

GALLIMAUFRY 2



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NOVEMBER 1985

Hi! How you doing? Listen, it's some kind of amusing here in GALLIMAUFRY #2, but we have suggestions before you go in. Prerequisites for frame of mind. First, pour yourself something tall and wet with icecubes in it. Immediately go to a favorite spot and assume a relaxed position, this fanzine in hand and the reading lamp lit. A musical background might be nice; an old favorite would be good. Stretch those arm and leg muscles until they quiver a bit, loll your head about and stretch those neck muscles, then look at the table of contents to see what's ahead of you and begin reading with page 4. Slow readers should keep icecubes and other replenishments near at hand. A strokeable cat on the lap is optional.

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EDITORIAL:

JACK ARMSTRONG

IN MEMORIAM

I spent a great many years in the company of a radio. Television was a marvel that a few very wealthy families enjoyed and was being reserved for my future.

Radio, then, as now, was a box that emitted sounds. In fact, it is the very same thing that most people use to listen to music. Back in my childhood it was a prime source of entertainment. Since it was not a visual medium we used a slightly different way to refer to it. Like, "I listened to Jack Armstrong last night, did you?" "No, I had to rake the leaves; I didn't hear it."

Naturally, the stage for any program was set in your mind. The essential props were all provided by sound-effect men. Coconut shells hitting a table were hoof-beats, a whistling noise was the wind, and so forth. The actors spoke their lines, the sound-effect men set the scene, and we provided the pictures in our minds. Since we didn't watch the radio, we often did something else besides listening. My mother was usually tending to the mending, my dad half-read/half-listened, and I usually was working on school things.

Like TV, if there was a program we didn't care for we just checked the listing in the paper and changed channels. There was no "Radio Guide" in those days. It really wasn't all that necessary, especially if you were a kid. Our programming was more extensive than they have for children today. Nobody used precious air time to teach us the alphabet or to recognize numbers. That would have been a bit hard to do considering the medium. We had to make do with pure entertainment. If there was a serious message at all, it was to eat the sponsor's brand of cereal.

Our programming day began early in the morning. I can't quite recall what programs I listened to, but one was sponsored by Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. It might well have been The Lone Ranger, but I don't think so. After school I'd sit down with a glass of pop and a peanut butter sandwich and listen to Jack Armstrong, the All-American Boy. This, I know, was sponsored by Wheaties, the Breakfast of Champions. Closely followed by Skyyyyyyy KING! The early evening offered up such delights as Sergeant Preston Of The Yukon. These programs all had two basic things in common: they were action-adventure and they were sponsored by cereal companies.

When I heard my parents refer to my serial Jack Armstrong, I assumed that the word for an ongoing program was cereal. When I was a bit older I learned the difference.

Programming wasn't just for kids, though. There were plenty of things for adults, too. Drama, comedy, music, and variety shows. Kids usually learned by rote what stations they wanted to listen to at any given time of day. Adults usually referred to the program guide except for news, and certain programs that could be counted on to be very entertaining every week. Jack Benny, Fibber McGee And Molly, and all the other now-famous programs.

I admit to enjoying those very much, but if I were pressed to choose between Mysterious Traveler and Amos & Andy, there would have been no contest. Since there

BY JONI STOPA

were different types of programming in the evening most families had more than one radio. The kids listened to what they preferred and the adults listened to whatever they wanted to without a batch of kids whining and fidgeting.

Saturday morning was different, though. That was aimed primarily at the younger generation. Pretty much like it is today. It was assumed that most adults slept late, or were too busy with other things to spend much time listening to the radio. In the morning we had unlimited programs. Among other things, I got about two solid hours of Captain Midnight. My husband, Jon, claims it was a daily program, but that wasn't how I listened to it. The morning listening ended just after the Green Hornet. I was perfectly happy to do anything else during the day, but we usually went to the Saturday Matinee at the Movies. They don't have them anymore, but for about 50¢ we got to see five or six cartoons and two horse operas. If we were lucky we got The Lone Ranger and Roy Rogers. If we were unlucky it was Hopalong Cassidy (the Wimp) and a very old Tom Mix. All this, and money left over for popcorn, too!

In 1985, Saturday is disaster night on TV. It is assumed that everybody is somewhere else and won't be doing a thing to boost the ratings. That wasn't true when I was young. Many people did go out to the movies, but a lot more were sitting by their radios listening to some of the best programs of the week. The Mysterious Traveler, Inner Sanctum, and, if you kept the volume low so that your parents couldn't hear, Lights Out.

Sunday radio forgot all about kids. Well, not completely. At about mid-morning the Sunday Funnies were on. In my case there were two sets of funnies. There was the Hearst "Puck, The Comic Weekly" which was followed by Pittsburgh's other leading newspaper, The Pittsburgh Press (I believe). Between my parents reading to me, and following the Sunday Funnies with the paper in front of me, I was reading by the time I was three. Once mid-morning was past, we got down to serious adult programming.

Things were a bit different in the forties. People didn't travel much, and if you went away for the weekend it was to visit relatives or friends. Sunday was usually spent at home with a big family dinner and all. Radio was now a grown-ups' thing. No matter how I turned the dials all I could find was religion, sports, religion, opera, religion, classical music, religion, or pop music. If I had been a boy I might have appreciated the sports. From the time the Funnies went off the air until the Great Eldersleeve came on, Sunday was a no-kids land as far as I was concerned. Music, of any kind, I didn't make an effort to listen to. Music was something I just grew up with. My mother was a professional musician and when she wasn't playing for KDKA she was teaching music. I looked on music as a profession and not all that different than being a doctor or a steelworker. It was just something you could do for a living.

For that matter, when I really consider it, music for me was just a background noise until I was in my teens. If anything, being a steelworker seemed a lot more glamorous. Being a cowboy would have been right off the charts. Flash Gordon's life

I had already developed a preference pattern. I liked adventure, I liked ghost stories and mysteries. I didn't much care for real and earnest emotional stories. I actually took time a few years ago to watch The Red Shoes again. I still don't like it. I would have preferred a bad Japanese monster movie. I didn't like soaps as a kid, and I retained that sort of taste. I may be fully mature in some ways, and in others I still have not grown up.

I picked up on the Bard as a kid. I heard those immortal words "Eye of newt, toe of frog..." and I knew I would like anyone who wrote like that. Fortunately I read Shakespeare before seeing it performed.

Almost all those grown-ups that proclaim that Shakespeare is GREAT ART have only seen it performed by American actors. A perfectly decent actor who can do more than justice to "The Crucible" is suddenly aware of the fact that he/she is about to present "GREAT ART". This changes the whole complexion of things and the end result is an overacted mess that could turn off almost everyone. The actors in the U.S.A. tend to forget that "The Play is the Thing".

A couple of years ago I happened to see As You Like It done on TV. It was shown twice in the same week by one of the local PBS stations. The afternoon showing was done in conjunction with the College of Du Page county, and if you watched the whole series and did one or two other things you could get some college credits. This was fine as far as it went; it's just that the acting was execrable. It was just like watching a really bad sit-com, just missing a laugh track. The actors behaved as though what they were saying was funny. They were performing a comedy, weren't they?

The British actors did everything in earnest. They knew the individual lines were not funny per se. They were funny only in context and to the audience. The characters themselves did not see the situation as funny at all. There were no verbal clues that this was indeed funny stuff. They respected the audience enough to get the idea themselves. After all, there were no laugh-tracks in Shakespeare's day and he learned to do without them.

