

DUPRASS

DUPRASS 1 - edited by Leslie Smith and Linda E. Bushyager. Please send fanzines for trade to Leslie Smith, 6092 Drexel Rd., Philadelphia, PA 19131. Also send letters of comment, articles, artwork, bombs, etc. to her. You can contact Linda Bushyager at 24 Leopard Rd., Paoli, PA 19301 (phone 215-647-7965 after 12 noon until 1 a.m.). DUPRASS is available for \$1, contribution, LoC, or keys to your time-share condo in the Bahamas. Mimeography by Linda Bushyager on the dying Johann Sebastian Bach Smith Gestetner mimeo. Typesetting on an Apple IIE computer and an Epson FX-85 dot-matrix printer for the most part.

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ENNUI ?



This is an Old & Tired/FLAWOL/
 Fans are Slans/Death Will Not Release You
 (formerly Klutzy) Production

SINOOKAS

You are probably wondering what this fanzine is, where it is coming from, and what the devil are a "duprass" and "sinookas." Well as most of you probably know, some years ago I edited GRANFALLOON (a genzine) and later KARASS (a newszine). Both titles were taken from Kurt Vonnegut's CAT'S CRADLE. It is not that I'm a diehard Vonnegut fan, it is just that I like his book and he has invented some very interesting words, which are extremely appropriate to fandom. So I knew I my next (that is to say my now current fanzine) would have to have a Vonnegut title. Since I'm co-editing this zine with Leslie Smith, the word "duprass" naturally sprang to mind, albeit by way of a rather slow spring, as you'll hear in a moment. You see, a duprass is a karass of two people. According to Bokonon (in CRADLE) "if you find your life slowly tangled up with somebody else's life for no very logical reasons, that person may be a member of your karass." A karass ignores national, institutional, occupational, familial, and class boundaries...sounds sort of like fandom doesn't it? Bokononists believe that humanity is organized into teams, teams that do God's Will without ever discovering what they are doing. Such a team is called a karass. This brings us to a "granfalloon" which is a false karass -- a seeming team that is really meaningless in terms of the ways God gets things done, such as say the Communist party, the DAR, the General Electric Company, the International Order of Odd Fellows, or any nation....hey, sort of sounds like fandom again, doesn't it?

I suppose there are many possible titles for this column, for example "Real Soon Now" comes to mind. At first, Leslie and I were planning to call the zine "Boko-maru" instead of "Duprass." Boko-maru is the ritual wherein two

LINDA E BUSHYAGER

people lie with feet touching feet and thus as soles touch, souls touch. Another nice Vonnegut title. And several people thought that "How are things in Boko-maru?" would then be a good editorial title. But Moshe Feder, the self-proclaimed arbiter of fannishness, didn't like Boku-maru (I believe it wasn't fannish enough for him). I might have ignored that. Moshe is a good friend, but I don't always agree with his opinions on fannishness. But then Stu Shiffman said Boko-maru sounded like the name of a Japanese freighter, and I just couldn't get that image out of my mind. So Leslie and I decided on "duprass." That forced me to come up with another editorial title -- "sinookas" - the tendrils of one's life, which perhaps begin to tangle up with other people to form a karass or duprass. It seemed an appropriate title for my own special section of the fanzine.



Speaking of the tendrils of my life, there certainly were some tendrils that led me into doing a fanzine again. After all, it has been several or more than several years since I last did a major fanzine. Despite rumors to the contrary, I never gafiated, I just haven't been active in fanzine fandom. Some people seem to think that lack of fanzine activity = gafiation, which strikes me as downright silly! I have been going to cons and doing an apazine for Apa-VCR -- the apa about videotaping.

You see, I made what was possibly a major error -- I went to Corflu last February. All that faanishness at one convention was just too much to take. Unexpectedly Alyson Abramowitz said "Hey Linda, why don't you put out a fanzine," and a few other people chimed in with their encouragement, and I heard myself nodding in agreement (which must have meant something was loose in there). Before I could grab myself firmly by the neck and push myself out of the room and away from all that earnest fannish spirit, Leslie was saying that



= TED WHITE =

SHYFMAN
2-15-86
CORFLU3

she'd been meaning to do a fanzine for some time and why didn't we co-edit, and I found myself unconsciously nodding again. Before I could shut my mouth and firmly chastise my head for its rebellion, I heard myself telling her about the two mimeos and two electronic stencilers I own, and saying what a shame it was that I only used them for a lowly apazine.

I know I should have run for the door, but all these fanzine editors were blocking it -- there was a sort of invisible welling up of fannishness flooding the room. Perhaps I was imagining it, but I seemed to hear everyone in the room shouting "Linda's going to pub a fanzine." I couldn't escape. Suddenly everything seemed to become unreal, and I felt a strange tilting sensation, and I was overcome by a sudden vision.....

And the spirit of Roscoe descended upon the gathering of fanzine editors, and the glory of fannishness shone upon their faces. I was sore afraid. And Roscoe said unto me "Be not afraid, for behold, I bring you good news of a great joy, for to you this day is reborn the spirit of fannishness which you

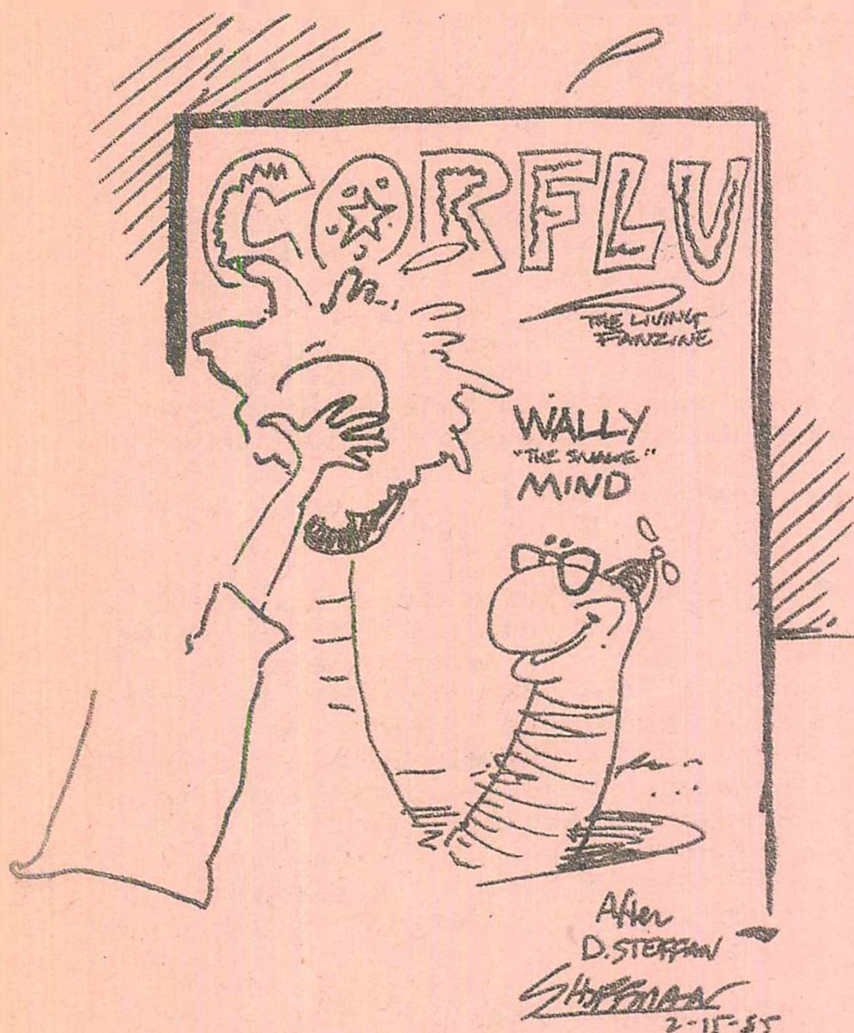
had forsaken for the false ghods of prodom and videophiledom. And by this sign your faith shall be restored." So saying, Roscoe pointed toward me, and I beheld a glowing bottle of corflu in my hand. The vessel opened and from it came a strange, yet hauntingly familiar scent. The bottle fell over, annointing my fingers with purple fluid. I found myself shouting, "Glory unto Roscoe. I shall pub again."

