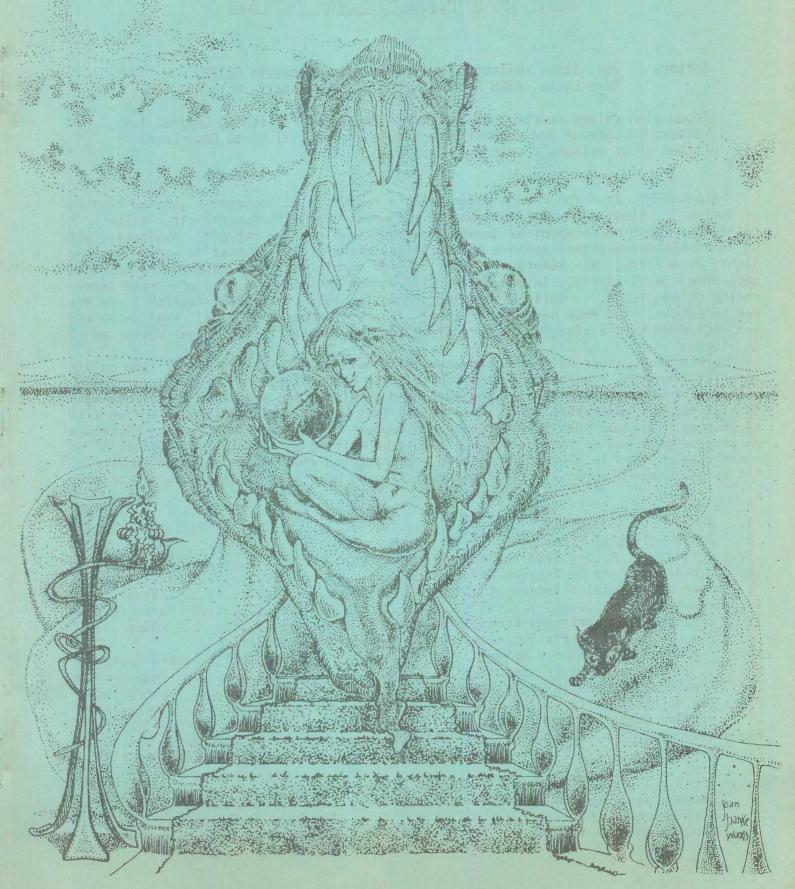
Sallimaufry No. 1



GALLIMAUFRY ...

SEPTEMBER 1983

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Production values courtesy of the Jackie Causgrove Publishing Empire, Ink. Letters of comment and requests for sample copies (\$2) go to Dave Locke. Either of us welcome trades.

GALLIMAUFRY, from the French galimafree, a ragout. A hodgepodge; a jumbled mixture or medley. Also, a genzine, of general interest and with general circulation. A gallimaufry genzine is about as general in focus as a genzine can get, obviously, but we won't mislead you that we have no specific vision for it. What do we want? The light, the witty, the humorous. We look for verbicide, joci causa, the bon mot, gaminerie, jeu d'esprit. In general we will eschew the jeremiad, the prolonged lamentation or complaint. We'll bypass the sercon fannish, the sercon faanish, and the sercon sercon. Do they have their place? Everything has its place. What we intend for GALLIMAUFRY is a place on the wry side, for the fun of it, and to get better as we go along.

Beyond that, our editorial prowesses will lead us to ply, wheedle, and cajole material from fans you know and fans you've never heard of before. You'll read manuscripts from the old and tired, the young and turkish, and even from the middle-aged fans of our dentation. We'll dare to say that we won't be predictable but we will be amusing. If you have the effrontery to suggest otherwise, then we have the cheek to propose that you're the person who should be writing an article for us, if for no other reason than to give you something worth reading when you receive our fanzine...

Yes, we have a purpose: for the fun of it. We hope some of that rubs off on you.

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EDITORIAL: LONG TIME THE MAKING by Joni Stopa



I really don't want to do this, but I suppose it has to be done, and I must be absolutely fair to a lot of people. The story behind this fanzine is long and twisted, so bear with me.

I'm not even exactly new at this sort of thing. As Bowers knows, I started out in fanzines in the dim, distant past of 1954 (he wasn't there -- I think his spare time was taken up writing speeches for grade school Show & Tell -- but he knows...). Some of the better-known fans of today weren't even born yet. I wasn't one of those fans who burned brightly and furiously for a brief but intense bout of fanac. I was more your slow, steady flame: fanzines at first, then art for fanzines, then art for art shows. I was also getting into the whole convention scene, helping to man them, helping to plan them; always keeping a hand in a lot of different things. I even participated in some costume balls and won a few. It was a fairly steady flame. True, it may have guttered some now and again, but the fires of crifanac burn unevenly at times.

Actually, it all sort of happened by accident. I would like to point out that when I thought about doing a fanzine, my native sensibility would alert me to the fact that egoboo via the fanzine path was hard work. That it wasn't something simple like running a business, or cooking dinner for 100 people. It was complicated. Among other things, one is supposed to write and type. I can fake writing but a typist I am

not, so I shelved the idea as being absurd.

But the Spring of 1977 occurred. Nature worked her magic, Iggycon was only a cloud on the distant horizon, and Dana Siegel and Midge Reitan came up to address the Wilcon invitations. Now, I had written up the copy for the invitations but I hadn't done any artwork, and the typing was up to my usual standard: a lot of typos. Dana was most displeased with the result! "Oh no, no no no. This won't do, Joni!" she said. "I'll just have to retype it myself." Before I knew what was happening she had cornered Tom Rose for the heading and illustrations. She typed furiously, then she retyped until she had achieved justified margins! The end result looked better than any previous invitation. I xeroxed them and we began addressing them.

I suddenly had an overwhelming inspiration. Just one year earlier I had taken Larry Tucker by the scruff of the neck and denied him permission to continue to publish a crudzine. After all, I had reasoned, how can any fan stand aside and let someone with the last name of Tucker put out a crudzine? Since he had no idea of how to get material other than science fiction written by fans, I told him that I would get him started. It all turned out easier than I thought, as indeed nobody else wanted a

As we sat there writing out the invitations I began to praise Dana's layout and typing. Dana preened under each stroke. Cunningly I pointed out that very few people could justify margins... Then I sprang my idea on her; the two of us could put out a fanzine. She suddenly became alert, looking for the trap. I very reasonably pointed out that all she would have to do is write something for every issue and type everything up. Not too much to do for a lot of egoboo, I said. The hard work, getting articles and stuff, I could take care of, and I wouldn't mind it very much. She bit!

That evening we drove up to Ex-con to see how it was going. Generally boring on the great average, but a number of our friends were there. The Minneapolis-In-'73 party was being held in Caryl & Dave Wixons' room, so we wandered up there. Dana made herself comfortable on a bed while I found a chair. Mike Glicksohn came into the room. The minute Dana saw him she had to blurt out "Hey, Mike, Joni and I are going to put out a fanzine!" Michael damn near dropped his Chivas. "But, Joni," he gasped, "you're a fannish legend, you don't have to put out a fanzine!" While I was mumbling things like getting back to my roots, not resting on laurels, etc., Dana continued talking about egoboo, justified margins, and Hugos.

Mike was taken aback by that. This was Big League stuff: Hugo aspirations and justified margins! I jumped right back into the conversational breech and asked him for an article. At that point Dave Wixon offered to pay for it if Mike would write it. Before I could say anything about Mike not accepting mere money for a fan article, Glicksohn was already asking how much. I think that the two of them were so bemused at

the idea of Dana and I putting out a fanzine that all reason deserted them.

Two weeks later, at Midwestcon, Mike handed over his manuscript. I reached into my pocket to pay the aging Boy Wonder, but he demurred. For a minute I was taken in, thinking that he was indeed above payment, but no. He wanted his payment alright, only

he wanted it in the form of a check from Dave Wixon. He got it, too!

A week after Wilcon I lost "Miss Justified Margins of 1977." She had taken an exam for a Medical School in the Carribean and was accepted. I was now obligated to put out a fanzine more or less all by myself, as I did owe something to the people who had given me articles. But I didn't really have enough material, so I began to solicit more. By December I had enough to make a rough layout and in the Spring I solicited artwork by sending copies of the articles to various fanartists.

Dana, in the meantime, was studying a little bit and writing letters saying how boring it was to be in medical school and have nothing else to do with your time except

lie on sandy beaches and sun herself. Rough life, and how do I apply for it?

It only took two years, but I was going to have a fanzine I could be proud of. Maybe it wouldn't have justified margins, but it would be a good one just the same.

I called Jackie Causgrove long distance to see if she would put it on stencil for me and run it off. No problem, I was told. So I carefully packed up the layout sheets, the artwork, and xeroxes of the articles. I sent them by registered mail the next day. Three weeks later I called Jackie and the first thing she said to me was "when are you sending the stuff for the fanzine?" Oh MIGHOD! She didn't get them. Frantic conversation followed, no registered mail had come in, was I sure I sent it, was I positive it had been three weeks? All questions could be answered with a resigned "yes." I still had the manuscripts, but ghod how to tell the artists?

I did, though; somewhat frantic notes explaining the whole situation all over again. By the end of last summer I had back everything I needed. In the meantime, live gained a lot more respect for faneds who are doing genzines. Getting material is murder. First you extract a promise, then you remind the writer/artist gently until even the mildest of reminders becomes more like a carping nag. It is a lot harder than it looks,

plying, pleading, and wheedling.

In November I was talking to Dave on the phone. It seems he hasn't done a bona fide genzine since January of 1976, when the last issue of AWRY came out. He reminisced about successful coedited fanzines done with Ed Cagle and with David Hulan. His voice took on a nostalgic lilt. Finally he asked me how I would like a coeditor who's an old hand at this game. Does a vampire want blood? Do fish breathe water? Foolish question.

I took everything over to the office the day we opened for business. I was going to re-do the layout. Sure I was. The way the ski season went my evenings were spent giving the girl on phones her break, giving the girl on lift tickets her break, spelling the bartender, etc. My evening was fully accounted for. On those nights when I didn't have to spell people, I had other and in my opinion useless tasks to do. So it goes.

So I sent a xerox of everything to Dave, and all I had to do was write an editorial explaining this whole mess. As my husband pointed out, I wasn't even the first to have a fanzine that took five years. Lee Hoffman beat me to it.

Excuse me. I've got to get started on the next issue now.



GREAT MOMENTS IN SCIENCE FANTASY, from THE DYING EARTH, by Jack Vance:

"What are your fees?" inquired Guyal cautiously.

"I respond to three questions," stated the augur. "For twenty terces I phrase the answer in clear and actionable language; for ten I use the language of cant, which occasionally admits of ambiguity; for five, I speak a parable which you must interpret as you will; and for one terce, I babble in an unknown tongue."

"First I must inquire, how profound is your knowledge?"

"I know all," responded the augur. "The secrets of red and the secrets of black, the lost spells of Grand Motholam, the way of the fish and the voice of the bird."

