

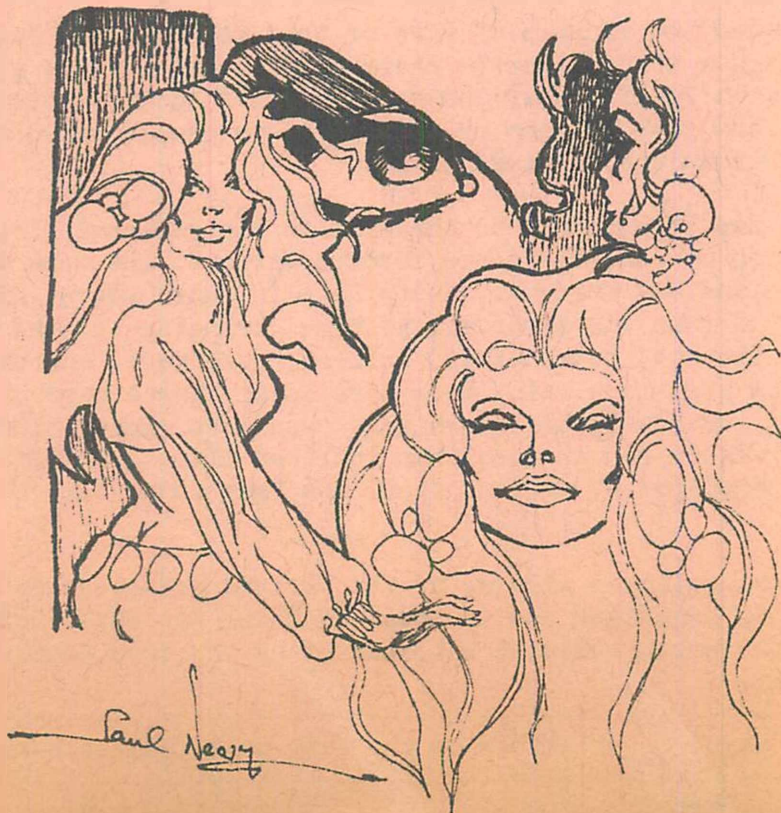
FLOCCIPAUCINHLIPILIFICATION NO. 3

is being produced on the run by Mike Glicksohn, 141 High Park Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, m6p 2s3 for FAPA 161, although #160 has yet to arrive here. Like the last issue of this september fanzine, it represents a last-minute effort to save my membership as well as being the first stencil I've typed in numerous months. One is left to ponder whether such minac is really worth it but having been associated with FAPA for seven years -- admittedly a brief relationship as far as many FAPAns are concerned -- I'm loathe to drop out from what might well be a temporary lack of time & enthusiasm. I suppose this is actually the fiftieth publication of the SSScotch Press -- in seven and a half years of publishing that is definitely not too many -- and is being hurriedly prepared in September of 1977, shortly after SUNCON, Poland's gift to world conventions. The title was lettered as an attempt to excuse my watching television when I had eighteen other things to do. If it seems biased to you blame it on the fact that Dirty Harry was also crooked.

THE SUMMER OF 77...

...was an amazingly full and frenetic, if often excessive, one filled with wine, women and cards. (I was never in to singing.) It really deserves a more detailed report and it may get one now that Derek Carter, friend, fellow exile from England and artist extraordinaire is moving in with me for a year and filling me with all sorts of fannish enthusiasm for publishing another issue of XENIUM. Besides, I did promise all kinds of people at Stuncon that I'd put out again -- a fanzine, that is -- and I wouldn't want to go back on my word. But Suncon was at the end of the summer and was probably the low point of nine great weeks so let's put things into their proper chronological order...

It all started with WILCON, the Stopas' annual Fourth of July celebration, from



where I went to Iowa for nine delightful days during which I wrote most of the one-shot which comprises most of this issue. It was a quiet time of hibachis, popcorn, pinball and tequila and led directly into Archon, the newly revived St Louis fandom's first convention. My memories center on the impressive twenty (or whatever) storey atrium and the equally impressive twenty (or whatever) hour basement poker game which broke up just in time to let at least this weary participant hear the banquet speeches.