And so it passed that I agreed to co-edit a fanzine with Leslie. But I soon discovered that the years of inactivity had dulled my finely sharpened faned reflexes. I had no mailing list, no backlog of unused articles and illos, and only the vague remembrance of how one obtained such things. "Why not ask some artists for illos?" I thought to myself, "as long as I'm here at Corflu." So I did, and Stu Shiffman agreed to do a cover. I'm not sure Taral Wayne MacDonald believed that I was really going to pub again (he must have been outside the room during Roscoe's apparition). But Alexis Gilliland said "send me an envelope, and I'll put some illos in it for you."

We sat at the same banquet table with Alexis and Doll, and I again mentioned I'd like some illos for our new fanzine. As we ate, a Gilliland illo suddenly circulated around the table. Naturally I thought it was for DUPRASS, but then Geri Sullivan grabbed it and said Alexis had promised it to her. My old faned instincts began to resurface. I vaguely recalled other cons and other illos floating around with every faned out to get his share. So I asked Alexis for another illo. "I don't have any paper," came his apologetic reply. "That's no problem," answered Leslie (obviously a former 'be prepared' girl scout), passing him a flyer with a convenient, blank side.

Soon a new illo came floating around the table. "That's for Ted White," said Alexis. So I tore off the illo, reluctantly sent it toward the head table (and Ted), and passed the remaining blank paper back to Alexis. Soon he finished another illo, but before I could even glance at it, Alexis had sent it off toward Teresa Nielsen-Hayden with the admonition "it's for our Fan Goh." I was getting a bit perturbed now -- after all, we had supplied the blank paper, but what the heck, there were plenty to go around, especially with the prolific Alexis right at my very own table. And really Teresa deserved an illo, if not a downright award for suffering through what I thought was a rather poorly thought-out GoH "gift" of a pie in the face earlier in the con. (Not a very nice way to honor anyone, and a nasty surprise to one's clothing - especially since real {stain-producing} whipped cream was used.)

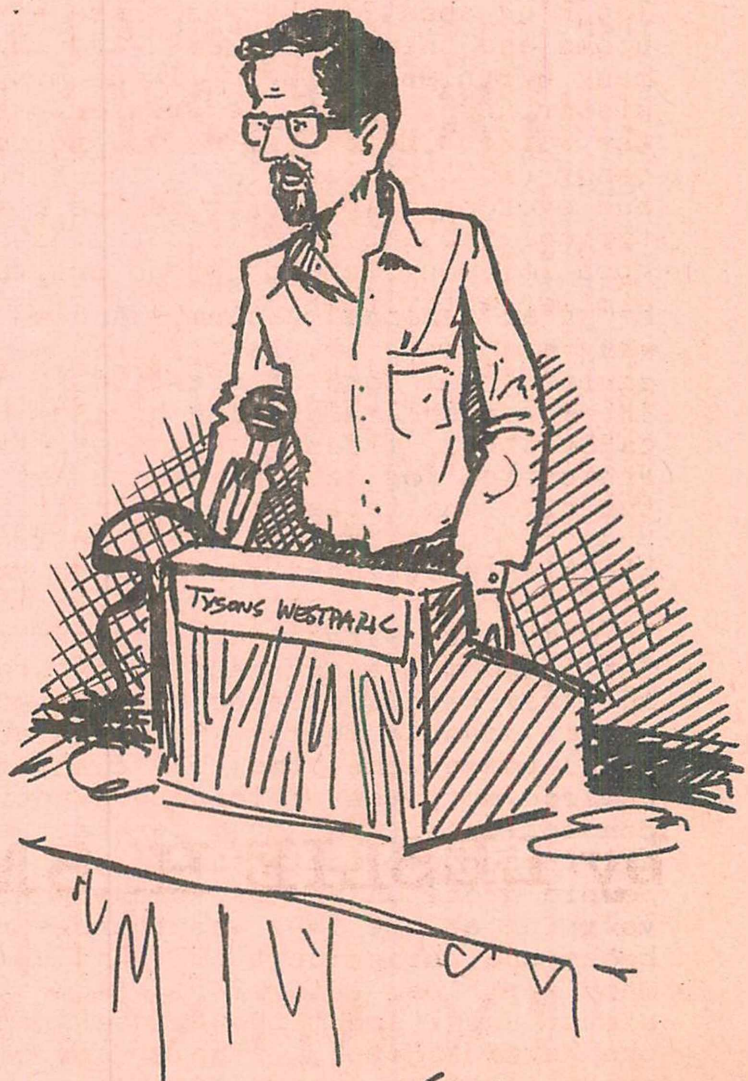
So I dug in my purse and found another flyer and passed it to the artist. During all this a yellow piece of paper with illos got passed around, apparently something Alexis had done previously. I managed to latch onto this one and put it away, but I was still looking forward to my very own, specially



drawn, banquet-made Gilliland. And soon it came around -- a cute picture that made reference to Terry Carr's GoH speech, which was taking place at that very moment. Terry was talking about the fact that some fans decry the largeness of cons and the fact that it is so hard for new fans to find "us" -- that is, the fannish and/or fanzine fans. Therefore he proposed a new method to get fans involved with fanzines, the "Famous Fan Writers" version of Clarion. Alexis's illo was titled something like "You want new fans, first you change the hats..." and it showed a new, improved fannish hat to replace the obviously outdated beanie -- something with spangles and dangles and all that kind of thing.

My old fanzine editor instincts were shifting into high gear. "Hey, maybe we can get Terry Carr's speech to go with the illo," I thought, and wrote a note to that effect, and passed it to Leslie. As I did so I gestured to Geri that this was going to be my illo (not wanting to lose another one), and she nodded and muttered something about having 2 fanzines to fill, and I gestured that she could get the next illo. Then Leslie passed the illo back to me, but before I could put it away, out of the blue, Alyson Abramowitz, who was sitting between us, suddenly snatched it out of my grasp. "That's mine," I said, taking it back. I thought she was just fooling around. "No, it's mine! He promised me one!" After the banquet Alyson admitted that Alexis had not promised her an illo at all -- she just wanted it!! Alyson grabbed it back viciously, and when I tried to recover it, she wouldn't let it go. I tried to reason with her - Alexis knew the next one was for

me, and after all it was my blank paper, and I even had some notes on it. But Alyson bared her ~~fangs~~ teeth, and refused to budge. I offered her the illos on the yellow paper, I told her she could get the next illo, but nooooooooooooo. Leslie was upset, I was furious, but there was nothing we could do. I had forgotten just how strong those fanned instincts could be -- just a few hours before, Alyson had been so helpful, so encouraging, so sweet - and now the possibility of printing that cute Gilliland illo had turned her into a vicious fanned, willing to lie, cheat, and steal to get a illo! I managed to scrounge up yet another piece of paper, and Alexis kindly did a very large series of fannish hats, which appear in these pages. They are great, but without the initial hat illo they lack a little punch. But you can be sure that by the time Alexis handed me that page, all my old fanned instincts were on full alert. I did not pass it around, I did not release my grip on it for an instant, and I did not let it come anywhere near Alyson. So watch out fanzine editors! I'm back, and I'll be in there clawing, begging, flattering, and cajoling my way with the rest of you to all the top illos and articles -- and I'm not going to let another fanned get the better of me again! But naturally, I won't let those fanzine editor instincts steer me beyond the bounds of good taste and fair play, and I may even eventually remove the pins I have in my Alyson Abramowitz doll....



