality which simply does not have the facility to draw general conclusions from a string of random data, then the birth of a fannish non-historian is immediately obvious. I may attend fifteen conventions in a given year and I may read fifty con reports for a couple of dozen fannish conclaves in that time, but if anyone asked me to generalize from what information I know about conventions I'd be lucky to draw the conclusion that they actually took place. Some people achieve synthesizer-ship, and some people have a hard time remembering that fires and fireman are in anyway connected. You learn to live with the ability not to make self-evident conclusions after a while.

All of which leads to a perfectly obvious explanation of why I've written few, if any, pieces of fan history. I lack the mentality required for such rigorous discipline. I'd need a large committee of recognized fannish experts to provide the

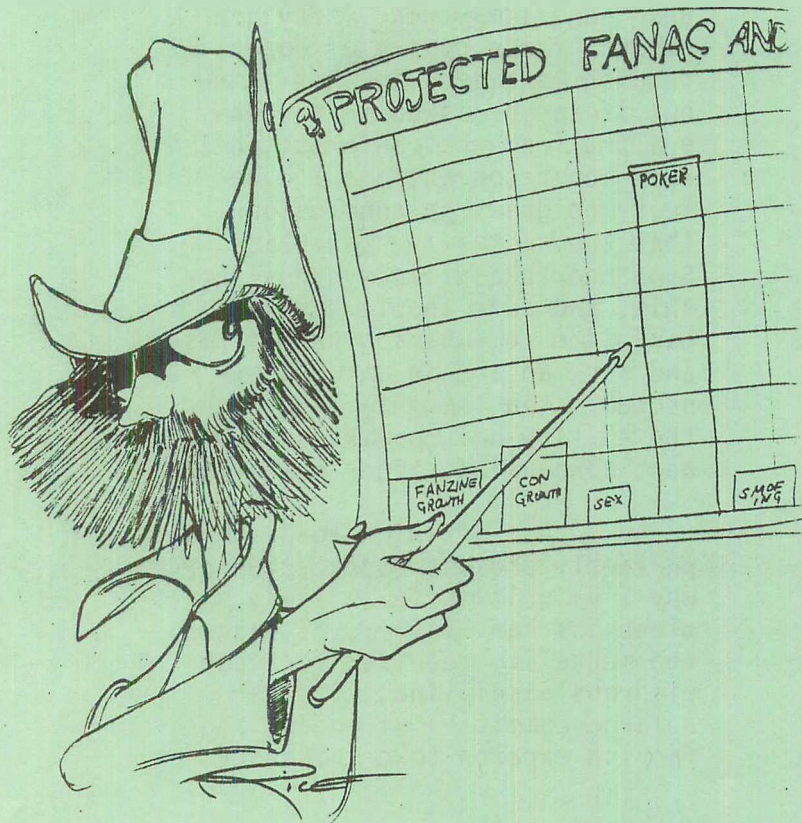
the memories I no longer have of the episodes of fannish memorabilia I was a part of or instrumental in. With a stimulus of that nature and a few talented ghost writers, I could probably be another Harry Warner. And there's about as much chance of that happening as there is of Leland Sapiro winning an award as "Best New Fan Face of 1978."

(It makes no essential difference to my argument for Ben Zuhl to flatteringly point to my 38-page report on my trip to Australia or my lengthy description of the events surrounding my thirtieth birthday as evidence of the invalidity of my self-image. In the first instance, I took dozens of pages of detailed notes on every phase of the trip, updating my records several times a day. If I hadn't, by the time I wrote the report nearly a year later I'd have had only the appearance of my name in other people's Aussiecon reports to prove to myself that I'd been there. And my birthday report was written within a month of the events I was writing about, events so vivid that even I couldn't forget them that quickly! No...humorous though this article is intended to be, I'm quite serious about that particular aspect of my nature.)

So what's the rationale behind what purports to be an article for BENZINE? Admitting to the fact that writing for Ben Zuhl has never in the past needed any sort of logical basis, is it really possible to fob off a cliched collection of rancid rationalizations on the two or three perceptive people of Ben's mailing list? Of course not; his younger sibling's boyfriend's dog deserves better than that.

The particular spark behind this article happens to be a piece written by John D. Berry (not the John Berry unless you happen to be a late '60s North American fan with a fondness for Travelling Giants, in which case he is the John Berry of POTLATCH/Brooklyn Fannish Insurgents fame) which appeared in a not-so-very-long defunct fanzine called GRANFALLOON in a not-so-very-long defunct year known locally as 1970. What John did was write a piece reacting to his having just read a piece

written five years earlier in which Terry Carr reminisced about a piece he'd written five years previously predicting the nature of fandom in a half a decade. (If you got lost in those lustrums, here it is again in simple linear form: In 1960 Terry Carr wrote some thoughts on fandom and what it might be like in five years' time; in 1965 Terry reprinted that piece with comments; 1970 John Berry read Terry's 1965 article and wrote a similar piece for GRANFALLOON; I was supposed to do this piece in 1975, of course, but I started work in 1971, found I could afford all the scotch I wanted to drink, and have been bewildered ever since, so I kinda lost track of the time. Better late than Neffer, though. You'll note that in fanzine



fandom themes for articles are never lost; at best they are recycled, at worst plagiarized.

