

# Lines of Occurrence 1

This is the first issue of *Lines of Occurrence*, a science fiction fanzine written by Arthur D. Hlavaty, 250 Coligni Ave., New Rochelle, NY 10801, 914-632-1594, and available for the usual and/or editorial whim. Copyright © 1980 by Arthur D. Hlavaty. All rights returned to contributors. This is W.A.S.T.E. Paper # 150.

What? Another zine!???

Well, yes and no. A while back, I got the idea of doing 2 main zines--THE DIAGONAL RELATIONSHIP as a general-interest zine, and AIRFOIL for the sf/fan community. I sent AIRFOIL thru a bunch of apae & tried to remember to include it with DR for the people who weren't in the apae.

This approach had a few drawbacks. Mike Gunderloy, the only degenerate apahack who is in even more apae than I am, began to have nightmares in which AIRFOIL pursued him everywhere. I never remembered right whom to send them to.

So AIRFOIL was not the answer. But now I've got a bulk mailing permit, which encourages a new approach, which you see before you. LINES OF OCCURRENCE will go to the sf people on my mailing list; it will be 6-8 pages; it will consist of con reports, book reviews, filks, and other sf & fannish material. It will, like DR, be a vehicle of editorial self-indulgence. I may print a few locs. There may even be a guest review or 2, but unsolicited book reviews will not be printed.

Policy for LO will be similar to DR, as I will continue to be permissive. An occasional loc, trade, or mention in one of the apae we share will keep you on the mailing list. If I haven't heard from you in 6 months-1 year, I'll put an X on the envelope to ask if you're still out there.

At least that will be my policy for people with US addresses. Since it now costs me 2½ times as much to send zines to foreign (including Canadian) addresses,  I'll be a bit tougher on those, but you will get a zine from me for every trade or loc, and if there's an X in the box here, you can consider yourself an honorary United Statesman (Gore Vidal's term) & will continue to get all of my zines. Incidentally, I would appreciate it if any of you non-US people who could double up (i.e., 2 copies in one envelope, as I send them to Victoria Wayne & Taral) could let me know.

As this zine is the successor to AIRFOIL, let me pick up a few loose ends from there:

\*\*\* The epigraph to AIRFOIL 8, attributed to Neil Belsky, comes from a Burns & Schreiber album. Neil mentioned the source to me, but I forgot it.

\*\*\* The word *leaserize* comes from Robert Sheckley's story "Protection" (included in his collection PILGRIMAGE TO EARTH). There as in AIRFOIL it refers to a monstrous crime, punishable by a fate worse than or equal to death, whose nature is not revealed to the perpetrator until after apprehension, conviction, & sentence.

\*\*\* Speaking of which, the Terrible And Nameless Fate suffered by the imitative V. W. Fraser is portrayed elsewhere on this page.

\*\*\* The insidious money-making scheme Ross Pavlac, Rick Brown, Adrienne Fein, & I dreamed up was the God of the Month Club. But since none of us but Ross has any administrative ability, and he's busy with Chicago in '82, we decided to do it as a modified one-shot instead. Copies are available from me for a SASE. It is not copyrighted, and anyone wishing to reprint it is welcome to do so. Oh, yes, I take full responsibility for any lapses from good taste, and apologize to those who think there weren't enough. "Mommy, mommy, my Kool-Aid tastes funny." "Shut up and drink it. They're paying us to test their new Bitter Almond Flavor."

\*\*\* I forgot to mention that the alleged nuns at Philcon brought back memories for me. When I was working for the San Francisco Bail Project, one of our clients was a social worker charged with unlawfully impersonating a nun. Charges were eventually dropped, as "impersonating a member of a religious order or secret society" is a crime only if done with intent to defraud. I was glad of that, as he was a nice guy.

\*\*\* Speaking of such ambiguities, I. Abro Cini, the individual described in "lastwords," wishes it made clear that s/he is a Trekker and not a Trekkie. ~~TRKKERS ARE THE BEST~~  
~~ALL APPEALABLE FRUITS~~



One more thing: The people who run the FAAN Awards say that there is insufficient participation, so I am doing my part by including ballots. As far as I can see, nothing in their definition of "fanzine" excludes apazines. I recommend a vote for ADRIENNE FEIN as best loc writer, but other than that, you're on your own.



