

WSFAnac

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THE LANGFORD FILES AND OTHER STORIES When last seen, the editorial staff of *Wsfan-*
ac was clawing mindlessly through the refuse
in our humble offices searching desperately for assorted locs from faraway places.
Much to our amazement, we found some. One of these was from Dave Langford, who
said:

"Now about the Astral Leauge (sp.), I should mention that my suggestions about the imaginary chair business have been Denounced by D.West on general grounds of impiety, frivolity, and propogating notions not originated by D.West. Instead the Leaning Power of Bingley demonstrated two more he'd thought of: the major criterion for a Test is apparently that D. should be able to pass with ease and others (preferably) not at all. One simply involves holding out your hand, palm upright, and without allowing your third finger to move or 'helping' with your other hand, folding back your little finger to lie flat upon the palm. This is manifestly impossible, and D's seeming ability to do it must be an optical illusion. New Test #2 is a version of touching-your-toes: standing upright and, without bending the knees, laying one hand flat upon the floor and then the other flat upon the first. D himself can only do this when loosened up by great drunkenness. To attempt it in a sober state might be to risk a sudden popping of discs from the spine, like teeth flying from a dud zipper. On the whole, the easiest way to membership is to send D the requested 50p—but no actual members are on record as having done so, that being far too easy—besides, who in his/her right mind would give money to D West?" Right.

But wait! I have actually received *more* locs on *Wsfanac*. Or Pocs, rather. I'm going to quote from them in a pure and shameless effort to give myself some egoboo. Here is one from Alexis Gilliland:

"It finally hit me that your zine title is a play on words...WSFAn A.C. That's very nice.

I guess overall it was the Lennon Memorial Issue, and while I was never a Beatle fan...I was never a pop music fan of *any* variety, for that matter...it is sad that the man never got a chance to finish what he was doing. I mean, now that he was 40 he might have amounted to something.

It may be appropriate to mention that your writing is (and has been) Good Stuff. If I had a fanzine I would ask you to do me a column. Perhaps 'Inside Joe Mayhew.'...there would be enough material for run longer than *Yandro*.

The Republicans...especially the younger ones...display a confidence in their untested ideas which is pretty scary. In a way it reminds me of the Khomeini plan for running Iran...It sounded good to the people he talked it over with."

And one from Mike Glicksohn:

"You're doing a fine job and your account of what Lennon's death meant to you was excellent. Not being all that strongly influenced by music I felt little personal loss, just another strong gut reaction to the absolute senselessness of much of this world but I could understand how strongly others would feel about it. Your description of what John Lennon meant in your life is as good as anything I've read since his murder."

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HEXACON A small convention was held in Lancaster PA on the weekend of January 10-11, with Jack Chalker as pro GoH and Mark Owings as fan GoH. I didn't go to any of the programming, tho. I do recall some sort of strange expedition to hunt for a Mexican place which ended up having burritos that looked exactly like their enchaladas. Let me advise you—don't ever let Mr. Moose (no relation to Martin Worse Mooseter) be the navigator in your next caravan.

To me the most memorable part of the convention happened after we left. I was riding with Barry and Judy Newton, who had offered Scratch Bacharach a ride home to his little mountain cabin after his Thunderchicken broke down. Once I saw his digs, I was sorry I only had B&W film in my camera—those big stone fireplaces and spiral staircases up to the loft are just the sort of thing that demand color film. You don't see stuff like that out here in the 'burbs. Anyway, those who know him will be surprised to know that Scratch, who is now being a chimney-sweep for a living, was actually cordial and hospitable and like that.

As for the rest of the convention, *well!* You won't catch *me* getting into a strange jacuzzi with Bob Lovell (no relation to Martin Moose Worseter). And the pinball machines weren't so great, either.



WSFA Again, I regret to report that WSFA has done nothing new to enrage or annoy me. This leaves me at a loss to find something to carry on about. It does no good to go on about, say, Alan Huff's amazing ability to fold a winning hand, or to bemoan the fact that there



have been few announcements these days by Kim Weston as to what is playing at the American Film Institute. I mean, who cares? And anyway, they have been putting out silly little fanzines and planning a small, fannish convention with no Guest of Honor or anything. This does not exactly atone for having Isaac Asimov as GoH for Disclave, but it does seem to indicate that things are looking up. Why, just the other day, Newton Ewell was saying to me that we ought to revive *2001: A Space Opera*, which sounds OK to me and might teach the current crop of WSFAns a few new songs.

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LIVING IN THE USA My sister-in-law Maryanne Murillo, who works for the Parks Service, reports that Reagan's appointment of a Mr. Watt has spawned a slew of bitter jokes around the Department of the Interior. Watt, a life-long anti-conservationist, was of course not anyone's idea of The Right Man For The Job. 'Who's on first?' style jokes about his name have been replaced by "How much energy does it take to turn off a conservationist?" (answer: One Watt), to which Charlie Ellis responded, "How much energy does it take to *save* a conservationist?" One Kilowatt, of course.

This made me feel better until someone reminded me that the head of the Department of the Interior also controls the Bureau of Indian Affairs.

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MIKE WALSH REPORTS *Steve Stiles and Dave Ettlin, together again for the first time!* Dave Ettlin, founding father of BSFS (the Bal'mar one), has been writing for the Baltimore Sun for a long time, and his favorite hobby is collecting strange murders. But he recently wrote an article about what to do while your car is dying in rush hour or something, and the Sun printed it with an accompanying illustration by our own Steve Stiles, of someone pushing a four-wheeled lemon out of traffic. Various other fans have worked up at the Sun lately, and I have a fantasy working in which fans take the place over and turn Bal'mar's best newspaper into...a fanzine.

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BOOK OF THE MONTH I've read two good books. One of them is Joan Vinge's *Snow Queen*, which so far everyone except Mark Owings has been raving about. Those of you who read the original fairy tale years ago might have a special interest in this book, and I haven't had so much fun since seeing Joe Theisman sing "Have a ball."

And you remember all those dumb phony books about body language? Well,

Nancy Henley did some serious research and wrote a real one—and not only is it more than just a "How to tell when to pick up girls" type book, but it's well-written and readable. Amazing.

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CON CUSSIONS This fanzine keeps up with the times. In Journeys #1 (Michael Caplan, 89 Ramequ Dr #4 Willowdale Ont), Joanne McBride proclaims to a breathless fandom that "conventions are the lifeblood of fandom" while fanzines are merely "ephemeral, transient and fun". Let no Tweek editor argue with a statement as sanguine as that. Many, indeed, are the times when the four of us, driven to exhaustion by consuming Tab, chasing homunculi, or sublimating fanac, have gathered around a roaring fire in the study and pulled a convention off the shelf to enjoy over and over again, feeding the flames with used-up copies of Lighthouse, Hyphen, Warhoon, Kteic Magazine, Spaceways, etc. "it certainly is a shame," Anne Laurie will say, "that one whole aspect of fanac should be by its very nature so, so.. fleeting, so temporary! Wouldn't it be great if we could actually experience a good fanzine over and over again? Wouldn't it be neat, huh, huh?" "Dreamer," I snort. "Shut up and keep those Voids burning," barks Seth. "I wanna watch Jim Harmon break down that door." ')

—TWEED #28, May 1977, Patrick Hayden, Gary Farber, Anne-Laurie Logan, and Seth McEvoy, rotating editors (my, how times change.)

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