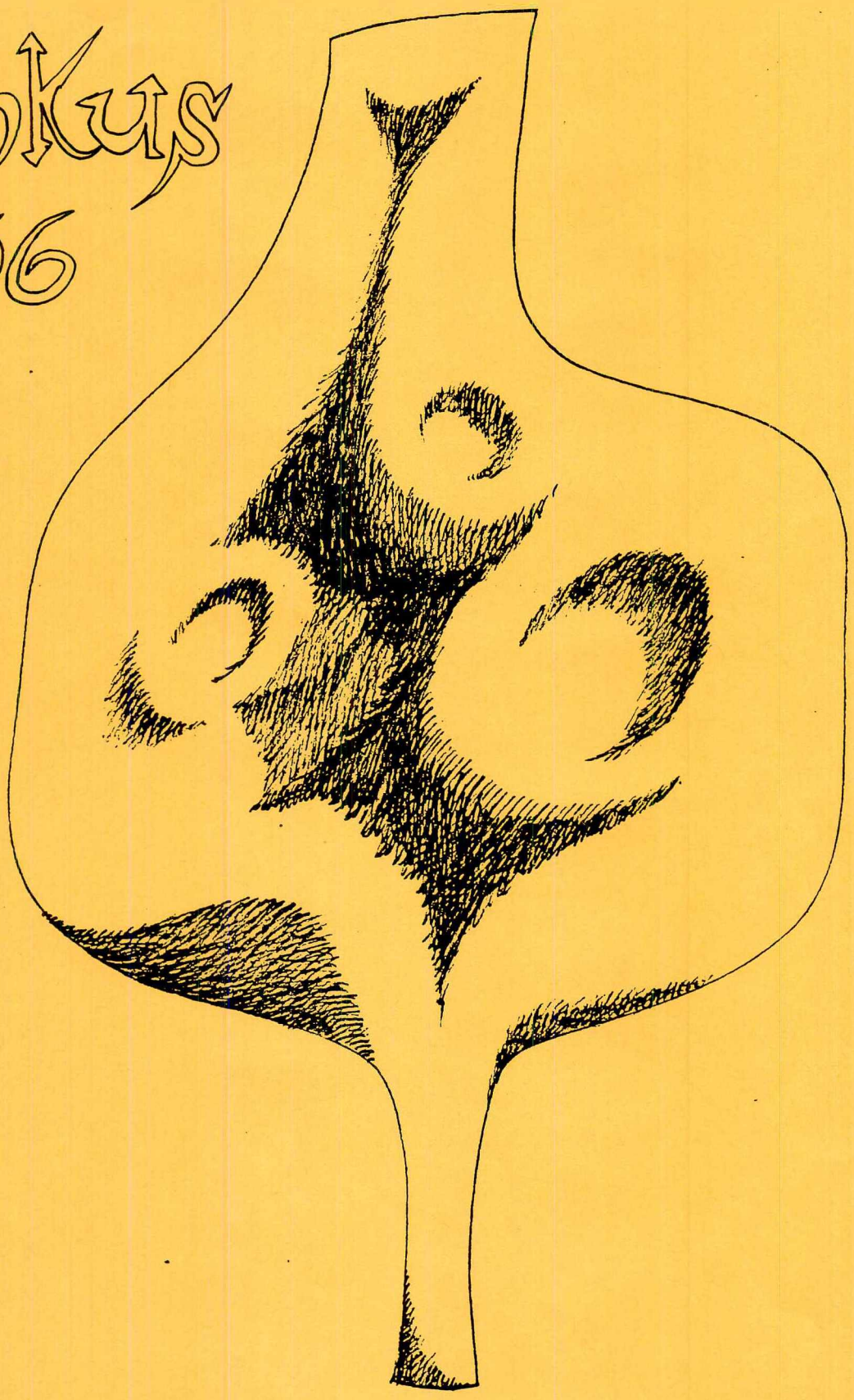
Ankus 36



TROUBLE ROTSLER '82

ANKUS 36 - May 1987

Published by Bruce Pelz
15931 Kalisher St.
Granada Hills, CA 91344

for the 199th mailing of the Fantasy Amateur Press Assn.

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As it happens, the Wheel of Varied Interests has turned again, and I've taken up the 12-year-old Project of a Fanzine Checklist. The long-memoried (and -suffering) among you may recall that I started the thing in the summer of 1975, entering data based on my own fanzine collection onto punched cards -- fanzine titles, issue numbers, dates, editors and the like. This went on for several years, with friends running off cumulative lists for me every so often (usually when I completed another letter's worth of zines.)