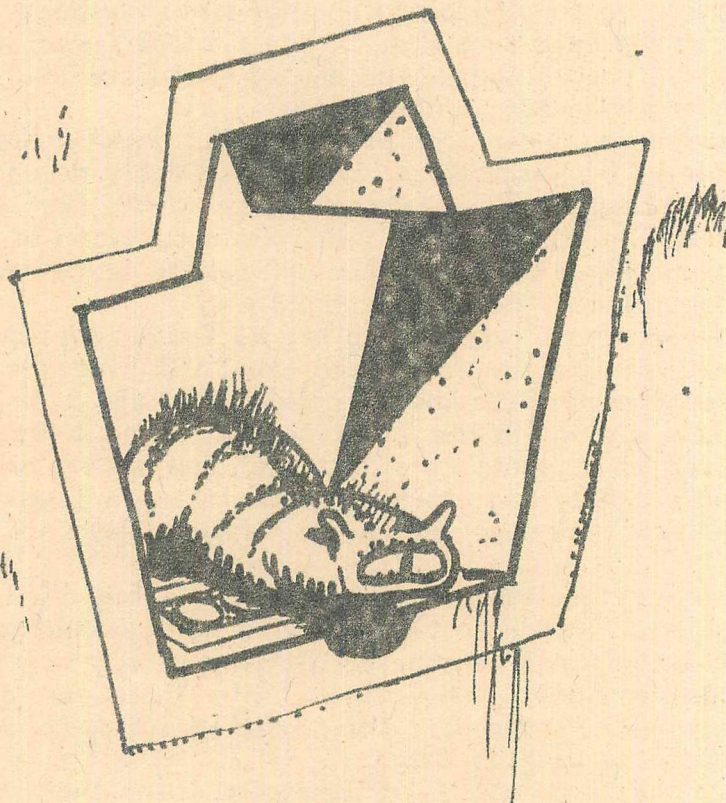
The problem seems to be that most Americans think that Shakespeare is GREAT ART, and refuse to see it as common entertainment. That is exactly why it is considered such great art. Anybody can understand and enjoy it, providing that they can see a decent performance.

Shakespeare and many of the old radio shows have one thing in common. Anybody can like it.

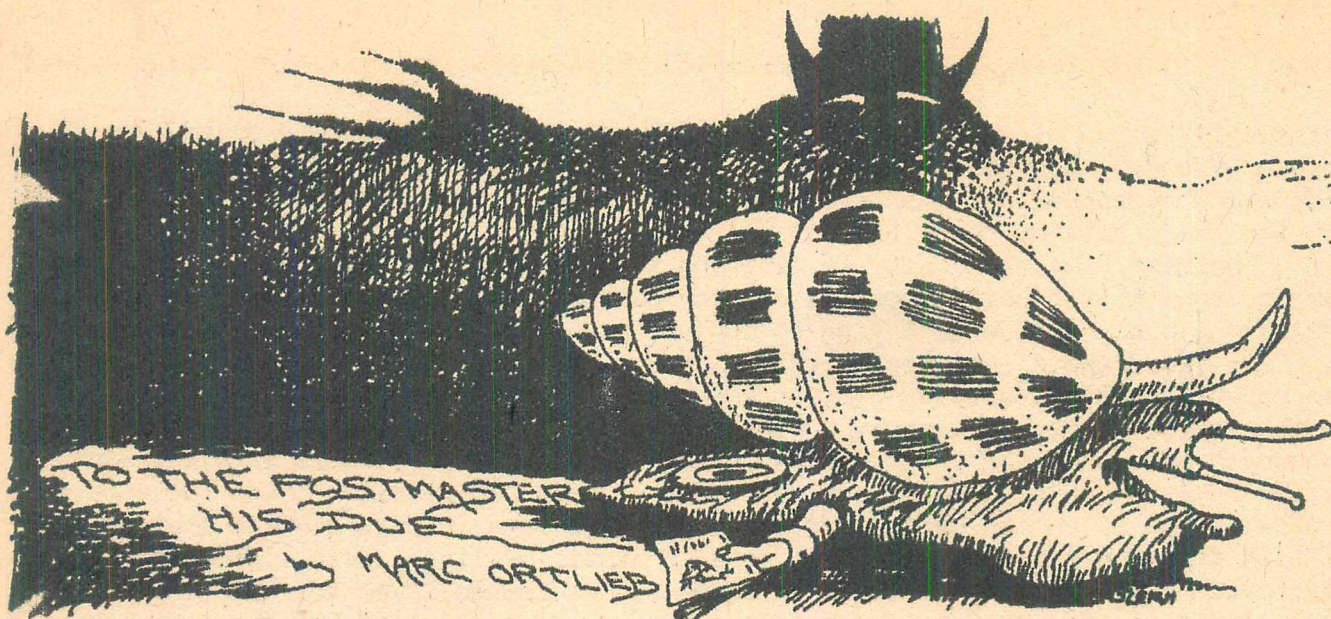
Like the Bard, Dickens and Twain and the others were all popular in their day. They all had critic problems. No doubt William S. probably read reviews that said Hamlet couldn't possibly match up to some other work that has long since crumbled into dust.

Back when I was a kid and listening to radio, I didn't know that I was developing a taste for the classics. Not all of what I enjoyed turned out to be classic. My favorite type of story was the action-adventure yarn with an element of the fantastic. Naturally, the minute I first read science fiction, I became addicted. Never mind that I had to skulk out of bookstores, keeping the cover pressed close to my bosom; never mind that classmates thought Amos & Andy were the greatest thing since sliced bread and would look down on my taste. But there it was -- I was hooked.

Science Fiction had a lot more appeal for me than fantasy. Since it was in my future, there was a possibility that these things could happen in my lifetime. Too, there was the lure of ~~the frontier~~ outer space. I got into an awful battle with one of the Nuns that taught me -- she was adamant that man would never get into space and I was equally dead set in believing that he would. It was almost a personal triumph for me when I ran into her in Antioch after the Eagle landed, and she admitted being wrong. I tried to be a gracious winner, but Ghod I felt smug!



rotale



The first time I met Carruthers, I knew that he was not just fannish but stylishly so. It showed in his stance, his sardonic smile, and in his clothing -- the immaculately rumpled MiniCon t-shirt, the slightly frayed and ever so subtly faded blue denim jeans, and the dayglo orange propellor beanie, its prop so perfectly adjusted that it added a constant cool aspect to his demeanor.

He was, of course, sitting at the bar, a spayed gerbil -- shaken not stirred -- in one hand, and a rosewood pipe, delicately carved with a bas relief depicting the life of Roscoe, in the other. Around him sat his acolytes, any one of whom would have added grace to a Worldcon podium, yet each as a boy in the presence of the wise one.

Carruthers had just completed the definitive discourse on the question of the identity of the person who had sawed Courtney's boat, and I took advantage of the stunned silence in which to introduce myself. He accepted my greeting with the grace born of nobility, though, in comparison to the assembled cliques, I was the rankest of neos.

"Cram Beiltro," he said. "Of course. Weren't you responsible for the VexCon paper on dealing with minor postal officials?"

I allowed that I was, and admitted my surprise that he had heard of my work. Thrusting aside my self-deprecation, he called the barman to take my order, though I fancy that he suppressed a shudder when I asked for a pangalactic gargleblaster with a blog chaser. Carruthers was, after all, of the old school. Soon, though, any unease at my gaffe was swept away in the ensuing conversation.

