

CONVENTION GIRLS' DIGEST #2, in which:  
Lucy Leads an Expedition to the North Pole;  
Sharee Meets a Heffalump and Is Unbounced;  
and Allyn is Entirely Surrounded by Water.



CGD can be had for neither love nor money; however, if you respond to this one, we'll send you the next one. If you send your fanzine in trade, please keep in mind that each of us maintains her own separate collection.

Now, pay attention: the editorial address this time is **2215-R Market St.**, San Francisco CA 94114. Contents copyright 1985 by L. Huntzinger, S. Carton, A. Cadogan; founding members: fwa. Group Mind Publication #2. Cogneato Press. And the fun begins.

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Here comes Sharee walking up the stairs dragging the mail bag, bump, bump, bump, behind her.

"Is this Sharee?" Lucy calls from the attic.

"Of course," says Allyn, opening the door, "can't you hear the jingle, jingle, jingle of her hair rings? What have you got, Sharee?"

"It's ther Con Girls' mail."

"What?"

"Don't you know what ther means?"

"We do now," Lucy responds.

Sometimes Lucy likes a game of some sort when she comes downstairs, and sometimes she likes to sit quietly in front of the fire and write locs. Today--

"What about a fanzine?" says Allyn.

"What about a fanzine?" says Sharee.

"Why don't we write one?"

"I suppose we could," says Lucy. "What sort of a fanzine could we write?"

"About ourselves, because we're that sort of Girls."

So we tried.

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She bent down, put her head in the mail bag and called out, "Is there anything in here?" She emerged clutching a letter from Arthur Thomson.

"What's it say, what's it say?" the other two cried.

Dear Girls,

So I'm sitting here, nice day in London, reading Convention Girls' Digest, and laffing fit to bust over it. I'm also feeling a little sad, cos' I realise that to produce CGD you all had to be in far off sunny Folsom St, and weren't about to walk through the door in the One Tun here in London and brighten the day. But then, nothing's perfect.

What is nearly perfect, in fact super nearly pluperfect, well, ultra fantastically almost perfect is the humour and writing in CGD. What with 'TAFFWARS' 'THE MUDWEST STRIKES BACK' and 'RETURN OF THE TAFFMAN' it was sorta nice to get in something that laughed at things and was only bitchy in the nicest possible way. Yes, you girls done good.

"Should we admit that CGD was really written in a cold dank basement on Second Avenue?"

"No, wait, here's a letter from Joyce Scrivner," Lucy said, removing a thin white envelope from the sack.

*One side made you small, and the other side made you tall,  
and I don't remember anything at all.*

*Curiouser and curiouser said I (the caterpillar).  
Have a loc?*

"Terry Garey says, 'You should have known better than to read The Snarkout Boys and the Avocado of Death. It leads to the hard stuff.'"

"Oh," we sighed, "well, the hard stuff is good to find."

"Speaking of hard, here's a case for you; it's a letter from Alan Bostick."

*What are you trying to do to me? Here I am, trying to establish myself as a serious and dedicated student at a prestigious institution of higher learning, and you have to blow my rep by sending me this rag filled with sleazy fantasy and innuendo to my office. Now everyone has the wrong idea about the quality of my character.*

*I'll never live it down; nor will I live down the fact that I wasn't even mentioned.... Don't those magical times we shared mean anything to you?*

"Sharee, did you spend magical time with Alan?"

"Not me. How 'bout you, Allyn?"

"Nope. Must be Lucy he's talking about."

"Couldn't be. I've never spent any time with him at all."

"Gee, I thought you two were good friends."

"Excuse me for a moment, but there's something climbing up your table," and with one loud Worraworraworraworraworra she jumped at the end of the table cloth, pulled it to the ground, wrapped herself up in it three times, rolled to the other end of the room, and, after a terrible struggle, got her head into the daylight again, and said cheerfully: "Have I won?"

"Did we hear from Terry Carr?" Allyn asked.

"Well, sort of," Sharee replied-- "But," Lucy interrupted, "an evil spirit sneaked in and changed the entire three pages to incomprehensible drivel, which he then published as an issue of GILGAMESH."

"Not only that," Allyn added, "he took me off his mailing list."

"Now we'll all be removed from his mailing list," Lucy smirked. "We did get a copy of a letter that Len Bailes sent to Terry in response to Terry's response to us, though."

"Does Len's letter make any sense?"

"Judge for yourself."