In the first half of his two-part piece John gave his thoughts on the changing nature of fandom over the five years from 1965 to 1970. I wish I could do the same for the eight years that have passed since John made his observations, but not only has fandom become too broad and too diverse to be properly analysed in terms of trends and focal points, but also, as already indicated in typical self-deprecating fashion, I'm not that sort of thinker/observer. Gary Farber or Patrick Hayden might be able to sift through the huge mass of fannish facts I've accumulated since the start of the '70s and draw some meaningful conclusions from them, but about all I can say is that there have been a hell of a lot of different fanzines, different fans, different fan centers and different types of fanac in the past eight years. At times apas may have been more important than genzines; at times there were many large sercon genzines and at other times smaller fannish personalzines dominated; definitely offset became more prevalent if not better used; for a while Toronto was a fannish center and perhaps Seattle will become one; Australia flourished, peaked, and slowly sank into the ocean; worldcon politics continued to cause a slaughter of trees; the Big Important Topics were definitely ecology and sexism/feminism, both in and out of fandom; tempests raged in many fannish teacups and if you were never sure exactly what the current cause celebre was, at least you knew there was bound to be one; the FAANs became a somewhat shaky reality and the fan Hugos drifted into the realm of fantasy; most of the big names stayed Big Names and were joined by several relative newcomers, while fandom itself remained the ever-changing sea of names and faces it has always been and no new legendary fannish names arose. In other words, it was business as usual in the world of science fiction fandom.

But the purpose of this piece is not to even attempt to discuss the fandom of the last eight years, although it might well be to inspire someone else to try. Before I finally get to the purpose of the article, though, there's one rather interesting quotation I'd like to offer up. Writing about events of ten years ago, John Berry stated, "...the only fanzines read by most everybody were SFR and LOCUS." Hmmm... plus ca change, anybody?

In part two of "I Have Seen The Future And It Is Scruffy," John makes a few predictions about where fandom might be heading; I thought it might be interesting to analyse some of them and see how close he came. And then perhaps provide a future article for some fanwriter in 1983 by tossing out a few predictions of my own. (I can actually do this in relative safety: how likely is it that any one will be rereading BENZINE in five years' time?)

John saw an end to the then-current rise in fannishness with no successor to the fanish focal point, FOCAL POINT. In that he was correct; fannish fandom declined in the mid-'70s and with the exception of the always-admirable MOTA there are few fanzines cut in the classical fannish mold today. Almost all of the influential Brooklyn fannish fans gafiated, and today there may exist fannish fans, but there is nothing one could point to and call Fannish Fandom. As the recent first issue of RAFFLES showed, there will always be fannish fans and fannish fanzines, but I think it's safe to predict that with fandom having grown so large and fannishness being such a specialized interest, fannish fandom will never again achieve the position of dominance it has had at various times in the past.

Of interest is this eight-year-old quotation from John: "I suspect rather, that fannishness in 1972 and later will be molded primarily by WARHOON, assuming Bergeron does resume regular publication after getting the mammoth Willis issue out."

After more than a decade, the Willish is, apparently, almost out and WARHOON has apparently resumed publication. It will be interesting indeed to see if John Berry was merely seven or eight years out in his prediction. Can Bergeron revive a flagging fannish fandom and give it both strength and direction? Perhaps, but I wouldn't bet on it.

John saw the fandom he was writing about as being very strongly influenced by the nature of the '60s. Most of the new recruits to fandom were young and had grown up in the turbulent times of that decade. New lifestyles, involvement, anger, violence -- these were among the prevailing influences, and John foresaw them becoming increasingly important. "I guess you can see that I feel fandom will be less of an isolated group than it has been. The waves of the outside world will affect it more than ever," was the way he summed his feelings up. And also, "I imagine that fanzines will be filled with discussions of the subculture -- and of fandom as a subculture." It would be difficult to deny the accuracy of that belief, even though I doubt that John could possibly have foreseen the apathy that replaced the energy of the '60s. And it takes no great prophet to suggest that fanzines will continue to reflect both involvement with the problems of the real world as well as evaluations of the special place that fandom has as a alternative subculture.

