

# Proper Rosconian

„ah, hem“



page one

WITH A CAST OF THOUSANDS (AND DONOVAN THE WONDER DANCER)

by Stu Shiffman

I should have thought of it before...sure, reading about the old Unicorn Productions ' Wrai Ballard, the Musquite Kid and Terry Carr practicing his line: "I'm F.M. Busby, and this is my child bride Elinor". Or even when watching Robert Preston in The Music Man and hearing the lines of The Mimeo Man instead...

While still reeling from what I felt was Rocky Mountain Hubris at Denvention II, I decided to investigate the "Fandom in the Seventies" panel. The whole concept of the panel struck me as bizarre, as the 1970's seemed to have been spent wondering where the sixties had gone. However, it seemed typical of the Denvention programming that we meet to dissect a non-existent decade.

Besides, I'd get a chance to heckle my friends...and they might mention me.

The panel, (an assemblage of Tom Digby, Jon Singer, James Maxwell Young, Mike Glicksohn and Moshe Feder that was not at all moderated by Gil Gaier) was discussing the prevalence of the non-reading media SF fan at conventions and the sheer impossibility of socializing these people in fannish mores and traditions. The usual methods, small group contact and fanzine communication, are negated by the size of convention populations and the visual media orientation of those people who swell "our" cons.

Someone--perhaps the Illuminated Singer--came up with the notion of making films to teach the throngs...and then it came to me (naturally, as if in a vision).

The Walt Willis Story! With Technicolor, Breath-taking Cinemascope and STEREOGRAPHIC SOUND. Yes, I could envision it and a whole series of blockbuster movies embodying the fannish ideal.

The more I thought about it, the better it sounded.

We'd open with a slow pan over the verdant Irish countryside (Larry Carmody can be in charge of our location team) up to a picturesque old cottage. Sure and begorrah, comes a high feminine voice with the lilt of the Emerald Isle, what are ye doing with that filthy machine, Walter A. Willis? Bejabbers, comes a reply, why darlin' Madelaine, I am of a mind to become a scientifiction fan and be publishing a magazine with a new slant on the genre--

Oh, too Sam Goldwyn? OK, then to the attic of 170 Upper Newtownards

—more—



shiffman

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Road in Belfast, the Gem of Ulster in those happier times. A furious and madcap ghoddmitten game is going on between two actors made up to be John Berry and Walt Willis. They both collapse after the eleventh hour use of the Ultimate Weapon (the Marilyn Monroe poster). James white and Bob Shaw come up the stairs and and ask when they'll be starting the new issue of Hyphen. The actor portraying Shaw asks Willis where he gets all his publishing fever from.

"Well," he replys, "my grandfather was a printer and I've just reverted to type."

Right--I see big headlines in Science Fiction Chronicle: WILLIS FLICK BOFFO BOX--Metro-Shiffman-Meyer unveils new projects! I've got a whole range of fillum ideas: Rocky Mountain Horror Show about Devention II, the big movie musical of The Mimeo Man with David Emerson repeating his stage performances, Raiders of the Enchanted Duplicator for the adventure and Dungeon & Dragon freaks, a film adaptation of the 1950's Liverpool Group tapera The March of Slime as Somewhere in Slime with Christopher Reeve as Eric Bentcliffe, and The Filk Singer.

The Filk Singer--what a concept! Obviously derived from The Jazz Singer, the story that Al Jolson brought to the screen and Neil Diamond butchered. A second generation fan named, let us say, Ayjay Ellison, has abandoned the fanzine fan traditions of his parents and has become a big wheel in filking circles. His parents grave while he spends his time singing songs about bouncing potatoes and dead Dorsai like Jacques Chretien. And then the Annish times comes around, Ayjay's dad is ill, his mother calls him back to the Old Ways--Ayjay must choose between his tinsel filk-singer milieu and the meaningful fan responsibilities.

Plenty of pathos and plenty of music and yocks.

Write soon for reserved seats for the premieres at a theatre near you.

- end -

## THE WPSFA CURSE

by Eli Cohen

Let me first of all state that I am not now, nor have I ever been, an inhabitant of Pittsburgh. Nevertheless, through long and close contact with the Western Pennsylvania Science Fiction Association, I have gained a terrible familiarity with the phenomenon known as ... The WPSA Curse!

