

NESFA SF CONTEST::JOHN ROBINSON ON OULJA SVOBODA::THE WALL OF FAME::LASFS STARTS SF CLUB::JODIE OFFUTT'S CHAMBANACON REPORT::NEWSZINE PLAGUE::KANSAS CITY IN 76::

THE AMERICAN DEFENESTRATOR

The fanzine of news, opinion, fact, non-fact, rumor, in-depth reportage, shallow subterfuge, solicitation, poppycock and baloney. Subscription price is hereby raised to 5/\$1, but all previous subs will be honored at the original rate. This newszine version of THE AMERICAN DEFENESTRATOR is Number One, and supercedes ORGANLEGGERS. Your subscription expiration is listed below with your address. Esoteric symbology: T=trade, N=Please send news, X means your sub expires this issue, S means you are slandered in this issue, B means you are talked about behind your back in this issue. Feb. 2, 1974

ANNOUNCE SF STORY CONTEST

The January 7 INSTANT MESSAGE announces a contest that is open to residents of New England or members of NESFA (corresponding membership socks it to you at the rate of four dollars a year, to NESFA, Box G MIT BRANCH PO, CAMBRIDGE MA 02139). You must be an amateur, never having sold a story, to enter a story; the latter must be your original work of less than 7,500 words, and be either sf or fantasy, typed in black on an 8½x11 sheet, double spaced. The title of the story, but NOT your name, shall appear on the top left corner of every page; your name, address, and title should appear on a covering sheet separate from the ms. Each ms. should be accompanied by a 50¢ entry fee, and an sase for its return. Entries should be mailed to the NESFA address given above, postmarked prior to midnight 10/31/74. The winner will be announced at the Boskone (at the Sheraton Boston) February 28, 1975. All ms. will be returned in March 1975.

Any entry that does not conform to these rules will be return and its entry fee refunded. In all cases the decision of the judges will be final.

The judges were not named in the article, however the Story Contest Committee consists of Jill & Don Eastlake, Richard Harter, Drew Whyte, Susan and Tony Lewis, Harry Stubbs, Leslie Turek and Ellen Franklin.

The benefits of NESFA membership are several, but I haven't room to discuss them here. If the NESFA cares to supply me with an explanatory paragraph I'll be happy to run it.

Michael Glyer
14974 Osceola St.
Sylmar CA 91342

A special issue, here, to commemorate the resurrection of the publishing giant's mimeograph, his brief return to APA L, and to expedite publication of a few things which have been gathering dust.

.....OUIJA LIVES! by JOHN ROBINSON.....

Some say Aljo Svoboda is a hoax. Aljo Svoboda himself has said that he is a hoax. (With a name like Aljo, he might even turn out to be a she.) But I, and only I, have discovered the awesome truth behind the work of this remarkable individual -- Aljo Svoboda is a living ouija!

Yes, it all happened when three West Coast fans discovered this person named you-guessed-it.

"What a wonderful name!" exclaimed the first fan.

"I'll bet there isn't another person in the country with the same name (unless he's somehow related)," said the second.

"It's even more wonderfully unique than Isaac Asimov or Algis Budrys," said the third fan. "Wow!"

So they got him to agree to show up at meetings and allow them to use his name and signature when he approved.

"Here, sign this Aljo," said the Captain Neo writer one day, holding a completed typed ms. against the wall.

"I can't," Aljo replied. "I've had this case of writer's cramp ever since grade school penmanship. You'll have to jiggle me."

"jiggle you?"

"Yes, jiggle me," he told them. "Just jiggle me while I hold this pen and something will come out."

So the three took hold of him and jiggled him and this tiny, funny squiggle occurred.

"That's not a signature," said the fannish type.

"No, he's writing something else," said the one who had rehashed both neo and fannish writings. "Let's see what it says."

So they picked him up again, jiggled him some more, and read the ms. that appeared like something from a Dick Geis microelite script typewriter with blue-purple mimeo paste spread onto the ribbon.

"Isn't that weird" said one fan. "Yes, isn't it." said another. "Hee hee hee," giggled the third. "That's even better than the stuff we wanted him to sign. Why don't we just continue. This may turn out easier than writing ourselves."

