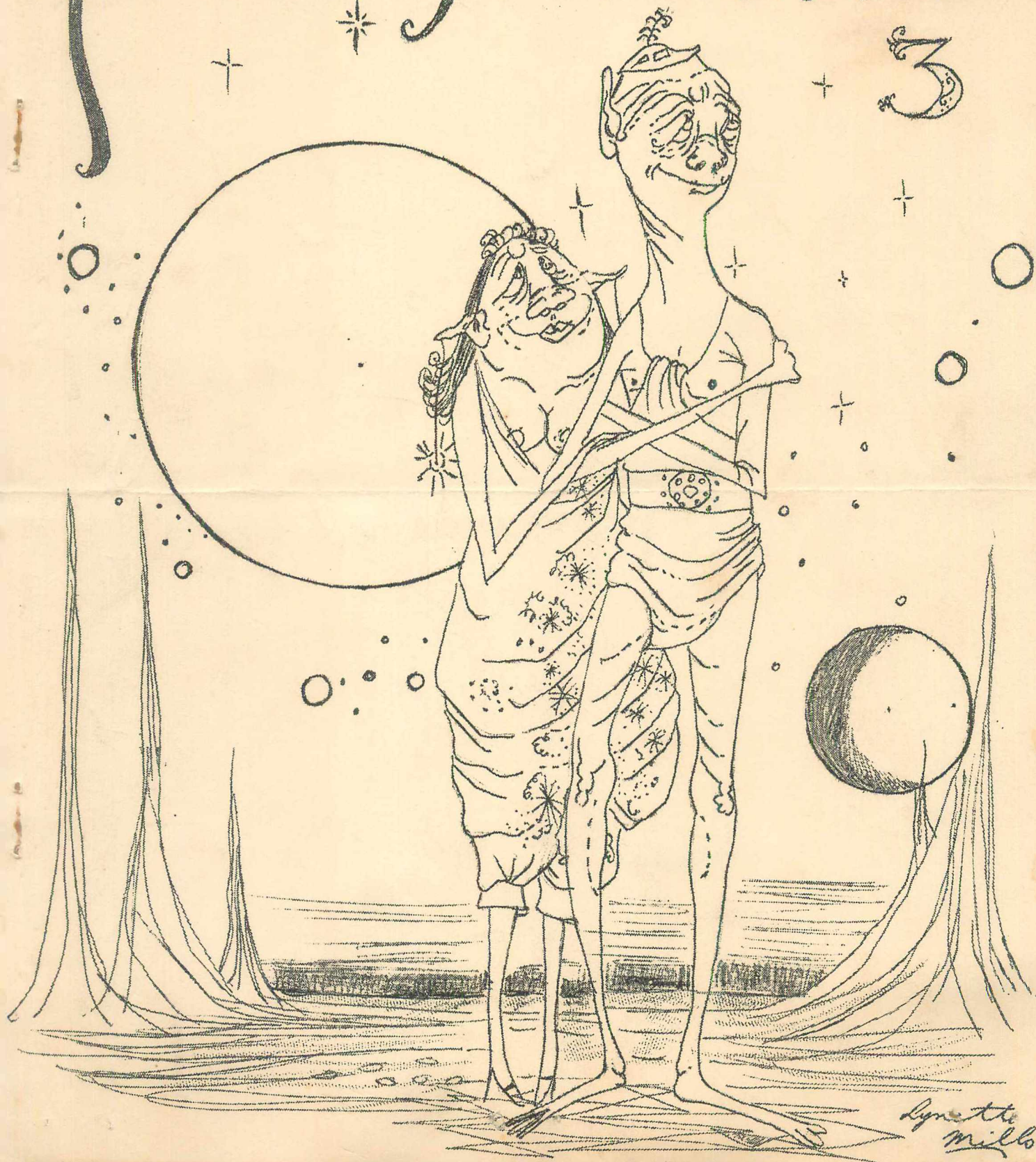
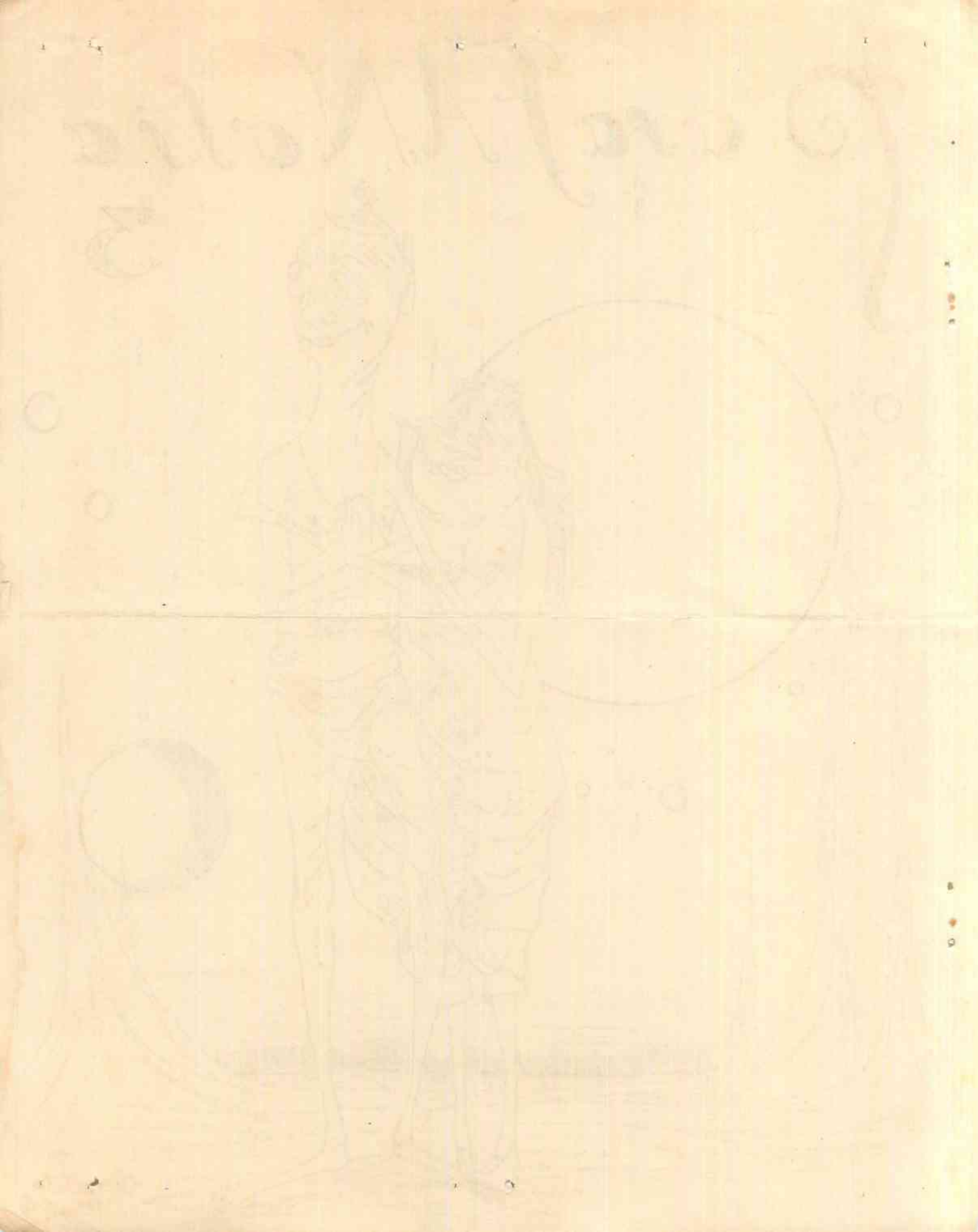