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Not that the con wasn't a success in what it tried to do. As far as I can tell, it reached the serious-minded science fiction enthusiasts quite well. The panels and speeches were very well attended by the 265 or so attendees. But that kind of fan isn't very interested in art shows. And I am not very interested in being a serious-minded science fiction fan. (My capsule review of the con has been: "Sercon was; I'm not.")

The weekend was notable mostly for a Russian restaurant in Berkeley: Petrouchka. Tom Whitmore had recommended it in the guide to eateries he did for the con, and it was good enough when Elayne and I went there on Friday night that we went back again Saturday night. Now if I just hadn't been on a !@#$%^&*() diet so that I could have had the dessert(s)!!

We did get go carouselling in Tilden Park, something Elayne has been wanting to do since she found out there was such a carousel there. (Elayne has gone carousel-happy these past several years, to the point of joining several national carousel organizations, getting lists of extant carousels, etc. She was talked into going to Orycon two years ago because there were several carousels in Portland that we could explore.) We abandoned Pink Niven -- who had foolishly volunteered -- to watch the somewhat soporific art show for a couple hours Saturday, Elayne, Craig, Genny and I drove up to the nearby park to see and ride the carousel. Not bad, but no great Treasure. The history of the carousel was traced with faded pictures and text on the surrounding walls, citing the various locales it which it had been resident, and dates of moving. Originally a 3-row carousel, it had added a fourth row decades ago. It also had several of the non-horse animals that I first encountered on the San Diego Balboa Park carousel -- the cat, spaniel, frog, pig, lion, and such. I hadn't brought my camera, and there was not a souvenir available for purchase -- not even a postcard! Tsk.

Next year, Sercon is in Austin. There will, I understand, be an art Exhibit, not an Art Show. Good idea.

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by actual centimeter measurements. (It's occasionally useful to know whether something came out as a full-size, half-size, or odd-size publication.) And I am adding notes as to whether the zine is associated with an organization (APA, Convention, Club).

Since I have to re-examine each zine to measure it, I am also taking the time to re-file them in file folders instead of just jamming them into filing cabinet drawers. Some of the old paper will now, perhaps, last a bit longer. It is slow going, especially since I'm again trying to keep up with the new incoming material as well as attack the original stuff -- so far there are only four boxes of zines (in folders) that are waiting until I get farther along in the Main Collection and can file them away. I expect the number of such boxes to increase somewhat dramatically in the next year, since I doubt I'll get through the Main Collection again in that time.

The computer's foibles have also required some changes in my data entries. Some of you -- Harry? Jack? -- may recall how the contest to out-clever Swisher and publish a zine that would be first in the Swisher Index was "won" by Swisher himself, when he published a zine called "a" (in lower case). The argument was that lower case came before upper case, and that therefore "a" (Swisher) came before "A" (Chauvenet, then Speer) which came before "AAAAA ARGUS-Y" (Tucker) etc. The dictionary pretty well agrees with this, too. But the computer doesn't. It files "a" after ALL capital-A titles! The legigimate first-in-line would be a zine called "1". (The clowns who have tried publishing zines with blank titles, or blanks as titles -- Markstein, I think, did one that he claimed had a single blank space as its title, which would put it ahead of a zine with two blank spaces, etc. -- will be dealt with out of hand.)

The machine also has its own ideas as to how to file various punctuation marks. (I preferred to treat most of them as spaces, with exceptions for the apostrophe being a null ("its" and "it's" would file as the same thing) and the open-parenthesis filing after 9 and before A, but I am adapting my filing conventions to those of the machine. It's easier.)

The open-parenthesis was useful in differentiating between several zines of the same title, putting them in chronological order: "AD ASTRA" (Reinsberg); "AD ASTRA (II)" (Bryant); "AD ASTRA (III)" (Crawford). It can still be done by the judicious use of spaces in front of the parenthesis.

In the sample pages over there----------> you will notice that multiple editors (DUPRASS) require the repetition of the zine title and issue number, but that the page count goes only to the first editor. That allows the computer to total the number of fanzine pages in the list. (The present 31 pages of listings -- a small fraction of what will eventually get listed -- has over 22,000 printed pages.) Also, cross-reference notes (DREAMS AND FALSE ALARMS 3) get 0 pages instead of just a blank. The computer won't leave a numeric field blank.