There followed a few days oscillating between Dayton and Cincinnati and finally making the quantum leap to Detroit for the second Autoclave. Amazingly Autoclave 2 managed to live up to the expectations of those lucky fans who'd been at the first gathering and provided one of the best cons of the year yet again. All-night poker games come to mind once more, in addition to my first auctioneering job in half a decade, all jumbled up in a typical hyperactive alcoholic weekend. Some day I must discuss the passion for poker (and its possible hereditary origins) that has formed a significant part of my convention activities in the last few months. Suffice it to say in passing that it has helped pay expenses at several cons this year and allowed me to indulge my desires to purchase artwork I might otherwise have had to pass up. (Up until Suncon, that is, but that's another story.)

After a day and a half back in Toronto -- just long enough to do my laundry and count the fanzines that had accumulated in the four weeks I'd been away -- I headed off to England to see relatives and fans and re-acquaint myself with some of the things that England is famous for. (Guinness, rain and inflation primarily.) Despite the generally rotten weather, the surprisingly high prices which eroded my funds at a rate I'd not expected and an occasional vague feeling that I'd rather be in Florida I had a great time and I'm already looking forward to going back for the whole summer for Britain in '79.

Certain things in England remain real bargains. Beer is 60% more expensive than it was two years ago but it's still cheap by North American standards and it's still far superior to anything you can buy here. Restaurants are generally much cheaper than their equivalent American counterparts. London theatre isn't exactly cheap but for the quality of the productions and for the stars you can see the tickets are a bargain. And London remains the most fascinating city to walk around that I've ever been in on the three continents I'm moderately familiar with.

I met English fans, crowded the winners of five of this year's seven FAAN awards into one picture, met my new step-mother (a charming girl eight years younger than I am), gained ten pounds on English beer and English pub food and wrote seven locs and a fanzine review column just to keep my hand in. Some people are committed to fandom; others should be committed because of it.

I got to Florida only a day late thanks to the British controllers' slowdown and after a night spent dozing on benches in the Toronto airport. The week and a half in Ormond Beach with Joe and Gay Haldeman, Rusty Hevelin, Mark Moore, numerous visitors and bucketsful of rain was a marvellous time, bringing to mind crabs, surf, poker, rain, pinball, Bullshots, bookshelves, spiders, Bullfrogs, and bicycles. And that led to Mooncon, with even more rain, much more poker, three days of Myers' rum and "I'm just a craaa-zy guy", a little snorkling, even less sleep, Sloppy Joe's in Key West, "We made the Pidgeon run in less than fourteen miles", Palmetto bugs, and, they tell me, good food prepared by various fans. How they found time to eat I'll never know.

After Mooncon came Suncon, eclipsed already by its various predecessors earlier in the summer. It was a badly organized con, an abysmal hotel for those unfortunate enough to be in the southernmost building but rescued by the good people there. Maybe I'll write it up some day.

OH.I.C.!

is a - gulp! - one shot produced by a wide eyed neophyte and a bleary eyed gafiato to the world of fanzine publishing. It exists courtesy of Stephanie Oberembt and Michael (hic) Glicksohn, exuding from 706 E College St., Iowa City, Iowa 52240. It is published for our own amusement and edification & if it happens eventually to save the FAPA mailing requirements of one of us, well, so it goes. July 1977

When I first got into fandom I made two vows. I swore I'd never fuck a pig and I'd never put out a one-shot. Now that I've met Bessie at the Amana Colonies Annual Summer County Fair and established a Meaningful Relationship, it hardly seems worthwhile to continue to proscribe one-shots. So it goes. This particular endeavor represents the first fanzine publishing attempt of my co-editor & co-publisher Ms Oberembt and coincidentally falls on my own fiftieth fanzine anniversary. It also happens to be my first collaboration with Stephanie: it isn't exactly what I had in mind but it's all that Mark Moore would allow.

Fanzine one-shots, of course, are supposed to be drunken. At least one of us easily fulfills the requirements. I've just returned from a brief foray into the wilds of Iowa City nightlife and numerous shots of tequila and glasses of draft have amply prepared me for this task. They have also, he didn't hesitate to add, inscribed my name into the (temporary) annals of Iowa City night life. If you should happen to imbibe at Joe's Place in the immediate future, and if you should happen to play NIGHTRIDER in their game room, the current high score will be courtesy of yours truly. I just whipped the machine for seven free games (it's only set up to give three) and for anyone as totally inept behind the flippers as I am, such moments are to be treasured indeed. (Hi, Maddog.) I may even have helped two guys pick up two girls by sharing my copious free games with the four of them. Rock on, baby, rock on!!!