Para FANASIA

3





It even tastes Good



CONTENTS

On the other hand, you could throw this on the fire. But bear with me, as she said to the doctor; reading this issue won't take more than half-an-hour. Parts, true, may be hard to read, but most of the zine is purty clear -- I think. None of the pages are numbered, so I guess you can more or less start where you like. I'd suggest just after the lettercol, where I've placed THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE GAFIATE, an article by John Berry, illustrated most capably by Lynette Mills. Lettering don by Toni Vondruska, who kindly and most thoughtfully left out the first 'the' in the title, and Mr. Berry's name as a credit. I am to blame, then, for those two blotches.

The lettercol mentioned back there comes after a story type thing written by Bruce Burn -- which surely will tip the balance and thoroughly demoralise you. I'm thoroughness itself, at times. The illustrations to the story -- it's called L'AMOUR -- were done by our two (!) staff artists, Lynette Mills, and Toni Vondruska. Toni's is the one without a signature or credit. Lynette's is the big one, and extra copies printed on airtex shirts may be obtained from our London representative in exchange for faked originals of the front cover of the October 1952 OTHER WORLDS. Please enclose self-addressed, plain, envelope.

If you turn this page over very carefully, you might come accross an item called QUOOGLE FLI-OOGLE, that being my favourite quote. But it's not very likely. Personally, I think you'll find overleaf, an article called THE CZECHERED KIWI written by Toni Vondruska. I hope this title will appear in future issues of paraFANalia -- if any. I hope to, that an article will follow the title.

Then, of course, there's the lettercol itself. It covers six pages, and I've just realised that on not one of them have I mentioned the WAW AND MATE TO THE GATE IN 'FIFTY-EIGHT fund. Forgive me, but when I cut the column, I was in a blueish mood, brought on, no doubt, by the After Christmas Feeling. The good drawings are by Margaret Duce, who also did the uncredited doodles by Art Wilson's letter, and in the text of the information from Roger Horrocks. Neither William Rotsler nor LeeH Shaw did any of the doodles. I haven't got any Rotslers or LeeHs, so faked some for my own self, which prove conclusively, that I can't draw. Go on, make some cutting remark about my stencilling.

The page over there to your left is blank because I didn't want to spoil the cover. Last two pages carry PARA, an extra thing, and the mailing-cover-page, with a drawing by Lynette Mills.

COVER, as usual and of course, is by Lynette Mills, New Zealand's answer to The Legend Of Shirley Marriott.

THE

czechered

Toni Vondruska

KIM

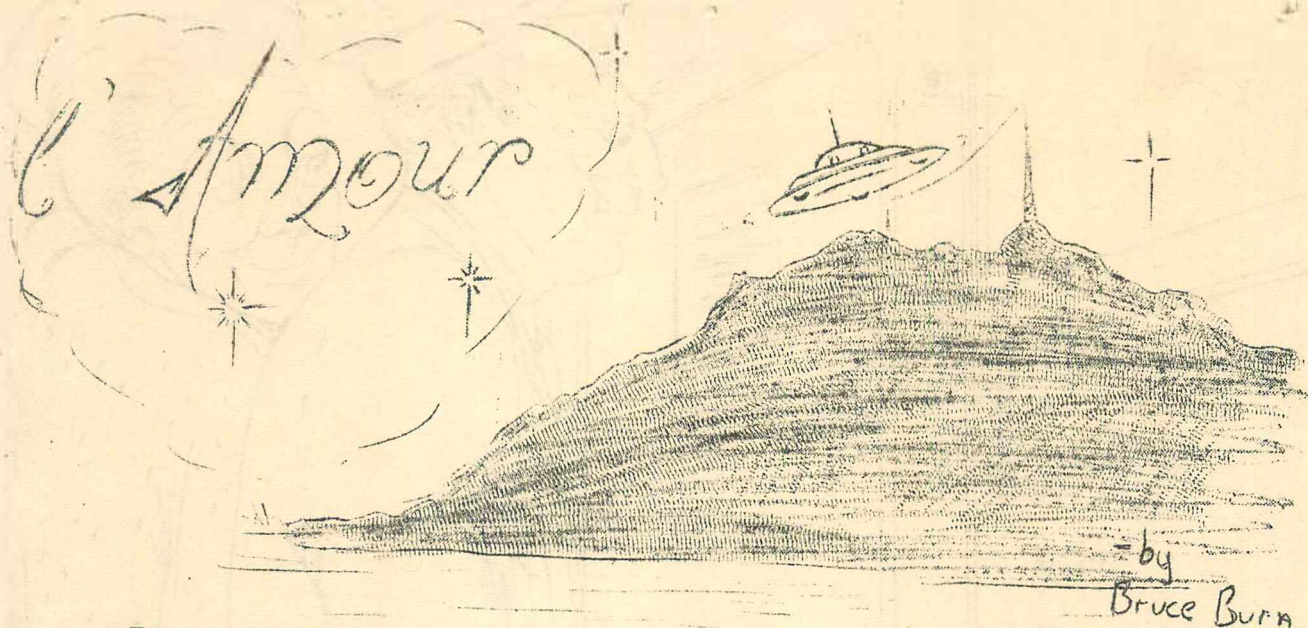
dddumm!!! A terrific explosion rent the air of an otherwise peaceful Wellington suburb. The tinkling, almost pretty sound of a shower of glass followed, as several windows refused to accept the possibility of such a sudden change of pressure, and the shame of being empirically proven wrong sent them into a kind of physical schizoprhenia. Through the settling dust and smoke clouds in the back garden of 133a Onslow Road the outline of a staggering figure, deafened and blinded by the unexpected, brilliant flash of bright violet light and the thunder of the expanding gases formed by instantaneous oxydation of a pound of finely distributed hydrocarbon became faintly visible. It stared incredulously at the leg of its pants, where two ragged holes marked the passage of a jagged splinter of steel, and at the thin trickle of blood staining the sock of a foot that had been only several inches from the centre of explosion.

A low moan attracted its attention to another figure, lying huddled on the lawn, clutching its stomach. The fine, grey dust, settling on everything in the vicinity made observation very difficult, even if the demands for rapid adjustment had not been enough to produce temporary blindness.

"Lynette? Lynette, are you all right?"

The girl raised herself on one hand, plucked a razor-sharp sliver of metal from where it had cut through her leather belt, several layers of clothing, skin and subcutaneous tissue. She examined it calmly, detachedly, and her lips seemed to form words. It took several seconds before her voice reached him through the pounding, hammering, and rumbling noises, like that of a great waterfall, that crowded persistently around his ears. It was a gently plaintive sound, as she gazed at him in adoration through the tears of pain gathering on her beautiful eyes, plaintive and somehow soothing and reassuring: "I told you we should have put a fuse in it, you clumsy clot!...."

