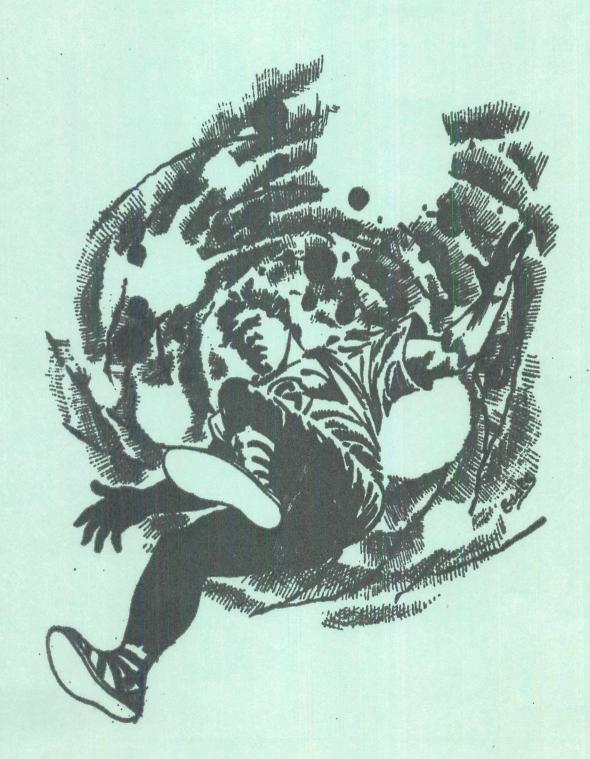
GALLIMAUFRY 2



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GALLIMAUFRY 2



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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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 hoofbeats, 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 wa 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 differ-

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. Prtty 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 Mystericus 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 vist 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 Gildersleeve 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 would have been totally out of this world. Considering the spread of Muzak, my early habit of not listening has served me well.

I was talking about Sunday Radio. Back to the subject. As a child, the worst thing that could happen to me on a Sunday afternoon was being cooped up in a relative's apartment with my parents. There were no other kids to play with. I was the only grandchild at the time. At home I had options. Going outside to play. Visiting a friend's house. At worst, retreating to my room and rereading a few comic books. None of those things were possible at a relative's house. I was allowed to take a few comics along, but no more than that.

These visits usually took the better part of two eternities as far as I was concerned. The radio would go on, and if the men didn't want to hear a "game" the dial would be turned to music. Specifically, Swing. You know -- the big band sound. Live, from the Aragon Ballroom in Chicago, from high atop the Waldorf-Astoria and other exotic places my relative could listen to Benny Goodman, Fred Waring, and the Philadelphians. Myself, I didn't want to swing and sway with Sammy Kaye or anybody else. I don't know who listened to those religious programs, but it wasn't anybody I knew. I preferred to be outside playing. The only thing standing between me and insanity was 3 comic books, a few battered magazines, and the parts of the Sunday newspapers I never would have read if not trapped like an animal. Sooner or later someone would ask me if I didn't like the music.

I usually gave that a little thought, and replied in the negative. At which point the adult would assure me that when I GREW UP I would like that music. As a child I would think about what kind of music I would like when I grew up. I knew with some certainty it wouldn't be swing. I knew for a fact that I didn't like the Grand Old Opry. That pretty much ruled out country and western. I made a special exception for Frankie Laine's "Mule Train" and "Wild Goose". Those I liked. Other than that I considered singing, even by Roy Rogers, the yukky part of the Saturday Matinee.

I would try out the thought of liking Classical music. I had a hard time picturing myself all dressed up, sitting very still in a theater, listening to an orchestra, voluntarily. Since I had already been to a concert or two I had no problem putting myself in that position, where the only action allowed was coughing. I did have a lot of problems trying to imagine doing it voluntarily.

I thought I might like opera, if I knew what it was all about. From what I could tell from the radio it was mostly people singing very, very loud in a foreign language. The other thing I knew was gleaned from cartoons. They not only sang in a foreign language but they took a long time to die and wore Viking costumes. This wasn't much to go on, but I tried to picture it anyway. I wasn't too successful.

I did like some music as a kid, but I don't think most of the adults shared my taste. I liked polkas. A few classical pieces that I wasn't aware were classics, and Spike Jones. Left anywhere near a juke box I would pump nickles into the mighty Wurlitzer and listen to Spike Jones non-stop. My parents climbed the walls when I did that.

I may not have known much about music but I did know what I liked...
Swing, I decided, was pretty much like those programs that my Aunts and Grandmother listened to during the week. This was something else I was assured that I
would like when I grew up. My grandmother always listened to Stella Dallas, Back
Stage Wife, and Young Widder Brown. It really might have been Widow, but the
announcer always pronounced it Widder. My Aunts just listened, but my Grandmother
would get really worked up over those programs. I never did pay any attention to what
went on during the broadcasts; I was too engrossed by what my Grandmother was doing.
She got really emotionally involved. She would pound her fist, grip the edges of the
chair, and yell out warnings and advice. I just decided that soap operas were something I might-just appreciate when I am older.

There was a movie I made my mother take me to see. The Red Shoes. I was more than personally convinced I would like that movie. I didn't care what my mother said.

I knew, with that deep instinctive knowledge that only a child can have, that it was one of the Grimm fairy tales. Particularly "The Girl Who Trod on a Loaf". It was one of the Grimmer fair y tales. The girl, who was wearing new red shoes, suffered a nasty fate for using a loaf of bread on a mud puddle to keep her new red shoes clean. Odd, the really horrible things we were allowed to read as "fairy tales". I was not to be convinced otherwise.

I begged, I pleaded, and whined. I was not to be reasoned with. My mother finally took me to see it. Against her better judgement, and mostly to shut me up. Naturally I hated it. Naturally my mother reminded me that she told me I wouldn't like it. It was a grown-up movie. I wasn't old enough to understand or like it. I don't think I ever demanded to see a grown-up movie again.

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.

Take Shakespeare, forinstance. Most grown-ups pay great lip service to him. Then just watch what happens when they have a chance to see a performance for free. Well, of course they intend to go or turn on the TV or whatever. The truth is that when the time comes around nobody can quite seem to do it. Really good excuses, too, like the cat wanted to play catch or they had a headache.

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.

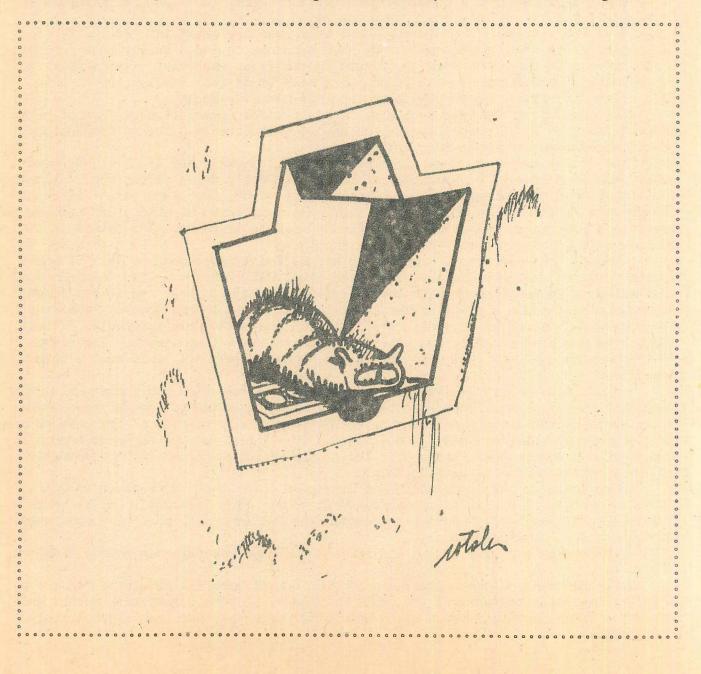
The problem sooms to be that most Americans think that Shakespeare is GREAT ART, and refuse to see it as common entertainment. That is exactly why it is considered such great art. Anybody can understand and enjoy it, providing that they can see a decent performance.

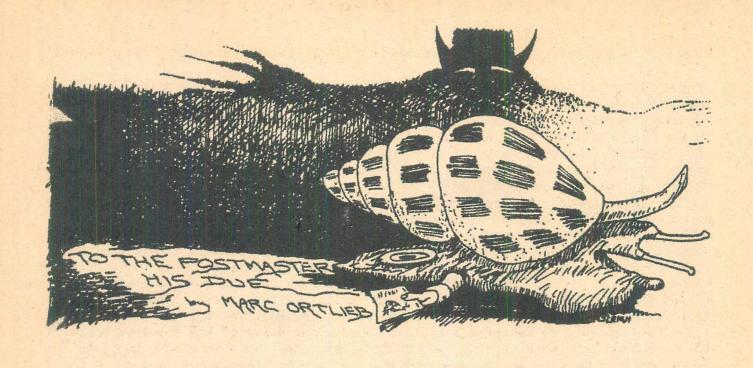
Shakespeare and many of the old radio shows have one thing in common. Anybody can like it.

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 classic. 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/ftentiet outer space. I got into an awful battle with one of the Nuns that taught me — she was adament 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!





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 supressed 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

virtually empty, with the exception of a few British fans who were drying their trouser legs by the fire. We were sitting as far from them as was possible. The odour was overpowering, and it may well have been that that turned Carruthers' mind to the topic that he then raised.

"Beiltro," he said, and, in uttering that single word, reduced the temperature of the room to the point that the British beer drinkers looked distinctly annoyed, "have you ever considered trying to conjure up a Category & Postal Registration?"

My jaw dropped, and one of the Brits who had been surreptitiously listening in on our conversation crossed himself and then his legs, and waddled off in the direction of the Gents. Category B Registration... The very whisper of it had been known to curdle bourbon. It was the obsessive dream of any faned with a circulation of more than a hundred, but the tales of what had befallen those few fans foolhardy enough to summon up the Postmaster General were told as bedtime stories to little fans who refused to put zip codes on their mailing labels. If Carruthers was serious, he was talking in terms of large stakes indeed, even for him.

