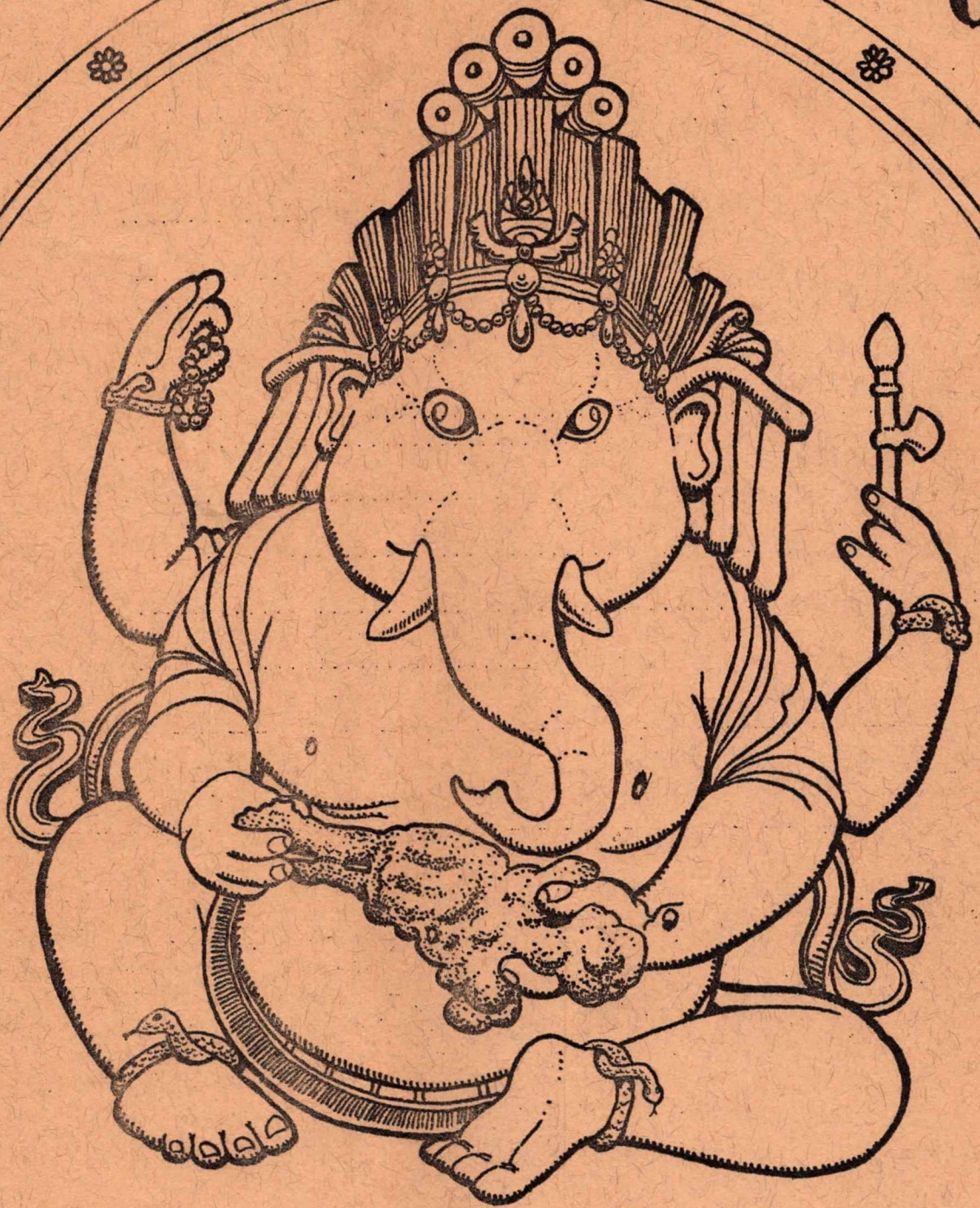


gunputty one



GUNPUTTY

HARRYBELL 75

TABLE OF CONTENTS

At the Sign of the Adiatat...editorial perorations.....	1
KYUM	
How I Cleaned Up in Education...Don D'Amassa.....	13
The Handily-Played "Belchester"...Erik Buck.....	14
The QWERTYUIOP Cookbook...Sam Long et alii.....	15
A Longevian Bestiary...S.L.	
The Mince.....	16
The Haggis.....	17
To Oz! A Fan Odyssey...J. Blish et al.....	19
On the ConTrail...S.L.....	25
TfW, the lettercol.....	35
At the Sign of the Adiatat, reprise.....	44

This fanzine is dedicated to the memory of the late James Blish, author and critic.
He was a good man, and my friend.

ART CREDITS: 1, Long; 3, (L, B.T.Jeeves, Murgatroyd Braithwaite--DR); 5, Mike Bracken; 6, L,L; 7, (BTJ, DR, L); 8, BTJ; 9, Barry Kent MacKay; 11, Harry R. Bell; 12, BTJ; 13, L; 14, BKMcK,L; 16, L; 17, L; 20, AMES; 22, AMES; 24, Helmut Pesch; 25, BTJ, BTJ; 26, BTJ; 28, (BTJ, DR), BTJ; 29, BTJ; 30, BTJ electro; 31, BTJ hand; 33, Vic Kostrikin; 37, VicK; 38, BTJ; 40, Dave Jenrette; 43, BKMcK; 45, DVJ; 46, Fred Anson/Upstart Graphics. Help in publication by Mary Reed. Typos by L.

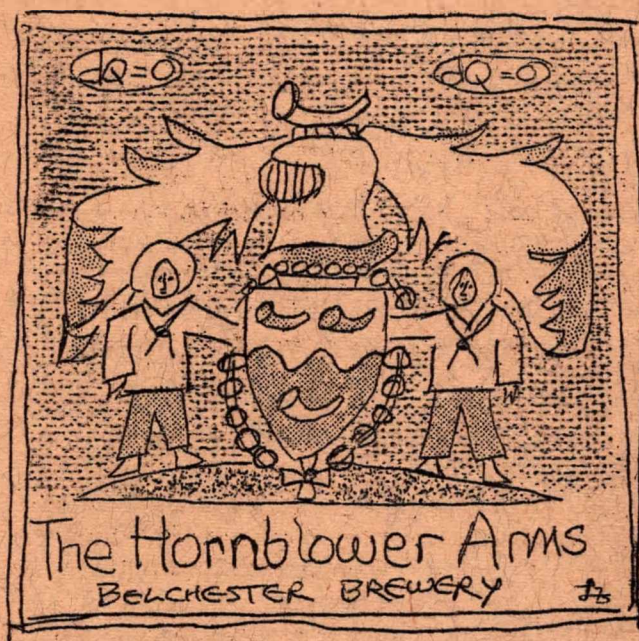
Copyright (c) Samuel Long, 1975. Rights revert to the authors/artists.

Welcome to GUNPUTTY 1, the fanzine of Mince Fandom. GP is published by Samuel S Long, Box 4946, Patrick AFB, Fla 32925 USA, at the Osteen University Press. GP supports TAFF, DUFF, Britain in '79, FLAW (Front for the Liberation of Aardvarks and Wombats), and numerous other ghod and worthy fannish causes. The editor wishes to apologize in advance for any typos, misspellings, or grammatical errors, as well as any shortcomings in the repro or in the zine itself, that may appear in this fanzine.

The editor wishes to thank the contributors and LoCers for their articles, artwork, and letters; Joe and Nita Green and their Apollo-Soyuz launchcon guests; my "Longchcon" guests; and the concommittees and attendees of BYOBCON, RIVERCON, and FANFAIR, for making this summer a very fannish and enjoyable one for him.

No price is quoted for GUNPUTTY. It is available for LoC, trade, contrib, or show of interest; and a very few will be given out at the editor's whim. Note to showers-of-interest: a quarter or two, or the equivalent in US stamps would be appreciated. No back numbers are available. Note to all readers: You must respond (LoC, trade zine, or similar) to be assured of remaining on the Osteen University Press mailinglist. This is OUP Pub 19.

AT THE SIGN OF THE ADIABAT



The Hornblower Arms is a sign of the Adiabatic, being owned by Belchester Brewery, who use the adiabatic formula, $dQ=0$, as their trademark. The pub is a new one, built in 1965 in the housing estate of Chandlersfield about a quarter-mile outside Belchester on the Ompington road. The arms are those of Admiral of the Fleet Horatio, Lord Hornblower, GCB (1776-1857), viz., *Per fess wavy argent and azure, three huntinghorns counter-changed*. The wavy partition suggests the sea, the horns allude to his name (a process known as "canting arms"), and the fact that they're hunting horns alludes to Admiral Hornblower's reputation as a hunter of enemy ships. The shield is surmounted by a viscount's coronet, and an helm befitting his degree. Upon a wreath of his colors (silver and blue) is his Crest: *A huntinghorn argent*. The supporters he is entitled to as a peer are two (Napoleonic War) sailors with

straw hats, white jumpers, and blue trousers. His shield is encircled with the collar of a Knight Grand Cross of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath. Admiral Lord Hornblower is best known to us today thru the biographies of him written by C.S. Forester and C.N. Parkinson. There is in fact a local connection between Lord Hornblower and Belchester, and it is this: Lord Hornblower was a Kentish landowner, and as such a grower of hops and apples, and he sold considerable amounts of both to Messrs B. Robinson & Sons, the predecessors of Belchester Breweries, for the making of beer and cider. Several of his lordship's letters to Master Brewer Robinson were found in the company archives and are now on display in the pub's saloon bar. [The actual inn-sign is much better done than my drawing of it, for I'm not that good an artist--sl] The present (6th) Lord Hornblower lives in South Africa, but when he comes to England (as he does about once a year), he always comes around for a drink on his way to visit his daughter, the Hon Mrs Rachel Gowers, whose husband is a Flight Lieutenant at RAF Scunthorpe some 30 miles away in north Wontshire.

Here is the story of how this fanzine got its title. Last year, while I was reading the chapter "Incarnate Human Gods" in Sir James Frazer's *The Golden Bough*, I ran across this remarkable paragraph:

At Chinchvad, a small town about ten miles from Poona in Western India, there lives a family of whom one in each generation is believed by a large proportion of the Mahrattas to be an incarnation of the elephant-headed god Gunputty. That celebrated deity was first made flesh about the year 1640 in the person of a Brahman of Poona, by name Mooraba Gosseyn, who sought to work out his salvation by abstinence, mortification, and prayer. His piety had its reward. The god himself appeared to him in a vision of the night and promised that a portion of his, that is, of Gunputty's holy spirit should abide with him and with his seed even to the seventh generation. The divine promise was fulfilled. Seven successive incarnations, transmitted from father to son, manifested the light of Gunputty to a dark world. The last of the direct line, a heavy-looking god with very weak eyes, died in the year 1810. *But the cause of truth was too sacred*, and the value of the church property too considerable, to allow the Brahmins *to contemplate with equanimity the unspeakable loss that would be sustained by a world which knew not Gunputty*. Accordingly they sought and found a holy vessel in whom the divine spirit of the master had revealed itself anew, and the revelation has been happily continued in an unbroken succession of vessels from that time to this. But a mysterious law of spiritual economy, whose operation in the history of religion we may deplore though we cannot alter, has decreed that the miracles wrought by the god-man in these degenerate days cannot compare with those which were wrought by his predecessors in days gone by; and it is even reported that the only sign vouchsafed by him to the present generation of vipers is the miracle of feeding the multitude whom he annually entertains to dinner at Chinchvad. [Italics mine--SL]

The story is an entertaining one in its own right, as I'm sure you'll agree; but what struck me more than the story was that absurd name, Gunputty. Gunputty. Gunputty. Sounds like some potion that a maker of firearms would use in his shop, analagous in name and perhaps in function, to library paste. Or maybe some sort of plastic explosive, like guncotton or gunpowder.

Or whatever. The name stuck with me, tho. So absurd yet grave, arresting, yet unremarkable. I letter the name in several scripts to see how it would look writ large. Very well. But it wouldn't go away. Finally I said, "Look here, Q8s been promised as such, but just as I was obsessed by Qwertyuiop before I took it as the title of my zine, so am I obsessed by you, Gunputty. So I'll pub my next fanzine with your name as its title. Now will you give me peace?" And so it was that Q9 became GUNPUTTY 1 instead--and I regained my mental equilibrium.

For Gunputty is not just a semi-random collection of letters like qwertyuiop. No, Gunputty is a very god, and quite a powerful one too, in his own land south of Bombay. He is the Hindu (or, as Sir James used to write it, Hindoo) god of good fortune, invoked at the beginning of all enterprises--including, of course, this fanzine. According to some, he is the son of Vishnu, but Pauline Palmer, that notable Bellingham femfan and editress of *WILD FENNEL*, who is well read in Hindu mythology, gives him as the son of Siva. She writes:

GUNPUTTY, more rightly Ganapati, also known as Ganesa [sometimes written Ganesha], king-of-the-elders and first among the great, is the patron of literature and of schools, and is actually one of the more popular Hindu deities.

Ganapati is considered to be the son of Siva, although his mother Parvati (Lady-of-the-Mountain [--"Muse" in Greek-sl], Siva's consort, an obviously liberated lady, created him herself from "the dew of her body mingled with dust" to guard the door one day while she was bathing and the servants were all out. Unfortunately, Siva came along and Ganapati, following orders not to let anyone in, would not let him enter. In the battle that followed, his [Ganapati's] head was cut off.

Siva, to comfort Parvati in her grief at the loss of her son, severed the head of the first living thing to wander by, and joined it to Ganapati's body. Hence he has the head of an elephant.

A great deal of symbolism has been derived from this combination of man and elephant, but primarily it's taken as the merging of the microcosm (man) with the macrocosm (nature cum elephant).

Ganapati has, as do a number of Hindu gods, four arms. He has only one tusk, his trunk is always shown as crooked, never just hanging down straight, and his belly is fat. Most odd of all, he rides on a mouse. The print I have shows his head as being bright pink, and his body as a pale, WASP-ish flesh color, in spite of the fact that the *Ganapati Upanisad* says "his limbs are painted with red sandal paste." It also describes him as being dressed in red.

"Unfailing, merciful, the origin of the worlds
he appears at the beginning of creation,
alone, beyond Nature, beyond the Cosmic Person."

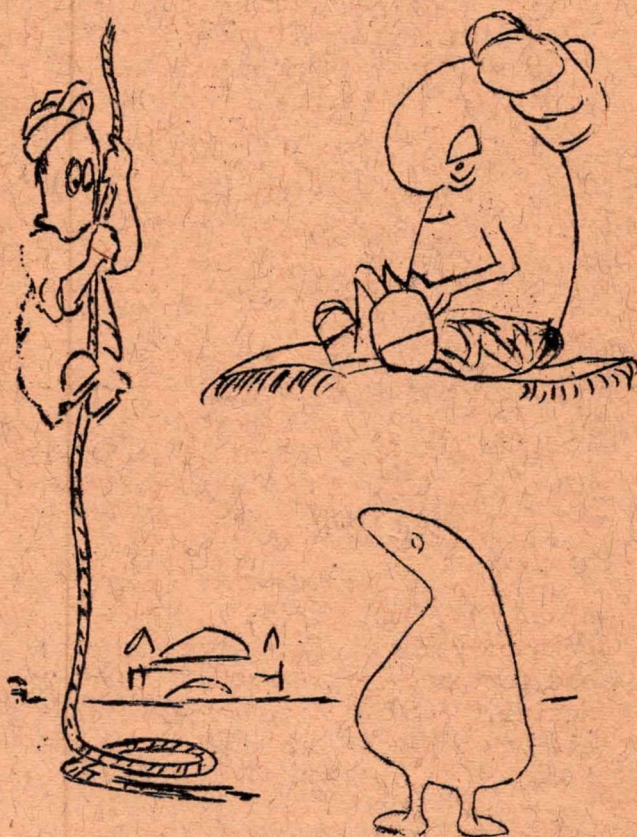
Ganapati Upanisad

It also says that two of his hands hold a noose and a hook while the other two show the gestures of removing fear and granting boons. Alain Danielou, in *Hindu Polytheism* (Pantheon Books, 1964) says, "To catch delusion (moha) the enemy of all seekers, he holds the noose. The driving hook is the insigne of the ruler of the universe, and the hand granting boons shows him as the fulfiller of desires. The hand allaying fear shows that Ganapati is beyond the realm of time, of death, to which all fear pertains."

Larousse claims that "His steed is nothing but a rat, a contemptuous form bestowed by him on a demon he had vanquished," but Danielou, basing his interpretation on the *Sri Bhagavat tattva*, which says, among other things, "The mouse is his vehicle, glorious for all to behold", explains Ganapati as the "Mouse Rider" (the Vedas refer to him this way sometimes) because "the mouse is the master of the inside of everything. The all-pervading Atman is the mouse that lives in the hole called Intellect, within the heart of every being. It is the real enjoyer of the pleasures of all creatures."

Ganapati's belly is fat because all manifestation is contained therein (and Ganapati himself isn't contained by anyone or anything). It's also fat to provide for one of the great legends about him, telling why he has only one tusk and why there are moonless nights.

It seems that once, after stuffing himself on offerings, Ganapati took a ride on his mouse as a means of aiding his digestion. It was a lovely moonlit night, but all of a sudden his mouse was frightened by a huge snake in the road ahead of them. The mouse shied and Ganapati fell off, landing on his tummy, which--being so full--burst open. Of course, being a god, this didn't bother him much--he just wrapped the snake about his middle and forced it to mend him, which it did.



So having literally pulled himself back together again, Ganapati prepared to continue his ride. But echoing across the sky came the sound of loud, riotous laughter, and turning, he saw that the moon was jeering at him. This made Ganapati so furious that he broke off one of his tusks and threw it at the moon, uttering a curse which took its light away. So it is that to this very day there are nights during which the moon casts no light at all.

And once again the gods are shown to have human emotions. Although I grant most of us mere mortals can't rip off a tusk and/or cast such a potent spell. Nor can I even figure out how to cleverly work in one more quote, one that I refuse to leave out, so I'll just tak it on non-sequitur fashion at the end, from verse 51, Kalidasa's "The Cloud Messenger":

"Thy forepart pendant sidelong in the heavens like a sky-elephant..."

* * * * *

Pauline has an Indian print that includes Gunputty among its subjects, and she describes him in great detail; and suggests that I get him to manifest himself and help me put out my zine. Not a bad ideal, actually...he could crank and slipsheet and collate and staple all at the same time....

You may have noticed that Harry Bell's cover shows Gunputty with both tusks. There are two explanations for this: One is that he is being drawn as he was before his Ride described above took place; and the other is that my Gunputty is a two-gun putty, or rather a two-tusk Ganapati in defiance of Hindu orthodoxy. For I'm sure that the Hindu holy books have contradictions and mistakes in them like the Bible and the *Iliad* do.

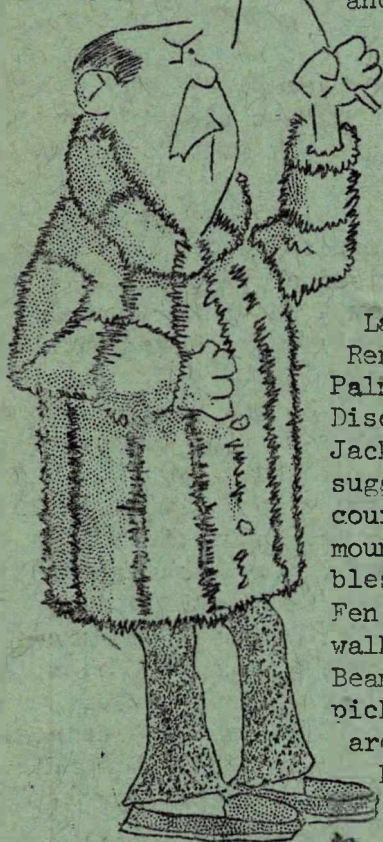
So now you know more about Ganapati, er, Gunputty, than you ever wanted to know...or have you? It's not every fanzine that's ~~got~~ got a whole Upanishad named after it.... But anyway...you remember those suggestive bumperstickers I mentioned lastish? Such as "Weathermen do it with Crystal Balls"? Well, I've had some more suggested to me, both stfnal and mundane, and here are a few: Slans do it mindfully...Tarzan swings...Frankenstein does it monstrosly, Telzy does it with remote control...creatures in FTL ships jump to it...Ralph 124C 41+ does it by shorthand...The Illustrated Man does it with pictures...Gilbert Gosseyn [any relation to Gunputty's Gosseyn above?] goes ~~Taaa~~ when he does it...Dr Jekyll does it by baring his Hyde...and Alidoes it with mirrors... [all from Ed Connor]....lawyers do it briefly...bureaucrats do it in quadruplicate...telephone operators do it person-to-person...High Wire artists do it VERY CAREFULLY...Masseuses rub it...water ski-ers are kinky--they do it with a rope...rugby players do it with leather balls...we don't even need to mention how rear admirals do it... bad typists do it x-cellently...[from Pauline Palmer]....

My question, "Who are the Nine Worthies of the World?" didn't get much response. Only a couple of people mentioned it in their LoCs. Nevertheless, I don't want to leave you in suspense, so for your edification and enjoyment is William Caxton's listing from the preface to his first printing of Sir Thomas Malory's *Le Morte D'Arthur*, Everyman's Library edition:

[I]t is notoriously known through the universal world that there be nine worthy and best that ever were, that is to wit three paynims, three Jews, and three Christian men. As for the paynims...tofore the Incarnation of Christ,...the first [is] Hector of Troy,...the second Alexander the Great, and the third Julius Caesar, Emperor of Rome. And as for the three Jews which also were tofore the Incarnation of Our Lord,...the first was Duke Joshua which brought the children of Israel into the land of behest; the second David, King of Jerusalem; and the third Judas Maccabaeus. And sith the said Incarnation have been three noble Christian men stalled and admitted through the universal world into the number of the nine best and worthy, of whom the first was the noble Arthur...The second was Charlemagne or Charles the Great...; and the third and last was Godfrey of Bouillon [the leader of the First Crusade in 1096].

