

~~GRAYSWANDIR is being published bi or tri weekly by Patrick Hayden, 8210 E. Garfield K-17, Scottsdale, Az. 85257. Available free at all Phoenix stf club meetings, 20¢ elsewhere. Also available for LoCs, contributions, ARTWORK, trade, Claude Degler's address, and Editorial Whim. Thish (& #1) is being mailed through the June 13 Special Mailing of SAPS. Copyright 1975, a Whangorodrim Enterprises publication. April 21.~~

You got this because () you contributed () you bought the damn thing () you helped collate () you are the subject of an OFFER TO TRADE () how about a LoC? () how about a contribution? () You mean you aren't Corwin of Amber () I like you () I don't like you () It was either this or sending an offering of genuine bandersnatch toe jam. Press run thish was/is (I hope!) 150 copies-- this is # 1

LOCAL NEWS

We have some COA's for two Phoenix fen: Bruce D. Arthurs has moved to 920 N. 82nd St. H-201, Scottsdale, Az. 85257 (a block away from me) and Curt Stubbs has moved in with the Browns. Don't

have the address, but the number is (602) 272-0200. If I can, I'll include the new Cosmic Circle address list in this Grayswandir. (Shows you how organized I am!).

GRAYSWANDIR 2

ARTISTS: We need you! The LepreConCom hereby sends out an appeal to public-spirited fanartists: we need you work for two things. (A) Leprecon ads for fmzs! This is a pressing need. We'd like to have a number of different ads for Leprecon '76 and the Westercon bid. And (B) to auction off at other cons to raise \$\$\$\$. So, if you 'd like to help your struggling concom.....

The LepreCon plans are rolling smoothly; Roger Zelazny has accepted as GOH. WESTERCON IN PHOENIX 78-- WESTERCON IN PHOENIX 78-- WESTERCON IN PHOENIX 78-- aren't we subtle?

The Lepre & Tus concoms have decided to host a SON-OF-CON minicon/party sometime in August down in Tucson..... GOH Brant Bates?

YES we want you in AZAPAI! Deadline is still May 4 for the first mailing, one page text minimum. Send it to me or bring it to the OSFFA meeting of that date.

Tim Kyger would like to have names of everybody going to Equicon/Filmcon over Memorial Day Weekend-- he'd like to get some carpools organized.

Don't forget: CURT STUBBS FOR ARFF.

OSFFA has been undergoing quite some upheaval recently. We passed a \$5.00 a year dues rule, despite strenuous objections from members who I won't name save to say that they are Bill Patterson, and we seem to be finally sitting down to consider where do we want to go? I personally am strenuously in favor of Patterbill's idea of publishing a series of papers to eventually make up the OSFFA Critical Library. Let's hear it for a little more of the sercon in Phoenix.

It.

TUSCON REPORT: I won't bore you with "and then I ate with whosit, and we went here, and.." Suffice to say that Tus-Con over the 4th, 5th, & 6th was a howling success. The panels, speakers, and other programming were almost uniformly excellent, and as a whole experience the con added up well. However, they could have done with a few more people attending-- they went 50 dollars in the hole. Hey, you! Don't miss Tus-Con III this November. Damned good con.

And now, for a bit of blatant plugola.....

AZSTIGMATISM / TIM KYGER

This is an on-the-spot con report. Azfandom is again very active, the lower half of the state's fandom, that of Tucson, has just held an inimitable TUS-CON II in their own leeky way. What a puerile crack. No matter; this is a puerile con report. Which is to say, a very enjoyable con. All you people in Denver, Albuquerque, L.A., you missed a good time. 100+ people (perfect size) and a lovely hotel: the Executive Inn. Too bad it's over. But there were highlights; yes- yes- we had a great Ranquet. 20+ people all bundled into the Sambo's next door, astounding the management as they desperately tried to find a table for the crowd. GoH was Ruby McAllister, and of course a toast to Roscoe was offered. Objections: we couldn't have a Real Live Ranquet at a non-McDonalds", but Patrick Hayden declared it officially a Surrogate McDonalds' under his ministry in the Universal Life Church.

Other scenes: the Astronomer (capital A, no less) from Kitt Peak speaking on quasars, the upshot of his talk being that we still don't know what the hell they are, with no breakthrough in sight. He's an sf reader; with Tus-Con I fear we've made a fan of him. Horrible thought. Every night, of course, a party in the con suite, with free bheer, vodka, and (bloody!) Bacardi 151. We made many a foray to the Yankee Doodle Piazza Parlor, a Tucson landmark. Some of the best piazza I've ever had. Of course there were many other fey things occuring, but there ain't room.

