

/\*\*  
 \*  
 / FLOCCIPAUCINIHLIPILIFICATION NO.2 /  
 \*  
 /\*\*

is a finger exercise from Mike Glicksohn, still at 141 High Park Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, M6P 2S3 who is on the verge of forgetting how this fanzine publishing stuff is done. It is intended for the 156th mailing of that increasingly moribund secret society known as the Feeble Arthritic Procrastinators Association and a few friends. Begun to the rythmical accompaniment of a 750 lpi Electro-Rex and a glass of Scotland's *raison d'etre* on June 12th, 1976, an astonishing two years and three days after the first stencil of the first issue of this fanzine was begun. This is the 46th publication of the SSScotch Press and the first fanzine I've started in over eight months. Any resemblance to FLOCCI #1 is entirely intentional.

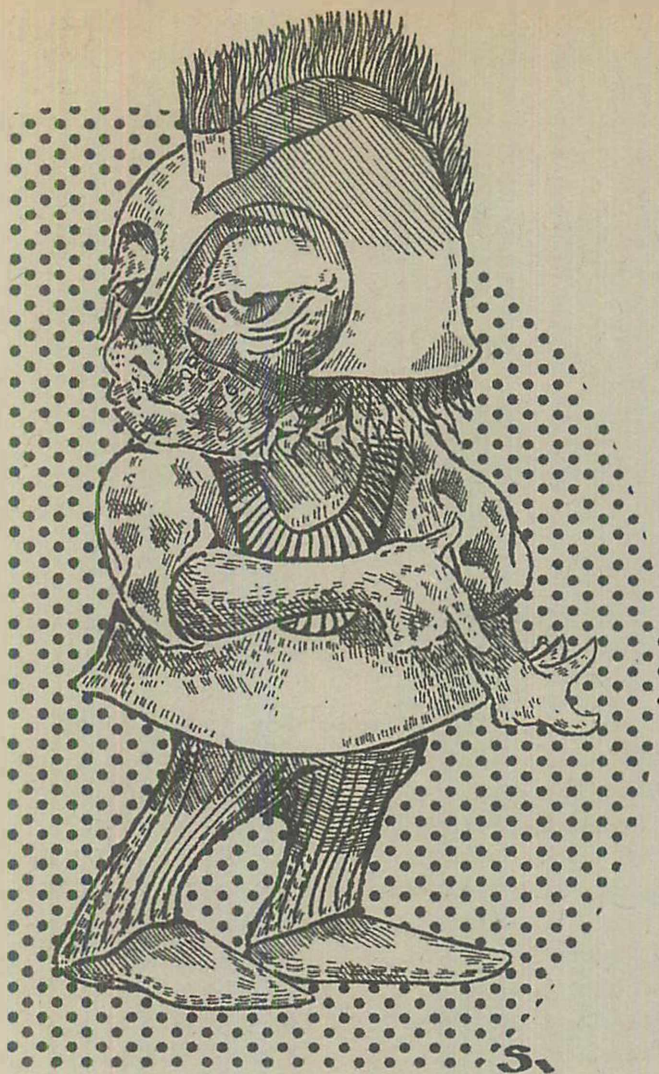
## WELCOME BACK, FAPA

Two years? Really? That long? It surely doesn't seem like it...

I used to publish fanzines all the time. And, regretfully, I mean all the time. Once I published six fat issues of a quarterly genzine in a single year. (I never was all that good with semantics.) But it's been eight months since I typed stencils for a fanzine, and two years and three days since I started a FAPazine. At least that's what it says here in the colophon of the first FLOCCI which I brought along with me on my pilgrimage to the land of the electrostenciller and the Selectric 2 so I'd be able to recall How It Is Done and also establish the patterns that are dear to my mathematician's heart. It really surprised me when I read that colophon, for the first time since I typed it two years ago. I hadn't even realized I'd been in FAPA that long: but when I realize the changes that have occurred in FAPA since I first made my debut here then it seems reasonable that it's been that long. It's hardly the same illustrious, fanhistory-laden organization I waited three and a half years to join, is it? Yesterday a FAPA mailing arrived. A thin, scrawny, oft-illegible







and rather unprepossessing mailing in an ordinary brown paper envelope. It certainly wasn't a wonderful thing, meyer.

