



GRAND BALLOON#18 (THE I*D*E*A*L*I*S*T*I*C POP FANZINE) is being brought to you by Binda Bushwacker PO BOX 24560 LOS ANGELES, CA 90024. 49¢ per issue (but we're so I*D*E*A*L*I*S*T*I*C that we're giving it away, free!!) FOREIGN AGENTS: SCOTLAND: Bonnie P. Charlie, 10347 Castle Rd., Edinburgh, Scotland. IRELAND: Molly Malone, Wyddenarrow St. #6, Dublin, Ireland. FRANCE: Nappy Bonaparte, 1 Versailles Court, Paris, France. ARGENTINA: Marty Borrma-n, 45 Taco de Moani, Endrun, Argentina.

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JOANNA MCCOY
AND ALL THE REST OF YOU.

COMMERCIALISM IN OZ FANDOM

By BJO TRIMBLE

I've noticed a depressing, increasing trend toward commercialism in OZ fandom -- everything from Fred Meyer charging subscriptions for his BAUM BIBLIOPHILE, to Lois Newman sneaking away to Cambria with the whole OZ convention!

Perhaps I find commercialism in fandom so depressing because I am completely I*D*E*A*L*I*S*T*I*C. I see OZ fandom as a wonderful group of flaming whackos joined in the common interest of quibbling about whose art was better: John R. Neill or W.W. Denslow, or arguing about the make-up of the Deadly Desert, not as a bunch of Power-Mad cliques bickering for control of the OZ Con! I see OZ Cons as gatherings sponsored by a sweet local club, to provide entertainment, information, education and socializing as a benefit--for FREE--for the attendees, not as fund-raising money-grabbers for the benefit of the people who have worked their ass off for over a year to put on something to provide entertainment, information, etc., for a bunch of bitching, ungrateful fans!

THE OZCON

To me, the OZCon is the acme of what fandom is all about. It should be a time of cavorting around in Scarecrow hats and red sequin shoes. It is a lot of long, dull panels on the villianous aspects of Mombi's cat. It is scratched old OZ films to enjoy. And, of course, it is the prizes, handed out by Lois to only her personal friends, which makes them meaningful to only a handful of fans!

The OZCon should NOT be put on for the benefit of the OZCon and Lois Newman!

But is this the way OZCons are run? No recent OZCon--in fact NO OZCon--has printed a financial statement! Aha! Rumors abound (at least, they will as soon as I start them!) that several OZCons made HUGE profits which may or may not--but most certainly did--end up lining Lois Newman's pockets! No one seems to know for sure, but we can work it out empirically for we didn't get any of the money (and God knows, we tried!) and you didn't get any of the money, so it has to have gone into Lois's pockets, right? Of course!

There are no rules laid out in the OZCon rules regarding financial matters, so it is possible that Lois could divert all the funds into her own pocket.

It is a question of ethics. I grudgingly feel that Lois should be reimbursed for all legitimate expenses prior to and during the OZCon, and possibly to a portion of the bidding expenses--the small fact that the OZCon has no bidding expenses probably gives Lois another reason to line her pockets! But I also feel that the remaining profits should be passed on to the succeeding OZCons--or to legitimate fan charities. (For instance, the Brenda Bushwacker Charity Fund for Failing Fanzines, or the Society to Buy Brenda Bushwacker a Hugo, or the Welcommittee Fund to Buy Brenda Bushwacker a Drink at Fan Meetings, or the Brenda Bushwacker Convention Fund to Rescue Indigent Fanzine Editors With the Initials BB..there are many more!).

OZCon gave money to three "fan charities" -- TBOF (The Trans-Bakersfield Ozfan Fund), the Institute to Collect Baum Books, and the Building Fund of the Los Angeles OZ Society, Inc. I agree that TBOF is a very fine fan charity--especially since I am planning to run for it myself next year--however, Phred Dumpah has NOT received the money yet, and he says that last year he set himself up as executor

of TBOF. Giving LAOS itself undisclosed amounts of money seems ethically questionable—who else will be using that building except LOIS NEWMAN? Who else in Los Angeles is an OZ fan? Nobody else has ever told me about it, and by damn, I'm an actifan and if I don't know about something in this world, then it doesn't exist! And does anyone know what the Institute to Collect Baum Books is? I don't. No one I know does. (Of course, no one I know reads, but that is besides the point, in any case; we aren't being bothered by facts, here!) Is a charity few people in OZdom have heard about a legitimate fan charity? I seriously doubt it, especially since none of that money has come my way!