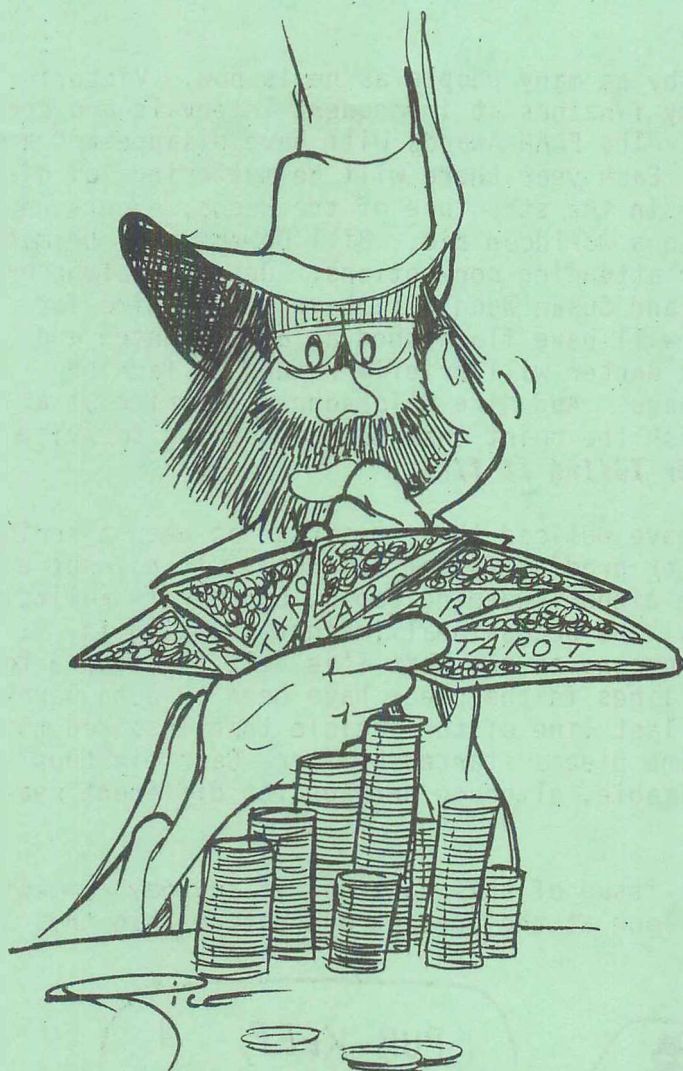
In his next section, John whimsically looked at individual fans and fanzines, wisely commenting that "this is the part I'll reread and laugh over five years from now." He safely realized that Harry Warner would still be in pretty well the same position as he was at that time, but missed out in thinking, as Arnie Katz had five years earlier, that Harry would publish a successful genzine. To break that unsuccessful string of attempts to see into the future, I go on record as stating that Harry Warner will never publish a genzine.

John correctly noted that Indiana, Texas, and Oregon would fade as fan centers, but was very wrong in assigning the same fate to Minneapolis. He foretold the migration of eastern fans to the west, but wrongly believed they'd turn the Bay area into a fanzine center. His description of New York as holding "a number of active fans, but little unified effort except on a social level" was uncanny, but he was less astute in thinking that Harlan Ellison and George Clayton Johnson would be major fannish influences.

Particularly amusing were John's thoughts on Richard Geis. He stated, "I don't think Dick Geis will disappear from fandom as he did after the first cycle of PSYCHOTIC/SFR; he'll continue to exert a large influence, and he'll be regarded as a BNF in much the same way he is today." What? You don't find such precise insight amusing? Well, perhaps not, but one can't help but chuckle over the footnote Linda Bushyager added which read, "This article was written before SFR folded. That's one wrong prediction!"

John thought that by 1975 Charlie Brown would have folded LOCUS and Arnie Katz would be one of the few fannish fans in New York. Both times he was totally incorrect. That explains why you probably won't be reading any such specific predictions from me. Fans are too unpredictable to make predictions about them! With a few exceptions: John was right on in thinking Rotsler would still be Rotsler.

Avoiding individuals seems to be the key to success in this aspect of fan-writing, because no one could fault John on his insight in seeing a growing influence of foreign fandoms, not with a worldcon in Australia and another in England within a decade of his article. Where he was somewhat less accurate, though, was in thinking fannishness would become a significant factor in European fandom. Fannishness did flourish in England, but even there it already seems to be on the wane;



however, if one wished to argue that John's suggestion that by 1976 "one of the best fannish magazines will be published on the Continent" applied to England's MAYA, then the man was little short of awesome.

(Quite some time ago, I hinted there actually was a purpose to all these words. There is also a massive contradiction, although I doubt that anybody spotted it. Still, perhaps some perceptive reader wondered why someone who'd just gone on at great length about his atrocious memory and knowledge of fan history would remember a particular article from an eight-year-old fanzine. It is all about to be explained...)

Having disposed of the major forces in fandom and the significant fanzines and fans, John went on to include one last little paragraph before wrapping up his thoughts. For some reason, it has stuck in my mind ever since 1970...