"And where have you learned all these things?"

"By pure induction," explained the augur. "I retire into my booth, I closet myself with never a glint of light, and, so sequestered, I resolve the profundities of the world."

When it's raining cats and dogs. Mr. Fort, what do you wear on your feet?

There are two schools of thought. Some believe that everyone has his price, while others say it's a nice theory but
too bad that not everybody believes it. Although it's true
this article was procured for \$1.87, Mike's price will be
different next time as he explains herein.

FEN AND THE ART OF FANZINE MAINTENANCE

BY MIKE GLICKSOHN

If you remain a fan for any length of time you get used to all sorts of strange requests and improper suggestions. And I mean that only in a completely legitimate sense: an established fan, for example, gets all sort of odd things just through the mail. Above and beyond what some people try to pass off as fanzines nowadays, of course.

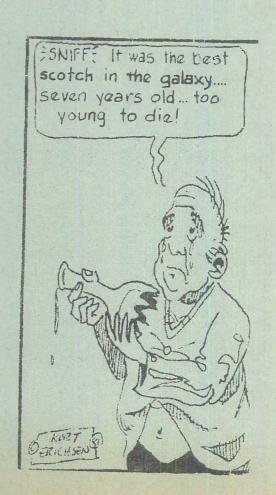
In my umpteen years as a fan live had my share of outre mail deliveries. I've been the recipient of envelopes filled with soaked-off wine and liquor labels, entreaties from a Jewish Defense League somewhere in Brooklyn, a rubber duckie, a lock of hair, assorted buttons, signs, and plaques, a postcard made from a map of Xenia, Ohio, several chunks of petrified tortoise shell, and numerous other bizarre oddities. I narrowly missed out on the preserved entrails of a cat on one occasion. One tends to become inured to the unsigned, uncredited, and unsolicited salutations of the odd-ball denizens of the fannish microcosm.

Conventions, naturally, can be a hotbed of unusual propositions. Ignoring all salacious suggestions aimed at diverting one's attention from the true pursuit of decent fans everywhere, namely poker, a gathering of fans can usually be counted on to

produce several remarkable requests. Still, I was stunned at a recent convention when approached with one of the most diabolically different deviations from normality that I've ever encountered: to wit, a request for a contribution to a fanzine that actually mentioned money!

Momentarily the world stood still. Back in Toronto my Tower of Chivas Cartons to the Moon actually tottered. (Fannish Quiz #1: What was the original Tower to the Moon created from and who devised the idea? A guarantee of non-delivery of this fanzine to the first five correct answers.) Money??? Filthy lucre?!?!! Mere pedestrian coin-of-the-realm offered in exchange for fanac!?!?! Had fandom become so debased that would-be faneds were actually willing to pay lousy dollars for fanzine contributions?? The cosmic flywheel stopped. Entropy hung poised to claim total victory in its battle for the universe. Glicksohn himself momentarily stopped drinking! It was clearly a crisis of unprecedented magnitude.

With a supreme effort of will I focused my attention on the situation at hand and studied this atypical approach. As near as I could understand this departure from the norm, someone named Dixon, Wixon, Hixon, Glicksohn, or Dickson was offering to pay me to write for a new fanzine started by two someones possibly named Johnny Stopa and Dan Segal. From Wisconsin, or there-



abouts. That explained a lot: damn neofans had probably never even met a fan! I could just see them: two super-jock ski bums, blond, tanned, penniless, wouldn't know a fanzine from a fugghead, all set to remake fandom in their own Image. What would they come up with next? Invitation-only conventions? Organized masquerades at world-cons? Towner forgive them: they know not what they do!

What these two guys and the poor fool they'd intimidated into subsidizing them obviously didn't know was that one simply doesn't offer money for fan work. Primarily that's because anyone thick-witted enough to work for fanzines isn't interested in the generally sparse financial rewards that accrue from fanac. The coin of the fannish realm is a far more heady narcotic than mere dollars and sense: E*G*O*B*O*O, that's what keeps 'em coming back, issue after issue. Compared to egoboo, money is mediocre stuff indeed!

What possible allure can a check for a dollar eighty seven have when compared to the sight of one's name in print? How much weight can a roll of nickles pull when balanced against a lettercolumn filled with acerbic/acceptant comments about one's creative efforts? No, the printed word is still more powerful than the minted coin, at least in the amounts fanzine editors are capable of paying!

I still remember the egobolt of my first printed LoC and, compared to it, a cent-and-a-quarter a word for my first published story was peanuts indeed. And, oddly enough, over the years the thrill of reading one's name in a morass of almost-illegible, badly-written, boring pages has not lessened a whit. Lives there a trufan so old and tired he or she cannot egoscan an entire ninety-page Twiltone genzine in less than three minutes? Of course not!

Beyond that, of course, there are levels of payment far in advance of the mere viewing of one's misspelt and probably blurred name in a rapidly-fading purple ditto. Stay around long enough and someone will eventually draw you into a cartoon, or write an article about you, or dedicate a fanzine to you. You might even become a Guest of Honour or an Official Sex Object at a convention; and these are the tangible encouragements that make labouring in the often sterile vineyards of fanzine fandom worthwhile.

But let us not overlook the often delightful fringe benefits of being a fanzine addict: the drinks bought at conventions by appreciative neofans; the neofans bought at conventions after appreciated drinks; the special fanzines put out by one's friends to silence one's complaints because some obscure fan already did it for some other obscure fan. It's these possibilities, not money, that make staying in fandom potentially worthwhile. And they're all E*G*O*B*O*O in its various clever guises.

These are the things that spur fans to write article after article, even if they have nothing to write articles about. (This is my one hundredth article about not knowing what to write articles about. That's probably a CanFannish record. I plan to write an article about it.) It is these intangibles that make an old-and-tired fan sit down at an old-and-tired typewriter when young energetic faneds appear on the scene. Financial gain has nothing to do with it. After all, what's a buck nowadays? Four pinball games? A hand of Five Card Stud? Two-thirds of a Spayed Gerbil? Mere bagatelles, all of them, compared to the glorious sensation of naked, unabashed egoboo in a hundred sloppily-printed copies of a crudzine sent to a hundred people who don't know you from the arse end of a boa constrictor. That's the way the fannish mentality operates.

So speak not to me of money! Speak to me of fame, glory, my name up in ink, free drinks at conventions, naked groupies at my feet, and egoboo, egoboo! And then I might consider writing for your fanzine.



When I (Joni) was putting this issue together, I asked Alaina to write an introduction to Mark. She felt, somewhat after the fact, that she really shouldn't have done any such thing. What follows is, loosely speaking, a few notes of introduction for the Mark Gisleson manuscript which comes afterward. Alaina, speaking of roomy roomie Mark, is describing an acquisition gained in a drinking contest which she lost.

DEAR JONI: ALAINA INTRODUCING MARK BY ALAINA COOPER

I've tried my best with writing an introduction for Mark. You said that you wanted to have a prefatory personal profile of about three thousand words, give or take a couple of thousand, and that's no problem. You also said that I had to be nice, and that's the problem. If familiarity breeds contempt, we're in serious trouble. I thought he was contemptable even before I knew his name.

Rather than cause a whole lot of unnecessary grief, I'd appreciate it if you would go ahead and write the thing yourself. After all, you don't have to live here. Since I'm nothing if not eminently fair, I'm willing to help you out as best I can by sending you a few notes on His Acreage. As I see it, you're faced with the same choice I was. You can be nice and lie faster than a dog can trot, or you can tell the truth and perform a public service for fandom. Forewarned is, after all, forearmed. Besides, what can his obesity sue you for: definition of character?

You ought to begin, I think, by describing his appearance. Yes, I know that the stench of cheap beer and Marlboro Menthols blurs your vision at close range, but you

have to back up to see all of him, anyway.

At the top of his heap is a light-brown frizzley mess of frayed nerve-ends parted down the middle. At least, he says it's a part. I think it's just that whatever is up there refuses to grow on his pseudo-simian crest. (I refuse to believe that that stuff is hair, because he doesn't have much, if any, anywhere else. He even shaves with a wash cloth. He used to wash that fungus infection with hand soap until he woke up one morning with a bathtub ring around his head. To this day he swears it's not a ring, it's his eyebrows.)

His slightly bulgy, pale blue eyes, as well as his "eyebrows," are partially camouflaged by wire-rimmed glasses which aren't quite ugly enough, or far enough out of style to be camp. Actually, they suit him rather well. Their only failing is that as

a frame for his nose they are simply inadequate.

Ah, his nose! "Nose" is such a niggling, ineffectual, limp-wristed little panty-waist of a word when used in reference to that humongus, technicolor appendage, that powerfully protuberant proboscis erupting from the center of his face like a moldy banana! Four Toucans have committed suicide in fits of jealous pique after a single glimpse of Old Hose Nose coming around the corner. By the way, he has indignantly informed me (repeatedly) that the excrescence near his right nostril is neither a wart nor something unprintable; it is a mole. The mistake on his part is an honest one. It should seem obvious by now that he literally cannot see what is directly beneath his nose...

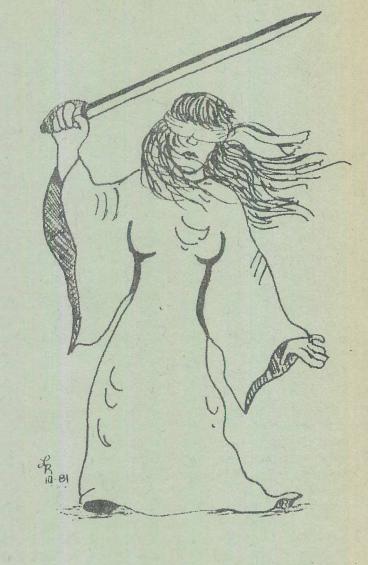
Which brings us to his pot gut, spare tire, love handles, and/or Milwaukee Goiter. Call it what you will. I have to be honest, though, and admit that I am awfully fond of His Acreage's comfy little jelly belly. It's warm in the Winter and shade in the Summer, y'know.

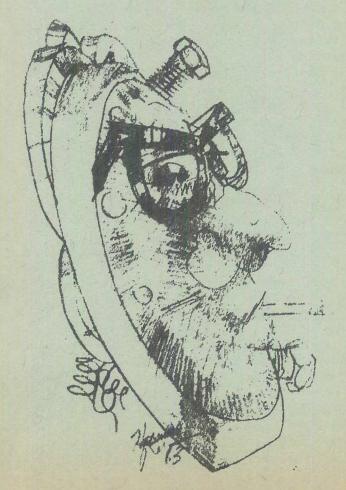
He smokes, coughs, and wheezes like a Model-I Ford, and when he drinks it's almost as though he were afraid of forgetting how. What really frosts my fundament is that he's got one of the most incredible retentive capacities l've ever seen. It was my downfall. The night I met him we split a fifth of Jack Black and about a case and a

half of beer for chasers, and the miserable sot was still enough in control of himself to take advantage of my shy, retiring nature. When I sobered up about two days later, sporting one of the most withering hangovers of my long and checkered career, and took serious albeit horrified stock of my new acquisition, it was the closest I ever hope to come to both celibacy and Islam.

