

The Enchanted Duplicator

Adaptation by Shelley Dutton Berry, Gary Farber, and Jerry Kaufman

Based on the book by Bob Shaw and Walt Willis

CHARACTERS:

Narrators 1 and 2
Jophan
The Spirit of Fandom
Villagers of Prosaic
Jophan's friends
Leth R.G.
Youth and others in Circle of Lassitude
Disillusion
Ms. Erratic
Ms. Plodder
Various Neofans
Kerles
Perfexion
Hucksters
Clubfans
Dedwood
Mr. Press
Press Artist
Profan
Subrs
Sycofan
BuBirds
Fanmagrevoos
Promagrevoos
Letterax

NARRATOR 1: Once upon a time in the village of Prosaic in the country of Mundane, there lived a youth called Jophan. Now this youth was unhappy, because in all the length and breadth of Mundane there was no other person with whom he could talk as he would like, or who shared the strange longings that from time to time perplexed his mind and which none of the pleasures offered by Mundane could wholly satisfy. Each day as Jophan grew nearer to manhood he felt more strongly that life should have more to offer than had been dreamed of in Mundane,

and he took to reading strange books that told of faraway places and other times. But the people of Prosaic mocked him...

VILLAGER 1: Four-eyes!

VILLAGER 2: Wimp!

VILLAGER 3: Weirdo!

VILLAGER 4: Bookworm.

NARRATOR 1: ...saying that the things described in his books could never come to pass, and that it was as foolish to think of them as to aspire to climb the great mountains that surrounded the country of Mundane. The mighty peaks that hemmed in Mundane were ever-present in Jophan's thoughts, for since childhood he had loved to look at them and wonder what lay on their other side. At times in the late summer he had seemed to see a curious luminescence in the sky beyond them and once he had even fancied that he heard the sound of happy voices singing, borne over the vast distance on the light summer breeze. But when he mentioned these things to the people of Prosaic they laughed at him and said his fanciful imagination was playing him tricks. Even if anyone could climb these impassable mountains, they said, there could be nothing on the other side but howling wastes where no man could live except perhaps madmen and savages.

NARRATOR 2: Jophan believed them, for they seemed older and wiser than he, and he tried to put the strange thoughts out of his mind. But he still read the books that told of faraway places and other times, and in the long evenings of summer he would go away by himself into the fields and read until nightfall. One day while he was reading in a cornfield the drowsy fragrance of the corn lulled him to sleep. In his sleep he dreamed that a spirit came to him, a woman of wondrous beauty and shining with a light brighter than the noonday sun, so that Jophan shrank away and hid his eyes. The spirit drew near and spoke to him.

SPIRIT: Have no fear. I am your friend.

JOPHAN: Who and what are you?

SPIRIT: I am the Spirit of Fandom.

JOPHAN: What is Fandom?

SPIRIT: Have you not been searching for it all your life?

NARRATOR 1: So saying, she touched his forehead with her wand, which was called Contact, and thereupon Jophan saw a vision that filled him with joy.

JOPHAN: This is indeed what I have been searching for without knowing it. Oh, tell me how I can reach your realm, for I wish to become a Fan more than anything else in the world.

SPIRIT: The Way is hard, for it lies over the Mountains of Inertia which surround Mundane.

JOPHAN: But those mountains are unclimbable!

SPIRIT: To a True Fan anything is possible. But wait. I have shown you only the superficial aspects of Fandom. Now I will show you something of its inner essence.

NARRATOR 1: With those words she touched his forehead with her other wand, which was named Fanac, and Jophan saw a second vision so glorious that he was quite overcome with the wonder of it.

JOPHAN: Oh Spirit of Fandom, tell me how I may become a True Fan and publish the Perfect Fanzine, for that is what I desire more than anything in the world.

SPIRIT: I see I have chosen wisely. But the road to your heart's desire is long and hard. To reach it you must obtain the Enchanted Duplicator, sometimes known as the Magic Mimeograph. It lies in the very heart of Fandom, on the top of the High Tower of Trufandom, and the path to it is long and beset with many dangers.

JOPHAN: I care not for danger, so long as I can publish the Perfect Fanzine, for that is what I want more than anything else in the world.

SPIRIT: Very well. Then take this shield, which is called Umor. If you polish it every day and keep it shining it will protect you from many dangers.

JOPHAN: But how will I know the way?

SPIRIT: If you are a True Fan you will know the way. Good luck.

NARRATOR 1: Jophan woke from his dream and realized that night was almost upon him, for the sun was setting behind the Mountains of Inertia and their shadows were advancing swiftly on him across the level plains of Mundane. Behind the mountains there lingered a sea of glorious light and a sadness overtook Jophan to think that his vision had been but a dream. But as he looked about him he noticed that on the ground beside him there lay a shield of curious workmanship. Jophan picked it up incredulously and then turned his eyes once again to the mountains, his face transfigured with wonder and resolve.

NARRATOR 2: That evening, Jophan told his parents of his intention to scale the Mountains of Inertia and enter the Realm of Fandom. [Jophan mimes intentions.]

MOTHER & FATHER: Enchanted what?

NARRATOR 2: His mother pleaded with him in vain....

MOTHER: Home! Family! Responsibility!

NARRATOR 2: ...And in a fit of rage his father burned all the books that told of faraway places and other times....

FATHER: [Striking match.] Crazy Buck Rogers stuff!

NARRATOR 2: ...But nothing could shake Jophan from his purpose.

MOTHER: Where did we go wrong?

FATHER: [Pointing down] Here!

JOPHAN: [Pointing away] There!

NARRATOR 2: As dawn broke he set out for the mountains, carrying all his possessions on his back and turning a deaf ear to the protests of his friends.

FRIEND 1: But the prom!

FRIEND 2: Tuesday night bowling!

FRIEND 3: The corporate recruiter!

FRIEND 4: Pension plan!

NARRATOR 1: By noon Jophan had arrived at the borders of Mundane. He found himself at the great arterial road that ran to the capital city. He was confused by the traffic that roared along the road, and stood anxiously looking for an opportunity to cross. As he waited, he noticed other travelers boarding luxurious coaches bound for fabulous destinations such as Wealth, Success, Respectability, and other places, but none of them seemed to be going in the direction of Fandom.

NARRATOR 2: During a momentary lull in the traffic, Jophan marched steadfastly across the road. Then he took the narrow path that led through the Forest of Stupidity, which forest grows all round the country of Mundane and shelters it from the searching winds that blow out of Fandom. The path was steep, and by nightfall Jophan was near exhaustion. Worse, he had entered a region of thick fog, and could no longer see the path in front of him. Afraid lest he would take a false step and fall down the precipitous slope, Jophan stopped and resolved to wait until the fog cleared. But as the sound of his own breathing subsided...