TERRY CARR

2-16-86

THE DOMINO EFFECT

I am a second-generation fan, a member of a group that was once rare, but is becoming more common as the children of earlier fans come of age. My father, Smitty (Beresford Smith), attended his first convention in 1960 (the Worldcon in Seattle), although he had already been a fan of the literature for many years. I was one and a half years old at the time and failed to realize the significance of the event.

I briefly attended one convention when I was about ten years old, although I don't officially consider it my first con. It was a disastrous Philcon. My parents were divorced by then, and my father had babysitting duty that weekend. The only way he could catch Philcon was to drag me and my younger sister down to Philly with him for the day (we lived in Princeton at the time). I don't consider that particular Philcon my first official convention mainly because I had no conception of what cons were all about at the time. Why were all those people sitting in that big room, listening to other people drone on and on at the podium? What were they laughing about? Why was there a room full of tables with books and things on them? And why were the people buying so many worthless things? I was mystified by all this. My sister and I spent the greater part of the day running around the Warwick Hotel, going up and down in the elevator, buying candy (lots of candy!) in the gift shop with Daddy's money, and overdosing on sugar in the hotel lobby. Not exactly your typical fannish experience. (Although, now that I reflect upon it, many fans do spend entire conventions pursuing similar activities.)

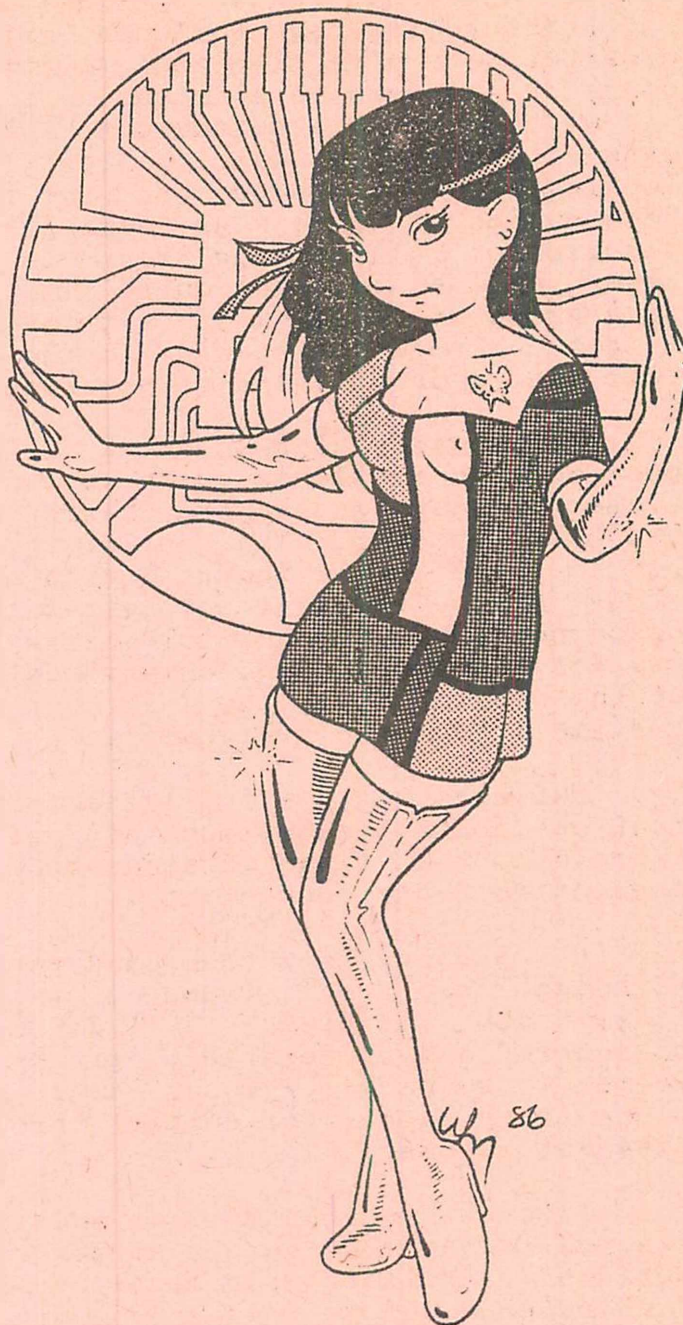
That evening, I was treated to my first fannish dinner. The idea of a huge group of fans going out to a restaurant together was new to me. My father and sister and I went out with a sizable bunch. So sizable, in fact, that my sister and I were seated at a different table from my father, and in a different room. We spent dinner making youthful conversation with adults we had just met. We naturally had to run back to Daddy's table to tell him what we were ordering for dinner (I still remember what I ate, 17 or so years after the fact), but were on the whole quite well-behaved, considering.

by **LESLIE H. SMITH**

I don't remember the exact year of this particular Philcon, but I do recall later learning that it was considered a fiasco by many attendees, the main negative event occurring when the guard dogs were let loose in the hotel. Fortunately, my sister and I were safely home by then.

I attended my next convention--and the one I consider my first real con experience--in 1974, when over 4000 folks converged upon Washington, D.C., for Discon II, which, I have since discovered, was a watershed experience for quite a few fen, myself included.

I learned quite a lot about fandom, fans, and conventions between my childish Philcon experience and my immersion in the 1974 Worldcon. I actually knew some fans besides my father. My sister and I had tagged along to several meetings of a local New Jersey fan club, where we met such notables as Elliot Shorter, Sandy Parker, Bruce and Flo Newrock, Louie Spooner, Rick Gelman, Don and Grace Lundry, and the entire Saha clan. And I attended one collating party at Linda Bushyager's house (for GRANFALLOON) when I was about 13. (Little did I know that it was a harbinger of things to come.) So I wasn't quite such a babe in the woods when I hit Discon II at the age of 15.



However, I was unprepared for the magnitude of the multitude gathered at the old Sheraton Park Hotel in D.C. (There were more than 4000 of us, and I was told that it was the first really huge Worldcon, mainly due to an disastrously-effective media blitz the week prior to the con.) I had been to a number of folk festivals by this time, and was perfectly accustomed to lots of long-haired people gathering together, wearing blue jeans and work shirts, and looking somewhat spaced-out. But the folk festivals were all held outdoors! Here were scads of people matching that description, all sitting around in a hotel lobby! I had never imagined anything quite like it. I recall eavesdropping on a group of LA fen I was sitting with while waiting for Daddy to get our room. Listening to the strange tales they told, I fell into a daze trying to absorb all this new information.