"Canadian fandom will be a well-established force in fannish affairs, and Mike Glicksohn will be considered a BNF by many. If he continues publishing, ENER-GUMEN will be one of the leading fanzines of 1976, perhaps already past its heyday and coming out at increasingly infrequent intervals."

Hmph! How he could have been so totally correct with his first sentence and miss by three full years in his second is beyond me...

What's that? You want some equivalent predictions? Well, it'll be nothing new for me to make one statement at the start of an article and do the opposite by the time I've finished writing, so perhaps I'll try. If nothing else, it'll give me the chance to laugh at myself as much in five years' time as John did a half-decade after slithering out on a limb in 1970. And just as John gave no reasons for any of his predictions, so I offer you the following possibilities without explanation. Some are more whimsical than others, granted, but I think there's a good chance each could occur.

Harry Warner and Bill Rotsler will still be two of fandom's mainstays, albeit less prolific than today. A lawsuit will have arisen from material published in a fanzine. Patrick Hayden will have gafiated to become a public servant. C. D. Doyle will have found too many other interest to devote much time to fandom, but will be considered a BNF by many. Phil Foglio will be known as the Tim Kirk of his

generation and will be loved and hated by as many people as he is now. Victoria Vayne will be publishing amazingly fancy fanzines at infrequent intervals and contemplating a move to the United States. The FAAN Awards will have disappeared and Dick Geis will still be winning Hugos. Each year there will be mutterings of discontent producing no changes whatsoever in the structure of the Hugos. Southern Fandom will pull itself together and win a worldcon bid. Bill Bowers will be married and close to gaffiation, except for attending conventions. Jessica Salmonson will have abandoned fandom completely, and Susan Wood will have little time for fanac other than conventions. Seattle will have flourished as a fan centre and will already be in its decline. Dereck Carter will briefly return to fannish activity after an absence of several years. And Mike Glicksohn will write an article that takes three pages to establish the point that he has nothing to write about. ~~BEN ZAHY WILL PUBLISH IT. AFTER LOSING IT FIRST.~~

The observant among you will have noticed that this has not been a serious attempt to either discuss fandom today or predict fandom tomorrow. It has not even been a non-serious attempt to undertake either sweeping topic, but merely a little light personal nattering with, possibly, the occasional insight slipping in. I hope, though, that it might encourage someone to try what I've felt inadequate to undertake. And since some of the best lines in the piece have been by John Berry, it seems appropriate to close with the last line of the article that inspired this 1978 contribution to the cycle of fanzine pieces started by Terry Carr eighteen years ago. It is certainly still applicable, although perhaps for different reasons!

"The letter column of the next issue of this fanzine, if anybody comments, should provide a much more interesting look at the present and future than this article."



EAU DE CLONE

WELL? HOW DID SHAW'S
LECTURE GO?

AARGH! NOTHING BUT PUNS,
PUNS, PUNS — THE AUDIENCE
FINALLY MOBBED THE STAGE AND
TORE THE SILLY SOD TO BITS!

COMMITTEE
Room

GOD DAMMIT!

THAT'S THE THIRD
ONE THIS WEEKEND—
OKAY NUMBER 8,
GET OUT THERE—
AND REMEMBER—

NO PUNS!

C. P. Foglio
-79

by BOB SHAW

Welcome to yet another of my Serious Scientific Talks -- all part of the United Nations "Education Through Suffering" programme -- in which this year, for a change, I'm going to forget about the hard sciences -- like astronomy, astronautics and computation of bar bills in this hotel -- and concentrate on the life sciences. I'm doing this partly to show off my versatility, partly because I've made some astonishing new discoveries in the field of biology, but mainly because I can't think up any more good Star Trek jokes.

It's on the TV again, you know, "Space, the final frontier..." What's final about it? -- that's what I'd like to know. It keeps coming back again and again -- like a Brian Burgess pork pie -- each time looking a little more plastic than the time before. Perhaps I've been mishearing that opening voice-over. Perhaps it says, "Space, the vinyl frontier..." My kids have watched some episodes so many times that they're getting Spocks before their eyes. As I have said, as I have jest demonstrated, I can't think up nay more good jokes about Star Trek, and I don't want to descend to things like mentioning my favourite episode -- the one in which Kirk loses his ship and is sacked for his lack of Enterprise. Anyone who would make a joke like that deserves to go to the chair, and the governor at my local prison is so sadistic that he puts a whoopee cushion on the electric chair...

What on earth, some of you must be saying, has all this to do with clones?