CIRCLE OF LASSITUDE: Rutabaga, rutabaga. [Continue under narration]

NARRATOR 2: ...he heard voices near him. He felt his way inch by inch along the path until the fog cleared. But as the sound of his own breathing subsided...and suddenly found himself at the edge of a brilliantly lit, circular cave.

PERSON 1: Battlestar Galactica...

NARRATOR 2: It was full of people all talking...

CIRCLE: Ha ha ha!

NARRATOR 2: ...And laughing and playing games.

PERSON 2: Kill the dungeon master!

NARRATOR 2: As soon as they noticed his presence they hospitably invited him in...

LETH R.G.: Come on in!

NARRATOR 2: ...gave him something to drink...

YOUTH: Have a beer.

NARRATOR 2: ...and went on with their talking and playing. The young man that offered Jophan a drink approached him.

YOUTH: Where are you going?

JOPHAN: I am going to fandom to publish the perfect fanzine, for that is what I want to do more than anything else in the world.

YOUTH: But this is fandom!

NARRATOR 2: Hearing the conversation, an older man approached.

LETH R.G.: Well, not exactly. But it's good enough for us. Actually this is only the Circle of Lassitude. We've heard of Fandom, of course, but it's such a lot of trouble getting over these mountains that we don't know much about it. We've got all we want here, you see, so we're quite happy. By the way, my name is Leth, Robert George Leth. They call me Leth R.G. for short.

NARRATOR 1: The Circle was so pleasant and hospitable that Jophan decided to spend the night in the cave. But they had so plied him with drink that he slept most of the following day until it seemed too late to start. The same thing happened the next day, and the next, and by degrees Jophan sank into a stupor, in which he forgot the object of his quest. Now and then he felt dimly that he had lost some precious thing but whenever he tried to recall what it was one of the Circle would press a drink into his hand and distract his attention with the latest verses of the wits of Mundane.

NARRATOR 2: One day while Jophan was talking with the others in the cave, a great wind blew in from Fandom and a sheet of paper whirled into the cave. Jophan picked it up and examined it curiously. Its appearance stirred half-forgotten memories of the dazzling vision he had had from the touch of the wand called Fanac.

JOPHAN: Why, it's...it's a Fanzine!

LETH R.G.: So it is. They blow in from Fandom occasionally. We never pay much attention.

NARRATOR 2: Without another word Jophan shouldered his bundle and marched out of the cave. The others watched him in silence, and after he was gone it was a long time before anyone spoke. Then they renewed their talking and playing twice as loudly as before, as if they were trying to convince themselves that they were happy.

NARRATOR 1: Jophan had been weakened both in mind and body by the drinks he had imbibed in the cave, and he found the going very difficult. The path became steeper and steeper, and one by one he had to abandon all the possessions he had brought with him. Even so, by evening he was so tired that he had to rest on a ledge to regain his strength. Below him he could see the path winding down into the Region of Fog, strewn with his cherished possessions. Further down the green Forest of Stupidity was spread out below him, and beyond it the peaceful country of Mundane basking in the light of the setting sun. Shivering with cold as he was, for the Mountains of Inertia screened the sunlight from him, Jophan found the prospect enticing and it came to him how easy it would be to retrace his steps down the path, gather up his possessions, and return to the placid life of Mundane.

[Crashing noise. Enter DISILLUSION, on his high horse, jumping around.]

JOPHAN: Pardon me, but you really should be more careful. You might injure some of the other pilgrims on the path.

DISILLUSION: Serve them right. My name is Disillusion, y'know. Who're you?

JOPHAN: My name is Jophan, and I am on my way to Fandom to produce the perfect Fanzine, for that is what I want to do more than anything else in the world.

DISILLUSION: More fool you. Only a fool would want to enter that place.

JOPHAN: Why, what's wrong with it?

DISILLUSION: What's wrong with it? Why, everything's wrong with it! They're either stupid or mad, every one of them. Why, they didn't even come out to greet me when I arrived –

me, mind you! At first they even pretended not to see me until I got down off my horse, and when they did speak to me I couldn't understand a word they were saying. And their costumes! I've never seen anything like them!

JOPHAN: Well, after all, it is a different country. Maybe if you had tried to learn their language....

DISILLUSION: Nonsense! They were just trying to keep things from me and laughing behind my back. Well, they can have their secrets. I don't want to have anything to do with them. They were all against me, I tell you. Imagine, not even thanking me for entering Fandom after all I tried to teach them.... [Exit DISILLUSION, loudly.]

JOPHAN: He must be the most conceited, self-centered person I have ever met. It seems to me that the dislike of such a person is a very good recommendation for Fandom. [Looks up.] I should be able to reach the summit tomorrow. [Lies down and sleeps.]

NARRATOR 2: Next morning, Jophan arose with the first rays of the sun and set off towards the now beckoning summit in good heart. He was overjoyed to see that there were no more gloomy people like Disillusion coming galloping by. They are really very rare in fandom, he reflected, and that thought put him in such a good humor that he redoubled his efforts to reach the top. Thus far in his travels, Jophan had been journeying alone, but now he began to overtake others on the same path. It pleased him greatly to hear their fannish talk...

MS. ERRATIC: Ish pub Robert A. Heinlein?

MS. PLODDER: Loc illo Harry Warner Jr.!

NARRATOR 2: ...and by the time he had achieved the peak, he had befriended a couple, named Ms. Plodder and Ms. Erratic. Ms. Plodder was a slow-moving climber who went at every obstacle with grim determination, sometimes losing ground, but in the end winning through by the sheer quantity of her effort. She had no Shield of Umor, as the others did, but her skin appeared to be tremendously thick and looked as if even the fiercest blows would but glance off it. Ms. Erratic, however, scorned to take such great pains. Her method of progress was to wait for the chance to make some great and brilliant leap which would transport her in a second over the distance which had taken Plodder a full minute. At times Jophan was greatly impressed by some

unusually clever jump by Erratic, but he noticed that she seemed to have very little real strength and would rest for so long between leaps that Jophan gave up in frustration and continued on alone. In a short time Jophan reached the top and felt compensated many times over for the arduous climb. A smooth green slope ran gently downwards into the most beautiful country he had ever seen – Fandom.

NARRATOR 1: It was a land of streams and meadows and valleys, over and between which ran meandering roads, dotted here and there with cheerful cottages. Beyond all this, in the mists of distance, he saw yet another peak which was too far away to be clearly seen. Jophan saw with wonderment that it seemed to have a golden radiance about its summit. With glad cries the band of travelers in which Jophan had found himself ran down the gentle grassy slope. Each and every Neofan (for that is what they now were) felt in his heart that he would soon reach the new peak which was called the Tower of Trufandom, for here they had no Mountains of Inertia to climb, and just the bright inviting land of Fandom to cross. After a moment's hesitation, Jophan ran after them, and so brightly did the sun shine on Fandom that he and the other Neofans were blinded by its light and quite failed to notice its hazards, of which in Fandom there are many.

