

Scene-by-scene endnotes, explaining some of the fannish references,
start after page 46.

(file C:\F\JOPHELEC.WK!)

originally written in 1975

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JOPHAN!

(pronounced "JOE-fan")

(a. k. a. THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR -- THE MUSICAL)

(Approximate running time: 1 hr. 31 min.)

A Filk Musical Allegory in Prologue and Three Acts. Based on the 1954
story "The Enchanted Duplicator" by Walt Willis and Bob Shaw. Book and
lyrics by Erwin S. "Filthy Pierre" Strauss. Music by various composers.
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PROLOGUE

Approximate running time: 2 min.

Characters:

NARRATOR

(taken verbatim from "The Enchanted Duplicator")

Once upon a time, in the village of Prosaic, in the country of Mundane, there lived a youth called Jophan. Now this youth was unhappy, because in all the length and breadth of Mundane there was no other person with whom he could talk as he would like, or who shared the strange longings that from time to time perplexed his mind, and which none of the pleasures offered by Mundane could wholly satisfy. Each day, as Jophan grew nearer to manhood, he felt more strongly that life should have more to offer than had been dreamed of in Mundane, and he took to reading strange books that told of faraway places and other times. But the People of Prosaic mocked him, saying that the things described in his books could never come to pass, and that it was as foolish to think of them as to aspire to climb the great mountains that

surrounded the Country of Mundane.

ACT ONE

Mundane

(Approximate running time: 18 min.)

1

SCENE ONE

The playground at Prosaic Junior High School

Approximate running time: 5 min.

Characters:

JOPHAN

FIRST MUNDANE

SECOND MUNDANE

[OTHER MUNDANES]*

A gang of MUNDANE kids is playing basketball upstage, wearing

Prosaic Middle School sweatshirts. JOPHAN enters stage right, wearing a white shirt, dark pants, a propeller beanie and large, dark-rimmed glasses, with a stack of paperbacks under his arm.

JOPHAN

Oh boy, oh boy! The new issue of Asilog Magazine, and the latest "Spring of Spirits" book by Jack Scribbler, and...I just can't wait to get home and read them all! I don't know how I'd live without science fiction!

(puts down his books)

THAT'S SCIENCE FICTION

(sung to the tune of "That's Entertainment," from "The Band Wagon,"

(music by Arthur Schwartz and Howard Dietz;

lyrics by Betty Comden, Adolph Green and Alan Jay Lerner)

Vamp (played, not sung):

[The page is the world of science fiction]

a# Gmaj

JOPHAN

Verse:

The trip, in a ship that can zip
Into space, in a race to a place
Near a star, where barbarians are:
That's science fiction!

Verse:

The fu---ture where you needn't do
Any low job: a robotic go-
pher will bring anything when you ring:
That's science fiction!

Break:

A tale to regale o'er a pail full of ale;
A hail to a frail solar whale with a sail;
A time trip far past the pale,
Full of chance meetings and pa-
radox: you're your own grandpa.

Verse:

The guy who is trying to pry
off the BEM, crushing him in his LEM,
Pulls a gun, and the fun has begun:

The words are on the page;

The page is the world of science fiction!

2

Verse:

The

CREW, in a

STEW 'cause a

FEW fuses

BLEW, is pulled

THROUGH by a

TRUE hero

WHO quickly

KNEW what to

DO:

That's science fiction!

Verse:

The out---casts whose doubt leads to flout-

ing the fate that the state would create

for them fight, and their might ends the blight:

That's science fiction!

Break:

A queen dressed in green with a mean evil look;

The hero who we know will heave-ho the crook;

A rousing yarn from a book,

Where the blaster

(slaps his hip, as if reaching to draw a gun)

that's faster

(pantomimes drawing a gun)

Verse: will master the aster-

oids. Alien ray-shooters say

That all men should be cinders, and then

Brave men yell, "Go to Hell!" and all's well:

The words are on the page;

The page is the world of science fiction!

(Jophan picks up his books. The MUNDANES stop playing and come
downstage to meet JOPHAN at center stage)

FIRST MUNDANE

(mockingly)

Well, look who's here; if it isn't John Joseph Phan. Read any
good books lately?

SECOND MUNDANE

He never does anything but read.

FIRST MUNDANE

Let's see what you've got.

(The FIRST MUNDANE pulls one book from JOPHAN's stack, spilling the others on the ground.)

Aw, that's too bad, Johnny-boy.

(As JOPHAN bends over to pick up the books, the FIRST MUNDANE tosses the book he took across the stage. As JOPHAN turns to go get it, the SECOND MUNDANE take's JOPHAN's glasses, and JOPHAN turns to chase him.)

3

SECOND MUNDANE

(backing away, taunting JOPHAN)

Here they are, here they are, come and get 'em.