It was born, I suppose, with the Deathcar (or perhaps it had been lying dormant for aeons, waiting for a suitable vehicle to bring it to full life): It was May, 1968, on the way to the convention at which WPSFA first burst forth on the fannish world (perhaps I'm being overdramatic--after all, what was so unusual about 14 new fans, two-thirds of them women, all dressed in black and wearing numbered medallions? We won't even mention what wen on in the saunas).

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The shaken but unhurt fans got out. Suzle was heard to mutter, "I never saw skid marks on grass before...". A little ways off, a car stopped to watch--not to offer help, just to watch. According to reports, it was at this point that Linda yelled, "You want blood? I'll give you blood!" and threw herself to the ground to lie there, sprawling. The voyeurs quickly drove off.

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WPSFA had entered fandom, and the Curse had entered the world.

The origin of the term "WPSFA Curse" is lost in the mist of history, but legend attributes the phrase to Topher Cooper, on the famous five-day drive home from Philcon to Pittsburgh (a distance of some 300 miles); the phrase reportedly came to him just outside of Breezewood, where the car finally died (this tale, the epic "Goat Story", is a hallowed part of the WPSFA Oral Tradition, but has unfortunately never been written down). As WPSFA members spread out across the continent, founding colonies from Ann Arbor, Michigan to San Francisco, California, the Curse became a unifying thread in uncountable stories of travel disasters.

I was first drawn into the WPSFA orbit during 1969, and for quite a while afterwards my only experiences with the Curse were vicarious, as I sat listening to the tales told around the fire in the sacred Ehrlenmeyer Peace Flask.

Gradually, however, Things started to happen to me. (The transition process was somewhat obscured by a number of trips in Elliot Shorter's notoriously bad cars.)

For instance, there was PgHLANGE 3, when Jerry Kaufman (another adopted



WPSFAn) and I got into Bruce and Flo Newrock's brand new station wagon; it died, with 312 miles on the odometer, just outside the Kitatinny Tunnel on the Pennsylvania Turnpike (turned out to be a loose wire, easily fixed by the highway crew). PgHLANGE was great, but then Jerry and I, along with Nancy Lambert, Genie DiModica, and Ted Greenstone, drove back to New York in Engelbert, Ted's 1961 Falcon. At 11:20 PM Sunday night, on the corner of Route 22 and Nowhere, Engelbert's transmission decided to stop transmitting. Fortunately, a call to the Newrocks, who lived not too far from there, produced rescue. However, as a result, anytime I see Bruce Newrock he screams, "Jonah! Get away from my car!"

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disasters that have been attributed to the Curse. Could the Curse have burst the water that knocked the whole west side of the N.Y. subway system, the time WPSFA East was meeting in the Chuan Hong restaurant? Did the Curse destroy the engine in the Amtrack train that Philcon, when it took us 4 hours to get to Philadelphia from N.Y. (normally a 90 minute trip, blamed by the conductor on a "garble static malfunction in the damn garble garble"?)

(Surely some of that responsibility must be Amtrack's, which is quite capable of manufacturing its own delays. As the trainload of California fans, travelling to the Vancouver Westercon, whose train hit a truck outside of Portland and missed its Seattle connection.)

Whatever history's final verdict, it is however clear that the WPSFA Curse has grown from a local force attacking in the vicinity of Breezewood, PA. to a power able to strike anywhere in the world. I offer Seacon as evidence:

Admittedly, we were tempting fate to start with. Suzle Tompkins (living in Seattle) and I (living in Vancouver) arranged to meet Ginjer Buchanan, John Douglas, and Genie DiModica (all living in New York) in Glastonbury, England. Note that we were all WPSFA people, original or adopted. to get to Glastonbury is not easy. Suzle got a ride in a van to the bus which took her to Vancouver, where I drove her home by car; we then took a cab to the airport, and a Wardair charter flight to Gatwick Airport. From Gatwick we took a train to Victoria Station, where we caught the tube to Paddington. To get to Glastonbury from Paddington station you take a high-speed train to Bristol, a ride of some 90 minutes, then an hour bus ride to Glastonbury. The catch is that the bus station is 6 miles from the train station, but this is no cause for concern--it gives you a chance to take a taxi!

Fortunately, we persuaded the New York contingent (who were renting a car) to meet us in Bristol, so that we did not quite have to take every mode of transportation in the British Isles.

With all this, I suppose Suzle and I were quite lucky that all that happened to us was the engine falling out of the train halfway to Bristol (actually, I don't know that the engine fell out of the train; the precise problem, according to the conductor, was a "garble static malfunction in the bloody garble garble").