Carruthers was, it seemed, as much a dabbler in the arcane arts associated with the Postal Department as I myself, though his fannish fame rested more on his explanations of fannish mythos in terms of contemporary psychology. For hours we argued over the minute details contained in those rare few postal documents that had found their way into fannish hands. I even managed to surprise him with my revelation of certain areas of fine print detailing exactly what the Postal Authorities were permitted to do with Fourth Class Mail. He assured me that he would look very carefully into the ownership of those companies involved in the manufacture of toilet tissue before investing in their products.

After a time, we found ourselves alone at the bar, Carruthers' other companions having left to attend the Hugo Awards ceremony. The entire bar area was

NOT FOR HERE

GLICKSOHN-WIXON-STOPA-LOCKE

September 22, 1983

Dear Ms. Stopa,

I am in receipt of your first publication (a "fanzine", I believe in the somewhat quaint vernacular of your subculture) and I must admit I was shocked, I say shocked, at the scurrilous way I was treated! You impugn my integrity and slander my good name by suggesting that I demanded -- and received!! --- the outrageous sum of \$1.87 for my brilliant article. The implication that I am a money-grubbing opportunist is clear and this, as all who know me will attest, is bare-faced effrontery!

To set the record straight I enclose a copy of the original contract between your "financial wizard" and myself along with a xerox of the check which represented my original request for payment, complied with by your publishing empire. I fully expect a retraction and full apology (perhaps complete with reproduction of the salient evidence) in your next issue. Failing this I shall cut off both my legs at the knees and drown several of your cats in the resulting outpouring.

You might also observe the date on the original contract: to wit, October 13, 1978. Yes, that says nineteen seventy eight! A few moments with any decent pocket calculator will reveal that I have thus been paid at the munificent rate of 1¢ per year per article! This undoubtedly makes me the second-lowest paid science fiction writer of all time, with only the contributors to THE LAST DANGEROUS VISIONS below me. It is a proud and lonely and poor thing to be a fan!

I expect you to do the right and proper thing.

Yours, etc.

[s] Mike Glicksohn

13 October, 1978

Dear Mr. Glicksohn:

It is my pleasure to inform you that your article has been accepted by our editor, Mrs. Stopa. Therefore, I am enclosing with this letter my personal check, for the entire agreed-upon amount of \$0.05 (5¢), in full payment for first world magazine publication rights to your article.

Congratulations.

We hope you will submit further articles to Mrs. Stopa in the future.

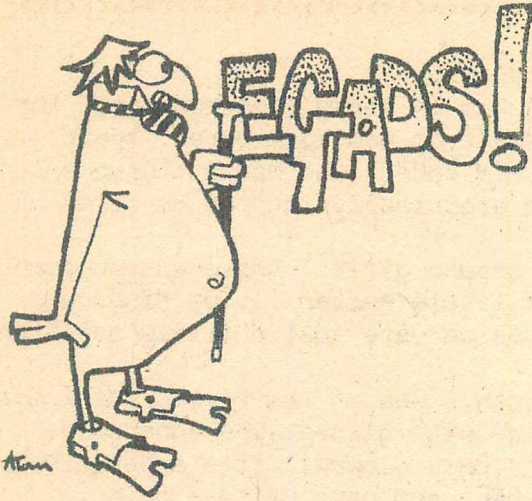
Sincerely,

[s] David W. Wixon
Financial Wizard

DWW/dw

encl.

cc: J. Stopa



MEMORY FLOGGING,

WITH

MARY PRICE

Once upon a time, in a galaxy far, far away, I got tired of reading horse and dog stories. So I wandered around the library and found a section marked "science fiction". It looked interesting so I took out two books: THE SKYLARK OF VALERON and SIXTH COLUMN.

It was lucky that I had the second book, cause the Doc Smith book did nothing for me. In fact, I thought it rather dated and childish, but the Heinlein book whetted my appetite. I was hooked. I read all the SF the library had to offer. Then I discovered the pulps on the newsstands.

Those that are long of tooth remember those lurid Dem and metal-bra-female covers. I used to tear the covers off so I could take them to school with me. It was bad enough that my classmates made fun of me, reading hardcover books, without giving them more ammunition for their jeers. Young teens can be cruel to anyone who doesn't conform to their standards.

One of the interesting things about those mags of long ago were the letter columns. The fact that there were other people out there who read SF, and some even wanted penpals, prompted me to start corresponding with quite a number of them. I even sent in a letter to STARTLING STORIES asking for some penpals for myself. I used my initials and signed myself "Sam".

When the time came to exchange pictures, I had to 'fess up and admit I was a girl. My new-found friends were surprised and some were even delighted to find that they had been writing to a female. Femmefans were much rarer in those days.

Early in 1953 I saw an announcement of a World SF Con to be held in Philly. After much coaxing and pleading I finally talked my mother into letting me go. Her only condition was that she went with me. I figured I could put up with it, just so I could meet some of my friends who were going to be there. What was even more exciting was that there were going to be authors attending. My pulserate quickened at the thought.

So, at the ripe old age of 15, in September of 1953, my mother and I took a bus to Philadelphia. All through the trip I got lectures on how to behave, and cautions about protecting my virtue.

One of the first people we met upon arriving at the Bellevue Stratford was L. Sprague De Camp, looking very distinguished in his suit and beard. We rode up in the elevator with him and I told him how much I had enjoyed his books. He said he was flattered, and even acted like it, and chatted with us. After we got to our room, my mother told me how impressed she had been with him. She decided that I would be all right and decided to leave me on my own while she took the bus back to Detroit next morning. I got more lectures about being careful as she left. "Don't

My new friend and I parted, promising to write each other. We did for about a year. He wrote some fancish things for Lynn Hickman's fanzine. I ran across a couple of books by him in the Library a few years back and sent him a 'remember me' letter. He answered, telling me what had happened in his life since we stopped corresponding. He was now teaching English at a University in North Carolina, married, with a 13-year-old son. He read SF rarely.

Back to the convention. I was even offered a ride home by the Michigan fans. I thought seriously about taking them up on it but I knew that I'd have to contend with my mother when I got home. I didn't need any more lectures than I was already getting. But I did promise to attend their next meeting.

As I came to know the Detroit fans better I found a place where I belonged and felt comfortable. Being with college-age people made me more aware of how childish my contemporaries at school were. Oh, yes, I can hear you saying, how immature fans are ... but these people didn't talk down to me or make fun of my ideas or opinions. It was something that I looked forward to, those meetings.

My first fairly serious romance came from those days. I started going out with a fan who was ten years older than me. What a 25 year old man wants with a 16 year old girl, I didn't know ... yes, I admit, I was a bit naive! I was flattered when he began to talk marriage, waiting -- of course -- until I graduated from High School. He had my whole future planned ... but he forgot to ask my opinion on it.

Our relationship came to an abrupt end when we went to the Midwestcon in Bellefontaine in the Summer of '54.

When he saw me being friendly with other men, he pitched a fit. I told him he didn't own me, and that I intended to enjoy myself, not sit and hold his hand. He retired to a corner with a bottle of Scotch and a cigar and proceeded to get drunk.

Maintaining my own independence, I had taken a separate room. When I got up the next morning my erstwhile friend had left the convention. Good riddance, I thought!

In the course of that evening I ended up in a room talking to Harlan. I remember the windows being open and there were fans on the sidewalk below. Harlan leaned out the window to yell insults at them and they, of course, answered. Things progressed with Harlan pouring some water out the window on them. He missed the person he was aiming for and ended up drenching Jim Harmon.