(In frustration, JOPHAN stops and shakes his fists at his tormentors. He goes back to picking up his books.)

FOUR-EYES JOHN

(sung to the tune of "Delta Dawn," the Helen Reddy song)

Vamp (played, not sung):

[That junk 'bout rocket ships and magic charms.]

d G

ALL MUNDANES

Chorus:

Four-eyes John, what's that you've got in your arms?
Is it some books you've always hid from your schoolmarms?
And did I hear you say that you still read that stuff today?
That junk 'bout rocket ships and magic charms?

FIRST MUNDANE

Verse:

He's twelve years old, and his mind is all star-gazy.
All the kids at school say that he's crazy.
'Cause he walks around with paperbacks in his hands,
All about future times and far-off lands.

SECOND MUNDANE

Verse:

All around town they call him "Four-Eyes John."

Brainiest kid you ever laid eyes on.

And he took to reading weirdo sci-fi stuff,

As though the TV shows weren't good enough.

ALL MUNDANES

Chorus:

Four-eyes John, what's that you've got in your arms?

Is it some books you've always hid from your schoolmarms?

And did I hear you say that you still read that stuff today?

That junk 'bout rocket ships and magic charms?

(As JOPHAN finishes picking up his books, the SECOND MUNDANE tosses his glasses at his feet. JOPHAN picks them up and puts them on, and exits stage left, to the taunts of the MUNDANES. The curtain falls.)

4

SCENE TWO

The Phan home

Approximate running time: 4 min.

Characters:

JOPHAN

FATHER

MOTHER

At stage left, a chair facing stage right, with a standing lamp behind it, representing the living room. At stage right, a blanket

with a pillow at its downstage end, representing a bed. Downstage center, JOPHAN is lying on his stomach and elbows, facing the audience, his chin on his palms, his legs cocked up at the knees, reading a book lying on the floor in front of him. Just downstage and to his left is a stack of books. FATHER enters stage left, carrying a newspaper.

FATHER

Every time I try to discipline the boy, you say I'm being too hard on him. This is the third time his teacher has sent home a note about his reading in class.

(Stops just short of the stack of books, turns his head to his left, and speaks offstage left)

And it's not like he was reading wholesome, uplifting books. When I was his age, I was reading "The Call of the Wild" and "Lassie Come Home." Really taught you about loyalty and courage. With all the books he's got, you'd think he could have at least ONE like that.

(JOPHAN tilts the book up to the vertical position so the audience can see the title in big letters: "A BOY AND HIS DOG.")

FATHER

But nooooooo! They're always about robots and little green men
and all that crazy Star Wars stuff.

(Turns to his right raising the newspaper to read it, takes a step
forward, and trips and falls over the stack of books.)

That does it! That's the last straw! I've had it with all this
trash!

(MOTHER enters stage right, wiping her hands on her apron. FATHER
gets up and dusts himself off.)

MOTHER

First thing tomorrow, I'm calling the Prosaic Recycling Company
to come take it all away.

5

JOPHAN

(jumping to his feet)

No! You can't! Why, these books are the most important things in the world to me. They tell about the future of Mankind, our destiny in the stars, our...

MOTHER

(interrupting)

Your father's right, son. It's time you were thinking of more important things.

FATHER

It's not like you won't have anything to do. Tomorrow, I'll take you down to the church hall. They're organizing a new Boy Scout troop. And next week the Little League season begins. I'm sure any son of mine can make the all-star team if he tries. And don't get me wrong: I've got nothing against a boy reading a little; builds character, I always say. On my way home from work, I'll pick up a couple of Horatio Alger books for you. Now, how's that?

JOPHAN

Oh, Father! Mother! You just don't UNDERSTAND!

(He clenches his fists at his side and stomps his foot on the last word, turns and runs stage right, and flops down on the bed with his chin on the pillow, teeth clenched in frustration, gripping the pillow with both hands. Gradually he relaxes his hands and mouth. In the meantime, FATHER sits down in the chair and reads the newspaper, and MOTHER exits stage right.)

JOPHAN

That light. There's that luminescence shining over the mountains again. And those voices that seem to come on the breeze. They're always happy, singing. I don't believe what the teacher says, that only madmen and savages live out there.

(Gets off the bed and walks downstage.)

I'll bet if I could get over the mountains, all my troubles would end.

(He becomes progressively more enthusiastic.)

I could read all I want, and there'd be other people like me: people who read...SCIENCE FICTION! And we could talk about it, just like folks talk about the weather, or the crops...

OVER THE MOUNTAINS

(sung to the tune of "Over the Rainbow" from "The Wizard of Oz,"

by Harold Arlen and H. I. "Yip" Harburg)

Vamp (played, not sung):

[Why then oh why can't I?]

a C

6

JOPHAN

Verse:

Somewhere, over the mountains, far away,

There's a place that I dreamed of, once on a summer's day.