But we were (according to the green type above) talking about the name of this one-shot. "Oh, ick" is the state motto of Iowa. (Radar O'Riley, 1977). Just as the state bird is the pig and the state flower is the left-handed bindweed (hi there, Flanders & Swann fans.) Iowa City -- wherein I happen to be as of now -- naturally is shortened to I.C. And Larry Downes publishes a fanzine whose name is totally unimportant but which he initializes to I.C. This happens to be a total non sequitur but Larry loves reading his name in fanzines. The sum total of all these karmic influences led inexorably to the title of this fanzine; and now you know. Iowa City is one of the nicest places in America that one can be. And here to contribute to her very first fanzine is one of the reasons Iowa City was voted "Small Pig-Filled Town Most Likely To Secede." Take it away, Stuffy..

Now what do I do? What a beginning for my first attempt at a one-shot. Are you sure this is the way Burbee began? Maybe I should stick to studying.

For some strange reason Mike and I decided to do a one-shot. It must have been the two screwdrivers I had last night. So here I am wondering what in the hell I am doing and what I should write. Maybe the beginning would be the best. Mike had told me a few weeks ago that he was planning on visiting me but he never told me if he was positively coming. So I tried calling the Stopa's but he was either playing poker or lying comatose on their floor. Tuesday I got a short call from him telling me that he'd be in on the bus sometime that day. But did he tell me when? No. Fortunately, depending on how soundly you sleep, the bus runs right by my apartment and it's a mere three block walk to the bus depot. I sat near the window reading my Anthropolgy book and every time I heard a bus go by I'd run down to the depot. Needless to say this got very tiresome and by 12:30 and six busses I was less willing to venture forth. A bus went by. I knew that if I didn't go down and meet it then Mike would be on that one. I was right.

GETTING THERE WASN'T HALF THE FUN

For a neophyte who claims not to know what to write about my co-writer has an uncanny knowledge of my thoughts and a unique ability to act as straight man for my contributions. Having established the where of this one-shot (and the why being self-evident), the how seemed to be the next topic to consider and Stephanie has introduced it surpassingly well.

Iowa City is one of the most delightful towns I've ever spent time in. This relates in part to the nice people who happen to have lived here in the past, some of whom are still happen to dwell in the environs, and in part to the atmosphere of a very enjoyable small American college town. So a visit to I.C., pinball heaven of the midwest, is automatically a happy event regardless of the activities that precede it. By a not-too-remarkable coincidence, however, getting to Iowa this particular time around involved some of the most enjoyable activities I've been a part of since last year's WILCON!

For something like seventeen years now, Jon & Joni Stopa have hosted a Fourth of July party at their almost-quiescent ski lodge. (The fancy restaurant operates all year round.) If you happen to be among the lucky four score, you get invited to what is undoubtedly the best five-day party in the entire American continent. For nefarious reasons I no longer care to contemplate, I was welcome at WILCON 77. And despite a certain parting of the ways that occurred at Wilmet Mountain, WILCON was a welcome addition to my calander of 1977 fannish events.

I'd be hard-pressed to describe the 1977 WILCON. Primarily because I don't remember a lot of it, and Ben Zuhl hasn't written up the rest yet so I can "remember" the party! I know I spent seventy-eight of the first eighty-one hours I was there awake, mostly playing high n low stakes poker, but adding in enough things to make it one of the most enjoyable (and profitable) cons I have been to in some time. (Hi, Joel.) We played poker, for pennies and for dollar bills, frisbee, Boticelli, backgammon, sex, and just about anything else two fans can think of in a con situation.

After four and a half days of, almost literally, non-stop partying, I got a ride to Chicago, stopped for a couple of hours of fannish conversation with Jackie and Ben and Linda, mostly about what a loooong way off ARCHON was and how ten days between cons seemed most unfair, then caught the bus to I.C. And the lovely Ms O to the contrary, I thought I had made it clear that I was going to visit (surely having them install a chair with my name on it in my favorite bar-pinball-parlour was a giveaway?) and had told her I'd be in on the night bus. (There's only one late night bus from Chicago so she really

didn't have to meet all those other busses but it was a nice thought. Besides, ~~besides~~ ~~which~~ ~~is~~ ~~how~~ ~~this~~ ~~whole~~ ~~thing~~ ~~came~~ ~~about~~, I suppose.

