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THE FANZINE THAT TALKS ABOUT  
FANS

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**MACHO FANMANSHIP:** It takes a certain something (guts? idiocy?) to launch a new fanzine in this fashion, written directly on stencil (through the latest wrinkle in pliofilms -- these are "linen finish" and damned hard to see what you've typed through), from beginning to end, for a total (I hope) of eight pages. But I've had to work out just exactly how I can handle a monthly fanzine, and it appears to me that this is perhaps the only way. Keep it simple. No art or lettering-guide work of any sort. No rough-drafting. Sit down and do it; then run it off and mail it out. No coeditors to split the scut-work with, so such work must be minimized.

When I began mapping out this fanzine I had a number of basic choices to make and the format was the easiest of these. A tougher question was how many copies to produce. PONG was started with 100 copies: keep it small, mail it fast -- that was our motto. First class mail domestically, and airmail overseas. Cost us an average of \$45.00 an issue in postage after the rates went up (again) and our circulation had grown to almost 150. Well, we felt with a bi-weekly (or, later, a tri-weekly) a speedy trip through the mails was essential. But a monthly -- which this is -- can afford a slower journey to its readers. And while first class postage is still 20¢, the bulk-rate cost for third class is only 11¢ a copy. So it makes sense to opt for bulk-rate, which (for fanzines weighing less than three ounces) requires that a minimum of 200 copies be mailed domestically. So everyone on the Master List of (Domestic) Trufen is getting this issue and most of you will go right on getting it for as long as I can keep it going. But don't get complacent. If I haven't gotten a response of some kind from you by the third issue, I may prune you off the list. I can always make up that 200 by mailing copies to myself.

Another question is just why I'm doing this zine, with an issue of GAMBIT already nearly a year overdue. Does this mean that GAMBIT has gone on to the back burner, to languish there forever? Nope. What it means is that when I thought about it I realized that I'd put out the last two GAMBITs while doing PONG, and that since I'd stopped doing a more frequent fanzine I'd lost the momentum that kept me working on GAMBIT as well. Once I'd realized this, it was but the work of another moment to grasp the obvious solution: put out another small frequent fanzine to regain that momentum. Thus, I fully expect that the publication of this zine will prod me into getting out GAMBIT in a more timely fashion, and I'm shooting for the next issue before Christmas. Wish me luck.

So much for the mechanics of this fanzine. Let's get on to the juicy parts.

**PING-PONGED:** We here at World PONG Hq were considerably impressed by Taral's lengthy article about PONG in the latest STICKY QUARTERS. We felt his research was just a trifle sloppy -- clearly, Taral never



did get around to rereading his file of PONGs -- but the piece was quintes-  
sentially Taral, all the way through.

Since Dan has, in his letter of comment on that SQ, blown both barrels of our favorite hoax in PONG -- that Martin Morse Wooster is in fact our close buddy and fully cooperated in the "anti-Wooster" campaign, and that E. Knowles Elkhart was Martin's creation, I guess it's safe for me to tell the following story using real names, rather than attributing it to Elk-  
hart.

Martin (or "Morse," as we refer to him) came over here a week ago to tell us about the Bouchercon, held in New York City the previous weekend. I'd known that my friend Richard Moore, who is a mystery writer, had gone up for the Bouchercon, but I hadn't realized that Martin (why do I want to write "E. Knowles"?) would also be going up to NYC for it.

"I used to be in a mystery apa, you know," M. Morse said. "Your buddy, Dick Moore, is still in it. It's called DAPA-EM, a kind of stupid name, but I thought I ought to check it out."

"My buddy prefers to be known as 'Richard,'" I said.

"Yeah," M. Morse W. said. "I ran into him up there. It was funny, you know? He was standing in the hotel lobby with several people from the apa, a bunch of people actually. But I don't think he's too popular with them."

"Really? Why's that?" I asked.