Good question! This year I'm determined not to wander away from the point. Last year a woman in the audience got so angry with my vacillations that she stabbed me in the arm with her umbrella and left a permanent scar. That's it there -- my vacillation make -- so I'm not going to start nattering about the room party I was at last night. It was a weird sort of party, anyway. I thought they were only kidding when they told me that all the guests had to give a pint of blood, and I was amazed that anyone should even consider pumping some of my blood into a defenseless sick person. On Thursday there was so much alcohol in it that the hotel charged me corkage just to check in. Six of my corpuscles are appearing in court next week for being drunk and disorderly. On a more serious note about alcohol, let me acknowledge that it is possible to take too much of the stuff. A film I saw on TV last week has prompted me to change my drinking habits. It was The Hunchback of Notre Dame, and when I saw him swinging around on the end of that rope chanting, "The Bells made me deaf," I decided to switch over to Johnny Walker. I'm told they're alreading doing that in the schools -- because of the shortage of Teachers...

Clones? I'm coming to those, madam -- just be patient. I wouldn't want to fool around too much in front of such a large and distinguished audience... which reminds me that some of you may have missed the introduction of notables at the beginning of the convention. For those of you who are feeling a bit lost and are wondering who everybody is, I'll point out some of the more interesting science fiction personalities for your benefit. There's one! And there's another one! And there's another one over there...

Okay, okay -- clones. Clones -- as some of you may already know -- is a small town on the border between Northern Ireland and Eire. It's absolutely true -- check it out on any map, if you don't believe me. Well, not any map -- a map of Ireland would be best. I visited Clones quite a number of times when I was a child, and was impressed by its peacefulness, stillness and utter tranquility -- which is another way of saying it's a bloody boring place to be in. Most Irish towns and villages are like that, but Clones is a particularly bad case -- the most exciting event of the year is the annual sweepstake in which they try to guess whether or not Easter is going to fall at a weekend. I entered it myself one time, but it was only

because -- being a country music fan -- I rather fancied the first prize, which was a like-sized rubber statue of Dolly Parton filled with Irish whisky.

All this explains why, some years ago, I got quite a surprise when I was accosted by James White. It was in Belfast and I was out walking, strolling, just putting one foot in front of the other -- nothing too fancy -- when Jim came dashing up to me. "Bob," he said, "you'll never guess what all the ASTOUNDING authors are writing about now."

"Surprise me," I said.

"Clones," he said.

I was surprised, all right. My God, I thought, Campbell must be desperate. The Dean Drive, Dianetics, and now Clones.

"Jim," I said patiently, "there isn't a science fiction writer in the world -- not even Captain S. P. Meek -- who could produce a good story about Clones. I mean, what would you write about the place?"

He blinked at me. "It isn't a place -- it's a term in biology."

I blinked back at him, wondering if this was some devious way of getting revenge on me over a little literary mishap which had occurred previously. In the early part of his career, Jim spent a number of years working in the tailoring department of a large store. When he first started there, it had old-fashioned mahogany counters, then they changed to Formica counters, and finally switched to very trendy glass counters. Jim was very intrigued by the last sort and he formulated great plans to write a story about them -- called the Clothes Counters of the Third Kind. I put him off it by explaining that a story with a silly title like that was doomed to abject failure, so he gave up the idea. And ever since the runaway success of a certain notorious film, which I have dubbed The Incredible Shrinking Saucer ... (Did you notice how when the ship came up behind the mountain it was about two miles wide, and when it reached the runway it was about the size of a football field? Perhaps it was the damp that did it.) ...I have sensed a certain coldness in Jim's manner. It's nothing I can put my finger on -- just something about the way he keeps wrenching the elevator doors open for me when the elevator isn't there.

"You can't write SF stories about soppy things like biology," I said stoutly. "What would George O. Smith think?"

"It's the latest craze," he said. "Bob, what do you think the world's going to be like in the 21st century? Try to visualize how different it will be, all the fantastic changes that will have taken place."

"Well," I said, putting my superb creative imagination to work, "Petrocelli might have finished building his house."

"That's not what I mean," Jim said.

I thought again. "I've got it! Last Dangerous Visions will be out!"

"Don't be stupid," he said severely.

"I know," I said. "Isaac Asimov has had his hundredth birthday and he's

sent a telegram to the Queen."

Jim shook his head. "What's going to happen -- according to all these stories -- is that everybody will be going around cloning. Everybody will be producing copies of themselves."

"So what's new?" I replied, giving him my best evil leer. "A couple of the guys I used to work with..."

"It will be done asexually," he cut in. "By cell manipulation. Just think of it! Instead of only one Ted Tubb there could be a dozen of them -- all churning out Dumarest stories."

"I thought there already was," I said weakly, wrestling with this new concept. It had become obvious to me that Jim had done something which is quite unforgivable in a rival science fiction writer -- he had actually learned some science. Once that sort of thing creeps into the profession, there's no telling where it could end. However, I decided that if he could cheat I could cheat, so I went off and got a job working for a doctor so that I could learn all about cells and DNA and stuff like that.