I sat amezed, as Carruthers recited to me a narrative of the sheerest horror. It was common knowledge that he had, at one time, coedited a fanzine with Nigel Adams, a faned well-known in the seventies, but who had long since faded into the mists of time. It was Adams who had discovered the ancient texts that led the way to his summoning up of the Postmaster General himself. But I draw ahead of my tale.

"I hadn't seen Adams in quite some time," said Carruthers. "After he had lost the stencils to the annish of THE GOLDEN AGE OF FANDOM, he seemed wracked by guilt, and convinced that I meant to do him harm, which was certainly true for the first six years."

He took a sip, as did I, and we shut out the rest of the world as his tale unfolded.

You can imagine me surprise them [Carruthers told me, as he began warming to the story] when I received a letter from him, asking that I visit him. The return address was even more surprising. Somehow he had found himself a house once occupied by H.P. Lovecraft. Naturally I couldn't resist the invitation. Remours that certain portions of Lovecraft's correspondence including some of that detailing his contractual agreements with August Derleth were to be found in a secret compartment in one of Lovecraft's residences were, at that time, commonplace, and I couldn't pass up the opportunity to do a little research of my own.

To the original eldritch horror of the house, Adams had contributed his own touches. There were two giant stone alsation dogs, with expressions of the utmost ferocity carved into their black marble visages, and under those were alabaster columns, bearing the lagend POST NO DILLS. The garden was darkly overgrown with weeds and sinister bramble bushes, and the lawns were unkempt. In that respect it was no different from any faneditor's establishment.

I made my way along the crazy paving, noting as I did that each stone was engraved with symbols which, though meaningless, seemed somehow to strike a chord in my subconscious mind. I lifted the heavy lead door knocker, and, after the hollow thud had rung through the house for a minute or so, the door creaked open, and I was faced by a deformed green midget with strangely tufted ears. In a croaking voice it said "You must be Mr. Carruthers." I half expected it to ask me to "Walk this way" which would have been most difficult, as it had a strangely puppet-like lurching gait. However, it merely took my hat and coat, and gestured me towards a room I soon discovered was Adams' study.

I had ten minutes in which to peruse the collection of ancient fanzines and tomes dealing with the perverse manipulations of the Post Office before Adams entered the room. I must admit that I was horrified. Rather than the emaciated figure I was expecting to see, there stood before me a man whose corpulance hinted of a lifestyle well beyond the means of any self-respecting starving faned.

"Carruthers old man," he said, extending a bloated hand toward me. "I'm so glad that you made it. Indeed, your arrival is most timely. You are about to see one of the most momentous discoveries of our time."

He always did have a sense of his own importance, and never stopped to explain anything. I did though eventually get him to slow down to the point that I could ask him how he had achieved his prosperous appearance, and why he had invited me down after so many years. He explained how, having lost the stencils for that long ago annish, he'd been determined to make amends, and how he had retreated to study certain arcane tomes that had come into his possession by some means he was not willing to explain. He promised that what he was going to show me would more than compensate for his previous errors.

He led me up the thin winding staircase into his private den. I must admit that my breath was taken from me once more, for there before me was a sight the like of which I had not seen since John Packer's rats got into your fanzine collection, Cram.

The floor had been cleared to allow the pale light from the archaic light fitting to shine on linoleum that had not seen as much as a photon in years. Decades, or so it seemed, of accumulated kipple, had been merely swept to the sides of the room, and banked up as tidal debris on some rock-strewn shore. There, in the centre of the newly cleared space, stood an old brick-red pillar box, its gaping maw somehow blackened. The paint on the top seemed somehow bubbled and cracked, as though exposed to some intense heat.

Around the letter box, Adams had inscribed a four pointed star in what I hoped was red mimeo ink. From my previous studies, I recognized that this was at the same time symbolic of the four classes of mail and of the four items — rain, sleet, slush and snow — that were capable of containing the power of the Postmaster General. At each corner of the star, there stood a letter balance, a lighted candle in each pan. I knew that, were this symbolic barrier to be broken, the wrath of the Postmaster General could descend on every being in the room.

I turned to Adams, and even as I did, he spoke. "Yes," he said, "I have done it. This very night I will make a deal with the Postmaster General. I will have a Category B permit. My fanzines will travel at a ridiculously low price to all the corners of the globe, as will yours. I promised that I'd make it all up and I will."

For a moment I wiped this off as the raving of a madman, but there was a hint of sanity in his eye that scared me. "Oh yes," he continued. "You think I'm just raving, but look at me. No more am I that seven stone weakling who used to get zapped by Battlestar Galectica rayguns at conventions. I have already delved the secrets of the Post Office, and my dealings with Postal Officials have given me strange powers over them. I'm a faned, and yet I have had enough money to eat three square meals a day, while printing a run of a thousand copies. Eighty pages!!!! Every month, without fail — eighty pages!!!"

I didn't know what to do, though my better part suggested that leaving was the most profitable option. Here was my one time friend raving about a fanzine that would have been the talk of all of fandom, had it existed, and yet no one I knew had ever heard of it. A shudder passed along my spine. Adams clearly believed everything he was saying, and yet it could not be. He saw my hesitance, and smiled. "Ah, I know. You're jealous. They all are. That's why I never get LoCs, not even from Harry Warner, Jr. Ted White hasn't said anything nasty about my zine. Neither has Joseph Nicholas. That's because they know that they can't possibly hope to equal it. Well, they'll see. When I get this ish out."

As if by magic, a thick wad of twil-tone appeared in his hand. He passed it to me, and, in those few seconds that I had before he snatched it from my hand again, I could see that his statements were not merely hyperbole. It was a fanzine that I myself would have been proud to edit. Adams' artwork had progressed from the adolescent scrawl of the early days to a style that somehow combined the best elements of Tim Kirk, Randy Bathurst, and Bill Rotsler. The writing contained sentences that burnt themselves into my brain. I was suddenly humbled, because I realised that,

for all my reputation, I was in the presence of one greater than myself.

But the zine was ripped from my hand, and suddenly I noticed that the pillar box in the centre of the room had started to glow a brighter red. Adams had stepped carefully over the line, and had knelt before its open mouth. He muttered what sounded like "To thee oh Moloch I present my first born — the first collated — the first copy." He thrust the zine into the orifice, and stepped back over the line. There was a roar, as if of mighty furnaces, and the pillar box glowed still brighter red, as oily black smoke began to puff from the top.

Gradually the smoke coalesced into a stern face, with a grimly set cap on its head. I inched furtively towards the door, but the demon paid me no attention. In a booming voice it proclaimed its dire rulings. "Thou shalt have no alphabetical listings in thine fanzine." I watched horrified as the uncollated contents page on the bench behind Adams suddenly burst into flame. "Thou shalt list the date, clearly and with no typographical errors, on the cover." The stack of covers crumbled into the bench, leaving nothing but a smear of white dust to show where they had been. "Thou shalt not permit thy zine to be besmirched by any taint of advertising." The zine reviews, and convention listings were gone, sucked into some demonic voretex. "Thy zine shalt conform to the standards of decency considered adequate by the Post Office." A further half of the uncollated zine collapsed into a slimy heap

Shalt be delivered, by the Post Office, in our own time, and at your expense."

On the word "your," the red pillar box suddenly underwent a grave transformation. The top took on the appearance of a whirled shell, and the bottom part became suddenly gelatinous, extending four eyes on long gooey protuberances. With dreadful certainty it crept towards Adams, who seemed rooted to the spot. I tried to cry out. Perhaps I did. Adams did not hear. As the mouth of the dreadful Post Office Snail descended upon him, I turned tail and ran.

that slithered off the bench, and disappeared through the floorboards. "The rest

Carruthers stopped speaking, and took a long swig on his drink. Somehow his narrative left me with nothing to ask. Yet, it seemed somehow incomplete, and so I did not say anything. He looked at me, and, having relit his pipe, said "Well, that's about all there is to it. Naturally I couldn't report anything to the police. They would never have believed me. When I recovered my composure, several weeks later, I went back to the house, but it was totally abandoned. All that remained of that terrible evening was a slick trail of slime leading down into the cellar and I certainly had no intention of following that. For all I know, those missing letters may still be down there. As for Adams' butler, I gather that he is still seen from time to time at media conventions, but he says little, except that there are some forces that mortals shouldn't tamper with. Mind you, I can't help but get the feeling that, for all that he failed, Adams might just have had some small degree of influence, wherever he ended up." Carruthers pulled from his pocket a rumpled envelope. "This copy of IBID arrived just the other day. It was sent, surface mail from Teaneck to me in Melbourne, and it made it in three days. Not bad, eh?"

With that, Carruthers tamped down his pipe, finished off his gerbil and left, without paying the bill. I suppose he thought that his tale was worth the cost of a couple of drinks, and who am I to deny that.

ED COX DOODLE 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

October 1st, 1983

Dear Mr. Glicksohn:

At the time I wrote my editorial for GALLIMAUFRY I was living at the southest ern tip of Wisconsin and my esteemed colleague Mr. Locke was residing in the southestern tip of Ohio. A quick look at a map of the United States will show that we are separated by both the length and breadth of Illinois and Indiana. Mr. Locke, fully aware that I am prone to typographical errors, took it upon himself to correct the figure in the editorial to one more in keeping with your stature as a fannish writer. Mr. Locke could have called me to verify the sum as stated, but was no doubt loathe to do so lest he disturb me when I might have been thoroughly occupied with the job of grooming a cat.

fir. Locke probably spent many hours working over a hot calculator to determine the exact worth of your manuscript bearing in mind such variables as your stature, the number of fanzines you have written for, and the weather conditions in Toronto

at the time. After hours of hard work he finally arrived at \$1.87.

My colleague must have forgotten the financial wizardry of Mr. Wixon, who has had quite a bit of legal training, to arrange a price with you more in keeping with the budget of this magazine.