But it isn't fair to kick a man, or an organization, when it's down, and I've certainly not earned the right to be critical of the contributions others make to an apa that I've not written for in almost a year and whose mailings I've only been able to skim quickly through of late. At a time when fanzine activity seems to be on a never-ending upward spiral it seems strange that the oldest and most honoured apa of them all is experiencing a period of uninspired activity and transition. But perhaps these two phenomena are related. I'm sure they are in my own case.

One of the major reasons I haven't been able to do any separate apazines recently is the amount of time I choose to spend in keeping up with the rest of fanzine fandom. In a fan-nish climate that seems to encourage every fan and his baby sister to put out a fanzine, anyone with a reputation as a letterhack has some serious decisions to make. Do you force yourself to be selective, responding to only those fanzines that you're already a part of? Do you cut back

in some way, and concentrate only on the "prestige" fanzines? But what if you happen to like fanzines? What if you are freaky enough to really enjoy responding to someone else's fanzine regardless of whether or not it's prestigious, or your letter is printed? What then? Obviously, in a fandom that seems to be growing exponentially, something has to give.

Now I'll be damned if I'll give up my social life, such as I allow it to be. Invited to a party with people I enjoy, I'll go. Able through reasons of time and money to attend a regional convention, I'll happily devote a weekend to it. When I can, I'll play badminton twice a week, and poker every second Tuesday. After all, man does not live by fandom alone, as we all know. But if I do those things, and attend my high school's football games, and have friends over to share my birthday Chivas, and still loc as many of the interesting fanzines that people inundate me with, then obviously there have to be adjustments made somewhere. In my case, one such adjustment has been the virtual elimination of fanzine production on my part, which is why I'm part of FAPA's mass of deadwood.

I'm not happy with that situation, of course. I didn't spend all that time on the waiting list just to minac my way through FAPA. And dammit I miss the pleasure of pubbing my ish! (I actually thought of doing a fanzine of FAPA mailing comments but I figured that since I came third on the penultimate Egoboo Poll in the Mailing Comments category without ever typing a single mailing comment for FAPA I'd better not jeopardize my chances of standing first by actually writing some. Of such things is minac made.)



Actually, there are three fanzines I ought to be publishing, and with the summer approaching and bringing with it ten weeks of total leisure to be frittered away as I see fit, this seems like a good time to get back into the production side of fanzines. I've got more than enough good material, written and drawn, for another issue of XENIUM, the personalzine I used to put through FAPA but probably won't any more. (Dave Locke was right!) And I've been greedily collecting artwork for my Aussiecon trip report ever since last September, and I really ought to try and get it out before the worldcon following the one I'll be writing about. So this really is a finger exercise to get me back into the habit of typing stencils. (If it happens to save my FAPA membership as well I'm sure that's entirely coincidental.) FLOCCI is coming to you from the top of my head and the bottom of my hip flask and my shoebox has nothing to do with it. If I get it finished, it'll be interesting to see if I can remember how to run the mimeo that sits in my kitchen bewildering the occasional mundane visitor. And who knows, with a whole summer stretching before me maybe I will do a fanzine of mailing comments for FAPA. At the very least it should get me a second place listing for Best Poet next time there's an Egoboo Poll that reaches the membership before the deadline for its return!

---

## CONVENTIONAL PATTERNS FROM THE PAST

Fairly recently, after a period of relative lethargy where fanpublishing was concerned, I was strongly motivated to publish a fanzine once again. This fanzine, as it happens. And when that urge to type, and corflu, and paste, and mimeo, and slip-sheet, and lick and mail came over me, the topic that came to mind as a possible vehicle for such a self-indulgent exercise in fannish enthusiasm was a rambling reminiscence of three damn fine conventions I've been to over the last couple of months.