Bruce Pelz was the only person to name the Nine Worthies of the World in an LoC. He named them correctly, and then goes on to confound me by giving the names of the Nine Worthies of London, viz, Sir Wm Walworth, Sir Henry Pritchard, Sir Wm Sevenoke, Sir Thos White, Sir John Bonham, Christopher Croker, Sir John Hawkwood, Sir Hugh Calveley, and Sir Henry Maleverer--without telling me what they are Worthy for. Terry Hughes is surprised that I didn't ask for the names of the Seven Against Thebes. Well, Terry, they were Adrastus, Ampharaus, Capaneus, Hippomedon, Tydeus, Parthenopaeus, and Polynices. They all fought and died in an unsuccessful attempt to put Polynices on the Theban throne after the expulsion of Oedipus.

AWright,
which one
of you
sumbitches
stole my
BEANIE?



And not a single person named the Seven Hills of Rome, Deadly Sins, Cardinal Virtues, or Pleiades. Here they are: Hills--Capitoline, Palatine, Esquiline, Aventine, Viminal, Quirinal, and Caelian. Sins: Gluttony, anger, pride, lust, envy, sloth, and covetousness. Virtues: three theological ones, faith, hope, and charity; and four natural ones, prudence, justice, temperance, and fortitude. Pleiads: Maia, Electra, Taygete, Celaeno, Alcyone, and Merope, daughters of Atlas and Pleione. Only six Pleiads are visible as stars; the missing one is either Merope or Electra. GUNPUTTY, the educational fanzine.

Any more

unfinished business? Ah yes, FANLAND, the fannish-stfnal amusement park based vaguely on Disneyland, drew a number of comments. Terry Jeeves suggests that among the attractions should be a Ride on Courtney's Boat and a real Bheercan Tower to the Moon. Paul Skelton suggests a Trip thru the Martian Labyrinths à la John Carter in *The Gods of Mars*, and a funhouse Rendezvous with Rama--you know, the rotating tunnel bit. Pauline Palmer suggests a Tunnel-of-Love ride thru the giant trees of Disch's *The Genocides*, and an ongoing audience-participation Bug Jack Barron TV show taped live on location in the park daily. Skel suggests a Deathworld-3-type Mighty Cliffride. There will of course be lots of stfnal/fannish souvenirs. Small globes or maps mounted or printed upside down--inverted worlds. Souvenir tribbles for trekkies, and life-size Barbarella dolls for Dirty Old Fen, suggests Pauline. Souvenir Glicksohn hats, maybe? Runestaff walking sticks. Kuddly Kzin instead of teddybears. Jugs of Jim Beam with a mechanism in them that says "Smoooth" when the jug is picked up. Strap-on Dorsai fins for young fannish swimmers. One ardent feminist among Q's readers suggested that pictures of John Norman and/or Tarl Cabot be placed in the park's toilet bowls.

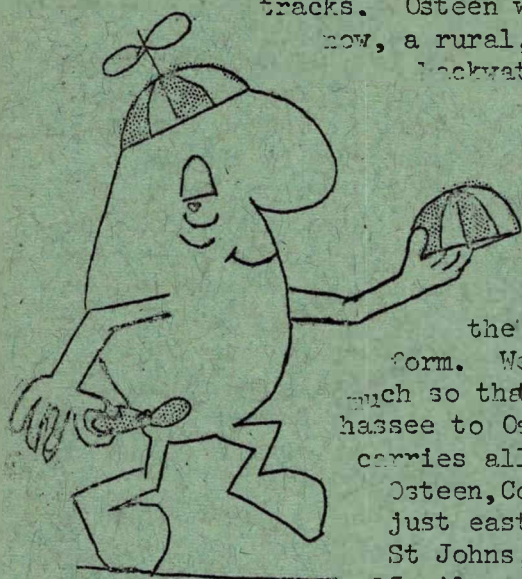
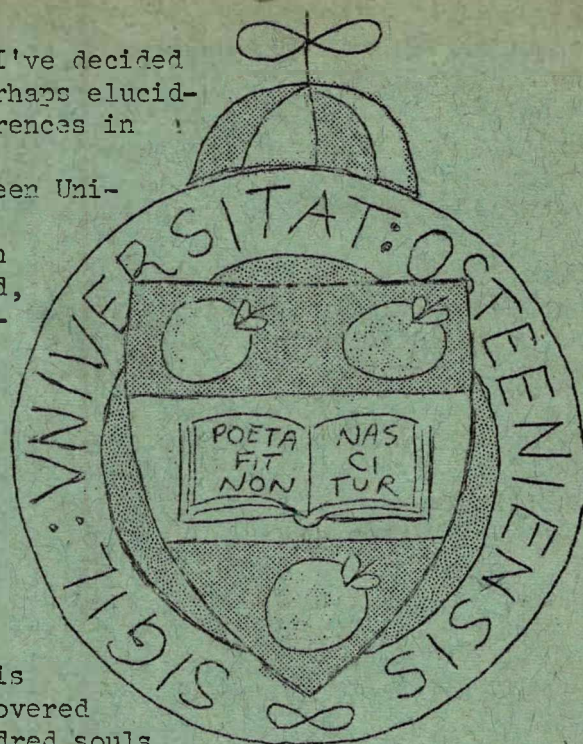
I must say that would be going a bit far, but there is a precedent for putting such pictures in the bottoms of souvenir chamberpots, for during the Napoleonic Wars in Britain, you could buy chamberpots with Bonaparte's picture in them. Similar pottery with the face changed according to the political or other views of the purchaser was no doubt available from the distant past until the chamberpot became obsolete in this century, tho since I'm no expert on antiques, I can't swear to any except Napoleon's case. Another and final souvenir suggestion is bumperstickers of a fannish sort, including the "so-and-so does it suchlike-and-suchlike" ones I mentioned earlier; which gives me a chance to include a couple from B.T.Jeeves. Esq that got left out of the listing on page 4: Heisenberg does it uncertainly...Lawyers do it distortedly...Einstein does it with gravity....

...and SF authors do it write. I must admit that, because I'm a weatherman myself, I often have difficulty "accepting" the meteorology that appears from time to time in SF. Nevertheless, like a good SF fan, I can usually "suspend disbelief" concerning most phenomena (say, FTL drives) so that I can enjoy the story. One thing that my mind will not accept, tho, is the "droobleberry juice" from Larry Niven's *Ringworld*. Please, you fannish gardeners, horticulturalists, Larry, somebody, please someone invent or hybridize a droobleberry so's I can read Niven in peace. Boysen did it; why can't we do it for drooble? And even Brad, Rodden, and the two Johns while we're at it? ¹ Rudolf Boysen, fl.ca. 1923. Developed the Boysenberry.

At the risk, perhaps, of destroying a legend, I've decided to "demythologize" the Osteen Mythos and so perhaps elucidate some of the more obscure and puzzling references in this fanzine.

To the right is the seal of Osteen University, the world's only fannish institute of higher learning. Like Oxford University, which it resembles in many ways, it was never founded, but sort of grew--only in this case from a family joke.

Osteen exists. It is a small settlement on a sandy ridge above the swamps of the mighty St Johns River, about 8 miles northeast of Sanford, Florida, on State Road 415; and its chief claim to fame is that my father lived there for about five years when he was a kid--almost 50 years ago now. The house where he lived still stands by the now-disused Florida East Coast Railway tracks. Osteen was then, as it is now, a rural, Spanish-moss-covered backwater of a few hundred souls.



But my father, who has a gift for humorous exaggeration, claims that it is the Metropolis of the New South, a Growing, Vigorous Community, &c &c, and used to retouch the *New York Times* color supplements on Florida to that effect and send them to his sister, saying, "See what the old place has become?" My brother and I got into the act, and by the early '60s, the Osteen Mythos began to take its present form. We claimed that Osteen was indeed your thriving city, so much so that there was talk of removing the state capital from Tallahassee to Osteen. The town's newspaper, *The Osteen Intelligencer*, carries all the good comic strips and none of the bad ones. The Osteen, Cow Creek & Samsula Railroad's vast marshalling yards are just east of the city. [Cow Creek is a tributary of the mighty St Johns, about 10 miles east, and Samsula is a village about 15 miles north--and the OCC&SRR actually exists as the family's name for my father's model railroad layout.] Osteen International

Airport is an old abandoned airfield near Osceola, about 5 miles southeast, on the shores of Lake Harney. As far as I can tell, the field is being used as a sanitary landfill. But in the Mythos it has a tower, a VORTAC, an identifier (OST), multiple ILSs, and all the things that a first-rank international airport should have. That notable Aussiefan, Robin Johnson, used to live in Tingewick, in Buckinghamshire, and behind his house there is an old abandoned WWII airstrip like Osteen's, which we named Tingewick International; and now there is--in theory at least--a fannish air service on Air Yarbrough between Osteen and Tingewick. Graham Yarbrough is an old highschool friend of mine who owns his own Piper Cherokee 180.

There are many remarkable things in Osteen--at least in the Mythos--but none more remarkable than the University. I don't remember exactly when the University was added to the Mythos, but I believe it was before I started QWERTYUIOP. When I started pubbing, I cast around for a name for my publishing house, and Osteen University Press suggested itself immediately. And that is how Osteen became fannish.

The University remains fannish because I have taken over the Mythos now and have seen to it that all the members of the university are fans, except for my father, who is Chancellor, a ceremonial and honorary post. I am the Vice-Chancellor, which means I actually run the place and have Power--to appoint staff and grant degrees, &c. Osteen is the only university that awards MFL and DFL--Master and Doctor of Fannish Letters--degrees. Fans may be awarded professorships, if

they desire. There's no pay attached to professorial positions, but then, there are no duties either. The university is collegiate, like Oxford; chief among the colleges are St Ompa's, St Fanthony's, and Judas. The colleges are located on a wooded hill about 1/4 mile northwest of the city. Together with myself as Vice-Chancellor, the Heads of the Colleges form the Abdominal Council, similar to Oxford's Hebdomadal Council. Osteen's council is so named because the council's chamber is dominated by a statue of an immensely fat Gunputty.

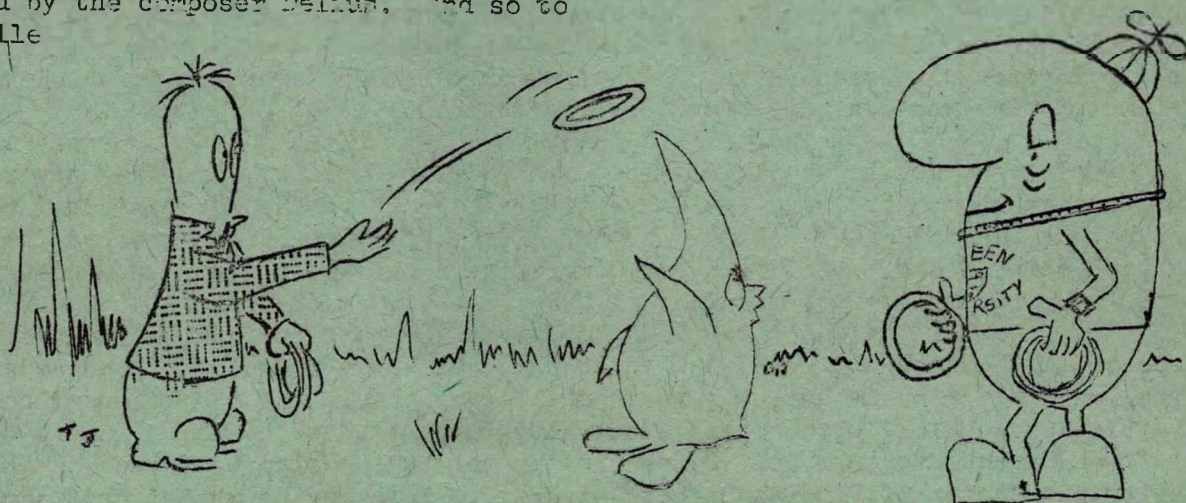
The arms of the University are as follows: Azure (blue) on a fess argent (silver, white) between three oranges slipped proper, an open book inscribed *Poeta fit non nascitur*, that is, "Poets are made not born." The inscription is a quotation from Lewis Carroll--an Oxford man. The propeller-beanie surmounting the seal forms part of the crest of the University.

Osteen's "totem animal" is the mince, and its athletic teams are called the Trufen. In this regard it resembles my own alma mater, North Carolina, whose totem is a ram, but whose teams are the Tarheels. Athletic endeavor is mostly confined to fannish games like ghoddminton and tiddledywinks and fencing.

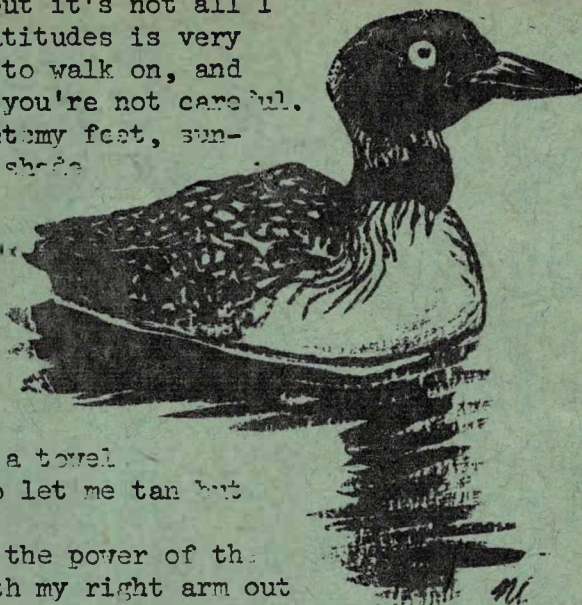
Separate from the University but closely associated with it is the Osteen Academy of Arts and Sciences, of which the Vice-Chancellor is *ex officio* President. Fellows of the Academy are appointed by the President with the consent of the incumbent fellows; accordingly an FOAAS is next to an FRS (Fellow of the Royal Society) in academic clout.

The Sign of the Adibat is part of the Osteen Mythos. Somewhere in western England, north of Trollope's Barchester, are the Two Counties of Wontshire and Nosushire (Wonts & Nosus), with their respective chief towns of Ompington and Belchester. RAF Scumthorpe in the North Wonts Moors has already been mentioned, and Troutbridge, after which the Royal Navy frigate of *Navy Lark* fame was named, is in the south of Nosus. Ompton, Notts, Scumthorpe, and Trowbridge, Wilts, are real places; and I believe there is a Belchester House in the North somewhere.....but that is as close as mundane toponymy comes to the fannish. Belchester is famed as the cradle of fandom, for it was there in 1698 that a printer who was a devotee of the "phantasticall literature" of the time printed what one might call the first fanzines for himself and his like-minded friends. The inspiration for Belchester and the Two Counties came from a BBC comedy radio program, *Stop Messing About*, that was on in the late '60s. Details of the history and legends of the area were described in detail in QWERTYUIOP 2.

The last part of the Osteen Mythos is the mighty St Johns River. The epithet "mighty" was granted to this lazy river for contrariness. The source of the St Johns is Lake Hellen (or Helen) Blazes, a few miles southwest of Melbourne--say fifteen miles from my house. Farther down the river is Lake Harney; and then Lake Monroe, upon whose south shore is Sanford (where my father spent the rest of his boyhood), and on whose north shore is the town of Enterprise, after which the Starship was named. (inept) space-naval architect who designed it was from there. Farther north near Palatka, the St Johns passes by the orange grove once owned by the composer Delius. And so to Jacksonville and the sea.....



A pair of trunks is all I wear in the water, but it's not all I wear to the beach. The summer sun in these latitudes is very powerful: it can make the sand almost too hot to walk on, and can give you a bad sunburn in half an hour if you're not careful. So I wear a pair of flipflop (zoris) to protect my feet, sunglasses to counter the glare, a canvas hat to shade my brow, and my *shamma*, or Ethiopian toga, around my shoulders to prevent sunburn. The *shamma*, the national garment of Ethiopia, is a souvenir of my vacation trip to that country in 1972; it is a loosely woven piece of cloth (homespun, I think) about a meter wide and two meters long, that rural Ethiopians wear like a shawl. I use it in the same office, since it is light, does not pick up sand like a towel would, and is thin and loosely woven enough to let me tan but thick enough to keep me from burning.



I know the power of the sun. Once during my Ethiopian trip, I sat with my right arm out the window of the Land Rover nearly all day. The next day, I had an oval burned spot on my upper arm some 10cm long by 6cm wide. It wasn't particularly painful, but it was badly blistered, and it took three weeks to heal. I still have a patch of freckles on that arm to remind me of the event. So, knowing the power of the sun, I avoid overexposure to it. I rarely go shirtless except at the beach, and so my shoulders, back, chest, and upper arms are considerably lighter than my lower arms, face, neck, and legs.

I'm an informal dresser. In summer, I wear sandals, socks, shorts, and a shirt; and in winter, jeans, hushpuppies, and a sweater. I wear an under-shirt even in summer because it absorbs sweat like a wick and allows it to evaporate faster, thus cooling me more efficiently. The pumping action of an un-tucked-in outer shirt flapping as I move increases the cooling effect. Socks act as wicks too, and keep the feet cooler, drier, and less odiferous. Also, I dislike the feel of shoe-leather on my bare feet.

One sartorial characteristic my Heinleinian namesake and I share is, that we both like skirts. Both meanings. Lazarus preferred kilts to trousers because it's easier to conceal and get at a weapon in a kilt. True enough, but my reasons are more pacific: I find trousers uncomfortable for lounging. In the privacy of my flat, I often strip down to a terrycloth bath kilt or a dressing gown or even less for sitting and reading, or listening to music, or doing fanac. The fact that I keep the air conditioning at a rather high temperature (for economy--in winter, I keep the heat low) encourages casual semi-nudity on my part. I must add that there is no transvestism in this: the bath kilt, the robes, etc, are all men's styles, bought in the men's department of the store, cut for a male figure. I have no desire to wear women's clothes. Neither do I appear in public in skirts. Kilts are still very much the Scots folk-costume to Americans, and custom dictates that American men wear some sort of trousers in public, be the trousers short, long, or mid-length. Besides, the Scots kilt is made of thick wool and is designed for a climate much cooler than Florida's.

Kilts, warm tho they may be, are draftier than trousers, and this may be a genetic advantage of sorts to Scots. The cooler, free-swinging gonads of a kilted Scot will tend to produce more and healthier sperm than those of an Englishman all hot and bothered in his Marks and Sparks Y-fronts. Also, fallout will tend to fall out of a kilt rather than collecting in a crotch and irradiating the balls at short range, to the possible detriment of a man's future offspring. Here one may answer the old question: What does a Scotsman wear under his kilt. The answer is: Anything he damn well pleases. Some wear nothing, some wear ordinary underwear, and some wear tartan shorts. Curiously enough, the Roman legionaries, who were also kilted, commonly wore calf-length breeches under their tunics and armor; however, long after the fall of Rome, breeches or trousers in civilian life were the mark of a barbarian or of low social class; and even today, ceremonial dress is often in the form of skirts and robes. (As in priestly vestments, judges' robes, college gowns, fannish costumes....)

Scotland's kilted Highland regiments have been justly famous for centuries, and until recently, they went into battle in their kilts. But they found in the Boer war that to be pinned down by accurate enemy musketry in a desert or veldt renders a kilted soldier liable to very painful sunburns on the backs of his knees. The mud and the trenches of World War One did the rest, and so ever since early World War Two, Highlanders have gone into action in ordinary trousered battledress--tho with their pipers and tamoshanters. The pipers still play tunes like "The Swing of the Kilt" and "The Kilt is My Delight", tho, and the day-to-day uniform is still the kilt. (Not all Scots regiments wear kilts: Lowland regiments wear tartan trews or trousers, the Scots Guards wear the same trousers as the other Guards regiments, and, since the kilt is not suited for riding horses, the Royal Scots Greys, Scotland's only cavalry regiment, have always worn trousers.)

"O Kaftan, My Kaftan", Longfellow should have written. It's extremely difficult to find a man's robe that goes below the knees. This is fine in summer, but in drafty winter, I like to have something to cover my legs. I have an ankle-length terrycloth robe that's almost in tatters now, I've worn it so much. Where will I find another? At a reasonable price?

All this is not to say I disdain trousers. I often lounge in a loose-cut pair of pajama bottoms, and a well-fitting pair of breeches--shorts, jeans, swimtrunks, whatever, is a delight to wear. But, style be damned, they must be cut full, and the tight fit demanded by modern fashion irks me exceedingly. You see, I'm rather short and stocky. I have short legs (29 inch inseam), and I'm rather platypygous, which is to say, rather broad across the butt. It's hard to find a pair of jeans or trousers that's short enough in the leg but wide enough around the bottom--and not so wide in the waist that they fall off.

Military uniforms are cut full, thank goodness, for until recently they were my day-to-day wear. I buy my shorts from a mail-order house that specializes in outdoorwear, for I've found that ordinary "store-boughten" Bermuda shorts are too tight around the thighs and bottoms for me, and also too long. I prefer safari-type shorts with mid-length legs and wide bottoms. I found while I was living in England that British-made trousers fit me better than American-made ones: the cut was better.