The fans on the sidewalk told Harmon he shouldn't put up with that. He ought to go up and take care of that little twerp, they told him. Harmon was a bit drunk and agreeable to the suggestion.

Harmon ran upstairs and hammered on the door of the room. I guess he didn't know his own strength, or maybe the doors were cheaply made. As Harlan yelled at him to go away, Harmon stuck his fists through the door, much to his surprise and ours.

Harlan ran over and grabbed him by the shirt front, as Jim's whole head was sticking through the door panel. The buttons popped off his shirt as Harlan pulled at him and called him all kinds of names. It was quite a sight, with Harmon twice Harlan's size, a stupid, surprised look on his face as he tried to get away.

Those in the hall, who had followed Harmon up from the street expecting to see a fight, were disappointed. The next thing we knew, Harlan was going around taking up a collection to pay the hotel for the broken door, while Doc Barrett tried to smooth things over with the local police and the hotel owners.

In fan history, this incident became known as 'Harmonizing' a door. Splinters of that door were auctioned off at cons for years after the incident.

I was told by a fan who was at the hotel later that same year that the door was never fixed; it just had a piece of wood nailed over the hole. I must explain that the Ingalls Hotel looked like something from a horror movie, and was probably built during the Civil War.

Let's see if I can jog my memory about others at that Midwestcon. Bob Tucker ... Bob Bloch, with a garish tie that had a pinup on it ... Doc Smith and his wife,

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



WAITING FOR THE GOLDEN AGE

BY

SKEL

Why am I writing this? After all, why should you care what an obscure British fanwriter thinks of some equally obscure British fanzines? Well, as to that last, you're fans, is why. You have a healthy curiosity. You like to read and expect to be stimulated in some way by what you read. Nice one, ball neatly back in my court and all with no effort on your part. As to why I'm writing this column I can only refer back to the first installment wherein I tried to show you (rather than tell you) how it is with me. I like to get fanzines. I care about fanzines, and I have a viewpoint which is uniquely my own. When I approach a fanzine it will be from a different direction to the one that Ted White might take, or Mike Glycer, or D. West, or Larry Carmody, or anybody else. To me even the veriest crudzine has the ability to raise my spirits -- it makes my letterbox go *clunk*. Of course, as soon as I see it my spirits may be dashed back down again, but even then I'm no worse off than I was before, and at least I've known that magic moment (*clunk* went the strings of my heart). It is better to have loved and lost etc. Even so, that's only part of the answer.

Why am I writing this? There are five words in that question and I suspect that there would be a different paragraph of answers depending on which of the five words I chose to stress (Why am I writing this? Why am I writing this? Why am I writing this? Etc.). There are many answers and they overlap and blur into the distance. I do not propose to go into them here. The important thing, is that there are many of them, that they exist and that they are complex. Some of them you should be able to infer, and some of them are only for me to know -- but they are there. But is this always the case? You see, there is one question that I feel all new fanwriters should ask themselves (and I bet you've bloody well guessed what it is already, haven't you?) and that is:

Why am I writing this?

The article that started me thinking along these lines is Philip Collins' "Accidents Will Happen" in SIC VISIBIT DISINTEGRAT 3, published by Joy Hibbert and Dave Rowley. Now I think that both Joy and Dave have been around fanzines for some time but they are only now really getting involved in publishing one of their own. The reason I've zeroed in on Phil's article is that it incorporates the best writing in the issue, but is totally pointless. Basically, he got knocked down by a car, went to hospital, people came to wish him well, he got better and went back to work. That's it. Has the experience taught him anything? Not so's you'd notice. Does he seem to have any motive for recounting it -- do we learn anything from it? Not

so's you'd notice. Like I said, he displays a reasonable competence with the art of writing, but that's 'how' he wrote it, not 'why'. Why did he write it? I suspect the answer is simply that the editors asked him for a contribution, and this is simply insufficient reason to justify a fanarticle. It is reason to write, perhaps, but not to publish. To be worth publishing an article should achieve something as a composition, which is what an article is: a non-fictional prose composition. Even if the purpose is only to entertain, there's some manner of arranging the elements into form. An article is not just a length of writing so many pages long.

And that's the highspot of the zine. 1½ pages out of 33, and the rest are downhill all the way. So why am I telling you all this? Did I not say in the last issue that I wanted to clue you in to the better zines coming out over here? Well yes, I did, but it has occurred to me that if that's all I do I might leave you, cumulatively, with a completely false impression of the British fanzine scene -- "Bloody Hell! According to Skel all the British fanzines are incredibly brilliant. I don't believe it." Not daft, are you?

Also, while a Buyer's Guide to fanzines is all very well and good, it seems to me that such an approach will not make us think about zines in general, about our very conceptions of what fanzines are, and why they are. You see it is but the smallest of steps to go from "Why am I writing this?" to the question that editors should be asking themselves, namely "Why am I publishing this?", and in examining fanzines that don't seem to provide any clues as to the result of this self-examination we can discover for ourselves insights which might otherwise be denied us. Having said this then SIC BVISCVIT ... should provide us with enough insights to sink a battleship because frankly it is pretty dire, so bad in fact that one can only conclude that the motivational analysis never took place.

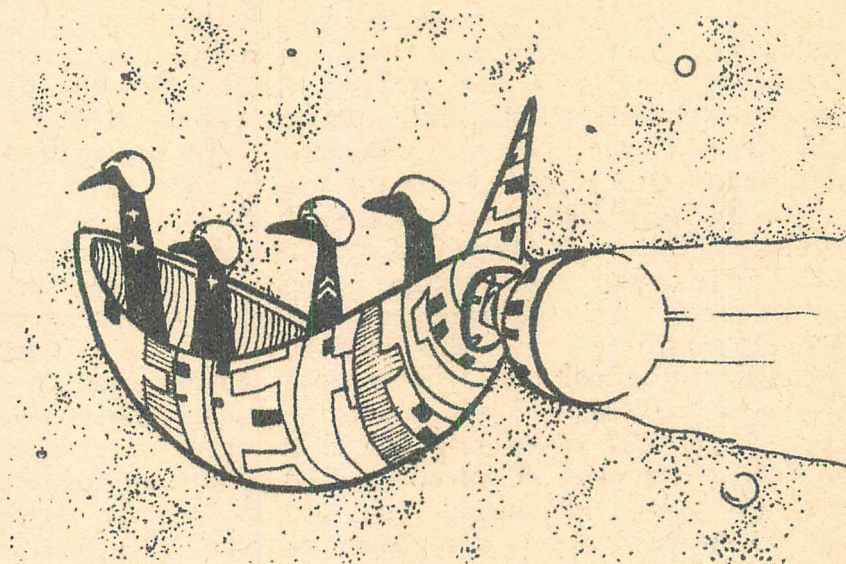
Let us then see what we can glean from the wreckage. Quickly we shall dismiss the production values -- these are pretty poor. Duplication is scruffy, lines are faint, there are many cases of 'set-off', there seems to be a compromise between using corflu (detectable because the retyped bits are overinked) and simply over-typing incorrect letters with the correct ones, and there are far too many of the latter. The impression one gets is that they don't really care what it looks like. OK, so we just have to accept that, after all, what really counts is the content. There have been zines that have overcome the disadvantages of a shoddy appearance with the quality of their contents, but if the appearance is cruddy and the contents are no better, then you've really got problems. Joy and Dave have got problems.