FANZINE CHECKLIST - BRUCE PELZ

TITLE, ISSUE, PRESS NO., NOTES	EDITOR/PUBLISHER(S)	DATE	SIZE (CM.)	PRINT PAGES	BLANK PAGES	ASSN.	CODE
DEAR RUDE BITCH	LUCY HUNTZINGER	8410	21X26	13	1		
DEFENESTRATION 8	DAVID SINGER	8610	22X28	25	1		
DELINEATOR 3	ALAN WHITE	8605	22X28	58	0		
DESK SET GAZETTE- See: CORFLU 3 PROGRESS REPORT				0	0		
DEVONIAN INTERNATIONAL COOKBOOK	ELLIOT WEINSTEIN	86	14X22	34	2		
DILLINGER RELIC 21 (#1-20: DIAGONAL RELATIONSHIP)	ARTHUR D. HLAVATY	8202	S	10	0		
DILLINGER RELIC 35 (W.A.S.T.E. PAPER 605)	ARTHUR D. HLAVATY	8406	22X28	13	1		
DILLINGER RELIC 44 (W.A.S.T.E. PAPER 777)	ARTHUR D. HLAVATY	8601	22X28	7	1		
DILLINGER RELIC 45 (W.A.S.T.E. PAPER 732)	ARTHUR D. HLAVATY	8603	22X28	13	1		
DILLINGER RELIC 46 (W.A.S.T.E. PAPER 805)	ARTHUR D. HLAVATY	8604	22X28	7	1		
DILLINGER RELIC 47 (W.A.S.T.E. PAPER 812)	ARTHUR D. HLAVATY	8607	22X28	13	1		
DILLINGER RELIC 48 (W.A.S.T.E. PAPER 825)	ARTHUR D. HLAVATY	8609	22X28	13	1		
DILLINGER RELIC 49 (W.A.S.T.E. PAPER 846)	ARTHUR D. HLAVATY	8611	22X28	13	1		
DIRECTORY TO LOS ANGELES FANDOM 30	GAVIN CLAYPOOL	8207	22X28	8	0	LASFS	
DIRECTORY TO LOS ANGELES FANDOM 36 SUPPL.	GAVIN CLAYPOOL	8604	22X28	2	0	LASFS	
DIRECTORY TO LOS ANGELES FANDOM 37	GAVIN CLAYPOOL	8606	28X22	7	1	LASFS	
DIRECTORY TO LOS ANGELES FANDOM 38	GAVIN CLAYPOOL	8612	22X28	10	0	LASFS	
DISCOVERY NEWS 1	STEPHANIE KEITH	8401	22X28	8	0	WORLDCON42	
DISCOVERY NEWS 2	STEPHANIE KEITH	8403	22X28	10	0	WORLDCON42	
DITTO 1 PROGRESS REPORT	MIKE GLICKSOHN	8703	22X28	7	7		
DOOD CITY DIARY #74	DENNY LIEN	8301	28X22	4	0	M	
DON'T PANIC!!	GRAHAM ENGLAND	7304	21X30	8	0		
DOOR KNOB V 2N11	ROBERT LICHTMAN	8607	14X22	4	0	SAPS 156	
DOOR KNOB V 2N13	ROBERT LICHTMAN	8701	14X22	4	0	SAPS 158	
DREAMBERRY HARVEST 1	ARLENE HARRIS	8610	22X28	8	0		
DREAMS AND FALSE ALARMS 3- See: METAPHYSICAL REVIEW 3				0	0		
DUFFBURY TALES (b/w: TALES OF DUFFBURY)	MARTY CANTOR	8701	22X28	45	0		
DUPRASS 1	LESLIE SMITH	86	22X28	31	1		
DUPRASS 1	LINDA BUSHYAGER			0	0		
DUPRASS 2	LESLIE H. SMITH	8611	22X28	58	2		
DUPRASS 2	LINDA E. BUSHYAGER			0	0		
ECHO BEACH QUARTERLY 3	MARC ORTLEIB	80	S	6	0		
ECHO BEACH QUARTERLY 37	MARC ORTLEIB	8106	L	8	0		
EGO TRIPPING IN LA 1	STAN BURNS	73	22X28	8	0	FAPA	
ENTROPION 2	NICK SHEARS	8511	15X21	16	0		
ENTROPION 3	NICK SHEARS	8604	15X21	16	0		
ERG 77	TERRY JEEVES	8201	S	24	0		
ETHEL THE AARDVARK V 1N 8	PHIL WLODARCZYK	8603	21X30	8	0	MSFC	
ETHEL THE AARDVARK V 1N11	TANIA TAMMIT	8609	21X30	10	0	MSFC	
ETHEL THE AARDVARK V 1N12	TANIA TAMMIT	8611	21X30	12	0	MSFC	
ETTLE 2	JACKIE CAUGGROVE	8501	22X28	22	0		
EUROCON 11 FLYER	BALLOON	85	21X30	2	0		
F.A.C.T.- See: FACT				0	0		
FACT DIRECTORY 1987 QUESTIONNAIRE- See: TEXAS SF INQUIRER 13				0	0		
FALLING WHALE FUNNIES 3	DENNY LIEN	8203	22X28	2	0	APPLESAUCE	
FAN'TOONS 12	EDD VICK	8609	11X14	16	0		
FAN'TOONS 13	EDD VICK	8610	11X14	32	0		
FAN'TOONS 14/15	EDD VICK	8701	11X14	32	0		
FANDOM - FANZINE MENSUEL D'INFORMATIONS 1	FRANCIS VALERY	7301	15X21	14	2		
FANDOM - FANZINE MENSUEL D'INFORMATIONS 2	FRANCIS VALERY	7302	15X21	12	0		