I didn't hold the job long, though -- it was too embarrassing every time I tried to take the day off sick. Have you ever thought how awkward it is for anybody who works for a doctor, wants the day off, and telephones the office to say he's sick? Instead of saying something like, "Get better soon," your boss says, "Oh? What symptoms have you got?" Or worse still, he says, "You'd better come round to the surgery," -- which defeats the whole idea!

Anyway, I decided to fall back on my own resources, which meant consulting my extensive reference library. I went through some of the books -- TEACH YOURSELF EMBALMING; THE ORIGIN OF CHARLES DARWIN -- by Galen; SEX CHANGES IN POULTRY -- by Willy Ley; PAINLESS CHILDBIRTH -- by Pnagbord; AGAINST THE FALL OF KNIGHT -- by Mrs. Knight; MATING IN SMALL BIRDS -- by J. J. Coupling; THE DYSENTERY PLAGUE (known in this country as LOGAN'S RUN) -- by Kurt Funnygut. You can tell a lot about a person by the books he has on his shelves, can't you?

To tell you the truth, I didn't glean much from my studies. Some of the things written by ordinary scientists are totally unbelievable. One of the worst culprits is that Albert Einstein -- you know, the man who tried to convince people that E equals Mc^2 . I rang the MCC and they denied the whole thing. I first saw through Einstein when he got into that dreadful muddle over the twins paradox. You know the set-up -- one twin goes away for awhile on a high-speed flight and when he returns he's younger than the twin who stayed at home. Einstein said that was because time passed more slowly for the traveller. How stupid! He was completely misinterpreting the evidence! Just look at the real facts. One twin goes gallivanting off on a kind of Super-Concorde, relaxing, enjoying himself, and while he's off having a good time, who's doing all the work, looking after the house, struggling to pay the bills? His brother is -- that's who! -- and the strain of it puts years on him. It's no wonder the other lazy so-and-so looks so much younger when he gets back. Instead of covering up for him by inventing ridiculous theories, Einstein should give him a good ticking-off and told him to show more consideration.

But if you think that's bad you should read some of the stuff they put in biology books. My left ear is slightly bigger than the right, and my brother's

left ear is slightly bigger than his right. According to the biology books, it's all to do with things called genes and chromosomes which spend all their time dropping acid and sending messages to each other -- whereas the real reason is that at school we both had the same sadistic teacher who kept dragging us up to the blackboard by our left ears.

It wasn't long before I decided that biologists were no better informed than physicists, and that it was time for me to do some original research. My main concern was to find out if work on cloning was actually going on in secret somewhere -- so how would I start? Did I know some place where everybody looked alike? Apart from the BSFA committee room, that is. Did I know any apparently normal twins with give-away names like Pete and Repete? Kate and Duplikate? No, I didn't, but the idea of following clues in names appealed to me, partly because it didn't involve any real work, partly because it gave me the chance to make more dreadful puns. (I tried some of them on Jim Blish once, and he ran away screaming; then I tried some on my agent, Les Flood, and he ran away screaming -- which shows that some of my puns are more than Blish and Flood can stand.)

Intrigued by this new line of research I mulled it over and found my thoughts coming back to their original starting point -- the town of Clones. Perhaps the name was no coincidence. Could it be that, as in so many other fields, Ireland had been away ahead of the rest of the world? Was it possible that cloning had been worked on for so long over there that it was reflected in the very place names?

My tongue went dry with excitement, so I bathed it in a mild solution of alcohol and started thinking of all the other Irish place names which supported the theory. There was Cloneen -- an obvious corruption of clonning; Clonard -- clone hard; Clonmel -- where they must have tried to clone somebody called Mel; and Clonakilty -- where, quite obviously, they must have tried to clone a Scotsman. And, finally, there was the name of Ireland's capital city -- Dublin!

Convinced I had stumbled onto something important, I decided to go to Dublin to investigate. I jumped on a boat and very soon was steaming up the harbour into Leningrad. The Russians objected to me steaming up their harbour -- they have awful problems with condensation over there -- so they threw me out. This time I made sure I got on an Irish boat, and very soon was steaming up the River Liffey into Dublin. (I always think Liffey is a terrible name for a river -- it sounds too much like one of those euphemisms for toilet.) But when I got off the boat I suddenly realised I had little idea what to do next. The only other lead I had was my realisation that cloning would cost a great deal of money, so I decided to make a bold frontal attack by selecting the most expensive-looking office bloc- I could find and just barging in.

I picked out a real plushy place -- it was the European office of the Ultimate Publishing Company -- and sauntered up to the receptionist, who looked like a film star. It wasn't that she was very pretty, or anything like that -- it was just that her face was black with dirt, except for a little round patch on each cheek and in the centre of her forehead. Movie stars don't know how to wash their faces, you know. I see them on TV all the time, trying out new soaps, and all they do is rub a few suds on their cheeks and foreheads. It's no wonder the whole industry has been declining since the Three Stooges retired.