Personality? When he's in a phone booth there's so many of him (not to say much of him) that the door won't close. The Mark I hate the worst, though, is the one I refer to as Baby Snooks. This cute little rascal is incredibly easy to get along with, just as long as he gets his way. This same character is infallible so of course it's reasonable for him to expect things to always be that way. As a friend so aptly remarked one day when I was kvetching on this very subject: "So what's the problem now? Diaper rash?"

The fool couldn't fix a tomcat, much less anything really complicated. I have nightmares where he tries to repair the plumbing. I have already experienced his





attempts at carpentry; and I have the gouges in the wall to prove it. Please don't ask me what gouges have to do with carpentry, as the memory is still too painfully fresh.

He's so damn lazy that rather than carry a sack of garbage downstairs to dispose of it, he opens the window on the third-floor landing and bombs the trash cans. I have to give the devil his due, though: he hasn't missed once.

The Mark Gisleson you're most likely to meet at conventions is the "party person," the one he acquired along with the nickname "goose" while infesting lowa State. At large gatherings he flatters himself (he has to; who else in their right mind would?) that he's several kinds of Bon Vivant, raconteur, and lots of other French words he doesn't understand.

Be honest now. Would you trust anyone named Goose to have any redeeming social value whatsoever?

Of course not.

And now here's Goose Gisleson, with



Things have been pretty quiet here at the Lief Erickson Memorial Synagogue since I got back from Wilcon. Alaina, my roommate and the self-styled light of my life, has been frumping around the apartment not speaking to me except for an occasional "wummmph." For those of you who do not speak Yidiotish, "wummph" is an archaic expression which freely translated means "you asshole." This colorful idiomatic expression is generally accompanied by a baleful stare of such intensity that were she the Cheshire Cat, the last ing to disappear would be a pair of glowering eyes.

The "wummphing" has come about because of a basic disagreement that Alaina and I have had over the composition of this article: I want to write it, and she wants to help. While I will be the first to admit that my prose is stylistically somewhat less than deathless, I quite frankly fail to see how it could be improved by the anarchistically inserted comments of a refugee from the University of lowa pre-med curriculum. Besides, I have absolutely no interest in being fair when it comes to recounting my homelife. Offhand, I can't ever recall Erma Bombeck giving one of her children space for a rebuttal.

Originally I had planned on throwing a couple of brilliantly scintillating short items into Greyspace but derogatory and often outright cruel remarks from Alaina have lead to my dropping such potentially fascinating pieces as ... well, never mind. I can't even make them out now. Alaina spit on my rough draft, and the acid made the ink run.

Listen, are you lonely? Well, the National LoC Writing Service may be for you. How would you like to start receiving LoCs again? We here at NLWS -- for a low, low introductory cost -- will send you two personalized typewritten LoCs a week for three months for only \$9.50 plus postage. We have over 1,000 different LoCs on file, and guarantee that each one that you receive will be different and at least 250 words long. No more empty mailboxes if you decide to join the tens of dozens of other faneds who subscribe to the NLWS. Each and every LoC has the name and return address of a genuine BNF, or, if you prefer, an occasional honest-to-Ghu pro! Let us know whether you prefer informative what's-happening-in-Toronto BNF LoCs, 20-page angry denunciations of a cartoon that you ran in the lettercolumn of your last issue, or just simply a couple of pages of glowing praise for the great work you've been doing to make fandom a better place to be. The National LoC Writing Service will hold your subscription in

the strictest confidence. Our LoCs are individually word-processed, and for only ten

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dollars (American) a year more, if you send us a sample of the handwriting of the BNF of your choice, we will forge the LoCs so as to make them appear to be perfectly authentic. In time you may even come to think that they're real! Don't be taken in by tawdry Lonely Gafiates or Fen Pal organizations. Our LoCs are totally devoid of meaningful content, involve no other people, and there is never any need to write back. The National LoC Writing Service is the oldest organization of its type still free to operate in the world.

Speaking of that, something a lot of big city fen tend to overlook nowadays is the effect of television on those of us who operate in cultural backwaters like Des Moines. While I've never allowed myself to get sucked into watching such obvious crap as ABC's SIX MILLION DOLLAR FAN, I did watch one episode of THE BIONIC HUCKSTER last year, much to my everlasting regret. The concept behind the particular episode that I watched was the sudden and complete eradication of the Dorsai by an unknown Gafia mobster who had threatened to bankrupt every huckster in the known fanworld. Dusty Revelin, the titular head of the Canadian-American Society of Hucksters (CASH), went to the secret SMOF HQ and returned with Huck Hacksterson, the Bionic Huckster. Huck had laser eyes that could alter book and pulp prices at a glance, computer guided sensors that could spot a book club edition of Arthur C. Clarke at fifty meters, and a bionic ear that could hear a quarter drop at five klicks.

The main portion of the story took place at Con-Con, the hucksters' version of Worldcon. The Gafia mobsters had planned to sneak into the main hucksters' display room and pour a fast-acting mutated strain of mildew onto all of the hucksters' pulps. They were of course foiled by Huck, who had the foresight to pick their pockets in the parking lot. Like all true Gafiates they had forgotten to pre-register and with no money with which to gain admittance were forced to abandon their insidious designs. Charitable kindness prevents me from relating subsequent plots.

The SF cop shows on the tube haven't really done a whole lot for me. Maybe it's my imagination but I can't help but think that most of them were ripped off from the old STAR TREK series. This may or may not be true but just the same I can live without seeing a weekly installment of STARTREKSKY AND HUTCH or F.W.A.T. (Fan War Against Trekkies). The ST influence on comedies seems to be no less with shows like WELCOME BACK, SPOCK; LET'S BEAT UP A TREKKIE; MAKE ROOM FOR TREKKIES; MY MOTHER THE TREKKIE; NO TIME FOR TREKKIES; THE BEVERLY TREKKIES; and of course THE TROUBLE WITH TREKKIES.

Maybe I'm getting old and jaded, but I'd really rather watch old reruns of THE CLONED RANGER.

GISLESON'S LAWS OF GAMBLING

- 1. The probability of a dropped card landing face up is directly proportional to the value of the pot. Corollary: A good card will always land face up.
- 2. If the bottom card on the deck is flashed, it will invariably be meaningless within the context of the game. Corollary: If the bottom card is flashed, and you discard one like it, you will invariably draw two more like it.
- 3. The strength of your hand is directly proportional to the lack of money that you have to bet with.
- 4. With two players left in the game, if you fold the other player was bluffing. Corollary: If you don't, he wasn't.
- 5. If you are ever dealt a royal flush, all of the other players will fold immediately.
 - 6. The surest way to be gammoned is to offer or accept the doubling cube.
 - 7. Never play gin rummy with anyone who scores Hollywood style.
- 8. When shooting pool the odds of miscuing are directly proportional to the importance of the shot being attempted.
 - 9. Anyone who wants to play bank-the-last-pocket 8-Ball is not to be trusted.
- 10. The number of pool sharks is exceeded only by the number of successful gin rummy cheaters, all of whom score Hollywood style.
- 11. When at the horse races you will find that the person who bets the combined total ages of their first cousins who live out of state has ten times the chance of

hitting a trifecta as the professional handicapper.

- 12. The funny-looking people who go through discarded tickets looking for winners that weren't turned in make more money at the track than you ever will.
- 13. There is no sport in which 8-8 has ever won an office pool.
- 14. In any office there are three people who will between them win 95% of all the pools. They will be disliked for other reasons as well.
- 15. Attila the Hun raped and pillaged with more compassion than your great-aunt shows when she plays Mah-Jong.
- 16. The easier a game of chance is, the faster you will lose money at it.
- 17. Superior strategy and ability will always lose out to sheer dumb luck.
- 18. If no copy of Hoyle is available there will always be at least one player who thinks that a straight beats a flush.
- 19. Never offer a seat to anyone who asks: "Can this game be played for money?"
- 20. Never call anyone who knocks over their chips in their rush to place a bet.
- 21. Never raise after checking unless you're really desperate for an excuse to leave the game.
- 22. Skill never means anything in any game of chance unless you're winning. Otherwise, luck rules.

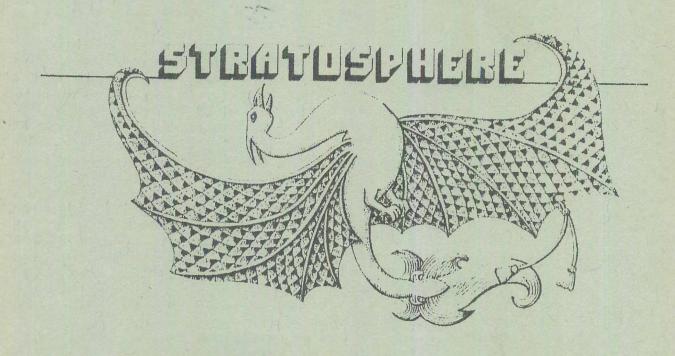
Selections from BANDANA #2, a December 1980 apazine by Ed Cagle:

Bout time for another mystery tune, isn't it? Okay, name this tune in ten seconds or more: "Doo ooo odadoo doo doo, ooo ooo dadooduh duh duh duh duh duh duh. Oh he's brown as a berry from riding Old Harry, and he speaks in a high squealing snort. Ooo doo dadoodoo doo doo, singing his _____!" Need a hint? Pete Seegar once forced Alan Lomax to record it by beating him on the head with a banjo.

Alf Landon is indeed still around, and was at an Okla Homma collitch seminar recently (attended by seminees, one presumes...). His string didn't appear to be wound too tightly at the time of his appearance, distracting me to the point where I was unable to catch just what he was here for. Obviously a case of propeller lag, or something equally disorienting arising from the trip from Topeka to Tulsa. Whatever the cause, Alf answered a few questions in a way that seemed to cause the TeeWee reporters assembled around him a great deal of confusion as to just what question he was responding to. He was not bothered by the long silences following one of his bewildering responses however, merely leaping into the breech with a homily that concluded with a phlegmy mutter and a gnarly-fingered swipe at his nose. One of life's awkward moments, a brief span of time which miraculously passed without the compressive effects of vast suppressed hilarity causing someone somewhere in the crowd to cut a 3/4 megaton fart. Fortunately the effects were only visible, and not audible, but I will admit a crowd of people with half its total being momentarily cross-eyed is most unnerving.

A pickup may be a peecup in Nueva Mehico, but in Okia Homma, land of red men, necks, and dirt, it is an Indian Cadillac.

Dana Siegel, aardvark fancier, penned this while attending medical school on the island of Grenada in the West Indies. It's about the revolution and the invasion. You didn't hear about that? Read on...