"Well, I hadn't been talking with him for two minutes before they took advantage of my talking to him to scurry off. They just kind of evaporat-  
ed. The next thing you know, the lobby is empty except for the two of us. I felt really bad about it. I mean, I felt sorry for him. Poor guy, he looked really miserable, really uncomfortable. He must've realized what was happening. I took pity on him and invited him to join me for dinner, but he begged off, said he had to go to the drugstore for something. Prob-  
ably a mouthwash or deoderant, I dunno." He grinned and gave his pants a  
hike.

"I ran into him again, later that night," Morse continued. "It was like a game of hide-and-seek, the way there'd be this whole bunch of people standing around talking one moment, and the next moment there would be just Moore and me. I tried to keep him company because I could see how this was hitting him and I knew he needed a friend, but I guess he was just too dispirited because when we got to his room he forcibly stopped me from go-  
ing in with him, and he told me he was going to bed." Martin Morse Wooster shook his head. "He did look awfully tired," he said.

I asked him if he's read Taral's piece in STICKY QUARTERS yet, but he said he hadn't. "I don't usually read Taral's stuff, anyway," he said.

PARTY, PARTY! My nextdoor neighbor and, for the second year running, the  
#1 Fan Face and his lovely wife Lynn held their Third Annu-  
al Halloween Costume Party & Brain Cell Assassination last month. The  
theme this year was Pajama Party: "Come in yer finest sleepwear," said the  
invitation. "P.J.s, Nightshirts, dressing gowns, nighties, peignoirs, ted-  
dys, robes, lingerie, camisoles, Dr. Dentons, underwear, negligees, slippers,  
etc., etc...."

I'd gone to the first party as a flasher. Last year's party was the  
first with a theme, which was to be in drag. I went as one of the ugliest  
women anyone had seen in recent memory. What, I wondered, could I do for  
this party that would be even more outrageous? About then I recalled a  
Japanese garment my uncle had given me about ten years ago. My uncle was  
in WW2 in the Pacific, and brought back a number of Japanese items, some  
of which he gave me at the time, and some of which he passed on later. I  
imagine he had discovered that he neither fit nor had any need for this



particular garment. It's a bit like a kimono, but very short, ending at mid-thigh. It's black, except for three discreet little white diamonds, made up of smaller diamonds, located in back below the neck and at the elbows (all out of sight to the wearer), and its weave is complex but net-like in effect, making it possible to see through it in places. Single draw-strings hold it together in the front. Its sleeves are traditional Japanese: separate squares that hang from the arms. I figured I could wear this garment -- who knows if it's "sleepwear"? -- with the accompaniment of black briefs and slippers. Considerably less outrageous -- and a lot easier to put together -- than my costumes for the previous years, but acceptable, I thought. After all, there would be all these people at the party wearing scanty sleepwear. I could imagine them: couples arriving with he in pajama bottoms and she in the tops, women in slinky negligees and baby-dolls, men in who-knew-what? I'd fit right in.

It turned cold that night, after a week of Indian Summer, and just crossing between the houses was a chilling experience for one as lightly clad as I. Due to a variety of circumstances I'd had to wait more than an hour past the beginning of the party, but I hadn't minded. This way I got to walk into a party in full progress.

The front room was filled with people and I could see the next room was equally crowded. There were lots of people I didn't know -- people from Lynn's office, like the lovely Margo whom I (and every other male there) would be delighted to know better -- and, to my amazement, they were all fully clad. At the very least they were wearing loose pajamas. Some had robes over that. Some had on nightshirts and bathrobes; others had nightgowns (opaque) and bathrobes. As Jo Klappauf, herself attired in black jammies with large ants crawling all over them, observed later that evening, "No revealing costumes this year...except of course for yours, Ted."

For one horribly vivid moment I stood not at the front door of the Stefans' house, confronting the full-blast party, but rather in an archetypal dream: the dream in which I am naked (or wearing only underpants) in a room full of fully-dressed people. "I'm fucking naked!" was my first dazed thought. Then, "but I'm here, so I better see it through." As I walked past people whose jaws seemed to be at half-mast I greeted friends and acted nonchalant, and as quickly as I could I made myself a drink.