Fortunately, I soon shook off that dazed feeling and proceeded to settle in quite well. My father and stepmother (Tamar Lindsay) and I were sharing a suite with Rick Gelman and Louie Spooner. The four of them shared the bedroom. I got to share the living room with about 15 crashers, all male. A novel experience, certainly, but I was most concerned about the horrible stink in that room after two days of occupation by too many bodies. I ended up crashing on the bedroom floor the last couple of days of the con, when the smell began to overwhelm me.

But crashing was fairly secondary, since I discovered that one doesn't sleep much at cons. When I got home, I calculated that I had managed about 13 hours of sleep over the entire 5-day convention.

I was fairly shy then, and throughout high school. Although I had some friends, I was not the social butterfly I am today. At Discon II, I discovered that I was considered a very desirable, pretty young thing! There seemed to be packs of young men following me everywhere. I clung to my father for support through this unexpected, but pleasant, ordeal.

I met Harlan Ellison, an acquaintance of my father (Daddy claimed to have beaten him at poker during the 1960 Worldcon). Ellison paid me a lavish compliment, which my father proceeded to repeat to everyone he met for the next couple of years, until I begged him to stop it.

I met John Brunner at 6 A.M. at the tail end of a party somewhere in the depths of the Sheraton Park. I was thrilled when he kissed me in greeting.

I saw my first porno flick, which was screened for a small horde in the room of a man who made such films for fun and profit. "Lickety Split," I believe it was called. Interestingly enough, I still remember it very well.

I bought things in the huckster's room, ate in the coffee shop, went through the art show, and traipsed around to late parties, little knowing that these would be the of many a convention to come.

One thing I did not do was sightsee in Washington. I soon discovered that this, too, was traditional, and I've since been to many interesting cities where I saw nothing but the hotel and the airport.

Discon II was a revelation to me, just as the Philcon I attended as a child was not. At Discon II I discovered what it was like to meet lots of new people, and be social, and be considered desirable, and party till dawn.

Now, you may well ask, what does all this have to do with starting up a new fanzine? Well, I first thought about doing a zine in 1976, at MidAmeriCon (my second convention). I thought about it many times over the next few years, but eventually gave up the notion, figuring I simply didn't have the motivation to do it.

But, lo and behold, in February of 1986 I found myself attending Corflu, the fanzine fan's convention. I went there in lieu of Boskone, because most of the people I really wanted to see were going to Corflu. But I felt that I was there under false pretenses, since I had never pubbed, had never loved, hadn't even read all that many fanzines (relatively speaking, of course).

I mentioned this circumstance to several people, one of whom was sitting between me and Linda Bushyager in the mimeo room. It was this person's idea that Linda should re-animate her trusty old mimeos with the help of an unpublished fan like me. My enthusiasm would get Linda started, and her experience would get me started! I thought it was all a joke at first, but when I got home the realization crept over me that I had really committed myself to doing this insane thing. But once I got accustomed to the idea, it wasn't so bad, and by the time you read this, I should have learned a whole lot about electrostencils and twilltone.

Doing this fanzine with Linda is, in a way, the realization of a dream that started nearly 12 years ago, when Discon II introduced me to fandom and made me wish to become part of the fannish community. It remains to be seen whether this dream turns into a nightmare by the time we finish collating DUPRASS.



A SCIENTIFAN HISTORICAL REPRINT

Introduction by

DARRELL SCHWEITZER

The article that follows ("Report of the 196th Convention"), is, most likely, the very first fannish convention report ever. It is of enormous historical importance, because it was published two years before the first scientifiction (as it would have been known in those days) convention.

Bob Tucker and I have been trying to figure this one out for some time. In my interview with his professional persona, Wilson Tucker (published in SF VOICES 5) he made reference to an early con report he had written, about an entirely imaginary convention, set in the future on a rocket. Some while later, I found this "Report" in the lettercolumn of the November 1934 WONDER STORIES (p. 754-755). The first convention, as fan historians have since established, occurred when New York fans and Philadelphia fans got together in 1936.

This before-the-fact (and, well, ah, slightly embellished) con report is definitely proof of fannish time-binding (which was itself not to be discovered until Robert Heinlein's worldcon speech of 1941), but is it the future-con report that Tucker was referring to?

Tucker writes:

"It's obvious to me that my memory is askew.

"I still believe that the November 1934 WONDER STORIES is the first fannish con report ever, but I'm startled to learn that it took place in an earthbound city. All these years, I had believed that the con was held in a spaceship zipping back and forth around the nearer planets.

"I believe you, for I don't have a copy of the report. But it means that sometime in the past I've written yet

another con report in which the event was held in a spaceship. Despite my poor memory, I do have a sure recollection of some of the events of the con held in space. I have no idea when it was published, or where, or by whom, but it was in print somewhere. I've confused the two separate reports and have believed for ever so long that the WONDER STORIES article was the space con."

The report appeared at the head of the WONDER STORIES letter column under the byline of Hoy Ping Pong, allegedly Science Fiction League member 12345678901. Hoy Ping Pong was a well-known fannish persona created by Tucker in the '30s, about whom Tucker has this to say:

"Hoy Ping Pong was originated as a gag, as a joke-name to put on humorous pieces of fan writing. He was supposed to be the world's first Chinese fan, and in the beginning I used the name simply as a humorous byline. At the same time

CONGOER
HAT



I was signing Bob Tucker to both serious and humorous articles, but the Pong name was used only on humorous or downright silly stuff. (It may be said that most of my output was silly.) Many of the fans of that day liked the Pong characters, and mentioned him or reviewed him in their fanzines. He took on a life of his own and today, very nearly fifty years later, a few old-timers still call me Pong."

But the mystery of the other futuristic con report has not been solved. Tucker urges me to "Keep searching, and YOU may find the other space report someday and again astound me."

This article is reprinted verbatim, with occasional grammatical peculiarities carefully preserved. For complete textual apparatus and commentary see THE VARIORUM TUCKER (Ackermanville: Ackerman University Press, 2132).

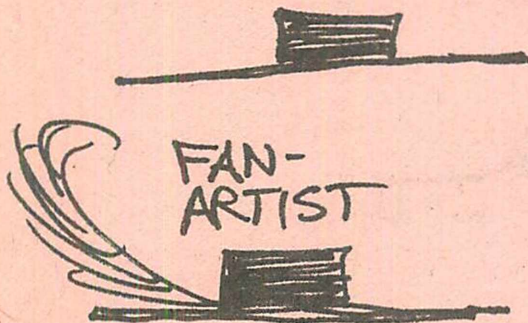
REPORT OF THE 196TH CONVENTION

BY

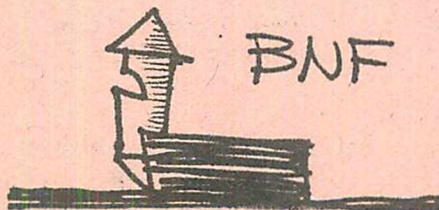
HOY PING PONG

SFL MEMBER NO. 12345678901

NEOFAN HAT
(BLACK FELT, MISH MFG CO. #1)



FAN CRITIC



The 196th annual convention of the SCIENCE FICTION LEAGUE was held the week of June 45 to 51, 2132 A.D., or 197 SFL, at Ackermanville, California. A goodly crowd was there, nearly tripling the original population, but all delegates were comfortably soused, I mean housed, with the exception of three Hindos from Skindoo, who had brought their pet elephants along. As Mayor Ackerman doesn't allow elephants in houses, the boys from Skindoo were forced to sleep in the park with their pets. The first day was spent in seeing the model city of Ackermanville. It even boasted of a large printing house, where STFICTION STORIES and MACABRE TALES, F. J. Ackerman, editor, were published. Free copies were given all delegates, but I think Headquarters later got the bill.