NEOFAN: How many are there?

JOPHAN: Well! First I barely escaped the horrible fate they encountered – drowning in the purple muck of the dreaded Hekto Swamp. I found myself traveling on stony ground, supported by the mighty roots of trees that had flourished in Fandom since time immemorial, with names such as Abydix and Roneoaks. Next I found myself confronted by the dense Jungle of Inexperience, which though invisible from the mountains, apparently stretched all the way around Fandom. Seeing no other way, I plunged into the jungle and began to fight my way through, coming soon to a mighty torrent flowing blackly toward the Hekto Swamp. I realized that this was the notorious Torrent of Overinking. And what did I see but a poor Neofan helplessly being swept down the torrent. I was beginning to feel quite depressed about all this when, rounding a bend, I sighted a number of people just succeeding in rescuing the young Neofan by tying sheets together and lowering them to the drowning boy. I later discovered that these sheets were called Slip Sheets.

NARRATOR 2: Jophan joined this group, and they all set off down the bank, having agreed that it would be better to avoid the Torrents of Overinking altogether rather than to depend on the Slip Sheets to rescue them. Further along, however, they were overjoyed to discover a bridge across the torrent. Laughing happily, they crossed the bridge which bore an inscription proclaiming it to be the Bridge of Moderation, and set foot on the other side in the confident hope that their troubles were now at an end. However, it seemed that they were not yet at the end of the jungle. Indeed, as they progressed, the path became more and more difficult to follow, as it wound its way among overhanging vines and creepers, all of a sickly light green aspect which reflected itself in the wan faces of the travelers. Soon Jophan observed a phenomenon which had hitherto escaped his notice. Here and there through the jungle were large swathes of flattened vegetation which bore the appearance of having been made by some huge monster which had smashed through the jungle and left a wake of uprooted vines and splintered trees.

JOPHAN: We'd better keep together and proceed with caution. I don't like the way this jungle looks.

NARRATOR 1: One by one the other members of the party strode off, impatient at moving so slowly, or fell exhausted by the side, until Jophan realized he was alone. He continued on, and occasionally came across someone too tired to move or, worse, crushed and bleeding.

JOPHAN: I wonder what sort of monster is this who can create havoc by its mere passing?

[Enter TYPOS, with much noise. A NEOFAN by the side of the road gets up to continue the journey, staggering into the path of the monsters. JOPHAN screams a warning, but the typos spot the NEO and charge, knocking the Shield out of the NEO's hand and trampling him. JOPHAN, frightened, turns to flee, when trumpets sound.]

SPIRIT: [Voice only] Stay, Jophan! Do not run. These beasts you see are called Typos and their attention is attracted by sudden movement. If you proceed slowly and with care you will not be troubled by them.

[TYPOS move slowly along the side of the path, as if waiting for someone else to pounce on.]

JOPHAN: But what if one of their spikes should accidentally strike me? The trail lies very close to them and they are difficult to detect in the undergrowth.

SPIRIT: If you go carefully enough, this will not happen. However, to set your mind at rest, here is a bottle of magic liquid called correction fluid. A touch of this will instantly heal any wound made by a Typo. [Bottle of Corflu is tossed to Jophan.]

NARRATOR 1: In the days that followed, Jophan saw and heard many hordes of Typos blundering through the jungle but, thanks to the Spirit's advice, he came to no harm. One day, however, he came upon a small herd of them on the path in front of him, moving slowly in the same direction as he. He overtook them carefully, meaning to pass them unobserved.

[Jophan stops, noticing KERLES in their midst. He is sitting on a crude hurdle being borne along by the Typos. JOPHAN makes an astonished noise.]

KERLES: Good morning, friend. What is your name and where are you bound?

JOPHAN: My name is Jophan and I am on my way to Trufandom to obtain the Enchanted Duplicator and produce the perfect Fanzine.

KERLES: I also. My name is Kerles [pronounced "careless"]. Would you care to ride with me?

JOPHAN: No, thank you. To tell the truth I'm a little afraid of these horrible creatures.

KERLES: [Laughing] Horrible? Everyone fights shy of me on account of these Typos, but actually they are quite agreeable fellows. Look, they will even do tricks for me. [He has them jump over his Shield, until JOPHAN laughs.] See? Quite cheerful fellows really. I don't understand why people dislike them so much.

JOPHAN: [Aside] He does seem to save energy by this mode of travel. But, look, they keep wandering off, and it's so difficult to make them come back. He seems in constant danger of losing himself altogether. I don't think these creatures can be pressed into any really useful service, and I'm reluctant to remain in the presence of such ugly beasts. [To KERLES] Well, it's been nice to meet you but I must be going.

NARRATOR 2: He met another traveler on the path, who was moving so slowly that he hardly seemed to move at all. He was carrying many books, and was wearing a rucksack crammed with heavy objects, along with a bundle of swords, walking sticks, and umbrellas. He spent most of his time clearing each obstacle out of the path or consulting his books before moving on.

JOPHAN: Good afternoon, friend. My name is Jophan, and I am on my way to obtain the Magic Mimeograph and publish the perfect Fanzine. Could you please tell me what are those things you are carrying?

PERFEXION: Good afternoon. These are my guides. These swords are absolutely essential if one is to find one's way through this jungle safely. Although I didn't want to come this way at all. I would have gone by the Letterpress Railroad if I had had enough money. My name is Perfexion, and I too.... [There is a rustling in the underbrush. PERFEXION drops his possessions and pulls an object of wood and glass from the rucksack. He peers through it into the jungle. Satisfied, he replaces it.]

JOPHAN: What was that thing you were looking through?

PERFEXION: That was my scope. I use it to watch out for those...animals.

JOPHAN: You mean the Typos?

PERFEXION: Yes. Those dreadful things. Er...would you like to travel with me? It would be so much safer if you could both watch out for...them.

JOPHAN: Thank you, but I'd rather just take my chances with the Typos. I want to get on. [Walking on, JOPHAN turns to wave, but Perfexion is too busy with his equipment to notice.]

NARRATOR 2: Jophan slept fitfully that night, and was up and on his way before daylight the next morning. So adept had he become at negotiating the jungle, and so dexterous at avoiding the Typos, that he had covered a considerable distance before the sun rose above the horizon. When it did so, Jophan saw to his delight that the jungle seemed to be coming to an end. The trees were further apart, the undergrowth less dense, and the path stretched invitingly before him, clear and well-marked. Jophan broke into an eager run.