It will take me quite a while to get any significant amount of work done on the basic fanzine listing, but if I can keep up with the recent material I will be happy to wait for the Real Soon Now availablility of Lots-Of-Time to do the backfile stuff. Retirement isn't quite a decade off, after all... .

Since our acquisition of computers -- and my access to both a semi-resident expert and a resident semi-expert -- I have discovered a tendency to want to put all my collections into the computer. It makes the listings easier to update, for one thing, and one can manipulate the data to get the listings in any order and arranged by any data item. Gives one a feeling of power, I suppose.

As a result, there are listings not only of fanzines, but of comix, miniature liquors, show tune sheet music, show tune recordings (Elayne's collection), and comic strip/cartoon books (ours). I'll spare you printouts of these, but you are going to get stuck with a listing of the latest inanity: soft drink cans.

A number of years ago I started saving one of each kind of unusual soft drink can that turned up at our parties. No particularly good reason for it except that they represented a part of popular culture that changed without people noticing. The things sat around in a box because I hadn't the vaguest idea of what to do with them -- there isn't any really good way to display a collection of junk like that!

And a few months ago I came up with a display idea that wouldn't bother anyone except our immediate neighbors. (I assume they gave up on us long ago; we have had almost nothing to do with any of them since we moved in 13 years ago.)

We have a 6-foot high concrete-block wall around the back yard, which we put in a couple years after we moved here. (The original wooden fence threatened to collapse the first winter, and started to do so during the second winter. The next summer we had the wall put up.) Even with 35 feet or so of it blocked by a storage facility, there is still some 50 linear feet of possible display area. To get around the problem of having the collection transferred into the neighbors' yards by the wind, I filled the cans with sterile sand from a garden supply store. One bag of sand was enough (so far) and the cans are now lined up on the northwest portion of the wall. There's lots of room to continue the collection! And it is instructional -- in a historical context, at least -- to notice a few of the drink names that were once so familiar but have now disapperared completely -- Fresca, for instance. There are a few that were test-market stuff (Tab Black Cherry) or were brought back from some convention trip or other. Some are old enough to be steel instead of aluminum ("S"). Some have changed the style of can, so I have both (7-Up). I'll have to start watching closely at parties again, and see what can be added to this idiotic collection. Contributions are acepted, if the cans are in uncrushed condition. So if you're tired of sending bricks to Tucker...

SOFT DRINK CAN COLLECTION
--- A COMPLETE IDIOCY ---

BRAND	VARIETY	TYPE	#	S?
7-UP			2	
7-UP	CHERRY		1	
A&W	CREAM SODA	DIET	1	
A&W	ROOT BEER		1	
A&W	ROOT BEER	SUGAR-FREE	1	S
ASPEN			1	
BUFFALO BILL'S	GREAT AMERICAN SASSAPARILLA		1	
CANADA DRY	GINGER ALE		1	
COCA-COLA	CLASSIC		1	
CRAGMONT	GRAPEFRUIT	DIET	1	
CRUSH	ORANGE		1	S
CRUSH	PINEAPPLE SODA		1	
DIET COKE			1	
DIET COKE	CAFFEINE FREE		1	
DIET RITE			1	
DR. PEPPER			1	S
DR. PEPPER	DIET		1	
DR. PEPPER	PEPPER-FREE	DIET	1	
DR. PEPPER	SUGAR-FREE		1	S
FAMOUS AMOS	CHOCOLATE ROCKY ROAD SODA	DIET	1	
FRESCA			1	
GINSENG UP	COLA		1	
GOOD'O	KOLA CHAMPAGNE SODA		1	S
HILLCREST	CREME SODA	SUGAR-FREE	1	
HIRES	ROOT BEER	DRAFT	1	
JIM BEAM AND COLA			1	
JOLT	COLA		1	
MOUNTAIN DEW			1	
NATURAL ORELIA			1	
NEHI	PEACH		1	
PEPSI-COLA			1	
PEPSI-COLA	DIET PEPSI		1	
PEPSI-COLA	PEPSI LIGHT		1	
R.W. KNUDSEN FAMILY	SPRITZER	GRAPE	1	
RITZ	CREAM SODA		1	
RONDO	PREMIUM CITRUS SODA		1	
ROYAL CROWN	R.C. 100		1	
SHASTA	COLA		1	
SHASTA	DRAFT ROOT BEER	DIET	1	
SLICE	APPLE	DIET	1	
SLICE	MANDARIN ORANGE		1	
SOUIX CITY	SARSAPARILLA		1	
SOUIX CITY	SARSAPARILLA		1	S
SPRITE			1	
SQUIRT			1	
TAB			1	
TAB	BLACK CHERRY		1	
VENDOME	COLA	DIET	1	
VERNORS			1	S