There are no mountains here, as we leveled them all to fill in the Mangrove swamps. There had to be a base for the sand to go on. The people at Wilmot should know all about that, as they pile up sand and dirt to make mountains. Here we level them to make a base for beaches. The sand is imported, of course. I'll have you know that the sand on my favorite beach is imported from San Moritz. It's real, fancy, imported sand. Nothing like the French for wine, cheese, and sand, I've always said.

As far as the Aardvarks go (they're my passion), I don't think the wild ones have any more adventurous ideas than what color they are going to paint their feet. Every Aardvark I've brought down here has immediately put on hiser shades and taken to the beach. They aren't allowed on the imported one. Only on the U.S. beaches, and they're

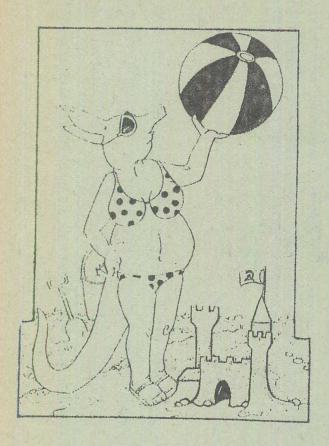
only to be seen at mealtimes.

Grenada, land of sun-drenched beaches, peace, quiet, cheap rum, absolute boredom, and a revolution. *Revolution?* You mean like the American Revolution? Or the last coup in Greece? Or even a minor banana republic uprising? Well, not quite. This is Grenada and nothing occurs very fast, and not much changes except the moon and the size of the waves on the beach.

It all started when I woke up at 6:00 a.m. on Tuesday, March 13th (a full moon, you must remember). The house next door had the radio blaring, and I had an exam at 8 a.m. The announcer was going on about "freedom" and "revolution" and telling the policemen to put up white flags or suffer the consequences. I couldn't for the life of me understand why anyone was joking around at such early hours. They kept repeating the same nonsense over and over. After a while I got tired of it and just put it out of my head.

I went to my exam. Everyone was standing around the building (which happens to be a geodesic dome located on the beach). Someone told me that there had been a revolution. "Oh, you mean that they weren't joking on the radio?" I guess I should have realized it when they called Radio Grenada "Radio FREE Grenada." Well, no exam. (I still think that someone who didn't want to take that exam was responsible for the "Revolution.")

In the meantime I decided to visit some friends. It was a professor and his family



and a friend visiting from a neighboring island. This professor's house overlooks one of the island's numerous beaches. We all listened to the various "People's" revolutionary bulletins number whatever through number whatever, and with a telescope watched the beach.

Three cruise ships sat in the Harbor of St. George's, and the tourists continued to go back and forth in the midst of this formidable revolution. Soon the professor announced that a Russian ship was approaching the beach. Well, if you're going to have a Russian invasion, the best time for it is during a revolution, certainly.

Lacking anything better to do we decided to go and greet the Russian Invasion Fleet. The whole fleet consisted of one small boat, but it seemed to hold enough. The first thing they unloaded on the beach was ... a ten gallon bottle of wine. The invasion was certainly looking up! Next came the food and the Russian vodka, well chilled. Before we could say Nazdroyva (or something like that; it's a Russian toast, but the precise pronunciation began to escape everyone after a while) we were drinking vodka straight, sipping wine, and eating sandwiches. It was a helluva good invasion party.

After we found someone who spoke English as well as Russian, it turned out that the Invasion Fleet was the crew from a Russian

cruise ship. They are named Boris and Natasha (of course) and are terribly amused to find out that Grenada is in the very midst of a revolution.

Six hours later we have made lifetime friends with these people, and might have done more for detente than Carter managed. The day ended with a promise from us to visit their ship whenever they come to Grenada (just ask for Sasha or Boris). Tuesday, March 27th the ship is due to return, and we plan to go and party.

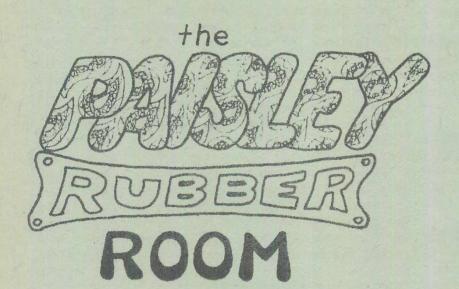
P.S. I've never taken an exam hungover before, and needless to say I did not do very well on it. But the Russian Revolution Party will never be forgotten by me, and the material for the exam is gone already (don't worry, it would never be worth knowing...).

The Aardvark didn't even seem to hear about the revolution, but i can't quite picture them with small rifles and tiny bandoliers, anyway.



FAMPUBBING IS A DIRTY BUSINESS, BUT SOMEBODY'S GOT TO DO IT:

Jackie starts off this look at fampubbing by buffeting a few zines within ...



COLLIMN

BY JACKIE CAUSGROVE

Fanzine publishing in America has always been a cyclic endeavor. When I first began receiving zines (1970-71) the 40-to-80 page genzine was King. GRANFALLOON, OUT-WORLDS, ALIEN CRITIC, YANDRO, MOEBIUS TRIP/SF ECHO, ENERGUMEN, PREHENSILE: with these and other titles being produced regularly on bimonthly, quarterly, or semi-yearly schedules, scarcely a week went by without at least one monster-sized zine plopping into the generic fannish mailbox.

The economic slowdown, combined with doubled and tripled prices for paper, ink, and postage, and the tendency for many new fans to prefer non-print fanac, has led to the demise of these dinosaurs of fanzines. To be sure, an occasional Big! Offset! Expensive genzine is still published, but the titles have dwindled to but a handful (MAIN-STREAM, SCIENTIFRICTION, HOLIER THAN THOU, GRAYMALKIN) and their schedules are frequently once a year or less.

The following three zines are examples of current genzines -- smaller, less fancy, more simple in scope than the gaudy glants of yesteryear. One is a mutated version of an earlier incarnation, one is a relative newcomer that is still in the growth-and-establishment stage, and one is a little-changed, hanger-on from the preceding era.

First, let's look at the Hoary Oldster of the group:

OUTWORLDS 33 * Summer 1983 * \$1.00 per issue, or editorial whim * Mimeo, 22 pages
Bill Bowers, 2468 Harrison Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio 45211

After a lengthy hibernation, OUTWORLDS (known fondly to its readers as OW) was revived last year with issue #31 in a radically metamorphized form. Gone was the slick cover stock, gone the offset printing, gone the bulk of Bowers' fancy graphics. What we received was a mimeoed twiltone stand-in for his semi-personalzine, XENOLITH, which was retired into an apa from general circulation. With this issue the tone has again changed. It looks/feels like an early OW -- say, prior to #15 or so. Like #s 31 and 32, and the preceding XENOLITH, this issue is mimeoed with Bowers' usual care on azure twiltone, contains a Dave Locke contribution (they're surrendering next ish and labeling it a column), a smattering of artwork, and Bill's natter, but the tone has changed into something different.

The first hint is given by the cover. An abstract crashing worlds/falling towers drawing done by Bill, it fairly reeks of the old OW style. Inside the pages display more of Bill's graphic trickery than the two previous issues, and -- save for 5 pages -- are done in reduced type. There's even a half-size insert. Bill used to dote on

odd-sized pages/inserts in previous years.

In his opening comments, Bill expresses his hopes and intentions for future OWs, and segues cleverly into an article-cum-letter from the former Glitter Queen of Toronto, Hania Wojtowicz, who describes some of the changes she's gone through in her three year tenure in fandom. Darroll Pardoe, Dave Rowe, Mike Glicksohn, and Don D'Ammassa then discuss, briefly, topics raised in earlier issues. This blend of LoCs with other material remains constant throughout the zine.

Next Dave Locke writes amusingly (as usual), and perhaps even helpfully on how best to prepare for and conduct a job interview -- an activity in which he's rather experienced... He follows it with an aside to Bill on how "dangerous" an article it is. (It's managed to kill off three zines (mine included) in as many countries. OW seems to

be unscathed so far.)

More letters follow, then an unreprinted, circa '67 piece from Bill's files: a fanzine review column in which he compares Bill Mallardi and his DOUBLE: BILL and Ray and Joyce Fisher's ODD. While unfinished, the column does reveal what Bowers seeks out in fanzines — standards which I doubt have changed all that much through the passing years.

Two more LoCs follow, then, in $\frac{1}{2}$ -size format, a reprint of the Introductions Bowers and Mike Resnick wrote on Bill Cavin (Fan GoH) for CONFUSION 101's program book. It could be that you need to know Cavin to find the material funny, but I chuckled all the way through it.

Neil Wilgus then offers a lengthy "poem" -- set in limerick form -- that synopsizes Bob Vardeman and Vic Milan's WAR OF POWER series. Perhaps you need to read the source

material beforehand...

Harry Warner, Jr., lan Covell, and Leah Zeldes close off the LoCs with fairly lengthy letters; Bill reprints a curtailed list of fanzines received (begun in 1960 and ending in 1961); and the issue finishes with two short poems by Billy Wolfenbarger. Artwork was done by Brad Foster, Al Sirois, Alexis Gilliland, and Bowers.

All told, the material conveys the feeling of bearing more weight and having greater variety than a listing of contents would indicate. By mixing the LoCs with natter, articles, and poetry, Bill achieves the effect of making the whole grander than its parts and recovers the old pace and style of the larger, slick OWs of yore. A neat trick pulled off well, and I'm definitely looking forward to a continuance of this format.

Next comes the Upstart of this small group; perhaps an exemplifier of the New Breed of genzine...

RAFFLES 7 Point 5 * June 1983 * Avail: see below * Mimeo & Offset, 22pp plus cover Larry Carmody & Stu Shiffman, C/O 19 Broadway Terrace #1D, New York, NY 10040

No availability mentioned. Try writing a begging letter with a couple of 20¢ stamps enclosed.

Though this is an inbetween LoC issue, Larry & Stu have included enough other material to qualify it as a smallish genzine by virtually anyone's standards.

Stu starts off by reminiscing about NYC's Garment District and his experiences in discussing pseudo-archeological books with a fellow worker while he was employed there.

Rob Hansen then steps in with THE WELSHMAN WRITES, a column in which, while explaining how he selects topics for his column, he touches upon personal boozy experiences from his past. It goes far to illuminate some esoteric Welsh/British mores and social customs. Rob meant it to be funny -- and it succeeds -- but it's quite revelatory all the same.

Four LoCs on one general topic mentioned in the 7th issue come next, and then Studisplays his talent for cartoon mimicry with a two-page spread satirizing comic "stars" of WW II. Well done though it was -- Stu's an excellent artist and on-stencil draftsman -- these drawings didn't evoke any smiles or chuckles from me. However, I do admit to an addball sense of humor, and they may well appeal to you.

Taral Wayne comes on stage to relate some of his personal experiences -- acting as the office "asshole", as well as the convention, well, "asshole" at TORQUE (#1), a con

he chaired in Toronto in 1980. Hey, folks; he said it, not l...