I hope that you find this explanation to be to your satisfaction. If you have

any manuscripts in the future, we will be happy to see them.

Sincerely,

[s] Joni Stopa Ms. Joni Stopa

J.R.S.

CC: Michael Glicksohn
Dave Locke

1st September 1985

Dear Joni & Mike & Mr. Wixon -

I have just gone through the archives to retrieve the original manuscripts for GALLINAUFRY #1. It was very dusty in there and I have used this as an excuse to fix myself another drink.

In comparing the originals with a copy of the first issue it's obvious that I had the impudence to occasionally change a word or two. All numbers, however, were printed as written.

I think, though, that I see the source of confusion. Where "\$1.87" appears on the original, there is a margin notation which reads "should be 5¢". I don't know who made the notation, but I recall thinking that it was probably written by Joni and therefore I treated it as an editorial criticism which required no action on my part. I also remember thinking that, in my opinion, the article was definitely worth more than 5¢, though I had reservations that it was worth the \$1.87 which I thought had been paid for it.

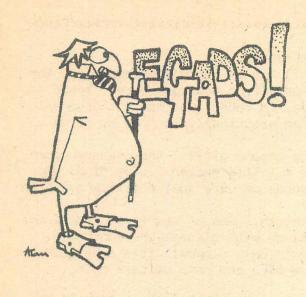
At any rate, I think this comes close to explaining the overall miscommunication. Let me repeat Ms. Stopa's comment that if Mike has any manuscripts in the future, we will be happy to see them. In fact, I think we should be willing to go as high as 10¢ for his next accepted manuscript, if only to allow for inflation.

Best & such,

[s] Dave Locke

DGL: ibm

mc: GALLIMAUFRY 1/2



MITH 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 appotite. I was hooked. I read all the SF the library had to offer. Then I discovered the pulps on the newstands.

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 <u>authors</u> 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 Gellevue 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

go into any rooms alone with strange men," was her refrain.

Now, I ask you, who's stranger than an SF fan? And in those long-ago days, the male fans were really quite shy. At least my pen-pals from New York were. Years later, at the BayCon, I was to run into one of them, Ed Addeo, who had authored a couple of SF books by then, and ask him why they had practically ignored me at my first convention.

"Well," he admitted, "we weren't used to being around girls. And when you turned out to be as attractive as your photos, we were a little scared ... we figured we didn't have a chance with you." He grinned. "I quess we were just a little naive in those days."

Not all the young male fans were like that, though. One of the first fans I met at my first convention was a short, dark-haired fellow with glasses who announced: "I'm going to sell you a subscription to my fanzine! Only a buck! It's a bargain! Here, look at it." He shoved it at me. "I'll have BNFs and name writers doing pieces for me."

So I gave him a dollar, and became a subscriber to Harlan Ellison's DIMENSIONS. I found out later that he was paying for his stay at the con by selling subs to the zine. Even then he was a natty dresser. I remember him wearing a black and yellow Hawaiian shirt; at one time I had a photo of him wearing it.

True to his promise he put out a good zine, when he found the time and money to get it out. I remember a full-color mimeo cover that he had to do twice because the P.O. returned the first batch with "postage due" stamped all over each one. It seems he had irritated the clerk at his local post office. Hard to believe, I know.

When people asked where the next issue was whenever they would meet him at a convention, Harlan would produce the stencils and hold them up to the light. "See how great it's going to be!", he'd brag.

Harlan introduced me to another New York fan (all right, Brooklyn) who also put out a fanzine. Bob Silverberg. The local bookstore provides empirical evidence that Bob has gone on to other things, but he still puts out a fanzine.

We would all wander around reading nametags and introducing ourselves. One older male fan peered at mine. "You're from Michigan? How come you haven't been to a MisFit Meeting?"

I told him I didn't know there was a club in Detroit, but I'd be delighted to

attend if they'd send me a meeting notice.

"I'm Howard DeVore. Come on and meet the rest of the Michigan fans who are here." He took me by the arm and we went up to a room. Thoughts of my mother's warnings crossed my mind.

The room was full of male fans of varying ages, all surprised to see a new femmefan from their area. I do remember George Young and Roger Sims, and another new fan,

Fred Prophet. attending his first convention, too.

That evening, since my mother had left, I was determined to stay up as late as I wanted. Freedom! Someone took me to a suite where there was a party going on. Asimov was there and Randy Garrett, trying to top each other's dirty limericks. It was marvelous to find my heroes were ordinary people. As the room became more and more crowded it was harder to move from one room to another. I remember Harlan out on the window ledge to get from one room to the other; yes, he did crazy things in those days, too.

There was another convention in the hotel at the same time. The Airbourne, who were much drunker and more raucous than fans could ever be. I remember two of them restraining a third from jumping down a stairwell. He was yelling "Geronimo!" as

they grabbed him.

I met a young male fan from North Carolina and had a few passionate moments in my room. It was lovely to be flattered and paid attention to ... something that was lacking in my life. I was known as 'the bookworm' and 'foureyes' by the fellows in my school.

My new friend and I parted, promising to write each other. We did for about a year. He wrote some fannish 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 Belle-

fontaine 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 Berrett 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,

both dear, charming people. But I still couldn't read his stories.

Go ahead to the Border Cities Con, in July of '54, held in Detroit, under the cupices of the MisFits. Almost all of the same faces seen at Midwestcon are present at this one.

A fan picnic was held on Belle Isle, a huge park on an island in the Detroit River. Local fans had used their cars to ferry people from the hotel to the park. The usual things were done: a baseball game, swimming, etc. Then Harlan decided that he had enough of this bucolic air and wanted to go back to the hotel. No car was available, so he decided to get one.

He called the police and asked if they could find George Young for him. No, the answer was, we only do things like that in an emergency. Harlan decided that this was an emergency. "Tell George that Roger Sims has drown!"

We weren't aware of what happened until the police and George arrived. George

was distraught. His bost friend was dead!

Roger walked up to find out what was going on. George was furious and <u>demanded</u> to know what was going on. For a few moments I thought there was going to be a real drowning: Harlan's.

After pacifying George and explaining Harlan's act to the police, everything calmed down. The police warned Harlan not to pull any more stupid pranks while he was in town, although by their demeanor displayed relief that this wouldn't be for long.

I went back home that first evening of the Con; unhappily, I might say. My mother was still worried about my reputation and virtue, you know. However, I decided the next day that I wasn't going back home to stay the night, one way or another. I had called my mother from the hotel and told her that I was sharing a room with a femmefan for the night. This, of course, was a lie. I intended to stay up all night if necessary, but I wasn't about to go home and miss a minute of the con.

Besides, no one sleeps at a convention. Do they? At least, not when they're

that young ...

Sometime during the wee hours of the morning, I ended up in Harlan's room that he was sharing with a fan from Baltimore, John Magnus. John was a contrast to Harlan: 6'4", blondish, with a lovely quiet wit.

We sat there talking until exhaustion set in, and the three of us ended up sharing the bed. A sort of fan sandwich, with me in the middle. We all remained fully dressed, of course. No orgies in those days, that I was aware of. Disappointing, isn't it? And here you were waiting for titillating details.

Maybe fans matured later in those days, or we were shyer.

Next morning I remember Harlan laying on the bed insulting John. John grinned, and didn't answer, just walked over and tipped the mattress and Harlan onto the floor, and sat down on the mattress with Harlan underneath it. There were muffled insults coming from under the mattress, and each time they came forth John would bounce up and down on the mattress a bit, grinning all the while.

Well, those are just a few of my recollections of early days in fandom. If any-

body has corrections or additions ... I'd be delighted to hear them.

Joni tells me that she has a number of John Magnus' old fanzines in her collection. Seems to me that I remember there being convention reports in them. I wonder how they would compare to what I've recounted? Memories sometimes become distorted with time.

Ah, memory flogging ...

EDCO, HERE TOO



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 Glyer, 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 loverlap 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 BVISCBIT DISINTEGRAF 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 examing 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 overtyping 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 12 pages. Here however another problem manifests itself and this is one that many new would-be-faneds 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 fanuriters, 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.

21 <><>

It isn't that the older or longer established fans are elitist. The fact is simply that competent fanwriters are at a premium in fanzine fandom. Good fanwriters are arse-deep in requests for material. I know. I have it on good authority that I am not among these better writers and yet even I get far more requests than I can cope with (including incidentally, one from Joy). It seems to me to be a perfectly understandable reaction that, given the choice between having my material published in a well-established fanzine, one whose production values and quality of content I admire (600NFARK, say) and the option of sending my material to Joy for a zine of, at the time, unknown quality, I should (and did) choose the former. OK, so I lied a bit about not being elitist. I care enough about my material that I want it to appear in the best fanzines I can get it into.

Before going any further, though, I'd like to back up a ways and try to make a few things clear. Firstly -- this isn't a sermon from the mount. I'm not handing you these opinions (and let's face it, that's all they are -- one man's opinion) as if you should treat them like they were carved into stone. They are simply my opinions, and how much importance you attach to them, how much respect you give them, depends entirely upon you. OK, but to give you some help in deciding how much weight you should give to my opinions I should explain some of my attitudes, help you to

get a clearer picture of where I'm coming from.

I don't like KTF reviewing. 'KTF' of course stands for 'Kill The Fuckers' and represents a style of reviewing which can be vastly entertaining, providing that you have no empathy for the poor fucker being killed. It's an ego thing. The reviewer builds up his own self-image as somebody-not-to-be-messed-with, and as he doesn't really care about the person on the other end he just goes out there and has a ball. Maybe he doesn't even see his victims as people, as easily hurt as he himself. To him they may simply be fanzine constructs who exist solely for him to use as he sees fit. After all, the purpose of his writing is to entertain and instruct, and if he destroys someone whilst entertaining us, for the sake of his 'art', then it's called 'credibility', and 'integrity'. He will insist on telling it like it is, calling it as he sees it, and to hell with the fact that these are people out there. The Romans used to destroy people and call it entertainment, but of course they were a sick society. We are fanzine critics.