It came as quite a surprise to me, then, earlier this morning, to discover that two years ago I wrote an article about getting to three conventions for the first incarnation of this zine. I really hadn't remembered what was in the first FLOCCI, but that unplanned for symmetry appeals to me enormously. Unlike certain famous faneds who are also minacing FAPA members, I am not driven by the search for the Perfect Fanzine, and I have no great urge to experiment with layout and format and the physical attributes of a fanzine. I consciously seek to establish certain similarities, even if it means I have to dig out a file copy of an earlier issue to see what patterns I've previously established. Perhaps Harry Warner finds a similar satisfaction in maintaining the format of HORIZONS from issue to issue, but there's a definite satisfaction in establishing certain simple links with what has come before. So I feel justified in rambling on about three recent conventions. And it's a lot less infuriating than How We Got Shafted By The Provincial Government, The Federal Government And The School Board In Our Recent & Abortive Strike!

A few paragraphs back I touched on the distractions that can stand in the way of publishing a fanzine. Responding to the fanzines of others is certainly foremost among them,





but attending conventions would have to be a strong second contender. Not only does a good con take you away from letter writing, stencil typing, and other solitary entertainments for three full days, but when one throws oneself into a con with the singleminded pursuit of pleasure, conversation, whiskey and friendship that I do, it often takes another three days before one recovers sufficiently to be able to pursue anything remotely close to a normal existence. The overall result is a major hiatus in paper fanac from which one is unlikely ever to recover fully.

So far this year I've been to CONFUSION in January, BOSKONE in February, MARCON in March, ONEDAYCON and MINICON in April and BYOBCON and AUTOCLAVE in May. The wondrous thing is not that I type apazine stencils so badly, but that I type them at all!

All of those conventions had good things going for them, and all of them were basically enjoyable. At four of the seven I had some formal part of the program to do, and this is something that always produces a tension within me, and alters my perception of the con. Simply put, I am not at ease addressing a fannish audience but I accept such invitations for reasons undoubtedly connected to the fragility of this particular human ego. I pay for such frailty. I pay for weeks before a given appearance, and for the days of the con that precede my official part in the activities. If I had any sense, I'd decline to participate in other than an attending capacity, and I have in fact made such a mental promise to myself. It'll be interesting to see what happens when the lime jello backbone of my resolve is tested by an actual opportunity to exert itself. Should such a situation ever arise, of course. (Bowers and various incredibly esoteric wagger references to the contrary.) But despite these additional personal reactions to the cons, all of them were good, convivial gatherings and I'm happy to have been in all six of these exotic American metropolises. (Detroit hosted two of the seven cons, for anyone striving to establish a one-to-one correspondence and coming up short.)





Still, after a decade of activity in fandom and after dozens and dozens of conventions (I foolishly stopped counting several years ago and now I've completely lost track) I'm left with the definite impression that the last three conventions I've been to, MINICON in Minneapolis, BYOBCON in Kansas City and AUTOCLAVE in Detroit, are perhaps the most enjoyable three cons I've attended. I know a part of this is due to the natural tendency to retain recent memories most strongly and a part is due to the quirky nature of my own memory which tends to lose actual memories and retain only impressions (such and such was good or bad or pleasurable or painful but the actual memories, the recollections of just how it felt, they fade) but perhaps there were objective reasons for those impressions as well.



What makes for a good con? Obviously it depends on the individual. Is it a good committee? A fascinating city? An interesting and stimulating program? Lots of free beer and booze? A large number of unattached and willing females? Depending on just who you are, I suppose it could be any or all of those to different degrees, plus any number of other things as well. (I'd better add "a large number of attentive and attractive males" before I'm accused of rampant male chauvinism.)

