

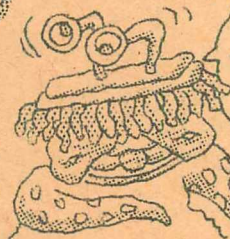
The Gafiate's INTELLIGENCER



NO.
431

HAND-STENCILLED IN THE FINE
MANNER OF THE HALCYON DAYS
OF G.M. CARR & LES NIREMBERG!

THE FANZINE WHICH
ASKS THE MUSICAL
QUESTION:



IS THAT A
STYLUS IN
YOUR POCKET
OR ARE YOU
JUST PLEASED
TO SEE
ME?

Winney

"Can I bum a stencil from anybody?" -pnh

No, but nonetheless here is the 431st issue of THE GAFIATE'S INTELLIGENCER, which has once again eventuated (hi, Malcolm!) from that group mind known to some as Fabulous Falls Church Fandom Plus Many, and to some others as Sixth Fandom Fandom. As always, we enjoy receiving your letters and may even print some of them in a future issue. Please send all comments to TGI care of Post Office Box 409, Fab Falls Church, VA 22046. (The Post Office Will Not Accept Mail Posted Without The Proper Postage Stamps Thereunto Affixed.) This stencil is being typed on September 10, 1983, more or less. So, hey, give us some slack!

There is more to fandom than repetition

JOHN D. BERRY

THE HIPPIE TRAP: The last time I got really, really sercon -- you know, not just this smoke-a-DAW-book shit, but really sercon, maybe down-right academic -- was shortly after the last issue of this fanzine. One of my coeditors was newly arrived in town, we were both staying at Gafiate Central, and there were some particularly powerful skiffy reviews near to hand that night. So we read them.

What I remember first was deciding to go out. It was a moonlit night, very late, with nobody about except us. We took ten-league strides in our heightened condition, down the driveway, up the Himalayan incline of the first block of 11th Street, then over the top and down the slippery farther slope of the second block. Skirting the sinister, floodlit splendor of brand new townhouses with their beckoning empty, empty windows and doors, we strode on to the park.

Long, winding, and green, the park cut through the suburbs like a crooked knife-wound. Down its length ran a bicycle path and a stream. The bike path had once crossed the stream on a concrete bridge -- more of a bridgelet, only a foot or so high -- with a culvert underneath, but the concrete had collapsed into the stream, leaving a tiny rapids of gurgling water among the concrete bits. In one particular spiraling motion the stream broke over a concrete block and swirled down between two more, sounding and looking like a perpetually flushing toilet. We were transfixed, and stood staring for long, thoughtful minutes at this crux in the flux, this Ballardian anamoly of time arrested in its flow. In the end we pulled ourselves away and went on downstream.

It was then that we found the hippie trap. To the innocent eye it was just a small roof held up over a concrete floor by four pillars at the corners -- an open-sided room, without function, sitting next to the path in the moonlight. Nothing sinister about it at all. We stepped off the path and walked into the room. Standing in the middle of the floor, we gazed out placidly at the night.

"Wonder what this is."

"Dunno. It's nice, though."

Silence. Standing, staring.

"We've been here a while now. Maybe we should leave."

"Why?"

"Oh. Well, why not?"

"Dunno. Why not?"

"Yeah. But why?"

More standing, staring.

"We could leave, you know."

"Sure. Of course we could. Any time."

"Could we?"

"Sure."

"Then why don't we?"

More standing. Nervous staring.

"We can leave, can't we?"

"Of course we can leave. Any time."

"You could walk right out."

"Yeah. I could walk right out."

Nobody moves.

"Right out. Yeah, sure! Just watch me."

He walks out of the wall-less room, circles on the grass, and comes back in.

"See? We can leave any time."

"Yeah."

"I came back, though, didn't I?"

"Yeah."

More uneasy standing. Staring. Gazing. We gear ourselves up to leave the hippie trap. It takes a long time. But we're prepared. Finally the moon hides behind a cloud and we make a break for it. Free!

"Maybe I'll just go back in --"

"No! Come on!"

As we regained the path and sped away down its length we could still feel the subtle pull of that open room under the stars.

"Ah!" said Terry Hughes yesterday, as I told him about all this in yet another park in the vicinity (we were gazing at a curiously unfinished unfinished-looking building just off the path), "that provides a clean, honorable explanation of what happened to the Sixties." -- John D. Berry

"I like the freewheeling way this maintains its lack of momentum."

-tw



"I WAS OVERWHELMED BY LUCY HUNTZINGER": Jerry Kaufman had the but-

ton made up at the Westercon and wore it throughout the con. Periodically people came up to Lucy and said, once they knew who she was, "How did you over-

whelm Jerry Kaufman?" Lucy, who would be chattering happily away up to this point, turned red and shut up. Occasionally the routine varied: "What's so overwhelming about you?" one large woman demanded, while others simply asked if they too could expect to be overwhelmed. And when.