*...Certainly I wish you success in your search to find the lost planet from which your tribe originated whether or not the quest is of sufficient gravity to catch that elusive orbiting thought beam (whose density may be calculated by Greg Benford and published by Ace Books, provided he pretends that he's an archaeologist).*

"Here's a post card from Bryan Barrett:"

*Yes, it's all true! Terry Carr lies! It did happen that way. The crowds of Commenfen killed off my precious 5 gallons of Real Ale in 20 minutes leaving me nothing but Marty Cantor's jelly beans. There was a definite lack of alcoholic consumables at LACon. Lucy was a bunch of fun shopping for party supplies (with Colin Fine). She even discovered a new perverse drink called Mexicola! So an hour and a half into the Britain in '87 Bid Party we ran out of everything. But the party kept going and going -- people started to steal things from other parties and bring it to ours. Party piracy had begun! Avast ye dogs! We want that Taco Dip and those six cases of Anchor Steam!*

"Wow, that made me thirsty," said Allyn. "Where's the coke?"

"Oh, you silly, that'll only make you thirstier," Lucy replied, opening three cans of Mexicola."

"Can't we go out for croissants to go with it?" Allyn wailed.

"Let's read this from Marc Ortlieb instead," Sharee insisted. "It's that kind of letter."

*However, the bear only got larger and larger, and more and more human; when he had come within a few yards of it, he saw that it had eyes, a nose, a mouth, and an orange wispy beard; and when he had come close to it, he saw that it was JUSTIN ACKROYD himself. "It can't be anyone else!" he said to himself. "I'm as certain of it, as if his name were written all over his socks!"*

*"You've been o.s., cobber," said Aussiefan. "Would you*

kindly tell me the meaning of this fanzine -- CONVENTION GIRLS' DIGEST?"

"Let's see it," said Justin Ackroyd. "I was probably there at the time."

That sounded very hopeful, so Aussiefan repeated a few lines.

"Ted White presides over the conflagration from atop a giant mushroom in the corner."

"That's easy enough to begin with," Justin Ackroyd interrupted: "It's what's called irony. You see, there never is muchroom in parties like that."

"You mean," said Aussiefan, "that it doesn't refer to...."

"Of course not," said Justin. "Those rumours are totally unfounded."

"Of course," said Aussiefan. "I should have realized. But what about these comments about Jack Herman. He's dinkum, but I don't get this bit:

'They gain admission after chanting the secret passwords, "Moshe, Moshe, Moshe," and are granted an audience with Jack Herman. Sharee is charmed; Chris vanishes in search of even more desperate fun.'

"Well a Moshe is a sort of fan that you find in business sessions."

"Does it help to cool tempers?" asked Aussiefan.

"Certainly it does, sometimes. That's what fans are for, after all," said Justin Ackroyd. "You know about Jack Hermans. A Sharee is a fast moving fan, rather electric, some have said. She's related to the Red Queen, you know. Mail that is sent to her has to run as fast as it can to reach her last address bar one. To reach her previous address it has to run even faster than that."

"That must make life very difficult for letterhacks," said Antifan.

"Of course it does," said Justin. "That's why DUFF exists."

"Oh," said Aussiefan, as though he understood this. "But what about Lucy?"

"Come now," said Justin Ackroyd. "You can't really expect me to say that much about a tiny little three page fanzine. Besides, I've got a beard scratching appointment at six."

As Aussiefan watched, the strange creature disappeared, leaving nothing but a pair of socks, on which were embroidered WASH ME.

"That was wonderful," they all sighed. "Now I really need that coke," Allyn added.

"Is that all the mail we got?" Lucy asked plaintively.

"Well, there's a post card here from Wm. Gibson. He says that he's quit smoking."

"Ha!" Sharee snorted.

"You've been holding out on me!" Allyn accused.

"Is that it? That's all he said?" Lucy asked, outraged.

"Well, he writes real big," Allyn said, "but he did say that our report was

'probably better than being there!' Boy, that Gibson sure is eloquent, isn't he? He also says that 'Armadillocon had little in the way of C-Girls this year.' Think he misses us?"

"Does Pooh shit in the woods?" Sharee snickered.

"Who's next?"

"You won't believe this picture Georges Giguere sent us of himself lifting weights."

"That's Georges?" Lucy cried. "No wonder I don't remember him. Did he write anything, or is the picture supposed to say it all?"

"He says," Sharee read reluctantly, "'I must take exception to your description of Grant as the Most Attractive Fan of the Male persuasion. Photo enclosed is preamble to my asking, 'So what am I -- chopped liver?'"