There are seventeen items listed on the contents page within the 33 pages of material, including over five pages of letters, which means that, with one 12-page exception about which more later, nobody gets the chance to develop their material properly. In a way this is a blessing because most of the items would have benefited from being even shorter, if not non-existent. However, this is not supposed to be the case. If it's worth publishing then it's worth doing properly and there's very little that can be done properly in 1/3 to 1½ pages. Here however another problem manifests itself and this is one that many new would-be-faned must come up against, namely the fact that much of the material in a new editor's fanzine tends to be by writers who are as inexperienced at fanwriting as the editor is at editing, and as in most areas of human endeavour, the longer you've been doing something the better you get. Practice may not make perfect, but it usually makes 'better'. In a representative group of older, more practiced fanwriters, the general level of accomplishment will be higher than for an equally representative group of newer writers. Of course we all know of exceptions, but I'm speaking in general terms here. And why are the more practiced fanwriters generally not found in the earlier issues of new fanzines? Do I hear disgruntled cavils and mutterings of elitism? Usually a new faned asks for contributions from all and sundry but tends to get a positive response only from his friends and contemporaries. This is perfectly natural, if not inevitable.

FANPUBBING IS A DIRTY BUSINESS, BUT SOMEBODY'S GOT TO DO IT;

THE PAISLEY RUBBER ROOM

BY
JACKIE
CAUSGROVE



Last issue, this column covered several genzines -- grab-gag zines chockful of whatever captured the editor's fancy at a given time. It used to be said that fanzines could be categorized by content -- general interest (genzine), personal-type stuff (perszine), club-affiliated matters (clubzine), news and gossip (newszine, gossipzine), special interest material (STrekzine, Comixzine, even adzine -- for the collectors), or those directed to amateur publishing groups (apazine). While that may have been true at one time (I'm not all that sure the distinctions were ever completely valid) it's been getting more and more difficult to ascertain just what category a particular zine fits into.

To be sure, the newszines are relatively identifiable by their content, but even so there's a wide disparity in tone among them. LOCUS personifies the cut-n-dried news end of the spectrum, featuring more professional news than its East Coast rival, SCIENCE FICTION CHRONICLE, which leans a bit more toward fan doings in its news-gathering efforts. FILE 770 is a typical example of the chatty, breezy fannish newszine, and UNCLE DICK'S LITTLE THING tends more to fannish gossip mixed in with its news of fans and fan doings. The thing that sets apart the latter two from the former pair is a nebulous quality called Editorial Presence. Mike Glycer, as well as Dick and Leah Zeldes Smith, puts as much of himself -- his personality -- into the issues of his zine as he does news.

Personal zines are becoming more difficult to discern. A strong editorial presence is essential, of course, but that can be said about many other zines, too. While there still are a few entirely personally-written zines floating about, most of those are aimed for apas, with a few extras mailed out to friends or interested parties. It's rare to find an editor-written, personally-slanted fanzine in general distribution. More often, what is seen is a semi-genzine, semi-personalazine -- extremely strong editorial presence mixed in with a couple of outside contributions to add a touch of different flavor to the stew. Unlike genzines, such as HOLIER THAN THOU or even GALLINAUFRY, which hold their editorial presence to the editorial page and perhaps a few intrusions in the latter column and which feature mainly a wide selection of material written by others -- either articles or columns, there is a growing number of small, intimate fanzines which almost, but not quite, fall into the personalazine category. Let's look at three of these this time out.

.....
GROGGY .. Eric Mayer, 1771 Ridge Road East, Rochester, NY 14622, USA. #25, 8/85,
20 pp., hektograph, ditto, and Xerox. Limited circulation, availability unspecified
.....

To the best of my knowledge, GROGGY is the only hektographed fanzine currently available. That form of reproduction, which used to be seen rather frequently some decades ago, has its strong points, particularly in the use of color and hand-drawn artwork. Its primary, and killing, fault is in the low number of copies which can be gotten for each page. Eric claims a yield of up to 60 copies, but sometimes has to accept ten or so fewer impressions, with the result that only an extremely small audience is able to see and enjoy Eric's labors.

At one time GROGGY was a perfect example of a 'pure' perszine. It contained nothing but Eric's writing and drawing, with an occasional letter of comment being included to inject some outside presence. Lately, though, Eric has been featuring more articles from contributors, including a growing presence by his wife, Kathy. Issue #25 contains a column from her, "The Joys of Motherhood", which is more structured than the occasional appearances she has made in the zine before. Eric and Kathy's two children, Fleur and Tristan, are obviously important factors in their lives, and GROGGY contains a lot of material about them, the player's daily family life, and the impact of parenthood on people in today's society. Eric and Kathy come across as caring, concerned young people, adoring parents, and don't hesitate to share their experiences with their readers. Obviously, this sort of material will not appeal to everyone, no matter how well done, but it's part of what makes GROGGY so personal in nature.

#25 also contains an article from Taral about tinkertoy constructions, inspired most likely from similar reminiscences made by Eric in a past issue. John Berry adds yet another article, a reprint from RETREAT FROM MOGONISSI (1984), to his growing list of travelogues. This time he describes a trip down into a South African gold mine. There's a small lettercol, and even a one-paragraph contribution from 4-year-old Fleur.

However, the most striking thing about GROGGY is its artwork, particularly the colorful covers. Eric says that he's run through the last of the yellow and red masters from Australia that fannish friends had given him, so I'm not sure what he'll do for his next issue, but this issue's cover, showing an owl gliding through bare-limbed trees in the moonlight (?) sunset (?) displays Mayer's talents for rendering artwork in hekto to a "T". Done in shades of yellow, turquoise, pinkish red, orangey tan, and the ever-present purple most typical of hekto work, this cover has strong design, balance, and an eerily serene air. I hope additional supplies of those precious masters can be found somewhere.

Considering the size of his print-run, Eric can afford to be hard-nosed about response (I know, I've been cut off before!). His rules seem simple. Respond, or your place on the mailing is assigned to someone else. As he gives no indication of availability I'm not really sure just how one manages to get one of those slots, but I'm sure he'd certainly welcome U.S. postage stamps as a bribe if accompanied by a warm letter indicating interest. I assume he mails out the entirety of any given issue's print run, so don't expect an immediate reply. You'd have to wait til he prints another issue, and hope that he's got a vacancy on his list. Rather 'iffy', at best, but well worth the attempt.

THE RAMBLING FAP .. Gregg Calkins, Box 508, Jackson, CA 95642, USA. #102, 8/85,
8 pp., photocopied. No availability listed.

Many personalzines begin as apazines -- fanzines distributed in regularly issued "mailings" or "distributions" (aka Mlgs or Disties) sent by a central person (OE or Mailer) to a specific roster of members, which can vary from 20 to 60 or so in size. This zine has been appearing in FAPA (Fantasy Amateur Press Assn.) for eons, as is shown by the issue number, but is entertaining reading for the non-FAPAN as well.

A long-time fan now in his early fifties, Gregg writes about his daily doings, his work as a Real Estate agent, jogging, dieting and weight control, discussion

about firearms, and -- oh, just Things in general. This issue contains some overly-reduced letters (shot down to roughly 25% of original size -- I bet Harry Warner, Jr. complains...) which are well worth struggling to decipher, particularly the 4-pager from Dean Grennell. Calkins owns his own photocopier, for his business, and has a new 3M machine that offers color printing, beside the standard black toner. He used it sparingly on the cover -- for the title and some graphic lining -- and intends to experiment more with the various possibilities color offers in the future. Right now he's restricted to just one additional hue, blue, but wants to purchase other color kits as money permits.