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Robbie Cantor and I drove down Saturday morning and got there just about the time the con re-opened. We entered some artwork --mailed in to Sercon and not sold -- in the Conquistador Art Show, in hopes that a few more pieces would sell. Then we prowled the dealers' room for a while before heading out for some shopping.

The rooms all seemed to have kitchenettes -- with stove, refrigerator, and various utensils -- so I bolstered my diet-staying willpower by stocking the refrigerator with permitted amounts of real food for the meals up to Sunday noon. Not my preference -- I'm a junk food junkie -- but easy enough to do.

The Fan History Panel, part n (continuing from where a similar panel left off at last year's Conquistador) had Mike Glyer, Drew Sanders, and I telling a few stories and answering questions from the four or five people in the audience. Fan History is gossip run through the Folk Process. Mike jotted notes for FILE 770, and we all had a pleasant, informal hour of discussion. Part n+1 will probably be scheduled next year. (Ruth Berman, in LASFAPA, suggested that there might eventually be a Conquistador panel on the History of the Conquistador Fan History Panel!)

The Fan History Panel segued immediately into the next panel, on the economics of conventions. Drew departed, to be replaced by Fred Patten, and we talked income, outgo, surpluses and deficits for the next hour.

At the 1986 Conquistador, Kathy Sanders had bought Atanielle Noel's artwork: "The Seven Deadly Sins of Costuming." She talked six others into joining her to do the costumes shown in the art, and brought the group to this year's Conquistador, in part to show Atanielle. Unfortunately, the latter got sick and was unable to attend, but she'll get to see a tape of the masquerade.

Each of the group was in a different color, and the designs were each complementary -- or even, in a couple cases, identical. Gluttony, in gold spandex with obviously burst seams, came on with a bag of (gold-wrapped) chocolates and a full beer mug. Avarice, in orange, gloated her way across the stage caressing a trophy. Sloth had to be called twice, then showed up in jeans, still working on her blue costume. Lust, in purple, slinked across the stage; Anger (red) stomped in, thoroughly hacked off at the whole affair. Envy (green) looked all the others up and down, obviously preferring their costumes to her own. And Pride, in silver, spread a huge peacock-feather tail. It was impressive, if I do say so myself. Somewhat akin to shooting minnows in a bathtub, but the group took Best Masters and Best In Show trophies. With luck, it will get to another masquerade before the costumes are disassembled. The participants: BEP (Gluttony), Marjii Ellers (Avarice), Astrid Anderson Bear (Sloth), Victoria Ridenour (Lust), Drew Sanders (Anger), Adrian Butterfield (Envy), and Kathy Sanders (Pride).

After the masquerade, I wandered over to the L.A. in '90 Party, which Mike Glyer was running, hung around a while talking to people, then gave up for the night. Partying at cons while trying to stay on a diet is a damned nuisance. There are just so many diet soft drinks one can pour down before you get to sloshing!

Sunday was art show teardown -- three of the pieces sold. Not very impressive. And last runs through the hucksters room. (I was buying up comics to fill gaps in the collection, if they were available at non-usurious rates.) And the last panel: "Fanzines and Related Forms of Self Abuse."

The panel participants included Jamie Hanrahan, who publishes PYROTECHNICS, a techie zine; Marion Zimmer Bradley, long-time FAPA member, and perpetrator of genzines, perazines, and SIGzines (for Darkover Fandom, of course); Sonni Cooper, Strekziner; and a media zine person whose name I can't remember or find in the Program Book. (And me.) The room was actually packed, and there was too much to say in an hour. I think one of the small cons might consider using much the same panel mix -- plus a fasanish genzine or apazine type and maybe minus one of the mediazine/Strek participants -- and have a series of panels that are more focussed: WHY publish a fanzine?; HOW does one publish a fanzine?; WHAT use are fanzines? (and other such miscellaneous questions in this last panel). The various kinds of publishers give various kinds of answers to each of these questions, and it is actually interestingg to attendees.