Fortunately, as the party wore on a few other people showed up in brief or revealing costumes -- enough to take the attention away from me. John Thomas (his real name) showed up in a woman's teddy, and Carol Halpine wore a "Flashdance" outfit. And Steve Brown did the best job of non-revealing costuming: he slicked his hair back, donned a flashy robe over purple pants, knotted an ascot at his neck, stuck a cigarette holder jauntily in his mouth, and came as a sophisticated roué.

There was music and dancing, drinks and smoking, and -- much later -- the remaining party sat in a darkened room and tried to tell scary stories, but someone always broke the mood with a wisecrack.

Mary Mueller was the only New Yorker there, but Frank Lunney and Catherine Jackson came down from Pennsylvania, Mark Kearnes from Philadelphia, the Stileses and the Lutz-Nageys and Ray Ridenour all came from Baltimore, and lotsa locals like Avedon Carol were there. Lucy Huntzinger, who has been staying here for a while since ConStellation, was there, but pooped out early. "I was really up for this Neat Party and then I went and drank too much," she moaned the next day. It was the consensus of the party that Lucy had let the Rude Bitches down and will have to atone for it by doing something like suddenly going to England and showing up at a Tun or something like that.

At two ayem we celebrated the end of daylight savings time and set the clocks back one hour to one o'clock.



Another hour passed.

Suddenly someone leaped to his feet and cried, "It's two o'clock! Time to turn the clocks back!"

Several partiers began fiddling with their watches before someone else remarked, "Deja vu, huh?"

"No, no," I cried (for indeed it was I who had leapt to ~~his feet and~~ made the announcement). "We must all turn back the clocks and watches to one o'clock again, for only in this way can we ensure our true immortality! If, each time it becomes two o'clock, we turn it back again to one o'clock, we will create a loop in time! It will remain forever between one and two o'clock in the morning!" I waved my arms. "The party will never end!"

Sit down, Ted," Dan said.

"Here, Ted," Frank said, passing me something.

The moment was gone. It was after 2:00.

An opportunity had been lost forever.

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPT: "Get rid of that scourge and yiy wukk gave a geatgt rekatuibsguo,/.7" (from a letter by Roger Sjolander in HOLIER THAN THOU #17) Maybe after next year's Worldcon LASFS will be able to hire a full-time proofreader, to be installed in the clubhouse next to the LASFS Gestefax.

A NOTE FROM BERGERON, DEPT: WIZ #7 zipped into my mailbox this week, and had its usual mix of the silly (John Bangsund's dialogue balloons quoted from his airletters), the bizarre (Judith Hanna's letter), and the profound (Bergeron in response to Hanna: "Where are my pants? I have to write something."), plus Good Stuff from the likes of Patrick Neilsen Hayden (another column) and Dave Langford ("Platen Stories"), and more silk-screened art (this time in collaboration with Lee Hoffman's Li'l Peepul drawings). All in ten legalength pages.

And now he writes to tell me that he has ten-page issues planned for this month (November) and next, as well: "So #8 is pretty much in the bag (probably stuff by Langford, PNH, Gibson and myself) with the usual letter salad and some silk screen fireworks which, thus far, have attracted no notice in the fan press whatsoever. You'd think every other fanzine was silk screened. Is there a whole fandom I'm not aware of?"

Actually, Dick, there is. It's one of those things you cut yourself off from when you gave up in-person fanac. Why, I was at a WSFA meeting tonight at which about half the people there were making silk-screened things or passing around silk-screened items they'd already made earlier.

What distinguishes WIZ's silk-screened art from that in most earlier fanzines that used silk-screened art is its smallness, its neatness and compactness. I can't think of any fanzine which used silk-screened fillos before. That, and the fact that you use at least three colors/runs. Well, I'm impressed. It's more work than I think I'd ever go to in order to do a fanzine.

Of course I think WIZ, what with its two or three columnists, silk-screened three-color art, and all that, is quickly becoming too ambitious to sustain itself. You won't catch me doing that kind of thing here in this fanzine. No sir! Next issue I'll run some letters but there'll be no outside columnists here! Keep It Simple, that's my motto.