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So they continued. And Aljo "Ouija" Svoboda squiggled. And the mass of squiggles became fantastically funny writings. And they all -- absolutely all -- were mailed out to faneds who said: "Send more, cause you, freaky writer, are going to be fan-writer of the year in 74 or 75 and my zine will benefit."

There was one thing, however. The arms of the three fans (neo, fannish, and rewrite) tired quickly. So they never produced a very long work. That was a good thing, however, for few faneds would ruin their eyes, no matter how funny the contents, to translate microscript into cut stencil.

One further thing: they discovered that Aljo could type one-fingered. So they rounded up an old portable elite type and a grey ribbon and allowed him to comment on their mutual creations as if they were his own. That was certainly nice of them.

Aljo "Ouija" Svoboda became the short article champ of all fandom. The three fans developed well-conditioned bodies as the result of their creative exertions, and fandom was unknowingly greatful. But it is said that no faned ever really benefitted from the pheonomenon. Why? Because any one faned attempting to use more than three or four Svoboda mss. in a year became hopelessly crosseyed.

Perhaps the next ouija will spare faneds in general by typing with his nose.

After shopping around for a new package and title for ORGANLEGGER, I've chosen to implement the personalzine title, with some of its format, that I never got off the ground. So this is neither an APA L zine nor a MINNEAPA zine though parts of it will appear both places. When it is completed, it will be sent to those who have subscribed to ORGANLEGGER, and include news and discussions and reviews which would normally occur there, as well as personal material and contributions from other fan-writers as they come in.

PREHENSILE has won the coveted BOW-WOW award, presented by Sheryl Birkhead.

Of course, so has every other fanzine in fandom, but if there's any advantage to be gotten from receiving in the mail a dish-shaped piece of clear plastic with a laminated dog biscuit affixed to it, I'm determined to get it.

In a message to the recipients of the 1st series of these awards, Sheryl Birkhead explained:

"Dear Recipients of the first Bow-WOW Awards (also known as the Arf-Arfs, or the Award for going to the dogs),

"This is an award (?) to say thank you for allowing me to read your publishing efforts throughout 1973. A Simple LOC just didn't seem to convey the gratitude I feel, so the Bow BOWs were brought into being.

"The enclosed award carries absolutely no status, pull, money, or even honorarium with it -- merely my sincere thanks."

Fifty years ago one could ridicule exorcism at will, if one was atheist enough. Then the kind of scientific rationalism possessed by an HL Mencken could lash out at the disingenuous, brummagem theology and public faddism which makes exorcism the cultural fascination of America's semi-intellectuals. But if I were to call exorcism bullshit, I'll bet in APA L I could find somebody to argue that the possibility of spiritual possession is not ruled out by present knowledge (even if the Devil has nothing to do with it). Anybody here want to take that up?

Mike Glycer
14974 Osceola St.
Sylmar, Calif. 91342

This week's AMERICAN DEFENESTRATOR is an in vacuo publication number 1. Heading by Jim Shull, after an original found on an envelope mailed from him. Date January 30, 1974.....

NEWSZINES AND MORE NEWSZINES: Each week's mail seems to include yet another fannish newszine. Feast or famine. In this case both -- a feast of zines and a famine of news. The latest, Linda Bushyager's KARASS, will be a personal/omnibus zine to replace her now defunct GRANFALLOON (now let's not cheer, Bjo and Lois -- be nice!) Delivered as the whim strikes her, KARASS is priced at 5/\$1, one for a quarter, from 1614 Evans Ave., Prospect Park, PA 19076. In this first issue, the news is sparse and old, the ambitious titled departments like CLUBS and CONVENTIONS are strangely incomplete, and the book reviews are all plot summary almost unrelieved by personal reaction. The zine will get better, but whether you want to start getting it now is pretty much dependant on how much unimaginative writing you can stand.