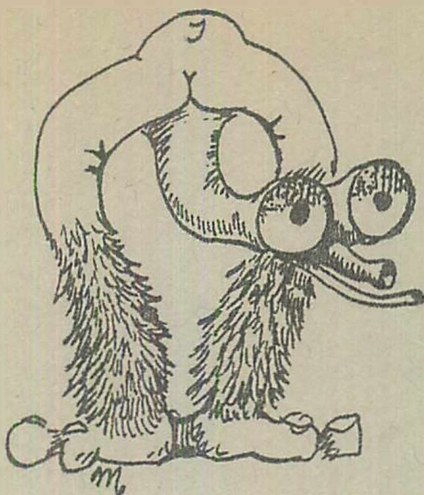
But to me, and to a great many fans I know, the success of a con depends almost entirely on the people who attend it. And the three cons I've mentioned started with a large number of really good people. With a base like that, a good program and good parties and a reasonable hotel were simply icing to make the cake even better.

Backed against the wall by a screaming mob of lantern carrying, stylus wielding neofen sometime last March I'd probably have admitted that the con I'd most enjoyed in my nine and a half year stay in fandom was the 1974 MINICON. Those Crazy Minneapolis Fans are among the most congenial fans around, and they are socially-oriented and seem to have an instinct for hosting convivial, friendly parties. In addition, at that 74 con I'd been with a lot of very close friends, and the whole atmosphere of the con stayed in my mind as a happy, open, friendly one. So I looked forward to the 1976 version of their four-day party.

There's a simple physical reason for my added enjoyment of MINICONs too. The con is held over the Easter weekend, and as a teacher I'm lucky enough to get a four-day weekend. This makes MINICON the only con of the year I can get to early and stay at late and enjoy to the full. There's something about being at a con when the first fans arrive and staying almost until the last fans leave that adds immeasurably to my enjoyment of things. Somehow the edge is taken off even the best of weekends when you realize that all your dearest friends are enjoying a party somewhere while you are surrounded by screaming infants and garrulous old ladies and trying to create a modicum of enthusiasm for some airline food that is hard to distinguish from the plastic plates it's served on.

So MINICON has a great deal going for it to start with, and this year I was able to





add to those basic attractions via the travel arrangements I made in order to get there.

Fans with incredibly good memories (or copies of FLOCCI #1 by their side as I have) may recall that my first article about a trio of conventions had to do with the basic problem of You Can't Get There From Here...Easily. (I could write a book entitled "More Than You Ever Wanted To Know About O'Hare But Didn't Care Enough To Ask" but I doubt there's a market for it unless I can work in a fire, earthquake or great white shark somehow.) As it happens, that precursor article dealt with the very same 1974 MINICON that I've just been praising. (You note the helical development as practiced by all us sincere pedagogues?) And it dealt with the difficulties inherent in flying to Minneapolis from Toronto. So this year I decided to circumvent such

airline-invented obstacles and get to Minnesota the easy way. By way of Iowa!

As it happens, it was cheaper to fly to Cedar Rapids than to fly to Minnesota, and also faster and easier. Of course, upon landing one would be faced with the dreadful realization that one was in Iowa! Which is fine if you happen to be a prize sow or a combine salesman, but not exactly a thrill for the rest of the world. Nevertheless, there are certain advantages involved: Iowa happens to be the temporary home of Joe and Gay Haldeman, two of my best friends in or out of fandom, and also the site of SFLIS, the science fiction club that boasts the largest number and the highest percentage of attractive, intelligent and delightful young ladies of any such organization in America. It isn't surprising that prior to this year's MINICON fans converged on Iowa City from such far-flung points as Canada, exotic Ohio and bicentennial Washington, DC, home of red, white and blue sex scandals.

The chance to spend an evening with many good friends in Iowa City and then share a pleasant leisurely drive to Minneapolis with Rusty Hevelin and two beautiful young ladies was entirely too good to miss, and a great way to start off the con. And the Minneapolis fans, true to form, continued the weekend in fine fannish style, hosting a con that attracted large numbers of Ghoud People, gave them a very fannish program to enjoy, and provided endless hospitality to help things flow along.