Enough of this undisciplined prattling, (ed.: I'll say!) I'm the publicity director of Tus-Con III, and I say to you (not surprisingly) COME to Tus-Con III. Be a real g(h)ad. Those of you ignoring AZfandom: you're missing some pretty fine cons. Don't miss it again, Tus-Con III!

THE BEAR ESSENTIALS

JIM PETERS

The city of Phoenix recently found its way into the eyes of western sf by producing its first succesful con. LEPRECON was a measure of what Phoenix SF can do when it sets its mind, collectively, to the advancement of SF and therefore its own best interests.

Due to this achievement, there are certain dedicated individuals (not all of whom are known to me, due to the background nature

of their effort) who deserve great praise and the thanks of all of us less involved members of sf clubs in Phoenix.

Somehow, however, I feel that their rewards may not have been as fulfilling as they deserved. Oh, I'm sure that the members of each sf club responded in kind; OSFFA, I'm sure, was lavish with its criticism and even more lavish with its suggestions after the fact, while the PCC responded, I know, with its usual burst of vintage apathy. The reactions of both are typical of the sf followings in this city.

The Power Of The Name

BILL

MAUNDERINGS

PATTERSON 

A couple of years ago, Arthur C. Clarke published a rotten book that won both the Hugo and Nebula awards for that year. This is the power of the N*A*M*E.

It pleases me to report that this is not a phenomenon restricted to sf; for we have a book which is not merely rotten; it is mis-
erable. But it is written by a N*A*M*E--

Ira Levin, popular author of Rosemary's Baby and This Perfect Day, This Very Imperfect Book, which has been made into a very imperfect movie (in the line, I suppose, of winning awards) is The Stepford Wives.

In this thrilling modern novel, a modern feminist-- rabid women's libber, in fact-- moves from The Big Apple to a quiet modern suburb called-- tadah-- Stepford. She finds a total apathy towards not only women's lib, but to suburban kafeeklatsches also. But this is not the only sinister symptom Stepford shows: every house is as neat as the proverbial pin-- except for those of a few newcomers who glory in messy houses, etc. Naturally they band together for mutual companionship. One of the trio of newcomers discovers that the water is polluted with something that "changes" the women.

Enter the Stepford Men's Association, a very male, very stuffy British-type club, who is working mysterious changes in Our Heroine's also-wimlib-pushing husband, to wit: he is withdrawn and grumpy and very vague about the club.

And then it happens. Blam! The slightly dingy friend-with delusions of pollution goes off for a weekend with her husband and comes back-- changed! "I've been selfish," she says, and goes off to be neat as the proverbial etc.

Then, our heroine becomes alarmed and tries to move away, but she knows her time is coming. And shortly, sure enough, she is cornered between a knife and a crowd of Stepford Men's Association members who are led, she has discovered, by a former minaturization expert from Disneyland. The last scene shows the final member of our trio encountering Our Former Heroine in the supermarket-- being neat as the etcetcetc.

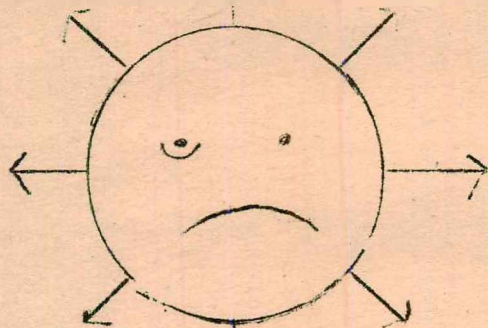
The inference that going from the animated Lincoln at Disneyland to created robot (or android) duplicates of all the women in a community is a step perfectly suited to an upstairs one-room workshop and one man with several untrained assistants is enough to make me go ARGH. And the book flatly assumes that every man in the town is more interested in a hausfrau than a wife.

In short, the book is terrible! Not to mention hideous, disgusting...

(Note: At this point, the author of this review was seen to take off, foam-propelled, in a generally eastbound direction.--If any reader seeing him will kindly point him back, Phoenix will be sadder, but-- well, you know.)

(Here I make a sudden change in tpestyles as the typing dept. closes and I am forced to change typers. Ah, well....)

KEN



ST. ANDRE

---yea, tho i wakk thu da valy of dett
ile fiir no ivl 4 da puur is alluz wit us.
--attributed to a wise but illiterate
poet

Or in other words, the fuckers just won't let you live. After a fine time at Iguana-Con II last weekend (the 4th, 5th, & 6th?) I was called off to the desert metropolis of El Taco Town (to try for a job as librarian. That's why I wasn't around for the meeting on the 11th, but before you heave too big a sigh of relief, I didn't get the job, so it oooks like I'll be in Phoenix for quite a while to come. Anyway, I want to tip the top of my head to Jim Corrick and his associates for hosting a good con and some fine parties. A special heighdy-ho goes to lovely Leeth (sic-- no I don't think so) the Ice Princess for giving me such a warm welcome when all I wanted to do was crawl in her favor and bask in her beauty. Spread the word- Hilde Brown gets good talent at her parties.