IZZARD #7 continues it: "I can certainly agree with Loren MacGregor's assessment of Lucy Huntzinger as a catalyst in the fannish community," Dave Clements notes. And at ConStellation Lucy was introduced to the audience at her panel as "A new comet flashing across the fannish firmament."

How can she live up to all this? I asked her that recently. "Lucy," I said, "how can you live up to all your hype?"

"Ohhhh," she said, with an inflection impossible to transcribe accurately in print, "I can't!"

"You're going to have to pub your ish," I pointed out. "Everything is riding

the caffeinehound's incontinence - iii

on that. Fandom is waiting to see if you live up to what is being said about you."

I can see her dilemma. Lucy Huntzinger is a Neat Person and most of those who've met her have recognized that fact, and celebrate it in one fashion or another. She has energy and enthusiasm. She listens to the latest music and reads old fanzines. She's fun. This is not a totally uncommon set of characteristics for many fans but by the same token such fans are not yet so common as to provoke indifference from the rest of us. So Lucy has inspired Jerry Kaufman's button and Loren MacGregor's appellation and a lot more. But, hey, give her some slack!

"I'm just here to have fun," Lucy said. "Fandom is for fun, right?"

"You have it all wrong," I told her. "Fandom is serious and constructive. You must look to its leaders for guidance. I recommend starting with the National Fantasy Fan Federation, a sterling organization known for its fannish good works for forty years and more. The NFF will show you the way. It--"

But at that moment I was interrupted by a blow to my head from a red rubber bag being wielded by my next door neighbor, for two years running the #1 Fan Face, and I forgot what I was saying. It was just as well. I'm sure Lucy would not have taken my well-meant advice anyway. -- Ted White

There is more to fandom than repetition

"If you tilted North America on its side, everything loose would roll down into California." --R.A. Wilson

THE MYTHS OF SAN FRANCISCO:



1. Strangers ask "what's your sign?" at hot tub parties.
* True: I usually answer "Falling Rocks" or "Curves Ahead."
2. Everyone owns a home computer and/or word processor.
* True: cf. Bob Silverberg, noted Roman Catholic socialist.
3. You can find the Grateful Dead playing in your local bar.
* False: no, but maybe Journey. The Dead live in Marin. Doesn't everyone?
4. Bikinis and sunglasses are de rigeur.
* Are you kidding? Try black leather jackets and foghorns.
5. The Beats and the Hippies live on in perfect harmony.
* Tucked in among the Valleygirls, the skateboard punks, and the fighting young lawyers.
6. SFns drink like fish; 24 hrs, party party party.
* True: SF has the highest % of liver cirrhosis cases in the US.
* False: no decent restaurants after 2 am.
7. EastBay fandom consists entirely of people working on fantasy trilogies.
* True.
8. Every wacko in the world passes through SF.
* False: most of them settle down there for good.
9. The streets of SF are filled with transsexuals, pimps, burnt-out acidheads who've seen God once too often, Hell's Angels, and crazed gangs of Oriental objectivists just waiting to personally molest you.
* False: The only people who will molest you are the local police. Avoid them at all costs.
10. All of California is sunny and warm.
* "The coldest winter I ever spent was an August in San Francisco." --Mark Twain

-- Lucy Huntzinger



JUS' T'ROWIN' WORDS AT DE MOON: "Facts an' facts, an' t'ings an' t'ings: dem's all a lotta fockin' bullshit. Hear me! dere is no truth but de one truth, an' that is de truth of JahRastafari." -- Bob Marley

"Say, rich, have you ever seen Dave Kyle in dreadlocks?" I asked rich brown as I passed the pipe to Dan Steffan. "No," said rich brown, "I will avoid saying that he had them once, but for that barber over there. Why?" "Oh, I was just thinking back over the recent Labor Day Gathering of the Tribes," I said as Ted White passed me a new pipe. "Nothing, really." I was pretty stoned, and starting to babble incoherently. Tom Weber was waving his arms and arguing in the corner with Terry Hughes who was nodding amiably while wearing a shit-eating grin. Patrick was off stapling his fanzine, while Lucy Huntzinger could be heard saying "Yeeeeessssss?". Teresa was being no fun; she had fallen right over. Lynn passed me a huge fat joint from one direction, while Ted passed me a pipe with very odd-smelling substances inside. I shrugged, recognizing Roscoe's will and dragged heavily on both. I barely managed to pass them onwards before I fell backwards on the couch, dizzy but fannish. Time was speeding up and slowing down. Martin Tudor walked jerkily by and I shut my eyes so as to maintain a grasp on what was going on. The world spun.

"De Devil 'im want dat lickle bwai, Dave Locke!" shouted Ted. My eyelids snapped open.