All typos, double strikes and other small defects in printing on the previous page were inserted in accordance with the International Conventions of the Presidium Of Oneshot Publishers (POOP) so this is an Official Drunken Oneshot. None of your amateurish slipshod production methods around here! Say something, co-ed...

Alright Michael. I'll admit that I didn't have to meet all those busses but have you ever known a bus to be on time. For instance, Mike's bus was forty minutes early whereas Larry Downes bus was about thirty minutes late and both of them were supposed to have arrived at 1:35 a.m.

So the first words of greeting from Mike was, "Where's the nearest open pinball parlour?" And he wondered why he's sleeping on the couch.

WAITING FOR GODOWNES

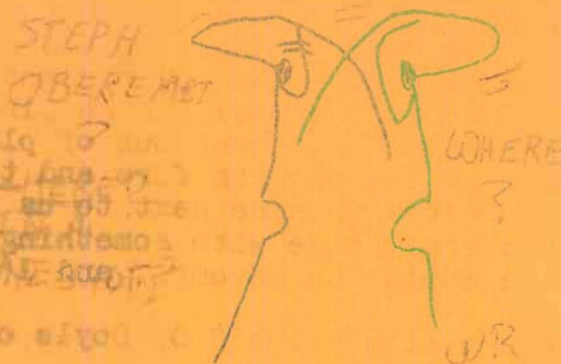
Lies, of course, all lies. But once again it leads into what I was about to say so we can let it stand.

Having spent my first day back here reacquainting myself with my favorite bars and pinball machines I got to spend a considerable amount of time hanging around the bus station waiting for everyone's favorite obscure would-be writer Larry C Downes.

On the chance that Larry's bus would arrive early as mine had the night before (and not wishing to have the poor dear wandering lost and forlorn through the streets of Iowa City fair game for every loose moral degenerate in town...for their protection, of course) we went early to the bus station. About an hour early, if you must know.

Now Iowa City is a pretty active college town and this was also Freshman Orientation Week so there was a lot of activity in the downtown area, even at half past midnight. Unfortunately the bus station is a few blocks away from the downtown area and it was about as active as Bill Bowers. The two of us sat there falling asleep, desperately trying to convince ourselves that Larry was worth another five minutes waiting. (I'd had maybe eighteen hours sleep in five days: Steph had stayed up to meet me and then gotten up six hours later for her morning class. We were a classic study in existentialism, alone in a deserted bus station both too weary to even manufacture a coherent thought let alone retain it.) Eventually, after over an hour watching the odd courtship rituals of the circling taxis, we gave up on The New David Gerrold and started wandering back towards Steph's small apartment, several blocks away. Naturally we were only half a block from it when the bus came thundering past so we retraced our not-quite-so-weary steps and half-way back to the depot met up with Laughing Boy himself, actually following Steph's directions correctly and walking up the proper street.

Larry's presence added considerably to the next couple of days. He taught Steph how to be "in" in Michigan fandom, bewitched, bothered and bewildered the people trying desperately to enrol him, and shared innumerable games of pinball and glasses of beverage with me. And he was there when EVEL KNIEVEL



went berserk and made me a legend to three drunken freshmen.

EVEL KNIEVEL is a new machine with plenty of flags to hit, things to knock down and ways to score points and bonuses. We'd been playing it for some time when I finally managed to light up all five letters of S.U.P.E.R. and all five of C.Y.C.L.E. as well as getting all the side flags down several times. When the ball finally went out of play there was an amazingly loud sound like a burst of machine gun fire and ten free games went up on the counter. The three guys on the machine next to us did a classic set of double takes, swore loudly and stared at me with something like ~~and in their~~ bloodshot little eyes. It was a moment to savour...and I'm only sorry ~~Madog~~ wasn't there to see it!

And now here's the C.D. Doyle of her generation...