1972: The Pro, like many of them, had come up via fandom, and he felt that it was a snare he was well out of. Thus, when he taught a course in Science Fiction at the New School for Social Research, he considered it only his duty to warn the class. "In a way, fans are quite pleasant," he said. "They're nice to each other, anyway. They huddle together because they are incapable of dealing with the real world. They are paranoid, elitist, xenophobic, obsessive, and lacking in social graces. They write to each other a lot because they're not very good at face-to-face communication." Some took this warning to heart; some were indifferent; some thought they'd risk attending a con anyway. And in the back of the room, a man we may call Robert Gottschalk said to himself, "Wow! A whole bunch of people like me!"

We may call him Robert Gottschalk because he identified with the character of the same name in John Brunner's THE JAGGED ORBIT, a source of great information who was somewhat personally inadequate--not surprising, as he turned out to be a machine. Our Gottschalk saw himself as, if not a machine, a no-good shit. While he grudgingly admitted that he had knowledge & intelligence, he considered himself a failure in the Real World, as he was not going to make it as a Business Success, Husbandfather, Socially Desirable Person, etc.

He changed. He dipped his toe into fandom & slowly got in deeper. He read a lot. A certain trilogy that he read, along with other things, deprogramed him from the desire to make it in the Real World's terms. Five years later, he published his own zine. He has changed to the point where it is not appropriate to call him "Gottschalk." We could use his legal name, but it's easier to stick to the first person singular. Robert Gottschalk is, or became, me.

The plane landed at the Twin Cities Airport, and I stepped off. In front of the baggage claim was a phone connected to the Radisson Downtown Hotel, where Minicon was being held. I picked it up, and they told me to take the airport limo. I hadn't been sure how I'd get to the hotel, but I was confident, and my confidence turned out to be justified. After a visit to strike-struck New York City the previous evening, I figured that getting to Minicon would be a piece of cake, and it was. Alongside me, as usual, making the trip more enjoyable, was Adrienne Fein.



1977: The pressure was becoming intolerable. I was getting about a dozen zines, and locating most of them. I was writing essays & bits of essays in notebooks. Still I felt I had to do a zine of my own. And so I put together 12 pages of my writings, and on 5/5/77 took it down to East Side Copy Center, had 125 copies made up, and began mailing them out before I could chicken out.

I was looking for friends; I was looking to Get Laid; I wanted recognition; I wanted to meet new people with interesting ideas; I wanted companionship; I wanted someone to explain the mysteries of fandom to me. I thought it would be ideal though not necessary to find one person who could supply All of the Above.

And fandom responded. Lynne Holdom was the first to write, and she was followed by many more. Frederik Pohl wrote a loc that was practically a miniarticle. A woman now named Carol Kennedy wrote me a letter which, tho not specifically suggestive, reinforced the idea that fandom could be a place to Meet Women. (Tho she lived in faroff Minnesota, and so did not seem quite available for any of the kinds of face-to-face interaction I was looking for.)

There was enough response to my first zine for me to do a second one, and I sent a copy to a woman named Adrienne Fein. I got back what I thought was a tradezine, but turned out to be a letter of comment. I wrote back. And so on. Finally I asked her permission to call her up. (I told you I was socially inept.) We met, face to face. She was All of the Above.

There were several reasons for this visit to Minicon. First, and foremost, was that I had decided that there were a lot of people in the Midwest I wanted to meet. That sentence in itself is an example of Broadened Mental Horizons. I cannot imagine myself uttering it before I entered fandom. There was the fact that twice I'd tried to go to Balticon, and both times circumstances had prevented it. Perhaps the gods did not wish me to attend Balticon. There was also a counterphobic element in it. From time to time, I decide that the assumption that I am incapable of dealing with the Real World is a counterproductive one, and so I should do something to prove I can. Planning & executing a trip to faroff Minneapolis was just such a move.

And I did it. Of course there were problems. The morning of the flight, Northwest Disoriented Airlines called up to inform me that they didn't feel like operating the flight we had tickets for, and would we care for an earlier or a later flight. I picked an earlier one, thus discombobulating a tentative scheme to meet Ed Zed at the airport.