It's always a shame when one good con is scheduled against another, but it's happened twice already this year. MINICON and BALTICON coincided, and a month or so later AUTOCLAVE conflicted with DISCLAVE. In the best of all possible fannish worlds we could all go to all the good cons (in the best of all possible fannish worlds we'd all be independently wealthy, of course, and be earning our livings off science fiction) but it doesn't happen that way, and a few of the best people had been lured to the mysterious east by the attraction of Baltimore's live fanzine. But enough truly fine friends came into America's heartland from Chicago, and Florida, and far-off legendary California to make it a mellow, smoooooooooth convention, more than living up to the reputation of its predecessors.

What? You're expecting an actual convention report?! Foolish readers! I have my reputation to consider, after all. It hasn't been anywhere near a year since MINICON and my membership in the National Society of Procrastinators wouldn't be worth the matzoh it's printed on if I wrote a conrep this soon. But who can forget Tucker and Mari Beth and the footprint on the ceiling of their room? Or Madman Riley, Fred Haskell and a Bozo Bus building filled with wall-to-wall fans, food, booze and dope? Or THE MINEO MAN, live at the con and on video tape at the dead-dog extravaganza for those twentieth century media children who can't relate to the real thing, but only to the reel thing? Or the gracious charm and hospitality of the Couches, whose never-



ending open room party set standards of hospitality for Fan Guests of Honour that may never be achieved again?

And I ask you: what could I possibly say about a con at which I was first introduced to the heady delights of horseradish-smothered daffodils?

If MINICON more than lived up to my advance expectations, BYOBCON far exceeded the expectations I never had for it. Because I wasn't going to go to it, and I'd already told all my friends that I couldn't afford the trip.

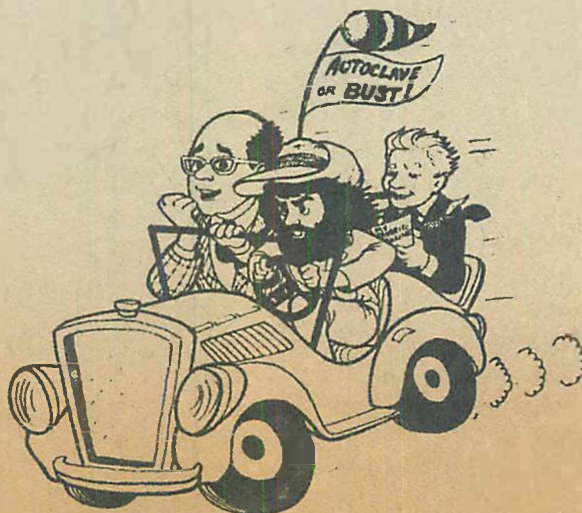
I work with a man who is basically a very nice chap, but totally bland. No identity, no individuality, no character. Though into his thirties, he lives at home, has no social life at all, no contact with people outside of the school we work in, and has no interests beyond the boundaries of the classroom. He eats, drinks, sleeps, dreams lesson plans, dittos, tests, curriculum, students. But he wants to change, thank ghu. So he's going to a psychiatrist and making conscious efforts to expand his horizons and broaden his interests. He's taking a trip to Europe this summer: a package tour all laid out and scheduled for him, but it's a start. He's taking tennis lessons and dancing lessons and occasionally taking a drink or going to a concert or just to a restaurant for a nice meal. But the old ways die hard.

One lunchbreak I remember suggesting to him that he take a weekend off. Forget about making up another eight review dittos and seven more sheets of practice exercises. Hop a plane to Montreal, or Ottawa, or New York, and see what lies out there in the rest of the world. And his main concern was the expense. How could a mere weekend be worth what the airfare alone would cost? And how could I possibly afford to go away as many weekends as I did? And money, money, money.

I heard myself telling him that that was the reason I was working in the first place, so I'd have the money to indulge my foolish pleasures. What good was his vast bank balance doing him, my voice was asking, if he never got any fun out of life? What monetary value could you possibly put on a weekend of happy memories? And I suddenly convinced myself whether it sounded reasonable to John or not! Hell, I wasn't going to BYOBCON where several of the people who mean the most to me in the world were going to be because I didn't think I could "afford" the \$165 airfare. I suddenly realized that I couldn't afford not to go. And so I went, and dammit, I'd been absolutely right! The memories of that con and that weekend were worth far, far more than any amount of money I might have paid to enjoy them.