"Somebody science 'm," I muttered to myself. "Put duppy on 'im bwai."

"Da guys who were in control robbed da older writers up. Dem get frustrated an' stop typing. So de writers changed from da older writers ta de younger, hungrier ones." He pointed at Lucy Huntzinger, her dreadlocks bouncing as she danced. "People like I, we love Burbee and Willis an' love your funky stuffs, an' we dig inta dat British bag -- we didn't wan' ta stand around playing dat slower ska beat on our typers anymore. De younger writers, deh had a different beat -- dis was rock steady now! Eager to go! Du-du-du-du-du. Rock steady to go rough!" Ted's lecture on fanhistory faded down as I continued to think about the past weeks. I had wandered into the midnight Hugo critique panel at the con. Charles Platt, he be most natty and spoke most frequently: "Now lissun 'ere, Andy Porter mon! He mus' explain meseff ta yuh. You cyan read me feelings! De Hugos, dey make me sick wit' travail!" Ginger Buchanan cursed and spat. George Flynn hollared, "Why dese quashie object is something I don't nevah know!" The general complaint, repetitively repeated redundantly, was that the awards din't go ta works that rightly reflected the nature of the category. Most wanted ta change de rules so as to give dem to Better Books. Dey was vexed. One radda strange fella, he hadda buncha charts wit numbers on dem and he had de pointa and was very interestin' indeed. He be no dready, just mebbe N3Ty. I thought about all dis, and den I seen! I got de inspiration from Jah. We nuh need dat. Denew categories, dey be:

1. De Best Contract
2. De Cutest Writer
3. De Most Connivin' Campaign for de Hugos
4. De Most Familiar Writer's Name
5. De Most Dead
6. De Nicest Guy
7. De Best Publicity
8. De Barbarian Art Award
9. De Longest Wait
10. De Special Jah W. Campbell Fluke Award

Dis be now settled, ya no see it?

"Be him de obeahman?" Linda Blanchard was nudging me in the ribs and asking, pointing at Ted White.

"Why yuh mus' raise a kite, bwai!" I yelled. "Be yus a rascal? Think me a duppy? Notice dat Yoda talk like us? So me seh stop da shoolah!"

"Yuh tek me precky? Tink I write like Judith Hanna? Neh, mon. Yuh mus' tell, I

tell yuh, what yuh been hearin' dese past days, or I be vexed," she say.

"Now lissum here," I said. "I heard day many mon say many a t'ing. I hear de Tedmon, he say, 'Patrick, you can tell they're Hassidim by those earlocks. Otherwise, they all look like fat little Les Gerbers.'" "Yahso!" shouted Teresa. "I hear de Ted mon say, 'I never thought enemas were as funny as Dan did, but that's because he never had one.'" "Honor fe de Hollest One, whose name is Goodness and Love!" hollered Moshe Feder. "I hear de Teresa lidy say 'As I was sitting by the stairs, he walked up them, I looked up, and dammit, they were white!' and I done hear me say wit me mout", 'Aha! Call Glycer! Teresa Nielsen Hayden looks up Taral's skirts!'" "Give t'anks and bow de head," praised Dan Steffan. "What else yuh done heah?" asked de Webermon. "I hear de Dan mon say, 'We need another fffffff... co-editor, dat is.'" "My Lawd, what a mout' on him!" say Terry Hughes. "Lawdy, what a nose ya got, stupid white devil!" say Dan, and soon dey was at it. Jus' so. "I overstand! No true?" murmured Teresa as she passed the spliff. She be looking at photographs and she say, "Who de ugly chick in de platinum wig?" and de Dan mon, be he say, "Dat Ted." "Praise de Lawd," we all yelled. "Praise Jah," and de drums beat louder.

Now, fe mercy's sake dat bwai Dan was wit Teresa an' dey be quashie... Teresa: "I practically did a handstand on his back, and then the skin slipped out from under me, and I fell off his back." Lucy: "She just popped up out of there like toast out of a toaster." Dan: "Wow! that felt good!" Now I tell ya, dis be the Word and da Word be manifest! Dis all de trut! Yah, mon. De drums, dey beat louder. De memories, dey come in quick succession now, quick befo we beat dis gimmick ina de groun', you betcha. Ted: "I think it's great that medical science has advanced to the point where we can cure tortoises with cancer of the armpit. I think that's the way for medical science to go." Moshe (thoughtful-like): "I think I've forgotten how to do second issues." Dan: "Uh, Ted, come here, I want you to kill something for me." Teresa: "Ted kill-the-fuckers White?" Various: "Omigod, what is it? (screams, shrieks)." Dan: "Oh no, it's too big, it'll kill me!" Rasta wasps.

John D. Berry: "I went from N3F member to Void Bhoy in one night." Pause. "My membership ran out at midnight and at 5:00 am we were publishing Void."

