

gambit 27

is published by Ted E. White,
who will be residing at 2712
N. Charles, Baltimore 18, Md.
through the end of November.
Free for letters of comment.

---STELLAR c/w GAFIA #23-----

EVER IN BOLD SEARCH OF NEW HORIZONS, this issue we plumb the depths--
and that's an appropriate term--
of a new duplicating process. Like, mainly, I had Hitchcock's REXO-
graph unlimbered anyway, so I figured I'd waste 150 sheets of ditto
paper this time instead of mimeo paper. And anyway, I didn't have any
mimeo paper left. True Yankee ingenuity, thass what it is...

"I WAS SITTING IN THE CHECKMATE, SMOKING A PIPE, and minding my own
business," said Jo-
anne, as she told us all about it. "And this woman came in to inter-
view people about the Checkmate, and she saw me and came over and
said to me, 'You look like an interesting person..'" Joanne shrugged
to show her concern, and tamped her pipe, "and so anyway, she asked
me questions, you know, on tape for her radio show." "What did she
ask?" we queried. "Well, she asked me, 'These coffee shops seem to be
catching on all over the country...how do you like coffee?' I smiled
and said, 'I don't.' It sorta broke her up. Well, she had me pegged
for some exotic job, so she asked me where I worked. 'I work at a dry
cleaners,' I said. Well, she's trying to carry the conversation along
by asking me questions, and I'm not helping her very much"--Joanne
smiled a rather wicked smile--"'Are you interested in dramatics?' she
asks me. 'Well,' I said, 'the director of the Vagabonds wanted me to
be in a play as a maid, but I figured I was meant for better things.'
So, anyway, I'm gonna be on the radio." We cheered. You can't hold a
godd girl down, these days. Not long, anyway.

RON PARKER WAS TRANSFERRED from Fort Belvoir to Fort Polk, where he
holds down a plush job as a mail clerk.
Closer and closer he gets to printing school. He was learning how to
put bridges across the Potomac... His address now is: Pvt. Milton R.
Parker, RA 18547359, Hq Co., 931st Engr Gp., Fort Polk, Louisiana.

I DON'T WANT TO GIVE THE IMPRESSION THAT I'VE BEEN BUSY, but... Last
weekend, we
put out the 85th FAPA Mailing, such as it was (puny), and then a day
or two ago I ran off a cultzine for Marty Fleischman, and mailed it.
Yesterday and today I completed a FAPAZine, which will shortly be
postmailed with Magnus' VARIOSO #18 and Raeburn's LE MOINDRE. In be-
tween times, in odd moments, I've worked on GAMBIT #30, the next large
issue, and my next cultzine. And tomorrow morning, bright and early,
Eney picks us up and we head off for the Philly Conference, at which
I trust I'll see many of you people.

YEP, VARIOSO #18 IS OUT. "The third bimonthly issue, Ted." John Magnus
said. "Think of it: since August, three tre-
mendous issues of VARIOSO, on a bimonthly schedule!" "Gee, John," I
said, "That's fabulous! Three bimonthly issues! When are you going to
bring out the next issue?" "Well, I've got about sixty pages of stuff
on hand that just has to be published..." "Why don't you make it your

Annish, John," I asked. "You know: Six Years Of Publishing, bla, bla, bla, and all that. Real goshwow stuff." John held up his hand. "Ted, SF#1 came out at the Chicon. The Chicon was in the beginning of September..." Spoilsport. Anyway, there'll be more VARIOSO's along before too very long, filled to the overflowing with all kinds of goodies. The 18th issue is devoted to one long reply to Andy Young's BACK BLAST, a letter-of-comment type thing on RUMBLE and VARI, which Andy put in PAPA. It serves as sort of a special between the acts issue, and stuff originally intended for #18 will be in #19. "Soon," says John.

YOU KNOW, this humor bit is a little wearing. When I first wrote those little squibs for 23 and 24, I had months of stuff to pick from, and all. Now I seem to be forced into a new mold of Ted White, pseudo-pseudo-Burbee-type-humorist. I haven't the vaguest idea what Burbee must think of all this... But in my persuits, I studied the Burbee form of humor for all its little writing tricks. Like, "I said with my mouth, 'Towner,...'", etc. And I studied the various attempts to imitate this way of writing. And I discovered something: In at least fifty-percent of the cases, it wasn't the incident, but rather the way of writing it, that made the piece funny. So, I said to myself, why not write something with no meaning in this style, and see what happens? So I wrote that bit in 24 about Parker and the peanuts. And people said, Wow! Ted White, you're a humorist. Real fine! Only Terry Carr, of all of them, glimpsed that maybe there was something deeper -- a subtle satire on the pseudo-Insurgent writing style.