A PERSONAL NOTE FROM JOSEPH NICHOLAS: "I have some skirting on the staircase that I want to paint." (10/27)

TED'S USED PANTS EMPORIUM: "Come on down! That's right, I wantcha to come on down to Ted and Edna Boyle's Used Pants and



Organ Emporium!"

How many times, folks, have you heard Edna Boyle speak almost those very words from your TV set? Well, folks, if you wear pants with a 34-inch waist, I have the pants for you!

I look back on the first decade of my adult life with bemused amazement when I consider that for the entirety of that decade I never weighed more (or much less than) 145 lbs., and my waist grew only from 28 inches to 29. Then I underwent a metabolic change, and I haven't been skinny since. Suddenly I had gained fifty pounds. My shoulders broadened and all my shirts were too small, too tight. And I started wearing pants with a 34-inch waist. Another decade followed, and now I'm well into my third, and I can't get into 34-inch-waist pants any more. Recently I went through my dresser drawers, sorting out the pants -- mostly jeans -- that I'd never be able to wear again. I ended up with fifteen -- some of them hardly worn at all. "Such a waste," I said to myself. And then, "Wonder if anybody I know would buy any of them...?"

This thought lay dormant for a few weeks. Then, after returning to World PONG Hq after a WSFA meeting with Steve and Elaine Stiles and Avedon Carol, it occurred to me to ask Steve, "Say, Steve, what size pants do you wear?"

"Oh," he said, nonchalantly, "a thirty-four waist, I think."

"By a remarkable coincidence, I have a lot of jeans in that size," I said smoothly.

"Yeah?" Steve said, looking a trifle more interested. "Got any with bell-bottoms?"

"Steve really likes bell-bottoms," Elaine said.

"And you just can't find them anywhere any more, either," Steve said with a sigh.

"I think I have just what you're looking for," I said, leaping to my feet. "Let me get them."

Moments later I returned to the assembled party with my arms full of pants.

"Hmmm," Avedon said. "Let me see those...."

Soon both Steve and Avedon were grabbing pairs of pants and taking them into other (separate, to be sure) rooms to try them on.

"How does this look?" Avedon would ask, entering the room and slowly turning about.

"It's a good fit," Lucy said. "It's you, Avedon -- it's you!" Dan said. And the rest of us added an appropriate chorus. As Avedon left the room Steve would enter it.

"How does this look?" Steve would ask, slowly turning about.

"It's a good fit," Elaine said. "It's you, Steve -- it's you!" Lynn said. And the rest of us -- but I think you get the picture....

Steve and Avedon each ended up buying three pairs of pants. I stood at the door counting my money as they left. "You folks come on back anytime," I called.

The next night, at an Outsiders party at the Lutz-Nageys', I encountered the Stilesees again. "Look, Ted," Steve said. "I'm wearing your pants!" A little later (the Lutz-Nageys have a big house) I encountered Avedon, and she too was wearing "my" pants. "Look, Ted -- I'm wearing your pants," was about the way she put it.

"Well, Avedon," I said, "it looks like at last you will be able to say that you got into my pants."

Avedon snorted: "Huh!"

"In fact," I pointed out, "you'll have to admit that you paid to get into my pants!"

I escaped the room before she threw anything at me.



PROGRESS REPORT: Well, I have just run off the first four pages of this fanzine, and I am impressed by how much better it looks than I'd expected, considering the awfulness of these Tempo stencils (of which this is the last). One has only to look at one of these stencils after it's been typed to watch the centers of the 'o's, even the 'e's, pop out. As you continue to stare in amazement, not a breeze stirring in the room, the tops of the 's's fold back, and the 'c's begin to look nervous. Despite that, they printed mostly all right (except for a couple of corrections that didn't take), and in reading the printed pages I found only a few uncorrected strikeovers, and a couple of typos or misspellings (I know it's Nielsen Hayden -- I don't know why it came out "Neilsen Hayden"). Isn't it remarkable how much easier errors are to spot when you can no longer do anything about them?