NARRATOR 1: In a few minutes he was standing at the very edge of the jungle. Before him he saw a broad well-surfaced road which ran gently through a fertile plain, toward where in the far distance gleamed the towers and spires of a splendid city. A few yards ahead of him a myriad of tracks such as the one he had traveled converged to make the road, as countless tiny tributaries form a great river. Along these paths, as Jophan watched, other Neofans came running with glad cries, to dash along the road in the direction of the shining city. Mindful of the unseen perils to which such over-eager Neofans had fallen victims on a previous occasion, Jophan resolved to be on his guard, and followed the others more soberly.

NARRATOR 2: It soon became obvious that he was approaching civilization. Although the city itself was still far away, there were great billboards in the fields by the side of the road covered with brightly-colored advertisements from various establishments in the city. Jophan read each one of these, impressed despite himself at the attractions they had to offer. [JOPHAN stares at billboard, when a cry of pain is heard. JOPHAN circles around billboard, finds NEOFAN, who runs in circles, utters pitiful cries, and collapses on ground.]

NEOFAN: Too late...dying...beware...don't buy....

JOPHAN: Don't buy what?

NEOFAN: ...tin bug....

NARRATOR 1: The Neofan died, and Jophan consigned his soul to the Happy Fanning Ground. He began to rearrange the body into a more seemly position, but as he lifted the Neofan's shoulders, he jumped back in horror, for clamped on the dead fan's back was a hideous leech-like creature. Jophan dropped the body and stumbled back to the road.

NARRATOR 2: So stunned was Jophan by the horror of what he had seen that it was some time before he had recovered himself sufficiently to resume his journey. Even then he was still worried and perplexed as to the meaning of the Neofan's warning, for so far in his traveling along the road he had seen no establishment where anything might be bought. This last problem was solved when in a few moments he rounded a slight bend in the road. He had arrived at a crossroads where among a small forest of billboards there clustered a group of huckster's stalls.

They were heaped with gaily colored and attractive objects, and behind each stall stood a huckster loudly proclaiming the merits of the wares.

HUCKSTER 1: Comic books!

HUCKSTER 2: Spock ears!

HUCKSTER 3: Bull whips!

HUCKSTER 1: [To JOPHAN] Greetings, young sir. Might I make so bold as to inquire your name and destination?

JOPHAN: My name is Jophan and I am on my way to Trufandom to obtain the Magic Mimeograph and produce the Perfect Fanzine.

HUCKSTER 1: Then I have just the thing for you. It is a long journey on which you have embarked, and a lonely one. Why not take one of these adorable little pets to beguile the tedious hours? [HUCKSTER holds up a Kolektinbug in small clear case. JOPHAN starts to reach for money, then stops.]

JOPHAN: What do you call it?

HUCKSTER 1: It's a Kolektinbug. [He holds out hand for money, but JOPHAN backs away.]

JOPHAN: No, thank you. I...I've changed my mind. [JOPHAN walks away as HUCKSTERS shout after him.]

NARRATOR 1: Stopping only at one of the less pretentious establishments to replenish his provisions, Jophan continued on. It now became obvious that the hucksters' settlement had been merely the outskirts of the great city. The towers and spirals which Jophan had seen that morning now loomed directly ahead, and the green fields had completely disappeared behind a great wall of billboards. Shortly these in turn gave place to a region of large barracks-like buildings, each backed by stretches of bare concrete and separated one from another by barbed wire fences. People came running out of the different buildings and, seeing Jophan, showered him with pieces of paper. Jophan picked one up.

JOPHAN: [Reading] “Welcome to Trufandom.” [Reads silently] This is an advertisement for a club for fans. That must be what all these buildings are. [Heads for one of the buildings. CLUBFANS shake his hand, yell greetings, ask his name.] My name is Jophan and I am on my way to Trufandom to obtain the Enchanted Duplicator and produce the Perfect Fanzine.

CLUBFAN 1: Do you mean that you were actually going to attempt that journey by yourself?

JOPHAN: Well...yes.

CLUBFAN 2: But my poor fellow, that is quite impossible. You must, absolutely must, belong to a club before you can ever think about such an undertaking. Here we will train you for the journey, outfit you with all the necessary equipment, and in time send you out as part of a properly organized expedition.

JOPHAN: How long will it take?

CLUBFAN 1: Training is going on this very moment in the exercise yard. But first let me show you the benefits our club has to offer you.

[CLUBFAN 1 turns to CLUBFAN 2, talks to him in mime, CLUBFAN 2 shakes head and points to another, who also shakes head and points to yet another. All appear to argue, until one marches off and yet another steps in. As they argue, JOPHAN tiptoes away. Nearby are a group of FANS are marching to commands from a drill sergeant. One marcher drops out and approaches JOPHAN.]

MARCHING FAN: One gets a little bored with it at times.

JOPHAN: I thought you were quite right. I never saw anything to pointless in all my life.

MARCHING FAN: Oh, I wouldn't say that. You see, there's to be an election shortly, and then it'll be the turn of one of us to give the orders. Why, it might be me.

JOPHAN: But how will all this help you to get to Trufandom?

MARCHING FAN: Trufandom? Why, this is Trufandom....Isn't it?

JOPHAN: It is not. You see, long ago when I lived in the village of Prosaic, over the mountains in Mundane, I was lying in a field one day, dreaming of finding out what was on the other side of the mountains. All of a sudden there appeared to me a wonderful spirit, and she touched me with the wands of Contact and Fanac, and I saw wonderful visions, and I knew that

what I wanted most in the world was to find the Magic Mimeograph and publish the perfect fanzine. I may be only a Neofan, but I know this was not what I saw in my visions.

MARCHING FAN: Yes...I remember something like that. But I've been here so long I'd quite forgotten it.

JOPHAN: Leave all this marching up and down. I will never get you anywhere.

MARCHING FAN: I'm not sure I'm strong enough yet for such a journey. Maybe I had better let the club help me.

JOPHAN: I am only a Neofan, but I know this: that the journey to Trufandom is one which must be accomplished by a Fan's unaided efforts.

MARCHING FAN: But couldn't you wait until after the election? Or maybe the one after it?

JOPHAN: No. I must be on my way.

NARRATOR 2: Leaving the organizers behind, Jophan continued on his way to the center of the city. The buildings now began to take on a more elegant appearance, and became ever higher and more imposing. The streets became broader and more smoothly paved. At each intersection the vistas were more and more beautiful and awe-inspiring, until at last he reached the center of the city. Jophan knew this was the center of the city for the simple reason that his instinct told him that there could not be anything more beautiful still in store. On either side there towered shining marble skyscrapers, their pinnacles plunging into the very heavens. It was all so wonderful that Jophan could do nothing but stand there motionless, breathing with admiration.