Spp of reduced-type LoCs follow; a well-edited and managed lettercolumn. Then Larry Carmody closes off the Issue with his version of this year's Media Event, the 100th Birthday of the Brooklyn Bridge. The twist he uses to make his article unique is to describe how Native New Yorker Alina Chu came to cross the bridge for the very first time in her life.

Of the three or four RAFFLES I've seen, 7.5 achieves the best repro. Marc Shirmeister, Stu Shiffman, ATom (Arthur Thomson), Steve Stiles, and Bill Rotsler provide the artwork and add to the sense of balance that seemed missing in previous issues, making this, all told, the best RAFFLES I've seen. I hope the guys keep up this forward thrust; we could have a good genzine on our hands here, something fandom can always use more of.

At the bottom of this short stack, we come to the anomoly, a zine little altered from its previous format:

SELDON'S PLAN 49 * May 1983 * Avail: below * Photocopied?, 40pp + offset covers Gregg Trend, Wayne Third Foundation, Box 102, SCB, Wayne State Univ., Detroit, MI 48202

No availability stated. Try the usual -- letters, stamps, contributions of material -- but back issues cost \$1.00 each.

SELDON'S PLAN has always had a sercon outlook, and most of the previous Issues I've seen were handled by Cy Chauvin -- noted for his sercon book reviews and assessments of SF and fandom -- with the most recent two being edited by Brian Earl Brown. Gregg lists himself "Editor pro-tem", so it seems this zine will again be rootless for a spell, until some other Wayne 3rder decides to take up the editorial reins.

Gregg begins the issue by discussing the concerns of the 50's and those of today; concluding that the more things change, the more they stay the same. The terms may be different. but little else.

Cy Chauvin then transcribes an interview of Samuel R. Delaney done by Bill Waldrop at TORQUE 3 in 1982. Topics range from the Writer as Artist, the SF writer as professional, through the publishing industry and its quirks, reviewers and SF fans and their effect on writers, to particulars on Delaney's books, his views on criticism and censorship, his life as a fan, work done for "graphic stories" (i.e. comic books). Not much to be said about this; it's interesting if you're interested in Delaney's views on the above subjects; a page-turner if you're not.

Brian Earl Brown continues a discussion of the impact of high technology on word processing, a follow-up on an article he did about "fancy" typewriters. It's informative enough, but due to the rapid pace of advancement in this area, it's becoming dated even while I write these words.

In MEMORANDUM OF A RATIONAL HOUSEHUSBAND, Roger Sween intersperses segments of his personal philosophy with snippets from Things To Do lists, letters to and from friends and impersonal institutions, and journal/diary entries to give us a glimpse into what makes Roger what/who he is; academician, student, aspiring writer, father. It's a not-common format done to good effect, and probably the most deeply intense writing live seen from this normally rather aloof-seeming fan critic-reviewer.

Four lengthy book reviews are next on the agenda: FOUNDATION'S EDGE (Isaac Asimov) reviewed by Thomas Chulski; SWORD OF THE LICTOR (Gene Wolfe) by Brian Earl Brown; CONTROL (William Goldman) by Gregg Trend; and TRANSMUTATIONS (Alexel Panshin) by Cy Chauvin. Cy also adds a recommendation of THE BEST OF SUSAN WOOD, a reprint of what Jerry Kaufman considers to be the cream of the deceased Canadian fanwriter's works. Though the reviews were well enough done of their kind, I find my preferences lean toward the briefer, less critique—Jsh type.

Eight pages of LoCs follow, then a page of "End Notes" closes off this issue. Artwork by Skip Olson, Marvin Bryer, Jan Faust, Brad Foster, Grant Canfield, Gregg Trend, and Charlie Wise -- plus a photo of Susan Wood by Bill Rotsler -- ranges from mediocre to good (Wise, Canfield) but seems scantier than the contents page would indicate.

This issue seems representative of the SELDON'S PLANS I've seem, perhaps a bit less serconish than normal. All of the Items (once you excuse the typos) are well written,

but nothing really excites you either. The publishing schedule leaves much to be desired (the last issue in my files, #47, dates back to 1980), but once you're on Wayne Third's mailing list, it's tough to beat the price. SP, for me at least, makes good browsing material; an issue is likely to sit around for several days before I finish it. If it were put out with more frequency, and the reviews were a bit more up-to-date, it could be of real service to SF fans. As it stands, though, its lackadaisical schedule seems just about right.

A selection of Ed Cagle wordwhipping, reprinted from AWRY #7 of May 1974:

Since MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED immemorial various and not entirely normal persons of a certain mechanical eptitude have designed and built variations of the ordinary garden-variety bicycle. In the main their approach consists entirely of a new or novel way to pedal the bicycle: over and under, side to side, wiggle and waggle; anything to avoid pedaling the machine in the simplest, most efficient manner, around and around. One technique consisted primarily of heat-absorbent reflectors which, when the temperature reached 187 F., would actually drive the bicycle without any effort from the operator. A solar bicycle. The idea was sound and the prototype vehicle performed magnificently, but only a few of the devices were manufactured, for a Belgian lizard farmer who disappeared in the Sahara in 1938. The interest and market for the solar bicycle disappeared with him.

The search for an alternative principle of locomotion for the bicycle goes on, though, and a new plan breaks surface with depressing regularity. It is my contention that a more effective principle is not to be had, but ... it might be possible to design a pedaling mechanism that, although it would not be more efficient, would at least have other redeeming qualities. Such as novelty values. Consider a bicycle whereupon Ye Rider perched in a face-down full-reclining position, and by dint of his exertions in the proper fashion didst utilize his musculature to zizz along mornily. I propose a transfer mechanism of mechanical nature which would, through gears and chains and assorted other clever things, transmit his gyrations to the driving wheel. Further, I present to you the simple fact that man exerts himself most willingly when he's having fun, or doing something that reminds him of fun, so why not affix the 'pedals' to his pelvic girdle and let him hump his way merrily over hill and meadow? I tastefully decline the honor of naming my invention, and invite anyone of such a mind to apply the title by which this inevitably popular device will forever be known to millions of lecherous people. But I would point out that when some hardy soul entered the Olympic Games on my bike, to win the race and the gold medal to an extent that the spectators would be totally unable to resist cheering him on, that when the crowd cries out: "Looka that bassard pump that bike!" ... the cause of accuracy in expression would be well served. in closing, I would like to restrain my urge to remark that, with my invention, there would be a new interest in a bicycle built for two, and that the word 'tandem' would take on new and never before dreamed of heights of vulgarity. I might add in an avoiding mode that such a machine would require the total re-tooling of the entire bicycle seat industry, and that sniffing bicycle seats would become vastly more popular, not to mention socially acceptable.

Such a pedaling mechanism would make it damned inconvenient, however, when you only wanted to pop down to the corner grocery for a loaf of bread...

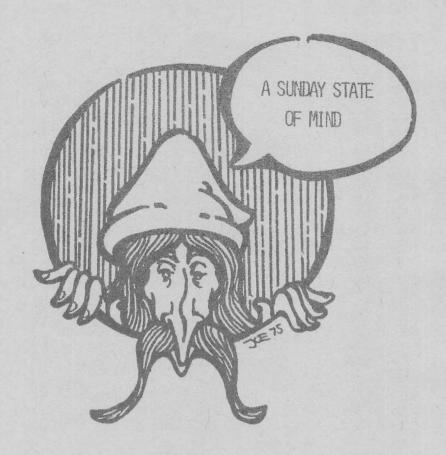
Wife: Haven't you gone after that bread yet!! (peers out door at husband, who is standing ineffectually beside bike.)

Husband: No! I can't get a hard on!

"It's getting so you don't dare breathe anything that hasn't been filtered through a cigarette."

— Brian Garfield, DEATH WISH

Skel begins his look at U.K. fanpubbing by describing ...



COLLIMN

BY PAUL SKELTON

I've always hated Sundays.

Even when I was a kid I hated Sundays. Especially when I was a kid. When you are very young the world is a great big wonderful place, a free and never-ending Disneyland. There are so many things to do and nothing matters but that one must be up and doing them. Except on Sundays.

On Sundays the world was closed.

Shops were shut, towns deserted. Grownups, strange, unfathomable creatures, had a lie-in, staying in bed until awfully late. One had to be especially quiet and careful on a Sunday morning so as not to disturb them on the only chance they got for a long lie-in. Even the great outdoors was closed on a Sunday. The grownups closed it for us. They put a fence around it, and the fence was called Sunday School.

Sunday School was an ordeal that had to be faced each week. It lay across the week, firmly blocking Sunday afternoon, and there was no way around it. The torture was that it was a Sunday afternoon fate. Of course, one had to go smartly dressed and scrubbed clean. God wouldn't like it if you turned up in your scruff, all dirty in one's playing-out gear, having had a fun morning enjoying oneself. No, it was unthinkable that one should get dirty before Sunday School and, as most young boys are past masters at getting dirty, aggregating muck about their persons in a manner which causes one to doubt the very concept of entropy, it was equally unthinkable that we should be allowed to play out on Sunday morning. So that virtually fucked up the whole day. God, Sundays were BORING! Oh, it's true that you could rush home and get changed after Sunday School and then rush out with your pals to decimate tribes of Indians or to slay every filthy Jap in the steamy tropical jungles of Offerton Woods. But that wasn't until four o'clock at the earliest ... and you'd been up and bored since seven-thirty. And didn't even the minutes used to drag interminably when you were young and bored?

I still hate Sundays, but now I hate them for different reasons.

Now I too am a grownup. I am a fan and have a cosmic mind. Now it is the important matters which concern me. I no longer hate Sundays for trivial and childish reasons. Now I must concern myself with factors of significance to a mature and enquiring mind. Alas, even when you know what really counts, Sunday is a bummer. There is no post, no mail, on a Sunday.

They don't make Cosmic Minds like they used to.

Like any trufan my fannish existence revolves around the letterbox. Six days a week the clatter of arriving mail sets the tone for the day. It is always a disappointment if I have to set off for work before the mail arrives. Letters and LoCs of course tend to be dependent upon my own fanzine production. If I've recently mailed out an issue then the morning's mail tends to include a few LoCs. Otherwise letters tend to be the exception rather than the rule. Fanzines, on the other hand, tend to even themselves out through the year. In fact as I type this, towards the end of May, I've been averaging six a week -- one per mailday. No real peaks or troughs -- all year they've been coming in at around six per week. Except for this past week. There's been a strike of some sort at the local sorting office and most days have been postless. It's not been too bad during Monday-to-Friday, because if there was nothing in the first delivery, before I set off for work, there was always the possibility to look forward to, that we'd get something in the second delivery at lunchtime. On Saturday, though, there is only the one delivery. If you don't get a fanzine by eight-thirty on Saturday morning you don't get another chance for two whole days, remember, because there's no post on Sunday.