I guess there is in all of us a small mischievous child who enjoys playing pranks regardless of our outer veneer of dignity. I know there is in me. So I didn't tell anyone of my change in plan. Not Joe and Gay, who had been urging me to go, even though I talked to them the night before the con and sincerely wished them a great time in Kansas City. And not Stephanie, the young lady from Iowa City who was most instrumental in my wanting to be at the con rather than in Toronto in the first place. And the reactions were certainly worth it, even though Bob Tucker probably hasn't forgiven me to this day! And after the initial pleasure of being greeted with dropped jaws, warm hugs and a bewildering variety of strange and unusual sounds had worn off, the con itself was well worth it too.

Once again it was a good weekend because there were good people there to share the time with. Old friends from good old Iowa and Chicago and Kentucky, and a small quiet



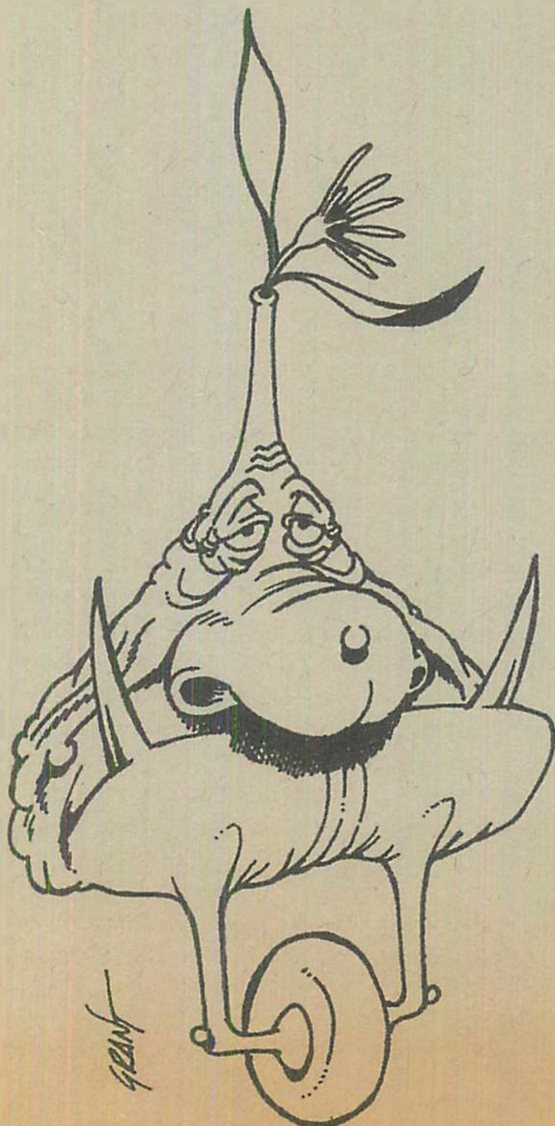


convention that gave me the chance to make new friends from Minneapolis and other unusual environs.

It's an odd thing about conventions, but after you've been around for a while it becomes too easy to enjoy yourself so much in the circle of friends you've established that you don't consciously seek out new friends but simply let the natural drift of fandom bring new people into your circle. And that natural drift is a remarkably capricious current; sometimes it simply doesn't perform worth a damn.

I'd known of Fred Haskell for years, and we'd both known who the other was and had nodded politely at each other at a dozen different conventions but it wasn't until BYOBCON 76 that I had a real chance to get to know this Fan Guest of Honour par excellence. And I curse that damn fickle fannish flow for keeping us apart so long!

It was inherent in the nature of the con and in the nature of Fred that he dominated BYOBCON more than I think I've ever seen a Fan Guest dominate a con. His folksong and slide show Friday night was as creative a contribution as I can recall any Fan Guest ever making, and he followed it up by contributing mightily to all the parties and singing again Saturday, to my delight for Fred is almost as good a singer as he is a photographer which is quite a compliment. He even gave a speech at the banquet on Sunday but I had to pack up to leave and I missed it. If BYOBCON had done nothing else but give me Fred Haskell's friendship it would have been a worthwhile con.