.....In the distance, the sirens of several squad-cars howled in the dark, as the intrepid men in blue sped at 70MPH to capture the saboteur who, according to several 'phone informants, had just blown up the Khandallah power station. The couple had meantime fled from the scene of crime, and taken refuge upstairs of 133a. That's where a group of hysterical parents and neighbours found them, sitting on the floor in various stages of undress, chuckling softly as they proudly exhibited to each other the scars of the battle, and discussed the relative merits of $\text{KClO}_3 + \text{C}_6\text{H}_{12}\text{O}_6$ as rocket fuel.



It was a Monday in late Spring.

Joyce Harvey carefully closed the front gate and walked along the pavement to the nearest tram stop. Men whistled and a cat meowed as Joyce passed an area of little activity called "Road Repairs", for Joyce was as full of oomph as any screen star. Fuller in fact. Joyce was a doll.

It was just then that the flying saucer appeared high in the sky over Wellington. The labourers' whistles descended in pitch, and ceased altogether. Joyce stopped in the middle of stepping off the curb and looked up, sunbeams playing tag in her hair and knick-knack-knock on her teeth. She saw the disc up in the sky. Blue in colour, it was, with little puffs of white coming out of one of the tubes at the rear of it. At least, she assumed it was at the back.

As Joyce was standing looking up at the disc, one delicate foot on the curb, the other on the first stripe of a Zebra-crossing, a playful gust of wind tugged at her flimsy skirt. Immediately, a high-pitched whine came from the flying saucer, which suddenly went red and started upon a descent towards the street, just as a half-empty Seatoun tram stopped at the tram-stop.

Joyce saw the tram and forthwith forgot the U.F.O. She ran to the stop and clambered aboard. The driver tore his eyes away from her appealing form and started the tram with a jerk.

In the forward compartment of the tram, Joyce found a seat. She sat down, thanked Ghod that men stick to the centre compartment, and crossed her knees. A shrill whistle came from outside and above the tram. Everybody turned to the nearest window and looked up at the bright blue sky. Hovering over them was the flying saucer -- at least 100 feet in diameter -- a bright purple in colour.

A bang from the centre of the tram startled all the passengers in the compartment, but it was only the conductor, slamming the door. He turned to face the occupants. "All fares please! All fare...sss.", His voice faded away to a whisper as his face grew redder and redder



and as his eyes popped from his head.

Joyce hurriedly uncrossed her knees, uncreased her skirt, and the conductor regained his normal composure. Joyce paid him one-and-a-penny; received a paper ticket in exchange; and pulled a book from her hand-bag. She opened the book and started to read. The women sitting on the other side of the compartment silently read the title on the cover: HOW TO REPEL MEN. This doll had brains.....

The tram reached Courtenay Place and disgorged half of its passengers. Joyce was among them. She climbed off the tram and started walking past the shops to her office. Men spun on their heels to keep sight of her. Women in the immediate neighbourhood ignored Joyce and stared up at the flying saucer, which had come to rest just above the Taj Mahal in Courtenay Place.

From that venerable edifice, men were running in all directions. The nearby traffic lights seemed not to know which colour to show and the trolley buses juddered around the corner like bowls with too little momentum.

Suddenly a panel in the bottom of the saucer opened; a small rocket ship scorched away from the revealed orifice; and scored of steady citizens ran into the "New City". The rocket sped directly towards Joyce, who had now turned to watch the events. The rocket hovered above the ground, pulsing red.

"You are the best we can find: step into the roadway and thence into the rocket." said a 'voice' in Joyce's mind.

Joyce stood where she was. She had two alternatives. She could either follow the command the 'voice' had given (she didn't question who's voice it was); or not follow it. Being an intelligent girl, the choice was obvious to her. She followed the commands.

Joyce reached the head of the road; the rocket met her; and she climbed into the entrance of it and sat on the reclining chair on the other side of the cabin within.

The door closed and a quiet hiss filled the cabin.....

A voice said, "Awaken!" and something was shaking Joyce by the shoulder. Joyce opened her eyes and looked around her. She was not in the rocket's cabin. She was lying on a padded couch in the centre of a large chamber. A pink light flooded the chamber, apparently coming from the walls and ceiling. There was nothing else in there. Joyce soon discovered that her clothes were gone and she stayed where she was -- lying on the couch. For some reason, she

could not feel very worried. Something had taken her from her own kind, but she felt safe and sure that she would contact humanity soon.

"Contact!" she thought. Her abductors were evidently telepathic! Why not try to contact them? She sat up and the slight push she gave herself sent her into the air above the couch. For an instant she began to panic, then she regained her self-control and fought her way back to the couch.

"Who are you? Where are you taking me? Why....."

She was interrupted in her cries by a voice in her head -- one she had not heard before. A strong, mature voice-thought. The thoughts of a leader.

I am the captain of this ship." it said. "To your first question I can say only that we are beings from the fifth planet of the star you may know as Bettelguese. We are taking you nowhere. We will keep you in coma for a year, during which we will complete our investigations of this planet, and during which you will give birth to a hybrid...."

"A hybrid? What do....?"

"We realised long ago that our race is near to extinction. Mentally we are more developed than any other race we have yet met. But physically we are becoming less and less powerfull with the passing of each century.

"So we have set ourselves the task of inter-breeding with other races and developing a hybrid species, and to this end we have biologically equiped our most highly developed members. Your race is the ideal for our purposes. We have sought out the most highly developed members from your communities, and mated them with members of our own race.

"You are the latest and best to be found."

Joyce screamed and tore at the couch covering. A door at the centre of the ceiling began to open....

"Unfortunately, our race closely resembles a lower life-form of your oceans. To people of your world we appear highly repellant, and, believe me, the feeling is mutual. For this reason, I shall have to control you consciousness during your mating....."

And Joyce surrendered herself to the impassive embrace of the octopus.

.the end

FAN



How better to start a lettercol than with some egoboo for the editor? Or maybe you prefer to see tear-'em, slash-'em type letters in fanzines..? If the former, read from here on; if the latter, don't start reading the letters

until after the next illo. Bon voyage!

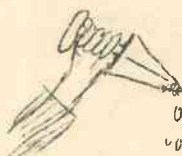
MARGARET DUCE: 46 Bon Street, Alexandra, Victoria, Australia.

paraFANalia 2 is the most. Really the most. SG IN '58! is altogether the most delightful comic-strip I have seen. And Lynette's cover is simply beyond comment. I have never seen anything like it on a fanzine, and it is considerably better than the covers I have seen on very many stf mags. Toni's comic-strip is almost as good as SG. Though not quite. You have quite a lot of talent in the Circle. I only wish that I could draw - or write - as well as your people. As for yourself, you have an inborn ability for fanzine-producing. -FAN- is the best second issue I have seen.