I have a couple of suits, but I've never had occasion to wear them much. In most cases, I prefer slacks and a sportcoat. I hate ties, and avoid wearing them whenever possible. In this regard I was lucky to be posted to Florida by the Air Force, for down here we can wear the summer uniform all year long. The uniform is a pair of dark blue trousers and a light blue open-necked short-sleeve shirt--with no tie. The Air Force does, or did, have a uniform of tan bermuda shorts and a tan open-necked shirt, but I've only seen it once, and I never purchased it. You had to wear knee-length socks, which kind of destroyed the advantage of shorts. When I can do so, then, I avoid wearing ties, and wear a turtleneck instead, which is an acceptable substitute in all but the stuffiest places.

I don't particularly care for hats either, at least not felt ones. They take up too much space and are fragile and easily messed up. So instead I wear a canvas safari hat to keep the sun out of my eyes and the rain off my face; but when the sun's not shining and it's not raining, I don't wear a hat at all. In winter, tho, especially in colder climates, I wear a hat to keep my head warm, for even tho I've a thick thatch of hair, my head can still get cold; in such cases, I often wear a tamoshanter with a red pompon on top. When I owned an MG Midget sportscar, I wore a tamoshanter to keep my hair from blowing about when I had the top down.

In general, I've found that I don't "wear" clothes well. I can never look natty, spiffy, sharp, even if I did keep up with fashion. My figure won't allow it. So I prefer comfort to style, and let it be. I try to keep my clothes clean and in good repair, tho. I don't go in for mod stuff or leather or denim, or platform shoes, or wide bellbottoms, or the New Raggedness, or things like that. Uncomfortable.

Nor do I myself go in for long hair. I've always kept my hair somewhat short by today's standards, and not altogether because the Air

Force insisted I keep it short. I've let it grow somewhat since I left the Air Force at the end of last June, but I doubt that I'll let it get down to my shoulders. It's not straight, but rather curly, and would end up looking like a tangle rather than a smooth coif like Peter Egg Roberts has. I have a hard enough time keeping it controlled as it is: the only time it looks neat is when I've just washed it. Short hair has manifold advantages: it is easier to care for, tends to look neater, and does not provide a handle for muggers (Alexander the Great had his men go into battle clean-shaven and newly-barbered, so that the enemy wouldn't be able to grab them by the beard or



hair and cut their throats). If it's short enough--or nonexistent--it need not be combed or brushed. On the other hand, long hair is more graceful, and the care and grooming of the head is a well-known social act among primates and man. And haircuts are getting damnably expensive. I'm not particularly self-conscious about my short hair when among fans, tho fans (male fans, I mean) are a rather hirsute bunch. I'm not particularly affected by long hair or lack of it on others either, tho my father, like many men of his generation, dislikes long hair exceedingly, and wants me to get my hair cut, even tho, as many fans to cons this summer will testify, it's not a great deal longer than the Force Regulations require. I don't mind long hair on others so much as unkempt long hair. I'm a believer in the virtues of shampoo (and real poo), brush and comb--plus some judicious scissor-work and razor-work from time to time. Many of your so-called "longhair wierdo freaks" could use a haircut and a shave, tho not to bootcamp standards. Rather to where it better suits their face. I might be able to improve my appearance with a beard--it would hide my receding chin--but I have no plans to grow one any time in the near

future--they're so much trouble to grow. On the other hand, I dislike aggressively short haircuts or flattops. I like the freedom men have these days to wear their hair the way it suits them. I know a number of men on whom longer hair and/or a beard has greatly improved their looks. I have seen a photo of Mike Glicksohn before he grew his famous chink-whiskers; but I shall have to wait to see whether Old Bill Bowers's new beard suits him.

By the way, have you ever wondered what happened to the great beards of the Victorian and Edwardian eras? World War One was as hard on beards as it was on kilts, but Robert Graves and Alan Hodge, in their book *The Long Weekend*, a sort of history of the interwar period, attribute the disappearance of facial hair to "...the sudden craze for 'Beaver'.... Two or more people walking down a street would play a twenty-point game of beaver-counting. The first to cry 'Beaver' at the sight of a beard won a point, but white beards (known as polar beavers') and other distinguished sorts had higher values." Bearded men got tired of being mocked

in that fashion, and so, Graves writes, "when the growing scarcity of beavers ended the game in 1924, King George, distinguished foreigners, and a few Chelsea Pensioners were for some years the only bearded men left in Great Britain." Just how the word "beaver" got transferred from men's beards to women's pubic hair, I don't know, tho Chaucer noticed a resemblance in "The Miller's Tale." GUNPUTTY, the literate fanzine

I want to thank all the faneds who sent me zines in the last eight months. It would take me pages to list them all, all the hundred-odd zines you've sent, faneds; and anyhow I've LoC'd all but a few of the zines I've received, either in a letter or on a pocsard; and, as GUNPUTTY is available for trade, nearly all the faneds who sent me zines will get a copy of this. So I will confine my fanzine reviews to a mention of a few zines that struck me as being of particular excellence or interest. First and foremost, I daresay, is Bill Bowers's OUTWORLDS, which needs no introduction from me. It's one of the few offsetzines that "feels" like a mimeo'd zine, and to us tradition-
alists, mimeo is the medium. Fred Haskell's RUNE, the OO of the Minneapolis group, is a rare example of a clubzine that's interesting to non-clubmembers too, that is,

that is a successful genzine as well. Jerry Kaufman and Suzle Tompkins's THE SPANISH INQUISITION dropped unexpectedly thru my postbox the other week. Everything about this zine is first-class; along with Linda Bushyager's GRANFALLOON, it's one of the top zines in the East. Donn Brazier's TITLE has been described as a one-man apa; every issue is "completely different", as has been said in another connection. Don Thompson's DON-O-SAUR is one of the best personalzines around. Frank Denton's zines ASH-WING and ROGUE RAVEN run him close, tho. Dave & Hardee Jenrette's TABEBULIAN has been, and will no doubt continue to be, one of the most off-beat zines in fandom, as well as one of the most interesting. Among British fanzines that I get these days, ERG stands at the fore, tho it's thin nowadays. Terry Jeeves pubs it; and he and Eric Dentcliffe have revived TRIODE, to the delight of nostalgia fans. Peter Roberts's EGG is still the faanish fanzine, but KNOCKERS FROM NEPTUNE by the Pearae, Mike and Pat, is crazier. Rob Jackson has taken over MAYA, and made it faanish, with sercon bits--a nice mixture. I mustn't forget Mike Glyer's COMPREHENSIBLE, or Victoria Vayne's SIMULACRUM, or Mike Torra's RANDOM, or the Fantome itself, Ed Connor's MORIUS TRIP LIBRARY/SCIENCE FICTION ECHO. Or Don D'Amassa's MYTHOLOGIES, the passionate fanzine.

* * * * *

Likewise I won't say a great deal about the books I've read recently, but I will say a few words. Niven & Pournelle's *The Mote in God's Eye* impressed me very much, but I'm not sure it's a classic. Niven is one of my favorite writers, tho. Hal Clement is eleven: *Ocean on Top* is not nearly as good as *Close to Critical*, which is in turn inferior to his

classic, *Mission of Gravity*. But I waxed enthusiastic over the late James Blish's *A Case of Conscience*. Leonard Wolf's *The Annotated Dracula*, even with Sätty, lacks a good bit, both of notes and of critique. But R.L.Weber's anthology *A Random Walk in Science* is a faanish delight. Ursula Le Guin's *The Dispossessed*, *The Lathe of Heaven*, and *The Left Hand of Darkness*, like Gene Wolfe's *The Fifth Head of Cerberus*, were slow books, but the effect in all was overpowering; *Dis* deserved its Hugo.

Do You feel

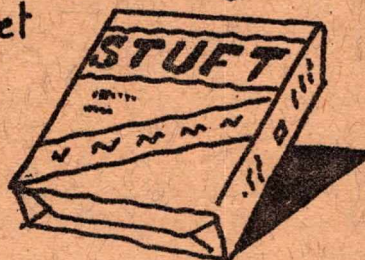
Fuzzy



HEAD-ACHY



Then why don't you
get

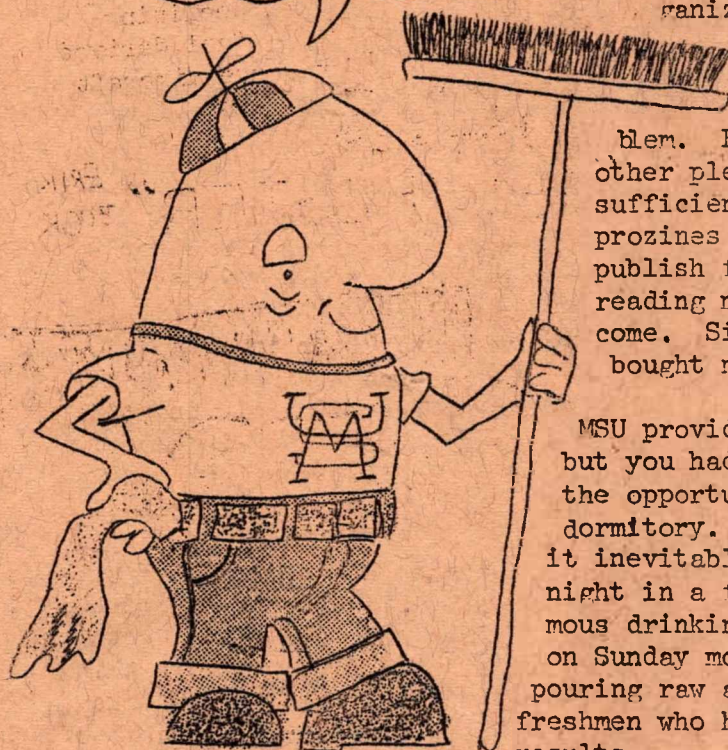


AVAILABLE FROM ANY
IRONMONGERS

KYUM

...is Yuma, Arizona, in the weather code, and this part of the zine is for fans whose "Sensa Yuma" matches their "Sensa Wonda". One such fan is Don D'Amassa, that indefatigable reviewer of well-known and obscure SF and writers. In this little story, Don tells us....

How I CLEANED UP IN EDUCATION!



Altho I had been reading SF for four years when I became a freshman at Michigan State University, I hadn't encountered organized fandom at all. I'd only been there a few months, however, before I was recruited into APA-45 and the world of fanzines. This presented me with a problem. By going without haircuts, snacks, and other pleasures, my \$7.00 per week allowance was sufficient to buy all of the new paperback SF and prozines as they came out. But if I was going to publish fanzines, I would either have to skimp on reading matter or find an alternate source of income. Since I've been a completist ever since I bought my first SF novel, I opted for the latter.

MSU provided jobs for anyone willing to take them, but you had to take the job provided. I was given the opportunity to be Sunday janitor in a men's dormitory. The problem with Sunday morning is that it inevitably follows Saturday night, and a Saturday night in a freshman men's dorm is frequently one enormous drinking session. Consequently, my first duty on Sunday morning was to walk thru all the corridors, pouring raw ammonia on the visible residue of those freshmen who had exceeded their limits with disastrous results.

After three weeks of this, I began muttering under my breath, and occasionally out loud. The local residents overheard me, and a plot was launched. I would walk down the corridor, wet-mopping as I went. When I would turn around, someone would have emptied cigarette ashes onto the wet floor.

It didn't take too much of this to get my back up. I began inserting pencils between the door and the jamb of the offending rooms, imprisoning the residents until they were rescued by friends, or tied sheets together and descended the outer wall of the building. The battle escalated.

One Sunday, I moved into one of the carpeted lounges, grabbed the two nearest wastebaskets, and started for the trashbins. Suddenly my pants began to cling to my legs. I investigated. My belligerent friends had punched a series of holes around the bottom rim of each wastebasket. Then they had filled an A&W Root Beer container with urine, turned it upside down onto the bottom of the basket, and covered it with paper. Until the basket was disturbed, everything was fine, but when I raised it, the container overturned and urine spewed onto rug, walls, and me.

I pencilled the entire floor into their rooms, locked the lounge with my master key, and stormed out.

The following Sunday, I tried to enter the lounge again. I couldn't. With admirable cooperation and team spirit, the entire floor had apparently teamed up to crumple pieces of newspaper and fill the lounge from floor to ceiling. I spent an extra hour without pay carting it all to the trash bins.

Undaunted but crafty, I bided my time. At 2:00 AM the following Sunday morning, I vacuumed the corridor on that floor. Then I did it again at 3:30, and again at 5:00. When my normal work shift started at 7:00, I left the vacuum running thruout the morning. Victory seemed within my grasp.

That weekend passed without incident. But the following Sunday, when I trundled out my vacuum cleaner, it sloshed.

That's right, sloshed. Not only had they filled it completely with water, they had thrown several handfuls of wheat inside. In some places it had sprouted, in others, merely bloated. But it entirely filled the inside of the cleaner with a vegetable mass impossible to extract.