Now, basically, the whole point of I*D*E*A*L*I*S*M comes up here--it's a really wonderful guise under which to hide while flinging stupid accusations right and left--and I'll be quick to point out that I've never been to an Oz Con thrown by Lois Newman, so I have as many facts as I need.

Lois Newman is NOT I*D*E*A*L*I*S*T*I*C*; she's not even i*d*e*a*l*i*s*t*i*c. I know this, because the Filmcon 1 (another convention we shall malign in these pages in a later issue) asked Lois if she would open convention proceedings by running nude through the halls, carrying a torch...to sort of add a different bit of entertainment, information, etc., etc., for the benefit of the attendees. But would you believe it? She said no! I mean...for the Greater Good, and the complete entertainment, etc., etc., of the attendees, ANYONE who was truly I*D*E*A*L*I*S*T*I*C would be ready to give their all for their convention!

So you can see the kind of person we are dealing with. Besides, they didn't ask me, and I've got a much prettier fanny than Lois has! I'd have been delighted to be so I*D*E*A*L*I*S*T*I*C for my convention!

Lois has taken the OZ Con away from the doddering idiots who used to handle it, making it from the cozy backyard little party it used to be, into a genuine weekend convention. We feel she has destroyed the real fun of it all; practically every hostess who ever gave a one-day OZ Con was adamant about never having anyone back again—due to small matters of broken dinnerward, dirtied carpets and unknown object dropped into swimming pools—but we all know those hostesses weren't truly I*D*E*A*L*I*S*T*I*C, and we could certainly have continued to find unwary hostesses who would allow 50 to 70 people to run wild in their well-cared-for homes!

But no...Lois Newman takes it upon herself to run the local OZ Con her way! First she removes it to Cambria. Now I ask you, have you every heard of Cambria. Well, neither have I, so it doesn't exist, by damn! Oh, I've heard the story about how it is a delightful little seaside town, with a perfectly beautiful resort hotel, and bracing sea air...but all that propaganda is being spread by Lois Newman and her minions. All I know of Cambria is that it's the only town that has a llama ride in it! Isn't that suspicious?

So Lois takes her little OZ Con out to the seashore and does God-knows-what all weekend, and then pockets all the profits! This has to be fact, because the rest of fandom never sees any of the money, and Lois has a houseful of beautiful old books—she hides behind the facade of being a rare book dealer, but WE know! And VERY FEW PEOPLE KNOW ABOUT THIS ARRANGEMENT! I have asked around, and all anyone really knows is that every August--ostensibly to celebrate Ozma's birthday--Lois Newman has this weird little gathering on the Pacific in Cambria!

Now, I ask you! Why not celebrate a birthday of someone we all know? Why the secrecy in this Ozma; why doesn't she come forward and celebrate her birthday at a genuine convention? Why is she hiding? Or is Lois Newman really Ozma, and collecting all those birthday gifts for herself? WAIT! I may have stumbled onto the greatest secret of OZdom! Wow...wait until I tell LOCUS! Lois Newman is really OZMA of OZ!

I asked several people--my dentist, the plumber, the town drunk and the manager of PSFS--and NONE of them had ever heard of the OZ Con (or, for that matter, Lois Newman). I think this is terribly significant; in fact, I think it shows irrevocably that neither OZ Con nor Lois Newman actually exist!

In which case, this who article was a waste of my time, when I could well have been casting unfounded aspersions on someone else, and making up my facts about someone certainly better known in fandom than a nobody like Lois Newman or Ozma, or whatever she calls herself!

Feh! Wasting all this I*D*E*A*L*I*S*M on the wrong cause!

Next issue: a violent attack on the NSF, with revelations on the secret bank account of Stan Woolston, and his hitherto unknown love affair with Marilyn Monroe (as revealed in Norman Mailer's book).

