

KILL A TREKKIE FOR CHRIST.

A calm reasonable article by Joe McNally

Ultimately, I blame Yoma. Now Yoma gets blamed for a lot of things; however, in this case, it really is her fault. You see, she was the first Trekkie I ever really got to know well, and, frankly, she was as mad as Mad Jack McMad, the winner of the annual Mr. Mad competition in Madtown. As it were.

Essentially, she used to claim to be a Romulan. Now, I'm sure all Trekkies aren't quite this bad (actually, I'm not, but that's another story), but an encounter with a mind so fundamentally twisted can do things to you. Just as one becomes less charitably inclined towards the Germans if one is a Jew of a certain age, one presumably becomes less charitably inclined towards Trekkies when one spends long periods of time in the company of someone who actually expects one to believe that has has green blood.

She had (still has, in fact) a cohort by the name of Dave who used to back her up on this one. I have had few experiences - apart from perhaps piercing my own nipple for the first time-which are anything like as harrowing as being caught between Yoma and Dave when they're talking about Star Trek. Which was always.

I haven't spoken to either of them in years, thankfully. The nearest I came to recreating the experience was at Albacon '91. I decided that the masquerade would be a good thing to go to (which shows just how far gone I was at the time) and noticed that there was somebody standing beside me dressed as Data (possibly - frankly, life's too short to check the names of characters in Star Trek). He was chatting to his mate about the problems he'd been having putting his costume together - "Yeah, I was a bit worried, because I don't have a very good freeze-frame on my video, and I couldn't quite work out whether the piping was supposed to be black or charcoal..."

Now, I'm a reasonable man. But all I could think to do was to leap up, grab this little shit by the throat, stomp on his lungs and scream "GET A LIFE YOU FUCKPIG!"

And that is why I hate Trekkies.



Darth Vader. Celebrity.
dons a disguise to avoid publicity.

Joe McNally is a (finally) final year student at the University of Ulster reading Media Studies; so he should know a shite TV series when he sees it. He can be found at Trincon, like the rest of Belfast Fandom, in the bar if not around our table. He's big, has a large beard and a pony tail yet is still very approachable. When questioned about the reasons behind this article he merely replied: "ARRRRGGGGHHHH, KILL, KILL, KILL...". Which I thought was quite appropriate really.

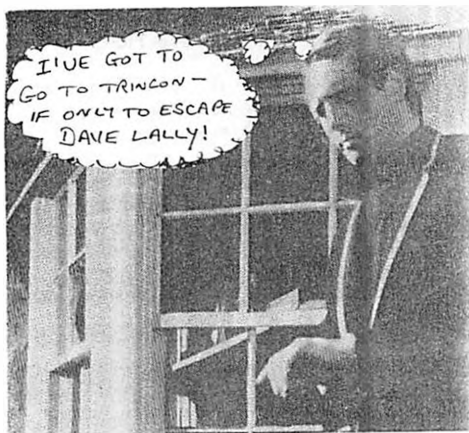
There was mad - a - ...

TASH 6.5 A Trincon 400 Special.

Just when you thought it was safe to read another fanzine from Northern Ireland... Written, edited and produced by that doyen of Belfast fandom, Tommy Ferguson who can be reached by writing to Eugene Doherty, Flat 3, 92 Eglantine Avenue, Belfast, BT7 as I'm currently in the midst of a move. Contents will be varied as contributions come in from the various members of Belfast Fanzine Fandom. Just be thankful I'm not writing all four pages...

What is a Fannish Fanzine?

The first thing you'll notice about a 'real' fanzine is that it is free; this isn't because the producers have loads of money and can afford to give it away, nor is it because we don't think any one will buy it (although both of these may, in some cases, be true); it is rather because we're doing this just for the hell of it. Our only goal is 'Ego-Boo' which is one of those fuck awful Fannish terms meaning 'Ego Boost'; i.e. seeing your name in print, seeing people reading what you've written and, hopefully, getting some sort of response, favourable or otherwise (a pint of Guinness is usually an acceptable trade).



The next thing you'll notice about a Fannish Fanzine is that there is very little, if any, Science Fiction material contained within it. If that is what you are looking for in a fanzine I refer you to either the Irish Science Fiction Association, or its mainland equivalent The British Science Fiction Association (original titles, eh?). If you are interested in Star Trek, Blakes Seven, Star Wars, Role Playing, Live Role Playing or Dressing Up as your favourite character THIS FANZINE IS ALSO NOT FOR YOU, so put it down and go away and do something more constructive...

Finally you'll notice that some of the material in a fanzine may, to some, be considered offensive. This is because it is one persons' viewpoint and they will express that viewpoint more vociferously in print than they might in person. It is very difficult, for example, for a Star Trek fan to physically assault me when I tell him to Fuck Off and watch some decent television as he is reading those insults. So those of a more retiring nature should stop reading just about here.

Other fanzines which I've had a hand in can be found at the Belfast Fandom's table located at the convention somewhere and include GOTTERDAMMERUNG, A general zine (i.e with one, or more, editors and lots of different contributors) and TASH a zine written solely by me; both of these are available to discerning readers only. I will also have a range of British, American and Australian fanzines on show which you can look at (but I'm afraid these are my personal copies and are not available). From these you'll be better able to judge whether or not they are something you're interested in contributing to or even receiving. Now more of the same...