

# Face Fanno

Number 4

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Patrick Nielsen Hayden, editor

"Thinking the world should entertain you leads to boredom and sloth. Thinking you should entertain the world leads to bright clothes, odd graffiti, and amazing grace in running for the bus." -- Anne Herbert

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It's one of those surprisingly clear partly-cloudy Northwestern autumn days as I stencil this, sitting in the alcove by the back window of our house, surrounded by desk, file boxes and miscellaneous writing and fannish materials. As I look out over the back yard I can see a thicket of this city's ubiquitous blackberry bushes, and recall back to a couple of months ago when they were still bearing fruit and we could go out in the late summer rain and snack on them. Beyond them, to the east, I can see over the roofs of Seattle's University of Washington district, all church towers and pointy-topped wooden houses broken up by about eleventy-ump different shapes and November colors of tree and, unfortunately, the occasional singularly uninteresting modern apartment building. From up here at the top of Roosevelt Ridge you can even see the foothills of the Cascades, lying about forty miles away across Lake Washington and colored in that peculiar blue that is the distinct property of overgreens at a distance in the moist atmosphere of the Pacific Northwest.

More than anywhere else, it seems like home.

I've been somewhat at a loss to explain why this should be so. What I mean by "home" has less to do with the sort of sheer joy of place that I got in New York and didn't find in the Bay Area than with a certain sense of propriety, a feeling that here things are as they should be: seasons properly cycling, foliage growing and dying and changing shades on schedule, sun schedules lining up right, and of course a comprehensible and sound distribution of the proper sorts of architecture, spread out on the correct sort of hills which pop out of perfectly natural networks of lakes, bays, rivers and canals. Again, I have no idea why this is the case. Throughout my life, I've mostly lived in the Midwest and Southwest with occasional brief stays on both coasts; the closest I ever came to living here was a year spent in Portland, Oregon at the age of twelve, which we left because my parents couldn't stand the weather. I suppose I might have taken a strong imprint. I liked it there. I even like overcast. But Portland is only strongly similar to Seattle if you don't know the Northwest. Beats me, meyer.

Being in Seattle does feel like the end of a "long, strange trip" (as the song goes) for me. I recall making tentative plans to come out here as long ago as April of 1977, when it became apparent that interesting things out here were

attracting a hegira of sorts. Instead, I left Toronto for New York City, where I spent the summer of 1977, doing strange things like being shown around darkest Brooklyn at its darkest (ie, during the big blackout) by Gary Farber, or wandering around the Village all night and finally winding up on Jim Freund's WBAI show at 5 in the morning, or watching the rising sun hit downtown Manhattan from Brooklyn Heights after a Fanoclasts meeting, and in general developing an unreasonable love for that place where every damned street sign makes me think of a book I read or movie I saw ten years ago. I still wanted to move to Seattle, though, so logically enough I moved to East Lansing, just in time to help set up and settle down in Annie Hall, well-known locus of Last Fandom, which over the next year provided me with just the right measure of challenge and comfort to prod me out of a number of my less attractive ruts, or at least help me in the right direction, while simultaneously not forcing me to deal with the Same Old shit. I also picked up a number of firm notions about what factors make multi-adult households work and/or not work. (This one worked.) In May of 1978, content in the quaint notion that I would go to Phoenix in early August, run a small track of fannish programming at the Worldcon there, and then move to Seattle, I found myself being abruptly armtwisted into leaving for Arizona immediately to take the place of an incumbent director of programming in imminent danger of academic fafiation, and wound up missing a worldcon despite the curious fact that I spent Labor Day weekend in the same hotels. In September '78 Teresa Nielsen and I flew out of Phoenix very tired of everything having the slightest to do with fandom, and landed in San Francisco where we proceeded to spend a number of months in a less successful fannish household doing, mostly, nothing in particular. Somewhere between February and March we both woke up to these facts of our situation and promptly did a complicated number of things, the most visible of which involved us getting married and me remembering that I had intended to move to Seattle somewhere back there. A brief trip to the shores of Puget Sound and Norwescon 2 (which we hardly attended, spending most of our time seeing the city instead) confirmed this intention in both of our minds, and thus, a month later, we wound up here for keeps, or for now at least.