The second day, the convention formally opened in Ackerman Hall. Promptly at nine o'clock, President Ackerman banged his gavel on the tabletop.

Unfortunately, however, a delegate from Peru had gone to sleep on the table, and the gavel descended on his head. The victim didn't complain, so after he was taken away still unconscious, the meeting progressed.

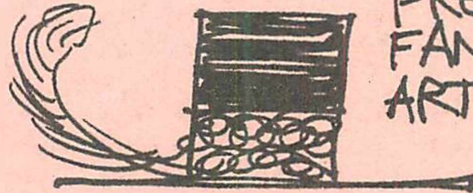
First up was Delegate Foozle from Australia. The Australian gentleman complained that he had talked 345 people into joining his chapter, but each of the 345 wanted to be Director. The gentleman wanted the President to refuse the newcomers admittance, because he wanted to be Director himself. It was a bad situation, and strategy was needed. Everybody waited with bated breath for the President's decision. To pacify the whole mob, the President formed 346 different chapters, allowed each of the 345 to join one chapter, and be Director of it. The first gentleman was allowed to keep his Directorship, and everybody was happy, because each chapter contained one member, who was Director of that chapter. Applause was rendered.

Then two travellers from Mars took the floor and gave a very vivid account of the conditions on Mars. They said that the Martians were actually starving! A motion was made to take up a collection for them, and

FAN-
WRITER



PRETENTIOUS
FAN-
ARTISTE



SMOF



GAFIATE



#86



FANED



such was done. Later the Treasurer announced the sum of the collection: 3 dimes, a plugged penny, and 2456 shirt buttons. Applause was again rendered.

The Special Investigation Committee interrupted here to inform the house that last year, after a collection had been taken for starving Martians, the Treasurer had spent the money on ice cream sodas. The President

ordered the committee down, however, for he had consumed some of the aforementioned sodas and didn't want it known.

As it was lunch time, the entire house walked out then, and made for the "Ye Ackerman Cafe" across the street, where a very excellent meal was served them. Somebody suggested saving the scraps for the starving Martians, but was thrown out. Then President Ackerman presented the diners with their bills and he was thrown out.

Once started, there was no stopping. The rest of the second day was lost in revelry. A coupla delegates from Egypt found a cache of rare wines in the President's cellar, and informed the town. Everybody got drunk, including the elephants.

The Ackerman Special Police, expecting just such an emergency, boarded themselves up in the city hall and stayed there until dark. Meanwhile, the merrymakers had discovered the printing plant, and breaking in just as the latest issue was going to press, proceeded to change STFICTION STORIES and MACABRE TALES, F. J. Ackerman, Editor, to suit themselves. Recent reports indicate that those two magazines never enjoyed a bigger sales boom than that issue. In fact they boomed right out of existence.

However, to get back. The delegates went about the town, shooting it up with their rocket guns and light-pistols. It required the next four days for the police to gather up the stragglers and deposit them in Ackermn Hall for the final session.

This time, remembering the accident of the first day, the President first put his hand down on the tabletop and felt for any heads that might be there. There was none, so

he brought the gavel down.....right on his own hand. Time out was taken for ten minutes while the President informed the delegates how he felt. The Ackerman Fire Dept. was called in to extinguish the smoking rafters, so warm were the President's words.

When order had again been restored, the Missionary Reports were asked for. Five minutes were wasted trying to get Missionary Gadzook on his feet. He reported that the missionary work of converting heathen Saturnites into respectable Science Fiction Leaguers was progressing fine. He said that only last month, he alone had converted four; and out of the four only 3 later deserted. When asked what became of the fourth, he said that the unfortunate wretch died of fright, upon viewing the SFL officials for the first time.

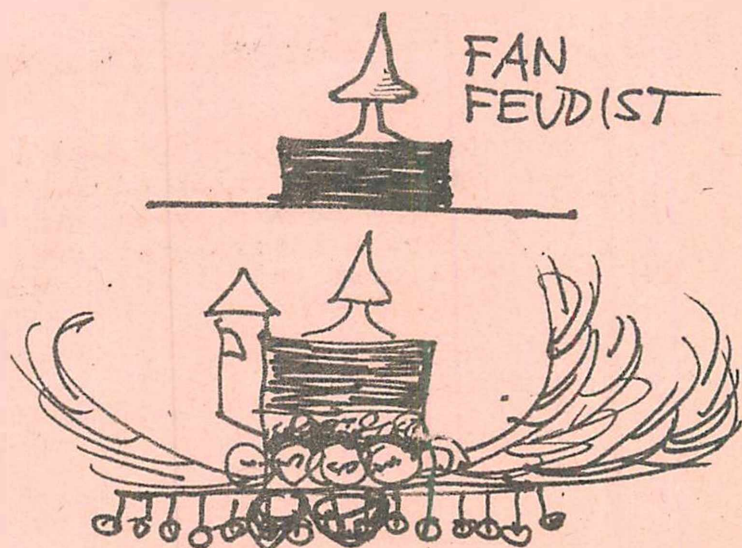
Somebody arose and made a move that the officials mentioned be rewarded, but was booed down.

Next Missionary Ka Plump arose and reported that his work on Pluto was going fine, altho "he could use a little more money." (Applause here.) He said that he had only lost two converts out of the last hundred. When asked how he lost them he said that they had refused to kick in with their weekly salaries, and he chopped their heads off. A medal of honor was given Missionary Ka Plump.

As this ended the missionary reports, time was taken out for lunch. Remembering the skinning they had got before, the delegates shunned the Cafe, and went down street to "Ye Olde Coffee Pottee Inne, F. J. Ackermanee, Propee."

One of the Skindoo elephants tried to get in also, and was stuck in the door, penning the delegates in for nearly an hour, until the Ackerman Derrick Co. came to the rescue. Once more back in Ackerman Hall, for the closing session, the delegates sat quiet, waiting for the President to speak. He arose and began:

"Gentlemen
(somebody



RENAISSANCE FAN

snickered) this year's convention has been very profitable. I have a bill here for \$850.12 which I will send to Headquarters and let Charles D. Hornig the IX worry about it. This covers all damages you boys have done here. I hope you all have had as fine a time as I have had, and I want to see you all out to the convention next year, which will be held in Ackermanville, North Carolina. In closing, let me say that next year's password will be 'Fugwump,' and that the last train leaves tonight at 9:30. Don't miss it!"

Applesauce, I mean applause, was given at this point. True to his word, Engineer Ackerman pulled the Ackerman Flyer out of Ackermanville that night at nine-thirty, with one delegate aboard. Nobody seems to know how that one got there, but somebody suggested that he might have wandered aboard unknowingly while drunk.

Reports have since reached Headquarters that it took the Ackerman Special Police two full months to round every last delegate and send him home. The last was finally found at the Ackerman Zoo, playing Tarzan, nearly two and one-half months after the convention closed. Somebody else left his elephant, and as the freight bill to Skindoo is too high, the elephant is still wandering around Ackermanville, eating Ackerman grass.

THE END

WRITTEN IN THE STARS

The secret of life's to be had,
says many a cheap tabloid ad,
from cosmic gyrations
whose interpretations
will cost you, I fear, just a tad.

-- DARRELL SCHWEITZER

MY NIGHT WITH BOB TUCKER

by Leslie Smith as told to Linda Bushyager
at Disclave 1985 after a long night of partying

"You left this in bed last night," said Bob Tucker to me as he stopped by my table and dropped a barrette next to my breakfast plate. My companions' reactions ranged from smirks to mouths dropping open in horrified O's.