No availability is indicated for TRF, in fact, it has no colophon as such, so I have no idea how one goes about obtaining an issue. With his own photocopier, though, Gregg obviously can be more flexible than Eric Mayer in the size of his print run. If you're interested in reading about this veteran fan, with an older, more conservative viewpoint than the current crop of younger fan editors, you could do much worse than send off a letter of request, or your own zine to offer in trade.

DYNATRON •• Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, NM 87101, USA. #84, Summer 1985, 7 pp. mimeo. 50¢ & "assorted reasons" (including the usual, I assume).

Though in many ways DYNATRON can be considered as a genzine, in many other ways it is far more a personalzine. It certainly reflects the personality of its editor, Horrible Old Roy Tackett (aka "HORT", Roytac), and has done so for decades. In earlier times, the zine was a mite more regular, a tad thicker, and carried a variety of material by outside contributors. Nowadays, the zine appears when and if Roy feels up to it (although it has been more frequent in the past two years or so), and varies widely in size and content. Roy has eclectic interests, with a strong curiosity over matters archeological, historical (both Pre- and Recorded), and scientific. He prefers Hard SF to Fantasy, and like his opinions on other matters, isn't hesitant to express that preference. He also isn't hesitant to state a proposition that he doesn't necessarily agree with, just to stir up his readers a bit. This sometimes leads to lively debate in his letter column ... and, also, sometimes falls flat.

This particular issue is not typical of Roy's output. Nearing retirement age, he is preparing and practicing to publish "on the road". He and his wife, Chrystal, have acquired a motor home, with which they intend to travel to the parts of the country overlooked on earlier journeys, as well as particularly favorite places and people. Because space in the motor home will be tight, Roy dusted off his old manual typewriter and bought a smaller mimeo machine. This issue was done for a shake-down session, and shows that he's got a few bugs to work out of his system of repro. The stencils tore in several places, and there's streaks of ink smeared on most page edges (page 4 is an exception, and if it weren't for too much set-off, page 2 would have been okay). Being an old hand at pubbing his ish, I'm sure Roytac will manage to master his machines in a short while.

But then DYNATRON never has been a flashy zine. Roy seldom carries any artwork in its pages, and only occasionally adorns an issue with a cover -- this issue is also exceptional in that regard, bearing a photocopied drawing of a monstrous critter done by his daughter, Rene MacCallum. Roy's usual habit is to roll a stencil into the typewriter whenever the urge finally strikes him, have a martini near to hand (or a pitcherful), and let 'er rip. Taking the time to use a stylus, ruler, and letter-guide to do up a heading for the occasional guest article or book review is about as artistic as he chooses to be. For Roy, the main factor in a fanzine are the words.

This issue is mostly personal matter -- about Leprecon, magazine SF, some thoughts about dreams, a mini-biography -- with a LoC added on at the end. Not typical, and yet, not all that atypical. Add a column (perhaps by Art Rapp, who keeps in regular touch with Roytac), and a few book reviews, plus a longer LoCol, and you'd have a "normal" DYNATRON. Recent issues also carried a historical review of Cuboni-con, the gathering hosted by the local Albuquerque crew each year.

THEY PAID ME TO ATTEND CONS

HARRY
WARNER
JR.



When fans think of me, on the rare occasions that they think of me at all, it's usually as the fan who doesn't go to conventions. But in actuality, I've probably attended more cons than most fans.

It's true that some years ago, I cut back on my attendance at fandom's cons from one every other year to a less strenuous rate. But during the 1940s and 1950s, when I was a journalist, Hagerstown hosted a vast quantity of mundane conventions. My job required me to go to most of those unfannish cons.

A smallish city situated almost precisely in the center of nowhere doesn't seem like the logical choice for mundane conventions. I used to wonder why so many organizations chose Hagerstown as their con site when there were larger cities not far away, cities on the seashore, and cities famed for their tourist attractions to choose among. Eventually, I learned the truth. Mundane conventions are the opposite of fandom's cons in one important respect. Fans who go to anything from the worldcon to the most obscure relaxicon rarely leave the hotel or motel or other host facilities from arrival until they leave for home. Mundane conventioners have a lamentable tendency to wander from the convention site. But when a mundane convention was held in Hagerstown, fun-loving delegates would saunter out of the hotel on the first evening of their stay in town, then return to the hotel about a half-hour later with a disillusioned look in their eyes, having already visited the town's fleshpots and night life and found them decidedly wanting. The delegates stuck close to the hotel from then on.

Most mundane cons in Hagerstown were regional or statewide events. But occasionally I covered for the local newspapers a national convention. One of these lingers in memory. One night, a man who looked something like Mandrake the Magician and had a little monkey-like animal on his shoulder came into the news room and made a beeline for my desk. He wanted to give me an advance story about the imminent national convention in Hagerstown of a cave explorers' organization. Every journalistic eye in the room was on him. I attributed this to the small beast that was clinging to his neck but after he'd left, I learned my mistake. I had become an instant celebrity. The stranger's actions had indicated that he knew me and this gave me the lustre that rubs off on any acquaintance of a celebrity. I was the only person in the office who didn't own a television set so I was the only one who hadn't recognized him. He was Ivan Sanderson, at the time a weekly guest on Gary Moore's daily variety shown and a frequent star on other television offerings. Ivan was an authority on

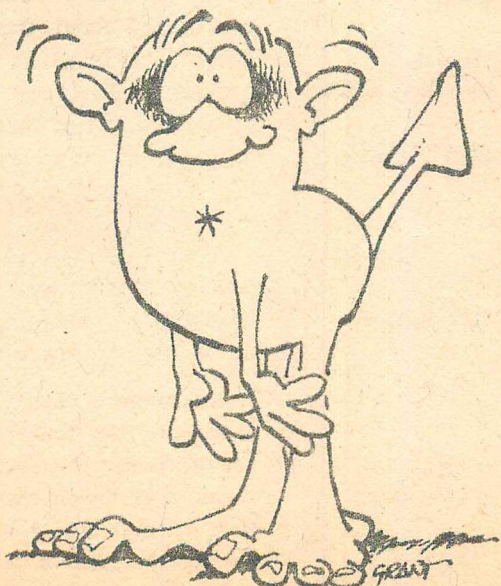
oriented information into something the average newspaper reader could understand and relate to. Even better was my fate whenever the United Brethren denomination staged its annual meeting in Hagerstown. Its official publicity chairman was a Baltimore Sunpapers executive who practically gave me information in ready-to-publish form.

But I'm sure various organizations reacted as angrily toward mistakes and wrong emphases in my news stories as fans do when newspapers cover their cons badly. All I can give myself in the form of solace is knowledge that I never adopted a smartass attitude toward the convention I was covering and didn't try to exaggerate the extremes toward which conventioners sometimes tended.

Hagerstown's popularity as a convention city gradually eroded during the 1950s as motels on the edge of town won transient business away from downtown hotels. The motels didn't have adequate meeting facilities and the hotels began to shut down for lack of business. It's just in the past half-dozen years that bigger and better motels around the city have begun to win back some of the old convention business and by the time that counterrevolution began, I was no longer doing general reporting but writing a daily column.