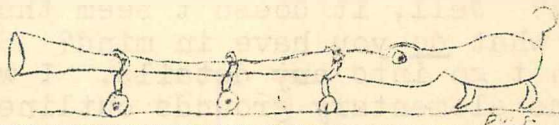


Which just goes to show how I got my big head. Seriously, this is the sort of letter I like to be able to publish; it sort of boosts the ego and feeds my fannish brain. The following quote from another Duce letter is of a rather different, though equally acceptable type:-

Who is this Stone character? Ian Crozier says he is a dead-head, also he is one of the Other Mob, and therefore a Bad Thing. He seems to be always casting aspuritions on fandom in general, although he is a member of one of the two warring Sydney groups, and therefore himself a fan. What is he playing at?

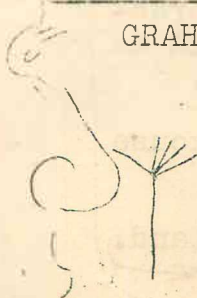


Graham B. Stone, whose initials I greatly admire, is a BNF in Australian fandom. I believe he is a Good Man of sorts, but he certainly seems a little mis-guided. I'm not going to try to dissect him, however, I'll let him dissect me -- or rather, my fanzine. Let your eyes hop over the doodle and feast themselves upon a letter from the man known far and wide as G.B.S.



GRAHAM STONE: Box 4440, G.P.O. Sydney, N.S.W., Australia.

If I had suspected you might publish my remarks I might have said a bit more or something more helpful. Ah well, there it is. But I will add a bit more now. The unfortunate truth is, your stuff - and it's not just you, I know you're just imitating what you've seen someone else do - is so completely bad that it's hard to find anything at all to say about it. I think we have to get right down to



fundamentals to get anywhere at all. Why do you produce stuff like this? What do you set out to do?

A non-commercial publication of any kind exists at all because to someone it appears either ornamental or useful. Which do you have in mind? Do you think -FAN- is ornamental -- good art, amusing or entertaining text, attractively presented? If you answer 'yes' to this, fine; but I'm sorry for you. Do you think it is useful? How?

I don't care what kind of stuff you're publishing, unless it fits one of these explanations it's a waste of your own time and effort and anyone else's five minutes spent looking at it. ¶ In these small-circulation affairs there are two general approaches; One is to demonstrate that an amateur can turn out fine work: come to think of it, something done for the love of it ought to be better artistically than something done to make a living. There are many people doing this kind of thing, and this is what is usually understood by amateur journalism. Leo Stone (no relation) or Elgin St., Gordon, NSW, is a typical "ayjay". He owns a small hand press, and once a year or so he produces a small publication. It is a beautiful piece of work, hand set laboriously, designed with minute attention to every last detail of spacing and proportion: in a word, fine printing. The shaking, but after all it just something to print. material done in the but it is possible to work this way if you blood over it. That's

material is not very world isn't meant to be. It's I have seen mimeographed same spirit: it's hard, produce quite attractive want to really sweat

are doing? No. Hell, no. a oneshot!"

Try the other way. Many small publications are meant to serve some purpose other than looking pretty. Propoganda for some cause or other...publicity for something... news and gossip about people associated, say in a club or a factory...purely informative material not to be found in more regular sources...discussion or presentation of

theories. In short, matter intended to be read, perhaps studies or kept for reference or acted upon. In this kind of publication the appearance is not of paramount importance. Depending on the resources available and the inclination of the publisher, it may be very simple -- anything as long as it's neat and legible -- or quite elaborate. Well, is this what you are

doing? Well, it doesn't seem that way. If it is, just what do you have in mind?

I won't go into any details. I will only say that on the elementary grounds outlined here you stuff seems to me just not good enough -- slovenly presentation, meaningless content. Maybe you would do well to think about what you are trying to do.

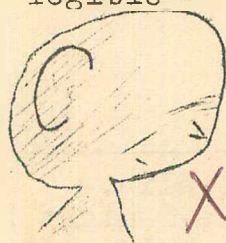
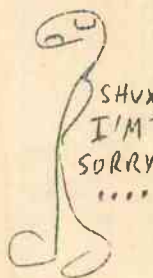
"gosh darn it.." I like (sometimes) publishing paraFANalia. Excuse me a moment, while I eat of the Egg O' Boo.

ARCHIE MERCER: 434/4 Newark Road, North Hykeham, Lincoln, England.

"NO, NOT HERE, TRY NEXT PAGE"



GEE!
DID I
DO THAT



"AH,
YES,
HERE
WE
ARE."

The strip was excellent ((says Archie)). You may be interested to know that in the processional picture on pp 18/19 I identified all four of the front characters without using the key. But - you seem all gone overboard for Wellington At Century Turn. Whyever? Who wants to wait till they're 75 before attending a projected Con? (as I would be). No -- I suggest as follows: wait for three years while the circuit of North America runs its natural course once more, meanwhile plugging like hell for WELLINGTON IN '61. Then, when at the 60 con in -- say -- Alexandria, Virginia, Wellington gets the vote for '61, organise the Wellington Con FAR AWAY FROM WELLINGTON! After all, what fan in his senses would want to traipse over to some obscure Pacific Island just for a Con? So hold the thing nearer to one of the centres of civilisation -- preferably this side of the Atlantic, so that I'd be able to go. After all, it wouldn't be any defficulty for you lot, once you've mastered your broomsticks.

Ladies and Gentlefen - WELLINGTON IN 'SIXTY-ONE!
According to my books, Wellington's only about threetimes the size of Lincoln. And Lincoln can only muster three fen, of whom two are only sericon (one's sericon and modern jazz, which is worse if anything). Sheffield, with over half a millin ((about one/fifth the population of Kiwiland)) can hardly do better. Terry Jeeves, Peter Radney (a liability) and the nebulous Shaddock family are Sheffield's total muster. And Wellington with a whole furshuluginer circle -- makes one want to emigrate. Any malleable iren works in the Wellington area?

And, in a later letter:-

I missed the WorldCon for medical reasons, now it's gotta be Wellington in 2000!

Thank you for the Conreport, Archie, though I'm sorry you did miss the Con. As for emigrating, you'd be welcome anytime, though I doubt that you'd find much going in the iron bizniz. Kiwiland is still very much a primary-production-type of country even today. There is manufacturing, but it's light and normally only of the assembling variety. Though there is a great deal of talk about using the huge amounts of iron-sand around the coasts. However, as a nation, we're considered lucky in lotteries, so all we've got to do is to win the Irish Sweepstake ((with a Kiwihorse, natch)), and import you!

Here's a letter from a fellow Kiwi and Wellingtonian, to whom I loaned a pile of Kiwizines some while ago:-

CAV NICHOL: 37 Rodrigo Road, Kilbirnie, Wellington E.3.

I found the fanzines very interesting, so long as one does not take them too seriously. The article concerning the stf magazines ASTOUNDING and GALAXY ((in FOCUS 4))((plug)) was the best I have read on this subject and was written clearly and concisely. Seeing magazines like these has stimulated an urge, which has remained dormant for years, to put pen to paper towards a story, which, if the present demands on my time are perpetuated, will never eventuate.