I suppose that while we pause here, taking stock, as it were, it might not be remiss of me to say a few words about what I'm trying to do with this fanzine. First, I am not -- repeat, not -- trying to make of this a fanzine which will Unite All Fandom, or Make Fandom Over Into My Image of Sixth Fandom, or, perish the thought, a fanzine that might become a Focal Point. I have no High Ambitions for this fanzine. It exists for my benefit and for no one else's: it is a place in which I can have fun. And boy am I having fun now! Yep, this is where I can Talk About Fans and get roudy.

Keep that in mind.

WIZ-BANGED: In the course of WIZ #7, Richard Bergeron wonders why Rob Hansen was so exercised in EPSILON #14 about the cover on MATRIX #48. This is a cover few American fans have seen, since MATRIX is a BSFA publication that goes almost exclusively to BSFA members. Frankly, I've been pissed at MATRIX for several years now -- ever since people started alluding to reviews in MATRIX of fanzines I've published, reviews I've never seen. I mean, not even a tearsheet.

So the first issue of MATRIX I ever saw was a copy of #48 -- the one with the infamous cover -- which Joyce Scrivner was waving enthusiastically about in the fan lounge at ConStellation. (Say, did you hear that despite being the biggest Worldcon yet, ConStellation lost money and won't be refunding the membership fees of the program participants? How about that?) (And, while we're on the subject, how come although I've heard rumors that some program participants at Chicon IV had their membership fees refunded, mine wasn't? Huh? How about that, Chicagoans?)(I could go on, but this is a digression; I was talking about MATRIX....) I had only time for a quick glance at Joyce's copy, but recently Cy Chauvin, bless him, sent me a copy of my own, unsolicited.

It's a rather scrappy fanzine, actually. The best thing in it is a 4-page comic strip by D. West, drawn in a style vaguely reminiscent of the R. Crumb-derivative underground comics of ten years ago. The cover is not mentioned, commented upon editorially, or followed up inside. Pete Lyon's cover shows a barbarian male standing over the supine figure of a half-dressed woman. The male is shown in a three-quarter shot from the rear, and thus we can't see what he's doing with his Male Member, but it would appear to be raining into the open mouth of the woman, who is supposed to be masturbating with a rolled-up copy of an apa mailing (rather thin mailing, it looks like), but whose legs are so positioned that I doubt masturbation in that position is anatomically possible, at least as shown. (I think she's working the tip of the apa mailing into her navel, actually.) The sloppiness doesn't stop there. Everyone who has seen this cover seems to think the substance raining down is jism, but I can't help noting that a) the male's elbows aren't moving (no motion lines), and b) he has a



thought-balloon which contains a large single musical note in quote-marks, as though humming to himself. These clues indicate to me that he is pissing and not orgasming, for whatever that may be worth in considering the Political Implications of the piece.

I'm not sure just exactly what those implications are supposed to be, although on the face of it the target appears to be the Women's Apa that has been flourishing (and supplying good material for genzines like TIGER TEA) in Britain for the last year or so. How it strikes one will depend, I expect, on how seriously one takes it, and one's gender. It struck me as rude.

But there's been an upswing in rudeness in fandom of late, and perhaps that's a Good Thing. Frances Jane Nelson's attack on Avedon Carol for being a rude TAFF delegate was in itself rather rude. And Avedon's response was to do a one-shot with Lucy Huntzinger called RUDE BITCH.

I liked RUDE BITCH, but it kind of wimped out at the end. It started well, with a dialogue between Lucy and Avedon in which they discuss the cock-sizes and performance abilities of male fandom as they know it (or wish they did) -- a topic guaranteed to bend out of shape every male fan who always suspected but never before had confirmation that female fans might compare notes in this way. Recognizing a good schtick, the Rude Bitches ride male paranoia all the way to orgasm with a piece called "A Party at Dan and Lynn's," in which they reveal the Universal Signals of Female Conversation (although Fritz Leiber had already exposed the Secret Female Conspiracy in a novel years ago). But "A Few Words About Castration" and "A Few Words About Tits" get plonkingly strident despite maintaining the Rudeness Quotient, and the remainder of the issue is catty at best, and goshwow ("I want to go to England and meet these people." "Hey, wait for me!") at worst. Cummon, girls!