JOPHAN: [To himself] This must be Trufandom. True, it's not what the Spirit led me to expect, but I cannot imagine that anything more wonderful could exist.

[While JOPHAN looks around in awe, DEDWOOD enters. Wears glasses and dapper dress. Eyes JOPHAN's clothing, but speaks politely.]

DEDWOOD: Good day. Might I enquire your name?

JOPHAN: My name is Jophan, and I was on my way to Trufandom...

DEDWOOD: You need go no further. Perhaps you would like me to show you around the city? My name is Dedwood, and I am one of the City Planners. I am a Serious Construction Engineer by profession. [Takes JOPHAN by the arm and begins to show him around the city. JOPHAN surreptitiously takes out a handkerchief and rubs his Shield of Umor.] This is the Federation Building...[continues to describe buildings]

JOPHAN: [Looks into Shield and gives cry of alarm] Wait, why does the reflection of these buildings in my shield look so different from what I see otherwise? This is no wonderful building, but a ramshackle affair. Why, it looks it will fall down any minute. No, it must be only a distortion in the surface of the shield. But...why haven't I been allowed inside one of the buildings, then? [Darts into one of the building, and continues speaking.] This isn't a building at all – it's a mere façade! It's only a few inches thick, and unstable too. Why, even a small gust of wind would cause it to crack and maybe even fall down. [Sound effect of splintering. Fans run out to patch the façade together. JOPHAN exits building.] Dedwood, what is the idea of all this?

DEDWOOD: Well, you see, it's to impress the Public. They wouldn't be impressed by Trufandom, so some of us thought we'd erect this city of Serious Constructivism to give them a better idea of our importance....

JOPHAN: But surely the Public never come to Fandom?

DEDWOOD: Well, no. But sometimes they send a representative in, usually a Mr. Press. Why, there he is now. This is a great day.

[Enter MR. PRESS, accompanied by a man carrying an easel. DEDWOOD runs to meet them, JOPHAN following slowly. Man with easel sets it up and begins sketching.]

DEDWOOD: Welcome, Mr. Press! Welcome to our beautiful city. It is beautiful, isn't it? You'll be quite impressed to meet some of the intelligent and creative people who live here in our City of Serious Constructivism. I myself am a Serious Construction Engineer by profession, you know. We've done some wonderful things here. [Continues to talk, as JOPHAN sidles over to look at what Mr. Press has written in his notebook.]

JOPHAN: [Reading aloud] Gosh-wow-oh-boy-oh-boy.

[JOPHAN looks at what the artist has drawn. We see that it's a drawing of Dedwood with propeller beanie added.]

MR. PRESS: Thank you so much for this interview, Mr. Dedwood. We've got to get back now, but we'll most certainly give the Public a full and accurate report of all that you've shown and told us. [MR. PRESS and artist exit, shoulders shaking with silent laughter.]

DEDWOOD: There. I flatter myself that this time the Public will learn the truth about us.

JOPHAN: But...[aside] no, I don't have the heart to tell him. [To DEDWOOD] Well...thank you for your courtesy. I must be going.

NARRATOR 1: It took Jophan a much shorter time to leave the City of Serious Constructivism than it had to enter it, and soon he was in the suburbs again. The district seemed to be an

exclusive residential area, entirely composed of enormous wooded estates surrounded by high walls. There seemed to be a limitless number of them, and as the evening wore on, Jophan became very tired. The walls were too high to be climbed, and the gates were all locked, so that try as he might he could find no way to get off the road to make camp for the night. At last he realized that he could go no further, and that he must spend the night as best he could by the side of the road. Huddling up against the wall near one of the entrance gates, he wrapped his tattered garments about him and made himself as comfortable as the hard surface would allow. Sometime later he was awakened from fitful sleep by a great blaze of light in his eyes. In his dazed condition, it was a few seconds before he realized that he was staring into the headlamps of a huge motorcar which had evidently approached from the City and was now halted before the gates. As Jophan watched, the driver got out and unlocked the gates. [JOPHAN cries out weakly as the man walks back to his car. The driver looks around startled and spotting JOPHAN, walks over to him.]

PROFAN: Hello, young fellow. Who are you and what are you doing here?

JOPHAN: Jophan...Trufandom...Magic Mimeograph...Perfect Fanzine....

PROFAN: Ah yes. You have come a long way and you have a long way to go. You will be the better of a good meal and a night's rest. [Helps JOPHAN up and into the car.]

NARRATOR 2: Jophan could not see much of the house in the darkness, but the bedroom to which he was carried was large and luxuriously furnished, and the meal which he was served was tastefully cooked and sumptuously served. Feeling comfortable and safe for the first time since he had embarked on his journey, Jophan fell into a deep sleep. Next morning he awoke late and found his way to the breakfast room. His host had evidently breakfasted, and sat before a cheerful fire with a writing machine on his knees. As Jophan entered he put the machine down and rose to greet him.

PROFAN: Good morning, Jophan. Let me introduce myself. My name is Profan. You may have heard of me?

JOPHAN: I have indeed. You're the author of many of the books telling of faraway places and other times; I read them all during my life in Mundane. I have admired you for a long time. And I am so thankful to you....

PROFAN: It is nothing. I am glad to be able to help any pilgrim on his way to Trufandom. As long as they do not descend on me in too great numbers.

JOPHAN: [Eagerly] Am I then getting near to Trufandom?

PROFAN: You have done about half the journey. But since you have come this far I have no doubt you will complete it. I wish I could take you there, but as you know, each Neofan must make his way by his own unaided strength.

JOPHAN: But you know the way then!

PROFAN: Indeed, yes. I go there for a visit at least once a year, around Labor Day...pull up a chair.... This, you see, is a community of those who wish, and can afford, to travel frequently to both Trufandom and Mundane, and who have therefore settled here, midway between the two. Some of us, indeed, came from Trufandom, for occasionally it happens that a True Fan will forsake the high and dedicated life of Trufandom for our more worldly community. They make their choices, as it were, between the Sacred and the Profan. I will tell you all I can about the route, but I should first warn you that unless you continue to exercise the courage and discretion you have shown so far, and keep your Shield bright and shining, the advice I give you will be of no avail. For you have many dreadful perils yet to face.

JOPHAN: I shall remember.