When I loaned the fanzines to Cav, he showed me a hand-written and typed magazine called THE ARROW, which he and a friend wrote (Cav) and illoed (friend). THE ARROW appeared around 1936, so you can start boggling friends, fanac started quite a long time ago in Kiwiland (see that bulge in my cheek?)

BRUCE KIDD: 24 Ashbourne Road, Harold Hill, Romford, Essex, England.

I have just awoken from a dream deep in the splendored future. Shining in its wonderful apparel with even more new and great features was pafaFANalia! There set in the deep azures and jewelery of that a-distant age.

The true fandom (that group which devotes itself to science-fantasy, NOT sex, bheer, whisky and egotism) is of course Wellington fandom ((wanna bet?)). There is no personal tough in the magazine, no sex orgies, or matters un-fannish.

British'dom has fallen foul of the temptation of sex, (etc.) to which American'dom is sinking too. Let not this happen down under.

I never realised what effect a name could have upon its owner. But as Walter Alexander Willis, S.C. Himself, said: "A new dawn is rising, appropriately enough, in the East." Well, yes, maybe he was talking about England, but so what?

RICK SNEARY: 2962 Santa Ana Street, SOUTH GATE, Calif., U.S.&A.

....a FooFooist is a follower of the great fannish Ghod Foo-Foo. FooFoo was the chief ghod of fans from 1st. through 5th fandom. He was the only thing that held back the purple horror of GhuGhuism from taking over all of fandom. In the early days there were some fans that did serve ghughu, and their fate has been a frightfull thing. The once BNF damon knight, was cursed to be un-capitalized the rest of his life... Such lesser ghods as Roscoe of the 5th and 6th fandom are left alone, as they do not mean to warp the minds of fans. But we followers of FooFooare unswerving in our devotion....

....The Willis letter in -FAN- 2 is a fine example of why people like him. He worries about what they think.. In all honesty there is no reason why he should care what you thought of "-". But he does, and makes fandom a better place by setting such a good example.

There is something I want to warn you about though. Drop this WELLINGTON AT CENTURY TURN stuff. I tell you, you don't know what you are doing.. In your dewy eyed annosence you may think it all a lark.. A great gag, to copy the idea of those crazy Yanks. I warn you though, don't do it... Stop now while you can.. Do you realise that Century Turn is 43/42 years off? Think; you may be a retired film magnate, living in steam heated Antarctica, being overfed by your Grandchildren.... When suddenly you find that people you never heard, of, all over the world, are expecting you to produce a World Con. You will have to find people you haven't heard of in 20 years; brush up on who are the new VIPs; and face up to all the horrors of putting on a Convention that no one will like for at least two years.....



rick continues: And don't think the Pacific will save you. Not when a whole plane load of fans can fly to London, with things as primitive as they are now. --Get out down while you still can.

About the only thing I can do right now is to change the subject: so... Anybody got copies of THE IMMORTAL STORM they wanna flog to me? Also copies of SLANT, THROUGH DARKEST IRELAND WITH FORK, KNIFE, AND SPOON, A NEOFAN'S GUIDE, fancylopedia 11, heh, any issues of QUANDRY, and copies of -FAN- One? There is one thing, though, Rick: I haven't yet specified which Century.....

ELLIS MILLS: 2522 Front Street, Cuyahoga Falls, U.S.A.

....I was interested in your zine as tangible proof that there are fans (and therefore, presumably people) in New Zealand. I had heard that there were fans in Australia and a suspicion lurks in the most backward recesses of my brain(?)((??)) that I had heard about Kiwifandom also. Unfortunately, I happen to be one of those people that are very hazy in geographical matters ((och, one of those...)). I fear that if I had heard of Kiwifandom, I probably lumped it together with the Aussies ((OOHHHH! one of those!...)). I fear that this statement will make me as popular with the Kiwis and Aussies as John Berry would be in Dublin were he to go there and lead his chorus of budgies in a performance of "God Save The Queen".



This sort of thing could lead to war, Ellis. Don't forget what Rommel said....

Let's get back to better things. Like more egoboo, for instance.

ART WILSON: c/o CAT, Kaitak Airport, Kowloon, Hongkong. BCC. Maybe I'm on a stoopid kick, but I had to read M. Duce's poetic effort thrise before I got it. First reading's opinion -- Bilge! Second reading's opinion -- Bilge, with overtones of heartburn. Final opinion -- A fine poem, almost professional class. Very subtle, particularly to moronsters such as myself.



A digression:-

There was a greedy youg ghoul
Who thrived on carcasses cool.
At sight of a cadaver,
He started to slaver,
And stood to his knees in the drool.



YING-TONG

YING-TONG

YING-TONG IDLE I

FO

Bhoy, that tasted good. Let's have some more. Or better still, still, let's have something from which I can make a witty saying, such as:-



RICHARD ENEY: 417 Fort Hunt Road, Alexandria, Vagina, U.S.A.

Lynette's art is as good as lastish, but wot's the fiend doing mit carnivorous lower and omnivorous upper dental plates?

Blame it on the Government! With their Social Security Dental Scheme, what more can you expect? Anyway, our modle refused to have her own lowers pulled out....

Flip the page for some eyepeeps into Kiwifannish history.....

ROGER HORROCKS: 18 Hazlemere Road, Mount Albert, Auckland S.W.1.

....Wall, Auckland has got TWO commercial SF Libraries. One is, of course, run by Don Milne. The other by Jack Connell -- only a ten minutes' ride from my place, in Balmoral. I met Jack for the first time today. Nice joker; must be about 50, with bad eyesight, but he sees well enough to run the book shop-cum-library and read a lot of new sf. The library itself contains many, many titles, most of them hard cover books from the States. Man, when I first saw 'em, me eyeballs flipped but def. Stuff from Gnome, Fantasy Press, Doubleday...the works. Jack, you may remember, was President of the ASFlub. It ran successfully for a couple of years with up to 25 members, most of them 30 and over (They had a few young 'uns but they didn't encourage them to joining because Club meetings were held at night at Jack's place. Also from the point of view of publicity -- most of the members, Jack says, were sericon types. Not much interest in fanzines et cetera). Then most of the members packed off and went to England -- still there -- and others vacated to Rotorua, Hamilton and other far flung parts of NZ. Only four or so actual members are left, but there is still enough interest in this burge to warrant a commercial enterprise like the library (or should I say libraries!). Looks good, in fact.

Connell has met with jokers like Bert Chandler (likewise Don Milne), Ted Carnell and Bob Heinlein when they passed thru Auckland several years ago. Bert is a purser on a Shaw Saville Ship and it is possibly that he will be returning one day. Soon, I hope... ^{NEW} WORLDS.