Ed Zed is the way lazy people & poor spellers refer to Ed Zdrojewski. Ed is a smartass, a distruster of Authority, an ILLUMINATUS! nut, a libertarian, a pagan, a Discordian Pope, a substance abuser, a believer in things & practices deep & dark, and the bearer of an unpronounceable name. All of this evidence to the contrary, he is not me. He is, however, a good friend and a degenerate phonoholic, and he & I have logged hours & hours on the phone. In that time I became sure that I knew what he looked like, and was looking forward to meeting him.

But the first people I met were old friends, like Joyce Scrivner, Lee Ann Goldstein, and Neil Belsky, all of whom had forsaken the glories of the east coast for färoff lands.

1978: I'd renounced all that shit about being a success in the Real World's terms, but my lack of social graces continued to bother me. I'd befriended Adrienne by sending her zines & letters first. At my first con--Philcon 77--Adrienne did OK in meeting new people (like Joyce & Eva Whitley, both of whom eventually became friends of mine), but I was feeling like a Social Failure until I ran into people who knew me from my writing and they made me feel welcome. The conclusion seemed clear: The way to approach the world was crouched behind a copy of DR. It would introduce me better than I could. Of course that approach could be uncomfortable, especially when I switched to a half-size format.

But I began attending local events like Judy Gerjuoy's Armida Council meetings, WYVSFS gatherings, etc., and I began meeting people like Lee Ann & Neil. And a remarkable thing happened: Some of them liked me before they'd read a word I'd written.

Joyce recruited Adrienne for her calligraphic skills (on art show certificates) & introduced us to one of the many people I'd hoped to meet--Fran Skene. I was by no means disappointed. Neil had time to talk for a while and then left, tho we were destined to see much more of him before the con was over. Lee Ann invited us to the LASFAPA party in her room the next day, and warned that I would meet a terrible & nameless (not to mention putrid) fate there.

And somewhere along the line, we got to register for the con, and there was Carol Kennedy herself. It was nice to meet her, but she was busy with con work, and I never did get to talk with her much. That alas was an omen for the weekend--many people I wouldn't have enough time with.

Then there was another old friend--the Prophet of Paranoia, Dennis Jarog. We wandered around with him, encountering Lan &

Maia (official names: George Laskowski jr. & Mary Cowan). As we stood around talking, we were approached by the Reporter.

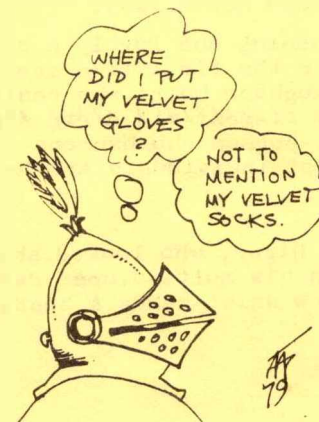
Jesus Christ! The guy was wearing a press card *in his hat!* What the fuck kind of old movie did he think he was in? He did look fairly hip, tho--long hair & such. Perhaps, I decided, he was the house hippie from the newspaper in some small town with a name like Capac, sent out to find out if all them sighfie weirdos really did have pointy ears. Then I noticed the name on the card: Ed Zdrojewski.

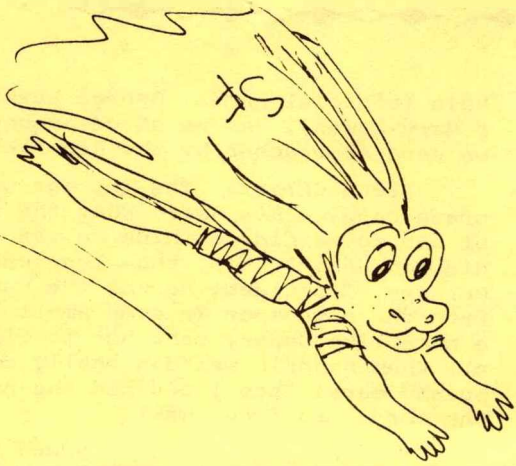
It really was him, although he looked nothing like the image I had constructed for him, and yes, he really is like that. Incidentally, with Ed joining Lan & Dennis, I did something many people would consider impossible: I was surrounded by intelligent Polacks.

Adrienne & I had dinner with Ed & Gregg Trend at Bugger King or the Fallen Arches or one of those places, and then went our separate ways. A few hours later, after a bit of substance abuse, we were up in the con suite--an awesome arrangement, covering an entire floor. Again there were people I would see briefly, wish to see further, and not get the chance--Denise Parsley Leigh, Jeanne Gomoll, Gary Mattingly,....