Our early months up here were spent in a remarkable little grotty apartment just south of Capitol Hill (which may be the last address you have for us, so check out the colophon on the last page. Fooled you; what you're reading is really a change-of-address notice in a clever plastic disguise. Ahahaha!...), but as I've already stencilled three pages on that topic for another fanzine which all of you will see (soon, I hope), I won't belabor the always-rich topic of Strange Neighbors and Grimy Buildings. I want to get this thing out in a reasonable amount of time.

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No subject ever verbed an object and no figure is separate from the ground

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It's been a while since I published anything not intended for one or another of those insidious little invitational-type miniature golf courses, or "apas", as the naive and uninformed persist in denoting them. No, trim that sentence. It's been a while since I published anything, even. If you've been consistently active in fandom for a while and are curious about what this thing called gafia feels like, let me clue you in. You don't notice. I was under the impression that I was still a, how you say, actifan until I happened to be leafing through my back-issue file one day and came up with with a tiny sheaf of desultory mailing comments, thin enough to not noticeably swell a mailing of apa-Q, to represent my entire fannish output for the past fourteen months. And I had been wondering why my mailbox seemed oddly empty lately. Gee.

Well, that's not quite true. I do recall being aware of my situation, in a vaguely intellectualized sort of way. Certain friends and acquaintances persist in reminding me of occasions at which I would feebly attempt to rationalize my lack of fanzine inspiration by pointing out the lackluster and mediocre nature of most fanzines these days. Come to think of it, that wasn't that feeble a rationalization... No, though.

Ecce Fanno, "The Occasional Fanzine", is being published this time for some friends, a few local people and a few whose presence on this mailing list is attributable only to \*whim\* and the amazing mailing labels of Suzle Tompkins. You, of course, fall into that last category, so make this patch of fanac in a desert of gafia last and send me some mail. You won't want to be without our Gala 5th Issue, featuring Stephen Pickering on Sociological Resonances in the Derogations of John D. Berry and our centerpeice, the Incompleat Art Hayes. Don't miss it! Or maybe not.

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"Sure, Arnie, your fanzine." He caught my vacant look. "You remember-- Fandom."

"Is that anything like Rock and Roll? I remember Rock and Roll." I felt increasing assurance. "Rock and Roll is here to stay!" I knew I was on the right track.

"Aw, c'mon, Arnie, you must remember," Dick pleaded. "You were so active before--"

"Before what?" I asked eagerly.

"Before your mimeograph broke." He regarded me searchingly. "The thing in your room with the handle, Arnie." So that's what it was! I had wondered why it didn't open cans too well.

"Why, yes, I remember. I was a-- a--" the term eluded me, "--a fanzine!"

-- Arnie Katz, Quip 12, August 1969

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One of the nicer aspects of our new house, a shabby-genteel example of student housing, is the presence of a spare room, which makes it easy for us to put up guests like Jon Singer, Fred Haskell or twelve thousand fanzines. It's been the last of those that's been enjoying our hospitality and the tender ministrations of our cats for the last month or so, as Gary Farber, their owner, employs the space offered by our larger abode to attempt to put his collection in order after the chaos wreaked on it by his last three or four moves.

This makes for some interesting evenings. We started out alphabetizing the zines by editor by laying out 26 cardboard boxes in the living room and tagging each one with a letter. Giant heaps of fmz were made available to each volunteer and the riot was on. "Who do you want to file The Gafiate's Intelligencer under?" "I can't find an editor for this Thurban I!" "Is The Realist a fanzine?" Gary whirled this way and that, tossing off arbitrary answers to these and other questions requiring the highest facilities of his null-a-trained double brain and looking more and more harried all the time. The card table in one corner showed repeated signs of being about to collapse beneath the weight of forty years of apa mailings. "Hey, here's one of your first fanzines, the one you did the heading for with a paper clip!" "Oh, yeah, well, where did I put that copy of AZAPA #1?" Tempers rose as the long-buried detrius of everyone's shameful neohood bubbled out of the duplicated muck. Alan sat on the couch and snatched top-quality stuff off the burgeoning stacks for his own supine perusal. Teresa hid. Strange shadows gandydanced in the corners, shades of forgotten crudzines and legendary BNFs. Rhythmic cracklings from the heat vents recalled

a Ted White sneer, a Max Keasler typo. Herbal enhancement calmed the dervish-like sorters, and at long last the untold quantities of yellowing twiltone and duplicator bond were sorted into a rough system, 26 stacks of fanzines arranged by the name of their editor, a tidy box overflowing with convention publications, and a charming scale model of Mount Rainier sculpted out of decaying apa mailings. These were transferred back into the spare room to be brought out bit by bit and sorted further into file boxes.