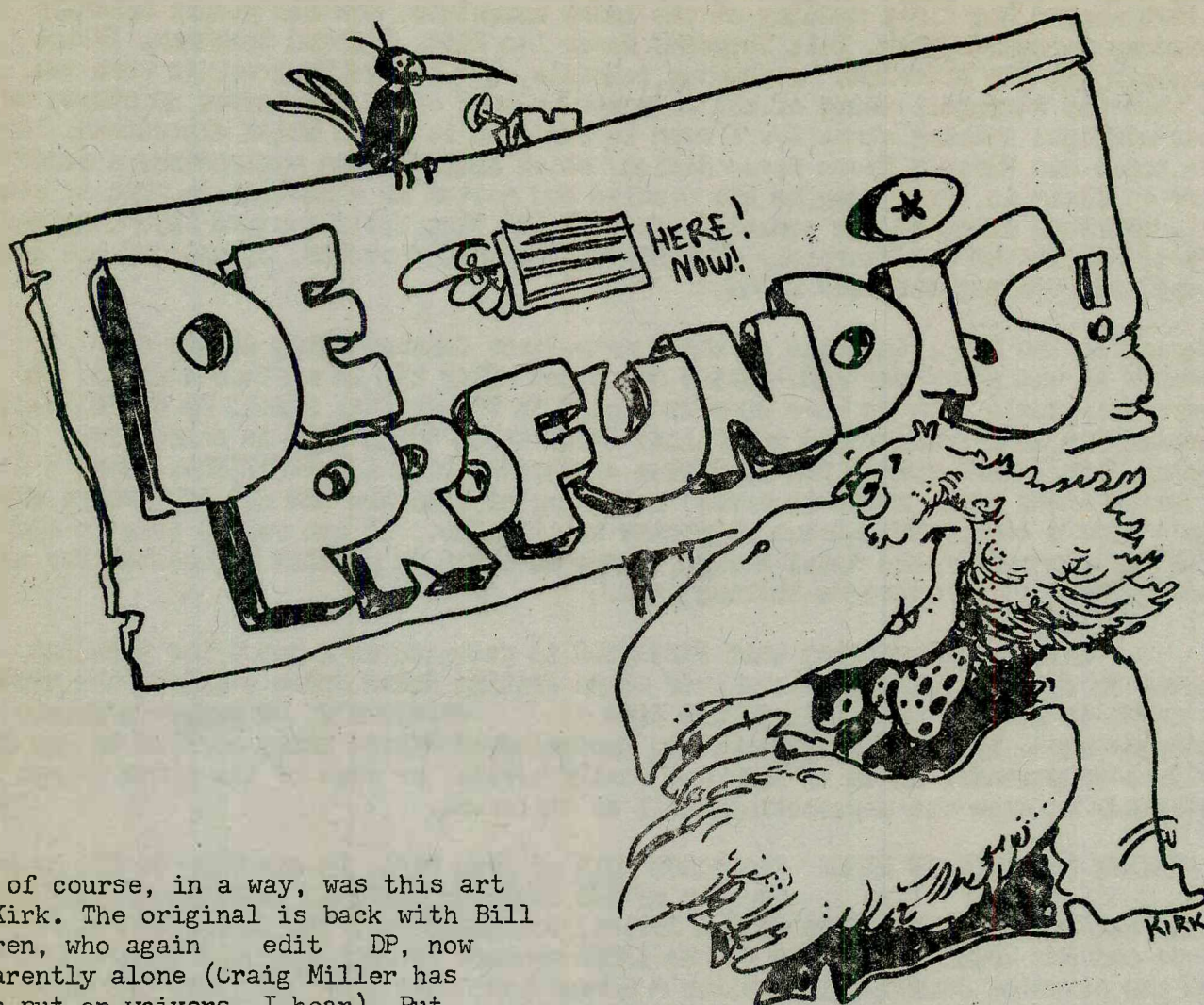
Other newszines abound: FIAWOL, courtesy of Arnie and Joyce Katz, keeps promising, but its news is pretty much all generated by the Insurgents -- their parties, visitors, jokes; if you didn't attend the last Insurgent meeting, you may want this: sase and a pleading note to 59 Livingston St., Apt 6B, Brooklyn NY 11201 should turn the trick. Bill Bowers has announced, in INWORLDS 10, the imminent publication of GRAFANEDICA, "A Fanzine About Fanzines." Bowers is the reigning genius of the genzine, and if you're not getting his zines you truly are missing out. A dollar and a quarter will bring you OUTWORLDS 19 and GRAFANEDICA's first issue, if you send it to JOAN BOWERS, Box 148, Wadsworth OH 44281. Bowers, more effectively than ever, is showing a strong and lively in-print personality. INWORLDS 10, though largely a plug for his zines, is still excellent reading, and a ten cent stamp will bring you it. And the rest of the newszines remain: LOCUS, WSFA Journal, DE PROFUNDIS, and clubzines like INSTANT MESSAGE.