Oh--there was also the small matter of our New York friends, who were caught in the worst storm to hit Britian in the last 30 years...

Despite all this, we did manage our rendezvous, and had a wonderful time from then on. No transportation problems (unless you want to count some trouble finding an entrance to the Metropole Hotel during a torrential downpour). No problems, that is, until the time came for us to leave Merrie Old England. At Gatwick, we were informed by Wardair that our flight would be somewhat delayed...like, about 24 hours. But not to worry--the airline would feed us and put us up in a hotel that night.

So they loaded us all on buses and carted us off to...the Metropole Hotel, in Brighton.

The Curse has certainly grown since its humble beginnings in Breezewood. It no longer confines itself to cars, striking trains and airplanes as well. And sometimes I wonder: If you consider the hallmarks of the WPSFA Curse--delays and mechanical malfunctions in a fannish context--well,do you think that...

I mean, what could be more fannish than a Space Shuttle named the Enterprise?



## QUIET NIGHT IN BROOKLYN

--Larry Carmody

The evening at work had been a hectic one, high school basketball season ~~AND ALL~~ with me playing sports deskman for a large suburban paper. Fortunately, the ride on the Long Island Railroad to Brooklyn had been an uneventful one, ~~ON THIS WINTAY NIGHT~~ what with the requisite change at Jamaica. (There is a tale, perhaps ~~and~~ apocryphal, that F. Scott Fitzgerald was heard to remark that ~~when~~ "when one dies, no matter which way one is headed, either up or down, a person must change at Jamaica.") I finished a re-reading of one of Lovecraft's longer tales while rattling ~~along~~ along on the train.

~~EVENTUALLY~~, I was back home in Brooklyn, the second floor of a two-family house on E. 8th Street, ~~cornered~~ <sup>cornered</sup> by a busy 18th Avenue.

First things first, I pulled a cold beer from the fridge and moved into the living room to catch a Michael Caine picture on the late show. No matter how bad they are, I'm a sucker for Michael Caine movies. No matter how good they are, either.

About an hour into the movie, I noticed some white smoke rising outside, floating by the window. My curiosity piqued, I stood up and walked to the ~~cornered~~ southwest corner of the living room, replete with four windows. A perfect view.

On E. 8th Street there was a car smoking. Nobody was near it. Just smoke, smoke and more smoke. Slightly alarmed (with visions of exploding gas tanks moving through my head), I rushed to the phone in the kitchen and dialed the justly infamous 911. About 30 seconds later a voice asked what the ~~emergency~~ <sup>WAS</sup> emergency. In my best imitation Clark Kent, I related the problem and was told the proper departments would be notified.

-MORE-

Quiet 2222222

Not feeling the least bit reassured, I awakened the other two residents of the apartment ~~with~~ with some knocks on doors followed by: "Ummm, I think you'd better put some cotton in your ~~ears~~ ears, there may be a bit of a bang. Some sirens, too, I imagine."

I headed back to the living room for my second storey view of the situation, which had now turned into a full-scale fire, with flames leaping up from the car. There were now two people down there throwing handfuls of snow onto the car in an attempt to stop the fire. It worked after a time, just as a police car with gumball light flashing pulled up. Another police car followed, with a fire truck not far behind. The firemen quickly hosed down the car, spraying it thoroughly. This went on for about 15 minutes with a crowd materializing on the sidewalk to watch the spectacle. I was also joined by the two ladies in residence at 629 E. 8th Street.

"How'd it start?" Lani asked hurriedly, pausing just long enough to light a cigarette.

"Don't know," I answered.

"At least there's another car between it and my car," Mary Anne commented.

"Sure, if it ~~explodes~~ <sup>it</sup> it'll ~~take~~ take at least another 10 minutes to reach yours," I said, then asked, "Are there any hot dogs in the fridge?"

At which point, Mary Anne punched me in the arm.

So we watched the proceedings for the next 20 minutes or so. Finally, everybody left the scene, Mary Anne and Lani went back to their respective beds and I resumed watching the Michael Caine film (it was The Ipcress File, actually, and the attempted brainwashing was taking place, a really great scene).

-more-

Quiet 33333

Now you would think the fire in the late '70s Pontiac would be enough excitement for any ~~night~~ one night. I wish that were so...