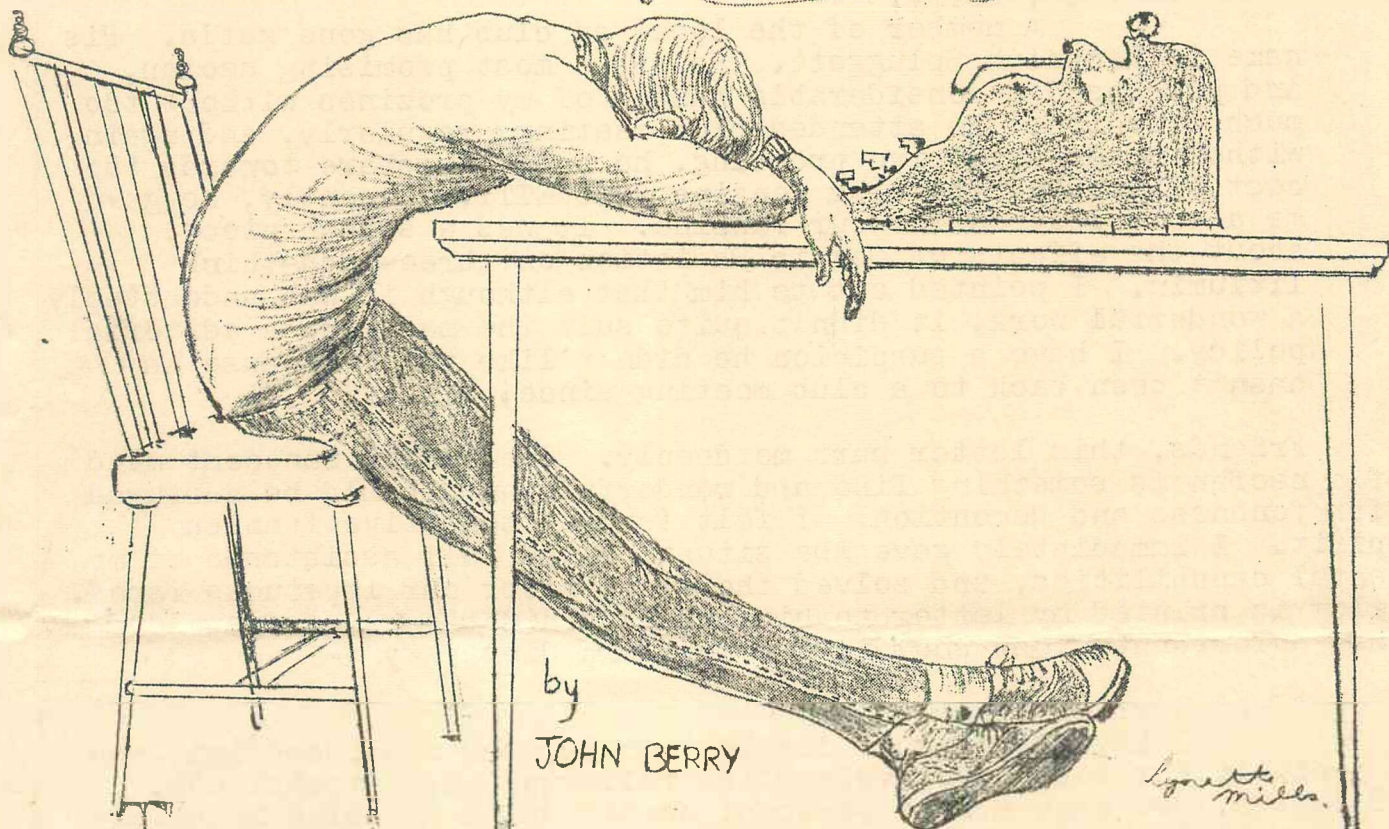
"these things
are sent
to test us"

When I was in Auckland around the begining of September '57, I made a point of contacting all the fannish spirits around the town. I found Roger was the only fan there, with John McLeod, sorta bumbling around, not able to take the plunge and pub a zine. Mickael Hinge put out a fanzine about three & 1/2 years ago, but now is pretty passive. Though he was going to put a large art folio into KIWIFAN -- but that idea fell through. There are a couple of other people up there who'd pass for fake-fen except that they're not noisy enough. Alan Richardson was one. Another one was Bob Zola, a sleepy looking type, who resembles a calculating machine when the lights shine on his glasses. There were a couple of femme fannes there too, but I can't place them right now, and also, of course, Don Milne and Jack Connell & wife. They're quite normal people, a trifle quiet, but that's supposed to be a virtue anyway. From what I could understand of their talk, they all seemed pretty intelligent -- the change from Wellington to Auckland fandom was quite large, but capable of being made.

Wellington is better off, of course; we have four faaans down here: Lynette, Toni, Merve, and myself; and one or two fake-fans -- real ones: John Morgans, Richard Paris, and Ian Brough. We too have our intelligencia, in the person of David Preston, of whom we see very little nowadays, though I have been able to blackmail him into doing a story for me sometime within the next three months.

And we don't walk around upside down....

the PSYCHOLOGY of the Gafiate



by
JOHN BERRY

The worst thing that can happen to a faaan is to revert to 'gafia'. (An abbreviation meaning 'get away from it all'...I've given this primary neofannish explanation just in case a neo-fan happens to read this.) This chronic malady is liable to happen at any time, notwithstanding a theory that one's stay in fandom averages around about three years. Such stalwarts as Bob Tucker, with 25 years actifanning behind him, are an absolute rarity. My own theory is that if, say, you take a specimen group of neofen blundering into fandom today, one will probably last five years or more, two will perchance reach the three year standard, and the remainder will gafiate if and when the urge strikes them, most probably within a year. This has been proved many times, and to give an instance, whilst scanning a 1953 American sf prozine the other day, I read the fanzine reviews, and I didn't recognise one name nor had I heard of any of the fanzines.....and I entered fandom in 1954.

However, the purpose of this treatise is not to discuss the whys and wherefores of gafia, but to give my theories as to how particular cases of this state can be remedied. I have carried out quite a number of experiments, some on myself (in some cases, without an anaesthetic) and I feel that I have made a little progress in this direction.

My case histories are many and varied, and, I am pleased to say, my assistance has been sought on many occasions. Just the other week, I rec'd a very sorrowful letter from a faned in the Antipodes. His worry was not unusual in my experience, and it gives me much pleasure to give a brief resumé of the case, and to publish for all to see my clear and lucid directions to him :-

His letter began,

"Dear Mr. Berry,

A member of the local sf club has gone gafia. His name is Randolph Spluggett. He was a most promising neofan, and purchased a considerable number of my prozines without too much coercion. He attended club meetings regularly, and again, without over-excessive prodding, he paid his share towards the cost of pubbing the club fanzine CROCHETTT. Recently, he gave me a contribution for our fanzine. It was a sercon piece, about the effects of Cosmic Radiation on three-inch-think liblumin. I pointed out to him that although it was undoubtedly a wonderful work, it didn't quite suit the magazine's editorial policy. I have a suspicion he didn't like this, because he hasn't been back to a club meeting since, and...."

Friends, this letter hurt me deeply. The tender innocent mind of a neofan is something fine and wonderful, and should be nurtured with fondness and decontion. I felt for his sensitive fannish spirit. I immediately gave the situation the full assistance of my mental capabilities, and solved the problem for our impetuous faned. Below is printed my letter to him, showing him the way to retrieve this unfortunate lost soul in the most expedient way :-

"Dear Worried Faned,

I have given your little trouble much consideration, and especially for you, have evolved the following three techniques. Of course, you have a more personal contact with Randolph Spluggett and you will be in a better position to know which ploy to bring into action. You may require to carry out all three in the order given, but I will guarantee complete satisfaction. Follow the instructions carefully, and I promise a more social atmosphere in your sf club.....