"He's just kidding...." I murmured. "You know Bob...." since one of those O's was on my stepmother's face, I thought that it would be advisable not to give any further explanation. Many years have passed since that night, but it is one that I have never forgotten, and the burden of carrying the secret of it has become too great. So let me share it with you....

I was 19 or 20 at the time, attending one of the first few Virginia Disclaves. Unfortunately, I can't put my finger on just which year it was. You know you've been to too many cons when they start to blur together.

I came to this particular convention with my stepmother, Tamar. Daddy sat this one out, because we couldn't get a room reservation in the hotel. Being intrepid souls, Tamar and I went anyway, figuring we could find crash space somewhere.

Sure enough, we crashed with Rick Gelman and Louie Spooner in their hotel room (and huckster room). Space was pretty tight since the room had only 2 single beds for 5 people (we had one more crasher in with us), not to mention boxes and boxes of the merchandise Rick and Louie brought with them. Rick and Louie naturally got the beds. Tam and I had sleeping bags on the floor, which, although not comfortable seemed acceptable enough Friday night.

Saturday night, however, was a different story. Saturday night I discovered the merits and demerits of Tanqueray gin. At the Dell books party I was unable to locate any rum, so I elected to put Tanqueray in my Coke instead. Lots and lots of Tanqueray. Those of you now groaning in disgust, be assured, since that night I have never attempted anything so foolish with gin and Coke (Kahlua and vodka is another story).

On the night in question, however, I did indeed abuse the gin

and Coke concoction I had made, and I soon became quite ill. I think the hangover began within 20 minutes of my having downed the noxious stuff.

I eventually made my way back to Rick and Louie's room and sat on the floor describing the state of my stomach to my fellow inhabitants by means of moans and groans. Thoughts of my internal distress and a consciousness of the hardness of the floor battled for supremacy in my mind.

I was looking forward to a miserable night when my saviour appeared out of the blue. Bob Tucker (who was a friend of Louie Spooner) stopped by the Spooner-Gelman room to say hello. Louie recited my sad tale to him, and taking pity on my plight, Bob offered me the spare bed in his room.

Now, I don't want you to think that I was unaware of Tucker's reputation. Why, earlier during the same convention I had received one of his "natural insemination" cards. In later years I received one that said "tear this card up if you don't want sex," which was made of an untearable material. These cards have made an impression on many femmefans -- at Aussiecon some women had a reply card printed up: "You are cordially invited to a theological place of eternal punishment." So I approached his offer of a spare bed with some trepidation...after all I was just a sweet young thing at the time...still am, for that matter. But I felt so awful by then that I would have accepted a spare bed in Hugh Hefner's room without a second thought.

And so it came to pass that I was led off to Bob Tucker's hotel room like a sacrificial lamb. It occurred to me to wonder what I should do if seduction were attempted, but finding no good answers, my befuzzed brain lapsed into a state of uncaring repose.

As Bob headed for the bathroom, I got ready for bed. I began to feel tense. Would he make a move? If so, what would it be? And what could I do? But I was still feeling too ill to think straight. I got into bed and pulled the covers tightly over my head.

Then the bathroom door creaked open. I peaked out from under the blanket -- a large shape came towards me in the half-light. It loomed over me. I pretended to be asleep, but the shape continued coming toward me.

"Leslie, Leslie..." it whispered. I tried not to tremble. "Leslie...I know you are not asleep...I want you to see something."

"I'm sick, Bob. Leave me alone."

"But you've got to see this. I'll even let you hold it."

I shuddered and pulled the covers up more tightly.

"Please take it Leslie, just touch it."

Why wouldn't he go away? But I had to admit I was curious about him, and almost involuntarily I found my eyes blinking open. Yet I didn't want to look at him and his offering, so I stared meekly at the floor...and found myself looking at his feet -- his fuzzy feet. "What?" My eyes widened. There was something strange about his feet. It took me a moment to realize what it was -- he was wearing pajamas with footsie!

"Just look at it Leslie, only a handful of people even realize I have one."

Curiosity got the better of me, and I slowly raised my gaze. He was holding something out to me. In the gloom I couldn't quite make it out. Tentatively I reached for it and touched something cold, smooth, and slightly moist....

He pushed the object toward me and the shaft of light coming from the open bathroom door suddenly illuminated it for a moment -- it was a glass of some kind.

"No thank you Bob, I've already had too much to drink...that's why I'm sick. Please, let's just get some sleep."

"Well I just wanted to show it to you, and make certain you knew my secret, because I'm going to put it on the nightstand between us, and I just wanted you to be careful, and not break it."

Break it? I glanced at the glass again and realized there was something in the liquid...something that was grinning at me."

Bob patted my head. "You won't tell anyone will you?"

"No, no, never," I assured him as he placed the glass with his teeth in it on the dresser. I grinned back at them in relief as he turned out the light and went to sleep -- in the other bed.

The next morning I thanked him for being a gentleman.

"Of course, Leslie, you were ill last night," he said. "By the way, how are you feeling today...."

By Appointment

Wilson Tucker

Natural Inseminations

2024-2024

IT'S JUST A GODDAMN HOBBY
Moshe Feder



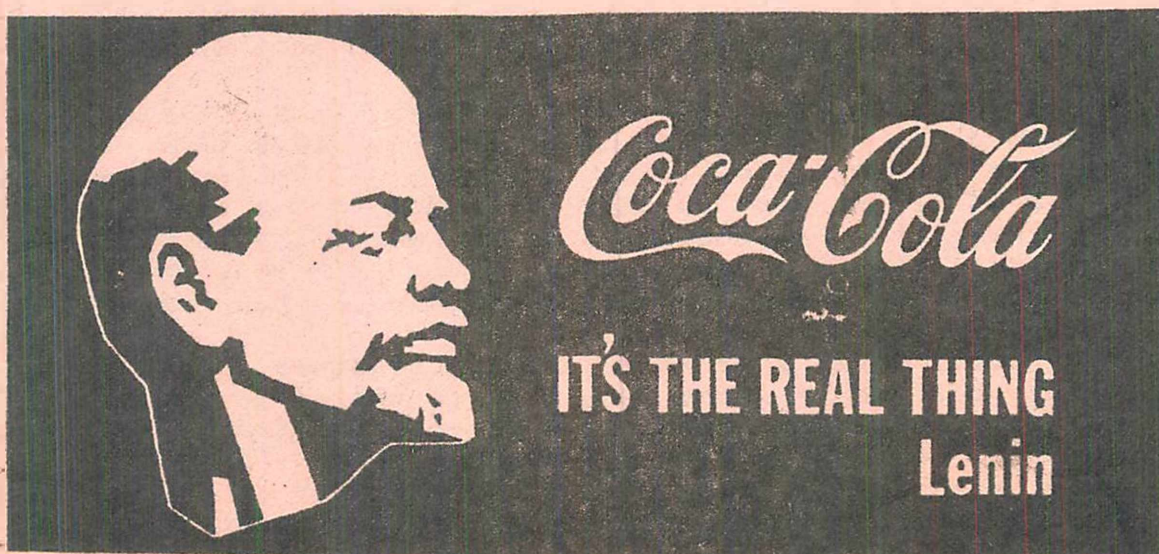
It all began when I was an infant, just barely beginning to speak. We lived in a different part of Queens then, in an apartment house in Kew Gardens, not far from Forest Park. It was a beautiful, if slightly cool, early spring day, and my mother was taking me in my carriage for a stroll through the park. As she wheeled me down Metropolitan Avenue, a hard and shiny object came whistling down from overhead and landed in the carriage, just missing me. It was an empty Coke bottle, the old-fashioned 6 1/2 oz., green-glass kind that was the common standard back in 1952. My mom leapt back in surprise, but I, in my infantile obliviousness to the potential tragedy I had just missed (my own rather messy death), delightedly picked up the smooth and sparkling object, poking my fingers in the mouth and staring at the beautiful curves of the bottle and of the logo inscribed upon it. And so it began, a lifelong obsession initiated at an early age when I imprinted upon an unidentified flying object. It's a shame my mother didn't save the bottle, it would have had a special place in my collection, but she couldn't know what it would come to mean to me.