Thing is, I enjoy this type of humor when it is well done, as it often is. And I enjoy writing it, when I have sufficient inspiration. But what originally flowed now seems a bit mechanical, forced. So Ted White, Humorist, is to be supplanted by Ted White, Keen Analyst And Introspective Philosopher (Part-Time Humorist Only). I don't guarantee to stop baiting some of the people I've recently been enjoying doing just that to, but there will be a change...

In my Keen Analysis of Insurgent humor, resurgent variety, I find that the only qualified practitioner is T.Carr, boy Carl Brandon. I have been reading his clever little things in FAPA and in the Cult, and elsewhere, and T.Carr, boy Carl Brandon is with it. In fact, if we don't watch out, we'll find ourselves with another Fabulous Burbee-type Character on our hands.

ARGASSY #7 is here, and in the form of a GAMBIT/FANAC type zine; four pages of chatter and a ten-a-year publishing schedule, which strikes me as a bit slow. But this is all good stuff--some of the best of Hickman's own writing in quite a while, in fact. 10¢ or comment or trade from Lynn Hickman, 304 N. 11th St., Mount Vernon, Illinois.

GEORGINA ELLIS IS MARRIED, comes the news from Dick Eney, of the SS news bureau (ever on the move to scoop FANAC). Thus one of the last of the eligable fannes has taken the big step. The name is now Georgina Clarke, and she now receives mail, fanzines, etc., at c/o 411 Mayfair Ave., Ottawa, Ontario, CANADA.

HYPHEN #21 arrived, featuring the same old line-up of the same old superlative writers, grinding out the same old AI stuff... What can you say about a zine that hasn't produced a bad issue out of a total of 21...? Well, you can take issue with some of the remarks therein, like, where Chuck Harris tees off on the WSFS/anti-WSFS bit. Somehow, like other British fen, Harris has indentified with various protagonists in the now-fought-and-won battle, and has overlooked the fact that practically every stateside fan, active or no, is and was in favor of the dissolution of the WSFS, which has been found to be a corrupt and illegally formed (and run) organization. We're not out after anybody's skin, and from where we stand, all the parties fighting over the WSFS' control are somewhat to blame for the state of the thing. It is a matter of principal.

Now the Falascas have stood up and more or less represented us (active fandom). The Falascas in their publications have shown directly that a) the entire idea of the WSFS was railroaded through with illegal tactics and for petty personal reasons by various parties, each of whom wanted some degree of Power; b) the WSFS, Inc. has, since incorporation (without notice to its membership), been run illegally and at direct variance to the laws of New York State, in which state it was chartered, and whose laws it must abide by. Further, we've watched the spectacle of formerly respected fen making asses of themselves in petty power squabbles, and even more taking up the cudgel out of personal friendship, and with little knowledge of the situation, and making fools of themselves.

We are not against corperation, per se. We believe that incorporation provides an excellent protection for everyone however remotely connected with a convention. We think it serves to better relations with mundane business matters. But we are against Corperations, jerry-rigged with weird rules and self-made dictators being pushed on us. We think each Con committee is intelligent and sensible enough to incorporate its own convention without any help from an outside "protective" organization. We don't think fans need to be "helped" and "shown" because otherwise they might not do anything right. We think that this is a childish concept fostered by those who would like to run things for everyone, like it or not.

Who are "we"? Everyone who voted--resoundingly!--for the petition to dissolve the WSFS, Inc. at the Solacon, and everyone else who has expressed a similar desire in print. "We" are just about everyone in active US fandom. We let the bloody Frankenstein get its start; now we reserve the right to kill it.

Without any kibitzing from people who are so removed from the scene that they can only argue in personalities and from lack of intimate knowledge.

If that sounds abrupt, it is merely because I'm sick and tired of hearing first Sandy and now Harris whining on the subject of what cads the Falascas are, and how they've mistreated the Poor Old Dietzes. The Falascas may have their own reasons for their actions, but their

ambitions pretty well paralleled those of the rest of us.

"I GOT ONE!" I shouted as I slapped an asktray over the top of the glass. We all looked intently at the fly that was buzzing around inside the glass. "Ah," I said in true scientific manner. "Now we can procede with the experiment."

Without allowing the fly to escape, we poured a dew drops of Jack Daniels in the bottom of the glass and waited for the fly's reaction upon drinking it.

The imprisoned fly tried to climb up the side of the glass, slipped, and fell on his back with his legs kicking. We shook the glass to get him on his feet again. Our fly traced a wobbly course across the bottom of the glass.

"He's losing his linear rigidity," commented Ted.

Decidedly under the influence, the fly flopped over on his side, kicked a bit, and soon fell into a stupor. Lynn Hickman, we have come to the conclusion that JD is indeed powerful stuff.

-Sylvia

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it's a hard life, ron...

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