Anyway, I gave this girl a piercing stare and, just to throw her off her guard, casually crooned a bit of a song -- Bring on the Clones. The play seemed

to be effective, because she gave me a look in which I detected some degree of consternation. I decided to press home my advantage.

I gave her a confident smile and said, "I want to arrange to have myself cloned."

Her powers of recovery must have been phenomenal, because she smiled back and said, "The clone arranger isn't in -- you'll have to speak to Tonto."

I backed away from her -- it isn't every day I meet somebody whose puns are worse than mine -- and hurried out of the building. Depressed and defeated, I went into the nearest bar and ordered myself a Poteen Sunrise. That's a bit like a Tequila Sunrise, except that the sun doesn't come up -- you go down. After a couple of these I began to see there was only one way I could progress further, and that was by consulting my old adversary -- the famous German-Irish writer, researcher, explorer and wheelbarrow mechanic -- Von Donegan.

The only address I had for him was that of his club, a modest and unpretentious little outfit known as the Illustrious Glorious Exalted Shining Ones, which had its headquarters above a used coffin shop in Abbatoir Lane. It was evening by the time I got there and the doorman gave me a cold stare when I told him I wanted to talk to Von.

"Von?" he said haughtily. "Show more respect, you oaf. The boss's full title is Master of the Galaxy and Ultimate Controller and Supreme Dictator of All of Space, Time and Infinity."

"Sorry," I said, "can I speak to the Master of the Galaxy and Ultimate Controller and Supreme Dictator of All of Space, Time and Infinity?"

"He isn't here tonight," he said. "His wife made him stay home and wash the dishes."

"Can you tell me his home address?"

"Sorry. It would be more than my job is worth."

"I'll give you this first edition of BILL, THE GALACTIC HERO -- it's one of the very rare unautographed copies."

"That's more than my job's worth, as well," he said, snatching the book. He gave me an address near the Guinness brewery and I hurried away with a mounting sense of excitement. You've got to do that in these scientific quest stories, haven't you? I you can't do a decent mounting sense of excitement -- or, at the very least, a sudden quickening of interest -- you'd be better off in some other line of business. I can recommend thermometer filling as a steady job, and it's nice because in the summertime, when the heat slows you down, nobody notices you're not working as hard because the mercury has gotten bigger and you can get away with putting less of it in. Another job I would like is working on the escalators on the London Underground. I'd like to be the man who makes sure the handrail always goes a little slower or a little faster than the actual stairway. My wife is very nervous on the escalator and she clutches that handrail like crazy, which makes it very difficult to hold a long conversation with her. By the time we get to the end she's either staring up at the ceiling or her nose is almost touching the floor.

I'm saying, "It's time to get off now, dear. Dear? Dear? Where has she gone to?" Another thing I like about the London escalators are those signs that say: DOGS MUST BE CARRIED. I just ignore them and jump on the escalator whether I've got a dog or not, and I get away with it every time.

But I mustn't stray away from the subject...

I now had to take a bus to Von Donegan's place on the other side of the city, but I was desperately short of ready cash, so I decided just to run along behind the bus and save tenpence. Then I got a better idea -- I ran along behind a taxi and saved two quid. Finally I reached Von's house, a rather sinister-looking place called "Sweet Chariot." (The name reminded me of my Uncle Fred, the boxer, who was known as Sweet Chariot because he was always swinging low.) As I said, the house was an eerie sort of a place right in the shadow of the Guinness brewery, and I felt quite nervous as I approached it in the growing darkness. My mood wasn't helped by the thick, dank fog that was pressing against the windows -- especially as it was a perfectly clear night outside the house.

I sneaked up to a lighted window and looked in, and saw something so obscene, that I had to repress a moan of dismay. Von Donegan was in there, and he had hundreds of pints of Guinness sitting on a huge table, and he was busy pouring them down a sink! Gallons of it were disappearing down the plug hole every minute. I hadn't seen booze disappear so fast since I attended the Noreascon In '81 bidding party. At last I could stand the hideous spectacle no longer, so I smashed the window in with a rolled-up copy of LITERARY HIGHLIGHTS FROM PERRY RHODAN and shouted, "Stop that, you swine! Is nothing sacred?"

He turned, saw me at the window and reeled back, his face contorted with shock -- thus proving he had a guilty conscience. "Shaw," he gasped. "What are you doing here? I thought you were back in Stan Laurel's home in Ulverston organising a new branch of the Sons of the Desert."

"I decided to give them the Gobi," I said wittily. "More to the point -- what are you doing?"