A good story -- too bad it isn't true. The truth is, I don't know the source of my interest in Coca-Cola, any more than I can remember the first SF story I ever read. In both cases it just seems to me that the interest has always been there. It's true at least that I always preferred Coke to other soft drinks. I know I never liked Pepsi. But I didn't drink a lot of Coke as a kid. My parents didn't keep soda in the house, and we were only allowed it on special occasions such as birthdays and holidays. These days we usually have some in the house. Contrary to what many acquaintances who have heard of my collection may believe, I still don't drink that much of it -- certainly much less than what those of you who like coffee drink -- maybe the equivalent of one old-fashioned bottle a day (although in

fact you can't get those bottles in NY anymore), and some days none at all. So the point is, my interest in the advertising and packaging and history of this particular product is not especially a result of its taste, but of mine. (Although I was very upset when they tried to deprive us of that taste.)

I've always had an interest in architecture and design. The merchandising of Coca-Cola can be seen as a microcosm of the evolution of graphic and package design in the last century. Coke has employed some of the most distinguished designers in America over the years, and it shows. The classic bottle has been praised far and wide as the premiere package of all time. The advertising campaigns have produced many memorable images. And for whatever reason, these outgrowths of a commercial endeavor have caught my eye and appealed to my design sense, my taste, or my eye in this particular field. And once you become interested in one or two examples, you start looking for more and are lead from one to another until their evolution, similarities, and contrasts become intriguing in themselves and a self-perpetuating interest. No doubt your own interest in SF grew along similar lines. However it happened, here I am today with hundreds, perhaps thousands of individual items with Coca-Cola associations. Many I acquired myself. But the wonderful thing has been that most items, including many of the best, have been given to me by my friends. In some cases their finds had to be laboriously transported from the far corners of the world -- brought across oceans, hauled from the heart of the Great Plains, or even rescued from the wilds of the Bronx. I will always be grateful to them, and my attic will never be the same.

The first Coca-Cola thing I consciously collected was a circular cardboard coaster that I picked up at a hotel restaurant somewhere in northern Israel in the summer of



1969. It was red and white and had the script Coke logo on each side, one in English and one (a brilliant job of graphic adaptation) in Hebrew. I also brought home an Israeli Coke bottle from that trip.

Not long afterward I found a new way to spend state scholarship money when, while riding down Fifth Avenue in a taxi with my Mom, an aunt, and a favorite cousin, I looked up to a second story display window and saw the Tiffany lamp of my dreams hanging like a ripe fruit waiting to be plucked. (You've probably seen one: the logo in white glass with red glass around it and a border of green.) I couldn't quite afford the pendant version, but a lovely reproduction of an art nouveau brass lampstand was available for it. It didn't have a checking account in those days, but there was plenty of unused scholarship money in savings (I'd won a New York State Regents scholarship and then gone to a free public college). My cousin was willing to trust me for the money, and so the lamp was purchased on the spot

-- the most expensive single purchase I'd made up to that time -- and it graces my desk to this day. It's one impulse purchase I've never regretted.



In the five years that followed I picked up a few more things, most notably a genuine antique (unlike the lamp) Tiffany belt buckle that I paid for with the last traveler's checks left over after Torcon, and a gold-dipped bottle of the kind issued to honor a bottler's anniversary that Stu Shiffman found at a

yard sale and bought for \$1. That was a great bargain, I assure you, especially since I've never found another.

But the real beginning of the current stage of my auxiliary hobby began about 11 years ago, when the beguiling Lise Eisenberg entered my life. Lise took note of the fact that I had this other interest outside of fandom that I wasn't really working at. She decided that she was going to work at it for me. Within a year she had given me more stuff for my collection than I had accumulated in the previous five.

During the very first year we were going together, as if to demonstrate her independence, she left me behind to spend a good part of the summer traveling cross-country from convention to convention with a Greyhound pass. (And typically, managing to break even on the trip by huckstering.) I was ~~going nuts~~ inconsolable without her,

but she made up for it, at least a little, by bringing home all manner of things for my collection. I still can't believe she schlepped two wooden bottle cases, partially full of empty bottles, down the torrid streets of Kansas City to the bus station. Each bottle was selected to have a different bottler's imprint on the bottom. She kept them with her in the cargo holds of the buses she used all the way down to Florida and back to New York, filling up the empty spaces with more bottles as she went. What better proof of a woman's regard could a man ask for?

I think it was that year that I became quite irritated when I couldn't find a new red t-shirt I'd bought, put in a drawer, and hadn't even worn once. It wasn't until my birthday that I found out that Lise had stolen it from right under my nose so that she could hand-embroider a Coke bottle on it.

But perhaps Lise's grandest scheme combining Coca-Cola and my birthday came in 1975.

I happen to share my birthday (at a 51 year remove) with my favorite American composer, Aaron Copland. He was born in 1896, so there were many special concerts in his honor in 1975. He was scheduled to attend one of them at the Juilliard School on the day itself, and I'd stood in line for quite a long time to secure two of the free tickets.

As usual, my mom was preparing a birthday dinner with some of my favorite foods, so our plan was to eat at my parents' house with my family and then head into Manhattan for the concert. Unfortunately, dinner ran a little late, and we didn't have the sense to leave before it was over. We arrived at the concert a few minutes after it had started, expecting that we'd be held in the lobby until the end of the first movement before being seated. But because it was a free concert, all the unclaimed seats had been given away and my tickets were worthless. I was heartbroken. I'd been looking forward to the concert, and perhaps to meeting my hero, for weeks. Now my birthday felt spoiled. Nothing Lise said or did could make me feel any better. She offered all sorts of suggestions about movies we might see instead, other places we might go, but I rejected all of them. I just wanted to go back to her place and mope. The subway trip to Brooklyn pitted sullenness vs. exasperation. It was a draw.



When I walked into the living room I couldn't believe my eyes. The place was filled with Coke decorations of all kinds, obtained, with typical Eisenbergian chutzpah, directly from the advertising agency. Not only were there point-of-purchase banners and posters and the like, but proofs of ads from McCann-Erickson's archives. Absolutely unique stuff! I'm still not sure how she managed to talk them out of it all. Already feeling guilty for treating Lise so badly when she'd been trying to cheer me up, it was only now that I discovered what an idiot I'd been. Lise had planned a surprise party for me, but it wasn't scheduled to start for two hours yet, after the end of the concert. And there I was, present at the party site long before my friends had arrived. To salvage what we could, I hid in the bedroom and waited to surprise them instead. It turned out to be a decent party despite my spoiling the surprise, but I couldn't quite relax enough to enjoy it as it deserved. I'll never forgive myself for being so stubborn when Lise was trying to keep me away. No wonder she still refuses to let me have some of the niftiest collectibles she obtained....