"Gee," Allyn said, scanning the photo, "I didn't know Georges was Jewish."

"And, last, but by no means least, there are these two cards from John D. Berry and Neil Kaden."

Neil E. Kaden  
1104 Longhorn Drive  
Plano, TX 75023

THIS IS A GENUINE HARRIET CARTOON

POST CARD

PEOPLE'S RIGHT TO PETITION FOR REDRESS  
USA 10c

PEARL BUCK  
USA 5c

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San Francisco, CA 94110

CORRESPONDENCE  
14/10/84

Dear PARTY GIRLS,

You can't imagine how thrilled I was to receive your CON GIRLS' DIAST. Funny, I was just thinking about you! How's your membership in Far W. Assoc of America? Still charter? Gee, that's BS uvl. Hope to hear from you again soon. Give my regards to Karl, Shay, & Empera Nolon. As always, Neil

PS - 8 names I never even heard of -- what a neol // good thing I could read today, and leave it to you to read tomorrow -- or yesterday -- but never today!

Fwa?

TO:  
2739 Folsom St.  
San Francisco, CA  
94110

PPS - Look for a review of CAD in the Texas SF Inquirer -- if we ever get it out. Love, Neil

USA 13c  
Crazy Horse

Convention Girls  
2739 Folsom St.  
San Francisco, CA  
94110

- John D. Berry  
10/13/84



*In Which Phil Goes Visiting and Gets Into a Tight Place,  
Ted Loses a Tale and  
We Learn What Tilda Does in the Mornings*

Ted, the old grey Fan, stood by the tub and looked at himself in the water. "Pathetic," he said. "That's what it is. Pathetic."

He turned and walked slowly to the mirror. There he looked at himself again. "As I thought," he said. "No better from this side. But nobody minds. Nobody cares. Pathetic, that's what it is."

There was a crackling noise from the tub behind him, and out came Harry Warner Jr.

"Good morning, Ted," said Harry.

"Good morning, Harry Warner Jr.," said Ted gloomily. "If it is a good morning," he said.

"Don't open the mouth, dear, or the soap goes in," said Mae Strelkov. "There! What did I tell you?"

"You-you-you did it on purpose," spluttered Ted, as soon as he could speak again...and then accidentally had another mouthful of lathery flannel.

"That's right, dear, don't say anything," said Mae.

Outside the room, they found Andrew Brown, jumping up and down trying to reach the knocker.

"Could you very kindly tell me where Ted is?" asked Cesar, walking up the hall.

"He has gone to see his friend Cesar, who is a very great friend of his," said Will Straw.

"But this is Me!" said Cesar, very much surprised.

"What sort of me?"

"Cesar Ignacio Ramos."

"Are you sure?" said Will, still more surprised.

"Quite, quite sure," said Cesar.

"Well, come in, then," said Will opening the door.

In a little while they were all ready at the top of the Stairs, and the Expositon started. First came Eric Mayer and Lester Boutillier, then Harry and ATom; then Mae with Tony in her pocket, and Joseph Nicholas; then Ted; and, at the end, in a long line, all of Decadent Winnipeg Fandom.

"I didn't ask them," explained Lucy carelessly, Phil Palmer's tiny silver penis dangling from her left ear lobe. "They just came. They always do. They can march at the end, after Ted."

"Where's Richard Bergeron?" asked Joseph.

"Can't you see him?" said Cesar.

"No," said Joseph.

"Neither can I," said Cesar. "Joke," he explained. "Ha ha!"

Balancing on one foot, Ted began to bring his other foot very cautiously up to his ear. "I did this yesterday," he explained, as he fell down for the third time. "It's quite easy. It's so as I can hear better...."

"I've brought you a present, Phil," said Sharee, "to replace the one you gave Lucy."

"One of those big colored things you blow up?"

"Not exactly," she said, blushing.

"I've brought you a present, too, Phil," said Allyn excitedly.

"You really shouldn't have," said Phil.

"It's a Useful Pot," said Allyn. "It's got 'Chocolates of Lust' written

on it. That's what all that writing is. And it's for putting things in!"

"Why!" he said. "I believe Sharee's present will go into that pot. Look, Lucy, it goes in and it goes out."

"So it does!" said Allyn. "It goes in!"

"So it does!" said Sharee. "And it comes out!"

"Doesn't it?" said Lucy. "It goes in and out like anything!"

Ted took down his right foot from his right ear, turned around, and with great difficulty put up his left foot.

"I must have that in the other ear," he said. "Could you say that again, please?"

