

If this is not RAFFLES, then it's definitely

*****NOT CRICKET #1*****

which is an ensmallled one-shot done at Con-Stellation by those sons of fun, Larry Carmody (629 E. 8th Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11218) and Stu Shiffman (19 Broadway Terrace, New York, N.Y. 10040). You may even think of it as RAFFLES #7.75 if you must. And art this issue is not by four-time Hugo loser Stu Shiffman, but by those other sons of fun -- Kurt Erichsen and Jeff Schalles. They should have known better but... It is now 09/02/83, do you know where your elevator is? (Sly, subtle, in-joke for those staying in the Hilton.) A quick stylus salute here for the aforementioned Schalles, who's been doing a fine job in the mimeo room. ("What's the purpose of this room?" "So we can get high on green Man-O-War corflu.") And if you think we've run out of material, ~~you're~~ ~~guess~~ guess again.



THE AMATEUR QUACKSMAN (which, as you can tell, was written prior to Con*Stellation)***

--Stu Shiffman*****

Well, it's been a busy time here in ~~Lake Wobegon~~ New York. This month has been very manic, as my company prepared for the big August market. That's when the buyers come in from all over the country for an orgy of ordering, and Southern accents are once more heard in the elevators and showrooms. We were launching a new sleepwear line, named Sara Beth, manufactured in India, replacing a line we had made for Windy Rose, manufactured in Manila. The work has been quite intense in preparation, and this story was paralleled in many another company in Manhattan.

That was when the waters burst.

More accurately, a strategic water main beneath the streets of Manhattan, in the center of the Garment District, did suddenly burst -- which led to a short circuit in a Con Edison power station below 38th Street and a blackout of the area right at the beginning of Market.

I heard about this that morning on the news, and began to worry. The sleepwear companies, and ours in particular, are on the outlying area of the Garment District. I quietly worried, as I had left the computer up and running the previous evening and a blackout would have had a minus benefit on our health.

The streets around Penn Station were crowded with people unable to get to their offices because the elevators were without power. The crowds thinned out, however, as I moved towards Madison Avenue. Within a block or two I saw open shops and operating traffic lights. My company was not affected. *whew*

My father works in this industry, too, in woman's sportswear, primarily as a pattern-

maker. His company was rather strangely affected; the production area was outside the blacked-out area while the showroom was within it on Broadway.

On the lighter side, Linda and Ron Bushyager were up from Philadelphia recently. Ron had an interview with a company on Long Island, following which was a highly intense weekend. Lise Eisenberg orchestrated the arrangements for Friday night, which included dinner at Kiev, a cheaply-priced restaurant with a number of Ukranian specialties. A small, but select group of New York fans assembled to see Ron and Linda and have pierogi and kasha whatnot. Considering the way things usually go, I suppose that it was not surprising that the guests of honor didn't make it back in time to eat with us. Or that Moshe Feder, Lise and I had to run across Greenwich Village to get to the theatre we were supposed to meet them -- leaving D. Potter, Frank Balazs and Sue-Rae Rosenfeld behind to dazedly pay our tab.

After I recovered from my coronary (too much body weight plus too much food plus too much speed), I tracked the rapidly disappearing Lise to ~~Met~~ ~~Laiff~~ to the theatre on Christopher Street.

I was a few minutes late. I think that I'll restrict my comments on CLOUD NINE to the fact that it was very strange and fascinating. Rob and Linda, being habitués of the Philly 'burbs, were even more weirded out. Following the play, the rest of our party was kept busy assuring them that this was the gay "area" and that they wouldn't be killed on the streets. Typical out-of-towner superstition...especially as the Bushyagers had been mugged a few times in their own neighborhood and never while visiting the Apple.

Saturday was also intensely filled. The Bushyagers, Bill Wagner and I set out early downtown to get Broadway theatre tickets at the half-price TKTS center at Duffy Square. Moshe and Lise were to meet us later when we knew what play we were going to see. The long wait on line was mitigated by Wagner's usual entertaining comedic routine. Some of the character assassinations were pretty funny...until he got to me, of course.

You swine, Wagner.

"Mister Swine to you, buddy!"

Right...we got tickets to ON YOUR TOES, a very entertaining musical revival, and filled the interval of time in a video arcade. The orgy of blip-and-zap was highlighted by trying out the new animated cartoon laser-disk game DRAGON'S LAIR. The animation looked to be by Don Bluth Studio, which did THE SECRET OF NIMH. A very tricky and fast-moving game.

The musical was enjoyable, highlighted by Lise's accidental attack of her fellow theatergoers with kamikaze chopsticks that flew from her hair. Of course such an omen meant that we had to go for Japanese food for dinner, and we trekked up to 57th Street after further video mania. You have to be careful what you feed Linda and Ron; they love to go out to eat with their friends but their avoidance of spicy foods means the elimination of Mexican Indian and Szechuan from consideration. Kitchen Kuma was a good choice, with decent food (but a limited menu) for a decent price.

Following dinner, we decided to see a movie. We were torn between the new Woody Allen film ZELIG, which Bill and I had both already seen, and the British Film Institute's THE DRAUGHTSMAN'S CONTRACT, about which we had heard much. We chose the latter and walked crosstown to Third Avenue.