Ye writer is beginning to see the results of a program embarked on three weeks ago destined to make a pro out of me. Various letters have already cotted me 2 free issues of Wild Fennel, a semi-pro fanzine from Washington state, and a copy of Gnostica, a newsprint magazine which is to the world of the occult what Analog is to science fiction. I don't know whether I can tailor my own worthless scribbling to such markets, but at least it gives me something to try. Take note, aspiring artists in the audience, Gnostica is always seeking new artosts, especially for pen & ink drawings. Get off your duff, Carver, and break into the pros with me.

Time to change the subject. After weeks of asking everyone I met, with the aid of scintillating Mark Anthony I finally got a set of the rules for Dungeons & Dragons. Gadzooks, ods bodskins, egad already-- the game is a monster, infinite in fact. The rules alone cost ten big ones, the equipment, including hundreds of dice (ed.: he isn't kidding) and reams of graph paper, probably ten more. My fuzzy-faced friend from the east is planning to get the rules, but in the meantime, I am creating my own set of dungeons, and figuring out a way to play an elementary version of the game. Lest you the reader not know what the hail I am talking about, lo a short explanation followeth.

Dungeons and Dragons is a fantasy game in which you as player venture yourself and trusted compeers into a series of hideous dungeons, caves, caverns, jungles, haunted castles, alien worlds, etc. in search of monster-guarded treasure. In the course of your adventures, if ypu survive, ypu will acquire various magical weapons, charms, strength, knowledge, etc. which will you some kind of fantasy hero on power with Conan or Gandalf. Rules are too complicated to explain in this column, but I hope that some of the fantastic readers will join me in this venture. (We unemployed librarians have to keep busy somehow.)

yes, filks, I actually got a

LOC

Sourdough Jim Jackson , Lost Prince of Amber
1700 S. College #23
Tempe, Az. 85281

No, I am not Corwin of Amber-- he's my brother.

So this is the new Phoenix newszine. Some of the news was actually good-- and at least it was on time. There's been a disturbing tendency towards actually making deadlines these days (at least in OSFFA.....). Arrakis 1 came out on time, as did the first OSFFA Newsletter of the new Francis O'Steen regime. Also the Central Comittee minutes. Sonty about Arrakis 2, folks, but we're putting to bed an ish 3 TIMES the original estemated size, hence the godawful delay.

Could that St. Andre thing be the prologue to a new Terry & Ken story? If so, let's see the rest. (ed.: No... but I do have an incredible fantasy spoof from him that I'll publish somewhere((probably AZAPA)) before I leave.) Thank you, Bill Patterson, for setting me straight on Eternity (now I know why you told me I shouldn't send my verse attempts there.)

Tim Kyger should be (a) shot, (b) stepped on, (c) pulped to death for comitting that agitprop to print. LJK joined OSFFA the day I did-- back in Nov. '73! And he assumed the Presidency in April-- check your sources. Other errors too numerous to mention. See Bill Patterson for any additions- corrections. Oh yes, lern 2 spel.

I approve of format-- I'm tired of reading zines that stick in random illos (mostly bad) when they run out of filler.

S'long till next time- if you need me before then, use my Trump. Yours in haste.

+++++

Editor speaking. Some answers, one at a time:

IN DEFENCE OF TIM KYGER, I'd like to point out that none of the errors in the column lastish were malicious or could be construed to be malicious in intent. In writing a short, encapsulated history of anything as fraught with hearsay, feuding, and vagueness as Phoenix Phandom, inaccuracies are unavoidable. Tim & I did talk to Bill Patterson, and learned that, while they were errors, none were serious or particularly rampant.

"The new Phoenix newszine..." Well, this is the last Grayswandir. At the time of this typing, I'm leaving in two weeks, and just don't have the bread or time for the anticipated third issue. The idea of an independent Phoenix newszine is a good one, though, and I'd kind of like to see someone pick it up, name & numbering & all. It's open.....Personally, I plan to spend the next two or three months publishing apazines and piecing together my super-genzine ALEPH NULL.

The more perpicuitous among you may have noted that I don't have a column of my own here! Shows you how busy I am..... I'll never learn to spel. Agenst fanish terdition!

S'long fer now.... LoCs for G2 will be printed in AN 1. Glorb g'dorpt-borpt?