Now de drums wuz deafening, now. Ted non was saying, "We'll have to think back, back to when we were Pong, back to short bits." Patrick: "Yes, think back, back to before you started reviewing Australian fanzines, Ted." The drums roared. The smoke billowed up from the fire and de obeahman, he dance, his rich brown dreadlocks gleaming in de firelight, and de Ted mon loom large and say, "Well, get de move on, an' we pub de GAFIATE'S INTELLIGENCER!"

-- Gary Farber's Real Life Funnies

All dialogue guaranteed authentic True Facts,
right truly, boss.

Evial Fannish Standards #5:

Start every line at the same side of the page.

BASIC BOOKS FOR BOARDING BNFs: Baltimore's ConStellation meant many things to many people. To some it meant a chance to get away from jobs, homes, and (in some cases) family, and enjoy a pleasant vacation. For others it offered an opportunity to receive their varied friends into their homes, and expand their mutual interests in serconnish hobnobbing. Being only an hour away from this year's convention put the inhabitants of world PONG Headquarters in the latter of these positions, and as the con grew nearer we began booking guests into our spare rooms like we were the last hotel in town.

As the impending arrival of the first wave of pre-Worldcon guests drew near, I tore myself away from stocking the shelves of the Headquarters' new gift shoppe and made a bee-line to the local library in search of a few tomes of wisdom that would -- I hoped -- assist me in dealing with the difficult fannish weeks ahead. We were expecting fans



of all shapes, sizes, and nationalities; and I wanted -- nay, needed -- to be as prepared as possible. The results were most interesting and helpful, and I present them to you here to assist you in preparing for when the Worldcon comes to your area:

1. SEATTLE FANS - Waterlogged Westerners - Don't Poke Them With Pointy Sticks, by Miles O. Stiles (Farber & Row, 213 pp, 1977). This book proved an invaluable source of information concerning the care and feeding of Seattle fen. Especially helpful were the passages like: "If one of these fans falls over, it is not necessary to check the weave of your new carpeting. Just because they do fall over, however, doesn't mean they aren't any fun -- there are many swell fannish things that can be done in a prone position." This particular chapter also came with an excellent recipe for Really Strong Coffee. Next was a chapter about the art of detonating powerful explosives in the same room with Gary Farber without waking him up. (Further proof of this book's excellence can be found in the charts that accompany this chapter. They spell out in minute detail just how many tons of TNT one can ignite next to Gary depending on the overall volume of your house and the density of the surrounding neighborhood.) The final chapter in the book was one of the most helpful. Entitled "How To Feed 15 Seattle Fans Or John D. Berry -- Whichever Comes First -- For Only 99¢ A Day," this chapter really saved our collective fannish asses. We had somehow spent our entire bank account on paying for our hotel rooms at the con -- \$72.50 a night? That's not too much -- and had to eat the next entire week on only 15¢ a day. With this book around we had enough left over to buy lots of champagne and cocaine. **HIGHLY RECOMMENDED**

For our British guests, the following books and pamphlets were extremely helpful in our efforts to make them feel at home:

2. HOW TO DRINK LIKE THE BRITISH - A People's Pamphlet for the Properly Pissed, by F. Amos Dave (Guinness Press, 3 pp, 1979).

This short pamphlet was originally prepared for the 1979 Seacon in Brighton, but is still as useful today as it was way back then. Short and to the point, the entire contents consist of the words: "Consume to Excess." Truer words were never spoken. Also recommended is the short book Shoes, Shmooze, and Booze by Harry Bell (same publisher), which tells how to pick out especially expensive shoes to piss on, even when you're too blind drunk to realize that you're actually pissing in the sink and not the urinal. The rinseable cover comes in most handy, too. **RECOMMENDED**

3. BRITAIN'S INVISIBLE MOTHERS by Joseph Nicholas (Limp, Wrist, and Surrey, 479 pp, all one sentence, 1983).

Published just before the convention this phone book of pre-natal knowledge was the single book that did the most to save my sanity. When Malcolm Edwards, Chris Atkinson, and Young Thomas arrived at World PONG Headquarters before the ConStellation I went into a real tizzy. Why, you ask? Because I couldn't find Chris! Others said they had spoken to her, but not me -- I wanted to, of course, but try as I might I always seemed to just miss her. After three days of this I had begun to lose my sanity. Day after day I'd see Malcolm. Day after day I'd see Malcolm carrying Little Thomas. Day after day I didn't see his Atkinson. Finally, on the fourth day of their visit, I was introduced to a woman that was purported to be this selfsame fanwriter, but I was skeptical. Everybody around me kept saying, "Good to see you, Chris," and "Here's looking at you, Chris," and I became very confused and irate. Finally noticing my anguish, Ted pulled me aside and presented me with a copy of this book, saying: "I forgot to give this to you before the con, Dan. It will explain everything." And it did. Famed authority on America Joseph Nicholas has set aside his encyclopedic knowledge of our United States long enough to write this book about childbirth in England, and I for one am glad he did. As amazing as it may sound, Joseph knows almost as much about childbirth as he does about America, and if it weren't for that, I'm sure I'd have a distorted view of the birth process. For instance, I didn't know that in Britain the woman becomes invisible at the moment of birth and stays that way for the first three months of their child's life. When people were telling Chris that they were glad to see her they meant it literally -- she had just become visible that very afternoon. Everyone was very pleased about her reappearance -- except for Malcolm, who had hoped that she'd stay invisible long enough to sneak back home on the plane after the con. An amazing book.