But of course it did much more than that. There were early morning whirlpool baths, cold beers with friends in the bar, and the somewhat mind-croggling experience of a hotel restaurant filled with fans being led in a hearty round of cheers for the waitress who wouldn't bring me a martini until I'd shown her my identification! With my thirtieth birthday a mere five days ahead of me, that was a heart-warming moment indeed.

And of course there was C. L. Moore!! What could I possibly say to describe this very beautiful and very gracious lady? Catherine Moore, despite her years away from the typewriter, is a giant in the field of science fiction, a writer who almost single-handedly brought humanity and passion to the field. Yet despite the admiration and respect with which she is regarded, this was her first exposure to fandom. I'm delighted to say she seemed to enjoy it almost as much as we enjoyed her!

She gave two speeches, somewhat rambling, a trifle disconnected, but overflowing with truth, insight and humour and as far as the audiences were concerned, she could have talked all day, plucking memories and ideas out of the air around her, gazing through pince-nez into the past to describe it in beautiful moving fashion to the present. My admiration for C.L. Moore the writer was transformed into an honest affection for Catherine Moore, a beautiful person.



If fandom must occasionally seem like Hell to a newcomer then there is no less likely a Beatrice to guide one through it than our own immortal, irreverent, charming and delightful Bob Tucker. Although obviously several decades older than the charming Ms. Moore, Bob undertook, as a fellow professional, to introduce her to fandom.

*His fandom!!*

And so we had the BYOBCON Rump Masquerade. Never one to miss out on a moment of feeling good, Bob is almost as fast as I am at establishing Instant Traditions. At the MINICON before the one I wrote of earlier, Bob and Rusty Hevelin were masquerade judges, and one of them (I can guess which one!) conceived of the delightful novelty of judging the costumes with a pretty girl on each lap. Coincidentally there were exactly two pretty girls from Iowa more than willing to comply, and so a Fabulous Fannish Tradition was born, much to the delight of the con attendees.

Now it happened that Bob Tucker, along with Fred Haskell, was a judge at the masquerade in Kansas City. That made two laps to fill. It also happened that the same two pretty girls from Iowa were there and, wonder of wonders, were still compliant. Amid the appropriate ceremony, the Tuckerian stage was set.

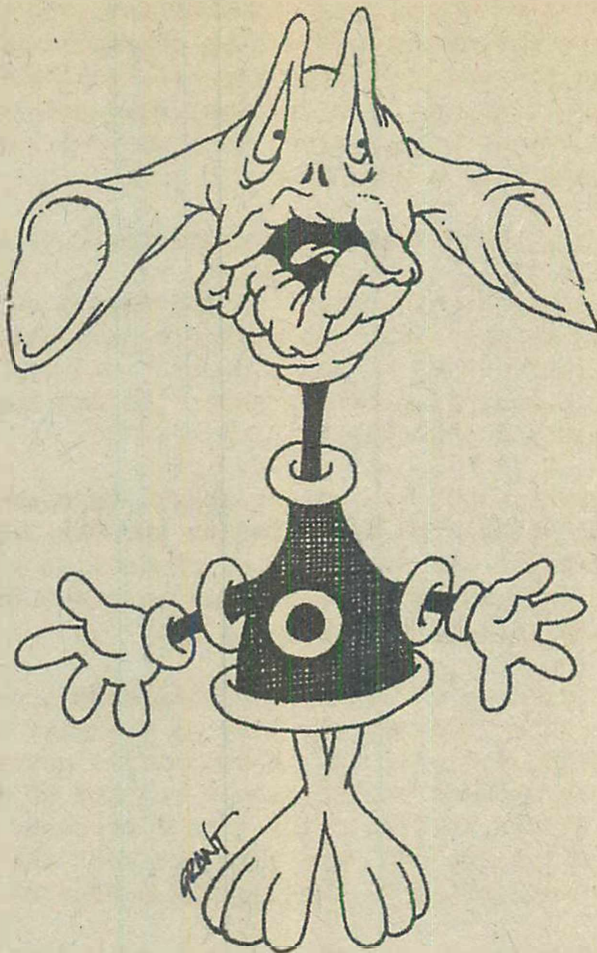
But BYOBCON had a *third* masquerade judge: Catherine Moore, *grande dame* of science fiction, presiding in almost regal splendour over a gathering that must have struck her as slightly confusing at best. Never nonplussed, however, Bob made a production of studying the audience for a worthy nominee, then beckoned me from the back row and offered me Catherine's lap! I'll never know which of us was the more surprised!