THE BERRY GAMBIT NUMBER ONE.

THE INTELLECTUAL PLOY.

A neofan who has gafiated as a direct result of your failure to publish a sercon item of his on the grounds that no one will be interested, poses a difficult situation. He has an inferiority complex. He thinks he is an outcast. No one likes a rejection. Spluggett may be beyond redemption, and has quite possibly diverted his attention to ornithology.

Your first move is to call and see Spluggett at his home. Proffer him a gift, such as a surplus NEBULA. Tell him you normally sell it for two shillings, but he can have it for free. Then cough, pat him on the shoulder, and whisper confidentially, "Would

you like to be club Sercon Expert?" He'll probably look coy and say, "Weeeell, I'd love to, but I had arranged to see a lesser spotted tit-warbler to-night." You sneer. You take a step backwards and turn to go. "And to think I sent your liblumin article to Woomera," you say between clenched teeth. He'll rush after you, breathing hard. "Oh, well, I didn't know. In that case..." Give him a noble look, and shake him firmly by the hand. "You'll come back to the club again?" you ask. He'll nod excitedly. Tell him he owes you two shillings for club funds, and retire before he discovers you sold him the same NEBULA last month.

.....

If, by some unforeseen mischance, Gambit One doesn't work, don't give in. But don't be complacent. You've got to get rid of your surplus prozines, remember. Move now to :-

THE BERRY GAMBIT NUMBER TWO.

THE EGOBOO PLOY.

Go to his house again, and give him two prozines. Say to him, "Look, about your liblumin article...it's..it's ((roll your eyes, and gently sink down on to the left knee, timorously clutching the lapels of his jacket))...it's superb, honestly...the only reason I daren't pub it in CROCHETTT is because I don't want to get sued by Lancelot Hogben. Man, that calculus.... Mmmmm mmmm."

Then, as he basks in this newly discovered egoboo, press home your advantage. "By the way, we're putting out another issue of the club fanzine next week, but we haven't quite got enough money to pay for a ream of our especial puce diplicating paper for the covers."

Click your fingers meaningly, and give him a knowing wink.

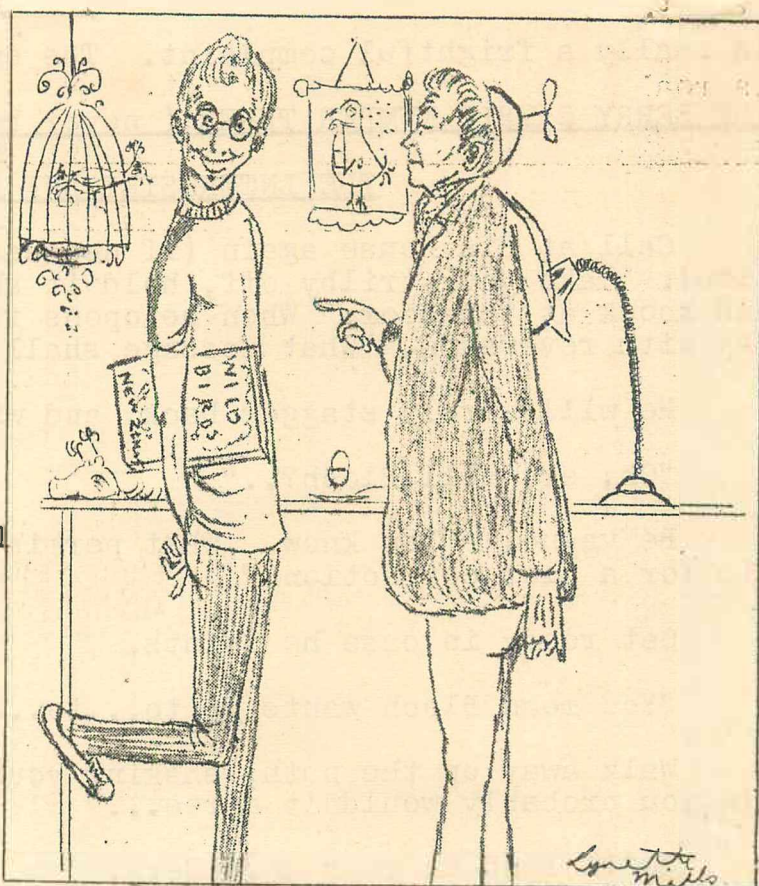
.....

Your shrewd comparison between his work and Hogben's should have succeeded. If not, the neo has developed advanced gafia, which

IS HORROCKS A VILE PRO?

SENT
TO
SUBSCRIBER

HAVE YOU SEEN THE REVIEW OF FAN IN ether-
line?



is really a frightful complaint. The only answer is my :-

THE BERRY GAMBIT NUMBER THREE (never before used)

THE INTERESTED BNF PLOY.

Call at his house again (if necessary, go the back way this time). Take your trilby off, hold it sheepishly in front of you and knock at the door. When he opens it, give a slight bow, and say with reverence, "What message shall I give to Bloch?"

He will surely stagger back, and wipe his brow.

"Oh, er, tell Bloch?.."

Be vague. "You know. That permission he wants you to give him for a plot correction."

Get ready in case he faints.

"You mean Bloch wants me to...to..."

Walk away up the path, shaking your head, and saying. "I told him you probably wouldn't agree..."

He'll land on your shoulders.

"I agree...I agree..." he'll scream, "but what have I to agree about?"

At this stage, flash your surplus prozines.

"Well, he wants to rewrite one of his sf stories, and have the space ship built of liblumin, but I told him you wouldn't....."

Watch the way he prances round the garden like a fawn."

.....

So, my friends, that is one of the many cases I have personally taken a hand in. I feel it is the least I can do. I am kept so busy with these problems, and I consider it egoboo enough that I am considered by many fen to have such a profound understanding of the neofannish mentality, as one of my critics pointed out just the other day. In fact, even as I type this, the afternoon mail has brought another little problem. Let me see. Ah yes...it's from an R. Spluggett, of New Zealand. He says the club fane has gone gafia. He says.. "secretly, Mr. Berry, I think it's because he is jealous about the success of a sercon article of mine about the effects of Cosmic Radiation on three-inch-thick lib...."

the end.

This is supposed to be the editorial.

But first of all it's going to be a soapbox, while I give forth with a policy type speech. You see, it's becoming increasingly difficult and expensive to publish paraFANalia (this paper: 11/6 a ream; ink: 17/6 per 1/2 pint; stencils: 1/- each). To get a hundred copies of this issue, I've had to use three reams of paper. This because my duper refuses to feed paper properly. All-in-on, I've had quite a to-do with it. Consequently, if you ever see another large issue of -FAN-, you can assume either that I have passed the title on to a tough he-fan type person, or that I have won Tatts., The Irish Sweepstake, and The Airt Union all in one go, and bought myself a publishing house. If you see a large, printed issue, you'll know I won the Melbourne Cup too.