However, I've saved all these years one souvenir of my con covering endeavors. It's the badge I was required to wear to have the run of the Maryland-District of Columbia CIO convention in Hagerstown in 1949. It puts to shame the badges provided at worldcons: a heavy metal bar at the top, a gaudy red, white and blue ribbon hanging from it, and a metal pendant the size of a silver dollar at the bottom covered with lettering, symbols, flags, and various other runes. It's so heavy that I walked lopsided from its weight during that convention weekend. But it's so impressive to look at that I'm tempted to request its presence on my chest at my funeral. Nobody is apt to give what's left of me a close enough inspection at that event to read the faded inscription on the ribbon or the tiny engravings on the metal portions and I'm sure everyone will assume it's a Congressional Medal of Honor or a French Foreign Legion decoration or some similar token of a great deed in my past which I was too modest to brag about during my life.

XX



CORROBOREE

• LOCOL •

.....
The great bulk of these letters are from late-1983, early-1984, which makes Corroboree an exercise in memory-flogging. Well, there's nothing wrong with that. Let's do it.
.....

ARTHUR THOMSON •• London, England

"Hello Terry" I said, "have you had Galli..Galli..."
"Callimaufry" he said to me back down the phone.
"Yeah, that's it" I said.
"A pretty good first issue" he said.
"Too true" I said, "but then they aren't your Johnny-comelatelys."

"That?" he said.
"They're not bloody neos" I said. "So what did you like about it besides reading the Microwave review by Skel?"

"Well, there was..."
"I thought it was a pretty neat idea running the two lots of fan reviews by US and Brit reviewers" I said, "and hey, wasn't it just the most topical thing running the Grenadian article just as it was all happening there ... I told you they weren't neos."

"I thought the Dave Locke editorial was a nice piece of timebinding" said Terry.

"Sure" I said, "but I don't believe for a minute that bit about the cow and the fan ... I mean who would ... nah, I just don't go for it."

"Well, you've met more US fans than I have" said Terry. "I'll take your word for it that they don't all go around committing all sorts of weirdies with the bovine population."

"So, you enjoyed Galli..Galli..."

"Callimaufry" said Terry. "And yes, I did."

"So did I" I said, "I hope it isn't too long before the next ish comes in."

"And that's it?" said Terry. "You haven't really typed much as a LoC."

"Well, I'll send a couple of illos as well" I said.

"So get off the line, Thomson" he said. "I've got Microwave seven to produce."

"Okay," I said. "I'll just get this off to the Galli..Galli..."

"Callimaufry" said Terry.

"Yeah, Callimaufry editors" I said.

So.

BOB TUCKER •• Bloomington, Illinois

If Dana had stayed longer on Grenada, she could have written a sequel for your next issue on Mr. Reagan's invasion.

HARRY WARNER, Jr. •• Hagerstown, Maryland

I seem to be the only active fan who knows the Hagerstown area for reasons other than interest in the Civil War. Quite a few fans have come at least as close as Antietam for that reason. Well, Mike Shoemaker of Arlington, Virginia, wanders around this area once in a while as a participant in road races and there was another fan living in Hagerstown who actually published a fanzine while here. But Wolf Forrest moved away to Arizona or some such place and I don't think his elaborate fanzine ever got widely circulated in fanzine fandom, since he seemed more interested in certain subfandoms. Curiously enough, I don't have much interest in the Civil War as far as its military manifestations are concerned. I can read a book like Reveille in Washington with the greatest of interest, but all I know about Antietam Battlefield came from assignments there in the course of my newspaper job. (I remember in particular the time an organization of Scots-descended men and women staged a big meeting there complete with kilts and bagpipes. The climax was a memorial ceremony for men of Scot descent who were battle casualties. They reverently lowered a wreath from the center of Durnside Bridge into the Antietam and let it float downstream out of sight. I was so moved by this ceremony that I asked if there was a book in which I could read about the origin of the tradition. One of the officials said: "Oh, we just now made it up. They started arguing over whether we should lay the wreath at a Northern or Southern monument and this was the only way we could settle the fuss.")

GREGG TREND •• Detroit, Michigan

What synchronicity in Dana's piece! Of course, neither she nor you had much of an idea about the real invasion to come. I wonder if the Marines brought cans of US beer to share with the med students?

[No, there wasn't room in their backpacks after they loaded in the tourist maps and grenades. Fan Bev Clark had a stepbrother who was part of the invasion, and she notes that "when they were searching for Cubans, they were told to knock on every door. If there was no answer by the second knock, they were to assume the house was hiding a Cuban and throw a grenade inside."]

I liked most everything you used, although, since my resurrection, I'm having a lot of problems trying to relate not only to the terms of reference, but even to the people involved. The only names I recognized on the inside front cover were Bill Rotsler -- he must be about 103 by now ... but then, who isn't ... and Paul Skelton (and I didn't even know Skel's first name was Paul, either). I'm a sort of idiot-savant of BAFF (Born-Again-First-Fandom Prop: D. Wood) with a 20 year gap between "my" fandom and "your" fandom. I keep picking up little snippets of information about boondoggles and Rat-fandom and whatever (I'm pretty au fait with whatever now though), but I've a long way to go before I'm really in the picture. The biggest problem is that I read something that I imagine is a completely original and novel concept, enthruse madly about it, and then find it has already been worked over by at least 20 fanhacks over the last two decades. Just give me time...

So, to me, Skel's column is the highspot ... especially his comments on MICROWAVE. To me, out of all the English faneditors I've come across so far, Terryll has the most potential. He's not the best ... for me, Simon Polley is incomparable at present ... but give him time. Mind you, I agree with every word Skel says. Any fanz that tries to please everybody dies an early death. Sooner or later you decide who the nucleus of the readership are ... the 10 or 20 people who are involved with you and you "aim" the zine at that group. You might lose a few people who happen to hate the guts of your 'in-group' but you soon replace them with potential in-group material instead. Terry is in the process of doing this. After Leeh contributed, hordes of the living dead turned up again, writing, letter-hacking, and even publishing. Once Terry discriminates a little, MICROWAVE will be a fantastic milestone fanz.

TERRY CARR •• Oakland, California

GALLIMAUFRY makes pleasant reading, and I hope it'll continue on much better than a five-yearly schedule -- which in any case would be a cliché, as Jon has pointed out.

Most of the material seems to come from members of that enormous mass of more or less Midwest confans who've been around for five or fifteen years and seem to know all about fanzines -- may even have published in the apas -- but whose writing talents have lain fallow as far as general fanzine fandom is concerned. It's nice that you've wheedled and whipped them to their typewriters. The results, by and large, strike me as goodnatured and at times pretty funny -- Aina Cooper and Mark Gisleson's pieces, for instance -- but nothing terribly impressive in the sense of formal structure and development. I had the feeling these were enjoyable people who weren't completely at home with the written word. Nevertheless, I winced nary a once, not even during the piece by that arch-Midwest-confan Mike

Glicksolin, who does seem to have a way with words and if we could only draw him away from the poker table to the typewriter more often he might soon be writing as well as ... well, maybe even Andrew J. Offutt.

I approve of having a column deliberately designed to tell us Americans what's going on among the British fan-zines that we might want to check into.

The two editorials may have set a record for covering more clichéd fanish subjects than ever before, but then this is a first issue, so I expect it was done reasonably deliberately. In any case, Joni's tale of why it took five years to get the fanzine done had enough remarkable things in it to lift it considerably above the level of faneditorials that complain about the difficulty of getting one's favorite color of Thrill-Tone or that allude coyly to unspecified personal upheavals that have just demanded a lot of attention if y'know what I mean. And of course though you, Dave, tell us how you got into fandom, and about the first fan you met, and your first convention, at least you did slip over the most clichéd subject of all: How I Discovered Science Fiction. Good for you. Sturdy fan.