Today is Saturday, and this morning I was awake early, having had a fitful night's sleep and needing the appearance of our local Postie to cheer me up a bit. Nothing. Not a sodding thing! No postman, no post, nothing. So here I sit in a Sunday state of mind. How can I review fanzines for Dave and Joni if there is a plot to prevent me getting any? Well, I can cheat, can't I (stupid bloody question!). I've received enough fnz recently, enough British fnz, that this past week shouldn't cause any problems. Actually I've given you a hint back there about the policy of this column.

There seems little point in me trying to tell you how triffic certain American fanzines are. By the time a particular issue has made its way to me, in the bowels of the slowest tramp steamer that the postal authorities could hire, and I've sent Dave and Joni a review, and Joni's dosed Dave up with all those anti-geriatric drugs he needs to wake up of a morning, and they've pubbed their ish ... well, by the time you get to read it the editor has already published half a dozen more issues before gafiating completely. The whole exercise would qualify as futility-cubed.

However, if I talk about the UK fanzines that have recently arrived in my mail I can get the reviews to the editors whilst the zines mentioned are still fresh and crisp and crunchy. As a beneficial side-effect I can spread the international awareness of some of the newer British fanzines. I am a firm believer in the international aspects of fanzine fandom. Our cultures are different. Sometimes these differences are major, sometimes subtle. Take my opening paragraphs — in the US you don't have postmen, you have mailmen. What's in a name? Not a lot, but unfamiliar references do cause the reader to change mental gears and reconsider situations that he's always taken for granted. However, apart from a few of the more well-known UK fanzines, there seems little awareness of British fanzines in most American zines.

I thought that the best way to start would be to give you a quick overview of the British fanzine scene, outlining the overall trends and direction of the mainstream of UK fanpubbing. Ha! I went up to the pile of unfiled fnz and pulled out about twenty British zines. No attempt made at selection, I just kept on pulling them out until I had a wad of about a couple of inches. I had sixteen titles. "What," I asked myself, "Is the overall theme?" You must be joking!

The only overall theme I can find is that there is no overall theme.

Looking at the fanzines I have on the table before me reminds me of nothing more strongly than David Attenborough's 'Life on Earth' series, a sort of 'Fnz on Earth.' One is made aware of the almost infinite variety of fanzines that have evolved to fill all the wonderful and varied niches available. I can't ever recall having seen such profusion and variety before. There are the big US-type gas-guzzlers like Terry Hill's

MICROWAVE annish. At the opposite end of the spectrum there's the ensmalled, zippy little runabout as represented by Malcolm Edwards' DRUNKARD'S TALK. Also present, a rave from the grave, the latest issue of Dave Langford's TWLL-DDU.

There are some strange new titles around, too, first issues like HYDROTAPHIA (from Tom Taylor), SIC BUISCUIT DISINTEGRAF (Joy Hibbert & Dave Rowley), DON'T GET CAUGHT (Kevin Rattan), FANDOM OF THE OPERA (Frances Nelson), and SPAGHETTI JUNCTION (Mike Dickinson & Jackie Gresham). There are also "Hello, I'm still here" issues like the latest DOT (only Kevin Smith could conceive of an ensmalled dot) and Jim Barker's TWO DEAD HEDGEHOGS. There are new approaches like Phil Palmer's THE CHOCOLATES OF LUST and the equally esoteric though less outre THIS NEVER HAPPENS from Christina Lake and Lilian Edwards. There is a case of 'The Ancient Ghods Return' with Vin¢ Clarke's NOT SCIENCE FANTASY NEWS. Just to remind us that they still exist there are a couple of fanzines which are representative of a 70's type of UK fanzine, NABU and OUT OF THE BLUE, from lan and Janice Maule, and Harry Bell and Kevin Williams respectively, whilst Pete Presford continues to maim and mangle the English language (and we continue to forgive him) in SONGS, a diary-style fanzine, a type of zine surprisingly rare in British fandom. Surprising that is until one realises the compact, socially interactive nature of British fandom which means that only fans separated from the mainstream of UK fandom, fans out in the boonies like Presford and me, need to use their fanzines to maintain their social contacts.

No consensus -- the whole scene is gloriously chaotic ... and alive.

And I suspect that I don't know the half of it. I had a letter in a recent issue of IZZARD in which I responded to Eric Mayer's query "Where are the new fans?" with a list of about a dozen British fanzines I'd seen mentioned as 'recently received' in still another UK zine, and I'd never heard of any of them! All of these zines form a subset of fanzine fandom which I suspect, apart from a few of the more established fanzines, hardly interacts with the American scene to any significant degree.

This is a damn shame. Some of these fanzines may not be all that hot, but some do have quite a lot to offer, and in many cases it is material of a type which does not seem at all common in the US zines that I see. What I'd like to do with this column is to tip you off to some of the better though possibly more obscure stuff that is appearing over here. Of course I appreciate that you'll be getting this filtered through my own prejudices and biases, but it's up to me to try and remain aware of this and to compensate accordingly.

So where do we go from here?

Well, not very far actually. This is supposed to be a regular column so I suppose the next installment is time enough to get down to the real nitty-gritty. I've tried to give you some idea, however oblique, of where I'm coming from and of where I'm trying to go with this column -- and, like the loudmouthed bore that I can sometimes be, I've almost talked myself right out of space. Almost, but not quite -- which is quite a relief because it would have been a *very bad thing* to have let this opportunity pass without telling you about MICROWAVE 5.

Terry Hill is a relative newcomer to the fanzine publishing scene and, at the end of his first year has pubbed his annish. In order to make time for this he donated one of his kidneys to his brother for a transplant operation thus ensuring the lengthy convalescence required to work on this eighty page monster. In discussing this with him I speculated upon just which organ he was going to sacrifice for his second annish. He strongly favours a hysterectomy because he reckons he'll be able to work on his next annish whilst recovering from having the damn thing put in, whilst managing the third when he has it taken out again.

In only one short year Terry has made great strides and, whilst it is not one of the very top-rank fanzines, it stands comparison with most. The reason why it has improved so quickly is because Terry has a secret power. Somehow he has reinvolved many of the old-time British fans. This gives a nicely nostalgic feel to the fanzine, with old farts like Sid Birchby, Vin¢ Clarke, Walt Willis, Dave Wood, and Mal Ashworth returning to link up again with their non-gafiated contemporaries like ATom, Lee Hoffman, Ted White, and Terry Jeeves. And in the letter column other fifties and sixtles fans like Tedd Tubb, Ethel Lindsay, Bob Shaw, and Chuch Harris are also involved.

l am not one of those people who thinks that, whilst the past is a foreign country, we shouldn't go there because everything there is so primitive. It's great to see all these folk getting involved again. I've often wondered, when reading old fanzines, what some of these long-vanished writers would make of today's fandom. Well, perhaps now we shall see.

Unlike Eric Bentcliffe's fifties fanthology, WHEN INGVI WAS A LOUSE, Terry's fanzine is not just a glorified 'All Our Yesterdays.' In the pages of MICROWAVE the fandom that all these writers are involved in is now. Nor are all the contributors to be found tripping over their walking sticks or getting their long grey beards caught in the wheels of their bathchairs. The BIG article in MICROWAVE 5 forinstance is by one of the most modest geniuses in contemporary UK fandom. By 'BIG' I mean 'The Most Words,' and by 'the most modest genius' I mean 'me.' Another seventies fan present is Pete Presford, but I shouldn't let that put you off. There are also articles by Steve Green, Margaret Hill, Chuck Connor, Dave Hicks, Christina Lake, Jon Wallace, and Terry himself. That's a lot of articles. Including the editorial and a weird music quiz there's eighteen in all.

And that is the main drawback. It's all a bit 'bitty.' Terry is trying to produce a fanzine that contains something for everybody. Don't misunderstand, I don't mean that he is accidentally falling into the trap of trying to be all things to all fans. On the contrary, he is quite deliberately, as a matter of conscious policy, trying to include material to suit all tastes. Now quite obviously, as no fan that I've ever met has all tastes, it follows that everyone will consider some of the material to be substandard, although it ought to be impossible to get agreement on just which bits should be so designated.

This approach would be considered by many to be a mistake. Most faneditors, myself Included, decide the sort of fanzine they want to produce, try to produce the best zine they can within their quidelines, and try to find the audience that such a zine best appeals to. If Joe Soap writes and tells me he doesn't like my fanzine I don't think "Gee, that's awful -- how can I change it to suit Joe?", I think "Tough shits tuddy -- so who can I send Joe's copy to, nextish?" Providing I'm happy with my fanzine, then if Joe doesn't like it then I'm obviously sending it to the wrong person. Most faneds, it seems to me, operate on this general basis.

Terry is the only editor I know of who operates his policy. Oh, there are quite a few zines that achieve a similar result, but in all the other cases it seems to me that this is because the editor doesn't really have a clear idea of what he wants to do with his fanzine (other than be an editor of one of those spiffy fanzine things), rather than that he is deliberately setting out to produce what is in effect a fannish 'Readers Digest.' I've only just made that 'Readers Digest' connection myself. At first glance it seems like it might be meant in a disparaging manner, but it isn't. What 'Readers Digest' is to the general public, a fannish version can be to fandom — a well liked magazine containing material to suit all fannish tastes.

It seems to me that there is room for a fanzine that takes such an approach. Why should our method be the only true way? What Terry must realise though, in taking this approach, is that MICROWAVE is unlikely to be anybody's favourite fanzine. Your favourites tend to be those zines which suit you to a 'T,' which are aimed at you as their 'perfect' audience. A zine like MICROWAVE, that includes a fair proportion of, to you, 'ho-hum' material, is not going to be onesuch. On the other hand, it will be more-than-averagely appreciated by just about everyone. Or at least it will if the quality of this issue's contents is maintained.

MICROWAVE 5 is given an overall graphic identity by the ATom art which is used extensively, although not exclusively, and the zine is completed by a twenty-page letter column. Terry is still learning how to handle a lettercol and sometimes loses his 'natural' air and interrupts letters more than I like to see (though compared to Terry Jeeves he is diffidence itself in this respect).

It's a pretty fair bet therefore, that <u>you</u> would "more-than-averagely appreciate" MICROWAVE, which is available for The Usual (or Pogo books & comics) from Terry Hill at 41 Western Road, Maidstone, Kent, ME16 8NE, United Kingdom. If you do write him for a

(concluded on page 26)

Uncle Albert is also Larry Tucker, who received a dishonorable mention during Multiple-Personality Night at the Faith Healer's. Larry is also producer of the blockbuster videotape FAANS, a fan spoof of JAWS with a cast of dozens and filmed in convention hotels all over the Midwest. Here we find him playing Uncle Albert playing Mr. Wizard, with a modest proposal to solve the energy crisis by harnessing freneticism.