Therefore, future issues of my favourite fanzine will consist of about twenty pages. And, at that, I don't know when the next issue will be able to contain twenty pages. Trouble is, I want to publish a one-shot called THE MAGAC STYLU S just as soon as I can finish writing it. I've been kicking it about a fair bit recently, but not come to any conclusions as to how to write the damn thing. I'll try to get it written, pubbed, and mailed out within the confines of 1958, which starts tomorrow. Circulation will be restricted to OMPA and a few selected types. Also any suckers who pay for it.

Just so's you can't accuse me of mis-representation, here's the first few sentences from the plot-outline I've decided to follow, collected for the first time onto a stencil:-

"Tru Fann is presented with a Magic Stylus by the great Ghod Gestetner. Tru Fanne is the step-daughter of the King of Subberland. Sir Con decided he wants it and allys himself with Tru's step-father, Klub Fan, the evil, double-talking king of Subberland. They both envy her and want the Stylus. A knight-in-shining-armour enters the land. He is called Am Pubber....."

I guess it's just about one of the oldest formulae known: Bad man versus Good man with a gal trying to withhold her honour betwixt them. ¶ Enough of this huckstering! I'll tell Y'all wehn THE MAGIC STYLUS is ready for mailing and criticising.

MAGAZINE — MARCH 1958 — AND I'M VERY SORRY JOHN, BUT I SIMPLY FORGOT UNTIL THE STENCIL WAS PUBLISHERS' EGOBOO, a fanzine to build a dejected fan's morale, will quite soon hit the mail-boxes. It's by Toni Vondruska, and sports a brilliant cover. Superb! Also, Lynette Mills intends to pub a oneshot called SLINK. Plans nebulous, but it all makes for gossip, don't it? Actually, the reason for my always yapping about these one-shots is that if I yap long enough, the person about whom I'm yapping feels his/her conscience prinking and jolly well has to pub his/her zine. Witness THE GREEN EXPRESSION by Mervyn Barrett. ¶ KIWIFAN 8 is due out within not too long, also; and Roger has recently made a sale with his 60-page book on Satellites -- NZ publisher. ¶ Then, FOCUS 7 should appear sometime next year.

I'd like to say 'thanks' to all who've sent me fmz and contributions, sorry there's no room to give egoboo all around, but that's just how it is. ¶ Also, as usual, I'd like to give my usual plug to Kiwifandom. Kiwifannish addresses: Toni Vondruska, 6 Telford Tce., Oriental Bay, Wgtn.; Lynette Mills, 133a Onslow Rd., Khandallah, Wgtn.; Mervyn Barrett, 6 Doctors Commons, Mt. Victoria, Wgtn.; Roger Horrocks, 18 Hazlemere Rd., Auckland S.W.1. Wish you all the very best,

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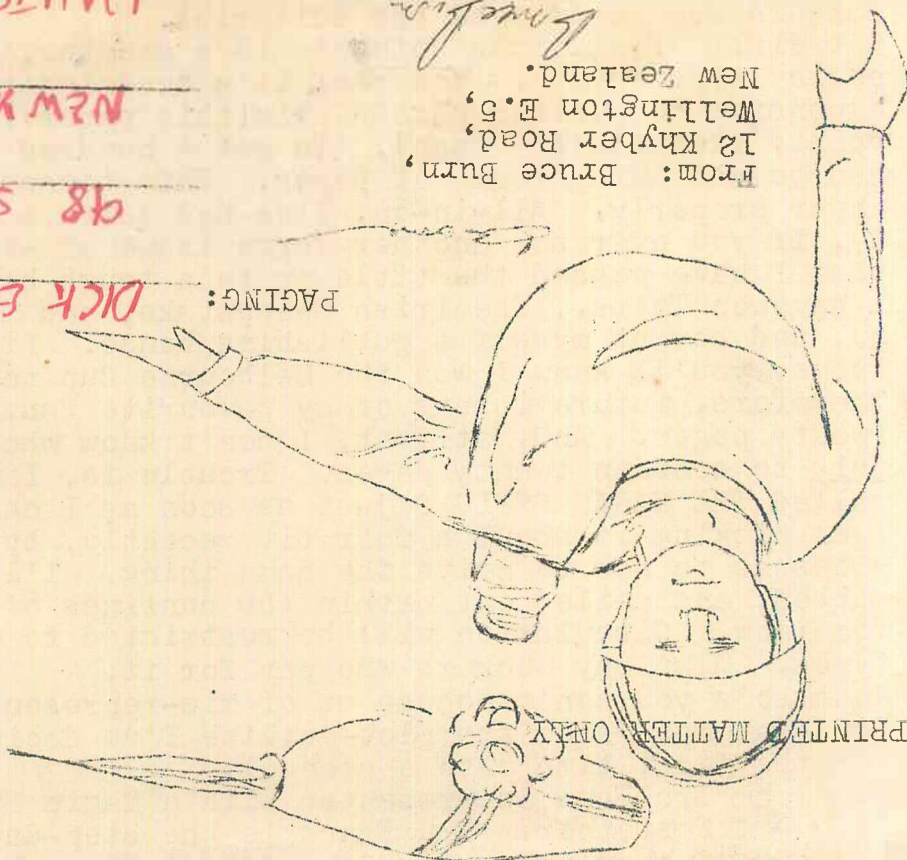
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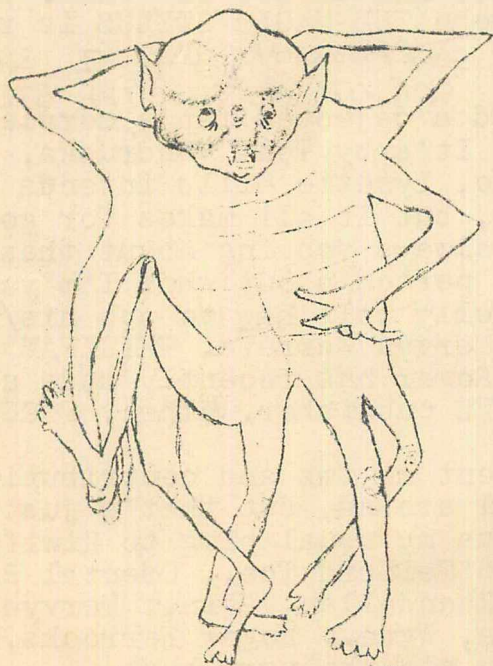


FRANKLY, OLD PAL, I'M NOT TOO
SURE JUST WHY YOU'VE GOT THIS
COPY OF THE THIRD ISSUE OF

paraFANalia

UNLESS, NATURALLY, YOU'RE IN
OMPA.

FILL IN OUR HANDY COUPON DOWN
BELOW AND SEND IT TO US. WE
WANNA BE IN THE GAME TOO.....



- I GAVE YOU SOME EGOBOO.
- YOU'RE TRYING TO SOLICIT MAT-
ERIAL FROM ME.
- WE TRADE, REMEMBER?
- I'M SORTA REPRESENTED INSIDE.
- I SENT YOU "THE PSYCHOLOGY OF
THE GAFIATE".
- I AM A GOOD MAN.
- I AM THE TRUFAN OF LINCOLN.
- I AM ROBERT BLOCH.