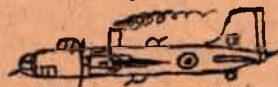
I conceded defeat. I posted an official surrender on the bulletin board. I told the university (politely) what they could do with their job. Then I waited for the weekend to start waging war against the poor slob that cleaned my dormitory on Sunday mornings.

~~~~~

From the magazine *Aviation Week & Space Technology*, 7 April '75:

"[The US] Air Force is studying ... possible potential alternate fuel sources for aircraft as a result of the Middle East oil crisis in 1973 and declining worldwide reserves. Optional sources being investigated [include] a fuel derived from coal shale. USAF estimates that a...coal fuel system [for large aircraft could be available] within 10 years."

It's been done.



## THE HANDILY-PLAYED "BELCHESTER" ERIK BUCK

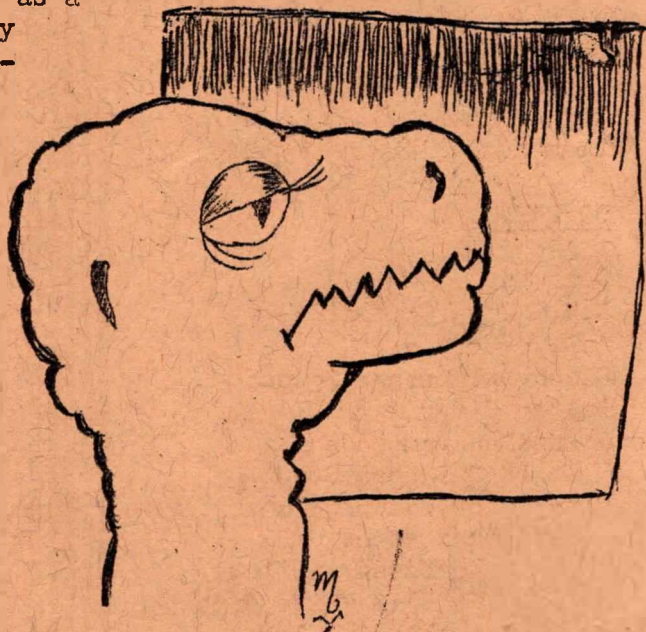
The original "Belchester" was conceived in 1938 as a heavyish bomber.. In response to an Air Ministry specification for an offensive aircraft with extremely low petrol consumption for use in the event that U-boats should succeed in preventing the bringing in of fuel, the prototype airframe was converted to use the Bristle-Sickly "Civet" engine, a 2300 litre single-cylinder powerplant that burned coal-gas instead of petrol.

The bomb bay was occupied by the coal-gas generating plant, so that the bomb load was reduced to two Mk 23 fragmentation grenades or one bundle of propaganda leaflets; however, it was expected that the flight engineer would shake the grate over enemy cities, releasing a shower of incandescent clinkers for incendiary effect.

The Civet-powered Belchester was readied for its first flight in December 1941, but test flights were delayed by an unofficial strike arising from

a dispute as to whether aircrew should join the International Brotherhood of Stokers and Gasifiers or the Benevolent Society of Aerial Mechanicians.

With the winning of the battle of the Atlantic in 1943, work on the Belchester was stopped, and the sole prototype was scrapped in late 1945. One of the mighty engines was rescued almost complete, however, and may be viewed at the Tate Gallery. Certain wing panels are believed to have found their way into the roofing of a council estate in the Wontshire village of Pithing-in-the-Soupe.





3

**\*\*\*\*\***

\* \* \* \* \*

MAIN DISCHES

Boeuf à Ben  
H.G.Wells Rarebit  
Beans & Frankes  
Harry Wieners plus Eggs  
Robert Hindloin  
From the Brazier  
    Joanneburgers  
    Silverburgers  
    Varthe Steaks  
    (all served with  
    French Friersons or  
    Bouncing Potatoes)  
Chili con Carnell  
Andy Porterhouse Steak  
Michael Coney Island Hotdogs  
Truffle with Tribbles  
Ron Goulash  
Spam Lundwall

TO DRINK

Geis Tea  
L.S.deCamp Coffee  
AnneMc Coffee  
Clockwork Orange Squash  
Bulmer Cider  
Stanislaw Lemonade  
U.K. Le Guinness Stout  
Wines from Jacques Vins, Larryni Vins,  
and Baum Weins GMBH  
Leibersfraumilch  
Ted&Jim White Wines  
Arthur C. Claret  
Rosé (for ecclesiastics)  
Dry Sack Asimov Sherry

FROM THE BAKERY

Bliscuits  
Roadsmust Rolls  
Bread Parks  
Cake Wilhelm  
Bill&Mary Buns

POHLTRY

Dave Quail with Wollnuts  
Poulet Anderson  
Moorcoq au Vin  
Aylesbury Duck Savage  
Glicksohn Marengo

FISH FROM MEMISON

Lemon Sol' à riz  
 Kilgore Trout  
 Sturgeon Rowe  
 Hal Clament Chowder  
 del Raie à l'estère  
 Cagles & Lockes  
 Jellied Elis Cohène  
 Fish & Chips Delany

## VEGETABLES

Haricots Harrison  
Brunner Beans  
H. Beans Piper  
H. Peas Lovecraft  
Joseph Greens  
Cole Shaw  
Conan the Cob  
Corn Bluth

## CONDIMENTS

Gordon Dijon Mustard  
Hoyle & Vinegar dressing  
Damson Knight Jam

FOR BREAKFAST

Jodie Onlette...  
or how about our special  
Breakfast of Champignons  
--von is gut, two is  
better....

## DESSERT

Ice cream: three flavors--  
Roddenberry, Bradberry,  
Johnberry

Sam Mousse Kowitz  
A.E. Flan Vogt  
Frank Sherbert  
Charlie Brownies  
Tarzan of the Grapes  
Lorna Dune Cookies  
Currant Duff of Space  
Pears Anthony  
Ambrosia Bierce  
Lime Jello

[illegible]

Also...Ann Casserole...Foo Mun-Chees...Appelbaum Sauce...Carrots...Bell Peppers...  
Mary Legg of Lamb...Romm & Coca-Cola...Tolki-en-the-Hole...Edgar Rice...  
Krispies...Ghost Toasties...Timeenoughfor Loaf...Hecto-flavored gelatinz.....

Would a haemophagic baseball or cricket referee be called a vampire? Or a Vampire?



# A LONGEVIAN BESTIARY

By Noufaison Duski, PhD, FOAAS, Professor Emeritus  
of Natural Science, Osteen University,  
and Fellow of St Ompa's College, Osteen.

(This is a revised and updated version of an article published by Professor Duski in QWERTYUIOP 4. The Mince is Osteen University's mascot, and named to the ghod Ghn.)

## THE MINCE

THE MINCE (from Latin *minutus*, small) is a medium-sized rodent that bears a resemblance to both the common American chipmunk and the gray squirrel. Minces average about 40cm long, about half of which is their large bushy tail, and have a definite purplish tinge to their fur. There are several species, of which *Mincieus aycielius* is by far the most common. It is identified by the two white stripes on its back. In many locations, however, a variety of *M. aycielius* with dark fur and yellowish stripes has superseded the normal animals. Some investigators consider the dark variety a new species and have named it *M. escielius*<sup>1</sup>. A large species with no stripes was discovered in North Carolina a few years ago, but no sightings have been recorded for it since 1967. It is called *M. alonzonius*, and is about 60cm long including tail<sup>2</sup>. Fossils of a very large species, *M. immensius*, have been found in Germany; it was about the size of a large beaver<sup>3</sup>. There are a number of small mince-like animals that are not true minces, altho they are related. The Cornish pasty is one such; another, rather more famous, is the so-called "Mull mince" or False Haggis (see below), found in the Highlands of Scotland.



The Greek philosopher Isonoxes, who lived in the 4th century BCE, was the first person to describe the mince in detail. He gives as their home, Scythia, to the north of the Black Sea. This is still their habitat, tho they are becoming rarer. Aleksandr Borodin, who was a naturalist as well as a chemist and composer, studied the mince in the last century; he gives their range as from the Ukraine to Lake Baikal, but adds that they are most common east of the Caspian Sea, On the Steppes of Central Asia<sup>4</sup>. Minces were introduced into North America in about 1885, with some success, and they are now common in the uninhabited regions of the Great Plains.

Minces are communal animals. Like prairie dogs, they live in burrows. Their diet consists mainly of berries, herbs, natural fruits, and organically grown vegetables. They are moderately active in winter (i.e., they do not hibernate) and store food in their burrows. Their enemies are the usual plains predators--hawks, wolves, coyotes, etc. Minces appear to be fascinated by trains; their burrows are often near railway cuttings, and they will sit at the mouths of their holes and chew on their supper as they watch the trains go by.

Like most rodents, they are prolific. Substantial numbers are trapped each year, not for their fur, which is of little commercial value, but for their flesh, which has a peculiar taste to it. It was once a game dish, but nowadays the meat is dried, ground, and used as flavoring in a modern dish that tastes very much like its namesake, Mince Meat.

<sup>1</sup>N. Duski, *Proc. OAAS.*, v.9, nr 4, 1973. "A new species of Mince?"

<sup>2</sup>L. Atkins, *Melikhaphkhar* (Zugzwang Pubs: Chapel Hill, 1966), p. 21ff.

<sup>3</sup>S. Long, in *Proc. OAAS.*, v.2, nr 6, 1966, places *M. immensius* in the Mesogaic Period.

<sup>4</sup>A. Borodin, *Mints (The Mince)*, Akad. Izdat., Moscow, 1870, rev. 1887.



# THE HAGGIS

All manner of legends have cropped up in the last two centuries about the Haggis and its nature, and it is difficult even today to find out the truth about this most interesting of Scottish birds. For the haggis is a bird, and not, as some would have one believe, a small furry animal, and most definitely not the innards of a sheep.



The haggis-bird is peculiar to the Scottish Highlands. (The ostrich would be peculiar to the Highlands, but the haggis actually lives there.) There is only one species; its Latin name is *Stomacovis scotia*. The earliest recorded reference to the haggis is in Edwin de Burgh's *Historie of the Kings of Scots*, published in London in 1598; it is thought that Shakespeare got some of his background material for *Macbeth* from this book. De Burgh writes as follows (p.68):

The haggiss-brid is about the bignesse of a smaal goose or large hen, and it habiteth ye high Landes of Scotland. Its colour is dark broun, and it flyeth with greet difficultie. It feedeth vpon the bugges and berrys that grow vpon ye hillsides. Yt is not often seen, but some clans-men hunt it for food, most oft in winter when it cometh down out of the hilles from the snouue, for then is yt easier to hunt.

(It should not be surprising that the first reference to the haggis should be so late, for the Scottish Highlands were were considered strange and inhospitable places, inhabited by mere savages, for the better part of the next two hundred years.) The last printed reference to the haggis-bird until 1970 was in Andrew Elgin's *Birds of Scotland*, published in Edinburgh in 1788, from which our illo is adapted. Elgin observes:

The haggis is about the size of a plump chicken. It is found mostly in the western Highlands and the Hebrides, where it lives in the heather. Its brown colour is excellent disguise. When surprised, it jumps up in the air and flies awkwardly downhill. Its flesh is of a delicate flavour and is much sought after by Highlanders, so much so that it might well be called the national dish of the Highlands, like the frog-legs of France or the Beefsteak of England. (p. 115)

And that is all we hear about the real haggis for almost 200 years. We will come back to this point later.

The haggis is a very wary bird; it is difficult to get within 30 meters of one without disturbing it and causing it to break cover with a great leap into the air on its powerful legs. Its weak wings do not support it very well, and it flutters unsteadily down the hillside to (usually) a crash landing, but safe in any event. Now 30 meters is a little outside effective shotgun range, thankfully for the bird, but that does not really matter, as haggises are not hunted with guns anyway. Instead, the old method, used in the Highlands from time immemorial, is still in use.

It seems that the haggis is hypnotized by bagpipe music, and they have been known to stand and listen to the pipes for hours. The Scot uses this characteristic when he goes hunting. He walks thru the heather, his claymore in his hand, accompanied by a piper. The haggis, entranced by the strains of, say, "Sir Colin Campbells Farewell to Crimea" or some other stirring pipe tune, will lie covered in the heather until the Scot is within a meter or two of it. Then, waking from its trance and realizing that danger is near, it will break cover and jump into the air. Whereat the Scot will swing his claymore and cut the bird's head off as it rises. The



Scot and the piper then take the bird home, pluck it, clean it, skin it, boil the meat in just a little water, and take the bones out. The skin is then stuffed with the meat and liver, plus spices, oatmeal, broth, and onions...plus a tot of whisky (for the haggis, the Scot, and the piper). The sewn-up skin is then warmed in the oven until a Sassenach comes for supper, whereupon the haggis is brought out with full fanfair, pipes and all. The Sassenach, of course, is told that the haggis is sheep's innards, and won't have any, contenting himself with a lambchop. The Scot and the piper enjoy their favorite dish (which tastes like, well, haggis; the roasted bird tastes like pheasant), and the fact that they've fooled another one of those bloody Englishmen.

It is my belief (tho I have no documentary evidence to prove it) that soon after the publication of Elgin's book, Scots noted that Scotland was becoming "fashionable": Scotomania didn't really catch on for another 30 years, when George IV visited his northern capital for the first time, and from then it continued unabated thruout the Victorian period; but the Scots are a very perceptive people, and saw the trend very early on. They did not want their cuisine ruined by foreign (and especially English) cooks, so they quietly suppressed all mention of haggis-birds and passed around the sheep's-innards story to put Southerners off--a tactic which was quite successful. Only now is the real truth coming out once more. Just think, if the Scots had made up a similar legend about their whisky ("Och, made frae horse's piss, it is!"), they'd be the only ones drinking Scotch today.

A word about fake haggisses. Mr Alexander MacLean, in his *The Haggis* (A.MacL.Press Agency, Main St, Tobermory, Isle of Mull, Argyllshire, Scotland, 1970, 17pp) has once again tried to pull the wool over Southerners' eyes by describing the haggis as a small furry animal. Mr MacLean knows quite well what a real haggis is; what he is describing is in fact the so-called "Mull mince", *Pseudomincius scotorum v. mull*, which is closely related to the true mince, but does not have the true mince's bushy tail. About a dozen subspecies of *P. scotorum* are found in various parts of western Scotland. If you should be traveling in Scotland, and order a haggis in a restaurant, insist that it be a real haggis, and not one of these Mull minces done up in a plastic bag. Mull minces make good eating, to be sure, but they are not haggisses, and you should not allow yourself to be fooled. Be especially careful in Tobermory. Some people will tell you that haggisses (and even minces) have one leg (or legs) longer than the other so they can stand straight on hillsides. This is pure fable. There is only one animal so constructed, and that is the sidehill looper, found only in the Ozark mountains of the US. Haggisses' (and minces') legs are of the same size on the left and right sides of their bodies, and don't let anyone tell you otherwis.

WhowastheStSaënsthatthecomposerCamilleSt-SaënsnamedafterDoesanyoneknowSaintSaëns

QUESTIONS...for the fan. The largest flying birds now living, namely eagles and condors, are hard put to lift more than three or four kilos in weight. How big were the great Eagles of Middle-Earth, which were apparently able to lift hobbits, who, being 1/2 as tall as a man, would weigh 1/2<sup>3</sup> or 1/8th as much, or, say, 10 to 15 kilos--and Dwarves, which were more like more like 3/4 human height and would so have weight 40 to 50 kilos, roughly? (Gandalf's ghost or wraith would have weighed almost nothing, so Gwaihir would have no trouble lifting it.) The Nazguls' steeds appear to have been pterodactyls. Not long ago, it was announced that the fossil remains of a gigantic pterodactyl, with wingspread of some 50ft (15m), were discovered in Texas. It would seem that the Nazguls' steeds were about this size. How much weight could the fossil pterodactyl carry? If we knew, we could deduce the weight of a Ringwraith--and it must have some weight, for otherwise it couldn't swing a sword or a mace. // Why on earth would a dwarf want to haul a bass fiddle around the Shire, especially if he were on his way on a Quest? (Dwalin & Balin in *The Hobbit*. Actually, their viols would have been more cello-sized, but a cello is a bulky instrument--and so is a large viol.) Also, did the Dwarves leave their instruments at Bilbo's? // What happened to the Paths of the Dead after Aragorn rode them? Was the passage blocked by or did it cease to be haunted and become a thorofare between Rohan and the Morthond valley? // Did a Salic law obtain in Gondor? It did not in Numenor.



# To Oz! *A Fan Odyssey*

TOOZafanodysseyinoneactwrittenbythecastwithapologiestoLFrankBaumperformedatTynecon'74

This faaaanish skit was written by the cast and performed at the 1974 British Easter convention, TYNECON, at the Royal Station Hotel, Newcastle, where it was a great success. TO.OZ was first published in Waldemar Kunning's fanzine MUNICH ROUND UP 133 (June/July '74) in English and in a very funny (to me at least) German translation.

The CAST, in order of appearance, are as follows:

|                         |                                  |
|-------------------------|----------------------------------|
| DOROTHY                 | Wendy Ellis (Cruttenden)         |
| GLINDA, the Ghodd Witch | Ina Shorrocks                    |
| SCARECROW               | Brian Hampton                    |
| TIN FANSMAN             | Rob Holdstock                    |
| COWARDLY LION           | Arthur Cruttenden                |
| WICKED WITCH REPORTER   | Anne McCaffrey                   |
| SOLDIER                 | Pete Weston                      |
| WIZARD                  | James Blish                      |
| Munchkins, forest, etc  | Judy Blish and Andrew Stephenson |

Overture, from the film...during which the Yellow Brick Road is unrolled down the length of the con hall. WICKED WITCH runs past, cackling evilly, flashes flashgun at audience, and vanishes.

Enter DOROTHY, looking bewildered, holding a basket and a dog. She takes a few hesitant steps forward. She speaks:

DOROTHY: Where am I? What a strange place.

Enter GLINDA from the back of the audience. She is dressed in a St Fantony costume and sword and carries a St Fantony totem object in lieu of a wand.

GLINDA: Welcome, my dear, to the wonderful land of Ozimov--Oz for short. Are you enjoying the convention?

DOROTHY: I don't quite know. This is my first. It's all so Astounding, a whole New World.

GLINDA: (sweetly) All you need is a sense of wonder.

DOROTHY: That's what brought me here. It was like a whirlwind--but it's all too much. I think I'd better go home.

GLINDA: Where is your home?

DOROTHY: Welwyn Garden City.



GLINDA: Is that the name of a star? Well, you can't get back the way you came...  
Maybe the Wizard of Oz can help you

MUNCHKINS: The Wizard! Goshwow! Wizard! Boyoboy!

DOROTHY: The Wizard? How do I find him?

GLINDA: (pointing with StF totem object) Just follow the yellow brick road.

DOROTHY: But...

GLINDA has disappeared back into crowd. DOROTHY starts to walk down the road.

DOROTHY: (repeating as if it were an incantation) Follow the yellow brick road...  
follow the yellow brick road.... (She advances slowly, as the music fades away, leaving the Munchkins at the starting point. About 10ft or so down the road she sees the SCARECROW and stops. The SCARECROW is standing by the roadside with one arm at shoulder level, in which he is holding a fanzine labelled SERCONZINE on one side and FAANZINE on the other; one of these covers is visible to each half of the audience. DOROTHY speaks to him: Now which way do I go?

SCARECROW: Sometimes I think this is the right way. (He drops arm transfers propzine to other hand, raises that one so labels are reversed to the audience.) Sometimes I think that is the right way. (Drops both arms to his side.) (Plaintively) I wish I could make up my mind.

DOROTHY: I'm on my way to see the Wizard of Oz. Maybe he could sort you out.

SCARECROW: Do you think he might? Oh, please, can I go with you?

DOROTHY: Oh, yes, I would like some company.

As they start off, and thruout, SCARECROW should stumble frequently, bag at the knees, whereupon DOROTHY should haul him up again by the collar.

SCARECROW: The thing is, a fanzine should be Significant.

DOROTHY: (baffled) Oh.

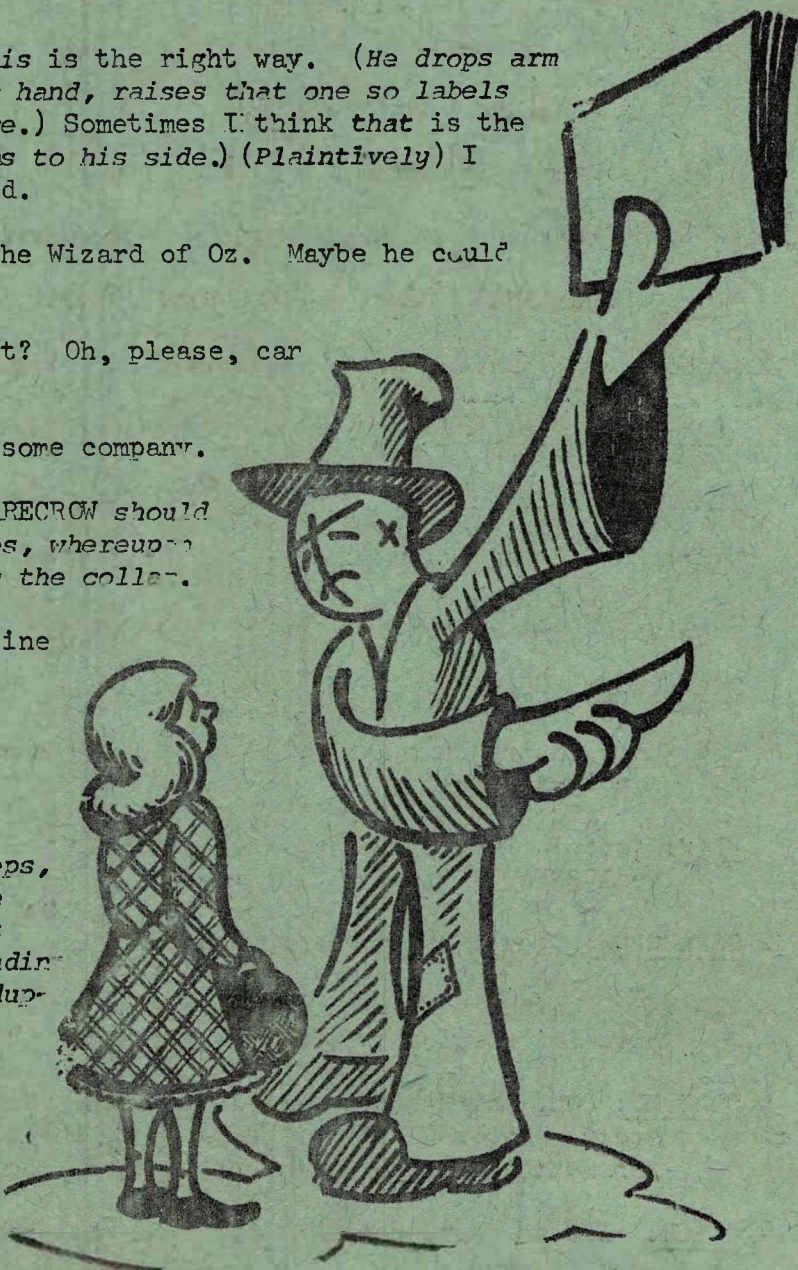
SCARECROW: Or not.

They start off, trying to match steps, and sing a line of the song, "We're Off to See the Wizard." About 12ft further on, the TIN FANSMAN is standing by the road, rusting. He holds a duplicator crank.

DOROTHY: (stopping) Oh, look!  
Another strange person.

SCARECROW: It's a fan editor.  
A fan made out of tin!

TIN MAN: (squeaking) Gestetned





DOROTHY *inspects* TIN FANSMAN, *takes* bottle of Newcastle Brown Ale from basket, and "oils" him.

TIN MAN: (moving stiffly) Oh, thank you! I've been standing here rusting since my last issue.

SCARECROW: (to DOROTHY) Typical, typical. They all do that. (To TIN MAN) Why?

TIN MAN: Somehow the heart seems to have gone out of publishing for me. There's something...lacking.

DOROTHY: A spare part?

SCARECROW: No. He needs egoboo. Maybe the Wizard can help him.

DOROTHY: Come along, We're (all join) off to see the wizard, the wonderful wizard of Oz... (Linking arms, they move off slowly under the forest, represented by overhead branches held by crew. DOROTHY looks scared, as do others, and speaks:) I don't like this forest. It's dark and creepy.

SCARECROW: I wonder if there are any wild animals. Like Vugs.

TIN MAN: And dragons.

DOROTHY: And, and BEMs?

ALL: 'Goshwow! (chanting) Vugs and dragons and BEMs, Goshwow! Vugs and...

Enter LION, roaring. He leaps out from behind tree.

LION: GRRRRRAFFS! Autographs! BNFs! Autographs! EMFs!

All recoil and push him away. He bursts into tears.

LION: What did you have to go and push me for? I only wanted your autographs!

DOROTHY: But you called us something terrible.

LION: (still snivelling) All I said was BNFs. Aren't you BNFs?

DOROTHY: I don't know what those are, and you scared us.

SCARECROW: We're new here ourselves.

TIN MAN: You're nothing but a bully. And stop sniffing or we'll think you're a coward as well.

LION: (sobs) I am a coward. I can't help it. I'm not brave enough to speak to real BNFs. I'm afraid of 'em.

SCARECROW: You'd better come with us.

TIN MAN: Maybe the Wizard can give you courage. (They start on, and reach the area in front of the stage.)

DOROTHY: Oh, there's the Wizard's Palace! Come on! (They run in place a few steps. Enter WICKED WITCH, smoking heavily, cackling with laughter, brandishing the microphone of her cassette recorder as if it were a deadly weapon.)

WITCH: Not so fast, not so fast! You will spare me a moment of your time...



DOROTHY: But we want to see the Wizard.

WITCH: (*evilly, always*) Not until you answer a few questions for the Mundane Press. Heh heh, well, well, what have we here? What are you got up as, Death of Grass?

SCARECROW: Uh...uh....

WITCH: Tell me first, where do you get all those crazy ideas?

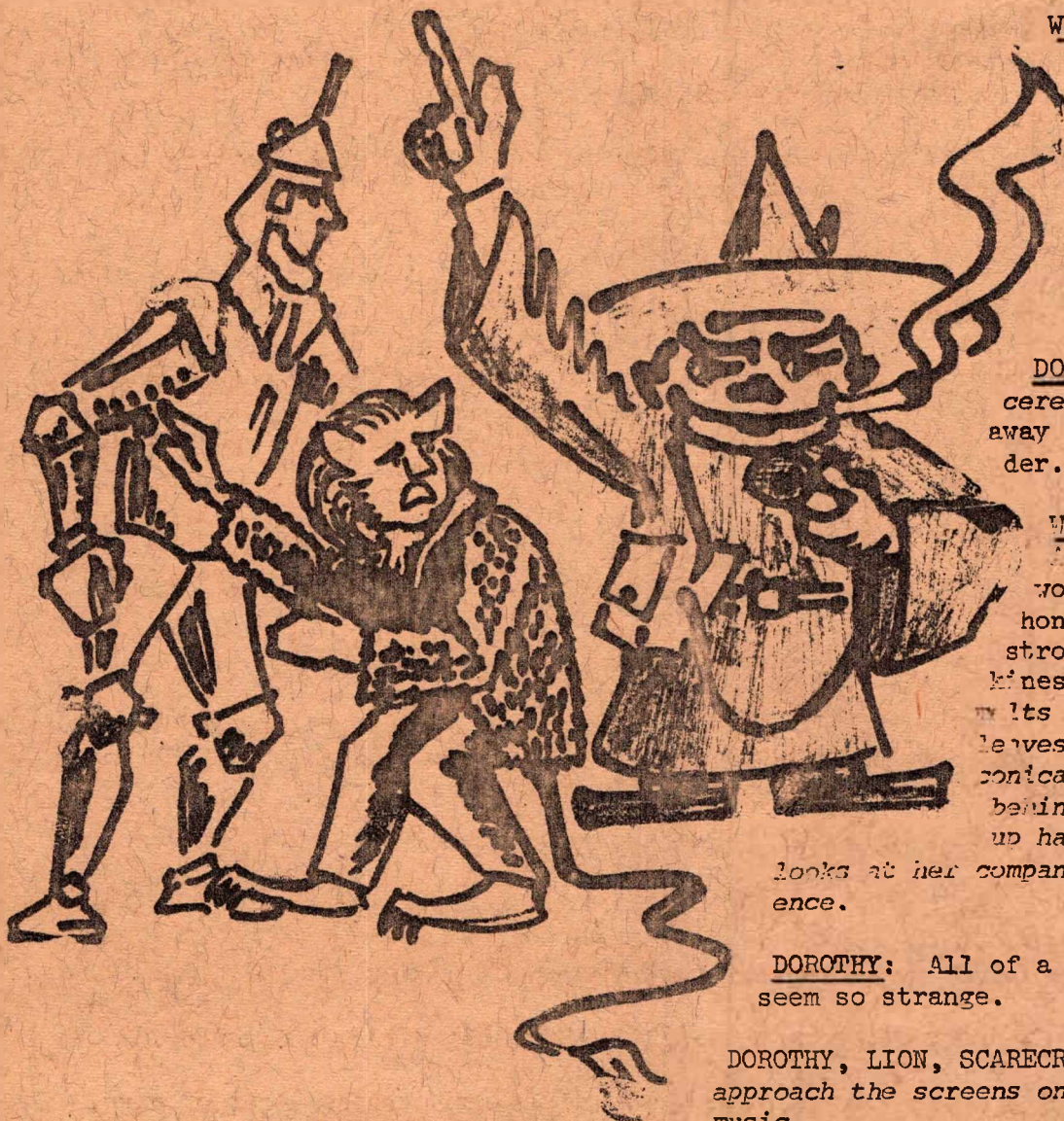
SCARECROW: (*humbly, hesitant*) Uh, the same place I get the clever ones.

WITCH: (*smiling in evil satisfaction; it is just as she thought*) And you... (*she walks all around the LION, who turns nervously to face her, so that the effect is that she is chasing his tail. Or he is.*) Don't tell me, let me guess. A giant tribble. (*suddenly*) So, you don't believe in flying saucers?

LION: Yipe! Where, where? (*He cowers under DOROTHY's skirt as WITCH hurls plastic saucer at him. WITCH turns to TIN MAN, who is so rattled, he rattles.*)

WITCH: And you, there, Stainless Steel Rat's Revenge, now that they've landed on the Moon, what are you going to write about, hey?

TIN MAN: Oh, about a stencil a day, I reckon.



WITCH: Aaargh, they're obsessional. And now for you, my pretty, heh heh. (*she rubs hands, makes much play with recorder*) Why do you come to these things?

DOROTHY: (*very sincerely*) I was carried away by a sense of wonder.

WITCH: (*screaming*) Aaagh, aaagh, who would have thought an honest answer would destroy my beautiful sarkiness? Oh, oh! (*she melts away or flees, but leaves her recorder and conical hat of newspaper behind. DOROTHY picks up hat, wondering. She looks at her companions and the audience.*)

DOROTHY: All of a sudden you don't seem so strange.

DOROTHY, LION, SCARECROW, TIN MAN now approach the screens on stage. Suspense music.



ALL: Halloo! Hallo!

SOLDIER puts head out between screens. He has a long green beard.

SOLDIER: What do you want?

ALL: We've come to see the Wizard.

SOLDIER: The Wizard? See the Wizard? The Wizard never sees anybody...(after-thought) ...unless he's had a drink, and then he sees them twice.

DOROTHY: Oh, please, we've come such a long way....

SOLDIER: Humph! I'll see if he's in. (He retreats behind screens, clumps off, hat above curtains, clumps back, and re-emerges.) All right, he'll see you--but be careful. (Screens are opened, revealing a large head apparently floating on a throne, all green. Green lamps flank the throne.)

WIZARD: (amplified and reverberated) I am the Great and Terrible Wizard of First Fandom. Who Are You? And what is That Hat?

DOROTHY curtsys and places hat on stage.

DOROTHY: Please sir, it's the hat of the Wicked Witch Reporter.

WIZARD: Humph. Yesterday's edition. Pretty old hat.

SCARECROW: (reminiscently) We annihilated her.

WIZARD: (loud and a little nervous) You liquidated her, did you? Nothing left but the hat? What do you want from me?

SCARECROW: I want to make up my mind, please.

TIN MAN: I want some egoboo for my fanzine.

LION: I want the nerve to ask BNFs for their autograrraphs. Maybe even prrrros.

WIZARD: (shocked) The Great and Terrible Wizard of First Fandom has spoken! Go away and come again tomorrow.

TIN MAN: (with feeling) What? And get all this gear on again?

LION: But I want to get autographs tonight.

DOROTHY: (about to cry) And I want to go home....

TIN MAN rushes to stage with crank upraised, threatening. Others follow and break up or push aside the great mask. Astonished and furious noises from all. WIZARD makes ineffectual defensive gestures.

SCARECROW: (angrily) Why, he's only a mockup!

TIN MAN: Just as I thought, a fakefan all the way through.

DOROTHY: (disappointed and indignant) You're a very bad fan.

WIZARD: Oh, no, my dear, I'm a very good fan. I'm just a very bad writer.

ALL: Now I'll never get---my mind made up---egoboo---autographs---out of here.



WIZARD: Oh yes, you will

ALL: (as in a panto show; audience joins in) Oh no, we won't

WIZARD: Oh yes, you will...

ALL: Oh no, we won't....

WIZARD: Now you, Scarecrow, you can't decide whether you want to be Sercon of Faanish. Why be all one or the other? There's plenty of room in fandom for a whole spectrum. (He unfolds a propzine, which is indeed a spectrum. SCARECROW jumps for joy, wobbles, shows unfolded spectrumzine to all.) And you, Tin Editor, you want egoboo. What you need is a LOC. (He hands TIN MAN a card with a picture of a padlock on it. TIN MAN looks at it doubtfully.)

TIN MAN: What's this for?

WIZARD: Open it. Go on, open it. (TIN MAN unfolds card, revealing a gigantic letter of comment, decorated. TIN MAN bangs self on chest, and emits a Tarzan victory cry. WIZARD speaks: It's from Jimmy Ballard.... And for you, Lion, The Great and Terrible...oh well, OZ himself has been waiting for this moment. (hands LION a card and a pen) Please, oh mighty Lion, may I have your autograph? (LION, greatly pleased, inscribes the card for, which WIZARD places in the hatband of his top hat à la the Mad Hatter. Overcome, the LION dances. Then all stop and turn toward DOROTHY.

TIN MAN: What about Dorothy?

DOROTHY: I don't guess you have anything for me.

WIZARD: My dear, you don't need anything from me any more. Do you still want to go home, really?

DOROTHY: (a little hesitant) I think I do.

WIZARD: (placing arm around her shoulder, he points to the people he names) Home is here, where the fans are gathered. Cuddly fans, like Rob Holdstock; bibliobiblioph-bib'book-loving fans like Arthur Cruttenden; one-shot fans like Peter Weston; intellectual fans like Ben Jackson; secret extroverts like Brian Hampton; scalecovered fans like Anne McCaffrey; saintly (?) fans like Ina Shorrock; Star Trek fans like James Blish; and neo fans like Wendy Ellis. (He crowns her ceremoniously with a propeller beanie.)

DOROTHY: I think maybe I do feel at home now! (she is a little surprised at this)

WIZARD: And there's one more thing I can give you all. (They attend eagerly) These will admit you--(he hands out bottles of the appropriate drink, i.e., Courage beer, oilcans, Black Label, Vurcuzz, etc, to all)--and the ROOM PARTY is in...(whispers).

\* \* \* \*

All exit, waving booze. Musical closing while crew tack up credits sign.



# ON THE CON-TRAIL

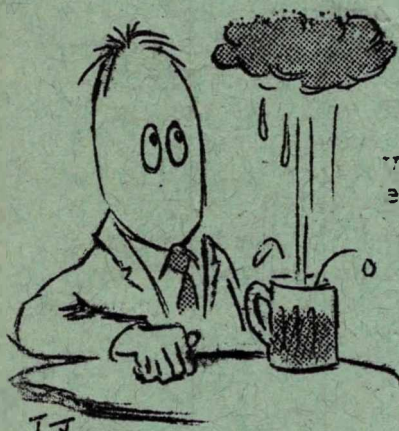
Sam  
Long

I almost named this column *Sealongchbyobriverwindyconfanfair...* but I didn't. I have been to those six fannish get-togethers this year, tho, and here I'll tell you about them. My comments on *Rivercon* and *Fan-Fair III* will be rather short, because I've written conreps on them for other zines and don't wish to repeat myself too much.