STOP THE PRESSES! DEPARTMENT: Jeff May announces that "Kansas City will officially be bidding on the 1976 Worldcon. I have been trying to notify as many of the people I write to as possible...The Crown Center Hotel wanted too much money for the concom to hold the con there, but the Muelbach, in downtown KC was not only more reasonable but expressed an active interest in the convention. Promo material will be ready as soon as it can be printed..." Keep KC in mind.

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THIS NEWS STOLEN FROM



So, of course, in a way, was this art by Kirk. The original is back with Bill Warren, who again edit DP, now apparently alone (Craig Miller has been put on waivers, I hear). But the electrostencil abides, to serve notice that the data on this page first appeared in the hallowed/hollowed pages of DE PROFUNDIS, the LASFS newszine.

FUGGHEAD OF THE YEAR: Bill Warren, after a heated campaign to earn both the Evans Freehafer Award (for club service) and Fugghead of the Year in the same twelvemonth paid off as his coin can overflowed the evening of January 3. Other less prominent losers during the contest were: Gary Lowenthal, Frank Gasperik, Ted White, Andy Porter, LASFS Smokers, LASFS Anti-Smokers, LASFS Tokers, LASFS Jokers, LASFS Croakers, LASFS; LASFS Inc., Putridity, Mike Glycer, Dan Goodman, Matthew Tepper, Robert Heinlein, Ed Buchman, Tom Collins, Chuck Crayne, Craig Miller, Franz Kafka, not listed in finishing order.

LASFS STARTS SCIENCE FICTION CLUB! Forty years ago the Los Angeles chapter of the FOR THE THIRD TIME, YET..... Science Fiction League was founded out of an interest in science fiction. In the course of time in evolved into LASFS, and the organization's interest in discussion of science fiction while often since alleged, has never yet been proven. In the 1960s (I lack the date) a LASFS subgroup began meeting, the Petards, to discuss science fiction. Since then

the consumption of beer, while far from the group's only activity, has been found more rewarding than the literature long since abandoned. Now, flying in the face of reason and tradition, Los Angeles fans are starting a science fiction club again. February 1, 1974 marked the first meeting at the LASFS clubhouse, and six people actually showed up -- your editor, Milt Stevens, Nancy Lee Kidd, Richard Spellman, Elliot Weinstein and Dan Alderson. A reading schedule, and bi-weekly meetings were set, and then the strangest thing of all happened -- half of us who showed up stayed until after midnight talking about SF. I mean to tell you it was a weird experience. The main topic was Niven's Known Space Series, which Alderson has contributed a goodly share of ideas to, and which he has studied and gotten an expertise in that is amazing. Alderson revealed his equations for The Fat Ring World (shaped like a cosmic corset), clarified the hierarchy of space drives in the series, chronicled its anthropology, and contemplated its future.

Alderson is the Nobel Laureate of the Twenty-First Century (star drives are : invented by and named for him, cities are named after him in various stories, his several ringworld designs have been mentioned in the current ANALOG by Niven) and he communicates an awareness and enthusiasm about these ideas that is contagious. If nothing else I left with a new dimension of appreciation for PROTECTOR, which I'd otherwise given up on as an un-novel, a catalog of concepts and *dei ex machina* that didn't have a single well-drawn character to its name. It can really only be appreciated as a component in the total Series, where it takes on special importance for the introduction of new universe-shaking data.

the problem remains that PROTECTOR is packaged as a novel/two novellas. I guess in the long run, if Niven ever stops writing Known Space stories, the whole lot ought to be put in a giant volume like Heinlein's, or Asimov's future histories were. Then there won't be any preconceived values being applied to the individual components, as to if they are really novels, or some of the other things I mentioned, because the expectations will be different.