PROFAN: Good! The first of these perils is the Desert of Indifference, which begins here, at the borders of our community, and stretches for a great distance unbroken save by an occasional oasis. It is beyond the powers of any Neofan to carry enough food and water to cross this vast expanse. Therefore you must enlist the aid of native porters from the strange tribe called the Subrs, who dwell here, on the fringe of the desert. On the far side of the desert is a huge rocky defile known as the Canyon of Criticism, through which lies the only known path to the plateau above where stands the Tower of Trufandom. I cannot help you further, for the temptations and perils of the last stage of the journey assume a different form for each Neofan.

JOPHAN: Is that all?

PROFAN: All? I admire your spirit. But, alas, it is not. On each side of your path, far away but always accessible, lie the green enticing regions known as the Glades of Gafia. You will be tempted constantly to turn aside and rest awhile there. But should you do so, there is grave danger that you will be unable to make the effort of resuming your journey. Roaming forgetfully through the Glades, you will find yourself back in Mundane. It would be far better to proceed with moderation than be driven to the Glades to recuperate from too strenuous an effort.

NARRATOR 1: Profan went on to give Jophan much other helpful advice, to which Jophan listened respectfully. Then he thanks his host again and prepared to resume his journey. Profan went with him to the gate to wish him luck, and then stood watching Jophan march sturdily down the road. Once Jophan looked back to wave a final goodbye. He fancied that he detected

in the other's face an emotion which, in the case of one less fortunately situated, he would have taken to be envy. But this cannot have been so, any more than the raising of Profan's hand to his eye can have been to wipe away an involuntary tear of regret. Much refreshed by Profan's hospitality, Jophan stepped out briskly, and by noon had left the region of great estates far behind. He was now in open country again, a region of dry scrubland interspersed with bare sandy patches which became more frequent as he journeyed on.

NARRATOR 2: As the country grew more desolate he kept an anxious eye open for the tribesmen whom Profan had mentioned. Then, as he was on the point of turning back to look more carefully, he espied a faint column of smoke rising into the still air some distance to his left. Threading his way through the scrub in that direction he was greatly relieved to come upon a group of tents which he knew must be a village of the strange natives. The encampment contained several dozen Subrs, all sitting perfectly still on the ground before their tents and staring blankly into the distance. They seemed to be a sturdy and honest race, but with a strangely impassive cast of countenance, and their faces showed no emotion when Jophan made his appearance. Nevertheless, he strode into the center of their village and greeted them cheerily....

JOPHAN: Hi, how are you?

NARRATOR 2: ...expecting they would spring to their feet and cluster round him. But instead they continued to ignore his presence completely. Surprised, Jophan raised his voice and greeted them again.

JOPHAN: Trufandom...Perfect Fanzine...Magic Mimeo...desert...help?

NARRATOR 1: But still the strange people seemed unconscious of his existence. Indeed, he would have judged them to be both blind and deaf had he not noticed one of them raise his eyebrows slightly when Jophan had finished speaking. Incensed at their apathy, he lost his temper and flew into a rage.

JOPHAN: Horrible desert...thirst...Perfect Fanzine...vast desert...porters...HELP ME!

NARRATOR 1: At this a few Subrs turned their eyes curiously in his direction, but none of them showed the slightest sign of answering his call. In desperation Jophan went up to the native who had appeared to be the first to notice him.

JOPHAN: Why, why, why won't you help me?

SUBR: Many Neofans come. Many seek help. Many leave us in desert, our help wasted. You must show difference.

NARRATOR 2: For a moment Jophan could not understand what he meant, and then he realized he was being called on to demonstrate that he had the necessary stamina and strength of will to cross the desert. Resignedly, he began to run round and round the encampment. The afternoon wore on, and Jophan continued to run round the encampment, watched impassively by the Subrs. Every now and then he would stop and plead with them again, and each time they evinced a little more interest. Finally one of them rose and nodded at Jophan. Still without a word he picked up a skin water-bottle, and a package of food and stood waiting. His example was followed by several others until a small group had collected at Jophan's side. He thanked them gratefully and the small expedition started off into the desert. [JOPHAN and SUBRs walk off stage into audience and return to stage for SYCOFAN's appearance.]

NARRATOR 1: As they progressed ever farther into the wilderness the hot sun and scorching sand began to take their toll of Jophan's strength, and he realized more fully the magnitude of the task before him. He also came to appreciate more fully the virtues of native porters. Although the Subrs preserved their unnatural silence, uttering no word either of praise or condemnation of Jophan's behavior, whatever it might be, they showed their feelings clearly enough by their behavior. Twice when Jophan, unnerved by the hardships of the desert, spoke tactlessly to them...

JOPHAN: Only an idiot could fail to appreciate having the table of contents be a bookmark.

NARRATOR 1: ...or made some error of judgment...

JOPHAN: I thought printing the lead loc in a spiral was brilliant.

NARRATOR 2: ...some of them quietly left the expedition and were never seen again. On the other hand, whenever he exhibited his better qualities, reinforcements appeared to arrive from nowhere. The loyal support of the sturdy Subrs was a great comfort to him, but willing as they were they could only carry a certain amount of their dried food and it seemed to accord ill with his constitution. Their food was of a tasteless and insipid nature, affording only the merest sustenance and gravely deficient in energy-producing qualities. Jophan, though in no danger of actual starvation, began to grow weak and faint of purpose, and at times his eyes strayed longingly to the green Glades of Gafia to be seen clearly in the distance. After many days the party came upon the first signs of other life in the desert.

[SYCOFAN is now onstage, crouched before an altar and muttering a prayer or incantation. JOPHAN approaches and speaks after SYCOFAN finishes.]

JOPHAN: Good day, friend. My name is Jophan and I am on my way to Trufandom to obtain the Magic Mimeograph, so that I may publish the Perfect Fanzine.

SYCOFAN: Good day, Neofan. My name is Sycofan, and I am on a similar errand. I trust you will set up your altar at a reasonable distance from mine.

JOPHAN: Altar? What for?

SYCOFAN: Why, to invoke the BNFicent spirits. Surely you don't imagine that you can cross the desert without their help?

JOPHAN: I did not know it was possible for a mere Neofan to have any intercourse with the BNFs until he reached Trufandom.

SYCOFAN: Why of course it is. You must... [There is a flash of light above the altar, and SYCOFAN throws himself on his knees, beating his head against the ground. There is a clap of thunder, and a small scroll-shaped object falls off the altar and rolls onto the ground.] There! [SYCOFAN snatches it up.]

JOPHAN: What is it?

SYCOFAN: It's a manna-script! From Bob Shaw! [Eats the manna-script]

JOPHAN: I suppose you will be resuming your journey now?

SYCOFAN: Er...no. I think I shall wait here until my strength is built up. The manna-scripts need a great deal of praying for, and I haven't enough of them yet.