Somewhere, over the mountains, spaceships fly,

And the things that I read of all happen, by and by.

Bridge:

Someday a saucer will come down, and take me to the town that's

way out yonder;

And from that place where every fan is celebrated as a slant, I'll

never wander.

Verse:

Somewhere, over the mountains, futures lie.

Dreams fly over the mountains; why, then, oh why can't I?

Coda:

If all the dreams I dream can fly

Above the mountain tops so high,

Then why, oh why, can't I?

(As he sings the last line, he goes back to the bed and lies down with his head on the pillow, facing stage left. The curtain falls).

SCENE THREE

The Phan home

Approximate running time: 6 min.

Characters:

JOPHAN

SPIRIT OF FANDOM

The same, except that FATHER, his chair, the lamp and JOPHAN's books are gone. The SPIRIT OF FANDOM enters stage left, wearing a flowing white robe and a white propeller beanie. A silver shield is on her left arm, and her right hand holds a glittery wand (long and flat, with a star on the end) held edge-on so that the lettering on its sides can't be seen by the audience yet.

HEY THERE, NEOFAN

(sung to the tune of "Georgy Girl" from the movie of the same name)

Vamp (played, not sung):

C E g c b g b a C f a c b

[Hey there little neofan, come and be reborn now;

C F

C E g c b g b a C f a c b

Hey there little neofan, come and be reborn now.]

C F

SPIRIT

Verse:

Hey there, neofan; lying on your pillow so forlorn.

No one understands the fears and hopes and loneliness there,

Inside of you.

Hey there, neofan; now's the time for you to be reborn.

Pack up all your dreams and go where live the chosen few.

Bridge:

You're always reading things, but never daring to write.

Come take your pen and shake off your fright, as others do.

Verse:

Hey there, neofan; there's a Trufan deep inside of you.

Let it out, don't let it hide, and oh what a change there'll be;

Oh, yes, the world will see...a new Big Name Fan,

[Hey there little neofan, come and be]

A new Big Name Fan,

[Hey there little neofan, come and be]

A new Big Name Fan,

(JOPHAN watches SPIRIT with increasing awe. At the end of the song, he gets up.)

JOPHAN

Who -- or what -- ARE you?

SPIRIT

(serenely)

I...am the Spirit...of Fandom.

JOPHAN

Wha...What is "Fandom?"

SPIRIT

(warmly)

Have you not been searching for it all your life? Watch!

(SPIRIT turns the wand, holding it so that the audience can see the word "CONTACT" in big letters on one side, and touches JOPHAN with

the star. As SPIRIT sings, JOPHAN mimes appropriately.)

CONTACT

(sung to the tune of "This Could Be the Start of Something"

by Steve Allen)

Vamp (played, not sung):

[There are people out there just like me.]

f

C

8

SPIRIT

Verse:

You're reading a letter in your favorite prozine,

You're at a club meet, or it comes in the mail.

Then right before your eyes, you suddenly realize:

JOPHAN

There are people out there just like me!

SPIRIT

Verse:

You get on the mailing list for somebody's crudzine,
Or you get a flyer touting ChambanaCon.
Whether flyer or cruddyzine, or blunder-and-thuddy zine,
You know at last that you are not alone.

Bridge:

Your eyes grow wide and you can hardly hold it steady,
This glor'ious glimpse that you have just received
Of a new world that's out there waiting for you, ready
To satisfy your each and ev'ry need.

Verse:

You take your pen in hand to write a letter
To say your sense of wonder is all aflame.

JOPHAN

Gosh, wow, oh boy, oh boy; your note I did enjoy.

I think that you really must like...

You must know this inner lust like...

There are people out there just like...

...ME! [End]

JOPHAN

This is indeed what I have been searching for without knowing it!

Oh Spirit, tell me how I can reach your realm, for I wish to
become a Fan more than anything in the world!

SPIRIT

The way is hard, for it lies over the Mountains of Inertia that
surround Mundane.

JOPHAN

But those mountains are unclimbable!

SPIRIT

To a Trufan, anything is possible. But wait; I have shown you

only the superficial aspects of Fandom. Now I will show you something of its inner essence.

9

(SPIRIT turns the wand over to reveal the word "FANAC" on the other side, and again touches JOPHAN with the star.)

FANAC

(sung to the tune of "Comedy Tonight"

from "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum")

by Stephen Sondheim

Vamp (played, not sung):

[Schoolwork tomorrow; fanac tonight.]

d

G

SPIRIT

Verse:

APA's and genzines, great big and thin zines;

Something for ev'ry fan; there's fanac in store!

Verse:

Sercon or fannish, one-shot or annish;

Something for ev'ry fan; there's fanac galore!