PHYSICS IS PHUN WITH UNCLE ALBERT BY LARRY TUCKER



[This is the third in a series of science columns based on the popular TV series of the same name — two episodes of which were actually videotaped, while only one is still in existence — produced by Gargonzola State University's Department of FAUCATEM Child Education. The first installment of this column was published in Larry Tucker's WE DON'T KNOW YET #2 in January, 1977. The second was given to Ben Zuhl later that same year and should be appearing in BEN'ZINE, Real Soon Now. The fourth installment could pop up anywhere unless, of course, Larry receives sufficient extertion money philanthropic contributions to guarantee that Uncle Albert suffers an unfortunate and tragic accident that breaks both of his typing fingers.]

As you may recall, in the previous installment I outlined my plan for constructing devices capable of generating enough electricity to see us safely through the imminent energy shortage. At the heart of my plan was a system in which large quantities of surplus materials (such as promotional copies of SEEDS OF CHANGE) are dropped from great heights onto spring-supported platforms to power large electrical generators. I still maintain that this would provide an excellent solution for our large-scale energy requirements. But what, one might ask, might we also use to take care of our smaller-scale, day-to-day needs?

I'm glad you asked me that. It just so happens that I have a supplementary plan for converting all of our common household appliances over to rechargeable battery operation. Toaster ovens, TV sets, coffee makers, typers, toothbrushes, train sets, phonographs, and even household lighting can be powered by batteries. Indeed, many of these essential devices are already available in battery-operated models. The obvious next question (It took me less than a year to think of it) is how do we recharge all those

batteries? Again (as usual), I have the answer.

Remember self-winding watches? They were wound by translating movement into potential energy, utilizing a teeny-tiny ratchet assembly to wind the watch's mainspring. The mainspring, of course, powered the gizmos that kept the little hands moving around the watch's face. A similar device could be used to spin the flywheel of a tiny clockwork-powered electrical generator. This generator would be capable of producing just enough electricity to recharge a small battery. With such a device, you could harness the energy of virtually anything that moves. The more energetic and frequent the

movement, the more electricity you'd be able to produce.

There are millions, perhaps billions, of things that move that have never been harnessed for the energy they are capable of generating. Just think of all the possibilitles. You could attach a self-winding clockwork generator to the tail of every large or small friendly dog (or all the unfriendly cats) in the world. Lash these devices to the batons of all the orchestra conductors as they mark the musicians time for the William Tell Overture. Or you could strap them to the hustling hips (and other parts) of all the countless, feverish disco kings and queens of all sexes.

I could go on endlessly with these mundane examples. But if you're really serious about tapping a heretofore unharnessed source of limitless energy, take a look at fan-

dom. Wow, have we got energy in fandom!

Just think how many batteries you could charge up by attaching these devices to the cutlery at a convention banquet. The mind boggles. The energy generated at a con banquet -- and in countless bathrooms immediately following -- is a mere drop in the bucket, though, compared to some of the other really high-energy sources available.

How about strapping these devices to the drums of mimeos operated by the likes of the Nielsen-Haydens or Mike Glyer? Get back! The sparks are gonna fly! Or how about hooking one up to each of Harry Warner's typing fingers, Mike Glicksohn's card-dealing hand and drink-raising arm, and Bob Tucker's legs when he's party-hopping? Perhaps we could wrap one around each bottle of Beam's Choice as it's brought into a convention.

Just think of all the energy lost because nobody thought to strap such devices all over Patia's body prior to her Big Mac masquerade-halftime show. We could have harnessed enough energy to power every propeller-beanie and pacemaker in the room. What a waste! Well, maybe it wasn't a total waste...

A very good application would be to fasten the devices to the doors on all the bathrooms in the Stopas' house during a Wilcon. We'd really have it made if we could make them operate not only from the swinging motion of the doors, but also from the vibra-

tions created from heavy pounding. Fan-tastic!

There are many other things in fandom we could hook up to a self-winding clockwork generator. An abundance of examples come to mind. Alexis Gilliland's drawing pen. Ted White's tongue. Dick Geis' mail-order products. Steve Leigh & Ro Lutz-Nagey's balls and other juggling equipment. Bill Bowers' hands during one of his convention speeches. The supporting beam under the floor which holds Ed Cox's bheercan tower to the moon. Michael Harper's adrenal glands. Martha Beck's kidneys. The clubhouse at a Thursday night LASFS meeting. The seat of Eric Lindsay's pants when he's on vacation. Eric Mayer's bottle of hand-cleaner. "Do Not Disturb" signs at Midwest conventions. Bob Tucker's towels at Midwest conventions. Patrick Nielsen-Hayden's vocal cords. Joe Haldeman's guitar pick. Marty Helgesen's bible. And so on.

There are, of course, some things in fandom you should never try to hook up to a self-winding clockwork generator -- not if you're in any kind of a hurry to recharge your batteries. Forinstance, it'd be pointless to attach one of these devices to the carriage return mechanism of Ben Zuhl's typer (Real Soon Now, indeed!). But there are other things to not hook them up to. Harry Warner's travel agent. Mike Glicksohn's barber. Taral Wayne's tailor. The N3F. The FAAN Awards ballot box. Dave Langford's ears. Joe Nicholas' critical abilities. Anything mechanical owned by Dave Locke. The faucet in a con-suite bathtub. Roy Tackett's mimeoscope. Bill Bowers' fork. FAPA's waiting list. Arnie Katz' modesty. Dave Kyle's seating arrangements. Courtney's boat.

And on, and on.

Can anybody think of any other examples, either positive or negative? If you can, will you please keep them to yourselves? I've got enough hassles without having to listen to all of the myrlad absurd suggestions you fen will probably pester me with.

Until next time (whenever and wherever that may be), this is Uncle Albert signing off, wishing you all Hot Jets and a Free Luna!

 Jodie 'Fanwriting Of A Mad Housewife' Offutt says that she awoke with a start from a nightmare about her bathtub. In her dream she had stepped into the tub only to discover, with rude suddenness, that it was filled with beer and ice. Jodie claims this illusionary incident as inspiration for the following manuscript.

THE MAID'LL GET IT BY JODIE OFFUTT

Every convention has its specialty -- or peculiarity, depending on how you look at it. Midwestcon has no programming, Kubla has its zany trophies, BYOBcon has its banquet on Sunday at noon, Phlange has its Friday night Chinese dinner. And Philcon has a Principal Speaker instead of a Guest of Honor.



Another peculiarity is that every now and then a Dead Dog Party will be held at the home of a local fan rather than at the hotel. In those circumstances I feel a bit strained, antsy, and anxious to have it done.

My socializing with my fellow fans is confined for the most part to conventions. With very few exceptions we do not visit our fan friends, nor do they visit us. We do not live in a community where there is a science fiction group that holds parties and conducts meetings in each others' homes. We see our fan friends in the neutral atmosphere of hotels at conventions.

On those few occasions when I've been in the homes of fans, and among a group of fans, I've had a difficult time acclimating to the private environment. I expect others to forget where they are altogether and do something they'd only do within the confines of a convention hotel.

if a group throws a party in a hotel room and serves popcorn, it is usually dumped in a brown paper sack and passed around. There is no way to provide bowls for guests and nobody pays much attention to popcorn dribbling out of fists and falling to the floor. The maid'll get it when she cleans the room. The same is true with

drinks. If you happen to drop a piece of ice on the bathroom floor, you just leave it. What the hell, no harm done. Some of us can be a bit careless with cigarettes, filling ashtrays so that they overflow. Hotel furniture is made of tough formica and built to

withstand an occasional hot cigarette (and sweating glasses will not leave permanent rings on formica). Those institutional johns in hotels flush with enough force to take

away cigarette butts and other ashtray debris.

It's different in our homes and I'm always afraid that we inveterate convention fans will forget where we are -- after all, we're standing around talking with the same people we saw in a hotel yesterday and the day before -- and do permanent damage to somebody's furniture. Totally unintentional, of course. I do not think for a minute that we're a destructive lot, but we do get engrossed in conversations and forget what we're about and where we are.

I wouldn't be a bit surprised to see a fan, while looking at books in the home of a fellow fan, pick out three or four volumes and, taking them to his host, ask what he wants for them, totally forgetting those pooks are there because this is a home and not the huckster room!

As a matter of fact, I admired a piece of pottery at a fan's home not long ago and realized that across the back of my mind there flashed the thought: I wonder what she wants for that? This attitude or feeling is easier to understand when you think that you may be at the home of someone unknown to you. Of course, when you get ready to leave and want to thank the host, sometimes it's then that you realize you don't even know who the host is!

I suppose this uneasiness is a good thing because it keeps me aware.

I'd hate to see anybody though!lessly mess-up someone's home because he forgot he wash't still in a hotel room, where the maid'll get it because it's included in the rates.

Chances are, when you go to a party in a hotel room, somebody will sleep in the room that night and that somebody will straighten up the room before he goes to bed. That's something to think about when you have an empty glass or can to dispose of.

After all, maids are people, too.

*O*O*O*O*O*O*O

LOCKE, concluded from page 30:

This is as opposed to a tale about how you got into fandom, which would have to rise above its subject matter to be listenable or readable, presuming people didn't catch too early a scent of what you were going to talk about and run off for refills before giving your story a chance.

Naturally, I have been virtuous for over twenty-two years in avoiding this subject when pressed by faneditors for articles which deal with some topic concerning fandom. It would be so easy to avoid the pressures of creativity, to give in and follow the line of least resistance when scraping the bottom of the mental barrel. We fans are made of stern materials, and can hold the fort and fight the good fight.

Digressions, of course, are standard fare.

Aren't they?

Twenty-two years.

Well, it was a good record.

SKEL, concluded from page 22:

copy it might be better to put 'England' or 'Great Britain' in the address, instead of 'United Kingdom,' which I understand the international postal operatives do not like because, being an abbreviated version, it doesn't say which kingdom and letters so addressed are quite likely to end up in the United Arab Emirates or somesuch tediously un-British destination.

Andy Offutt, speaking in the third person, introduces Andrew J. Offutt introducing whatshis face.

MYSTERY GUEST OF HONOR

BY ANDREW J. OFFUTT

'Way down at the bottom of the pre-information sheet for the 1979 Midwestcon in Cincinnati, a Mystery Guest of Honor was mentioned. Some did not notice. Some paid no attention. Some few wondered; long the Relaxacon without programming at All, MWC

charges everyone registration and has had only one GoH.

The MGoH was real. Perennial MWC banquet Toastmaster Hoy Ping Pong or Bob Tucker (and occasionally Wilson Tucker) was in mid-performance when MWC's perennial proprietor, Lou Tabakow, interrupted him. He merely said that Andrew Offutt had something to say. Didn't say what. Tucker went away looking both puzzled and slightly disgruntled. Truth is, the three of them had agreed on tactics, that afternoon; Tucker knew that Offutt was now going to introduce the M.G.o.H.; Tucker did not know who it was.

This is a transcript of Offutt's, uh, remarks:

MYSTERY GUEST OF HONOR, O Mysterious Mose Tabakow told us. Hee hee -- I know. It's

easy, really; just think of the most deserving person among us.