A few nights later Gary came by again, and mindful of the terrifying nature of the previous session, we resolved to partake of Dr. Anslinger's bete noire before sallying forth, the better to take the properly fannish view of it all, you understand. This worked fine all through the small 'A' stack-- Adkins, Ashe, Atkins, Ayotte-- and our success in conquering this first letter encouraged us mightily, for next in line was the largest single stack, that top-of-the-pops surname-initial for prolific faneditors, 'B'. The five feet of zines were trotted out, and with jolly idiot grins on our sensitive fannish faces we proceeded to tackle them. Bushyager, Brown, Berry, Boggs, Brown, Brazier, Brown, Berry, Bergeron, Berry, Bowers, Brown, thwack, thwack, thwack, into their neat little piles on the floor the old fanzines flew. A few reinforcing medicinal administrations of the vapors of trufandom, and we began to put the individual piles in order. Life was grand. It really was, I tell you. Can any fandom with Warhoon in it be all bad?

"Oh, you picked up the Bowers stack," remarked Gary to me. "I'll bet I have a near-complete run of Outworlds in there. Let me know when you finish, hey?" "Right," I nodded, and got busy ordering the pile. Ominous shadows giggled in the fireplace, whispering of Seventh Fandom and Deglerian psychosis. I paid no heed.

"Let's see, here's number one," I muttered. "Right, and numbers two and three, and... ah! three point five. Bill must have published a supplement there... oh, here's a three point two. Ah, yes, number five, September-October 1970... hm, three point four? Curious... August, 1972? Before number five..? Odd. Dum de dum... seventeen, sixteen... summer 1973? Uh... this doesn't make any sense... Gary..." My head swam. Laney rose out of an old Spacewarp on the table and cackled at me.

"Patrick," said Gary, looking over. "Patrick? Patrick!" I fought back to the eternal Now. "Um right, uh huh, back to work." I riffled through the stack and found an index to Bill Bowers' publications. "Oh, I see. First he published Roman numerals I through V, then he did (written out) "Six", "Seven" and "Eight", then (in Arabic numbers) 8.5 and 8.75, then he did the decimals 3.1, 3.2, 3.3, 3.4 and 3.5, then he picked up with 15, 16, etc. Right, makes perfect sense." I reshuffled various stacks of immaculately-mimeographed Bill Bowers zines. I through V, Six through Eight (plus 8.5 and 8.75), 3.1 through 3.5. Fuck you, Bowers, I hummed merrily to myself in a cheery tune containing elements of Maddy Groves. Then I came across The Issue.

I flipped through the pages of The Issue, looking for something like a colophon to determine its place. Shall popouts assaulted me, Mike Gilbert paper airplanes tickled my nose, four-color mimeod art on foldout pages flicked past while Piers Anthony called somebody or other a nasty poopoo, but no colophon. I turned the magazine upside-down and examined the stiff back cover. It shifted its space-time orientation and turned into a poster-sized zodiac chart, but no colophon. Dismayed, I returned to the front.

Then It started doing Its thing. Rotslers on loose sheets rained out of

the fanzine in a shower of shards from the demented psyche of the graphics-mad fan editor. Three-dimensional foldouts emanated from the stapled binding in a fanfaronade of James Shull comic strips. Elaborate Selectric borderings swooshed by, surrounding wandering Bill Wolfenbarger columns. My personal universe deflated, creased and collapsed, gnawed at all the while by a farrago of fold-outs, fold-ins, pop-ups, put-downs and over it all the soft quiet voice of William "Father" Bowers intoning the virtues of Outworlds, The Unpredictable Fanzine. I screamed. From a great distance I heard Gary and Teresa's wonder-struck voices. Reality seemed long ago and far away.