WIMPS AND "WORMBOYS": Some kind of dreadful synchronicity is at work.

Only a few days before RUDE BITCH was produced I happened to read in a local Washington, D.C. weekly paper a front-page article all about "Wormboys." The author of the piece, by no coincidence at all, was a woman, and boy did she have a lot of gripes to get off her chest! It seems every man she was attracted to, every man she met, was a wimp, a 100% "Wormboy," as she put it. They had no self-respect, no spine, ferghodsakes! She wanted a Real Man -- not one of those macho cowboys out of a cigarette advertisement, but a man of both strength and sensitivity, a man who would allow her to become a Real Woman at last. It occurred to me that perhaps the author's problem was that she couldn't make it as a Real Woman on her own, but I squelched the uncharitable thought and turned itstead to a real expert on the subject, Wally ("The Snake") Mind, who was still basking in the glow of his first published conreport in TRAP DOOR, Robert Lichtman's new fanzine. (I remember when Robert was "Bob" to his friends, but I digress....)

"Wally," I said as I knelt down in front of his abode (the mailbox in front of which was captured in Jeff Schalles' cover photo on the PONG Anniversary; if any of you remember that; I think a Sense of Place is so important), "Wally, what do you think, as an expert on the subject, of this new term, 'Wormboys'?"

"Whaddya mean, 'an expert on the subject'?" Wally shot back. "Who do you think I am, anyway? I'm a vertebrate -- a snake, ghoddammit!"

"Sure, sure," I said, trying to calm him down. "But you know worms, don't you? Do you know any Wormboys?" It never pays to remind Wally that he is himself a worm, but I hoped this would mollify him.

"Shit, Ted," Wally exclaimed in disgust. "You are really dumb. I mean it -- really dumb! You don't know anything about worms, do you?"



"Well," I admitted, "it's been years since I dissected a worm in high school biology."

"You what? You butcher!"

"Hey," I said, "what's it to you? You're a snake, remember?"

"Huh? Wha--? Oh, sure. Yeah, I'm a snake, but I've hung out with worms, you know. Why, some of my best friends...."

"So what about Wormboys?" I asked, trying to prod him back onto the subject.

"What about them? They don't exist," Wally said, his tone filled with contempt. "Worms don't have one gender. Worms are both male and female." He was eying his tail speculatively. "Worms can mate with themselves, you know." As I glanced away for a moment I thought I caught from the corner of my eye the sight of Wally giving his tail a wink.

"Well," Wally demanded, "is that all? I'm a busy, uh, snake -- got lots to do, can't stay out here chatting all afternoon, y'know."

"If that's all you can tell me about Wormboys," I said.

"I didn't read Taral's piece in STICKY QUARTERS yet either," Wally said impatiently. He was looking fixedly at his tail and I think his color was up.

I said goodbye, and Wally disappeared into his hole. He was in too much of a hurry to even talk about fannish Wormboys, it seemed. Perhaps it was just as well.

A SECTION FOR JUDITH HANNA: The big news around here lately has been war. Mr. Reagan found one he could win, and everyone is in a tiff over it, especially Mrs. Thatcher, who might have been presumed to be more sympathetic inasmuch as she won hers, and with Mr. Reagan's support.

Personally, I thought it was bad form to invade Grenada, no matter how the country's name is pronounced. But it undoubtedly raised the morale of the Marines, a number of whom Mr. Reagan has turned into sitting ducks in Lebanon. And it probably didn't hurt Mr. Reagan's chances for re-election -- another tip he picked up from Mrs. Thatcher. But I think he was just plain lucky to discover that in fact there were those secret treaties between Grenada and Cuba, Russia, and N. Korea, and all those stockpiled Russian arms. I mean, it wasn't like his advance intelligence had told him about all that stuff. The Marines invaded using tourist maps, after all. But the Grenadans seem to be happy about the invasion, now that it's over, and Mr. Reagan is scolding the press for calling it an "invasion," now that he's stopped using the word, and all's well that ends well, don't you think?

Who sawed Courtney's boat?

egoscan 1

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