Of course most fans aren't like this at all. We wouldn't willingly cause hurt to other fans. If we can't say something nice about a fanzine, then we say nothing at all. Also, we go out of our way to encourage fellow faneditors. We don't like saying "99% of your fanzine was a crock of shit" so we look for the good in the remaining 1% and tell them that they had neat layout. We damn with the faintest of praise. This tendency has led to the often proclaimed belief that the only alternative to KTF reviewing is a sickening blandness. The KTF reviewers have fed us this line so often that many of us have started to swallow it. I too have swallowed it in the past, but it hasn't sat well on my stomach and I've finally thrown it back up.

The reason they made us swallow it was that they were right, in a way. We do tend to take the easy way out, and there's no denying that "You have pretty good layout" was the easy way out. Not making waves, that is one of the easy ways. The con is that they've made us accept that their alternative is the only one and that, by being the opposite in approach, it must ipso facto be the hard and therefore true way. Crocks of shit come in many sizes.

You see KTF reviewing is itself simply another of the easy ways out. Providing that you don't care about the people you're hurting then it's awfully easy. They can dive right in and dazzle us with their brilliance, with all their dazzling maneuvers and bright coloured writing ... and we can appreciate it and marvel until we realise that the pretty colours are merely the wings that they've pulled off the butterflies. It may look clever, solid, 'important', but it's really just another case of 'easy'. And because we too have opted for the easy way, leaving the field to them by default, they have won.

Or have they? Maybe nearly ... but I think there may be more pockets of resistance than some people might imagine. As long as there are a few of us prepared to point to King KTF and say, "Lookit, Me, he's <u>naked!</u>", then they haven't quite won ... yet.

You see, there's nothing wrong with being critical. The fault with the KTF approach is the tone of the criticism. KTF comes across as at best uncaring, and at its worst, positively vicious and hurtful. And yet — it is inherent in my stance that it must be possible to be critical of someone's fanzine without being unnecessarily wounding. Indeed, if it isn't possible then we are truly lost. Well, possible it may be, but it ain't easy. I've gone over this piece, both in my mind and on paper, many times without yet getting it right, to the extent that I've found it necessary to come back to base with you and explain my plan. My problem is that having explained my credo, I've got to put up or shut up. "Show us," you will rightly shout ... and show you I must, or die trying.

Unfortunately I am not the right person to try putting my preachings into practice. My critical abilities, or rather my methods of expressing them, are hopelessly inadequate and untrained. My techniques, in the field of fanzine (or any other) criticism are at best crude and inept. Here I am, duelling with master swordsmen, and I'm not even sure which end of the sword is which. Worse, I will probably discover that my weapon, so bravely flourished, is in fact no more than a stick of celery which will be reduced to a helping of side-salad at the first encounter. I would like you to bear this in mind as you read on. If I fail, please don't dismiss it as a failure

of the plan and thus think the plan to be basically unworkable.

I'm not trying to cop out here, by appearing to assume failure. Look, I read somewhere that the writer is supposed to write as if he only had one reader - you. Well, that's OK, after all writing and reading is merely a whole skludgeful of one-on-one relationships. Already I've loused this up by reminding you that you are not alone, but let's face it, GALLIMAUFRY has more than one reader. Either that or Dave and Joni are lying to me. But don't despair. This does not devalue you and your contribution to the reader/writer composite. When it comes to me and you, we're still alone, still a unique combination. Far from there being just one of you, however, it is far more acurate to imagine hundreds of me at this end - each one of me currently involved in a one-on-one situation that is unique to us. The fact is that, because all these reader/writer pairs are unique, they're going to work out differently. In some of the combinations I may succeed. Some of the 'me's may fail and, either way, some of the successes or failures will be more glorious than others. So be it.

Now, before we turn back to the fanzine in question I must make one other point clear. Some of the things that I feel are wrong with SIC BVISCVIT are obviously attributable to the editors, but I also criticise some of the writing. In doing so, however, I am not criticising the writers, neither personally nor even as writers. They are presumably doing their best according to their abilities. They did not send this writing to me. It is difficult for a writer to properly judge his own work, especially new and beginning writers. We rely heavily upon the editors to whom we send our material to backstop us. From where I'm sitting, the bottom line is that poor writing in a fanzine is the editor's responsibility, and in this respect I think the contributors to this issue of SIC BVISCVIT are poorly served, most particularly the least practiced.

Of course, not all the writers in SBD are such tyros. Cath Easthope is adequate in a one-page article about a visit to Jackie Smith, publisher of a 'comix book' called 'True Life Stories' and Jackie Gresham can actually write rather well, but unfortunately she is present here only with a less than ½-page toss-off about tourists and Venice. In fact the only really long piece is, as I mentioned earlier, a 12-page 'article'. This is in fact the second installment of Iain Dickson's 'Travelling To Denvention'. Here is a young fan telling of what should by rights be one of his most exciting adventures. So what do we learn? America is boring. Well, perhaps it is,

I can't say for myself, but that is not the impression that I was left with after reading 'The Harp Stateside', 'The Goon Goes West', 'The Lindsay Report', 'ATom Abroad', 'Colonial Excursion', 'EpiTAFF', Jeeves' 'In The USA', and various episodes of 'The Transatlantic Hearing Aid'. Let me give you an example of Iain's prose, namely the first paragraph which is presumably intended to really grab our interest:

> "When we flew out of Newark, the air was very hazy with New York just visible in the distance on the opposite side of the Hudson River. As we flew down to Houston the weather continued to be cloudy which tended to reduce the sightseeing possibilities. On the other hand I did see 2 other planes very near to our own. "

And it's that exciting all the way through!

Facetiousness aside, it is dull. Far duller, actually, then indicated by my random selection of the first paragraph. There was one particular section that was so bad I simply couldn't bear flicking through to find it ... in case I succeeded. Besides, that would have been a bit too much like stacking the deck. That rather pedestrian opening paragraph is in fact probably the highspot. What Iain has failed to realise is that, unless you happen to be Inspector Clouseau, a straight recounting of events at great length will not be intrinsically interesting. Day-today trivia lacks drama and it is the responsibility of the writer to inject that drama for the benefit of his readers. It is the editors' responsibility to see where the writer has failed and to explain this to him and get a better version. 12 pages of dullness is a high price for the reader to pay for editorial weakness. What the editor must realise is that they are producing the fanzine for the readers. OK. for themselves first, but the readers come next. You are not producing it for your writers. That way all you are is a rather inferior form of vanity press. By being too easy-going, trying not to offend your writers, all you do is parade their mistakes before the eyes of fandom. The writers are the editors' material. The editor must work on the writer in order to get the writer to shape and reshape his or har material. No writer worth his salt will object to the principle of this. If he agrees he will rework his material. If he disagrees he will take it elsewhere. Either way, you are both doing your jobs. By trying to spare the writer's feelings all the editor succeeds in doing is showing him to be a schmuck before the eyes of the readers. The editor owes it to the writer to give him every chance to get it right. All of this assumes that the editors can recognise good material when they see it. In this regard there is one alarming item in SBD 3.

It is a Statement of Editorial Policy (listed as such on the contents page so we've gotta believe they consider it important) but all it boils down to is that they print what tickles their fancy. The really odd thing is that they produce exactly the sort of zine most new faneds produce, despite having been around fanzines long enough to be aware of better exemplars. It seems to me that they are too easily pleased, which is a problem common to most of us when we first get the itch to pub our ish. For instance, in this issue they reprint two items by Maureen Porter from the Women's Periodical Apa. Now I don't have the right qualifications to be a member of this apa, but the word is that it contains a high proportion of the best of current British fanwriting and, from what I've seen reprinted elsewhere, I'd have to go along with that. However, like most apas, it must also contain some dross and the really bewildering thing is why Joy and Dave should select these pieces to reprint. One is tempind; conclude that they have no critical abilities at all.

Let me quote the first sentence from Maureen's 'Real Oxford Guide':

"Depending on how the dollar stood in relation to the pound over the winter, the official tourist season starts in early March when large groups of portly men and women encased in loud check raincoats and improbable hats and festooned with every photographic device that the Japanese can produce begin to congregate at the ritual meeting places, the steps of the Sheldonian Theatre and the Bodleian Librarys Schools Quadrangle being particularly favoured because of the inconvenience caused to those engaged in such humble pursuits as work."

Pardon? It's simply inept (quickly, what depends upon the relationship between the pound and the dollar? Oh really? In what way?). That sentence strangles itself in its incompetence, forgetting half the things it should be saying whilst concerning itself with convolutions better left for whole new paragraphs. Yet presumably both Joy and Dave thought this so good as it stands that it just had to be reprinted unchanged for a wider audience. It is to boggle. I prefer to think otherwise. I prefer to think that they realised that, somewhere deep within this apparently first draft writing, there was a viable article struggling, however feebly, to get out, to be born.

If you're going to take somebody out where they might get run over you can at least give them the chance to change their underwear first. What they should have done is go back to Maureen and say, "Look, we think this might make a good article for SBD, if you're prepared to rework it." They could have pointed out any clumsinesses they saw, and then it's up to the writer. All they've managed to do, this way, is leave me with the impression that Maureen Porter can't write very well, which may or may not be true. I simply don't think she had a fair crack of the whip.

So what's to be done about it? After all, there's no point in dwelling at such length on such a minor zine's shortcomings if we can't at least make some constructive suggestion. After all, surely the direction of my comments so far is that, barring accidents like talent and ability, it's inevitable that new zines by new editors, featuring new writers, will be strictly second—rate ... isn't it? Not so! The first thing to do is identify the problem or, if the problem is too vast, a rectifiable element of it. In this regard I am indebted to Mike Glicksohn, Canadian bon-vivant and cradle—snatcher extraordinaire who, in a recent LoC on my fanzine said:

"I differentiate (to myself usually) between 'fanwriting' and 'fanzine-writing'. I think of 'fanwriting' as that fanzine material which directly relates to fanzines and to fandom, D. West's 'Performance' for example. 'Fanzine-writing' is writing by fans on topics of general interest which just happens to get published in fanzines. Much of Eric Mayer, any of Bob Shaw's pieces on his various jobs etc."