JOPHAN: I was told that the journey to Trufandom is one that can be accomplished only by a fan's unaided efforts, and I believe this to be true. I cannot believe that if the BNFicent spirits give aid to one who merely asks it, they would withhold it from one who shows that he deserves it. I urge you to leave your altar and come with me.

SYCOFAN: Why, you're only a Neofan. Why should I associate with you when I can have the help of BNFs?

JOPHAN: Even they were once Neofans like me. Yet they are wise and will not waste their gifts. You may find that they will not continue to feed you indefinitely. [Shakes his head regretfully and leaves SYCOFAN, who immediately begins another prayer session. There is another blaze of light and clap of thunder, and a manna-script falls at JOPHAN'S feet.]

NARRATOR 1: Thereafter, manna-scripts fell with increasing regularity at Jophan's feet, and he had no longer any cause to worry about food. But Jophan's difficulties were by no means at an end. The scorching heat by day and the bitter cold by night made sleep almost impossible, and as time went on he became more and more exhausted. But he staggered on, searching ceaselessly through red-rimmed eyes for some sign of the end of this terrible desert. Shortly

before nightfall one day they came upon an oasis. Jophan let his feeble limbs carry him into the welcome shade of the trees and lay down to rest for the night, observing as he did so a flock of gaily-plumaged birds flitting to and from among the trees, to the accompaniment of their sweet song.

BU-BIRDS: Bu! Bu! [BU-BIRDS continue their song for awhile.]

Jophan: What are those birds called?

SUBR: Bu-birds.

NARRATOR 2: Whether it was the soothing song of the birds, or the fact that the oasis retained its heat longer than the open desert, Jophan slept unusually well that evening. Nevertheless, he realized when he awoke that he was in no fit shape to resume his march. His limbs were stiff and enfeebled, and it was all he could do to raise his head and look around him. He knew he would have to rest awhile here in the hope of regaining his strength.

[BU-BIRD lays large translucent egg. JOPHAN notices, reaches out, picks up egg, pierces a hole and drinks from it. He jumps up refreshed and looks for more eggs, finds them, pierces them and pours contents into his canteen. He then wakes the SUBRS and leads them as they resume their march.]

NARRATOR 1: During the days which followed he found that when his energy began to flag, all that was necessary was to take a draught of the life-giving fluid. Instantly his vigor and enthusiasm were restored. Furthermore, he had reached an area of the desert where oases were plentiful, and each morning he usually collected a sufficient quantity of Egg O' Bu, as he now affectionately called it, to sustain him for the day's journey. He was now able to dispense almost entirely with ordinary food and water, and was indeed able to do without the help of the Subrs, whom he had by now in any case outstripped. The only ill effects he noticed were that over-indulgence in the elixir was inclined to produce a species of intoxication and a painless but unsightly swelling of the head. These he resolved to guard against as carefully as he could. One morning, many days into his journey, Jophan's patience was rewarded. He breasted a long, low ridge of sand dunes, to see before him, far too clear to be a mirage, a stupendous mountain range stretching as far as the eye could see. Beyond those mountains, he knew with a thrill of awe, must lay the land of Trufandom.

NARRATOR 2: Jophan now pressed on with redoubled energy, and by evening he could plainly see a deep rocky cleft leading into the mountains. This, he knew, must be the Canyon of Criticism, the only route through the mountains. He resolved to fortify himself with a night's sleep before attempting this new peril, and spent the night at an oasis. Next morning, having partaken cautiously of the Egg O' Bu lest it should dull his perceptions, Jophan set out for the

entrance to the Canyon. As he approached it he noticed other Neofans converging on the point from all directions. They rushed past, wild-eyed and eager, and plunged into the Canyon. They had obviously partaken too freely of Egg O' Bu. For their eyes were glazed, their steps unsteady, their heads unnaturally swollen, and their clothes and shields neglected and dirty.

NARRATOR 1: Jophan was more cautious. He polished his Shield of Umor hastily, checked his provisions, and only then set foot cautiously into the Canyon. As he picked his way he heard a clatter of falling rock in front of him, and looked upwards to see, outlined against the sky, a row of dark, misshapen little creatures busily engaged in uprooting stones and hurling them at the defenseless Neofans below.

FANMAGREVOOS: [Variously] Lousy layout...juvenile editorial...ugly artwork...BOOOORING!

NARRATOR 1: He watched them for awhile, but they showed no sign of abating their activities. Indeed, they did not even seem to stop for food, for he noticed one dwarf hurling stones with one hand and eating with the other what appeared to be a bunch of small sour grapes. This last sight caused Jophan to decide that there was no point in delaying further. He covered himself with his Shield and set forth. Most of the stones bounced harmlessly off it, but to his dismay...

FANMAGREVOO: *Yawn*...nice paper.

NARRATOR 1: ...one of them passed through as if the Shield were made of vapor, and dealt him a severe blow.

JOPHAN: A tarnished spot! I had better polish it more thoroughly.

NARRATOR 2: He ventured again towards the danger area. Stepping between the disaster-struck Neos, Jophan attracted the attention of the dwarves.

FANMAGREVOO: Get him, get him, his last issue stank! [Stones rain down. Some bounce off JOPHAN's Shield and hit FANMAGREVOOS.]

NARRATOR 2: Greatly pleased by the excellence of his Shield, Jophan proceeded along the path. The dwarves seemed to have learned a lesson from a taste of their own medicine, and such stone as were thrown in his direction were cast in such a tentative and half-hearted manner that he could almost afford to ignore them.

FANMAGREVOO: Oh, it's good, but he's in a rut.

NARRATOR 2: He began to think that the perils of the Canyon were at an end. This mood of over-confidence was soon rudely shattered. On rounding the next curve in the path he suddenly found himself in semi-darkness. Thinking that some cloud had passed over the sun, he looked up. His heart almost failed him to see that the shadow was cast by a huge, swarthy giant

sitting drowsily among the swarming dwarves on the edge of the cliff. Even as Jophan watched, he awoke snorting angrily. With no apparent reason, or even perception of what he was doing, he uttered a great bellow of wrath, seized a boulder as large as a house and hurled it down the slope. The rock smashed hapless Neofans into the ground, despite their upraised Shields of Umor, and bounced on, scattering whole fan groups at a time.

NARRATOR 1: When the last despairing cry had died away, Jophan looked back up the slope to see that the giant had settled back down to sleep, a contented, imbecilic smile on his countenance. Shuddering with disgust and fear, Jophan withdrew a few paces and sat down in the entrance to a cave to recover his nerve. [Behind JOPHAN we see LETTERAX striking a flat piece of stone with a small ax. JOPHAN notices him, too.]

JOPHAN: What are those dreadful beings?