I liked both the front and back covers by Joan Marke Woods; she seems to be turning into my favorite fan-artist. (I liked Jackie's illo for Jodie Offutt's piece, though; she seems to be an accomplished artist/cartoonist, a fact that I may be the last person in fandom to realize.)

[To Terry, from Dave: I Discovered Science Fiction
In the school library. I was checking into everything,
and there it was. However, it didn't register as any-
thing special until one day in 1956 when my mother was
searching for something to amuse her sick and bedridden
son. She decided that a book might do it, and because
she was an erstwhile SF&F fan (to the extent of having
a vignette published in WEIRD TALES), she settled on an
impulse purchase of Fredric Brown's MARTIANS, GO HOME.
That did it. Oh, wait a minute ... sorry ... you didn't
want to hear this.]

MIKE GLICKSOHN • • Toronto, Canada

Somehow it's no surprise to me that two such old hands as yourselves should turn out such a superior first issue of a fanzine. And superior it definitely is, in content and appearance and in conception and execution. I hope you can produce it on a regular (if not frequent) basis because there are never enough enjoyable fanzines around and this first issue was highly enjoyable.

The name, of course, is not original but we'll forgive you for that. No less a farmish legend than Astrid Anderson produced a digest-sized fanzine of the same title back in the early 70's. I recall one issue but I'm not sure if she ever did a second. Still, I strongly suspect the title has been up for grabs for some time now. Let us hope you don't have as short an incarnation this time!

Enjoyable as Joni's tale of the oft-delayed history of this fanzine was I must point out a small contradiction contained therein. Note, please, the following direct quotes: (a) "I jumped right back into the conversational breach and asked him for an article...Two weeks later, at Midwestern, Mike handed over his manuscript." and (b) "Getting material is murder." Now I put it to you that delivering a manuscript in two weeks -- regardless of its quality -- after accepting such a challenge at a drunken convention party in, of all places, Milwaukee at a con that everyone tries to put out of their minds, is pretty damn good service. And what did I receive by way of thanks for this almost instant response to a friend's request for help? Silence and a total absence of reaction for over five years! And when it did finally appear I find myself slandered and made out to be a money-grubber to boot. Is this any way to win friends? And to top it all off Joni complains about how tough it is to get material, even from friends! I'm starting to thin this fanzine business may not be the best route to fame and glory after all...

Alaina's intro of Mark was a minor masterpiece of abuse and insult. I wish I'd thought of a few of the things she says ~~and I'll probably will~~. In fact, the introduction overshadows the article it's there to introduce. Mark's writing is clever and occasionally quite amusing but it lacks the gut-level punch of Alaina's non-stop clever plastic vitriol. (I'm in complete approval of Mark's National LoC Writing Service, however, and will probably sign up myself. This is the first LoC I've written in several weeks and the way things are going it'll be the only one I'll write in the immediate future. I haven't the time to tell you what's happening in Toronto because I'm too busy having things happen to me in Toronto.)

It happens that I read Skel's column on a Saturday so I had little sympathy for his Sunday blues. When you live in a country that has one delivery a day, no mail on Saturdays or Sundays and where the third most popular social activity behind hockey and fence-sitting is the national mail strike, it's hard to find Paul's problems all that difficult to bear. Luckily for me, though, I happen to think Paul is one of the best fan-nish writers around so even though I'm not moved by his short periods without paper egoboo I enjoyed his column and look forward to it being a regular feature. And it's a nice complement to Jackie's work on recent US fanzines, which I enjoyed but have no comment on.

In his editorial "An Exercise In Self-Restraint" Dave should have restrained himself from perpetuating the mistaken belief that "none" takes a plural verb form (or do you Americans now consider this acceptable usage?). Other than that, his fall from grace was executed with his usual aplomb and deftness and he need not worry that his material was less than deathless. (I've got eight thousand four hundred and nine hairs on my left arm, Dave. What was your count?)

And, of course, Joan's covers were perfectly suited to the fanzine and the rest of the material was all readable and enjoyable if not commentworthy and all-in-all this was one of the more enjoyable zines I've read in a while. It's certainly the most entertaining fanzine I've locced from my new address.

So please do it again, Quite Soon Now. (Real Soon would be too fast; the basement still needs finding.) And I hope to be a part of future issues as well. Might even do you another article ... if you can ante up the right price, of course.

Best to you both.

[Well, if the first issue was five years in the making, at least we're showing progress. Got to start somewhere. Speaking of that, we've begun price negotiations with your lawyer, Mr. Wixon, and at the moment we're trying to negotiate between our initial offer, \$1.12, and what he states is your minimum requirement, \$2.03. We think this can be resolved before the next issue, though obviously there's much Mexican Hat-stand bargaining involved. The offer currently on the table is \$1.27 plus two shots of single malt scotch.]

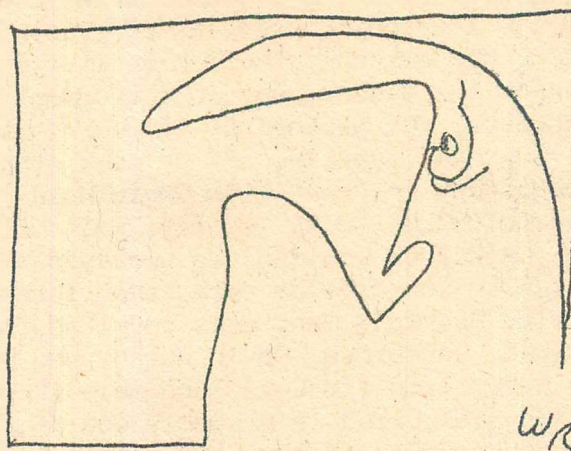
RICHARD BERGERON .. Old San Juan, Puerto Rico

I liked Galimuffi muchly. It has a sort of quiet authority about it -- as though you people knew exactly what you were up to and what your aims were. Refreshing. Especially to one who is still trying to figure out what he's doing with a fanzine 30 years after the first one I published. I'm not so sure you'll be able to "bypass the sercon fannish" though. Not with mad geni like Dave and Skel on hand. Dave is a past master (yes, he is an old hand at this game!) and this delightful contribution from Skel strikes me as fine sercon fannish stuff. It's fascinating to find Skel in this particular context. There's something sleek and shark-like about his fannish persona and to find him cavorting in this barrel of ingratiating midwestern fish is a bit disconcerting ... oops, this isn't intended as a snide crack: I have nothing against regional fannishness or sharks. In fact, some of my best friends...

Causgrove's publishing is excellent. Top drawer. All in all, the three of you look like a good combination and I hope you'll be able to do something like this on an at least quarterly basis. A word of caution, though: 30 pages is about the right size. Above 40 pages one starts going crazy and before you know it you're looking at page 80 and 90 and wondering why the hell you got into this in the first place. And feedback on a much larger zine is often much less than what a 30 page zine inspires. The readers can't handle the larger size in one gulp and by the time they've finished the impulse to comment has been forgotten or the task has become too daunting. Think on this point.

Regards and best wishes.

DAVE
LOCKE



Also the strangest. Mechanically, except for the third issue, I did the stencils and Ed did the mimeography. Technically, except for the second issue, I was the one who put together Ed's "editorial". It was Ed's writing, as I pulled it from here and there in our voluminous correspondence, but for some no doubt strange reason Ed had a tendency to choke when faced with writing an Editorial. He could write articles, letters, dialogs, and even a whole bunch of salable fiction, but when he sat