We will quickly skip over the fact of me having the chutzpah to run LoCs on SMALL FRIENDLY DOG in somebody else's fanzine and try to apply this observation of Mike's to SBD. But first, it is Mike's subcategorization of fanzine material for which I'm indebted (1. relates to fanzines and to fandom, and 2. topics of general interest), and not necessarily the labels themselves. It may be best to let 'fanwriting' mean writing by fans and 'fanzine writing' mean writing that appears in fanzines, and go find other labels for the fine distinction which Mike has observed. In the absence of an eliminations contest, and because this is my column, after all, for purposes of this discussion let's use the timeworn 'faanwriting' for the fanzine/fandom related material, and for the general-interest/all-else category let's use 'general-fanwriting', a term which just sprang fully-grown from my eyebrows.

So, how do we apply this division of fanzine material to SBD? Very, very carefully, is how. Like porcupines making love, because we are treading a very narrow path here. We must be careful not to give anyone the impression that we are telling a faned the type of material they ought to publish. In fact we mustn't apply these thoughts to SBD at all, but must now make hypothetical statements about hypothetical fanzines, merely point out some facts of life, and if the editors of SBD happen to be looking over our shoulder whilst we are making them, and think to themselves, "Gosh, now there's an idea..." then that's strictly their affair. So what are these facts of life?

We like to read about ourselves. We are part of fandom and we like to read about fandom. We enjoy reading fanzines, else we wouldn't bother reading them (unless of course your name happens to be Mike Ashley in which case your motives are opaque to us lesser mortals). We even like reading about fanzines. It's only natural. Following Mike's definition, faanwriting has a head start in that we are all interested in the subject matter. Faanwriting can get by on a lower level of ability than general fanwriting because of this advantage. General fanwriting will stand or fall solely on the quality of its execution. Thus, if the writers are inexperienced and still developing their abilities, they will get a better reaction by producing faanwriting.

Of course it is first of all essential that the editor wants to produce such material. Getting back from the hypothetical to the specific, turning once more to SOD 3 ... Joy and Dave publish both faanwriting and general fanwriting. In fact, in their first issue it was Joy's piece on 'differences' within the Birmingham Group which topped the lot because of its subject matter. To summarise therefore, providing that you are happy publishing both types of material, then slanting it a certain way will draw a more favourable response for developing writers and editors. Be aware of the choices you are making. I can't believe that any editor publishes with the sole purpose of making my letterbox go "clunk". On the evidence of SBD 3 I get the feeling that they are publishing it because they want to be the editors of "..one of them spiffy fanzine things" like I said in the first installment of this column, and that simply isn't a very good reason.

Contact though, is an excellent reason for publishing a fanzine. One of the great advantages of fanzine fandom, I have always felt, is that wherever I go I take my fanzine with me and, as my contacts with fandom are through my fanzine then it makes no difference where I am. Fans whose main area of activity is in socialising with a local group have distinct problems if they end up on the Isle of Mull, where the local BNF is a seagull who once crapped on the head of someone who knew a guy whose brother once saw somebody reading a Star Trek novel. A convention fan who finds himself promoted 'Head of The Entire Bolivian Operation' is also going to find the going a might rough.

Thus we find Mike Dickinson and Jackie Gresham publishing the best British fanzine currently coming out of Italy. Well, OK, so it's the only one, but it is good and would probably be the best even if there were several. The issue at hand is SPAGHETTI JUNCTION 2 and again, like SIC BVISCVIT ... the production values are nothing to write home about. Ten xeroxed pages, but this time the content is good enough to compensate for the poor visual appearance. This issue is entirely editor(s) writeen, and both Mike and Jackie write interestingly. Jackie takes the first half of the zine to tell of her experiences of TV studio-audiences in a couple of linked anecdotes whilst Mike gives Italian Cuisine the thumbs-down and also makes some remarks on the general tackyness of souvenirs. General fanwriting, with no protensions to anything else, but well done. Write and ask them for a copy because I'm sure you'll find this zine a rewarding experience and I know they'd like to hear from you bloody hell, when you're stuck watching Italian television you'd even welcome a letter from Claude Degler.

"Why did I start doing this something-zine in the first place?" asks Nigel Richardson in the first issue of FOR PARANOIDS ONLY, conveniently playing right into my hands. With refreshing honesty he answers by saying that it's the easiest way to get lots of fanzines by return. It's true. One of my main reasons for publishing is that I get more fannish involvement, with less effort on my part, than I could obtain by any other method. This year I will have received about 350 fanzines, or roughly one-a-day, not to mention all the LoCs I've gotten, and all this mainly by producing about 150 copies of a single issue of SFD. To achieve even a fraction of this involvement by means of correspondence or writing articles and columns for other editors' fanzines would require so much more effort on my part that I suspect I would have been long since gafiated if left to such devices.

Nor am I content these days with just any sort of involvement. I want to entertain. When I first started publishing I produced a genzine not too dissimilar in both style and quality to SIC BVISCVIT... Now I produce a fanzine which features my own writing much more prominently. The other year I once more produced an issue of a genzine, to scratch a specific itch, and thought it rather good (though I says so as shouldn't) but I did not get from it the type of satisfaction I now require and accordingly I've no immediate plans to follow it up. Back instead to my personalzine. Skel-as-editor is not a facet of my fannish personna that I currently wish to develop. Skel-as-writer, that's what interests me now. I want to write. So too, I suspect, does Nigel Richardson, for I feel he was being less than completely frank when he gave his reasons for publishing his fanzine. Elsewhere in the issue he mentions throwing away his first novel, or rather the first fifty-odd pages of it, unefinished. Shortly afterwards he writes that he is over thirty pages into its replacement. To me this indicates a guy who feels a need to write.

Fortunately Nigel is also a guy who can write. He is one of those exceptions to the general rule that I spoke of earlier. Not that he won't get better with practice, but fortunately some people start off so far ahead of the pack that their earliest efforts surpass even the eventual goals that some of us are constrained to set ourselves. In all honesty I have not been so impressed by anyone's first issue since I first came across something by a guy called Langford. The writing in FOR PACKNOIDS ONLY is erudite, witty, often extremely funny, and never takes itself too seriously. If I have a single fault to find with Nigel's style and material it is that he seems to lack empathy. He seems to look upon certain groups as targets at which to point fun (and make no mistake, when he points fun, it's funny) whilst forgetting that they are human beings and that there are generally reasons why they display the characteristics with which he makes such play. However, this is a minor cavil so who's perfect, for god's sake?

The material in this first issue includes a 2½ page convention report, some delightful 'Niven & Pournelle' apocrypha which I wouldn't mind betting becomes a widespread fannish tradition very much akin to the way that 'Feghoots' were taken up by an earlier generation of fans, and "A Dictionary of Fannish", amongst other bizarro delights. There are also personal reminiscences about the time he worked for the Civil Service, an odd landlord, thots on the Miss World contest, working for British Telecom, being on the dole, lists of his favourite books and records, comments on the Book Marketing Council, and quite a lot else. A pot-pourri of ideas and entertainment. Sixteen mimeographed pages of sheer joy. If you are under the impression that I can't recommend this too highly then you're demned right. I said I wanted to tip you off to some of the better stuff you might otherwise miss out on — well, this is it.

All the zines mentioned in this column are available for the 'usual' from:

STC EVISCUIT DISTRITEGRAF 3 · Joy Hibbert & Dave Rowley: 11 Rutland St., Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs.,

STI 5JG, England.

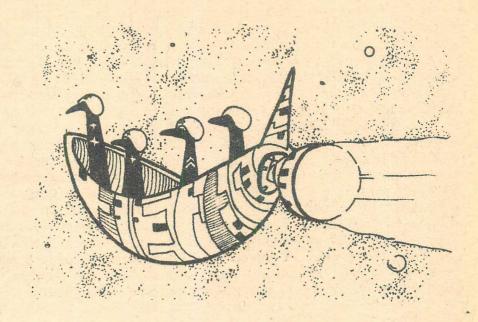
SPACETTI JUNCTICN 2 · Jackie Gresham & Hike Dickinson: Via V. Veneto, 9, C5, 21013 Gallarate (Va.),

Italy.

FOR PARABORES ONLY 1 · Nigel E. Richardson: 9 Windsor Green, E. Garforth, Leeds, LS25 ZLS, England

THE PAISLEY
RUBBER ROOM

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 newsgathering 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 Glyer, 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 prosence 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-personalzine — extremely strong editorial presence mixed in with a couple of outside contributions to a d a touch of different flavor to the stew. Unlike genzines, such as HOLIER THAN THOU or even GALLIMAUFRY, 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 personalzine 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 flayer'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 barelimbed 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 eerilly 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 elots, 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 Ameteur 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, dicting 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. mineo. 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 sethis 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 letterguide 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 natter -- 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 Cubonicon, the gathering hosted by the local Albuquerque crew each year.

If you're interested in reading the opinions of an independent, crusty-minded individual who's not afraid to step on some toes when he feels it's needed, then DY-NATRON would be well worth your time. I've been reading it for a dozen years or so and haven't been bored yet — and that's not as offhanded a compliment as you might think.

So, what does constitute a personalzine?

Roytac, who touches on that very topic in DYNATRON #84, gives his definition thusly: "To me a personalzine is one of those things wherein the editor/publisher bares his, ah, soul, so to speak, and tells the readers of his lovelife, or lack thereof, his long addiction to Nestle's Quik, his struggles against the revages of Twonk's Disease and other miscellaneous personal revelations that sometimes leads to his classification as a Type Fifteen fan."