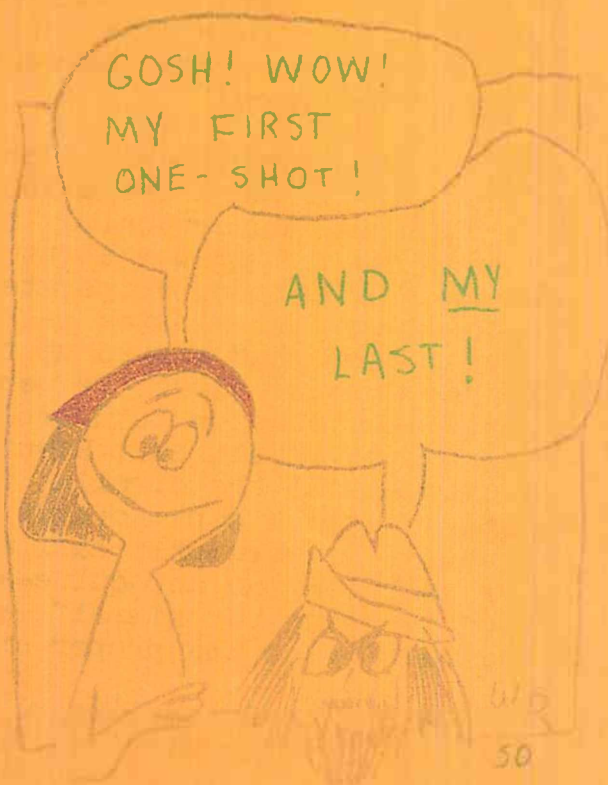
Each year hundreds of perspective frosh make their way from Swisher, Zwingle, and other far away and exotic places such as Oak Park, Michigan. Now if their tanned youthful bodies, fashionable clothes, parents tagging behind, and wide eyes (as apposed to the typical college students bleary ones from too much studying, dope, drinking, sex, and too little sleep) weren't enough to give them away Freshman Orientation gives them little packets to carry. Now the first thing that Mark Moore and I stressed to Larry was that he should never be caught in public with his packet if he didn't want to be instantly labelled a Frosh. Also I advised him as to which of his sessions were worthless so that he would have more time to spend with Mike and I. So we sat in the Airliner watching people go by, drinking, playing pinball, drinking, playing more pinball. In all, more interesting and a better orientation to college life than "The Freshman Simulation Game."

Oh, Stephanie, that's so Sartre...

Eventually Larry had to leave, somehow considering lunch with a tall slim Hungarian more enjoyable than martinis with a short pudgy Canadian. I took him to the bus depot at six in the morning while Steph did a brilliant imitation of a mole, complete with sad little mewling sounds. Once again two of us sat and waited for the Titanic of modern mass transportation to arrive. But at least this time we got to watch the odd denizens of Iowa City assembling for the exodus. I was surprised at the number of people willing to leave this charming town at such an ungodly hour. (Staying up until six is in keeping with the good life; getting up at six was invented by the same maniac who thought up Big Macs, vaginal deodorants and lima beans.) I also noticed that while Iowa City is seemingly filled with attractive young people of both sexes none of them either arrive or leave on busses to and from Chicago. So it goes. So Larry went. Life goes on. Right, Steph?

Right Mikie.

Unlike some people I have to get up early and go to class instead of having the luxury of a few hours sleep. Who cares that this was a Saturday morning and therefore I had no real excuse. After only two hours sleep I'm not I hadn't said, "Larry Downes? Is he here?" Besides in their condi-



When I doubt they even noticed I was blind. (As a matter of fact I'm not blind at all now which explains some of the noncoherent (incoherent?) sentences. In the morning I'm so listless that I could be mistaken for Bowers, except for the fact that I'm short and young and Bill is tall and decrepit.) Now that Larry's gone I would have to say that I miss him. (But never tell him that.) I'm glad that he's going to be here in Iowa this fall. Welcome to Iowa, Larry Downes!

Things Mike Glicksohn won't mention= baking chocolate chip cookies, the Olympic Nose Licking Competition, decent Stephanie cooked meals, visiting the neighbors, and following me around the hospital while I tried to get my planter's wart frozen off with liquid nitrogen.

Now he'll probably say he was going to mention them in passing. That's so Michael Glicksohn.

Ouch. That little fifth columnist from Michigan indoctrinated her too well! As it happens I'd have gotten to all those things in this very section: Iowa City, Why I Love It, Why I'd Leave It and What I Did On My Summer Vacation.