Break:

Hekto in pan, ink by the can;

Bring on the paper, twiltone or tan.

Coda:

Cartoons and illos, covers and fillos;

Nothing commercial or mundane:

Schoolwork tomorrow; fanac tonight!

JOPHAN

Oh Spirit of Fandom, tell me how I may become a True Fan and

publish the Ultimate Fanzine, for that is what I desire more than
anything in the world!

SPIRIT

I see I have chosen wisely. But the way to your heart's desire is

long and hard. To reach it, you must obtain the Enchanted Duplicator, sometimes known as the Magic Mimeograph. It lies at the very heart of Fandom, on top of the High Tower of Trufandom, and the path to it is long and beset with many dangers.

JOPHAN

I care not for danger, so long as I can publish the Ultimate Fanzine, for that is what I want more than anything in the world.

SPIRIT

Very well, then. Take this shield, which is called Umor. If you polish it every day and keep it shining, it will protect you from many dangers.

(SPIRIT gives JOPHAN the shield.)

10

JOPHAN

But...how will I know the way?

SPIRIT

(backing off stage left, speaking as though from a great distance:)

If you are a True Fan, you will know the way. Good luck, Jophan!

(SPIRIT continues moving backwards, and exits stage left. JOPHAN lies down on the bed on his back, clutching the shield to his breast. His head is tilted far enough back on the pillow for the audience to see the look of ecstasy on his face. The curtain falls.)

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

(Approximate running time: 1 hour 3 min)

The Quest

SCENE ONE

The Phan Home

Approximate running time: 3 min.

Characters:

JOPHAN

The same, except that JOPHAN is sleeping on his stomach, and the shield is lying at his right. He lifts his head, then gets up on his elbows, holding his head. He looks dazed, bewildered.

JOPHAN

A dream...that's what it was...

(He rolls over on his left side, as though to get out of bed.)

It was nothing but a--

(He sees the shield and freezes for a few seconds. His face is progressively transfigured with wonder and resolve as gets out of bed, picks up the shield, puts the shield on his left arm, and walks downstage, looking out over the heads of the audience.

THE ULTIMATE ZINE

(sung to the tune of "The Impossible Dream" from "Man of La Mancha,"

by Joe Darion and Mitch Leigh)

Vamp (played, not sung):

[To publish the Ultimate Zine.]

g G

11

JOPHAN

Verse:

To publish the Ultimate Zine;

To fight the ridiculous feud;

To bear with disparaging comments;

To print all the art that is lewd.

To write the unwriteable col;

To sneer at conceited old pros;

To crank when the arm is too weary;

To collate and stamp and fold prose.

Bridge:

And this is my quest, to publish that zine;
No matter how sland'rous, or crude or obscene;
To stencil the art, and to corflu all flaws;
To be willing to staple all night and observe postal laws.

(spoken, not sung:)

Why, that's not PRURIENT, Mr. Postal Inspector!

(sung again:)

And I know, if I'll only be true to this glorious quest,
That my Hugo will be there for me, at the con where I'm guest.

Verse:

And the world will be better for this:
That one fan, now turned bitter and mean,
Still strove, with his last ounce of corflu,
To publish the Ultimate Zine.

(The curtain falls.)

SCENE TWO

The Pitch

Approximate running time: 4 min.

Characters:

JOPHAN

SALESMAN

SKEPTIC

[FAN HENRY]

FANS*

A traveling mimeograph SALESMAN is making his pitch. A table is stage center, with its long side facing the audience. An old, beat-up, hand mimeograph is at the stage left end, while the SALESMAN is bent over and fiddling with a shiny, new, electric mimeograph at the stage right end. FANS are upstage watching the SALESMAN, wearing propeller beanies. Among them is HENRY, wearing tight-fitting jeans, engineer boots and a FIAWOL T-shirt a size or two too small. JOPHAN enters stage left, with his shield on his left arm.

SALESMAN

Just a few more adjustments here, and we'll be ready to--

12

JOPHAN

(interrupting)

Er, excuse me, Mr., uh...

SALESMAN

(looking up, and extending his hand to JOPHAN, who takes it, and has it vigorously pumped by the SALESMAN):

Dick's the name; Professor Abraham Dick. But you can call me Abie.

JOPHAN

Uh, yes, professor. Perhaps you could help me. Do you know which way to go to get to Trufandom? You see, I want to find the Magic Mimeograph and publish--

SALESMAN

(interrupting)

The Magic Mimeograph? That old thing? As I was just telling these

gentlefen, my new electric mimeo can outpublish the fastest
cranker in all Fandom.

SKEPTIC

(stepping forward from among the FANS)

Excuse me, professor; but I've got a friend who turns a pretty
mean crank.

SALESMAN

(patting the electric mimeo):

But not as fast as my little jewel here.