OKAY... LIKE, YOU KNOW THAT CURLY
WHITE BAND THAT GOES AROUND
THE COKE CAN? IT'S, LIKE, A YIN-
YANG SYMBOL... ENDLESS YET
FINITE...



...DIVIDING THE RED PART (OR
"FRANA") INTO ACTIVE AND
PASSIVE COMPONENTS, MAN... A
TWO-DIMENSIONAL CONTINUUM
LIKE, MAPPED ONTO THE THREE-
DIMENSIONAL FIGURE. WOW.

SO IT'S, LIKE, OK THAT IT HAS
SUGAR & CAFFEINE & STUFF
'CAUSE IT'S SO COSMIC.

Of course, Lise is far from the only friend who's helped enlarge my collection. I couldn't possibly list them all here, but surely Hank Davis deserves special mention for finding so many neat things, despite the fact that he hates Coke and drinks only Pepsi. Taral is another friend who's gone to great lengths in order to enjoy my flabbergasted reactions. Most recently, he transported a six-foot tall cardboard Coca-Cola Christmas tree from Toronto to Corflu in Virginia. Somtow Sucharitkul once collected empty bottles and cans from all over the Far East, including China, where Coke had just been re-introduced. But on his last stop before returning home, the maid cleaning his hotel room naturally assumed it was just garbage and threw it all away! But

it made a good story at the next con he saw me at.

Yes, even in the midst of crifanac I can be caught in Coca-Cola's syrupy web. Many's the time someone's come up to me at a con with an unopened bottle or can of Coke from some far away place for me to sample and compare with our native product. Coke from Japan and Norway, courtesy of Peter De Jong and the late Mike Wood, come to mind as two prime examples.

At Midwestcon one year we found a shop devoted to Coke memorabilia in a nearby shopping center. I spent most of Saturday afternoon, the con forgotten, trying to decide what to buy with my limited funds and just delighting in all the stuff that was there, stuff I'd read about but never seen before. My friends had to drag me away gibbering. Then at NorthAmeriCon in Louisville, this incredible van drove up and parked outside the hotel. At first glance it appeared to be an ordinary Coca-Cola company vehicle. But you did a double take when you realized that it had sculpted human forms molded into its surface. Words can't do it justice, but luckily, a number of people took pictures of it for me.

Of course, as many of you know, my greatest triumph as a Coke collector occurred about four years ago, when the Manhattan bottling plant at 34th Street and the East River closed so the value of the land underneath could be realized -- there's a large apartment building there now. (Operations were moved to a former Canada Dry plant in Queens.) The plant's large red illuminated sign had been a landmark on the FDR Drive for many years. I mentioned this to a friend as we drove by one night a few months before the scheduled demolition. "Yes, too bad you can't get it for your collection," he joked. Those who attended the Fanoclast meeting that night say there was a mad gleam in my eye they'd never seen there before. But some of them agreed to help anyway.

DRINK



The Pause that Refreshes

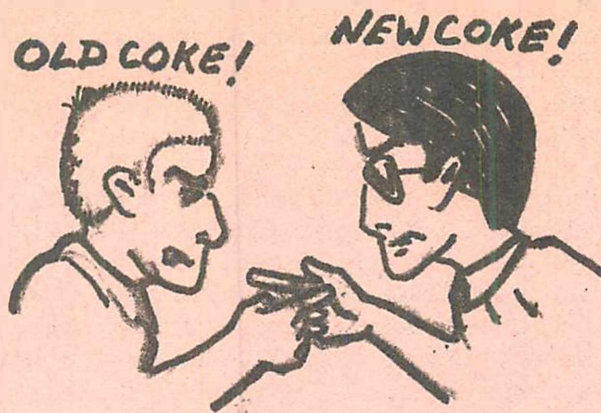


An old college friend who works for the city found out who was doing the demolition job by checking the permit files. A few carefully placed bribes insured that the sign would be removed as carefully as efficiency would allow and provided the name and location of the dump where the debris would be going. Jeff Schalles and Tim Marion taught us how to use cutting torches, the equipment was rented, and a caravan of cars arranged.

When we got to the dump, the sign was even bigger than I'd realized when seeing it from a distance. Roughly sixty feet by twenty. It took a good part of the night and a lot of hard work to cut it apart and tie the pieces onto the cars. But the group effort was satisfying, just as working on The Mimeo Man had been. A strange almost party-like atmosphere prevailed. (So much so that the lookouts later complained about missing all the fun.)

HI! I'M FATTY ARBUCKLE
AND I PREFER THE NEW,
CONVENIENT THREE -
LITER SIZE!





-Grounds for discussion among various levels of society

It wasn't until the following summer that I was able to get it back together and electrically sound. It took a while to convince my parents to let me actually set it up in the back yard. To this day I don't light it very often. For one thing, it would be visible from the air, and I don't want to attract undue attention. (Although the company probably wouldn't care, the thing definitely violates our local residential zoning.) For another, the electricity bills are horrendous. But it dominates the yard most impressively, and its cheery red glow sure does add something to a special occasion. Come by on my birthday or the Fourth of July sometime if you want to see it. I promise you it's a sight you won't soon forget.

Well, maybe it didn't really happen like that...at all. Maybe the sign was moved and re-erected on the plant in Queens. All collectors have their dreams -- for some it's an obscure first edition or a rare player piano, for others it's something grander still. And I am still looking for an old-fashioned Coke machine (the kind that sold bottles) and a candy-store cooler with a sliding top. Let me know if you find one at a reasonable price; there's no telling the lengths I might go to. You know how a hobby can become a way of life.



-says John DeLorean

Well, that's it for our first ish. Linda wants potential contributors to know that she has a modem and can receive text files if you have any type of computer. This means that you can send us written contributions or LoCs (or even graphics if done for the Apple) that way. For further information contact Linda.

By the way, through circumstances beyond our control, the Stu Shiffman cover mentioned in Linda's editorial didn't materialize in time for this issue. We hope that Stu will provide one next time. We are not sure of our publishing schedule, but we hope to pub about 3 or 4 times a year. We definitely need fannish articles and artwork! Approximate deadline for next issue will be July 31, but naturally we'd prefer submissions prior to that date. We'd like to thank all our contributors for this issue, including those whose arms we gently twisted for material and those who didn't even know we were using their stuff (most notably Bob Tucker, whose article was originally intended for the long-delayed PROCRASTINATION). We'd also like to thank Carol A., wherever she is, for the cover - one of her friends submitted it to GRANFALLOON many years ago and I don't think it was ever used. We have no idea who she is or who her friend was!

WHY YOU GOT THIS:

☐ You've contributed to Linda's other zines in the past, and we hope you will again.

☒ We're hoping you'll contribute.

☐ You are mentioned.

☐ You are not mentioned, but we really wanted to mention you; unfortunately we ran out of space.

☐ You are not Richard Bergeron.

☐ You were Richard Bergeron, but your nametag fell off.

☐ You pubbed a fanzine once, but your crank fell off.

☐ We like you.

☐ We don't like you and want to rub your face in it.

☒ Can we trade fanzines?

☒ You are an old fan and tired, but what the heck, so is Linda

☐ You're middle name is "Ping"

☐ You are Rich Brown, and we are forever in your debt for providing us with a mailing list.

☐ We have no idea why you are getting this, who you are, or whether we'll ever hear from you again, but you were on Rich's list.