Ed & Lee Ann had, meanwhile, met one another, being somewhat acquainted from MISHAP & phone calls. They had obviously decided they liked each other. The 4 of us returned to Adrienne's & my room for a pleasantly ~~stoned~~ relaxed conversation. As the 2 pairs lay there, Adrienne saw one anomaly: "What are a couple of nice Jewish girls like us doing with a couple of popes?"

Thus endeth the report of Friday. One of Ed's arcane skills is the ability to write entire con reports with structure & theme. I admire & respect ~~him~~ him for that. I managed it for one day, but no more. What follows is a general comment on cons, then a bunch of assorted Saturday & Sunday memories.





Super Frog! *M. Boyer 1/25/80*

What are cons for? They can be described in terms of Official Programing, but we all know that doesn't quite sum them up. They can be described, as Brian Earl Brown has humorously done, as essentially mundane gatherings where people go to drink & play poker. They have been seen as giant singles bars, where people go to get laid. (By that reasoning, they could even be described as \*fnord\* swingers' clubs, as I have been told that some couples come in search of other couples and/or singles to do interesting things with, tho of course I wouldn't know anything about lewd stuff like that.) But any such description, as well as being hopelessly partial, leaves out the First Law of Human Behavior: It Ain't What You Do; It's the Way That You Do It. Cons are all of the above, but they are primarily the feelings we bring to them.

#### THE REST OF MINICON WAS

Long talks with Neil Belsky, and another view of some Rashomon stories in NY fandom.

Telling a very nice person that we couldn't take away the pain that seeing a certain individual caused her, but we could stay with her & hold her anyway.

Once again seeing the lovely & charming Suzi Stefl and for the first time meeting her legendary daughter Dotti who really is ~~THE WORLD'S ONLY ILL-HEARTED OLD DIRTY OLD WOMAN~~ a delightful person who happens to be of an age where most individuals are merely children.

Meeting Tom Digby, who looked absolutely beautiful in his multicolored dashiki, with bright yellow wrist bands & beads all over him.

The LASFAParty, at which Lee Ann presented me with five, count'em 5, volumes of Uncle Arthur's Bedtime Stories, and now I will read you one, boys & girls....No, I won't. I'll summarize. Believe me, you'll thank me for this. Once upon a time, there was a little girl named Caroline, who was really two little girls. At school, she was the Good Little Caroline who was always polite, and always did her homework, and never said ~~shit~~ a cross word. At home, tho, she was the Bad Little Caroline, who ~~sucked dope, sucked cock, & ate pussy~~ acted cranky and talked back to her mother. One day her teacher came to visit, but Caroline didn't see her, and so she was the Bad Little Caroline. But the teacher saw Caroline, and Caroline was so embarrassed that she ~~threw up her breakfast & shit all over the floor~~ cried and vowed that she would never be the Bad Little Caroline again. And the moral of the story, boys & girls, & ~~undecided~~ is always be good, because you never know who's watching, and even if no one else is watching, JESUS IS ALWAYS WATCHING. I'm sure this incitement to paranoia & shame morality was an inspiration to each & every one of us. The party was a delight. And if Jesus was watching, He didn't say a mumblin word.

The Bavarian Illuminati meeting, which no one would admit to being the sponsor of. (It wasn't me, honest!)

Finally getting to meet & talk to people like Laurraine Tutihasi & David Schlosser, whom I'd previously met only about as superficially as a lot of the people I met this time. (Hope for the future, I guess.)

Meeting Bruce Pelz and (what I'm afraid I found even more interesting) buying a bunch of old first-series SCIENCE FICTION REVIEWS from him.

Rushing to get to the airport for an early flight out. (I'd wanted a flight that left late Sunday afternoon or evening so I'd have more chance to hang out at the con, and got back to NY early Sunday so I could beat the crowds coming home from the airports. The airline was most uncooperative.) On the elevator, I met Jacque Marshall, another person I'd really wanted to meet, & of course had no time to talk with her.

And finally, the rewards of faith. When we woke up Sunday morning, there was a present outside the door. It was Easter Sunday morning, and the Space Rabbit had left us an egg. It was ticking.