SKEPTIC

Well, I'm not so sure. What do you say to a little contest?

SALESMAN

That sounds fine to me. Where's your man?

SKEPTIC

(turning back towards HENRY)

Oh Henry, come on over here a minute.

(HENRY steps forward, while the SALESMAN takes the SKEPTIC by the arm and walks downstage with him.)

SALESMAN

(speaking in a conspiratorial voice):

Ah...who's this Henry guy?

13

SKEPTIC

You mean you've never heard of Fan Henry? Let me tell you about him.

FAN HENRY

(sung to the tune of the folk song "John Henry")

Vamp (Played, not sung):

[Born to be a crank-turning boy.]

d#

C

SKEPTIC

Verse:

Now when Fan Henry, he was just a neo,
All he ever wanted for a toy
Was a little Sears and Roebuck hektograph machine.
His zine two hundred pages of goshwowoboyoboy;
Born to be a crank-turning boy.

Verse:

Now says Fan Henry, speaking to the salesman:

HENRY

A Fan should prove himself a Fan;
And before I'll pub my zine on an electric mimeo,
I'll die with the handle in my hand, O Roscoe;
(Grips the handle of the old mimeo with one hand.)
Die with this handle in my hand.

(SALESMAN turns on the electric mimeo at a speed of about two
pages per second, and HENRY begins cranking the old mimeo at the
same speed.)

SKEPTIC

Verse:

Well, now, Fan Henry, he took up the challenge,
And beside the power monster he did stand.

(The speed increases to about four pages per second (HENRY still matching the electric mimeo page for page) over a period of about fifteen seconds, while the FANS all urge HENRY on saying, "Go, Henry!" and "Faster!" and "Turn harder!" and so on. At the end of this period, the electric mimeo abruptly stops, spewing out smoke and nuts and bolts. Without slowing down, HENRY pulls the handle off his machine, waves it over his head, and staggers around the stage for five seconds or so while the FANS all applaud and cheer; a look of ecstasy is on HENRY's face. Then HENRY keels over, and the FANS all give gasps of shock and dismay.)

14

SKEPTIC

(Slowly)

He beat the 'lectric mimeo machine hands down;
But he died with the handle in his hand, O Roscoe;
Died with that handle in his hand.

SKEPTIC

(resuming speed)

Verse:

And now Fan Henry, he's an inspiration
To ev'ry fan who ever wet a wick.
Don't underestimate a crank-turning fan,
(Short pause)
But don't ever sell your stock in A. B. Dick, O Roscoe;
Never sell your stock in A. B. Dick.

(JOPHAN looks at the fallen HENRY for a few seconds, then exits
stage left.)

SCENE THREE

The Lair of the Inactifen

Approximate running time: 5 min.

Characters:

JOPHAN

DEDWOOD

[READERS]*

DEDWOOD is seated on a chair at stage center, facing stage left, with his feet up on another chair, legs extended. READERS are seated on the floor, reading fanzines. A stack of fanzines is just downstage of DEDWOOD's chair, and he is reading one. JOPHAN enters stage right with his shield, and taps DEDWOOD on the shoulder.

JOPHAN

Excuse me, Mr., uh...

DEDWOOD

(looking around at JOPHAN)

Dedwood's the name; Minac P. Dedwood.

JOPHAN

Uh, yes, Mr. Dedwood. I'm on my way to Trufandom to publish the Ultimate Fanzine, and I--

DEDWOOD

(interrupting, shocked)

PUBLISH?!? Did you say PUBLISH?!? Let's have no more foul language used around here! And as for Trufandom, this is it, right here!

15

JOPHAN

But how can that be? I mean, don't Trufen all pub--er, well, you know...make...fanzines? After all, if you don't send out your own, how did you get all these?

DEDWOOD

Easy, m'boy, easy. Let me explain my philosophy.

WITH A QUARTER OR A LOC

(sung to the tune of "With a Little Bit of Luck," from "My Fair Lady,"

by Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe)

Vamp (played, not sung):

[With a quarter or a little tiny LoC.]

e C

DEDWOOD

Verse:

Great Ghu above gave Fan an arm of iron,

So he could turn the crank and pub his zine.

Great Ghu above gave Fan an arm of iron, but:

With a quarter or a LoC, with a quarter or a LoC,

Someone else will run the damn machine.

ALL

Chorus:

With a quarter or a LoC, with a quarter or a LoC,

With a quarter or a LoC, he'll never pub.

With a quarter or a LoC, with a quarter or a LoC,

With a two- or three-line Ell Oh See.

DEDWOOD

Verse:

Great Ghu above made Fan to help his brothers,

To help them collate, staple, stamp and fold.