LETTERAX: [Still striking the stone with the ax] They belong to a race known as Magrevoos. The dwarves are called Fanmagrevoos and the giants Promagrevoos. Many of them are not really evil, merely thoughtless and stupid. The giants, for example, have no idea of their own strength, and do not understand half of what is going on down here. In fact they would ignore us altogether were it not for the fact that they are continually being prodded into activity by a strange and powerful tribe known as the Headeaters, who live in the mountains. [Picks up stone, which we see is covered with small letters, and motions JOPHAN to follow him to the mouth of the cave.] Moreover, there are other Magrevoos who do their best to make up for the harm done by their fellows. They are known as the Fair Ones. Watch! [Flings stone with great force, off the stage area.]

JOPHAN: You missed.

LETTERAX: It was not a missile, but a missive. A message to the Headeaters who control the giants. It is important to propitiate them, for they are by far the most important tribe in Fandom. Indeed, there is a tradition that on their existence depends that of Trufandom itself.

JOPHAN: If that is so, your work is obviously of the greatest importance, and I should like to help if I may. My name is Jophan and I am, of course, on my way to Trufandom to find the Magic Mimeograph and produce the Perfect Fanzine.

LETTERAX: My name is Letterax and I am delighted to make your acquaintance. [Hands JOPHAN a small stone and ax just like his, and both work diligently for a few moments. Then JOPHAN stands and throws his stone offstage, looking after it as it goes.]

JOPHAN: What did you write?

LETTERAX: Let's see...ah, yes, here is my carbon. "Dear Headeater: I really love your reviews by Tarantula Birdson. Is it true that he used to write under the name 'Sarge Saturn'? Your serial *Janitor of Dune* was particularly enthralling this month. Lastly, the cover photo of Isaac's left ear was neat! Your fan forever, Letterax. P.S. Defy the deros with Dianetics!"

JOPHAN: Since these mountains surround Trufandom on all sides, it occurs to me that it would be quite as easy to send the message from Trufandom as from here. Should we not continue our journey?

LETTERAX: Do so if you wish. But I have several more messages I want to write. I shall follow you later.

JOPHAN: [To himself] Somehow I doubt he will ever leave his peaceful existence here in the cave. [To LETTERAX] Well, I do feel I must push on. I hope we will meet again in Trufandom. By the way, do you get much Egg O' Bu here?

LETTERAX: No, unfortunately. The Dwarves scare the Bu-Birds off.

JOPHAN: Well, then, please accept some of mine. [Hands spare canteen to LETTERAX.]

LETTERAX: Oh, thank you. This is such a treat!

JOPHAN: You're welcome. And farewell until later!

NARRATOR 2: By the use of care and discretion, Jophan was able to evade the blind rages of the giants, and he found his Shield an infallible protection against the malice of the dwarves. Thus he emerged from the danger zone unscathed, and soon reached the head of the Canyon, and decided to pass the night where he was.

NARRATOR 1: Next morning he was on his way at the first hint of light and as dawn broke he had almost reached the summit of the pass. Gasping, he ran the last few hundred yards and flung himself down on the ground to drink in the beauty of the scene which lay before him. Bathed in the mysterious, golden light of early dawn lay the fair land of Trufandom. Only its hills and spires were picked out by the questing rays of the sun, for the country was a sunken plateau ringed on all sides by mountains, so that it formed a secluded world of its own. A more wonderful one Jophan could not have imagined. Beautiful as it was, however, his eye was caught and held by the most wonderful thing of all. It was a tall white tower which rose out of the rolling parkland, and soared into the sky. On the summit something glittered like a tiny sun. This, he knew, must be the Tower of Trufandom—and on top the Enchanted Duplicator! [Music starts.]

NARRATOR 2: All eagerness, he started down the grassy slope. He had taken but a few cautious steps when the thought came to him that here his Shield of Umor might have other uses than as a means of defense. Smiling happily to himself, he put the Shield on the ground and used it as a sled. Thus Jophan sailed gaily down into Trufandom.

NARRATOR 1: At the foot of the slope he again took up his Shield, now shining more brilliantly than ever before, and strode through the leafy lanes in the direction of the Tower. On either side of him were numerous parks and gardens, great and small, and of varying types of beauty, and in them walked shining, godlike figures whom he knew to be Trufans. Now and again one of them would notice Jophan, and come to greet him and wish him well, and with each encounter his eagerness grew to reach the Tower and become one of their number.

NARRATOR 2: So it was that late in the afternoon Jophan at last came to the Tower. There was a spiral staircase inside, and without hesitation he began to climb it. Up and up he went, round and round, higher and higher, long after he thought he should have reached the top. But the Tower was higher than he realized, and he was giddy and out of breath when at last he reached the head of the stairs. Above him now there was only a short ladder leading to a trapdoor. Jophan sat on the stairway for a while until his dizziness had passed, and he had regained his breath. Then he climbed up the ladder and pushed at the trapdoor. It swung open easily, on a concealed counterbalance. Above him was the blue sky.

NARRATOR 1: Though he had come so far, and braved so many dangers for this moment, his heart almost failed him now that his goal was at hand. But at last, pulling himself together, he stepped quickly up the ladder and onto the roof. He was on top of the Tower. Far beneath him was spread out all the Land of Trufandom as far as the now-distant mountains. The top of the Tower was a sheet of burnished gold, and in the center was a cube of solid gold. On the cube there stood a mimeograph. [The Enchanted Duplicator is revealed on the cube of gold. It is a rusty, battered hulk. The framework is filthy with ink, the drum caked, and something is wrong with the self-feed. It is ugly. JOPHAN stares at it in disbelief, obviously having expected something very different. He tries to pull himself together.]

JOPHAN: No...there has to be some mistake.... [Begins to wander aimlessly across the stage, his hand accidentally brushing against the handle of the duplicator, and we see shock go through his system.]

NARRATOR 2: As Jophan's hand touched the handle of the mimeograph, something like an electric shock coursed through his body. Amazed, he took a firm grip of the handle. A current of some potent force seemed to flow between him and the machine. Still uncomprehending, Jophan looked down at himself. His skin was glowing with the same golden radiance he had noticed in the bodies of the Trufans. His limbs were being invested with the same godlike

strength. [The sound of trumpets fills the air and the SPIRIT OF FANDOM appears to him again, surrounded by the golden Trufans who had earlier wished him luck.]

SPIRIT: Yes, Jophan. You are now a True Fan, and it is yourself that has made you so, as it must be. And now you realize the second great truth—that this is indeed the Magic Mimeograph, and it will produce the Perfect Fanzine, for...

ALL COMPANY: For the Enchanted Duplicator is the one with a True Fan at the handle!

NARRATORS: And Jophan found that it was so.

THE END