In March, my con-of-the-month was Boskone, which attracted about 4400 fans, semi-fans, and gawkers. (More, apparently, than the hotel is willing to put up with, according to the reports that have come out after the con, wherein none of the down-town Boston hotels will take next year's Boskone, and the Sheraton Boston (this year's site) is giving the Noreascon III committee problems.) Boskone will probably be the largest SF con in North America this year. (NASFiC might be larger, though I doubt it.) And in spite of my multiple efforts to foul myself up, I managed to enjoy the con eventually.

The trip started off badly. Elayne was driving Lex Nakashima and me to the airport, but I wanted to make a short stop at LASFS first. I needed to check a few last-minute items in the LASFS Library, in preparation for the Boskone Scavenger Hunt that I'd entered. Even allowing an hour to fight traffic, we'd leave at 8, get to LAX at 9, and the flight wasn't until 9:45. Plenty of time.

But I'd left some things at home that had to get to LASFS, and back-tracking killed about 35 minutes. We left LASFS about 8:20 -- and still got to LAX at 9:00! Unload our suitcases and my travel bag... travel bag? Guess what was still in the LASFS Library -- with my ticket? Phone LASFS and request a favor. Spend a long time feeling like an idiot (and unsuccessfully trying to work out an alternate arrangement with the airline). Charles

Matheny manages to bring the missing Blue Thing to LAX by 9:35 and I scurry onto the plane. The word "indebted" acquires new force.

The trip is uneventful. (The "snack" is inedible, but I'm on a diet, so it's just as well.) At the New York changeover, our flight acquires other fans from a San Francisco flight, including Russ Elliot, so three of us take a cab to the hotel -- right during the morning rush hour, of course. (I take a cab only because I am traveling with Lex -- by myself I'd have used the subway, luggage and all.)

Rooms will be available by 10:00, so we stash the luggage and wander around a couple of hours. (Since the check-out time is noon, and ordinarily rooms aren't available until 1:00, 10:00 is more than reasonable.) The Green Room committee people are visible, but few others, and Friday slugs by slowly until registration opens in the late afternoon and the huxter room opens at 6:00.

Registration was, as usual, quick for the pre-registered. (Both Elayne and I are Life Members of Boskone -- I just get a bit more use of my Life Membership than she does.) This time the celerity was enhanced by using blank name badges and letting the members write their own names on the badges. (As is done at other cons, including Loscon, the badge-holder, not the badge itself, is the identification of a member.) I would like to suggest that this not be done again, if it is at all possible to avoid it. Few people have a handwriting (or skill in calligraphy) that will allow them to make their name readable from more than 11 inches away!

In the huxter room I stopped first to pick up Boskone ephemera -- T-shirt and souvenir book. Or tried to. While I got the shirt, the books hadn't arrived yet. Otherwise, I escaped with checkbook intact. Almost. A dealer in comics with reasonable prices and a sales gimmick that made it worthwhile to buy in $20 (or higher) lots managed to make inroads on my finances before I could wrench myself away carrying the 5-page Wants List I'd brought with me... .

Lise Eisenberg's 11 p.m. panel on fan gossip was rather tame. Her party immediately following it was more fun. (The party, as usual for a convention Friday night, was both hers and Moshe Feder's, but Moshe wasn't very visible during this one. Why, there wasn't even Coke!)

"When we get to my room, remind me to take my clothes off"...L.E.

Saturday began with a panel discussion of the 1990 Worldcon bids -- Kees van Toorn and Roelof Goudriaan for the Netherlands bid, me for the L.A. bid, and Ben Yalow as moderator. Each side makes statement, Ben asks a few questions of both sides, audience asks more questions of one, the other, or both. Generally very

civilized. I doubt anyone changed his or her mind as a result of the panel, but perhaps there were some Undecideds there.

Again to the huxter room in search of the Boskone Book. The copies had arrived, but the boxed edition wasn't yet available. (It was still being signed.) Try again at 2:00. At 1:00 there was a line that stretched halfway down the aisle from the NESFA table, so I joined it and hoped not too many would be buying more than a couple copies. I eventually collected my copy, and learned that the Boskone t-shirt was sold out of anything but small size. Timing is everything. The comics again jumped out and prevented me from leaving until I had purchased another batch.

The L.A. '90 bid party, of which Fuzzy Pink was in charge, was scheduled for Saturday evening in the parlor and one bedroom of the Nivens' 2-bedroom suite, so Saturday afternoon was spent on the supply runs. An attempt to go to dinner at the Mass. Bay Co restaurant in the hotel was foiled by the inability of the staff to correctly estimate how long it would take to get seated (let alone served). After the "20 minutes" became more than 45 I gave up and left the others to wait. I grabbed something relatively fast at Au Bon Pain so I could get the party rooms set up.