~~~~~

First, SEACON, the British Eastercon, held this year in the De Vere Hotel, Coventry, right next door to the famous cathedral.

¶ The Con began for me about Tuesday noon, when Ames (Andrew Stephenson) arrived in his new Mini to drive us to Coventry. It had been snowing all morning, and Ames had got his driver's licence only a few weeks before.... But there was no problem: Ames is a good driver, and once we got down off the Chilterns, road conditions improved greatly. We arrived in Coventry about 1500, and found a few fans already in attendance. The hotel is comfortable, but a bit stark, and was both expensive and cheap. For example, the grill had a good selection of omlettes and other light meals at reasonable prices (60p-£1--\$1.40-\$2.40), and surprisingly good, too; but beer in the main bar was 26p (61¢) a pint, about 25% higher than normal pub prices.

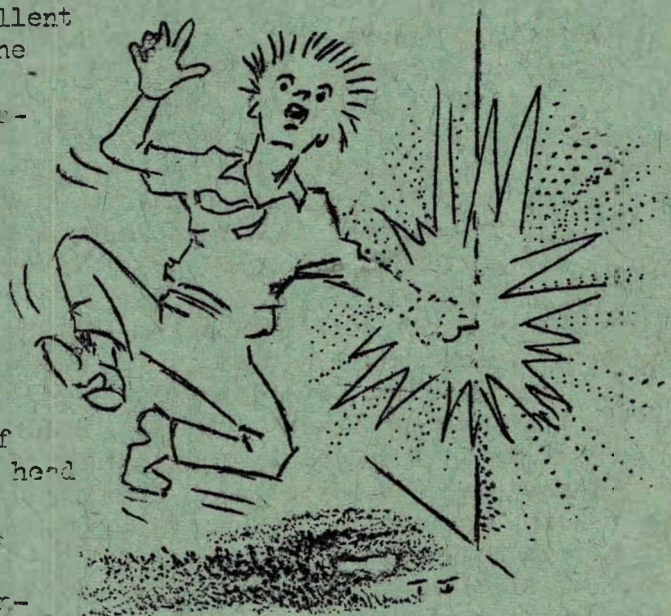


But the bar was not open when Andrew and I arrived, so we waited for that auspicious event to happen, chatted with other early arrivals, and watched the snowshowers thru the big picture window in the lounge. I handed out some of the copies of QWERTYUIOP 8 that I'd brought with me for the purpose. I had tea with Swedish fan Lars Strandberg and Kjell Borgström, and talked with Peter Egg Roberts, Rob Holdstock, Brian Hampton, Leroy Kettle, and others. Later on in the bar, a familiar hat caught my eye, and I turned and looked, and there to my great surprise and delight were Mike Glicksohn and Sheryl Birkhead. I figured out at the con why Mike wears his hat, and the reason is, without it, he tends to fade into the background. Mike was in good form all weekend, but Sheryl wasn't feeling well and this, plus her naturally shy and retiring disposition, meant that her friends didn't see much of her during the con, which is a pity, because she's a delightful person. Later on, I chatted with the collected Northumberfen, Harry & Irene Bell, Rob Jackson, and Ian Wms, especially. Ian shares with Mike and me the distinction of being among the shortest ren in fandom—Mike and I are 5ft 8in, and Ian is 5ft 6. But he looks so much shorter....

¶ Friday was the first day of the con. The morning's program was heavily sercon, so I listened to it with only one ear and mostly looked around for fannish friends. I spotted 1/2r & Wendy Cruttenden (See the "TO OZ" skit elsewhere in this zine), the newlyweds, but unfortunately the other fannish newlyweds of British fandom, Margaret and "Gray Boak" weren't able to be there. Other folk coming in Friday included B.T. Jeeves, Esq; the Presfords, who are running the 1976 Eastercon in Manchester; that egregious country gentleman, John Brunner; Bob Shaw the fan and pro, who left his native Northern Ireland for England, but who is still one of the most delightful folk I know; natty Sam Lundwall; the Pardeaux; Hartley Son of Patter; Pauline Dungate; Hazle Reynolds; Bill & Mary Burns; Jim White; Peter Spec Weston, and on...and on... Everyone was having a good time, but there was a slight subduedness about the crowds. I really can't put my finger on it, but I'd say the chilly damp weather put a slight damper on festivities. But only very slight. The weather caused other problems, tho.

The hotel was well carpeted, and, being new, was well-heated too--conditions conducive to the generation of static electricity. 'My ghod, how conducive!- Jeeves's illo below accurately depicts the usual fate of an unwary fan who neglected to earth/ground himself frequently as he walked down the hall. Sparks were flying everywhere. Two people shaking hands would shock each other, and I experienced shocks when a spark would fly between my elbow and someone else's as we passed in a doorway. I didn't suffer as much from the electricity as some others, tho, -because I kept a coin or a key in my hand as I walked and earthed myself frequently at lightswitches, door-knobs, stair rails, and heating fixtures.

¶ Sunday was another somewhat slow day. I alternated between the bar and the con hall, as I did Saturday (haha! thought I'd left Saturday out, didn't you?) But there were some good program items, such as Tom Shippey's talk, and Bob Shaw's funny speech. A very good thing was Woody Allen's *Sleeper*, which was shown Saturday night to the delight of all present. Speaking of films, Kittenfunder made a fannish film epic that was shown at the con. 'My ghod, how ghastly --but how fannish and funny. Another excellent program item was Peter Egg Roberts's fanzine panel, held in the downstairs lounge, and very well attended. It was rather like preaching to the converted, tho, because something like two-thirds of the people were successful faneds themselves already. But it was a good discussion anyway--I know that, because it seemed to be over too soon. Saturday night's fancy-dress ball was short, but the costumes were good, and the winners suitably rewarded with bottles of booze. Jan Finder sacrificed the most for his prize: he shaved off his beard and painted himself all over from head to foot in all colors.



Brian Burgess was selling his meat pies as usual. Each one came with an Arthur Negus Certificate of Antiquity. I saw, for the first time in my fannish life, fans actually eating those meat pies--a bunch of Tynes. I have a photo of Pete Weston just after he'd taken a bite, as an expression of 'yeoggh' is passing over his face. [I must in all fairness say that Brian's meat pies are in fact fresh--but they're the sort of pies you get in British Rail buffet cars, so you have been warned.]

Sunday was notable for the Banquet, which was rather a surprise. The food was tasty and served in large enough portions to be satisfying. GoH Harry Harrison gave an hilarious talk about how half of prodom nearly got wiped out in Buenos Aires. Awards were given out, and everybody had a good time.

¶ Monday was the day of good-byes. I left about noon with Terry Jeeves, to spend a few days in Sheffield. I'll return to that later.

¶ I'm now going to just natter on about things that interested me, in no particular chronological order. I'll begin with Saturday night's entertainment. Tynecon, last year, had a discothèque, but Seacon did them one better and had a live band, courtesy of Gray Charnock, concommittee member and guitarist. The band was a good one, too. I'm no connoisseur of combos, but I thought these chaps were right good. They were loud, of course, but not deafeningly so, and they were tuneful--a virtue rare in these cacophonous days. They weren't as faanish as Discon's pipe & drum corps, but wait until Britain in '79--we'll have the pipe band of the Scots Guards!

And while we're on music, I've noticed that British fen don't go in for much filksinging at cons. I wonder why? Can someone explain this to me?

¶ Pete Weston was in good form thruout the con. He won the SF quiz and a potful of other fannish awards at the Banquet, and he'd been TAFF representative just six months before. I think he must have thought he was back at Discon during one of the room parties. He got up and had us toast the Queen, as he did in DC, and started up a Bob Tucker "Smoooooth" ritual with a bottle of Canadian Club, altho the only people in hte room who knew what he was on about were Mike Glicksohn and me. Bob would have fainted to see his ritual being done with anything other than Jim Beam; however, as I shall describe later, Guinness has been decreed "smoooth", and will now suffice in places where bourbon is hard to come by. Pete was toastmaster at the Banquet too, and did a good job of it, and a fannish. Now, if only he'd put SPECULATION out again... I must say, tho, that Pete's done a lot for British fandom and deserved all his awards.

¶ Harry Harrison, the Pro GOH...what can one say? I can only describe him as "indescribable". I ate lunch with him and his wife and three or four other people one afternoon, and quite an experience it was. He's a fascinating character--and what a character he is!

¶ It was with pleasure that I saw Jim and Judy Blish arrive Saturday. Jim was looking much better after his operation the previous autumn: less gaunt and more active. I stopped by the Blish's house outside Henley about a fortnight after the con, and found Judy hard at work redecorating. Curtains were up, and above them--"Space pelmets", I remarked, and almost got run out of the house. No, actually, we had a good chat on many subjects and ransacked the *Larousse's Gastronomique* for additions to the Qwertyuiop Cookbook. Alas, in a little over four months, Jim was dead of cancer: a great loss to fandom and to SF. But he was in good spirits at Seacon.

¶ There was a large cotingent of foreign fans,i.e., not from Britain or North America. *Whitaker's Almanac* and *The Statesman's Yearbook* both divide the world into Great Britain, the Commonwealth, Ireland, the United States, and "foreign countries". There were fen from Sweden, France, Germany, Belgium, Holland, Italy, and two or three other countries. I had an interesting conversation in French with the Parisian pro Pierre Barbet and Mme Barbet; and tried my German on Waldemar Kunning and Holger Muller. Fannish nationalities can get complicated: Alan Stewart and Jake Grigg are British fen, but both have German wives and live in Germany. Karel Thole, the artish, is Dutch, but lives in Italy. Bill Burns and Eddie Jones are both British fen, both have American wives who are also fen, but Bill and Mary live in New York, and Eddie and Marsha live in England. There was one American soldier stationed in Germany who came to the con. He was brought to me, and I introduced him to the German fans. He was a neo. Another American fan was a student in London; he was also a neo, and Mary Burns and I spent a couple of hours, from about 0100 to about 0300 one night, telling him about fandom. I don't know whether we enlightened the poor chap or mixed him up, but we had a good time, and he bought. Closer to home, Scots fans were more in evidence this year than heretofore; one of them, a Glaswegian who signs himself "Bob Shaw (no relation)", quite a good chap, actually, told me that Scotland would like to put on an Eastercon soon.

¶ Speaking of Eddie Jones and Karel Thole, a goodly number of their works were on display in the art show, along with those of other fannish artists like Ames. 'Twas a good art show, tho a little cramped. A room had been set aside for "fandom" too, and in it were sample copies of various zines, fannish photos and photo albums, and other bits and pieces of fannish or faanish origin. The room was small and out-of-the-way, but it was fairly popular and quite a good idea, actually. Various fannish program items were held there.

¶ There were people whom I missed at the con. Anne McCaffrey wasn't there, nor was Mary Legg, or "Gray Boak", or Archie and Beryl Mercer, or Joe Patrizio. And there were people there who haven't appeared in my narrative but whom I was especially glad to see: Eric and Beryl Bentcliffe, Mervyn Barrett, Vera Johnson, Ethel Lindsay, Dave Kyle, Dave Rowe, Bob & Mary Smith, Vernon Brown, Gerbish, and many others.

1. My verdict on Seacon was that it was a very good con, but lacked, somehow, the "spark" that made Tynecon such so memorable, and so much fun.

1. After Seacon, I went a-visiting. I stayed in the Crumbling Jeeves Mansion in Sheffield for a couple of days, talking SF and fandom with Terry. We did some fan-art for one another, toured around the Peak District, and recovered from the rigors of the con. From Sheffield, I went to Manchester, where Eric Bentcliffe met my train, and I stayed a couple of days with him and Beryl and their remarkable (there's no other word for her) daughter Lindsey. Between Eric's archives and memory, and Terry's, I learned a great deal about 50's and 60's fandom, and I read old TRIODES and ERG, and Eric's TAFF report, and some SF. Eric took me touring, too, out to the great Jodell Bank radio telescope which is not quite visible from his house. A most enjoyable time, and the weather was fair too, tho cold still. From Holmes Chapel in Cheshire I took the train to Redruth in Cornwall, to spend the weekend after the con with Archie and Beryl Mercer. This was another chance to learn about early fandom, or rather, earlier fandom, than I was acquainted with. Archie and Beryl are quite literally fafia, but they are not gafia. I mean, altho they're far geographically from the centers of fannish activity in Britain, they are still moderately active in fanac still, publishing zines and corresponding. I only wish fandom saw and read more from these fascinating people. Archie took me out to Land's End; I've been to John O' Groats, so I've covered the country, so to speak. Sunday afternoon, Archie's brother Sam came around with his family for a visit. Sam's as bad a punster as Archie and I are, so we had a merry time that evening. Monday morning I caught the train back to London, and went from there to Huntingdon, where I spent the night at Darroll and Ro Pardoe's, talking about fandom and heraldry and music and all kinds of things. I was very intrigued by their organ--a modern version of a medieval organ, about as big as a typewriter, with a bellows in the back that you pull out and let fall back, during which time you can play a surprisingly large number of bars of the cheerful high notes. From Huntingdon, it was off to Newcastle and the house of Harry and Irene Bell. I popped in on a Gannetfandom meeting in Sunderland, greatly to the surprise of the Gannetfen. Once again I want to praise Newcastle as the city of good beer and hospitable fen. From Geordieland it was back to London and then to Henley, where I was staying with a non-fannish friend of mine in the Thames Valley. I sang with my madrigal group and visited old friends and neighbors, and did some fannish visiting too--to Ames's, and the Blish's, and to Pamela Boal's, who wasn't at Coventry, and to whom Ames and I told a long involved tale about the con. All too soon, it was time to return to Florida. A pity, because between the con and visiting my fannish friends, I had one hell of a time in England this year.



The next major fannish activity was my Longchcon, put on in conjunction with Joe Green's pre-launch festivities at the time of the Apollo-Coyuz launch in mid-July. Five fans showed up for my "do", viz, Bill and Mary Burns, Paula Lieberman, Mike Glicksohn and Sheryl Birkhead. Mike and Sheryl had press passes; Paula, Bill, and Mary I took out on a friend's sailing cruiser to watch the launch. We got a rather late start on the day of the launch, and didn't get very close, but we had a good time nonetheless, and were probably more comfortable than we would have been ashore.

Monday evening before the launch, all six of us went up to Joe Green's for his get-together. 'Twas a good party: Gordy Dickson, Poul & Karen Anderson, the Freases, Brian, Freff, Ann Cass, Rusty Hevelin, Astrid Anderson, the Miesels, and others were there. Sterling Lanier had brought some of his STEnal castings. But the surprise guest was the very much unlooked-for Arthur C. Clarke.



So it was that I got to meet ACC for the first time. He had to leave the party early, tho, to the sorrow of the fen present, but, it seems, his ride didn't come by. I volunteered to take him back to his motel in my car, and was accepted, and so it was that I was able to have Clarke "all to myself", so to speak, for the better part of an hour. He's a fascinating chap, and we had a good conversation. If he'd've been able to stay longer, I'd have got him out to the Cape to launch a weather rocket; but, alas, he could not stay. I found out that, besides inventing the communications satellite, he was instrumental in getting weather satellites developed too; that, tho the Ramans do everything in threes, ACC doesn't; and that, even tho the astronomers in *R&R* were working their way thru the Hindu pantheon in naming asteroids, the book never even got close to being called *Get-together with Gunputty*.

Tuesday was a perfect day for a launch, and the launch was in fact perfect. Our voyage wasn't, tho, because we had trouble with the auxiliary outboard; but we had fun anyway. We had tea, beer, watermelon, sandwiches, and wine to eat and drink, and a beautiful day to sail in. That evening we all went to the Ping Pong motel, where a number of fen and pros were staying, for another party. 'Twas good fun all around, save that when Gordy and Poul got singing together without having lubricated their larynxes right, it was rather hard on the old ears. But someone handed them each a drink and the singing got more in tune.