Barring the fact that I haven't the foggiest notion of what a "Type Fifteen" fan is, I tend to disagree with that statement. To me a personalzine is the sort of zine where you can 'hear' the editor, where you gain some notion of the sort of person he or she is and the type of things which matter to them. Most genzines and newszines, by their very natures cannot do this, but today, with the growing number of so-called Ensmalled fanzines, perhaps the personalzine is coming into its own once more — with a slight difference from earlier incarnations. Mixed in with contributions from outsiders, but still selected with personal interests and viewpoints in mind (much more so than the material in a typical genzine), the small (8 to 24 pp. or so), frequent fanzine offers readers a better grasp on what the editors are like than many of the previous personalzines ever accomplished. I, for one, applaud their appearance, and hope they all continue to show up in my mailbox — keeping me in touch with others in the wide, diverse, and oft-times confusing world of fandom.

poem · · · by Ronald Edward Kittell

ALTHOUGH

they only come in one color

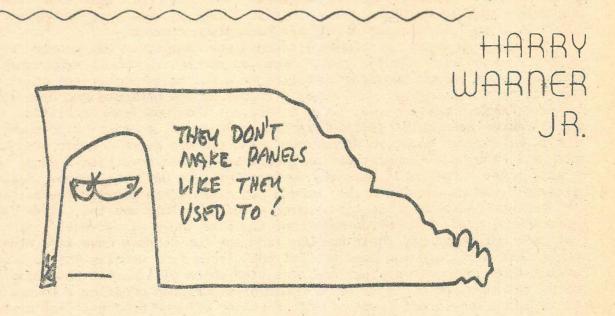
the stain is the same

when you're out and in doubt

use automatic drip coffee filters

for ass wipe

THEY PAID ME TO ATTEND CONS



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 conventioneers 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 disciblusioned 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

exotic animals, had a little zoo somewhere in the New York City area, and later became a big name in flying saucer circles. I kept my cool, not betraying the fact I didn't know why he'd chosen me for his Hagerstown contact.

It was some weeks later when I learned why Hagerstown was hosting the cave fans' national convention. At the time, there was no cave fandom in Hagerstown. But the national organization had been suffering an awful controversy over which city should host its next convention. One night a couple of the officers had been driving down the East Coast, debating what to do to prevent the fuss from escalating. The interstates hadn't been built yet and traffic on Route 11, a major north-south highway, went right through downtown Hagerstown. The two men weren't quite sure where they were until they saw "Hagerstown" on a building or business firm's sign. They looked at each other. "We don't have any members here, do we?" one asked. "All right. Let's hold the convention here. Nobody can claim we're playing favorites then."

Another national convention scared me badly. This was the Circus Fans of America's annual con. Circus fandom's cons are like those of science fiction fandom in that most attendees pay their own way, and the two fandoms have some other things in common like a lot of nice people. But the circus fans usually try to stage their national convention in a place and at a time which will permit attending a circus as one of its highlights. I've never heard of a worldcon offering a chance for everyone to watch the latest issue of ANALOG coming off the presses. The circus which was playing in Hagerstown at the time of the CFA convention arranged one special performance for nobody but those attending the con and a few of their guests like one reporter, me. It was my first chance in several years to go to a circus and I was enjoying it until tremendous eruptions of lightning and thunder accompanied by a gale-like wind caused the tent to sway and billow out like the climax of a Cecil 3. Demille epic and the elephants and lions to prepare to break loose from their restre aints and distract themselves from their apprehensions by jumping into the grandstand. I looked around to see if my end would be more apt to come from a collapsing center pole or from the hysterical gorilla and I realized I was alone in my emotions. All around me, the CFA members looked as blissfully happy as if they were already in paradise. I realized that the absolute ultimate in a circus fan's career would be to have a big top fall down on him. The storm veered toward another part of Hagerstown just before the CFA members experienced the subject matter for many an article in circus fanzines and before I leaped for protection into the bearded lady's arms.

Sometimes I think one reason why I don't go to fandom's cons very often is the surfeit of cons I attended because of my job. The bulk of congoers behave in much the same way, whether it's the Elks or science fiction fandom sponsoring the event. The first time I attended one of science fiction fandom's cons, a Phillycon in the early 1960s, I could hardly believe I wasn't at work, because everything seemed so similar to what I'd so often experienced, apart from the topics of the formal talks and a few traditional science fiction features. Most people drink too much at cons, whether it's ours or theirs. There's the same milling in corridors and lobbies at mundane cons as at science fiction cons while the official program is in progress. Every organization which stages cons has a few colorful characters who are the equivalent of the 8ob Tuckers, Jay Kay Kleins, and Isaac Asimovs of science fiction, always visible, known to everyone, the subject of bright remarks by toastmasters.

But the cons I got paid to attend weren't all the same. The Grangers' cons were ones I looked forward to because they were the soberest events and I didn't need to worry about getting erroneous information from drunk publicity officers or officials. The volunteer firemen had no competition at all for their status as the wildest cons, the hardest to cover because nobody had any thought other than a roaring good time. The Maryland Horticultural Society always staged its con in Hagerstown because it's close to the state's largest orchard belt and I had a terrible time trying to make sense of highly technical speeches about sprays and diseases involving fruit trees until I discovered its secretary, Dutch Vierheller. He not only took notes on every panel and talk but also had the rare gift of knowing how to translate orchardist

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 conventioneers 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.



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

"Tello Terry" I said, "have you had Galli..."
"Gallimaufry" 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."

"!hat?" he said.

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

"Hell, there was ..."

"I thought it was a pretty neat idea running the two lots of fuz reviews by US and Drit 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.

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

"Well, you've met more US fans than I have" said Terryll. "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..."

"Gallimaufry" 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."

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

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

"Gallimaufry" said Terry.

"Yeah, Gallimaufry editors" I said.

So.

BOB TUCKER .. Bloomington, Illinois

If Data had stayed longer on Greada, 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, warders 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 Durmside 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 Lana's piece! Of course, meither 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."]

The zine looks good -- good art, nice printing, graphics. Even the articles are good too. One advantage of being in fandom for as long as you have, is that you have cultivated the friendship of good fanwriters, many of whom seemed more than happy to send a contribution. Haybe when I get as old as ... er, uh, when I've been in fandom for a while longer I can get some of the better writers to help me, too.

[Careful there, Lan... But there's no cultivation involved. it's all plying, wheedling, and cajoling.]

Jackie forgot to mention my little genzine with 50-pages per issue lately as one of the large, expensive zines publed. LAM'S LAMERN has certainly cost me a lot to produce, and I continue to do so because I like it. I've been asked about the money to produce it, and I say that it's like any hobby; you put time and money into it because you like doing it. Anyway, I figure that it had been such a long time since I hast publed an issue, Jackie may have thought it had died. And it almost did — till I got some money together to get it printed.

One of the better articles was Jodi's. Ms. Offutt was right on the money about dead-dog parties, or parties in general being held at fans' homes. The worst ones are those at parents' houses, whether there are parents there or not. I have seen fans act like pigs (as the cartoon depicts), and I have also seen fans act very respectfully. The worst situation is the dead-dog party, mainly because most fans would still be in "convention" mode, and thus do some of the things Jodic mentioned — drop ashes on the floor, spill drinks, popcorn and other munchies, etc. Nethinks that if the situation were to arise at a future con, that the dead-dog was at a fan's home, it would not be unvise to remind everyone of that fact — that it is a home, and not the hotel.

The article on the energy crisis by Larry Tucker was interesting and funny, and as a parting shot I must include my praise for the front and back covers. Joan Hanke-Woods' art is terrific, and it repros so well. Congrats on a good start.

JEAN WEBER · · Lyneham, Australia

Your layout puts the rest of us to shame. I mention that because first I usually flip through a fanzine getting a 'feel' for it, before settling down to read.

Joui, your explanation of the 'long time in the making' does not inspire one to contribute to a second issue! Though the contents, both written and drawn, would certainly make good company for any manuscript.

Good job in your editorial, Dave, of telling something between the lines while spending 3 pages saying why you won't tell it.

I guess my favorite piece was Alaina Cooper's introduction to Mark, though I probably would have enjoyed it even more if I knew either or both of them.

35 <><>

No doubt zillions of readers will make smide remarks about Skel's comments on "only" one delivery of mail on Saturday, versus two on weekdays. Please add my name to the list.

Jodie Offutt's serious piece is good, too, and on a topic that frequently upsets and annoys me.

All in all, a pleasant zine and one which I hope I won't have to wait years for the next issue of.

[Quick, Mr. Peabody, turn on the Way-Back Machinell GEORGE FLYNN · · Warren, Rhode Island

I recently borrowed a copy of GALLHAUTRY (1), and I wanted to let you know that I liked it a lot. Unfortunately, I have my usual problem: while I really like "the light, the witty, the humorous" famoriting, I am rotten at doing it myself.

As it happens, I am also widdle ages of your generation, though maybe not in farmish terms: while I'm old enough to have gotten into fandom in 1954 (when I in fact bought my first prozine), I didn't actually get around to it for another 15 years. (I had this vague impression that fans were weird people who did silly things; eventually it occurred to me that I was a waird person who enjoyed doing silly things...)

You certainly showed interesting timing in printing Dana Siegel's piece on Grenada. No sooner do you come out with a light little piece on a revolution and "invasion" than a dead-serious counterpart follows. Tell me, does this make you the least bit worried about what to print in your next issue?

IMell, George, yes it did. We had several prophetic articles lined up, but delay in publication kept us from getting advance notice to our readers on such things as airplane hijackings, ricts in England (post-TAFF, even), and discovery of the Turin Codpiece. As a consequence, we had to pass them up.1

CHUCH HARRIS .. Horthants, England

GALLHAUFRY is not only a fine original title, it's near enough a synonym for FARRAGO ... a title I hope to use myself the very next time I fall victim to the stencil cutting urge.

IFARRAGO was the title of a genzine, short-lived, put out somewhere in the mid to late Seventies by erst-while superfan Donn Brazier to satisfy his urge to publish amateur fiction. In looking through a Thesaurus to find a suitable word to describe a preposterous mixture, along the way to tumbling over "gallimautry" there was a tumble over "farrago" and several other old time fanzine titles. Obviously neither editor here is Daniel Boone, and this particular trail had been walked before. Twas a strange but amusing feeling.