Our Mystery Guest of Honor was writing Good fiction before I was born. Our Mystery Guest of Honor was writing superior fiction before I published my first, and had a Hugo when I was still opening sentences with "There was" and "There were" and the beginner's favorite, "But."

When I was given my first MC gig your Mystery Guest of Honor was one of the four best MCs of all, not to mention Toastmasters. ... | let the cat slip then, didn't 1?

Among those four best Toastmasters of all is Isaac Asimov. Couldn't be he -- he has no modesty and his boyishness is long gone. Another is Robert Silverberg. Couldn't be he -- he isn't constantly visible and accessible at conventions, night and day, mixing it up with fans and even me. And surely Silverberg never was a boy!

The third is Robert Bloch, and it is true that the first time ever 1 met him he was wearing your Mystery Guest of Honor's name tag. But how could I, a Kentuckian, ever

take such pleasure in introducing a Scotch drinker?

Besides, none of those guys is as plain damn nice as our Mystery Guest of Honor. We never sent any of them off to another country, only to have 'im sent back. None of them ever wrote one of my favorites, THE LINCOLN HUNTERS, or had the Wild Talent to write YEAR OF THE QUIET SUN (which C. J. Cherryh would have called THE QUIET SUN: BLACK).

None of them was ever named Hoy Ping Pong and decided to Americanize that, and

couldn't decide on which of two American-type first names to use.

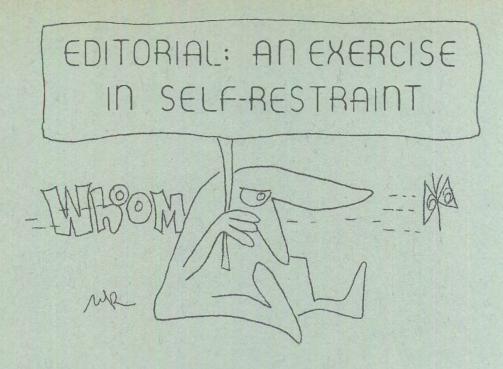
None of them ever MC'd 832 Midwestcons and 17,000 other conventions while I took.

notes on how to do it.

Obviously, I've been coat-tailing this, uh, person for years. He once bought me a drink on the occasion of his birthday and I honestly thought it was his fiftleth. was ten years off.

(I'll tell you this: One absolutely standard traditional perk a Guest of Honor gets is a room for the convention, and that cheapass Tabakow better have one for my friend Hoy. A room to himself, all by hims--well ... guest or guestess, of course, is/am/are up to him.)

None of those other guys 1 mentioned is loved by everybody. And besides, they're all rough. Our Mystery Guest of Honor is not by god that faan, Bob, but that damn good writer respected as both writer and person, Wilson, and he's not rough ... he is Smooth! ... WILSON TUCKERRRRRRR!



For over twenty-two years I have charitably avoided writing a fan article or editorial which divulges how I got into fandom and how whelmed I was at the occurrence, and the motivation for this reluctance has been the same for me as for a number of other fanwriters. There are other topics to write about first. Many others. Most all of them, in fact.

You might question whether you could call yourself a fan if you haven't en countered the situation at a party, at a convention, somewhere -- surely at least once -- where you've been cornered by an individual who is persistent in wishing to charm you with the story of how he or she got into fandom. Do you remember the thoughts that ran through your mind as you tried to cope with the situation?

When I first listened to such a tale, many numbered fandoms ago, my mind went into a defensive mode. I tried making detailed mental notes on the amount of beer nuts that would have to be stocked in case I ever decided to hold a party in Milwaukee (beer nuts is the official disease of Milwaukee). I was wearing a short-sleeve shirt, and started counting the number of hairs on my left arm. As the wonderfulness of the story unfolded I avoided testing the limits of my inventiveness when I remembered that all fans understand the immediacy of needing to obtain a refill. I promptly chuq-a-lugged half a waterglass of scotch, neat, and then showed panic at the fact that my glass was

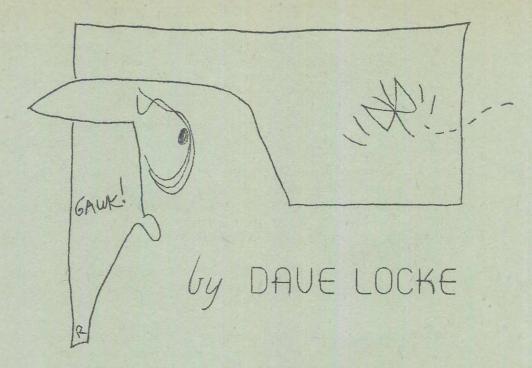
This maneuver did not allow me to escape the complete telling, but did serve as an

emergency respite. It also provided fortification.

It is the memory of such a numbing experience which provides the psychological barrier needed by fanwriters to keep them from cranking out their own versions of this story. When you consider how few genzine editors there are these days, it seems only reasonable that the fanwriters should classify them as an endangered species and restrain from reducing their number by traumatizing them with boredom.

While genzine editors are scarce, personalzines abound. Some fanwriters, who might find it harder sledding to fill a personalzine than to write a single article, could possibly be tempted to Tell The Story as a consequence of floundering around for subject matter. To the best of my knowledge none of them have given in to the temptation, but the potential exists, and the whole subject of doing personalzines should be viewed with a cautious eve.

When I got into fandom, back in 1961, personalzines were scarce, they weren't called personalzines, and genzine editors apparently grew on trees. The same situation existed back in 1958, when Seth Johnson saw my name in the AMAZING lettercolumn and did his



missionary duty of sending me a bundle of fanzines. However, the view from inside my skull which resulted from this encounter was that fandom called itself "the N3F." I was living in Indian Lake, New York at the time, and used Mr. Johnson's largess to help ignite a few logs in the fireplace. Even for this purpose the fanzines were not truly suitable, as the pages were damp with hekto gel.

However, in 1961 I was still futzing around in the AMAZING lettercolumn, w iting embarrassing material about something called science fiction. A fan by the name of Ed Gorman sent me an issue of CILN, his genzine. It was not purple, there was no mention of the N3F anywhere inside of it, and from the Barr cover to the bacover it was quite interesting.

Don't ask me why I later became a director in the N3F. This is a sad story. It would bring tears to your eyes, and make your ass pucker up.

Except for a couple of gafiated years I've been piddling around in fandom since the time I responded to that copy of CILN #5. As you might be able to see, I've condensed the telling of all this.

The telling isn't interesting. It never is. Perhaps somewhere is a person who became a fan as the result of interesting circumstances. Perhaps as a consequence of skydiving off course into a convention pool during a skinny-dipping session. Even I might be interested in hearing that one.

Be that as it may, we really have to stretch and grunt to care about the average circumstances surrounding the appearance of a new fan. It may be understandable that the details have taken on an aura to the person who incurred them, but this is no excuse for him or her to slip a cog and actually tell us about it. Of course, it is a reason that we usually show a little patience and understanding when one of them falters and loses control and starts burbling on the subject. After all, they're only human, and each of us gets a little crazy once in a while.

Back in 1961 I was too isolated to hear such a story first-hand. There weren't any other fans in Indian Lake. There weren't too many science fiction readers, either. It was a half-year of whipping out fanzines and correspondence before I met my first fan.

Now, telling about the first fan you met is considered an acceptable amusement, even if you're a fanwriter. Your listener might know the person ("Old Screwloose? Shit, I knew him. Hear he just goes to Worldcons these days. Stands in the lobby counting Spock-ears as they come in. Shakes his head, and spits a lot.").

However, I would never tell anyone the name of the first fan I met. Not in print, anyway. I'd tell you about the visit, and I might even use a thin conversational segue

to engineer it, but the name doesn't get stated and I'm sorry if that makes recognition of him too difficult. You might understand this after you hear the story.

The story can be stated with great conciseness, which was about the way I did it several years ago in SHAMBLES #2, coedited by myself and Ed Cagle:

I soon discovered that another fan lived about two hundred miles from me and we promptly began corresponding. Then, within a short period of time, I made arrangements to visit him.

The fan whom I first encountered lived on a farm, and liked to fuck cows. He told me all about it. In the meantime his mother, who was deaf as a bat, sat knitting in her rocking chair and smiled and nodded as he carried on this incredible monologue. Needless to say, I couldn't get out of there fast enough.

Having fulfilled my desire to meet a fan, it was a long time before I worked up the

inclination to meet another one.

Of course, that was a long time ago. In the years since I entered fandom I've met a great number of fans. I realize now that the cow-fucker was probably one of the more interesting of the lot.

Needless to say, meeting my first fan was somewhat of a disappointment. The fellow was a good correspondent, too. Mulling this over, immediately afterward, I began to get suspicious and wrote another correspondent, David Hulan, asking if he noticed any general tendency for fans to be overly interested in cows. He responded that he'd met half a dozen fans, and except for one fellow who wore a straw hat he was pretty sure that none of them would have any reason to, and he wondered why I asked.

While it's not unreasonable to tell about meeting your first fan, it is considered traditional to tell about your first convention. I don't know why this is. Perhaps for some people there is a compulsion about reading and writing conreports, and it transcends the fact that most such manuscripts leave a bit to be desired if you approach them as being merely fanwriting. Then, too, reading a report on someone's first convention may be a memory-flogging experience. I don't know. Telling about your first convention is acceptable, though.

Not that I would want to do it.

When I got into fandom, back whenever it was, I didn't make a convention in that year. My first convention was the following year's Worldcon. The 1962 Chicon III. was a youngle, a pubescent kind of fellow, and I thought it was all interesting. Authors I'd read, people I knew from correspondence, the faces behind some of the more interesting fanwriting. You know: the whole shtick.

Even the young woman, though she got temperamental because I didn't want to spend the rest of the weekend beating up a hotel bed. Being neoish I had the problem that I wanted to see panels, and hear speeches, and meet people. Shit, I was a Fan. I didn't fly two thousand miles to spend the convention in bed, woman. I remember thinking: "Jeez..."

I met Willis at that one. I must say that Walt made about as favorable a first impression as I've run across. He was, to my mind, the kind of person who chose to sparkle rather than dazzle, given that I viewed him as capable of making the choice. I viewed his choice as a byproduct of his relaxed energy, his patience, and his interest In people. In a situation where he was with a teenager who wished to tilt the conversation toward wordplay, he chose to give-and-take rather than overshadow. One thing that pleasantly surprised me, and as a teenager I watched for it like a hawk, was that his demeanor showed no discomfort in shucking around at a level far below his capabilities. Twenty-one years later, and the lasting impression he made has not resulted in the performance that I might desire in my own dealings with pubescent youngies. I have a tendency to stay in the bars, where they can't get in.

Of course, there were a number of memorable things about my first convention. Just

thinking about it results in the dust being blown off my mental backfiles.

But I don't want to tell you about my first convention. I just want to mention that the telling is considered as acceptable as talking about meeting your first fan. (concluded back on page 26)