Wednesday morning, I fought my way to wakefulness to find my friend Jerry Ashman on the phone. Would any of my guests like to come out to launch a weather rocket? Everybody was still lying all flaked out. Well, would they like to come out and watch Gordy launch one later? Paula said yes, so soon we were on our way to the Cape. Joe, Gordy, Pily Freas, her daughter, and daughter's friend were waiting for me, so I distributed badges and led the way to the launch site. Gordy was fascinated by everything, including the weather shop where I used to work. We got him out to the pad, set him down at the launch console, and...well, you should have seen the grin on his face when he flipped that switch and whoosh! up in a blast of smoke and flame went the metrocket. You might think that Gordy, who has sent rockets across the galaxy in his tales, wouldn't be much impressed by a mere weather rocket. But by ghu, he was fascinated. As Paula remarked, he looked like a little boy again when he pressed that switch. [So, two days later, did Kelly Freas, when Jerry had him out to launch one.]



That afternoon, Paula, myself, Joe, Gordy, and Ann Cass went down to the very tip end of south Merritt Island to give Gordy a chance to "kick his dragon in the tail". It seems that a Mr Mark, who owns the end of the island, had a great long concrete dragon built at the point. It's some 50 or more feet long and has a gigantic head that lifts some 20 feet above the water and is all befanged and bescaled. For 4th July, Mr Mark had a propane torch installed in the monster's mouth so that it appeared to breathe fire. Anyhow, the five of us gained entrance to the beastie (thanks to Ann's beguiling) and Gordy gave it a solid thump with his foot, which moment was captured on film for posterity. He didn't in fact kick it in the rump, but rather on one of its dorsal fins.

Later we went out to Joe's again, this time with Dorothea and Jerry Ashman. Jerry's been reading SF for nigh on 20 years, but he'll never met any writers except Joe. He was absolutely fascinated. Launching mere rockets is nothing to him, but sending one across the galaxy is, and you could see the "goshwow" gleam in his eye as he met Poul and Kelly and Sterling.

This, the last night of the Longchcon, was the last of Joe Green's famous parties for a long time to come. Reason? No more manned launches, at least not until the Space Shuttle four or five years from now. 'Twas a good time, tho, and a good, nay, great set of parties, and I had a great time at them. Thanks, Joe.

The next day, Thursday, I was off to BYOBCON in Kansas City. Paula and I drove her car straight thru, from about 0800 Thursday until noon Friday.

The drive was long and tiring, but without a great deal of incident. We were both rather tired when we arrived. But it was worth the long sleepless, uncomfortable miles. BYOBCON was, like its GoH, Bob Bloch, superb.

After I'd got my room, taken a shower, and rested a bit, I went downstairs to the huckster room, which was the only conevent open already. There were Mike and Sheryl, who had left the day before us, Vardebob, the Bushyagers, Harlan Son of Ellis, Bloch, and Bob Tucker (inter alia, of course). Most of these folk I'd met only once, at Discon, so it was exceedingly gratifying to be recognized and greeted with smiles. I was especially moved/flabbergasted by the way Tucker recognized me and hurried over to shake my hand, saying what a good time we'd have on the flight to Australia. I was sorry to have to disabuse him, but I wasn't going to Australia since I didn't have a job lined up for when I got back. But we had a good talk, groaned at each other's puns, and watched people come in. (I guess I've fannishly "arrived": Bob Tucker is stealing jokes from me.)

I ate dinner that evening with Ron and Linda Bushyager, and was confirmed in my opinion that, tho Linda shines fannishly brighter than Ron, they form a double star with emphasis on star: a complementary pair of great fannish worth-ship. But poor ol' Linda. If I may get ahead of my story a bit, Saturday night, Bob Tucker broke out a bottle of Beam's

Choice, which Linda found much to her liking and very smoooooth. Before long, she was, to use the Shakespearian phrase, Titus Andronicus, and altogether delightfully full of giggles.

Speaking of the old Smooooothie himself, I brought along some Guinness (or, fannishly, Ghuinness) to the con, and gave one bottle to Mike G., and one to Bob, telling him that he'd have to learn to like it (for it is an acquired taste) since they drink it in Australia as well as Britain and Ireland.

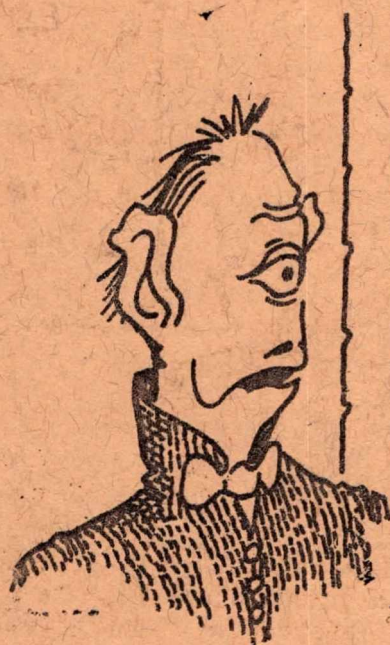
He took a swig, swallowed it, grinned, and said "Smoooooth", so we passed the bottle around and raised our right arms, and cried, "Smoooooooooooooooooooth!" for the first time ever

to a potable that was not Jim Beam. Fannish history was made that night. The next evening, Mark Aronson gave me a bottle of Guinness: one of the best gifts I've ever been given.

I believe I was talking to Jackie Franke and her husband Friday evening when Harlan Ellison told us that he'd talked to Jim and Judy Blish less than a fortnight before and that Jim wasn't expected to live out the summer. In the event, it was less than two weeks. It was the first I'd heard, and you remember he was looking much better at Seacon....

Programming started Friday evening, with a fannish Jeopardy game that was quite a success. Phyllis Eisenstein eventually won. I'd have preferred a "College Bowl"-type game myself, but...the Jeopardy game was rather ingenious. Harlan did some dramatic readings both Friday and Saturday. He does this sort of thing well, putting his whole self into his reading, and I enjoyed the stories I listened to. Later, it was the Tucker Going-away Party, a great success, with filksinging, snoffing, fanning, and drinking.

Saturday morning, I breakfasted with Gordy and Ann Cass. Poor ol' Gordy was hoarse as a horse after a very rough week, but he was still going on about his rocket launch. The hotel Grill, by the way, has a Maxfield Parrish mural in it, but I've never been able to find it listed in any Parrish reference work. Later that morning, we found that the con was sharing the hotel with a gung-ho-God bunch of evangelists (who left us strictly alone) and a convention of beer-can collectors. What a highly fannish circumstance! A number of fen were intrigued by candom, and at least one canfan was also a reader of SF; we sold him a Windycon membership. One single rare can went for \$120. And they throw the beer away for the sake of the can! Here is a place for fannish-cannish cooperation

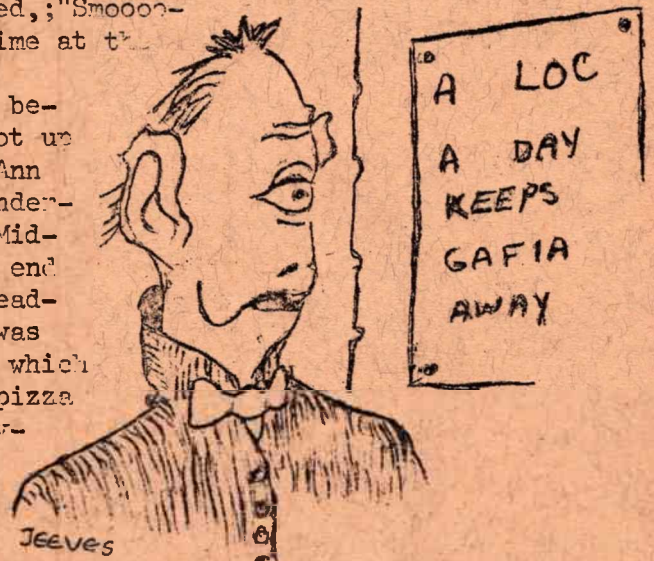


AN APPLE
A DAY KEEPS
THE DOCTOR
AWAY —
IF AIMED
RIGHT

and detente. We'll empty all the cans they supply. "And people think we [SF fans] are crazy," someone remarked. I spent most of Saturday morning walking off the dissipation of the night before, rather as Field Marshal Blücher walked off the effects of a night of carousing at an Oxford college with a stroll around Christ Church Meadows. Joni Stopa's costume panel was excellent, and Linda's fanzine panel was rather good. That afternoon, tho, Linda dragooned me into writing for the one-shot she was putting out. There were articles by Imzog (Glickson), Salo (me), and Bilbo (Bowers), among others, and a Tim Kirk illo drawn on stencil. Speaking of Bill Bowers, this was the first time I'd met him, and we became instant friends. If we'd known each other for years. And speaking of Tim Kirk, he wasn't much in evidence at the con--he is so quiet and shy that he'd slip away without his fannish friends' realizing. But he was trapped Sunday morning at Brunch, for he was at the head table. Lo, they brought out a gift for him, a great green 6-foot tall dragon-doll in commemoration of his saurian fannish artwork. The beast was bigger than he was, and he was flabbergasted by it. I gave it a surreptitious kick for Gordy.

Richard Delap's talk show Saturday evening was good, funny, and enjoyable, with James Gunn, Bobs Tucker and Bloch, and Harlan on the stage. But the parties that evening were great. I sang filksongs, madrigals; talked, "Smoooonothed", and generally had a good and fannish time at the roomparties. Sunday came all too soon.

Mainly because I didn't get to bed until 0430. But I got up for breakfast, this time with Leigh Couch and Ann Cass. Most of the rest of the day, I just wandered about, peering in from time to time on the Mid-American business meeting. After the official end of the con, I went out to the concommittee's dead-dog party in the southern part of town, which was somewhat subdued--everybody was exhausted--but which was fun nevertheless. The beer was good, the pizza moderate, and the company excellent. But everyone was fagged out by 2100, so a few of us came back to the conhotel for the in-house dead-dog party, which was by way of being a real hard-core fannish "do"--only those fans not yet gone and hardy enough to stay



up were there, and they were playing a game of "strip hangman" when I arrived. The game went on until about 0300, when everybody but Jack Chalker was starkers. At the end, there were two femfen and four fen, plus three or four spectators. The players never asked us spectators to take off our clothes, tho if they had, I would have; so I retained my clothes. When the game ended, the players just reached for their clothes and put them back on. No posing for photos or anything. Pity. But 'twas a fannish ending to a fannish con. Late Monday morning I got a plane back to Florida.

My opinion of this con was--is--very high. It was a damn good con, well-run, with very few hitches. The rooms were a bit dear, but the indigenous and local food was quite palatable and not overpriced. The fannish company was excellent; a spirit of friendliness permeated the con, and I enjoyed myself heartily. There was an *ambience* about the con, a friendliness already alluded to, that made it for me the best con of the summer.

Next weekend was Rivercon in Louisville, the DeepSouthCon. I've written an conrep for Nashville fandom on this con, so I won't cover it in detail. But it was good to see Kelly again, who told me all about his rocket launch; and CoH Phil Farmer, who gave an excellent and funny talk on Kilgore Trout, and promised the third Riverworld book early next year. I met the redoutable Buck and Jannita Coulson for the first time; sang numerous filksongs with them and others (also a few madrigals with Binker Hughes) got dragooned into the SFPA one-shot; talked with Sandra Miesel on Byzantine history, and with her elder daughter on fairy stories; missed seeing Muhammad Ali, otherwise known as Gaseous Cassius; enjoyed the beer; enjoyed the buffet banquet even tho I had to wait an hour to get served; and marveled at fanspeak spoken with

a southern drawl. The con was a good one and much fun, but it lacked the atmosphere of BYOBCON. It seemed more "straight", more "uptight": there were fewer unbra'd fem-fen at Rivercon than at Byob. But Southern fen are friendly, the con was a success, and I'm very glad I went.

From Louisville, I caught a ride to Bowling Green, temporary abode of Mike Glycer, whose invitation to stop by I took him up on. I spent two days there, meeting some of Mike's fellow grad students in the Popular Culture department, most of whom were fannish-in-essence if not in fact. Tuesday evening, about 8 of us drove down to New Riesel, about 140 miles SE of Bowling Green, where there's an excellent little folksy barbeque restaurant.

Wednesday I took a bus to Toronto via Toledo and Detroit, on my way to FAN FAIR III that weekend; and I arrived there that evening. Toronto fandom is a friendly and hospitable fandom, as I found when Bob Wilson and Janet Small put me up that evening, all because they'd read my zine at Victoria Wayne's. Thursday I helped Victoria and other committee members set up operations in the conhotel. Friday was the first day of the con, and I hustled about as a "go-fer" for some little time, until about mid-afternoon. Then I started watching people arrive. I saw a worried-looking Gordy Dickson, and asked him if he had any news on Jim Blish. Yes, he said, Jim died just a couple of days before. That evening, at a room congregation--not enough people yet to call it a party--someone brought out a bottle of very good Courvoisier VSOP brandy, and Gordy and I and two or three others drank to Jim's memory. (My chronology got mixed up: this was Thursday evening. Sorry)

The con was somewhat underprogrammed, and some of the talks and seminars were in out-of-the-way places like the consuite, but in general the con was well-run and things went fairly smoothly. There were some hitches, tho, like the hours' delay for the Masquerade (small but good) and the lack of any real events Friday evening. The concommittee had not planned a party Friday, but they were convinced that one was necessary, and duly put one on--a right good one, too. People and events: Jay Kay Klein, fotografer, filksinger, and fan; the excellent puppet theater workshop; Captain George's Whizzbang and the original "Superman"; people wearing "I am a clone of Cy Chauvin" badges, and Cy bogging at my badge, which said "Cy Chauvin is a clone of me!"; five hundred fans where fewer than three hundred had been expected; Taral Wayne MacDonald trying to keep up with things--usually successfully, but not always; Lester and Judy-Lynn del Rey, pro GoHs; Hal Clement; a fan-pubbing panel chaired by Mike Glicksohn, with myself, Bill Bowers, and Andy Porter helping guide the discussion-- I was flattered to be among such faneds; the lime jello at the Banquet--nobody's letting Joe Haldeman forget; talking with Joe and Gay at Mike's after the con; darting into a conroom and finding it full of filksinging fen, with Gordy and Jay Kay leading the group, and darting back out again because I wasn't in good voice; sitting in the consuite Sunday evening singing Tom Lehrer and Flanders & Swann songs with a most congenial bunch of fans, all of us high on one another's company; getting dragooned into yet another one-shot; finding a New England fan party that was completely "dry"--only soft drinks on ice--and finding it one of the best roomparties of the con; the Phil Foglio slideshow, one of the most hilarious bits of faaaanish entertainment that I've ever seen; the commotion on Saturday night as someone, we don't know who, kept turning in fire alarms, which caused consternation among the fire brigade, the hotel management, and the fans, but which commotion finally died down without any real after-effects; Leah Zeldes; Sheryl Smith; the incredible heat; and one loudmouthed chap who claimed that the craters on the moon and Mars were caused by an interstellar war.

Despite the problems of the con, which can be laid to the inexperience of the committee, and which in any case were not serious, FAN FAIR was a big success, fannishly speaking. The friendliness and hospitableness of Toronto fandom, plus the good and high spirits of the attendees, meant that the con had that "spark" that I noticed at BYOBCON, and I had a great time.

But in a sense, the best time I had in Canada was after the con, when Mike Glicksohn, the Haldemans, Jay Kay, and I sat up in Gordy's room singing filksongs and talking SF until way late.

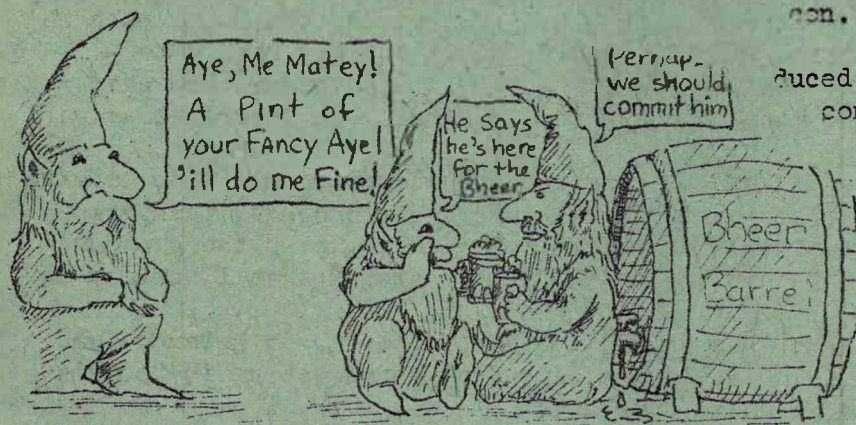
Glad, what a month! When I got home from Toronto, I lay down and slept for nearly twelve hours.

The last con I attended this season was WINDYCON in Chicago the first weekend in October. It was an excellent con, and I enjoyed myself thoroly. The weather was excellent: mild and breezy--warmer, in fact, than I expected--and almost cloudless. And the meteorological attributes transferred themselves to the con. Mild: it was a peaceful con with a lot of quiet conversation, and little noisiness. Breezy: many of the attendees were veteran congoers and well known to one another, and informality abounded--which startled at least one newcomer, but more about that later. Cloudless, almost: the con was well-planned and went off well, but there were a few problems: chief among which was the small, rather cramped hotel. The hotel staff were good; it is the physical size and layout of the hotel that I mean. Too, more fans came than were expected--some 600, in fact--and this complicated matters a bit. But I enjoyed it from the moment I registered on Friday until I bade farewell to the last fans on Monday afternoon.

I arrived about 1430 on Friday afternoon, and found the con already going strong. I saw many old fannish friends, and made some new ones. Chief among these latter were Denis Quane, editor of NOTES FROM THE CHEMISTRY DEPARTMENT, of whom and whose zine I'd heard a great deal, but whom I'd not met. He's short and round--not your typical chemistry-professor image--and it was exceedingly flattering to see that he was as pleased to meet me as I was to meet him. Similarly with Rick Sternbach, whose work I greatly admire. We met in the foyer of a roomparty, looked at each other's nametag, and said almost simultaneously, "Hey, I've been wanting to meet you!" I talked at length with him and Asenath Hammond-Sternbach, and one of our subjects was names. Asenath is an unusual name--and Samuel's not all that common, at least among fans--but like Samuel it is Biblical: we read in the 41st chapter of the Book of Genesis that Asenath the daughter of Potiphar was the wife of Joseph son of Jacob alias Israel. I have an aunt named Vitres (usually called "Ve") and a cousin named Protus, but where these names come from I don't know. And another person I was glad to meet was Gene Wolfe.

Friday night, the Miesels, the Freases, Larry Propp, and I went to The Bakery, a restaurant so posh that they didn't use menus, but so sure of its poshness that it required neither coat nor tie of its patrons. The food was excellent and abundant, but a bit expensive (\$12 for a five-course meal). We all pronounced the dinner a success, tho. Saturday night, a dozen of us descended on a Chinese restarant about six blocks from the hotel, and had an excellent and superabundant meal for about \$8 apiece. You couldn't call the menu echt Chinese, tho: one of the selections was called "Betty Ford's Choice" and there were a number of very un-Chinese names of dishes scattered about: but the food was very good.

I brought a neo to the con. A college friend of mine lives in Chicago, or rather in its suburb of Morton Grove; he reads science fiction, so I told him to come on down. His name is Dick Henderson, but I've called him "Son of Hender" ever since our freshman year at Chapel Hill. He's grown used to the nickname: he once introduced his father to me as "Hender". He came down Saturday afternoon, registered, and pinned on his nametag, which I'd inscribed "Son of Hender", somewhat to his chagrin, and saw the con. His mind was croggled.



I introduced him around, showed him the general connish program things, such as a couple of talks, an auction, and the masquerade (of which more later), and took him the round of room parties. The fannish custom of going from one room-party to another astonished him, but he was fascinated by the fannishness and friendliness of it all, and waxed enthusiastic about the con. I hope he'll become active in Chicago fandom. Sunday he showed me around the Natural History Museum: fascinating place.

Other people I saw at the con were Old Bill Bowers, who's actually not three years older than I am; Larry Downes, everywhere; Leah Zeldes, who manages to look elegant even in bluejeans; Joe and Gay Haldeman, to whom I gave a poster; Gordy Dickson, looking distracted; Keith Laumer, in somewhat of a bad temper; Victoria Vayne, who is one of the most polynymous femfen ever; Ctein, bearded and equible; Applesusan, who sold me a CONFUSION T-shirt; Joan Bowers, redhead; Ann Cass, survivor of the expedition to Dragon Point related earlier, and fandom's tallest femfan; Sheryl Smith, all in her usual brocade; Rusty "Dad" Hevelin and Bob "Son" Tucker, back from Australia with hilarious tales of the Worldcon; Mike Glicksohn and Sheryl Birkhead, also back from Australia with more adventures; George Martin, Hugo winner, who received his rocketship at the Brunch-Banquet; Bob Passovoy, MD, the toastmaster, who ought to get together with Rob Jackson the British medicine-fan, and start Medicapa; the Couches, come from St Louis, their car, which broke down on them on the way to BYOBCON, having been repaired; Ed Zdrojewski, the youngfan Mary Burns and I talked to at SEACON (see the third page of the conrep), now back from England; the Coulsons; the Frankes; the Eisensteins, and many others.