THE DRAUGHTSMAN'S CONTRACT is rather a Restoration-era mystery, full of fascinating detail and style. I was thoroughly drawn into the milieu and only became aware of my sur-

roundings once, when Lise suddenly screamed "FOCUS!" in the middle of the film. We all watched in fascination (hmm, using that a lot) while the artist Neville does his series of views of the estate of Mr. Herbert and clues to a murder and/or conspiracy begin to appear in his drawings. At the film's rather startling conclusion, we were still in confusion as to the truth of the circumstances. However, it did rather confirm my oft-held view that the English Protestant of the wealthier sort is Creation's most dangerous creature.

The evening provided its own mystery later at Swenson's Ice Cream Parlor when Lise Eisenberg discovered her purse to be missing. We went back to the theatre and searched all the trash cans in the area, and Moshe and Lise searched the theatre after the last show.

SPECIAL NEWS FLASH:: EISENBERG BAG FOUND IN ICE CREAM PARLOR IN A HIDDEN CORNER. ALL INVOLVED FEEL FOOLISH...

Film at Eleven...

--STU SHIFFMAN

"Keep quiet but pass it on, Malcom Edwards wasn't here."

ROLLING IN THE RUINS (which, as you can tell, was written on the fly at Con*Stellation***

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--Larry Carmody*****

"In the Daily News the caption read: 'Save the life of my worldcon!' cried the angry attendee..."

Well, actually, it hasn't been that bad, if you overlook the elevator situation at the Hilton, where there are exactly (count 'em) THREE elevators for the South tower. That's the area where most of the publicized parties are (as well as, er, some closed ones) and where (count 'em) TWO elevators always seem to be malfunctioning. I solved that problem by staying in one place Friday night, rooms 922-923 in the South tower. The party started at 10 PM and ended when John Brunner and Art Widener wandered out with the first rays of dawn breaking. While it was a closed party (complete with obnoxious sign on door to keep the unclean away) thrown by the Gang of Four (Alina Chu, Teresa Minambres and Mary Mueller as well as, er, your humble reporter), it was also rather free-flowing and crowded most of the time with a veritable Who's Who of fanzine fandom in attendance as well as many others who, as Chu might put it, "party hearty." Quite a few were amused by the Chu death-pose as she fell asleep with arms folded for about two hours during the party (that's usually my department). Yes, a fine, fine Worldcon party, just the thing for a crowded Friday night.

Oh, let me quickly put this down on stencil: DAVE KYLE SAYS DON'T STAND THERE, HE WANTS TO FINISH... (True story, as his Fan GoH speech ran past its allotted time -- it did start a bit late -- and poor Avedon Carol took the brunt of it as she was trying to get the TAFF/DUFF auction started.)

What has impressed me the most about Con*Stellation thus far is that the Convention Center is large enough that the trufandom hallway seems secure from the ravening hordes. If someone wants to find it, they certainly can, but they do have to make a bit of an effort.

And the mimeo room, run by Jeff Schalles, has been one of the fun places to be. Wild and wacky things going on there, which is all to the good.

So, Larry, how has it been for you at ConStellation?

In a word, interesting. Marty Cantor made a very valid point concerning the worldcon and its importance to fanzine fans. "Regionals are okay, but you don't get a bunch of fanzine fans from all over the country," he said. "The worldcon is the only place it happens. You get to see almost everybody who's in fanzine fandom and you basically have your own con within the con." Quite true.

I've had a number of good conversations, met people such as Lucy Huntzinger ("With a Z, dammit, not an S"), Teresa Nielsen Hayden, Linda Blanchard, Tom (new member of shortfast-talkinghyperfandom) Weber, among others, and, most importantly, partied to the nth degree (and it's only early Sunday afternoon at this point).



Burnt out? No, no, not this worldcon. It is a marked difference to last year at Chicon, where I suffered from an abscessed tooth most of the weekend, and, thus, missed much of what was happening.

And despite the logistical problems caused by faulty elevators and the like, I'd have to say this con has been a very good one for me.

Time for my obligatory Moshe Feder ~~dit~~ reference. Last night during a hall party we found out Feder's value to a surviving remnant of Sixth Fandom.

"What are you doing sitting in the hall here?" Ted White asked of the Coke fiend from Flushing. "Why aren't you working on your column for Gambit. I've only been waiting for it forever."

Moshe developed a pained look on his face, then cast his glance downwards to the floor, avoiding all the pairs of eyes trained on him at the moment. "Aw, Ted," he said.

"Hey, it's not my fault Gambit isn't out yet, it's Moshe's," Ted said. "What a great excuse. I'm going to milk it for all it's worth."

Of course, Stu and I are still waiting on his followup fanzine review column to the one that appeared in Raffles #6 back in May of 1982. Sorry, Ted, when it comes to excuses, we've got dibs on Moshe...

And not to keep you all in suspense, Moshe did not turn his column in for Raffles #8, which should be out within the month, in plenty of time for Stu to take to England for Novacon and beat those postage rates.

Hummm, perhaps the next time Mickey Rooney sez: "Hey, kids, let's do a one-shot," I think I'll refrain. See ya.

--LARRY CARMODY

After I reviewed Nothing Left to the Imagination #3 in Izzard, at least 19 people came to the defense of the editors. It was amazing. And the editors didn't say a word, all they did was publish better and better zines." -- Teresa Nielsen Hayden during a panel.