In a gray void (spotted with orange mimeographed headings and microelite type), a flock of Letraset headings flew past me in flush-right formation. Among them fluttered a scrap of paper. It glistened.

With the last reserves of my strength, I cast myself forward and snatched the wayward rectangle of twiltone. "OUTWORLDS", it proclaimed. "3rd ANNISH: January, '73." And then in a strident typeface, black and Grotesque: "15."

I had it! The power was mine, if only I could intone its Number! Fighting back tears, I whispered the holy names of Willis, Bergeron and Carr, and girded myself. "OUTWORLDS 15," I shouted into the chaos that surrounded me. And it Changed.

Gray peeled back to reveal apple-green twiltone. Panoramic backgrounds of insane graphic spreads collapsed inworlds on themselves. Flocks of loose scraps of odd-sized fanart sped back into the nether recesses of the fanzine's spine. The entire mad universe of OW seemed to withdraw, to contract, to close up. Faint outlines of my living room penetrated through to my exhausted eyes. "Patrick!" I heard my friends babbling excitedly. I passed out.

They brought me back later, and gave me succor and Tab, and it was good. We finished the B's, and tucked them neatly into file boxes in the spare room, and Gary says he'll be back in the next couple of days to continue.

And next time I see Bill Bowers, I have a fanzine to give him. I published it yesterday, one copy, just for him.

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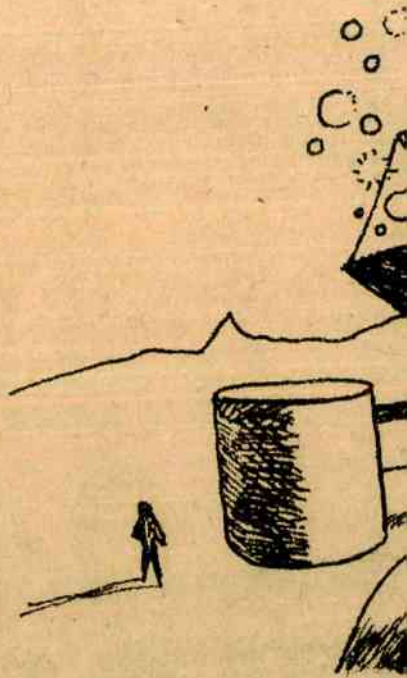
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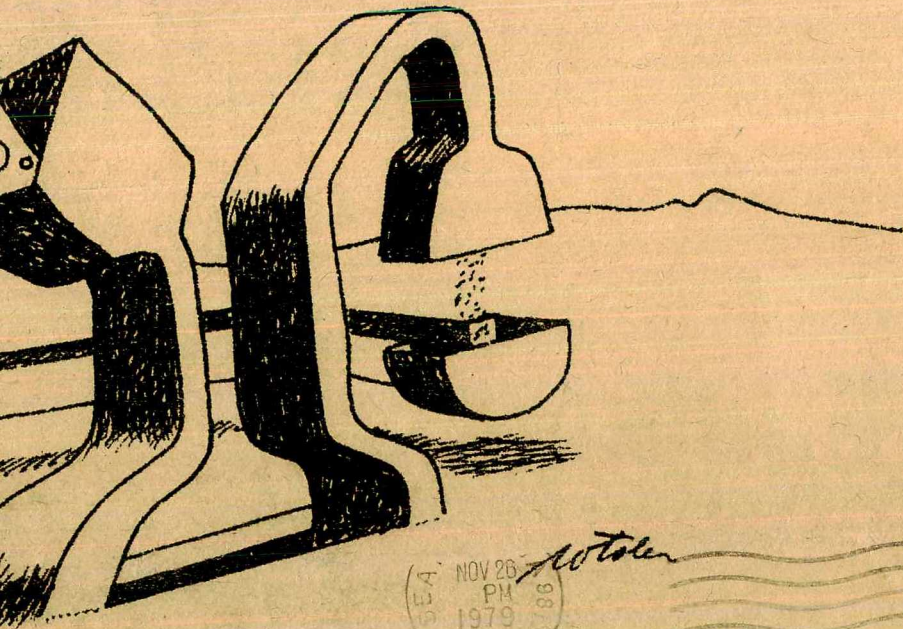
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