Great Ghu above made Fan to help his brothers, but:

With a quarter or a LoC, with a quarter or a LoC,

[As COLLATOR enters stage right, clutching a handful of papers, and pantomimes asking him for help, DEDWOOD waves him off, holding a tissue to his nose.]

On collation night I'll have a cold.

ALL

Chorus:

With a quarter or a LoC, with a quarter or a LoC,

With a quarter or a LoC, he'll be in bed.

With a quarter or a LoC, with a quarter or a LoC,

With a two- or three-line Ell Oh See.

16

DEDWOOD

Verse:

Great Ghu above made parties for temptation,
To see if Fan could turn away from sport.
Great Ghu above made parties for temptation, but:
With a quarter or a LoC, with a quarter or a LoC,
Someone else will write the con report.

ALL

Chorus:

With a quarter or a LoC, with a quarter or a LoC,
With a quarter or a LoC, he'll never write.
With a quarter or a LoC, with a quarter or a LoC,
With a two- or three-line Ell Oh See.

DEDWOOD

Bridge:

Oh, you can turn the crank, all right;

But with a quarter or a LoC, I'll never write.

DEDWOOD

Verse:

Correction fluid was made to fix your stencils,

To make each page you type as right as rain.

Correction fluid was made to fix your stencils, but:

With a quarter or a LoC, with a quarter or a LoC,

Typos needn't give you any pain.

ALL

Chorus:

With a quarter or a LoC, with a quarter or a LoC,

With a quarter or a LoC, he won't be blue.

With a quarter or a LoC, with a quarter or a LoC,
With a two- or three-line Ell Oh See.

DEDWOOD

Verse:

Oh, it's a crime for Trufen to go GAFIA,
To leave their brothers alone to do so much.
Oh, it's a crime for Trufen to go GAFIA, but
With a quarter or a LoC, with a quarter or a LoC,
You can leave it all and keep in touch.

ALL

Chorus:

With a quarter or a LoC, with a quarter or a LoC,
With a quarter or a LoC, he'll be right back.
With a quarter or a LoC, with a quarter or a LoC,
With a two- or three-line Ell Oh See.

17

DEDWOOD

Verse:

A fan was made to contribute to his APA,

Which is the right and proper thing, I vow.

A fan was made to contribute to his APA, but:

With a quarter or a LoC, with a quarter or a LoC,

I'll send in my pages Real Soon Now.

ALL

Chorus:

With a quarter or a LoC, with a quarter or a LoC,

With a quarter or a LoC, he'll go Wait List.

With a quarter or a LoC, with a quarter or a LoC,

With a two- or three-line Ell Oh See.

DEDWOOD

Bridge:

They're always asking for submissions,

But with a quarter or a LoC, a fan can duck.

ALL

Verse:

He doesn't have a fanzine to his credit,

The most inactive fan in fannish ken.

He doesn't have a fanzine to his credit, but:

With a quarter or a LoC, with a quarter or a LoC,

He's the biggest of the Big Name Fen.

Final Chorus:

With a quarter or a LoC, with a quarter or a LoC,

With a quarter or a LoC, a Bee En Eff.

With a quarter or a LoC, with a quarter or a LoC,

With a two- or three-line Ell Oh See.

(At the last line, JOPHAN exits stage left, shaking his head.)

SCENE FOUR

The Home of Poorfan

Approximate running time: 9 min.

Characters:

JOPHAN

POORFAN

A table with a hektograph is stage center. At the table, POORFAN is just stapling a three-sheet hekto zine as JOPHAN enters stage right with his shield.

18

JOPHAN

Hello, there!

POORFAN

(looking up and walking over to JOPHAN with his zine)

Ah! You're just in time. Here's the very first copy of my latest ish.

(JOPHAN takes the zine in his right hand and turns it over, making its slimness obvious. He flips the pages, his disdain undisguised.)

Pretty good, huh?

JOPHAN

Actually, it's pretty cruddy. You can't take a hekto zine seriously these days. Why don't you use mimeo, so you can run off a couple of hundred copies? And there isn't much to this ish. Another couple of dozen pages and you might have something.

POORFAN

Mimeo? Two dozen pages? Do you realize what even a used mimeo costs these days? And the POSTAGE on two hundred copies of a 24-page zine! Dream on, my friend.

JOPHAN

I guess you're right. I never really thought about the money involved in fanac.

POORFAN

I sure wish I never had to think about the money.

IF I WERE A RICH FAN

(sung to the tune of "If I Were a Rich Man," from "Fiddler on the Roof,"

by Sheldon Harnick and Jerry Bock)

Vamp (played, not sung):

[If I were a very wealthy fan.]

d# Cm

POORFAN

Chorus:

If I were a rich fan;

Oh yes, that is all that I would ever have to ask of Ghu.

All day long I'd sit around and publish, if I were a wealthy fan.

Wouldn't hold a job;

Oh, no, mundane work would never take a second of my time.

