



GUFFSTUFF 6

GUFFSTUFF 6 - May 1988
comes to you courtesy of your friendly local administrator, Eve Harvey, currently residing at 43 Harrow Road, Carshalton, Surrey SM5 3QH, UK but soon to be at 82 Sundon Road, Harlington, Beds, UK - watch this space for exact details.

Imagine if you will a half-deserted motorway; the sun is rising over the distant hills; the time is 8.30 a.m.; the day of the week Saturday. In the distance a vague shape appears, gradually coalescing into a car which appears to be literally eating up the road as the distance between the object and the observer disappears. Adjust focal length to 200mm, increase magnification, ah, now we can see inside the vehicle. Two entities, looking perhaps a little frazzled but it is difficult to tell from their stoney expressions. Admittedly they are not in their normal habitat for this time of day at a weekend - a warm cosy cocoon constituted of duck-down & cotton enclosing sleepy human flesh would be a more normal picture. Instead, today they have been up for about 2 hours, completed the housework, commenced this manic automotive journey as the sun is only just now pulling its massive weight over the horizon. Both appear to be chanting a litany - 'god, please don't let there be a traffic jam; please don't let there be a traffic jam...'

Fast forward half an hour. They appear to be relaxing slightly and are now talking to each other. The female specimen appears to be practicing her mathematical skills for the edification of her partner. "The plane's due at 8.30, give them 1 hour to disembark and they should be in the arrivals lounge by 9.30. If we can get to the airport in 15 minutes, that should give us 10 minutes to park - yes, we should be OK, John."

A sign flashes past. "Oh my god - WHICH TERMINAL IS IT???" For the first time the male enters the monologue. "Terminal 3, of course, that's where all inter-continental flights arrive. Oh shit, they've opened Terminal 4 now haven't they. Christ, which terminal Eve?"

"I have a horrible feeling all BA flights, irrespective of route, now use Terminal 4, and we've just passed the turnoff for it. We'll have to continue on and then take the ring road back. Perhaps we'll still make it - after all, the plane could be late; the ring road shouldn't be too busy at this time of day; it may only delay us about 10 minutes; you can drop me off at the arrivals and then go park the car, that should save time. Come on, get round this slow lorry. Why, oh why, do we always leave everything to the last minute?"

As you may have guessed, this scene is a faithful reconstruction of the behind-the-scenes panic carried out so ably by John and Eve Harvey in preparation for the arrival of Guff-winner Irwin Hirsh and his wife Wendy on Saturday 22 August 1987 on flight BA10 due to arrive at Heathrow airport at 0830 hrs. However, the picture is not complete. It does not cover the extensive pre-A-day preparations, such as the redecoration of both the outside and inside of the Harvey abode, the re-roofing of the garage and utility room, or the triple booking of hotel rooms at Conspiracy 'just in case'. Only one thing had been left unfinished - redecorating the room the Hirsh's were to be using - well, we didn't want them to feel they'd caused us any inconvenience, did we.

I was a bag of nerves. I'd only met Irwin briefly, never met Wendy at all. What would they be like? Would we be able to recognise Irwin again? How would

they like England? What sort of service did they expect from us? Would we like them and get on well? What do we do with Wendy? She's not a fan, as I incessantly told John; we've got to take great care at the convention that she doesn't get left out. John was charged with checking throughout the con that she was all right. Would they be jet-lagged? What should we do for their first day, just leave them be or arrange sightseeing? Hell, it's hard being Administrator.

Back to Heathrow Airport, John had just arrived from parking the car as the time hit 9.30. Made it! WOULD MR & MRS HARVEY MEETING MR & MRS HIRSH PLEASE GO TO THE INFORMATION DESK. Christ, what's happened. Don't say they missed the plane and we've got up at this godforsaken hour for nothing. Oh god, I hope nothing's happened to Wendy. Ah, there's Irwin, but where's Wendy? Something has happened to Wendy. No, there she is - IN A WHEELCHAIR. Oh my god, what do I do? What do I say? Act naturally, Eve... "Hi Irwin, Hi Wendy, have a nice flight?"

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Why was Wendy in a wheelchair? Why were we annoyed? Why was this early-morning rush to the airport repeated three times in succession? Interested? For more information continue watching this channel for further episodes from the new mini-series entitled THE AFTERMATH OF WINNING GUFF. More details of our experiences as the farthest suburb of Melbourne will appear in future editions of GUFFSTUFF, and if Wendy doesn't send me her impressions, then I've promised to give a totally one-sided, unfair and scandalous expose of her exploits. As a reminder to her of just how much damage I can inflict, I'll mention a mere two words - 'fat' is the first, 'ugly' the second. Come on Wendy, I've given you the time-honoured right of reply.

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Now onto the serious bits. As you will see from the attached GUFF Ballot Form (except if you're in the Southern hemisphere, in which case you'll have to get one from Irwin because I'm saving money on postages) we have a good race in prospect between Linda Pickersgill and Roelof Goudriaan. I know I'm supposed to keep out of the campaigning but I don't see why I shouldn't air my views. Both candidates have done a lot for fandom, deserve to be honoured by winning GUFF, are good people and would be superb representatives of European fandom over in Australia. I'm glad that as administrator I can't vote because that means I don't have to make the choice, but that doesn't let you lot off the hook. You have until midnight on 26 November 1988 (local time) in which to make up your mind and give us your money.