At about 2 AM, a car horn started to sound...and sound...and sound. Somebody's horn had triggered and wasn't going to stop until the battery ran out. Wonderful. This was happening just as the denouncement in The Iprcress File was occurring.

I sat there hoping the sound would shut off. And I kept thinking, "No, it couldn't be the same car, could it?"

Naturally, it was. Soon, lights were turning on up and down the block. Some people came out ~~out~~ to the street. Even our landlady and her husband, who had apparently returned home between events with the car, were outside, wondering what to do about the ~~car~~ <sup>VEHICLE</sup>, which carried New Jersey license plates. A police car rolled past E. 8th Street on 18th Avenue, did a quick stop, reversed a hundred feet and pulled up next to the car. The policeman opened the hood and disconnected the battery. A few minutes later, another firetruck with lights flashing showed up at the scene. Another round of 'here we go again.' This time only Lani roused herself to see what was happening, and quickly gave up.

~~I missed the end of the movie, as a Humphrey Bogart film, aptly titled, "All Through the Night," was starting on another~~

I missed the end of the Michael Caine movie, but that was okay as a Humphrey Bogart film, aptly titled "All Through the ~~Night~~ Night," was starting on another channel...

As a postscript, we ended up with a derelict on the street for a couple of weeks, one that was joined by a van a few days later. Both were stripped down as if attack <sup>ED</sup> by a horde of metallic piranhas. The

—MORE—



Quiet 444444

general consensus is that the car was stolen, and perhaps the van also. We'll never know that for sure. The plates on both vehicles disappeared very quickly and each piled up a number of tickets before finally being towed.

And, damn, wouldn't you know it. The Ipccress File is on at 1 AM next week. Perhaps it will even be quiet outside this time.

#####

Louise,

YOU MIGHT LIKE THIS FOR PROPER RESTORATION  
IF YOU DO, THE ONE STIPULATION IS THAT'S IT'S  
PUBLISHED BY OCT., '82, OR OTHERWISE I'LL USE IT  
IN RAFFLES.

CHEERS,

Yung

For yer 'zine

John Norman's latest book is, wonder of wonders, not a counter-earth novel, but rather is an obvious attempt by Norman to break free of the restrictions of that series. Sadly, his new series (if indeed this is the beginning of a new <sup>s</sup>eries and not a sterile mutant) merely replaces <sup>g</sup>restriction for restriction and <sup>l</sup>little is made of his freedom of invention. However, Dorothy, Slave Girl of Oz, is an enjoyable book, if you like that sort of thing, and some of the stereotypes explored by the Gor books are seen here from another angle.

The story line is your basic Quest With an Accidentally Acquired band of characters. Dorothy, a princess in an unnamed land (there is also some <sup>m</sup>ambiguity concerning her royalty--in actuality, she may be of common stock) shipwrecks in the land of Oz after a typhoon forces her vessel far off course. Wanting only to bet <sup>g</sup>home, she immediately gets into trouble by inadvertantly killing the Queen of Chomperland. (Dorothy appears to have rather a ~~kan~~ talent for inadvertantly killing people; she ~~xxxxxxxx~~ accomplishes this several times in the book). Taken captive by the Chompers, she is placed in chains and herded along the golden <sup>g</sup>hi highway. The purpose of the journey is to make of her a <sup>u</sup>human sacrifice in the City of Emerald, the city of illusion ruled by a wizard of terrible power.

Dorothy is saved from this fate when a woodcutting cyborg attacks the caravan and disperses the Chompers. The Woodcutter then removes Dorothy's chains in order to apply them to his under-



carriage for traction. Together, they then set out for the city of Emerald for the purpose of petitioning the wizard to grant them freeman status, and safe passage home for Dorothy.

Along the way, they are soon joined by Argah, a leonine carnivore raised to human intelligence by advanced genetic techniques, and Ravenfear, an outlaw growing ~~older and~~ old and pyrophobic, who desires a pardon from the wizard.

Clearly, the Woodcutter and Argah represent a variation on the technological anachronism for the Gor books. While Gor restricts weapons technology to the medieval, Oz restricts all technology to the personal and the unique. Anything seems possible so long as it is incorporated within one's body, otherwise, technology is primitive. Those few artifacts with inherent capabilities are rare and highly valuable--for instance the ~~the~~ psychic helmet that is the price demanded by the ~~the~~ wizard for granting the ~~quartet's~~ quartet's requests, once they reach the City of Emeralds.