Program high points included a slide show of Aussiecon pictures; Great Hoaxes of the Western World, a panel chaired by Bob Tucker; and the Masquerade, which was an impromptu affair. The Channukah Chighlanders piped folk in, and the contestants displayed their efforts. Here's what happened: when you signed up for the masquerade, you were given a paper bag with some material and bits and pieces in it, and with that, plus your normal baggage--stuff that you could be expected to take to a con if you weren't going to have a costume--plus the contents of your room, you were supposed to make your costume. The organizers included a sewing service and makeup in their preparations; and the resulting costumes were in general quite good. One girl wrapped her plastic dropcloth around herself in strategic places, got some fil and made a headdress, and appeared as Gillian Boardman as a stripper from SISL. Another used a wig and a bent coathanger and paper to become an inhabitant of the planet Beaver (if I remember correctly), by appropriate placing of a tail and the wig fore and aft. One fan, using the styrofoam icebucket from his room as a helmet, made up an elaborate outfit that would have done well at a Worldcon masquerade. It was a very good show, and shows a great deal of inventiveness on the part of the participants.

The roomparties were good. Ro Nagey had a lightshow set up in his room. A Lissajous-linked laser made strange figures on the wall, while jazz-rock played on a cassette. The consuite was crowded, but the bheer was inexhaustible. At the dead-dog party Sunday, we sat and watched Monty Python, but the stage was conversation at other parties. There was a good bit of Smoooothing, but I didn't run across much filksinging, tho there was some going on. We talked about Bill Bowers's new beard, Imsog's not having his slouch hat, Aussiecon, SF (yes), drink (Son of Hender was nonplussed when Tucker passed him the Beam for a Smoooth), fans, fandom, and all the things fans do talk about at cons. The Brunch/Banquet was good if a bit dear, but the associated speeches were mercifully short. I was awake at 1100 Sunday morning, but not everyone else appeared to be so.

I give WINDYCON a top-class rating for enjoyment, and I hope the one next year will be as good. This ends my series of conreps for this ish.

~~~~~

As you will have gathered, I like to go to conventions, and I like to tell people about the ones I've been to. I like to read conreps too, both of cons I've been to (to see what others thought of them) and of ones I haven't (to see what they were like.) I'd like therefore to encourage readers to send conreps for publication in GUNPUTTY, either separately or interleaved with my comments. (I am not, tho, interested in how drunk you got. Tell me what happened at the con, who was there, etc, and your impressions.)

A great deal of this multiconrep was composed on stencil, or taken direct or slightly revised from the notes I took at the cons, for the sake of spontaneity, so please forgive its unpolished style.



# TiW

Which, being Sindarin for "letters", denotes the lettercol, containing comments on Q8....

In the last few years, I've become less a British fan and more a Commonwealth fan, having close fannish-friendly ties not only with British fandom, but also with Australian and Canadian fandom as well. Here, for example, is an LoC from that notable Toronto femfan,...

Victoria Vayne    Box 156, Stn D    Toronto, Ont M6P 3J8

I thoroughly enjoyed QWERTYUIOP 8 from cover to cover. Fannish type fanzines are the kind I think I like most to see, and I enjoy reading about and getting to know other fans this way. I regard the personal, fannish zine as a sort of extended letter. Your long editorial chit-chat, for example...it's the sort of thing I hope to do myself someday in my own zine. And con reports, also, bring back memories. I didn't know the people you mentioned at DISCON, since I was only recently graduated from being a raw neo then, but I've read about most of them since then, and so almost feel I know them.

Mike Gorra has to be exaggerating in his bidding war article, but there is enough truth behind what he says to get me bugged. I'm a pretty firm believer in the idea that a school is a place to learn, not a sports arena; and I don't like the idea of luring lunkheaded types just to play football. If they have a mind and can benefit from the education, fine--nothing wrong with sports for exercise and fun. But, in USA much more than in Canada, universities take their football and other sports so seriously.

And a few words about Mike Glicksohn. He...sometimes comes over to use my typer [A Selectric II with all the trimmings. Mine's an old I-model...sl]. [G]enerally I open my door to his knock, to find Mike standing there with shot glass in one hand and hip flask in pocket. Once another friend who got to my place at the same time was surprised by Mike down in the lobby waiting for the elevator with his shot glass--full--in hand. He must walk down the street this way. And my apartment building is very establishment, full of middle-aged business executive types. At any rate, the page 11 illo fits exactly.

Last Sunday [27 IV 75] tragedy struck Mike—he prepared a thermos of potables to bring along to the OSFIC meeting at which he was to speak of the club's origins and he put the thermos in his fridge. When he next opened the fridge, the flask ended up on the floor, shattered, the potables irretrievable. That day, when I ran into Mike at the subway station, he looked as tho he'd just lost his best friend.

Mike in his letter claims he'd have difficulty writing even one page on the origins of the Ontario SF Club (OSFIC). It so happens that, only scant months ago, he wrote not one but THREE entire pages, for the club newszine, on the origins.... But Mike...is good fun to have around at my get-togethers and he's given me lots of valuable help in getting my own fanzines going. [He's a] good person to know.

\*\*\*\*\*

I'll agree with that. Mike's one of my closest fannish friends, and his LoC follows. (Psst, don't tell anybody, but that flask contained tea.) Victoria's zine is named *SIMULACRUM*; I recommend it: it's fannish, funny, and well-produced.



Mike Glicksohn 141 High Park Ave Toronto Ont M6P 2S3

I've just taken a much-needed break from an incredibly busy schedule to read and enjoy Q8 and the tatty old double sf novels you sent me. Really enjoyed Q8 and his battered Aces, and even tho I'm far too tired to be punny, I wanted to drop you a line to

tell you that. So I just did.

In all cirrusness, April has been a mind-numbingly hectic month, and the joy of reading Q was much appreciated. As usual, I burst out laughing several times, both at the clever lines and at your droll (and troll) cartoons. I also appreciated the cleverness of many of the things you wrote, and the wit (as opposed to humor) of much of what you had to say. Q may be slight, and some may review you as having too much fun from too little substance, but Q8 fitted my needs perfectly., and I'm happy to be a part and a consumer of it. (But if you call me Sohn of Glick one more time in print, guy, the next rocket you launch is going right up your arsehole and thru your colons;: and believe me, when it gets thru its passage it'll have rectum.) [Right. *That nickname's been struck from the list... but I have another in the wings....sl*]

If I hadn't gotten fifty fanzines (fifty! can that be normal?) during...April, and if going to England just to surprise the hell out of you at SEACON hadn't put me so far behind in my correspondence that I'm still not caught up, I might try to loc this fanzine properly. As it is, I think I'm going to be campbelled to just admit that I liked it, and let it go at that. There are dozens of opportunities to pun in and on the issue, but my mind just isn't up to it, I'm a-frayed.

a With all the great long cartoons inside, the cover by Bell is still the clapper on the zine. And the written (or writ-eight, since that's all there are in the toc) contributions are amusing, interesting, and enjoyable.

And while there's still a golf between us, and we're a fairway apart in many respects, I'm eagle to please you, and apologize for this response being below par and containing a hole in one. O

\* \* \* \* \*

The dot represents the hole in the letter....You're one of the fore-most letterhacks in fandom, Mike, and your letters fit your personality to a tee. Tell me, tho, do you make rough drafts of your letters? Or do you putter around and write them, so to speak, directly on stencil? I'll hazard a guess it's the latter--and immediately retire to the 19th hole, lest my readers lynch us both.

Don D'Ammassa 19 Angell Dr, East Providence, RI 02914

I just sat down and read through QWERTYUIOP (what an easy title to type), stifling laughter every page or two. I have to stifle, you see, because I'm sitting at my desk at work, and my secretaries might not understand how their boss can possibly be chuckling secretively into his papers when business is so bad. [Lavin' fanac on company time, eh?] One must keep up the appearance of sobriety at all costs.

I'm inordinately fond of puns (many say it is impossible to be anything but inordinate in relation to puns) and other word plays, so such things as Inflated Titles always amuse me. Perhaps you should emulate F&SF and have a contest each issue.

Mike Gorra's piece was one of his better efforts. It's nice to see that he doesn't spend all his time trying to revive the fandom of a decade or two ago.

\*\*\*\*\*  
I ALSO HEARD FROM: Poul Anderson, who enjoyed the spy-story in Q; Robin Johnson, with info on Aussie Holidays; Mike Kring, who 'lows that he was once a jock like Mike Gorra; and Steve Beatty, who says he's not related to Admiral Lord Beatty.



Wayne MacDonald 1284 York Mills Rd, Apt 410, Don Mills, Ont M3A 1Z2

Have you ever noticed how when you read a fanzine you have all sorts of things to say in response to this fugghead's loc and that moron's article, and that cretin's ~~4414~~ ~~4414~~ fanfic? And you notice all those little blurrss and scratches and spots and things in the repro? Two days later, when you sit down to loc said zine, nothing comes to mind. The zine is a total blank in your memory. You have to read it all over again. It gets to be work! This is how it works for me, whether the zine is OUTWORLDS, QWERTYUIOP, or CRUDFAN NUMBER X. (Notice how I've subtly rated the quality of Q in that preceding sentence.) [Yeah, I notice....]

Your dither about scientific notation and prefixes reminds me that *They* (government, natch) are instituting the metric system north of the border. I find this fine. I can think metric if need be, and with practise can think in it as easily as non-metric. Many people, however, don't seem to like the idea. It might force them to learn something new. ...one person I know is so bad she can't even work out decimal weights on her groceries. She has no [?] trouble working out her change even tho decimal coinage has been used in Canada since the Confederation (or maybe even before). It is obvious that she won't learn, which is a whole different thing than can't. I'm against Hertzes and Pascals and such honorific terminology too. Science should be easy to understand. Inventing terms with opaque meanings makes things difficult for scientist and layman alike. Any person with a minimal amount of education should be able to identify a cycle/sec.

Calling it a hertz gives no clue to its meaning. And science philosophers bemoan the fact that science is becoming esoteric even among disciplines! No wonder.

English muffins aren't English?

Well, crumpets are, I know, and that serves to introduce a little anecdote.... We used to have a member of OSFiC who was not exactly a neo, but some different species of nurd altogether. It was customary in those days to unofficially meet at the Royal Ontario Museum for lunch and discussion. Young Peter van Bork met an English crumpet at the ROM for the first time, and had to have one, once the spongy looking pastry had been explained to him. When he returned to the table with his treat, we noticed that he

hadn't toasted them, had already buttered them, and was prepared to begin eating. "Peter," one of us began to point out his oversight, "You should cook them first, or they'll taste like rubber gaskets." After a brief foray to the toaster, he returned again. There was a faint discoloring of the upper surfaces of the crumpet that might have been from toasting or might have been dust. "Those aren't cooked!" "Yes they are!" he insisted, and wouldn't budge from his seat under threat or guile. An attempt to wrestle them from him failed also. He ate them that way, for all practical purposes raw. I wouldn't be surprised if he never ate another. And crumpets are so good... [QWERTYUIOP/GUNPUTTY--the culinary fanzine....]

Neil Brooks 713 Paul St, Newport News, Va 23605

Greatly enjoyed the QWERTYUIOP 8. "Better than a poke in the eye with a sharp stick", as my friend Jim would say--I was amazed to find the same saying in "Beetle Baily" and an avant-garde novel by Barthelme, both in the same week--I have yet to understand a saying I heard from some technicians at the wind-tunnel a few years ago--"He talks like a man with a paper ass."

You are right about medieval music. Now way, of course, to know exactly what it really did sound like, but I have a Pro Musica re-creation of the 12th century PLAY OF DANIEL. A really fabulous sound, but much different from anything modern. But to go from the sublime to the ridiculous, you don't know what filksinging is until you've heard George Wells and me sing "The Green Hills of Earth" to the tune of the Coca Cola jingle... Or the "Ode to Joy" music... Or the tune to "Oh Susannah"... George will even do it to the tune of



"Ghost Riders in the Sky", but I wouldn't sink so low....

Terry Jeeves probably never had any iced tea that was properly prepared--the commercial product as served in restaurants always tastes to me like it has soap in it. But if it is brewed strong and well-sweetened before the ice is added, it's quite good.

And here is Jeeves himself,

B. Terry Jeeves, 230 Bannerdale Rd, Sheffield, Yorks S11 9FE

A lovely cover, keep getting 'em like this for full marks. Sadly, a quick butcher's at the AA book reveals no other "BT" places, altho a gazette may do so. [It so happens I have one to hand. There's Bemersyde, in Berwickshire, as in Field Marshal Lord Haig of, and Bempton in the East Riding, right near Flamborough Head.]

[Brian] Hampton's problem of the fried egg reminds me of Leacock's character, who, terrified by bank protocol, desires to draw cash from the ten dollars and three cents (or such-like) he has just deposited. In panic, he writes a check for the full amount he has just paid in, and asked how he wanted the ten, replies, "In tens," "And the three cents?" "In cents" replies the wight. Maybe Brian should have answered the query as to what kind of fried egg he wanted by saying, "A fried one."

May I say an additional word on "going down to London. [But it's 'up', Terry. One goes up to London.] This has been used because for centuries London has been regarded as being the absolute depths of depravity. Naturally, when you descend to such depths...you go down. Hence you always go down to London, no matter where you start. This sounds so logical it might almost be true.

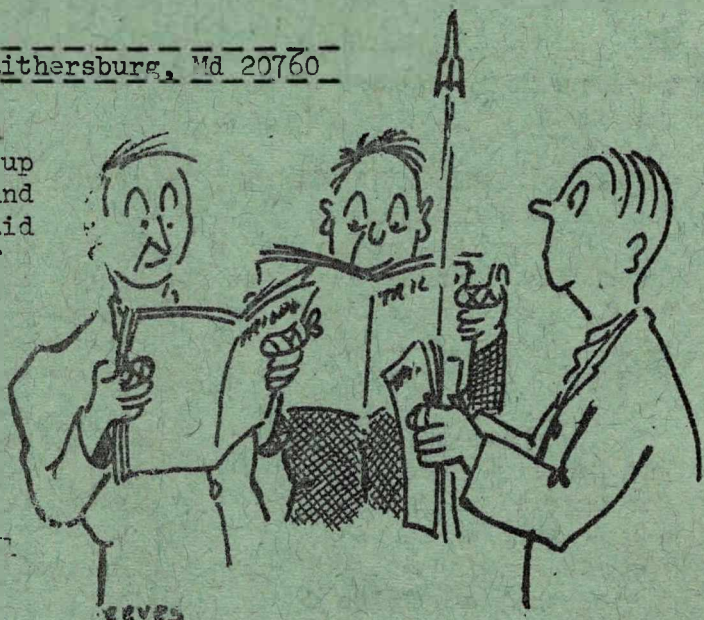
Oh, yes, and what IOC would be complete without a reference to "Iced Tea"? Therefore, iced tea...thus making the IOC complete.

Another commenter on fried eggs is

Sheryl Birkhead 23629 Woodfield Rd, Gaithersburg, Md 20760

[When in England for SEACON] the English fried eggs I had were merely sunny side up (not busted) and the closest thing I found to our English muffin was a crumpet. Said crumpet tasted like a beehive version of an underdone English muffin, and I still have no idea how the honeycomb texture is arrived at. Chewy, etc--heavy, but I still enjoyed it.

Hey, don't knock McDonald's. I happen to like the food, but found a Wimpyburger was pushing palatability just a little bit TOO far. Still and all, I won't judge hastily--I'll allow Wimpys another half dozen stomach aches THEN I'll say McD heats them out. Tl? I like hot tea with milk and cold tea with lemon--never vice versa--and in the US, tea with milk is the exception rather than the rule. In fact, right here in my desk drawer I have instant iced tea [Ycchs some stuff--vile..sl] mix with lemon, teabags, and dried milk, so I'm all set no matter which I choose. Oh yeah, there's also the epitome of gourmet delight--instant coffee. [Instant coffee can be palatable, but instant tea has never turned me on at all, and I'll drink it only as a last resort. I brew my tea with teabags instead, by the gallon. Had enough there, Terry? GUNPUTTY, the thirst-quenching fanzine that gives you breakfast too. ]





Jan Appelbaum 5836 West 25<sup>th</sup> St, St Louis Park, Minnesota 55416

Twenty-five and a half is a nice, strange street; it's only five short blocks long. It was caused by railroad tracks and by different sections of the city being laid out and built at different times. The real screwiness is caused by sections being laid out without checking to see whether it correlates with the others. The section I live in is on the west side of a major dividing highway. The east section was laid out first. When this side was done, all the east-west streets were offset from their counterparts on the other side of the highway. Now expansion on this side of the highway started northward from one of the main highways. The boundary to the north is a set of railroad tracks; you can't build too close to them. When the builders finally got to the north end, they found there wasn't enough room to make a whole block, so they made a half. The street might have been 25<sup>th</sup> if the layout had been correlated. There are compensations. It's interesting to watch the change in people's expressions when you tell them you live on half a street.

I don't have sym-  
phonic dreams; I seem to have literate ones. I never remember the story when I wake up, but the impressions I always remember are that the story was a coherent, logically progressing plot, not a string of incidents connected by rational and/or non-rational means. They also seem to have contained long conversations of what I remember to be realistic and involved dialogue.

I'm in a quandry. The first few times I saw "LoC/loc", I wasn't even sure what it meant. Now that I know that it is what you're reading now, I'm still not sure how to pronounce it. I've always pronounced it as one syllable, but from your use of the article "an", you pronounce each letter separately. Which is more understood in fandom when spoken. [Good question. Lots of fans say "lock", including Mike Glicksohn, who asked me the same question, but many also say "ell-oh-see", especially when they want to avoid confusion. Trisyllabic LoC is fairly common in Britain, where I joined fandom; and since I write LoC not loc, I tend to think of them as separate letters. Awright readers, here's your chance: in your LoC--or loc--state your preferences on this subject. ]

I must admit that I do enjoy your sense of humor, both for visual and verbal puns. My favorite this issue was the "Secret Agent Fan" shaggy dog story, even tho I missed it the first time.

~~~~~  
V A few short notes

Bruce D. Arthurs: You have an incredible talent for producing pun after pun something I hardly ever seem to be able to do. It seems that the best puns (or the worst, depending on your viewpoint) are the ones that make you go "GROANNNNNNN!" rather than just a simple "haha" You have a goodly share of GROANNNNNNN!'s in Q8. I enjoyed it highly. (920 N 82nd St H-201 Scottsdale, Ariz 85257)

Don Markstein: A good reason for American newspapers not to use diacritics and the like is that they simply aren't set up to do t-em as a regular thing, and for special ones like when they mention foreign words, they don't have something like a typewriter where they can backspace and stick a ', `', or what have you in--the type is set in hot metal that would require considerable hand work to alter. You'll notice that they also don't underline, and quite a few don't use italics. When I worked for one, I got several nasty glances when I pointed out that my little typewriter could do things their huge linotypes couldn't. (Box 53112, New Orleans, La 70153) +Yeah, but with more and more papers using photographic methods these days, that problem no longer obtains, I'd've thought.]

Mike Gorra: ...enjoyed every page of it. Q was a light, fun-to-read zine, and, as most of my loccers tell me, there ain't too much you can say about a well-written fannish piece. ...will try to write a better loc next time. [Look to't.] (Mike's a Amherst now, but his home address is 199 Great Neck, Waterford, Conn 06385.)

ΔΔΔΔΔΔΔΔΔΔΔΔ

Pamela Boal 4 Westfield Way, Charlton Heights, Wantage, Oxon

I think you would be the first to admit that you are inclined to overdo puns, so I give you fill marks for QWERTYUIOP 8's cover, an amusing, simple idea well-executed. Full marks to Harry Bell--that's the cutest (in the nice English sense of the word, not the less flattering American usage) BEM I've seen for ages.

On the subject of spelling: if a "foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds", by inference I must have a mind of gigantic proportions. Seriously, tho, by bitter experience I know that the vagaries of English spelling can be a most effective gag. Educationalists have for some time realized that the greatest aid to learning is interest in the subject. Who can care (minutely let alone passionately enough to work) about the subject of *their* or *there*? Self-preservation might induce one to learn the rules that can apply, if only there was a logical, let alone interesting, reason for the myriad exceptions. I found etymology an interesting approach to this vexatious subject--interesting but not particularly helpful. Too many English words are so far removed from their root, not to mention applying the logical buildup from the root will all too frequently produce an incorrect spelling. Then there is the infinite variety of pronunciations, subject not only to regional but also fashionable differences, so that if one attempts to solve the spelling problem by writing words phonetically there is still risk of being misunderstood. I can understand older people being somewhat bigoted on the subject of spelling (tho I wonder if the drumming-in of spelling in prewar primary schools drummed out the love of the English language) but am surprised to find young people equally bigoted.

"What to Say When the Analyst Comes" appealed to my "sensa yuma" greatly. Let us have more articles that show how to defeat one of THEM, whatever category THEY may fall into.

Who is this subversive person I find heading your lettercol? Ice coffee! Reasonable licencing laws! Sir, the British character is founded on a mass of inconveniences. Cooling drinks in hot weather, insulated homes keeping out drafts [sic] and damp, a transport system that could cope with the vagaries of British weather, above all being able to get alcoholic beverages when most fancied, would destroy that well-known British fortitude, at the very least it would render the majority of us speechless. What point would there be in talking about the weather when the means to counter its effects (or dull the sensibilities to them) are readily and permanently available?



Gil Gaier 1016 Beech Ave, Torrance, CA

QWERTYUIOP 8 is a clever cocoon with its creature-maker caught up tight inside. It's revealing to see your mind exposed. I suspected you were bright and punctilious, but you are...extravagant. Nowhere in fandom have I come across such dense (first meaning, of course) yet enlivening prose. Hey, I even enjoyed your conreport; it was your off-beat comments that no other reports had that kept me hanging on. Every piece by Gorra that I've read in recent zines is quite enjoyable. All in all, it's a fascinating read: variety with a glimp of humor in a literate form. Congratulations. [Thanks, Gil. Ah 'pershiates that, as we say down here in Florida.]