If I were so very, very rich, I would be so very true a fan.

19

Verse:

I'd pub a great big zine with pages by the hundreds,

Yours even without any LoC,

Half each page a four-color Bok illo.

I'd pay for one long column by Robert Heinlein,

One just as long by Arthur Clarke.

And one by Ray Bradbury, just for show.

Chorus:

If I were a rich fan;

Oh yes, that is all that I would ever have to ask of Ghu.

All day long I'd sit around and publish, if I were a wealthy fan.

Wouldn't hold a job;

Oh, no, mundane work would never take a second of my time.

If I were so very, very rich, I would be so very true a fan.

Verse:

I'd fill my house with writers, artists and edi-

tors for the fans to see and hear,

Talking just as noisily as they can.

And each loud "...then I wrote..." and "...Tiptree's real name..."

Will land like a Trumpet on the ear,

As if to say, "Here lives a wealthy fan."

Chorus:

If I were a rich fan;

Oh yes, that is all that I would ever have to ask of Ghu.

All day long I'd sit around and publish, if I were a wealthy fan.

Wouldn't hold a job;

Oh, no, mundane work would never take a second of my time.

If I were so very, very rich, I would be so very true a fan.

Verse:

I see me flying first class every weekend,

To each convention, near or far;

Staying in the hotel's most fancy suite.

But I would never be there long, 'cause I'd be with

All of the pros down in the bar,

Or holding forth, with neos at my feet.

Chorus:

If I were a rich fan;

Oh yes, that is all that I would ever have to ask of Ghu.

All day long I'd sit around and publish, if I were a wealthy fan.

Wouldn't hold a job;

Oh, no, mundane work would never take a second of my time.

If I were so very, very rich, I would be so very true a fan.

Break:

The most important fen in fandom, they will fawn on me.

They will ask me to advise them, like Yalow and the rest:

"If you please, Bee En Eff; pardon me, Bee En Eff."

Starting fan feuds that would cross Claude Degler's eyes.

SMOF, SMOF, SMOF; SMOF, SMOF, SMOF; SMOF SMOF SMOF.

Last part of verse:

And it won't make one bit of diff'rence

If I answer right or wrong:

When you're rich, they think you really know.

20

Chorus:

If I were a rich fan;

Oh yes, that is all that I would ever have to ask of Ghu.

All day long I'd sit around and publish, if I were a wealthy fan.

Wouldn't hold a job;

Oh, no, mundane work would never take a second of my time.

If I were so very, very rich, I would be so very true a fan.

Verse:

If I were rich, I'd have the time that I lack

To read all the fanzines in my house,

And maybe find out who sawed Courtney's boat.

And I'd discuss numbered fandoms with all the Trufen,
And whether Yngvi is a louse,
And learn to sing all Filthy's songs by rote[Spoken:] Or, maybe not

Coda:

If I were a rich fan;
Oh yes, that is all that I would ever have to ask of Ghu.
All day long I'd sit around and publish, if I were a wealthy fan.
Wouldn't hold a job;
Oh, no, mundane work would never take a second of my time.
Ghu, who made the neo and the true fan:
You decreed I should be what I am.
Would it spoil some vast Roscon'yan plan, if I were a wealthy fan?

JOPHAN

I guess you've got a point there. But I'm trying to find the High

Tower of Trufandom; can you help me?

POORFAN

Actually, I'd love to come along with you. But I've got to fill in the faded areas of the last dozen copies of my ToC by hand, then I've got to reheat my hekto pan for my next ish, and then...

JOPHAN

Well, thanks anyway. I guess I'll be getting along now. Don't burn your gelatin.

POORFAN

Thanks for stopping by.

JOPHAN

Thanks for the zine.

(JOPHAN exits stage left, with his shield and the copy of POORFAN's hekto zine.)

21

SCENE FIVE

The Hotel Lobby

Approximate running time: 9 min.

Characters:

JOPHAN

[CHAIRFAN]

CONFAN

[TREKKIES]*

[FIRST FANDOM]*

MEMBERS*

At the convention. The MEMBERS are upstage, holding drinks (bbeer, Tullamore Dew, Beam's Choice, etc.), and talking. These include several TREKKIES, dressed in Star Fleet shirts, etc., upstage left.

Several members of FIRST FANDOM, wearing their blazers with First Fandom patches, are upstage center. CONFAN is upstage right. There are two short, wide signs placed horizontally on top of stanchions

upstage center. One reads "PRE-REGISTRATION," the other "NEW
REGISTRATION." The MEMBERS come downstage.

ANOTHER WEEKEND, ANOTHER CON

(sung to the tune of "Another Op'ning, Another Show" from "Kiss Me Kate,"

by Cole Porter)

Vamp (played, not sung):

[Another weekend at another con.]

g C

MEMBERS

Verse:

Another weekend, another con

In Philly, Boston or Washington.