Thus, we come to the second quest of the book, the search for the Western Queen and the attempts to steal the psychic helmet. It is in ~~this~~ this section that Norman's taste for imaginative sex, if not downright perversity, is given full rein. However, the handling of the subject is flawed. The scenes with Ravenfear are needlessly graphic. Furthermore, no plausible explanation is given for the question of how the Woodcutter came by some of his attachments. Mercifully, the bestiality scenes between Dorothy and the lion are only hinted at.

The other serious flaw in the book is the ending. After two hundred pages of moderately hard edged prose, the conclusion is jarringly sugary. Maybe Norman was growing tired of the concept;

If so this would seem to argue that this is not the beginning of a new series. Still, I would have expected him to try for a sequel or two at least.

In summation, then, this is a book for Norman fans and other aficionados of the blood and bondage genre. Personally, I found it a bit too deadly serious. A bit of humor would ~~be~~ have been a welcome spice.

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But I digress. The Deathcar was a large Pontiac station wagon rented from El Cheapo Car Rental Service to take 9 members of WPSFA to the 1968 Disclave -- including, among others, Linda Eyster (now Bushyager), Suzle Tompkins, Ginger Buchanan, Genie DiModica, and Nancy Lambert, who was driving. Three other WPSFAns went in a British Ford that inexplicably belonged to one of the club members.

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But I digress. The Deathcar was a large Pontiac station wagon rented from El Cheapo Car Rental Service to take 9 members of WPSFA to the 1968 Disclave -- including, among others, Linda Eyster (now Bushyager), Suzle Tompkins, Ginger Buchanan, Genie DiModica, and Nancy Lambert, who was driving. Three other WPSFAns went in a British Ford that inexplicably belonged to one of the club members.

The steering on the Pontiac was, to put it kindly, not the best. Shortly after the exit to Breezewood, the car lurched slightly off the road; witnesses report Suzle shouting "Nancy, don't brake!" just as Nancy hit the brakes. Those in the back, looking out the rear window, were surprised to see trees passing before their eyes, followed by cars, road, and more trees -- a cycle that repeated as the car spun completely around three times before coming to a stop against the embankment.

The shaken but unhurt fans got out. Suzle was heard to mutter, "I never saw skid marks on grass before ...". A little ways off, a car stopped to watch -- not to offer help, just to watch. According to reports, it was at this point that Linda yelled, "You want blood? I'll give you blood!" and threw herself to the ground to lie there, sprawling. The voyeurs quickly drove off.

Somehow the Deathcar limped into Washington without killing anybody, but it was close. Meanwhile, the British Ford broke down in Bedford (just before Breezewood), and at 15 minute intervals thereafter all the way to D.C.

WPSFA had entered fandom, and the Curse had entered the world.

The origin of the term "WPSFA Curse" is lost in the mists of history, but legend attributes the phrase to Topher Cooper,

on the famous five-day drive home from Philcon to Pittsburgh (a distance of some 300 miles); the phrase reportedly came to him just outside of Breezewood, where the car finally died (this tale, the epic "Goat Story", is a hallowed part of the WPSFA Oral Tradition, but has unfortunately never been written down). As WPSFA members spread out across the continent, founding colonies from Ann Arbor, Michigan to San Francisco, California, the Curse became a unifying thread in uncountable stories of travel disasters.

I was first drawn into the WPSFA orbit during 1969, and for quite a while afterwards my only experiences with the Curse were vicarious, as I sat listening to the tales told around the fire in the sacred Ehrlenmeyer Peace Flask.

Gradually, however, Things started to happen to me. (The transition process was somewhat obscured by a number of trips in Elliot Shorter's notoriously bad cars.)

For instance, there was PgHLANGE 3, when Jerry Kaufman (another adopted WPSFAn) and I got into Bruce and Flo Newrock's brand new station wagon; it died, with 312 miles on the odometer, just outside the Kitatinny Tunnel on the Pennsylvania Turnpike (turned out to be a loose wire, easily fixed by the highway crew). PgHLANGE was great, but then Jerry and I, along with Nancy Lambert, Genie DiModica, and Ted Greenstone, drove back to New York in Engelbert, Ted's 1961 Falcon. At 11:20 PM Sunday night, on the corner of Route 22 and Nowhere, Engelbert's transmission decided to stop transmitting. Fortunately, a call to the Newrocks, who lived not too far from there, produced rescue. However, as a result, anytime I see Bruce Newrock he screams, "Jonah! Get away from my car!"