The party went well -- we ran the "Grab The Brass Ring" game, sold some Friends Of L.A. In '90 memberships, poured wine, and talked with people. I was about to throw the last pair out around 4:00 a.m., but they decided to throw themselves out, and I closed the party room down.

Sunday morning I moved my stuff from the party bedroom, where I'd been staying, up to Lex's room. Nivens were planning to leave Sunday evening, and Lex and I would have a Dead Dog Party in his room with the leftovers from Saturday. (We always overbuy.) Then I gathered my stuff up for the 12:00 Scavenger Hunt judging -- only to find, at 11:45, that it was supposed to be at 11:00! Timing is everything. I caught the first snail-powered elevator to the third floor, box of trash in arms.

They were on Item 26 (of 89), and would judge my first 25 items at the end. I commandeered a space on the floor and things went on. There were 3 or 4 Individual entries (1 to 3 people were allowed per entry as Individual), and 4 or 5 Clubs (4+ people). The indecision as to numbers results from not knowing whether the entrant (3 people present) that had to leave early was entered as a club or not -- it had an organizational name.

As things went on, I managed to swindle a couple half-points (perfectly legal under the rules), lose a couple points I thought I wouldn't, and gain some extra part-points here and there. When everything was done, I was ahead of the nearest Individual entrant by 67 to 50.5. (The top three clubs were 72+, with the winning "Lithuanian Conspiracy" -- led by Ed Meskys and including Dick Eney -- having 90 points!)

Prizes were large Valentine's Day heart-shaped boxes of chocolates, and I brought mine home to stash for a month until the diet would allow a party to help me eat them. There were also

supposed to be ribbons, but there was a communications foul-up between the MITSFS, which ran the Hunt, and the Boskone committee. The judges expressed hope that ribbons might still eventuate.

Lex had talked the Nivens into staying another night, so the L.A. Dead Dog Party -- and my stuff -- was moved back down to the suite. And sometime after 3:00 on Sunday afternoon I signed up as a Gofer.

Collectors, as has been said many times, Are Crazy. And I have many collections. Saturday night during the L.A. party, I found that Boskone had done a special T-Shirt, available to Gofers who worked eight hours or more. So.....

I did badge-checking duty at the huxter room until it closed, and then guard duty for another hour or so. Then I helped with Art Show tear-down until I had to leave to get the party ready. Total: a bit over 4 hours.

Art Show tear-down was amusing in spots. One row of the Traditional NESFA Hangings, made of Dexion angle-iron, had been replaced by LASFS-style pipe-and-ironmongery hangings, and it came down (as usual with that style) amazingly fast. (Even though their pipe is iron instead of the aluminum LASFS uses. Monty Wells said that was what he could get quickly -- they may eventually replace it with aluminum.) I think it was Paula Lieberman who said that more such hangings are likely to be proposed to NESFA, and that the motion will be called as "All in favor say 'Aye'; all opposed say 'I volunteer to put up and tear down the Dexion.'"

The Dead Dog was fairly quiet. At one point, I left Fuzzy to handle it and went party-hopping myself. Talked with Kees for a while outside <u>their</u> Dead Dog Party. Wound up at Bridge Publications' party talking to an old-time fan (now turning pro) who was part of a classic Harlan Story -- no, not <u>that</u> story! -- and with a pro's daughter. A very pleasant evening.

Monday morning I packed my stuff, checked it, then reported to Logistics around 9:00 to see what they needed help with. Con Suite cleanup, Art Show loading of hangings and stuff, huge panels to be moved to a loading dock via The Death Star (a stage elevator, appropriately nicknamed). Somewhere around 1:30 I quit, got someone to locate an XL Gofer T-shirt, and headed to the lobby to wait for Lex and go to the airport.

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Occasionally I wonder if the conrunning game is worth the effort. The con-<u>working</u> game is sometimes more fun. (I doubt I would ever be able to go back to just the con-attending game.) I must be getting Old & Tired. Again. But I wasn't kidding back in '80 when I said I was a generalist of fan stuff, and maybe I ought to consider changing my priorities for fanac. Again.

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The April Convention Of The Month was Corflu 4, in Cincinnati. (Well, Covington, Kentucky, across the river from Cincy.) Corflu is the con for Fanzine Fans, and this is the first one I've attended. From the results, I probably shouldn't have missed the first few.

Bill Bowers ran this one, with the help of Bill Cavin for the con suite, Naomi Cowan for pre-con details, and Pat Mueller for at-con administration. The programming was limited to a Live Fanzine -- videotaped, audio-taped, and to be transcribed in part for a written version -- and a banquet. The rest of the time was spent talking to other fanzine fans.