Jodie Offutt Funny Farm, Haldeman, KY 40329

Gunputty! for goodness sake! I love it! [the name...I hope you like the zine.] I met Brian Hampton in Nashville. I remember him talking about the stamp machines. He also spoke of how much alike so much of America is--Holiday Inns and McDonalds anywhere you go. He also mentioned the size of the country. I think there is a

connection between the two. We move around our huge country so much, leaving roots and breaking family ties, probably to a greater extent than in any other country. I wouldn't be surprised if the good old Howard Johnson, Holiday, Convenient or 7/11 Foods aren't a way of making us feel at home as we move from place to place.

I like and enjoy the natural, easy way you write. I shall look for Montaigne at the library and I may dip into Frazer--I know he's on Andy's shelves someplace.

[GUNPUTTY, the natural, organic free-range fanzine. Thanks, Jodie, for your good word--you're a dab hand at easy fannish writing yourself.]

No fanzine is complete without an LOC from the one and only...

Harry "Hank" Warner 423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Md 21740

Montaigne probably deserves the credit you give him as one of the oldtime fans who were omitted from *The Immortal Storm*. But you should also be careful not to overlook one of your namesakes, good old Sam Pepys. He must be the only pre-twentieth-century individual who rivaled some fans in the art of going into the most minute detail imaginable about daily life in the first person singular. Of course, you could argue that Samuel doesn't count because he didn't publish his diary thru FAPA or any other fannish medium. But I've been reading Robert Lewis Stevenson's essay on Pepys, and Stevenson contends that the old fellow was writing for publication. Otherwise, he argues, why didn't Pepys destroy what he had written long before his death, after circumstances forced him to give up [keeping a] diary which could have caused him untold embarrassment if someone had found it and deciphered it during his lifetime? [Pepys lived until 1703; he could have joined the first apa, which was formed in Belchester and London in 1698, so says Osteen University historian Bertrand Bétôt; but he was old and blind; it's not surprising he didn't join. He may never have heard of it.]

Is Orlando close to that circus-oriented amusement park that's being built within about an hour's drive of Disneyland? [Yes.] The Fine brothers, who own Ringling-Barnum-Bailey, used to live in Hagerstown. Circus fandom is very similar in certain ways to science fiction fandom. I've attended a circus-fandom worldcon and many local meetings, read circus fanzines, and even won the equivalent of a circus Hugo for a newspaper column I wrote.

It's too bad that the old way of abbreviating scientifiction has grown almost obsolete. If it were still customary, there would be no problem in finding a patron saint for us: simply St F with no period, something like Forrest J Ackerman's full middle name. [What about St Asaph, a Welsh saint whose name is pronounced SF? There's a town named after him--city, rather: it's the seat of a bishop--in north Wales. His feast day is 11 May, and he lived in the 6th century.]

John Gruber's Hagers-Town Town and Country Almanack, which is sold all over the northeast and maybe even further afield, still runs dates by both the Old Style and the more generally accepted modern way of dating things. I was comparing the most recent edition with the one published six decades ago and I noticed by the sunrise and sunset statistics that there are now about ten minutes' more time between those two events right through the year than there were in the 1910s. I thought at the time that I really should write to the Naval Observatory, just in case they haven't noticed the trend, and never got around to it. I assumed at first that the rotation of the earth was slowing, then realized that if this were so, Johnny Carson wouldn't be coming on the air at 11:30 year after year. Then I realized the most probable explanation: the earth is becoming flat at a slow rate. [The actual reason is probably a slightly different definition of sunrise and sunset. But this might account for it: the sun moves its own angular diameter in 2 minutes, so that the maximum expected difference between the times of SR and SS would be 4 minutes...but the sun doesn't rise straight up. That may be it--is there an astronomer in the readership?]

We reacted about the same way to Discon II, judging by your conreport. I share your doubt about the reality of SCA

performances of music. But I doubt if anyone today can be sure how medieval music was being played. Heck, people are arguing over such points as how Paderewski played the piano, and we have phonograph records by him. (Some claim he played differently in the studio or the recording process distorted what he was doing or he changed his style after he began making records.) How can anyone be sure how music was performed much longer ago? Did they play instruments while the singing was in progress or just before and after stanzas? Was there any harmony? How was the rhythm contrived? Do the pitch symbols that were written down indicate exactly how the musical line went up and down or was it just the bare bones of the melody that the singer varied? Was there just one way of performing a composition or did the method vary from one town to another because of communications difficulties? You asked about a real space opera. The one you heard about may have been Blomdahl's *Aniara*. It occurs on a spaceship that is running out of control. Columbia released a two-record set of excerpts from it years ago which didn't sell well enough to stay in print and it now costs from \$50 up from second-hand record dealers. I belonged to the Columbia Record Club at the time, ordered it, got two copies by mistake, and naturally returned the duplication, to my later sorrow.

I liked Brian Hampton's little travelog. Mike Gorra's essay was very amusing, and I have doubts as to how badly exaggerated it is, the way things are going in intercollegiate athletics.

The newspapers for which I work don't even have the / in their typesetting resources, and this can cause problems when you quote in a news story the exact text of a legal document. Louis Russel Chauvenet, a now-defunct fan, used to try to solve one account problem on English-language typewriters by using the parenthesis marks like this: & and & [for & and &]. It looks odd at first but it can be useful if you're trying to persuade a French fan that you really do understand the variety of ways the & comes in his language. I share your dismay over the bad writing and bad spelling in newspapers. But did you ever read manuscripts from the 19th century, like old letters, deeds, wills, and so on? Those old boys could produce illiteracies just as frequently and far-out as anything which comes out of the school system today.

A few words now from the Far Northwest, from...

Pauline Palmer 2510 48th st, Bellingham, Wash 98225

A thoroughly enjoyable issue... Your comment about Montaigne's *Essays*--that faneds are probably the heirs of his literary tradition--is right on and makes an excellent point. It did remind me that once somewhere a fan mentioned that if James Thurber were living now, he'd be a great fanwriter (artist, too, actually, but that wasn't mentioned that I recall). Your saying that the *Essays* were in a sense the first perszine also made me think of Brian Aldiss's nonfiction book, *The Shape of Further Things*, which was to me like reading one long, fascinating and exceptionally well-written perszine. Anyone who hasn't read this book should really try to get hold of a copy, whether or not they care for Aldiss's fiction. I seldom proselytize about things I've read, but this is a special case and I really recommend it. *(end of plug)*

The nature shows on TV really are quite often of very high quality. We recently watched one about Australian critters which included some fascinating shots of the birth of a baby (fetus, really) kangaroo, complete with interior pouch views of the tiny thing nursing. Imagine--two nipples, each one of a different flavor! Crogging indeed--ain't nature grand? This same program also provided one of the rare occasions upon which I wish for a color TV: it showed a Tasmanian devil, but I didn't get to see it turn red with anger. And besides that, it didn't look at all like the one in those old Bugs Bunny cartoons....

I really enjoyed "Brian and the Bus", the egg episode reminded me of the time I wanted an egg-burger for breakfast while traveling in Canada. Egg-burgers--a hamburger with all the usual trimmings plus a hard-fried egg slapped on where the cheese usually is --were standard late-morning-after fare around where I was living at the time, but in this particular

Terry Hughes 866 North Frederick St, Arlington, Va 22205

It's nice to see a conreport about the Washington DC Worldcon that does not go on and on about the size of the thing. Such repetition in report after report. [sic] I believe that any worldcon report of the past few years have three things in common. In any of them you will find references to the large size of the membership, complaints about the food, and a number of names dropped. So I thank you for not bitching about the size. [I hope, then, that you don't mind the "name-dropping" in this's conreps. I've tried not to drop names without good reason: usually I've added a description of the person and/or his/her activities--to add verisimilitude.]

Instead of complaining about the US newspapers not using accent marks, etc, you should be overjoyed. I mean, they do enough damage with the misspellings of our native American language. Just think what they could do to Lithuanian!

It's nice to see so many handcut illos. It is not a dead art after all. [No indeed! Ask Ed Connor and Terry Jeeves--and Jim Cawthorne--whether they think the hand-cutting art is lost. All of Ed's and most of Terry's zineart is handcut. In this ish, there's both electrosten and handcut. In one case there's a combination .the Cyclops looking at the poster--one is handcut, the other, with a different proclamation, is electro'd.] Your renderings in terms of cartoons were adequate and the punchlines groanably good. I like your writing style, it is comfortable and relaxed. No hype, no aggravated awkwardness. Aren't you happy to at last get a Loc which doesn't comment at length about the British feel to your fanzine? [Well, in a way, yes. I'm still very much a British fan, but I'm becoming more and more an American fan as I read more North American zines, got to N.A. cons, and meet more N.A. fen. I'm at home in both fandoms, and, Ghu willing, I'll continue to be.]

I also heard from (reprise): Bruce Pelz, who discussed ekenames; Don Lundry, who enjoyed Q7; Mae Strelkov, who nattered, and who liked the cover and its bridge so much that she did a painting of it, or rather a hec to; and Joe Green, who got a chuckle out of the cartoon aimed in his direction. Thanks to one and all....

~~~~~ AT THE SIGN OF THE ADIABAT, reprise

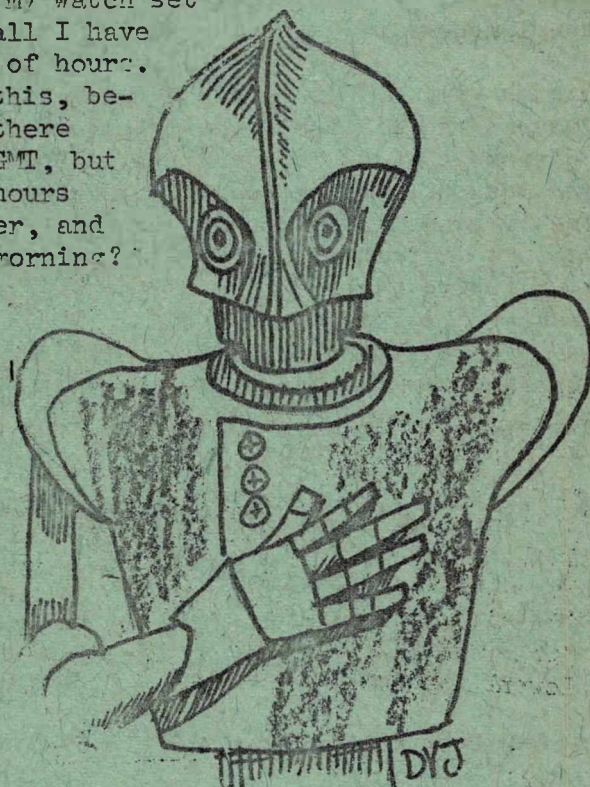
I have expanded my mailinglist for this issue. I will "ensmall" it for nextish. To be sure of GP2 you must a) LoC (the easiest way of getting on the mailinglist), or b) send me a copy of your zine (a good way of getting on; and I almost always LoC), or c) send art, articles, verse (not fanpoetry, but funny, light verse), faaaanfiction (but probably not fanfiction, unless it's very good), conreps, and so forth, or d) otherwise show interest. In articles, I look for lightness of touch, general interest, and fannishness; and I particularly like personal adventures or misadventures, out-of-the way knowledge either scientific, sfnal, or historical, pieces with sophisticated humor, and, of course, punny stories. In fanart, I tend to prefer filler-illo size mostly, with some half-page. I like cartoons, as you have seen, caricature, faaanish art, and (you artist/writers) illustrations that go along with text or are otherwise appropriate to it. Artwork should beelectrostencilable; but if it's handcuttable, so much the better. I will edit articles, etc, as necessary, but where the editing/rewriting is more than correcting spelling or other small items, I will check with the author before I print it. I am not a sercon fan, but I will publish sercon articles if they're not too oppressively so. Artwork and manuscripts will be returned upon request. I'm not too hot on book or zine reviews unless they are out of the ordinary--either the book/zine or the review. But remember--GUNPUTTY is a light, good-humored fanzine aimed at SF fans, and is meant to entertain, enlighten, and divert. So much for GUNPUTTY's editorial policy.



By the way, I will be happy to do articles or artwork for other faneds upon request, and my fee is cheap: a copy of the zine and a drink at a con sometime. But I'm not normally a self-starting fanwriter--send some suggested topics along with your request.

\*\*\*\*\*

Onward, fannishly. As I type this page, it comes to my mind that we "set the clocks back" tonight, it being the time to change from Eastern Daylight Time (4 hours behind Greenwich) to Eastern Standard Time (5 hours behind Greenwich). Two AM Sunday morning becomes one AM (EST), which means that the local bars, which close at 0200, will be able to stay open another hour, to the evident delight of their tier patrons. The changeover doesn't bother me at all: I keep my watch set on Greenwich Mean Time all the time anyway, so all I have to do is remember to subtract the proper number of hours. It takes only a little while to remember to do this, before it becomes perfectly natural. Of course, there can be problems. Once I set my alarm clock on GMT, but left the alarm on EST, such that it went off 5 hours early. It was dark outside, for it was midwinter, and I was not completely alert--who is on a winter morning?--so I got up and padded down the hall to the hall to the bathroom with my shaver and toothbrush. When I got back to my room (this was when I was in college), my roommates, who'd woken up too, laughed and laughed at me, until I figured out why, apologized for waking them, reset my clock, and went back to bed. I picked up the GMT habit from my father, who picked it up while he was a navigator in World War II in the Air Force. I was confirmed in it when I became a weatherman, because like navigation and aviation, weather forecasting is done on GMT and the charts are dated in it. So whenever I travel, I don't change my watch; I just add or subtract the proper number of hours. This will do in most places, but not in all.



Some localities don't have standard times, or don't subtract or add integral hours. Newfoundland, for example, is 3 hours 30 minutes behind Greenwich, or an hour and a half ahead of Ottawa. Surinam (formerly Dutch Guiana between Brazil and Venezuela in South America) is similarly -3h30m on Greenwich, but its neighbor, Guyana (formerly British Guiana) is -3h45m. Paratonga and the Cook Islands in the Pacific are -10h30m. There are many places in the Eastern Hemisphere that are hours and a half fast on Greenwich. Iran is +3h30m. Afghanistan is +4h30m. India is +5h30m, as are Ceylon and many islands in the Indian Ocean. Burma is +6h30m; Malaysia, +7h30m, and Australia's Northern Territory and South Australia states are +9h30m. Sundry Pacific islands are even farther--and--a-half ahead, and one, Chatham Island, located east of 180° but west of the International Date Line, is +12h45m ahead of Greenwich! Integral numbers of hours are easy to add or subtract in one's head, but I'm afraid that if I went to one of these off-hour places, I'd find it hard to avoid resetting my watch. Especially in a place like Surinam or Guyana or Chatham Island. Time zones--standard time zones, that is--are given letters as well as names, and they are consecutively named. GMT is Zulu or Z time; EST is Romeo or R time; CST is Sierra or S time, and so on. [GMT+1, that is, Central European Time or British Standard (Summer) Time, is A, +2 is B, and so on around, omitting J. GMT-1 is N - GMT-2, O time, and so on around. M and Y are the same time on different dates, being centered on 180°.] One place that does not have a Standard Time is Saudi Arabia. Another is the US station at the South Pole in Antarctica. It has no longitude, so it has no standard time. So they simply choose one that's convenient and use it.

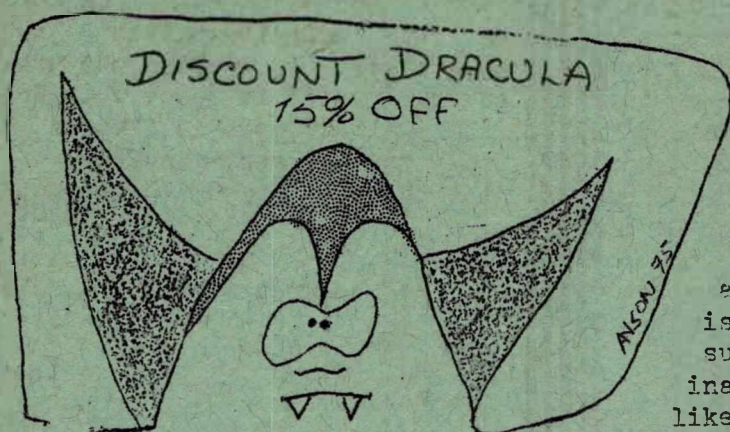
YXWVUTSRQP IJABCDEFGHIKLM



Loyal readers of QWERTYUIOP may be somewhat surprised not to find "Parodies Lost & Parodies Regained" in this issue. The reason is, I've no new parody to include. But I have not been idle in this regard, as readers of Mike Glyer's SCIENTIFRICTION will know. In place of the usual parody, however, I have a filksong in parodic style (which is almost a definition of filksong anyway), which I wrote at FAN FAIR in Toronto, and which I call "Fannish Marching Song, or, Stouthearted Fen", sung to the well-known tune.

Give me some fen who are stout-hearted fen  
 Who will fight for SF they adore--  
 Start me with ten who are stout-hearted fen,  
 And I'll soon give you ten thousand more, O!  
 Shoulder to shoulder and bolder and bolder  
 They grow as they go to the bar!  
 Then there's nothing in the world can halt or mar a con  
 When stout-hearted fen can drink together until dawn!

Mike Glicksohn suggests "stout-drinking", which is good, especially if there's Guinness to hand, which is unfortunately not the case in the US very often, but is the norm at British cons and get-togethers. One more reason why Britain's fine in '79. Which brings up the subject of beers and such like. I've lost some of my dislike for American beer in the last year or so, but I still much prefer the real stuff. I found that Canadian beers are better than their south-of-the-border rivals, and I found that local brews are better than the national brands: so this summer's con-going was not a waste of time. Unfortunately, just about the only beers you can get down here in Florida are the national brands--Budweiser, Pabst, Schlitz, &c--which are all brewed to mass tastes and are therefore tasteless and bland. A pity. But the lore of names of beer is interesting. Budweiser means "from Budweis", now České Budějovice in Bohemia south of Prague. Pilsner originally came from Pils, now Plzeň, also in Bohemia. Pabst is the same as Papst, pope. Lager refers to the fact that the beer is laid by, stored for a while (*Lager*=storehouse). Busch is bush; Stroh's is straw's. ~~Miller's is~~ Heinekin is "Little Henry". Löwenbräu (pronounced Lurvenbroy, not Lowenbrow) is Lion Brew. Schlitz is slit or trouser fly. And Meta (an excellent Ethiopian beer) is table mountain or mesa.



\*\*\*\*\*

As you should know, I left the Air Force at the end of June and am now a civilian again. I still keep my PO box at the base, tho, because a) I haven't moved, b) the base is an open one so I have no trouble getting on it and to the post office, and c) the box is an ordinary rented box, not one issued me by the AF, for the PO is an ordinary public one, not an AF installation like the APOs and FPOs. If/when I move, I'll send out lots of CoAs.

I'm presently taking a course at Florida Institute of Technology, in Melbourne, about 10 miles away from my flat, and will take more courses next year, in a program leading to an MS in Environmental Engineering. My going to school may put a crimp in my con-going for some time; but I hope not. Trouble is, Florida's so far from any fannish metropolises and con-sites--except Orlando in '77. There'll doubtless be side-trips to the Cape before, during, and after the con; and I will give guided tours of Osteen if enough people would like, for Osteen's "just up the road", so to speak. Not that there's all that much to see, but you might like to mail some cards from the Osteen Post Office....not to mention nearby Enterprise, after which the starship was named.



And now for the Last Page, where I wrap up the fanzine, gather loose ends, and pray for LoCs.

I should hardly need to remind my fannish friends that the "one hell of a time" I had at and after Seacon (page 28) was one hell of a *good* time....

The Pesch illo on page 24, in the Oz skit, was unblushingly lifted from Waldemar Kumm-ing's MUNICH ROUND UP 133, to whom, and to which, thanks. And to Helmut--excellent.

On page 27, I mentioned that Pete Weston had won a number of fannish awards at Seacon, but I didn't specify them. The chiefmost was the Doc Wier Award for services to fan-dom.

I take this opportunity to wish my readers Chappy Channukah, Merry Christmas, and a Fannish New Year 1976.

And I'd like to announce my engagement to British femfan Mary Reed. We plan to marry in England over Easter, and perhaps honeymoon at Mancon.

I should have included in my dissertation on clothing that that I don't go in for loud clothes or wierd colors, but prefer somewhat muted huse, and simple, bold patterns, or else just plain color with no pattern. Also, one thing I dislike intensely, but which seems to be the custom here in Florida, is the wearing of white shoes with ordinary colored trousers. To my mind, white shoes should be worn with white trousers. Also...whatever happened to the cape? We see that noble garment in period plays and films, but hardly anywhere else. I suppose one reason for its passing is that, while you can put the reins of a horse inside the cape, you cannot put the steering wheel of a car in a similar position without getting tangled up. But still....

Nextish...will be out in a few months. I generally think of two issues a year, so there's plenty of time to get contribs in. Chief among artilces already in the works for GP2 is James Blish's inaugural speech before the Osteen Academy of Arts and Sciences, on the occasion of his induction as a Fellow. Plus other fannish natter too, natch.

This stencil is being cut 18 XI 75, Sir W.S.Gilbert's(of G&S) birthday. This mode of writing dates, incidentally, eliminates any possibility of confusion between the US civilian manner, the US military manner, and European usage. In America one writes 11/8/75 for the eighth of November. A military man would write it 8 Nov 75. In Britain or on the Continent, one writes 8/11/75. The military mode is obvious, but the two civilian modes are easily confused. So simply put the month in Roman numerals. And I wish the rest of the US and not just the military would adopt the 24-hour clock. There's much less chance of confusion.

The rest of this page is left for you to doodle on. And so ends GUNPUTTY 1. Write!