I admit I wasn't quite sure how to proceed. One simply doesn't walk up to gracious ladies one is in total awe of and sit upon their laps, but Catherine Moore responded so well I took a chance and did just that. And all six of us had a ball! With arms around each other we viewed the costumes as they paraded before us, then adjourned to invent enough categories to give each entrant a prize. (I was pleased with my contribution of the "I Have No Bra And I Must Win" Award, enthusiastically presented by fandom's Eldest Statesman.) And when Tucker adjourned the proceedings by encouraging Fred in a farewell kiss with their respective young ladies, Catherine Moore continued to enter into the fannish spirit with charm and good humour, as we rounded out the triumvirate in appropriate fashion.

Catherine Moore is truly a very beautiful and gracious lady whom I am honoured and privileged to have shared a damn fine convention with. I hope she'll be back among us for many future cons!

Yeah, BYOBCON was well worth the money it cost to get there: I'd be far far poorer today if I'd not decided to go.

With two excellent conventions in a row to look back on, and the added burden of a





toastmastership to live through, it was with somewhat mixed feelings that I approached AUTOCLAVE, the new Detroit regional aimed at fanzine fans. Not that I shared the fears of chairperson Leah Zeldes, who worried at me long-distance that no-one would come and no-one would have a good time. With attendees like Bill Bowers, Don Thompson and his wife from far-off healthy Colorado, Jackie Hilles from Virginia, and Jackie Franke from Chicago, Fred and the Madman from Minneapolis, the Lutz-Nageys and Randy Bathurst and many more, I knew damn well people would come and I knew they would have a good time.

But I could never have predicted just *how* good a time they'd have had!

Frankly I was scared. Scared that I wouldn't do a good enough job as toastmaster, and my introductions wouldn't do justice to Gene Wolfe and Donn Brazier, two of the finest men to ever put paper into typewriter in the world of fanzines. So it was with some trepidation that I headed towards the Motor City, not exactly sure of what I'd find there.

What I found is another story. Or more accurately, another fanzine. It's irrevocably connected with my achieving the dreaded age of thirty, and that's a story I want to save for the next XENIUM, production of which I hope to start Real Soon Now. As soon as I finish work, get Midwestcon and Wilcon out of my system, and find a good, cheap used Selectric to type it on!

Suffice it to say it may well have been the best fannish weekend I've ever spent, it inspired the article many of you will already have skipped over in the last MAC Progress Report and it completely revived my desire to publish a fanzine. But to do that weekend justice would require an article as long as this issue, and a writer with far greater skill than I possess. I'll give it a try, and anyone interested in the results can tune into the next all-star issue of XENIUM (and fear not, I'll have Rotsler, Trimble, Kettle and a host of others who *do* know how to write.)

Conventions, and the fannish friends I share them with, are an important part of my life, which is why I wanted to share a little of that importance with you here. The myriad details that make a convention a good one are all in my memories, some retrievable, some not, as those who know me at cons will understand, and those memories mean a lot to me.

Thank you for reading through a few of them with me.

---

## ART CREDITS

Some of the artwork in this issue has appeared in previous fanzines I've done: some is appearing for the first time. In order of appearance I thank: Randy Mohr, James Shull, Barry Kent MacKay, Gregg Davidson, Barry Kent MacKay (2), Jackie Franke, Grant Canfield (2).

---

gray space