the ubermensch's zeitung - vii

Thank you Mr. Nicholas. Thank you, thank you, thank you... SHOULD BE KEPT NEXT TO YOUR BIBLE.

ALSO USEFUL: The One-Shot, and When Not by Charles Burbee (Wild Hair Press, 16pp, 1954); BRIAN EARL BROWN - Does He Walk Erect? by Joe Fanzone (Sixth Fandom Fandom & Shuster, 15,902 pp, 1981); YOU RUDE BITCH! The Avedon Carol Story by Francis Jane Nelson (Piss, Hoan & Greeb, $\frac{1}{2}$ pp, 1983); Don't You Dare Make Me A Fan GoH! by Terry Carr (ConStellation Chapbooks, 22 pp, 1983); The Figurehead - A Con Game by Mike Walsh (Ivory Tower Books, 168 pp, 1983); and many more. -- Dan Steffan

There is more to fandom than repetition

HELL, 12 FEET: It's dawn and Claude has shown up again, sitting on the floor next to my mattress. I can barely see him in this light; only his whispery voice comes across clearly. "You could, you know," he's saying; "you could."

Could what? That's the question. Because this is Cosmic Claude, the Prophet of Poplar Bluff, hemisemidemigod in charge of grossly inflated notions: Claude Degler, that unacknowledged fruitbat great-uncle we keep locked in the fannish attic.

At least, this guy says he's Claude Degler, but then I have no particular reason to believe him. And if he really is C.D. then I have no particular reason to believe anything else he says, Claude being after all the main proselytizer for breeding camps in the Ozarks, underground cities beneath New Castle, Indiana, and the Cosmic Circle. Not the sort of person to whom you'd go for sound advice.

"Thane of Glamis and Cawdor, and king hereafter," he suggests.

"No go, Claude. I've already heard about that one. Get lost."

I suspect that my soul may be in danger. The last time I listened to Claude I wound up working on the Iguanacon committee. No, that was the time before last. Never mind what I was doing last time.

"...bid again? Do publications right this time, not like Iguanacon. No more fixing other people's crummy work. Besides, the job is all finished before the con even starts. Not that hard, really..."

"Claude, no! Never again! I promised myself after the last one. I do fanzines and go to cons. I don't do cons."

Dammit, where's Patrick when I need him? Though in fact I do know exactly where he is at the moment. He's curled up behind me, looking like a lump of bedclothes. Occasionally the lump stirs and emits a sinusoidal click, but I know from experience that Patrick is unwakeable and thus no help at all.

Claude is an interesting problem. I've had propounded to me, out on the street and during waking hours and everything, the notion that changing one's planetary (or feminist or consumer) consciousness will bring forth complementary macroscopic changes; that filling out Werner Erhard's little pledge cards will end world hunger; and that if I have faith in the American Economic System prosperity will come back again. I say, maybe. I used to know a guy who believed that his various marginal enterprises would always turn up sufficient money to live on. Some months the money practically had to fall out of the ceiling in order to make the rent deadline, but it always arrived. Buying a ticket in the state lottery, on the other hand, is probably not sufficient no matter how optimistic you feel about it. But perhaps you really can re-imagine the universe and have the universe co-operate with you; belief works wonders, and if everyone will clap their hands there'll be printing on the other side when you turn the page.

Trouble is, turn that particular strategy inside-out like an argyle sock to show its pattern in reverse and you'll find Degler waiting for you. Nuncie mutants, Planetary Fan Federation, all fandom plunged into war! How far can you take this game?

It is recorded that Victor Neuberg, friend, disciple, and catamite to Aleister

Crowley, once went around London society indignantly telling anyone who would listen that Crowley had turned him into a camel. (He'd recovered from this condition by the time he hit London, I presume.) The question I take as the great koan of Western mysticism is: did Aleister Crowley really turn Victor Neuberg into a camel? The only answer I can give is that Victor Neuberg said so. He was there, after all. (A little-known fact of nature is that trees falling in forests never make noise. But since enough people believe that they actually do, the fact of the matter is immaterial.)