I guess I've made half a dozen visits here and from the very first day I've had a great fondness for the place. Next to London, England it has about the highest density of good drinking places that I've ever encountered, and it definitely has the greatest number of good, active pinball machines (even if they do only give three balls a game.) Add in about the largest percentage of attractive people of any town I know (male and female, it doesn't make any difference to me since I'm only looking anyway) and Iowa City is a great place to spend a week's vacation. Even without the Haldemans. (Or, in the case of my co-friend, a certain largish gentleman now in Florida whom she misses several times a day. It's a good thing my ego has been pickled in alcohol and preserved in an empty Chivas bottle on Derek Carter's back porch.)

But even the Garden of Eden had an iguana in disguise to spoil it and I've not been unaware of the weaknesses of this fair town. For example, the only two (state run) liquor stores are located at opposite ends of the town way out in the boonies. For someone without a car and with a fondness for the grape this can be a serious problem. Luckily lots of nice locals do have cars, though, so this barrier is at least a surmountable one.

This visit has brought home a couple of additional weaknesses, tho^o, which have seriously lowered the town in my "rheumy bloodshot eyes" (Joe Haldeman, 1976.)

Iowa bars are not open on Sundays! I find this incredible in a college town. Restaurants serve drinks but the bars, the places that all the students frequent all week

long, the life span of the town, they close down on days. (And although none of the grocery stores can sell beer, something no-one thought to let me know in advance. It's a Good Thing that when god invented Iowa he also invented Spayed Gerbils...or Spayed Pigs as they are known locally.)

Speaking of Spayed Gerbils -- and who isn't nowadays -- the Iowa bars have never heard of Campari. Never heard of Campari? Can you imagine such isolation from the mainstream of modern western civilization? Luckily the state liquor store, when you can finally get there, stocks the ambrosia, albeit at a dollar sixty a bottle more than I paid for it in Chicago but price is no object to a true connoisseur and I've enjoyed Spayed Gerbils for the last week, the last one coming down the pike just a few minutes ago. Tomorrow there's a SFLIS meeting, though, and several SFLIS people have cars so maybe I can talk someone into making a restocking run. Otherwise the drive to St. Louis on Friday for ARCHON will be a dry one indeed.

Was there anything you wanted to say, Little One...?

Not really. I don't know about these one-shots. Now I can see why Bill Bowers never publishes. Maybe I'll give this all up and try to be the Gay Haldeman of my generation instead.

I'd go along with that! There can't be too many Gay Haldemans in this world and Iowa City needs a replacement now.

Anyway, despite those two minor drawbacks the days have passed in quiet and peaceful enjoyment. It's been above ninety degrees every day, so there is wandering the streets in just shorts trying vainly to catch up with the tan Mark will bring back from Florida. There are numerous visits to numerous bars for numerous beers, martinis, shots of tequila, and, of course, dozens upon dozens of pinball games, occasionally successful ones. There are fine fattening meals cooked superbly by Steph on the grill and augmented by excellent salads. There were chocolate chip cookies, milkshakes at Pearsons, STAR WARS, card games, Spayed Gerbils, grocery buying expeditions, and, of course, the mandatory Visit To The Emergency Ward which Steph can write up when she starts her own fanzine! All-in-all it's been a damn fine way to spend a week...and if I'm falling behind on my fannish loccing obligation, well ~~fuck it~~ so it goes, I guess.

STEPH'S FANZINE'S DEFINITELY NOT TOO MAIN

As mentioned earlier, this is Steph's first attempt at a fanzine and represents what would have been, had it been published on my own mimeo, SSScotch Press Publication #50. As it is, it's being forced out through the AB Dick ditto machines of the Iowa Students' Union, and they were used by Noah to advertise positions on the Ark. I've run off the first three pages, overcoming the indifferent lack of knowledge of the receptionists and the recalcitrant spitefulness of the machines but it has to be a somewhat one-sided fanzine it appears. So it goes.

Graphic embellishments to this term paper for Fannishness 101 were unabashedly stolen from some friends' fanzines, traced and stencilled by Stephanie Oberembt with captions modified by that same young lady. If you don't tell Bill Rotsler neither will we, okay?

SPAYED GERBIL PUBLICATION #1 PRINT RUN 35 JULY 1977

SECOND PRINTING SEPTEMBER 1977 PRINT RUN 75

BRICK CARTER.