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 Faul Skelton (and I didn't even know Skel's first name was Paul, either). I'm a sort of idiot-savant of PAFF (Bont-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 problen is that I read something that I imagine is a completely original and novel concept, entiruse 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 MICROHAVE. To me, out of all the English fameditors 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 fire that tries to please everybody dies an early death. Somer 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 Leel contributed, hordes of the living dead turned up again, writing, letterhacking, and even publishing. Once Terry discriminates a little, MICROMAVE will be a fantastic milestone fiz.

TERRY CARR .. Oakland, California

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

Nost of the material seems to come from members of that enormous mass of more or less Midwest confams 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 pu've wheedled and whipped them to their typewriters. The results, by and large, strike me as goodnatured and at times pretty furny — Alaina 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 writter word. Nevertheless, I winced mary a once, not even during the piece by that arch-lidwest-confan Mike

Glicksohn, 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 fanzines that we might want to check into.

The two editorials may have set a record for covering more cliched famish 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 familine done had enough remarkable things in it to lift it considerably above the level of fameditorials that complain about the difficulty of getting one's favorite color of Twil-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, Pave, tell us how you got into fandom, and about the first fan you met, and your first convention, at least you did ship over the most cliched subject of all: Now I Discovered Science Fiction. Good for you. Sturdy fan.

I liked both the front and back covers by Jean Marke Woods; she seems to be tunning into my favorite fanartist. (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.)

ITo 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 anything 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 HONE. 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 fauzine. 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 fauzines 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 famnish legend than Astrid Anderson produced a digest-sized famzine 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 breech and asked him for an article... Two weeks later, at Midwestcon, 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, Hilwaukee 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 then 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 friexis! I'm starting to thin this fanzine business may not be the best route to fame and glory after all...

It appears that I read Skel's column on a Saturday so I had little sympathy for his Sunday blues. Then you live in a country that has one delivery a day, no hail 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 fannish writers around so even though I'm not moved by his short periods without paper egoboo I enjoyed his column and lower to it being a regular feature. And it's a nice complement to Jackie's work on recent US famzines, 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
usace?). 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 famzine 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 fixing.) 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 mait 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 famzine 30 years after the first one I published. I'm not so sure you'll be able to "bypass the sercon famish" though. Not with mad genii 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 famish stuff. It's fascinating to find Skel in this particular context. There's something sleek and shark-like about his famish persona and to find him cavorting in this barrel of ingratiating midwestern fish is a bit disconcerting ... cops, this isn't intended as a snide crack: I have nothing against regional famishness 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.

ITO Richard, from Joni: I can't quite see my midwestern fanwriters as ingratiating fish -- they are more like amicable pike. Looked at in this context, Skel looks less sharklike and more Porpoiseful.]

[To Dick, from Dave: I keep carping at Joni about puns like that, but she has a whale of a good time thinking them up.]

SKEL .. Stockport, England

Received my copy of CALLMAURY (isn't that the planet that Dr. The comes from?) #1 some time ago but the last hot days of our energy-sapping summer were upon us and this letter became, like everything else, just one more bit of unac'd fanac. In fact what has triggered this letter off is Dave's letter in IZZARD #7. What really croggled me was that first quote you gave, Dave, from John D. MacDonald's FREE FALL IN CRII SON, which I've just reread. In the rereading I made a note of, and typed out, that self same quote about myths as mountains, intending to run it in SFD and so share it with other fans. Now I don't need to bother. To increase the croggle-factor to something approaching croggle-factor five, I also thought hard on that other quote you gave from the same source before deciding it didn't quite fit with what I try to do when I run such quotes in SFD. It's really weird that, from an entire novel, we should both zero in on the same two passages. It certainly is a Glicksohnian

I like the feel that GALLIMAUFRY has. I'm not so happy with Larry Tucker's line 'Remember self-winding watches?". Hell, I've got a self-winding watch. I resent the implication that I am, all by myself, a technological backwater. We don't all have quartz-LCD watches, you know. I mean, I could've bought one for less than I paid for this model ... but, what the hell, I prefer the old-fashioned watchface, with fingers going round the dial. With the current deterioration in educational standards, with people leaving school who can't read or write, I can't get over the feeling that digital watches are only popular because vast numbers of kids are growing up to buy watches these days, who can't even tell the fucking time any other way. I have an old-fashioned watch and I feel elitist about the fact ... how stupid can you get?

[If you really want to be old-fashioned, get a sundial. Adjusting for local time is a real bitch, though]

Anyway, GALLIMAUFKY was triffic in a low-key, selfindulgent sort of way but it should really take off with the second issue and the presence of a letter column which will help establish that dialogue which all zines need -- the first issue is one-way traffic which prevents it being better.

[LoCs are what fuel a genzine, and mailing comments are what fuel an apazine. What fuels, we.]

HARRY WARNER, Jr. . · Wagerstown, Maryland

The first thing the initial issue of GALLHAUFRY inspired me to do was ponder destiny. The editors have Wilmot Mountain and Alpine Avenue as their addresses, and I start my LoC with a Summit Avenue number. I suppose it would be the height of absurdity to find a pattern in all this, so I won't raise any other philosophical considerations and shall proceed to comments which will rigidly conform to my customary molehill level of ingenuity.

Of course I was glad to see a good-sized new fanzine, particularly one as filled with fine writing as this one. A few pages left me feeling neofamish because they obviously depend on personal acquaintance with individuals whose fanac has been mostly at conventions.

I wonder how many atlases have acquired penciled circles in fans' homes since you distributed this issue? The marking would be on the page showing New York and surrounding states and the circle's radius would be the same as the 200-mile distance shown on the little scale of miles explanation down in the corner of the map. At the center of this circle would be Indian Lake, of course. Once a reader of CALLHAWFRY had penciled in the circle, he would need only to search his memory or query old fans about the identity of any fans who may have been active in areas along that circle in the early 1960s. Then he could tentatively identify this special kind of animal-loving fan.

[Dave to Harry: Might work, but it later turned out that there were four fans within 200 miles, and then a bit later there were six fans. There were actually six fans all along, but I learned of them in ones and twos, and either visited or received visits from all of them in the early 1960s. But at the time I met my first fan, he was the only one I knew of within easy distance. Also, I was too young to appreciate the encounter at the time, not that I'd want to incur it again right now.]

So far, I've been lucky with fan visitors. They have trickled in over the years, sometimes by invitation and sometimes without advance warning. The worst damage caused in my home by a fan wasn't capable of being blamed on someone behaving as if in hotel rooms. One visiting fan sat down at my piano. Before he touched it I told him it's old and can't withstand being pounded loudly. Then he began to pound it unmercifully and created major damage to some of its intestines. Now I don't let any fan touch the piano, pointing out that it's even older and frailer than I am. This always seems to impress the visitors to an extreme degree and I haven't had trouble with piano damage since that one episode.

There's one other difference in postal terminology which even Paul Skelton overlooked. I don't have a

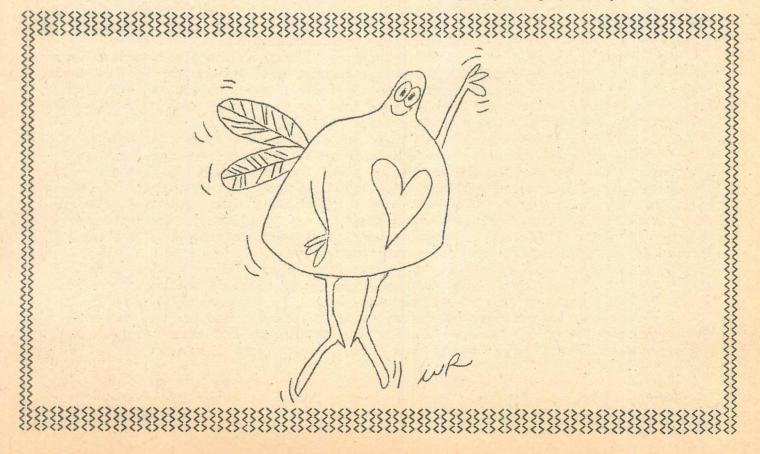
mailman to correspond with his postman, because I have a mailwoman (who arrives an hour earlier than the man who formerly handled the same route and never leaves other people's mail in my box). But I can sympathize with Paul's Sunday miseries. When I was about twelve years old, I becam to suffer from headaches on Sunday morning so severe that my folks took me to the doctor. He hardly examined me at all. Instead he remembered how he had suffered severe headaches on Sundays when he was a boy and had ended them by stopping his practice of attending both Sunday school and church each Sunday morning. By folks arranged for me to do something on Sunday mornings other than my former long session reading the newspapers and working their cryptograms and sure enough, my headaches disappeared.

The National LoC Writing Service has been born none too soon for at least one superannuated and weary lochack. I assume that Goose Gisleson's new service will include some sort of mechanism for notifying me that the work has already been done for me on this or that issue of such and such a fanzine, and that he will not require too large a kickback from the lochacks whose labors he mitigated.

bothering me in a serious way. I've been very consistent over the years in not accepting any payment for anything I do in fandom. But there have been some borderline circumstances in which I haven't been sure about the proper procedure. Once a large con needed something for its program book and I was commissioned

to do the article. In that instance, I refused the check that I was offered on the theory that cons are still fan projects, no matter how thoroughly they are becoming disguised as pro-oriented activities. But what about an article on fandom for a book that will be professionally published and sold through mundame distributors? Then there were the two large fan history manuscripts I committed years ago. I have been accepting royalty checks twice a year from Advent for ALL OUR YESTERDAYS, partly because Advent is a thoroughly professional firm, partly because I spent on postage and paper and other matters a very large sum of money, doing research and writing that book, and I doubt if the royalties to date are much in excess of those expenses. I haven't accepted money for a fanzine since I sold the last copy of the last issue of SPACENAYS some time in late 1942 or early 1943. But suppose I suffer financial reverses, will my spirit of amateurism be strong enough to overcome the knowledge that I could realize a consisiderable amount of money for necessities of life from all those fanzines in the attic?