But in the meantime Claude is still at it. "Let's talk about fanzines, then," he whispers. "Third-best fanwriter in the FILE 770 Poll. Beaten out by Dan Steffan by a mere one vote for the PONG Poll's 'Number One Fan Face.' And you only missed a Hugo nomination by some few votes..."

"Really? How many?"

"That's confidential information, sweetie. Now next year, if you got a little more exposure -- wrote articles for some other fanzines, perhaps -- plus, given the new fanzine rules in the WSFS constitution, you could --"

"I could shake Mike Glycer's hand after he picks up his Hugo for FILE 770."

"Or in the fanwriter category --"

"Yeah, sure! I can just hear my acceptance speech: 'It is an honor to stand here in the position so recently vacated by Richard E. Geis...' Besides, if Geis doesn't get it Langford certainly will. Besides, it's essentially meaningless and anyway I hardly ever even think about it. It's trivial."

In the darkness I can hear Claude chuckling to himself, and very irritating it is, too. "Damn your eyes, Degler, and the rest of you to boot and the Hugos and the polls and egoboo and everything else," I say peevishly. I've suddenly realized just how tired I am. "It's been a good year for fanning, if nothing else; IZZARD was the best, almost the only fun I had all year, and the egoboo was more than sufficient. But this chasing after improbable fannish glory -- Claude, what good would that do? Would it find us an apartment and jobs in New York City or make me well enough to be employable again? Would it get our household kipple out here from Joanna Russ's basement? I went to the Worldcon and the fannishness was thick and heady indeed, but what got me through the con was a massive and systematic abuse of my medications. Don't tell me about all the splendid things I could do if I only tried a little harder."

Silence. After a while I hear faint sniffing noises. "Claude? Don't cry, Claude. I'm just tired and feeling sorry for myself."

"I'm sorry too," he says. "I never tell anybody things they haven't thought of already."

"I know." I think about that for a moment. "Claude, did I ever tell you about Henry Argasinski? No? Didn't think so. It goes like this..." And I tell him.

The first reported sighting of Henry was sometime in 1975, when he turned up in one of Mike Glicksohn's highschool math classes in Toronto. At that time he was sixteen or so, the child of two extremely weird offspring of exiled pre-WWI Polish aristocracy. Henry asked Mike about fandom and Mike directed him to OSFiC, where Henry quickly draped himself like an albatross around the collective neck of the Derelicts.

Given to talking loudly to himself, or long spells of hysterical laughter in restaurants, Henry struck the Derelicts as irritating, not to mention mentally unbalanced. In the summer of 1975, Taral hatched a hoax with Tony Cvetko's help, and shortly thereafter Henry received a letter from "Claude Degler," postmarked Cleveland, inviting Henry to found and head up the Canadian branch of the Cosmic Circle. Henry accepted immediately and started sending out Cosmic Circle publications. He also struck up a furious correspondence with "Claude."

After about a month of this Taral revealed the hoax to Henry, prompted perhaps by mercy and perhaps by alarmed second thoughts about how enthusiastically Henry had swallowed the bait. Unfortunately, Henry refused to believe Taral, citing among other things the fact that the letters from "Claude" had been typed on a Selectric and that Taral didn't own such a machine. Victoria Wayne did, but that didn't convince Henry. He kept writing to Claude and sending out CC publications, but "Claude" stopped respon-

the fruitbat's recarbonator in

ding and after a few months Henry apparently ended his Deglerian phase. He stopped hanging around the Derelicts but remained in OSFiC, becoming very active in his high-school science fiction club as well. It's suspected that this club was composed about half of Henry's vivid imagination and half of some very confused other students at Henry's school.

I'll skip another couple of peculiar Henry Argasinski stories and jump to late 1977. At that time Henry entered himself in the non-partisan Toronto mayoral election, running on the Cosmic Circle platform. He proposed to make Toronto the Cosmic City; I'm not sure just what that entailed. Henry's opponents in the race were the very popular incumbent (David Crombie, I think it was?) and a candidate fronted by the Western Guard. The Western Guard is Canada's indigenous brownshirt group; they're for racial purity and Canada for Canadians, and hate blacks, Jews, Catholics, and people who speak French. They're forever putting forth candidates who poll a few hundred votes at best.

When the votes were counted the incumbent won with several hundred thousand votes to his credit, and the Western Guard fellow collected his couple of hundred votes. Amazingly enough, though, Henry placed second. Three or four thousand people had voted the Cosmic Circle ticket. No one knew what those voters had been seeking, so high above their normal hunting grounds.

By the time I finish my story it's almost daylight outside. My visitor is no more visible than he was before; in fact he's faded out more and more as the light has come up. In a moment he'll vanish entirely.

"Pretty good performance, there," he says, "but none of that was my doing."

"I know," I say. "It never is."

And then he was gone.