And then there was the PgHLANGEoween when we conned Alan, an innocent member of FSFSCU (Gesundheit! ... Actually, it stands for the Fantasy and Science Fiction Society of Columbia University) into driving from N.Y. to Pittsburgh for a Halloween party. The flat tire we got shouldn't have been serious, because there were 2 spares in the trunk; unfortunately, one of the spares turned out to be flat, and the other one had the wrong hub, and the gas station we found didn't have the machine to switch tires and hubs, and ... It was a huge hassle. Somehow the privilege of shaking hands with Mark Leinonen -- all four hands -- wasn't enough compensation, and poor Alan was never heard from again.

I spent a number of years in Canada, and the Curse seems to have been stopped by the ever-efficient Canadian immigration authorities (well, there was the clutch falling out of Susan Wood's car while I was driving Lesleigh Luttrell around Vancouver ...). Genie DiModica claimed that the Curse had lost track of me, which is why she blamed me for the blizzard that paralyzed the entire East Coast on one of my trips home (her theory was that the Curse had to make sure it zapped me by covering everywhere I might be).

I personally feel that it will be up to the epidemiolo-



gists and transportation experts of the future to accurately assign causes to all the various disasters that have been attributed to the Curse. Could the Curse have burst the water main that knocked out the whole west side of the N.Y. subway system, the time WPSFA East was meeting in the Chuan Hong restaurant? Did the Curse destroy the engine in the Amtrack train that Philcon, when it took us 4 hours to get to Philadelphia from N.Y. (normally a 90 minute trip)? If so, was it also responsible for the 5 hour return trip, blamed by the conductor on a "garble static malfunction in the damn garble garble"?

(Surely some of that responsibility must be Amtrack's, which is quite capable of manufacturing its own delays. Ask the trainload of California fans, travelling to the Vancouver Westercon, whose train hit a truck outside of Portland and missed its Seattle connection.)

Whatever history's final verdict, it is however clear that the WPSFA Curse has grown from a local force attacking in the vicinity of Breezewood, PA. to a power able to strike anywhere in the world. I offer Seacon as evidence:

Admittedly, we were tempting fate to start with. Suzle Tompkins (living in Seattle) and I (living in Vancouver) arranged to meet Ginjer Buchanan, John Douglas, and Genie DiModica (all living in New York) in Glastonbury, England. Note that we were all WPSFA people, original or adopted. To get to Glastonbury is not easy. Suzle got a ride in a van to the bus which took her to Vancouver, where I drove her home by car; we then took a cab to the airport, and a Wardair Charter flight to Gatwick Airport. From Gatwick we took a train to Victoria Station, where we caught the tube to Paddington. To get to Glastonbury from Paddington station you take a high-speed train to Bristol, a ride of some 90 minutes, then an hour bus ride to Glastonbury. The catch is that the bus station is 6 miles from the train station, but this is no cause for concern -- it gives you a chance to take a taxi!

Fortunately, we persuaded the New York contingent (who were renting a car) to meet us in Bristol, so that we did not quite have to take every mode of transportation in the British Isles.

With all this, I suppose Suzle and I were quite lucky that all that happened to us was the engine falling out of the train halfway to Bristol (actually, I don't know that the engine fell out of the train; the precise problem, according to the conductor, was a "garble static malfunction in the bloody garble garble").

Oh -- there was also the small matter of our New York friends, who were caught in the worst storm to hit Britain in the last 30 years ...



Despite all this, we did manage our rendezvous, and had a wonderful time from then on. No transportation problems (unless you want to count some slight trouble at Seacon, finding an entrance to the Metropole Hotel during a torrential downpour). No problems, that is, until the time came for us to leave Merrie Old England. At Gatwick, we were informed by Wardair that our flight would be somewhat delayed ... like, about 24 hours. But not to worry -- the airline would feed us and put us up in a hotel that night.

So they loaded us all on buses and carted us off to ... the Metropole Hotel, in Brighton!

The Curse has certainly grown since its humble beginnings in Breezewood. It no longer confines itself to cars, striking trains and airplanes as well. And sometimes I wonder: If you consider the hallmarks of the WPSFA Curse -- delays and mechanical malfunctions in a fannish context -- well, do you think that ...

I mean, what could be more fannish than a Space Shuttle named the Enterprise?

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