Talking of money, we need lots if we're going to be able to bring the winner back from her/his trip to Swancon next year. Perhaps both had better start swimming lessons just in case. UK finances were helped enormously by Greg Pickersgill to whom we owe a debt of gratitude. He donated £400 from fanroom takings at Conspiracy, which together with £170 I got from sales of my own fanzines at the con, meant there were adequate funds to cover £250 for Irwin's hotel bill and £100 for the post-convention party which, even if I say so myself, was absolutely superb. Where else has any of you out there seen Wendy Hirsh in close harmony with John Jarrold (the barber-shop trip type of harmony, you idiots) at 2.30 in the morning? But I'll have to leave that story until later editions of 'AFTERMATH'. Unfortunately Greg's donation is the first from a convention for a long time. It would appear that British cons these days have forgotten the old tradition of passing on some of their surplus funds to the fan funds. The odd £50 or so may not be much to you, but it means dry shoes to the

next GUFF winner.

Thanks go to the Beccon 'gang' for helping with a rather hastily organised auction in the fanroom at Follycon. Those who supported GUFF by raising their hands at the right time helped to bring in approximately £35 - although at the time of writing we are still waiting for the cash. Talking of which reminds me of a similar auction at Novacon in 1986, when a similar amount was also raised and has similarly still not been received. Any chance of a cheque, Novacon?

Also while I'm at it, not too many conventions these days actually run fan auctions any more. Come on, what's up with you lot out there? Are we going to be forced to have a bloody feud before you'll remember us? In case this plea falls on deaf ears, the rest of you will just have to help out. Remember, £1 is the minimum donation. Now if 100 of you were to vote, giving £2 each, we'd be assured of dry feet on both legs of the trip!

And talking about getting money out of you, let's get to the auction and sale items. Not too many at the moment since we successfully sold most of our stocks at the aforementioned Follycon auction. Now I must admit that my attempts at postal auctions last year left rather a lot to be desired. But I've turned over a new leaf now, and I promise to keep to deadlines, ensure that GUFFSTUFFs are sent out long before the closing date and actually get winning bid items posted out promptly. So if I'm going to change my ways, how about you lot doing the same by actually getting some good bids in, eh?

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! DEADLINE FOR RECEIVING BIDS IS 30 JUNE 1988 !
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Please send your responses to me at the Harrow Road address. It looks as if we won't be moving until July, but if god smiles on us and its before then, we'll be getting all mail redirected for a long time, so there should only be a 2-day delay at worst. The articles for sale will be allocated on a first-come-first-served basis.

ARTICLES FOR SALE:

- Bob Shaw: Serious Science
 - Bob's Serious Scientific Talks 1982 - 1984
 - Beyond Cosmos; Conning Your Way; Ten Years, But Not Decayed
 - £1.50 including postage
- Fanfoodery
 - Conspiracy Fanroom Publication produced by John and Eve Harvey containing a plethora of recipes, anecdotes, ephemera that your life will be unfulfilled without.
 - £2.00 including postage
- By British
 - Special anthology produced in time for Seacon '79 featuring examples of British fanwriting of the 1970's.
- Wallbanger
 - Nos. 7, 11, 12 & the last issue no. 13. Come on now, we're moving house soon and don't want to take these back issues with us. Help out a friend in need and buy a copy at 50p each.

ARTICLES FOR AUCTION:

(A) TRIFFIC SCI-FI STUFF

- Magazines
EXTRO Nos. 1 & 3 - 2/3rd of a short-lived (1982) British SF magazine
Minimum bid £1 each

- Hardbacks
(come on now, how many of us can actually afford hardbacks at their official prices?).
Dave Langford - War in 2080
(the very rare unsigned editions) Min. bid £2.
Not only do you get this fantastic book, but also, completely free of charge, the special erratum list with such great corrections as "page 50, 3rd line from bottom, insert after '. . . blast damage.'; in the words of its opponents. "This fiendish weapon kills people and spares property!". Originally this was sold separately at 10p + 10p postage with profits going to TAFF. We at GUFF headquarters, however, are less mercenary and will give it away FREE OF CHARGE! Not bad, eh?

- Large Format Books
Mechanismo - Harry Harrison. Min £3
Great Balls of Fire - Harry Harrison. Min £3
Brothers of the Head - Brian Aldiss. Min £3
The Official Battlestar Galactica Scrapbook. Min £1
Man, Myth & Magic, Vol 1. Min £1

- Space Literature
A package of NASA/JPL produced information. 10 different items. Min. £2

(B) EVEN MORE TRULY TRIFFIC FANNISH STUFF

- Original Badges by Bill Rotsler
"Fandom's Favourite Son"
"Practically a Big Name Fan"
Min. bid £2 each

- Season '79 Programme Book. Min bid £3

- Constellation '83 Programme Book. Min bid £2

That's all folks. Next issue will be out in July, hopefully from the new Harvey abode, in which case you can look forward to listening to all the fascinating details. See you all soon.