-- Teresa Nielsen Hayden

Evial Fannish Standards #26:

Staples should go along only one edge of the zine.

WIZZINGS: IS WORLD PONG HQ a fannish myth dreamed by the slumbering ghosts of Sixth Fandom, as Brian Earl Brown justifiably suspects, or are Dan and Ted really hosting the Gang of Four plus More for the threatened but never-announced Pongclave here in the days after a nearby Worldcon? I had hoped to escape the rigors of the Constellation by skipping it and arriving here for the aftermath, at which would be assembled for the first time the Pong boys and the Nielsen Haydens -- a convocation impossible to resist. But the non-stop fanactivity -- first a 34-page Izzard, next this journal, and yet to come Lucy Huntzinger's fanzine (still seeking its name) -- has been exhausting. I have met the future in young Tom Weber, the present in Lucy Huntzinger and Martin Tudor, and the past in John Berry, Jay Kinney and (especially!) Terry Hughes. What more wonders can fandom hold for me? I shall return to San Juan totally exhausted, but content. Here was fannish paradise enow. -rb



Evial Fannish Standards #27:

#26 may, for some fanzines, be reversed.

NOBODY HERE BUT: "I've stencilled the last nine pages of this. That's enough of a contribution," I told Dan. "It's 2 am and our plane leaves in five hours. For the last ten days I've done nothing but publish IZZARD, type stencils for this, and run around Washington, DC with fans. I have nothing to say." "Don't believe him," said Teresa. "When he wants to write he's the fastest drafter I know."



"I think I'll do something unprecedented in one-shots, and restrain myself. I have nothing to say."

"Sure you will," said Teresa.

Well, here I am at the typer. Oops, out of corlfu! Geez, it sure is far out being here in fab False Crutch, ha ha, little joke there. Anyway, I was ~~ex~~ just -pnh

the **SMALL**
FANDOM TATTTLER

Brian Earl Brown: Well, I just mailed out STICKY QUARTERS and I hope you like it this time. I admit the "attack" in #1 was a bit overdone but I don't think its fair to call it "almost a parody" like you did in SFT. I think you'll be happier with this one, since I was careful to make it more believable. I bet you'd forgotten that old Dan Adkins quote, but I knew you'd appreciate it. Anyway, thanks for your help on this because you've showed me alot and I do appreciate it.

Mike Glycer: Well, I just mailed out F:770 and now I have some time to discuss this "feud" with you. ...I think you'll like my column in the new HTT. Marty and I discussed it and he pointed out that you'd said it would be more effective if we didn't name any names, so I slipped the whole thing into my review of BOONFARK (I knew you and Dan would both like that). The real question in my mind, however, is when we should escalate this into F:770. Now that you're not doing PONG any more it makes things a bit lopsided. Any thoughts on that? ((As should be obvious from subsequent events, we decided not to involve F:770 in this ploy -- it goes to too many fans who wouldn't get either the point, or the joke....))

Arthur D. Hlavaty: Well, I just put another DR into the mail, and I don't mind going along with you on this one, since Joseph Nicholas is the real butt of it, but I seriously wonder if this is going to follow the Script once we get general fandom involved in it. I'm also not very pleased about my own role. Once fandom chooses up sides this could get out of hand, and I don't want to jeopardize my chances for a Hugo.

D. West: It is entirely against my better judgment that I involve myself in this enterprise, and I do so not because of my contempt for that fop Nicholas but because of my contempt for American fandom and yourself. I reckon this escapade should nourish that contempt into a new richness and fullness. In any event, I'm working on a followup to Performance which should appear in the new TAPPEN marking the year's anniversary of Performance, if that sod Edwards can be prodded into that kind of promptness. Watch for it. You'll love it. I promise.

There is more to fandom than repetition



LEE HOFFMAN: The new INTELLIGENCER arrived just long enough ago for me to read it and start this letter. Gee but it makes me nostalgic. I almost wish I were an actifan again. I almost wish I'd gone to Falls Church. (Everybody wants to go to Falls Church. My next door neighbor died a couple of weeks ago and went to Falls Church.)

Things are pretty quiet here in the semi-tropics. I've gotten over a siege of some kind of G.I. infection (which comes, I suppose, from drinking the local water) and am now suffering from fall fever. This is a kind of lassitude that comes over one when the winds from the North finally blow away the heavy humid heat that hung over South Florida all summer. (It is quite different from the kind of lassitude that comes over one when the heavy humid heat of summer is hanging over South Florida.)