UP AGAINST THE WALL OF FAME! The LASFS Wall of Fame will, in its way, be the positive version of the Fugghead contest. Nominations and selections in the five categories of Fan Artist, Fan Organizer, Fan Professional, Fan Publisher and Fan Writer (who need not be LASFS members to qualify) will be operated from the start of January at a dollar a nomination and a cent per vote. The nominations will close April 1. The election results will be determined upon its closing on the last day of Westercon, at a time designated and publicized by the committee. That latter committee is a screening committee of five members, who will pick seven of the nominees in each category to compete in the contest, if seven are nominated in each category. All the money over the operating expenses (including each winner's individual plaque to be displayed on the Wall of Fame in the LASFS clubhouse) will go into the LASFS Building Fund.

Losing candidates -- those defeated as well as those not selected for the final contest -- may be nominated again at any time. Winners may not be nominated again in the same category, but any fan, active or inactive, may nominate or be nominated for any category. If you want to enter a name for consideration before April 1, send it and the dollar to the clubhouse -- LASFS, 11360 Ventura Blvd., Studio City CA 91604.

NEW HAVEN SMOF ED SLAVINSKY REPORTS: "I was...a bit embarrassed over seeing in print my pretentious statement that half of our membership consists of "neos, but very talented ones." After reading my own writ, I crawled under the bed and stayed there for three days. Let me correct that bit of bombast...No insult was intended." (Contact Ed at 100 York St., #3-S, New Haven CONN 06511)

CHAMBANACON JODIE OFFUTT

This year's Chambanacon -- or Sham-banana-con as we sometimes affectionately call it -- is probably the best regional I've been to all year. Almost all my favorite people were there, and no toxic ones.

The third Chmbanacon was held Thanksgiving weekend at the Champaign-Hilton under the capable direction of Jim and Penny Hansen. andre j. offutt was the guest of honor.

I left home Friday morning during a thunderstorm with a cooler full of leftover turkey, turkey salad, baloney and the CoH. Following were Dick and Carol Stafford from Nashville, who'd spent Thanksgiving with us.

The hotel is a fascinating place -- octagonal shaped, all rooms facing out (ours had a moonscape on one wall which I thought apropos), the halls went around, the bar was next to the huckster and meeting room. The slickest of all, though, was the con suite! There were two big rooms, one above the other, and connected by an open spiral staircase. (Some males spent most of the evenings parked at the foot of the steps waiting for girls in skirts to descend; most of us wore pants.) There was a bar on one floor (and a keg of beer each night) and a kitchenette on the other. There were bedrooms off the larger ones where the guitarists and singers could be off to themselves. Several musicians were on hand including Juanita Coulson, Anne Passavoy, Joe Haldeman and Bob Asprin -- and Gordy to help sing along.

The bar had an all-the-oysters-you-can-eat special Friday night; andy ate eighteen. I ate turkey.

Saturday morning the hucksters were in full swing. Rusty Hevelin was there, just getting over a broken toe he'd suffered while loading his car to go to Philcon. Hank & Lesleigh Luttrell and Buck & Juanita Coulson had tables. I met Mark Hansen whose wire stars I'd bought at two previous cons and was happy to have the opportunity to tell him how much we like them. Mark had a large two-pounder with him; andy said "NO! No way!" I have said in ORG that Dick Tatge made these collapsible stars, but I was wrong. Sorry. Dick was at C-con with candles and stained glass panels that he did make, however. His work is pretty and colorful,

Jackie Franke brought a variety of her art. Dennis Dotson showed up and sold some of his paintings on black velvet. Rick Gelman and Louise Spooner had an assortment of art.

The panel on Saturday afternoon included Gene Wolfe, Gordy Dickson, andy, Joe Haldeman, and Bob Tucker. They talked about their first sales, editors, some shucks they've had and writing in general. After the panel andy read a novelet he's just written for Ben Bova. It was an interesting experience for me since I hadn't heard it. (He'd finished it the night before -- first draft!) A couple of times I was listening so intently that it was if we were sitting in the livingroom or bedroom. Then everybody would laugh and I'd jump up and think, "What are all these people doing in my room?" "Gone With The Gods" is a funny story and the audience seemed to like it. It hadn't been submityped then, and andy used a couple of suggestions from the listeners.

I had to rush out after that and go to the liquor store with Jim Hansen. Booze in Illinois is much cheaper than in Kentucky, so we let the larder run nearly dry when we know we're going to the Land of Lincoln. I hadn't been in that liquor store in two