His eyes shuttled briefly -- and anybody who has read any of my books will tell you that it's a sign somebody is under stress -- and he said, "It's a scientific experiment, Bob. One you would approve of. You know that when water swirls down a plug hole in the northern hemisphere it always goes in a clockwise direction -- well, I wanted to see if the same thing would apply to Guinness."

I sniffed disbelievingly, "And does it go clockwise?"

"Definitely not," he said. "The clock is up there on the wall and the Guinness is going the other way."

"You're not fooling me for a minute," I said. "What you're talking about is the Coriolanus force and nobody is interested in that since I proved it's what makes supermarket trolleys try to go in circles when you push them." I clambered in through the window and, following up a hunch, said, "What do you know about clones?"

"It's a nice place to live," he said, "but I wouldn't like to go there for a holiday."

"I'll do the jokes," I snarled, grabbing him by the throat. "You know I meant artificially produced human beings."

He cringed. "I've never even met any officers of the Scientific Fiction Writers of America."

"Cut it out," I said. "I'm talking about biological clones."

"Oh, those! Well, I've heard they're very anaemic."

"Really?"

"Yes. You know the old saying -- you can't get blood out of a clone."

"Okay," I gritted. "You asked for this." I whipped out my copy of the Sam Moscowitz Joke Book and began to read aloud from it. Von Donegan endured it for as long as was humanly possible -- about twelve nanoseconds -- then broke down.

"Why are you doing this to me? What do you want?"

"The truth about cloning in Ireland," I said. "There's something going on and I want to know what it is."

His shoulders slumped. "All right, all right. If you know anything about Irish history you'll have heard of the Great Potato Famine."

I was unimpressed. "So a few potatoes went hungry."

He winced. "The point is that for years now the population of Ireland has been very depressed."

"You mean," I said, "even before Harry Harrison and Anne McCaffrey moved in?"

He winced again. "The Irish Government asked me if I could do anything about the low population, and -- as I'm a happily married man..."

"I'd forgotten you got married," I interrupted. "Has the union been blessed?"

"Yes," he said. "We haven't got any children. Anyway, I decided the only thing I could do to increase the population would be to clone as many people as I could, so I started working on biology."

"It's a really weird subject, isn't it?" I said. "When I tried it I had to cut up so many frogs I came down with a skin disease called Kermitities. And all those words beginning with z..."

"Oh, I never bother with actually studying a subject," Von Donegan said airily. "I've found I can write my books better by making the stuff up as I go along -- I call it original research -- and I did the same thing with cloning."

"And did you solve the problem?" I prompted, sensing that the end of my quest was near.

"Nothing to it," he replied. "The key to the whole thing is that we are a carbon-based life form -- so if we are to produce a copy of a human being it will be a carbon copy."

"That makes sense," I said, a great light dawning in my mind. This was the sort of biology I could understand.

"I realized that all I had to do was keep pumping carbon into people and eventually all the molecules in their bodies will acquire duplicates and they'll divide up into carbon copies of themselves."

"That's brilliant," I breathed. "You should write the whole thing up for OMNI, or perhaps WEEKEND REVEILLE. But wait! Where can you get all the carbon from? And how could you get people to swallow it?"

"That's the beauty of my system," he said firmly. "I've got a deal with Mike Moorcock whereby he sends me all his used carbons and typewriter ribbons -- a container-load of them comes over every week on the ferry -- and all I do is put them in the blender with some water. That's the way they come out." He pointed at the glasses of what I had mistaken for Guinness.

I nodded, almost speechless with admiration. "But what's that whitish froth on top?"

"I think sometimes Mike accidentally leaves a novel or two in among the carbons." An anxious note crept into Von Donegan's voice. "Do you think they could be injurious to the health?"

"Not in that form," I said reassuringly, my gaze drifting towards the sink. "I take it that the waste pipe from your sink is connected up to the vats in the brewery."

He nodded. "Quite right! You know, you're almost as smart as I am."

I blushed prettily. "Tell me, Von, have you any actual evidence that your cloning system is working?"

"Well," he said, "there's the Nolan sisters, and I've noticed that people who drink a lot of Guinness are getting bulkier and bulkier. It's only a matter of time before I get word they've gone fission."

Sensing he was about to start making puns, I took my leave of him and came straight to Brighton to make my findings known to the world at large. The thing Von Donegan overlooked, you see, is that Guinness is exported to many countries, and his special brew -- Eau de Clone, as I call it -- may be on the point of triggering a general population explosion. Not all bottles of Guinness are carbonated, of course, and most of the ones that are have the code words "Double X" on the label. What I've done, in order to save the world is to set up a small team of volunteers -- all of them, from Peter Roberts on down, connoisseurs of stout -- who are prepared to check out the world's supply of Double X Guinness.

It's a mission of extreme urgency, so -- if you will excuse me -- I think I'd better get back to it...