Theoretically, I am presently working on a new book. There is even an interested editor writing me nice letters, urging me to get a presentation shaped up for him. I sincerely hope someday I will. But I keep getting interrupted by urgent things like a sudden desire to go stand in the yard and admire the cloud formations. /Nov. 13, 1973/

JONH INGHAM: Thanks ever so for THE INGRATIATE'S INTELLECTUAL. It came just at a time when I'm beginning to emerge from my little neck of the Glades and has inspired me to return to those Glades for another indefinite period. It came at a most auspicious moment: just when I was invited to be one of a herd of cattle applauding The Pointer Sisters as they lip synched for a *top telly show*. Having once arrived and made sure my hair and makeup was just so, I relaxed and perused THE GALLANT'S INTERNAL-RUPTURE, which was jolly bowser. After an hour I had to leave for *fabulous* Abbey Road (we do lead such a jet set life, as I was saying to Mick and Cinzano just the other day) and the Pointers still were dallying in their dressing rooms, so I'm afraid I can't include their wishes and salutations to you all. /Jan. 19, 1974/

GRANT CANFIELD: I am here to say that Jay Kinney's description of 160 Caselli is incomplete unless he tells you that his bed is situated in a singularly difficult location. He tells me he had the following conversation with a young lady of his acquaintance lately:

Jay: "Will you go to bed with me?"

Young Lady: "Sure." (looks around) "Where's your bedroom?"

Jay: "Up the ladder through the ceiling of the closet in the studio, which is the room off the hall upstairs."

Young Lady: "You go to hell." /Nov. 10, 1973/

BHOB STEWART: Jay Kinney notes that his neighbor wasn't watering his plants on a particular day because of a drizzle. Here in Boston, a few months back, a man in his mid-twenties was hospitalized after being struck by lightning. It seems he was out watering his garden during the middle of an electrical ~~rain~~ rainstorm. /Nov. 10, 1973/

F.M. BUSBY: When you need a restroom in a hurry, a National Guide to Restrooms will do you no good. What you need is a waisthigh bush and a dim light. Unless you are in the theater, front row, balcony. In that case all you need is more nerve than I have.

This message has been presented as a public service by the National Council for Enuresis. Give, in your own way. Don't forget. /Nov. 14, 1973/

ALJO SVOBODA: "Whatever it is," said I to myself, just a couple of fandoms or so ago, "it seems distinctly to be emanating Golden Age Blues-type Vibrations."

FIRST CLASS MAIL

the fanzine fanatique - xii

I do believe that I will disregard this little publication here, this ROSCOEITE'S TRANSUBSTANTIATOR or whatever it calls itself, for a fandom or two. At least by then, the Golden Age should be over (Golden Ages never really last more than fifteen minutes in the Now Fandom, after all), and my appropriate mythic role of Archtypal Gafiate will be preserved (that is to say, at least as certain elements on the current Scene would have it, pickled) for posterity. Which is almost Forever. At which point, I will loc it a good write. Yes."

Those were the very words that I used, you may be assured, as I diligently scanned the pages of that first boffo issue of THE GASMAN'S PERAMBULATOR for the right words; and certainly the words were there, in fabulous mimeo, for all the right people to see. ...Within the scantily-clothed pages of a single issue of THE DOWAGER'S LIGHTNINGROD, indeed, you have managed to encapsulate Almost Everything. And you'll get to the rest some other time. /Dec. 25, 1973/

HARRY WARNER, JR: I still can't quite adjust to the concept of Falls Church as a major fannish center. I don't think I've been in the city since I got a good price on speakers in an audio store and bought my AR-3s there. It looked like such a peaceful, normal place. (Some day I must tell the full story of how I got those speakers out of the car to which a clerk had carried them, up the stairs to my house, then up onto benches without disobeying my doctor's orders not to lift anything heavy.)

Could I use my Universal Credit Card to stock up on your fannish indulgences? A man at the Union Rescue Mission store gave it to me the other day, when I was looking particularly bad because of this heavy cold. "Unless you have already used your credit," the fine type on the back says, "your account is in arrears as shown in the Divine record as follows:" Then came Biblical references. Spiro Agnew's daughter and son-in-law are moving to Hagerstown, and will be living only a few blocks from me. I'm tempted to pay them a welcome to Hagerstown visit and leave the card as something their celebrated relative might want to keep. /Nov. 16, 1973/

. . . The more things change, the more they stay the same

THE GAFIATE'S INTELLIGENCER
P.O.Box 409
Falls Church, VA 22046



Published in commemoration of the post-ConStellation Gathering of Patrick & Teresa Nielsen Hayden, Lucy Huntzinger, Gary Farber, Tom Weber, Martin Tudor, John D. Berry, Linda Blanchard, Eileen Gunn, Malcolm Edwards, Chris Atkinson, rich brown, Avedon Carol, Terry Hughes, Jay Kinney, Dixie Tracey-Kinney, (and, a weekend or two later) Chris Couch and Jeff Schalles, at the World PONG Hq, hosted by Dan & Lynn Steffan and Ted White (who hopes he overlooked no one). QWERTYUIOPress, of course.

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FIRST CLASS MAIL

. LETTER 5000 - TW