Jackie's fanzine reviews are fine. I wonder if there could be a comparison made between these aroual predictions of the end of the large genzine and the farewell tours that famous actors and singers used to stage year after year in the era when there was live theater in every good-sized city. It must be at least six or eight years since we began to expect the complete disappearance of the large fanzine. But it continues to bob up, not as frequently, but persistently.



COEDITING WITHOUT UNDUE TEARS



The task at hand, again, is to find something to write about. One of these eons I may lay hands on this process and get it all down cold.

Actually, I hope I don't.

I think I'll write about coediting. Not because there's something in particular that I'm bursting to say about it, but because the subject has come to mind and this sheet of white draft paper is not getting any darker just from staring at it.

It was long ago that I discovered fanwriting was not often generated by the method of staring at blank paper and grunting with mental strain, though for some reason I still try it that way from time to time. Nowadays, however, I usually stop short of carrying it to the point where beads of blood stand out on my forehead. Going that far might generate inspiration on what to write about, but what often follows is that I pass out and then can't remember the idea upon awakening.

So, these days, my stare is not so intense. I look at the blank sheet of paper, set my mind to spinning much like the bullet chamber in a six-shooter, get my hands ready to form words in case they come tumbling forth without notice, and sit there looking expectant. Since 1961, when I came into fandom, I have spent more time look-

ing expectant than many mothers of very large families.

And now it is time to give birth to an editorial on the subject of coediting. Somehow this seems appropriate in a fanzine which is coedited, and seems apt when written by a fan who has had the variety of coediting background ('experience' seems the wrong word, for some reason) that I've lived through. Note how easily I rationalize this choice of topic. Often the best thing about an idea, when I finally give birth to it, is the umbilical cord which seems to tie that idea to the setting where it would be used. This is why I spend several paragraphs talking about the umbilical cord while the idea dangles and cries out from inattention.

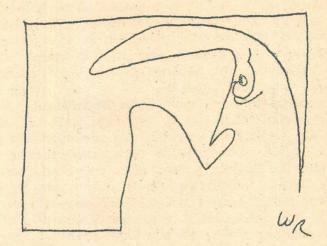
My first coedited fanzine was, and still is at times, PELF. This is coedited with long-time friend David Hulan, and our first issue came off the press in 1962. He was 24 and I was 17. Now I'm 41, he's 48, my son is 18, and the fanzine is 23. Excuse me for this excessively revelatory burst of numbers, and for the fact that I need another drink to calm myself from all the timebinding and memory flogging and mental bobbling which these numbers call forth. What? Yes, thank you, I feel better now.

One of the beauties of coediting, as David and I found out, is that the mechanical aspects of doing a fanzine (sometimes crudely referred to as "the shitwork" and encompassing everything from Addressing to Stamp-licking) can be divided up on a

EDITORIAL

BY

DAUE



who-hates-it-least basis. This works well when editorial druthers are sufficiently dissimilar and divide up adequately well, which was the case here.

One of the beasts of coediting, as David and I found out, is that the mood to generate another issue doesn't often strike two people in unison. Coeditors alternately run hot and cold on the subject. Married couples know the problem. When one is ready the other has a headache, which is usually brought about by the thought of getting ready.

There was one issue, during PELF's genzine period in the late Sixties and early Seventies, when I was perpetually ready and David had a prolonged headache. Our contributors were ready, too, and told me so one day when most of them were over at my apartment and running barefoot through my wet bar. I told them that everything was on stencil except for my illustrious coeditor's editorial. They asked why this was so, and I told them it was so because David hadn't written it yet. They asked why that was so, and I volunteered the inside information that I needed another drink. When I finished mixing it and turned around, everyone was gone. They were all in the other room, running sheets of paper through my typewriter and taking turns writing sections of "David's editorial". When it was finished they handed it to me and then trooped back to the living room to fix another round.

This was my first experience in publishing an editorial not prepared by my coeditor. With the next issue, we turned PELF into a perzine...

Then, in the mid Seventies, there was a run of three issues of a general distribution perzine, with lettercol and outside articles, called SHAMBLES, which had no relation to the Cthulhu mythos except by comparison with its relation to reality. With consideration to its reception -- reader response, reviews, material reprinted, and even Faan Award nomination -- and to the enjoyment that Ed Cagle and I had in creating it -- which included three halfway cross-country visits, innumerable nefarious esoteric ploys some of which actually got carried out, and the process-orientation of a burgeoning friendship -- for such a short-lived publication it has to be my favorite of all I've been involved with before or since.

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

down to crank out an editorial for the first SHAMBLES his brain got pinched and he produced a single, short page. After a bit of discussion and headscratching, I offered him the intriguing prospect of receiving a copy of his own fanzine and being surprised at his own contribution to it. It worked well for the first issue, was unnecessary for the second, and in retrospect was clumsily done for the third. SHAMBLES was, however, the birthplace of the hot-typewriter "Dialog With Two Hams", which was simply two fans reacting off of each other in print, which I've subsequently revived to good effect in PELF (with David Hulan) as a 'bridge' between two editorials, and also in OUTWORLDS (with, so far, Walt Willis, Steve Leigh, Denise Parsley Leigh, Mike Resnick, and Buck Coulson) as a skewed and participatory 'interview'.

Also in the mid-70s were seven issues of a group effort which was the brainchild of Charles Burbee. Many were involved from time to time, including such as Bill Rotsler, Jackie Causgrove, David Hulan, and Dean Grennell. The ongoing perpetrators included Burb, EdCo (Ed Cox), and me. If you can imagine a blending of genzine and one-shot, THE BEST LINES is probably one of the few examples that will come to mind. It went through FAPA, to the FAPA waitlist, and to a general distribution mostly of Burbee's choosing. Mechanically, everyone would show up at (usually) Burb's and Cora's place, or my place, with material stencilled and in hand. We would then proceed to eat and drink ourselves to the point of semi-mobility before beginning the true one-shot portion of this fanzine: a round-robin 'editorial' which almost always disentigrated into incoherence before we could wrap it up and stumble home (except for the host — whoever that might be — who was the only one granted the right to spend the night wherever he had fallen).

Each title of this Burbee enterprise was a bit different. They all but one began with THE BEST LINES -- the first one being THE BEST LINES ARE ON THE FLOOR (reflecting a Burbee lament that the typewriters were in the den while we all -- or almost all -- conversed elsewhere and let the best lines fall on the floor) -- and subsequent titles went from there -- THE BEST LINES: 2. ARE STILL ON THE FLOOR, 3. ARE FOREVER ON THE FLOOR, 4. THE BEST LOINS ARE ON THE FLOOR (a Lon Atkins' title), 5. ARE ØM OFF THE WALL, 6. ARE WINGED, and 7. ARE OFF THE XEROX. It was fun. It combined oneshot with genzine with party with food function, and it worked.

I won't mention the true oneshots and untrue oneshots I've been involved with over the years, but I will mention the fans who, just like me, would like to forget about the results: Ed Cox, Len & June Moffatt, David & Marcia Hulan, Fred Patten, Stan Woolston, Dean Grennell, Nancy Levy, Cy Condra, Larry & Noreen Shaw, John & Bjo Trimble, Tina Hensel, Lon Atkins, Lester Boutillier, Jackie Causgrove, Ed Cagle, Steve & Denise Leigh, Bill Bowers, Bill Cavin, Eric Lindsay, Marty Helgesen, Joni Stopa, and Suzi Stefl. Anyone left out because of falling through a crack in my memory will no doubt cherish the omission. In virtually all cases there was no 'coediting' necessary. The prime requirements, in virtually all cases, were drinking and typing and, afterward, a sense of obligation to actually duplicate and distribute the resultant mess.

Somewhere in the mid-to-late Seventies there surfaced an idea which made me sit bolt-upright in bed at 3:00 am. Unfortunately I got up and recorded it in my idea-book, where passively it has resided since that time. The thought was to produce a general-distribution perzine with a different "coeditor" each issue and the editorial a "Dialog". Courtesy of Jackie Causgrove, in another context entirely, my nocturnal emission came complete with title: DEFIENTED CHAMELEON. I still like the idea. I may still do it. In the meantime much of the thrust has been either sublimated or dissipated through the "Dialog With Two Fans" series in Bill Bowers' OUTWORLDS, but as enjoyable as 'cowriting' is (and so very much different and invigorating) I haven't exorcised the thrust of DEMENTED CHAMELEON; I've merely exercised some of the ideas. Perhaps the Dialog series is only a very enjoyable dry run. Perhaps, too, it is the best utilization of what might otherwise only serve as another proof of The Peter Principal.

But that's all history, and in some cases ancient history, and somewhere inbe-

tween you encountered the first issue of GALLIMAUFRY and read an almost ineffable explanation of how this particular coeditorship came to be. You won't remember it, of course, because that explanation was in Joni's editorial in the first issue, and the first issue was dated September 1983. September 1983 is almost so far back that Harry Warner can claim it as his personal fanhistorical property, that Joe Nicholas can disclaim responsibility for whatever he might have written in response because he said it while in a different mindset and has since outgrown it by quantum leaps (a stance which might be surmountable only by a monthly fanzine), and that rabid and monied collectors will have already had bound in an edition of one or maybe pitched out with their other disposable coasters (DISPOSABLE COASTER: another apt fanzine title I'd like to use one of these days, real soon now).

So, I've cowritten and coedited and cohosted much fanac. Is there something to this? Well, yes, there is. You might not want to explore it until you've written over a million words, edited over a thousand pages, or hosted over a hundred parties, but there is indeed something to it.

However, don't ask me to be specific or definitive. I'm still exploring this, and might require another 5 or 10 or 25 years to get it all down cold. If I ever do. Actually, I hope I don't.