Terry Carr never minded saying things again, so he asked where he should begin from; and when Ted said from the moment when the fluff got in his ear, and Terry had asked when that was, and Ted had said he didn't know because he hadn't heard properly, Skel settled it all by saying that what they were trying to do was, they were just trying to think of a way to get the bounces out of Sharee, because however much you liked her, you couldn't deny it, she did bounce.

Allyn was sitting on the ground blowing happily at the dandelion, and wondering whether it would be this year, next year, sometime or never. She had just discovered that it would be never, and was trying to remember what 'it' was, and hoping it wasn't anything nice.

"There's just one thing," said Tilda Palmer. "I was talking to Deirdre Keller and she said that Taral was Generally Regarded as One of the Fiercer Faneds. I'm not frightened of Fierce Faneds in the ordinary way, but it is well known that, if One of the Fiercer Faneds is Deprived of Its Egoboo, it becomes as fierce as two of the Fiercer Faneds. In which case, 'Aha!' is perhaps a foolish thing to say."

"Tilda," said Robert Runte, taking out a pencil, and licking the end of it, "you haven't any pluck."

"It is hard to be brave," said Tilda, sniffing slightly, "when you're only a Second Generation Fan."

"Well," said Robert, "I think...."

But we shall never know what Robert thought, for there came a sudden squeak from Allyn, a splash, and a loud cry of alarm from Claude Degler.

"So much for washing," said Ted.

"Look at me swimming!" cried Allyn from the middle of the pool, and was hurried down a waterfall into the jacuzzi.

It was at this exciting moment that John Packard came through the trees and bumped into Ted.

"Say, John!" said Ted, "I wanted to commission some Triffids for the next issue of GAMBIT!"

Later, when they had all nearly eaten enough, Sharee banged on the table with her spoon, and everybody stopped talking and was very silent, except Leigh Edmonds who was just finishing a loud attack of hiccups and trying to look as if it was Valma Brown.

"Amikojn," Sharee said in Esperanto, "and oddments, it is a great pleasure, or perhaps I had better say it has been a pleasure so far to see you at CORFLU. But where is Paul Williams?"

"He had to chair the Amway convention this weekend," said Lucy. "But tell me, who was that man with the pink mohawk sitting in the corner of the mimeo room all weekend?"

"You mean you didn't recognize Fred Haskell?" said Allyn incredulously.

"I say, I wonder what's going to happen exciting next year?" said Terry Hughes.

"We can't all, and some of us don't. That's all there is to it," said Ted, rubbing his nose.

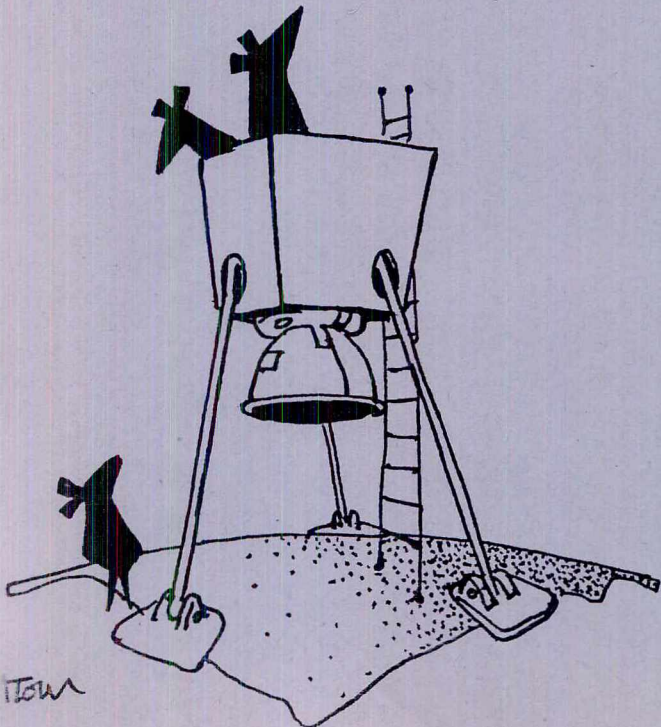
"Can't all what?" said Terry.

"Gaiety. Song-and-dance. Here we go round the mulberry bush."

"Oh bother, all that wet for nothing," sighed Allyn.

Mail for Con Girls Digest  
MUST BE ADDRESSED C/O LUCY  
or it can't be delivered.

CONVENTION GIRLS' DIGEST #2  
% LUCY HUNTZINGER  
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