Dear Bjo,

Thanks for the article. You really gave OZCon a lot of publicity and next year, who knows, East Cambria. I'm so I*D*E*A*L*I*S*T*I*C I'll do anything for free publicity. With this kind of publicity and exposure, who knows, maybe next year Oz Con's registration will hit 20,000 - take that Star Trek fandom - Oz fandom lives!

Because you've made such a fuss about it, the Oz Con financial report follows. I think it self-explanatory and try to get an explanation from me. Besides if I gave you one, it would only confuse you with the facts - and who uses facts anymore?

Anyway, thanks again.

Best,

~~Ozma~~ Lois (I do exist)

Place
Artsy
I 110.
HERE

OZ CON FINANCIAL REPORT

1973

(COMPLETE JULY 23, 1973: OZ CON TOOK PLACE FROM AUGUST 10-12, 1973)

INCOME

1. Memberships	\$4,308.17
2. Program Book Advertising	896.43
3. Sales Room Tables	31.42
4. Auction	108.83

EXPENDITURES

1. Payment to Sandy Redcap for procuring Program Book Ads	\$895.07
2. Yellow Brick Paint (for sprucing up the Yellow Brick Road)	62.82
3. Straw (for stuffing the Scarecrow)	41.01
4. House Moving (for removing Dorothy's house from Witch)	403.83
5. Steel Wool (for shining up Tin Woodman)	.22
6. Dog food (for Toto)	1.56
7. Thread (for sewing new patches on Patchwork Girl)	.25
8. Emerald polish (Dept. of Sanitation Requisition #78349-5)	21.00
9. Machine oil (for Tik Tok)	82.00
10. Printing (programs, letterheads), etc., etc.	5,245.83
11. Birthday Cake (to celebrate W Ozma's birthday)	8.00
12. Miscellaneous (Bidding expenses, straight pins, etc.)	512.19

Actually we were saved any expense by Ozma. She liked her birthday celebration so much she waved her magic wand and all expenses were automatically paid. This means, of course, someone got away with the \$34.21 profit and is probably using it in riotous living; any guess who it is? Mark an X by your choice.

Binda Bushwacker
Sandy Redcap
Lois Newman
The Art Show
The Wizard of Oz

Attested to as being a true and honest account by:

Ozma, Princess of Oz

Toto, Royal Dog

Norman, A Gillikan Farmer

THE PROFITEER'S PROGRESS

BY MILTON F. STEVENS

Everyone knows of the profit potential of inventing a better mousetrap, but many people forget that you can have the same effect from a radical increase in the number of mice. It is this latter possibility which has made the science fiction convention field look like an El Dorado from growth fans. While other service industries have been languishing, SF conventions have been attracting more mice than anything since the Pied Piper of Hamelin joined the union.

At the top of this hard charing field, LACon has made a name for itself as the industry leader. Analysts for Merrill, Lunch, White, Bushyager, and Porter have nothing but Bullish comments to make regarding LACon's profit picture. They point out that LACon's go-go managment team racked-up unheard of profits in the thrid quarter of 1972.

In a recent interview, LACon chairman B. Edward Pelz stressed the need for imaginative marketing ideas to ensure continuing success. As an example of the type of thinking which was necessary, Pelz listed some of the innovations which had created LACon's success in 1972:

Sale of protection against not being introduced as a notable at the opening session.	\$ 5.000
Admission to closed-door "Avoid the Authors" party	1,800
Sale of prophylactics to neofans for use as water balloons.	500.35
Sale of water balloons to swingers for use as prophylactics	2,500
Sale of peanut butter	750.59
Sale of young femme fans to white slavers	8,000.10
Profits from "Meet A White Slaver" dating service	16.000
Sale of film rights to the wife swapping party on the sixth floor	100,000
Sleeping bag rentals	1.500
Sale of Zig-Zag paper	725
Sale of mimeograph paper	25
Sale of toilet paper	7,200
Sale of protection against meeting Ted White	7,500
Payment for tapes of what authors in the SFWA Suite had to say about editors	10,000