The Live Fanzine had several excellent contributions -- personally, I liked the Bosky-Hlavaty Show and Bernadette's solo essay (a serious talk on fanzine fandom from a sociological point of view) the best, followed by Al Curry's filksongs(?). Two of the things that Bowers seemed to think Hot I thought Not: the ~~Interview~~ Chat With Bill Bowers by Dave Locke, and the rather rambling monolog that Gary Hubbard did. Both needed severe editing. I ordered the videotape edition (which Larry Tucker will be editing), so we shall see what hits the cutting room floor.

There were about 70 attending members. About seven of them worked on a 1-shot (FANAC BY GASLIGHT), several brought fanzines for sale, or a new issue to distribute, and Ken Josenhans brought a bag of zines to be given away. (I was late in learning of this fact, so the Good Stuff was gone when I looked through the bag's remnants. Still, I found eight or nine things that would fit in my collection.)

The Lack of Output by certain alleged Fanzine Fans came up in discussion with Moshe Feder. I challenged him as to which of us had published a genzine issue more recently, and I won: August 1977 for PROFANITY against July 1977 for POTSHERDS! Which brought up the fact that this year is the tenth anniversary of each of our last issues. We ought to do something to celebrate. Uh-huh. Real Soon Now. Like maybe for Brighton? Uh-huh... .

There was a very enjoyable dinner run Saturday night with the Lynches, Bernadette and Arthur, Judith Bemis, and Tony Parker. Conversation turned mostly to fanzines and archival actions to widen their access. I mentioned the British scheme of providing photocopies at cost from Ving Clarke's fanzine library (which Skiffy helped finance with $2K for the copier). Someone thought it would be a great idea to have such a service available Stateside, and I told them that it already was -- I've been doing that sort of thing for years. Apparently, more publicity for the idea would be a good thing.

At Corflu 3, held in Virginia in February 1986, the weather was cold and snowy. So Bowers had decided to move Corflu 4 to April. Guess what happened Friday night/Saturday morning? Snow, and lots of it! Luckily, we didn't have to go out of the hotel --

a Quality Inn, with quite reasonable rates, coffee shop, and staff -- during the day. By evening, the snow had stopped, and it was possible to walk the several blocks to the steakhouse where we had dinner with little indication of the storm that had hit the previous night.

The Sunday banquet was the occasion for a few speeches, an auction to help pay con expenses, and the selection of a site for Corflu 5. For the first time, the site was contested, and the voters gave it to Seattle over Texas. There is also a campaign for Minneapolis in 1989, and there may be one for New York in 1990. Pat Mueller said that Texas won't contest 1989 against Minneapolis, but I suspect that they will try again in some future year. (There have been a few perfunctory discussions about trying to hold a Corflu in Southern California some year or other, too.)

And after four years of Corflu, a second fanzine-fan convention has appeared: Ditto 1 is scheduled for July 1988, in Toronto. I have a few doubts about whether a milieu that can only get 70 fans to the one annual con they have will be able to get any sizeable number to two cons a year -- whether or not it is a split constituency for the most part. We'll see. I bought an attending membership for Corflu 5 -- and a supporting membership for Ditto 1.

The auction was appropriate to the convention, for the most part. Bowers tried to auction a complete set of OUTWORLDS with a beginning price of $50.00 (which was what Art Widner paid for a set at Corflu 3 last year), but got no takers. I auctioned a few items (2 from me, 2 from Skiffy), but the only one of the four that brought any amount of money was the copy of ENERGUMON 1 that went for $32.00. (Glicksohn wasn't at the con.) Then Jerry Kaufman auctioned a bunch of stuff from Seattle -- T-shirts with slugs were doing reasonably well, other t-shirts going for minimum. When he hit the four issues of SPANISH INQUISITION, though, the auction took off! The double issue (7/8) went for over $40. And even if it is the one that's not evident in my collection -- I think there's a copy in the 200 boxes of zines in the shed, but... -- I wasn't paying anywhere near that amount for a copy. The auction did quite well for the con, altogether. (And next Corflu, I will lug fanzines for sale, even if only a small box of them... .)

And my May conventions -- Kubla and Baycon -- haven't happened yet, so that's all of 1987 from a conventional viewpoint.

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I will offer a minor apology to the four FAPAns who are also members of LASFAPA -- Robbie, Arthur, Seth, and Vanessa. If they read both apas completely, they will have seen my convention reports in both their appearances. (Under similar conditions, Liz will have seen the latter parts.) I figured that was no good reason not to inflict the things on the rest of you.