A chance to join fannish goin's on.

Another weekend at another con.

Verse:

Some bheer to drink and some art to see.

Some talk of impossibility.

The comp'ny's good and the booze is free.

A short vacation, good for you and me.

Bridge:

Monday morning, you're flat on your back.
Wednesday, and you're back on the track.
Thursday night is the time you should pack.
Now it's Friday night, and we are here to yak!

Verse:

The treas'rer's taken the cash, and gone.
The banquet entree has got to be sawn.
But we don't care, 'cause we've partied till dawn.
Another weekend -- full of fans and speakin' -- at another con.

22

(All MEMBERS go back downstage where they were, except for one wearing a large beribboned badge reading "CHAIRFAN." CHAIRFAN starts pacing back and forth downstage, occasionally tearing hair, obviously on the verge of a breakdown.

THE CON BEGINS TONIGHT

(sung to the tune of "Tonight" from "West Side Story," by Stephen
Sondheim and Leonard Bernstein)

Vamp (played, not sung):

[Turn backward in your flight, and delay...tonight.]

e G

CHAIRFAN

Tonight, tonight; the parties start tonight

At seven, and the beer hasn't shown.

Tonight, tonight; the con begins tonight;

And the Pro Guest of Honor's still home!

(Most people will be more comfortable dropping down an octave
here.)

Today, the hours seem like minutes, the minutes fly like seconds,

And nothing will go right.

(After "Oh Sun," and before "so bright," go back up an
octave.)

Oh Sun, so bright, turn backward in your flight,

And delay...tonight!

(CHAIRFAN mixes in with the MEMBERS. JOPHAN enters stage right with his shield, and taps CONFAN on the shoulder.)

JOPHAN

Uh, excuse me, sir. Could you tell me where I can register for a room at this hotel? I'm awfully tired.

CONFAN

(turning to JOPHAN)

Welcome! Welcome to ConCon One! Is this your first con here at the Golden Crapper Hotel?

JOPHAN

(pointing offstage right):

Golden Crapper? That's not what it said on the marquee.

CONFAN

That's right; the management is catering to the continental crowd this season.

(CONFAN gestures upstage center. One MEMBER takes each of the registration signs, moving them apart to the left and right, revealing a sign in flowing script that reads "Commode d'Or.")

But I can see you haven't been here before. Are you registered for the con yet?

JOPHAN

I'm afraid I really don't have time for that. You see, I'm on my way to Trufandom to find the Enchanted Duplicator, and--

CONFAN

(interrupting)

Trufandom? Why, THIS is Trufandom, right here!

(The TREKKIES come downstage center.)

WE LOVE YOU, STAR TREK

(sung to the tune of "We Love You, Birdie" from "Bye Bye Birdie,"

by Lee Adams and Charles Strouse)

Vamp (played, not sung):

f e c d b c

[Oh, Star Trek, we love you.]

C G C

TREKKIES

(nasally)

We love you Mister Spock, oh yes we do;

We love you Captain Kirk, and we'll be true.

Your return to prime time is overdue.

Oh, Star Trek, we love you.

(The TREKKIES return upstage left.)

JOPHAN

Well, that's not exactly what I had in mind. I was thinking of something a little more, well, mature...

(The members of FIRST FANDOM come downstage center.)

HUGO'S BOYS

(sung to the tune of "Barry's Boys," by the Chad Mitchell Trio,
about the Goldwater campaign in 1964)

Vamp (played, not sung):

[Back with Hugo's boys.]

cC

24

FIRST FANDOM

Oh, we're the tired, old fen who want to go back to nineteen-ten;

We're Hugo's Boys.

We're the kids with a cause:
Scientific fiction just like Grandpapa's.
Some may swear by New Wave eclectics;
We give all our loyalty to "Modern Electrics."
Back to when SF was stf, and fantasy
Was something we would never see from Hugo G.

Oh, we're the hard-science boys;
We've got no use for character development.
It's galactical romance, where good ol' Doc Smith wore the pants;
Now he's too advanced.
So let's go back to the days when fen were men,
And fight the War of the Worlds all over again.
Back with Hugo -- not anyone that you know --
Back with Hugo's Boys.

(The members of FIRST FANDOM go back upstage. CONFAN heads for
downstage center, with JOPHAN following.)

CONFAN

Well, maybe not quite THAT mature. Let me explain.

COME TO THE SF CON

(sung to the tune of the title song from "Cabaret," by Fred Ebb and

John Kander)

Vamp (played, not sung):

[Come to the SF con.]

CONFAN

Chorus:

What good is fanning alone like a fool? Come put your costume on.

Fandom's an SF con, old chum; come to the SF con.

Put down the stencil, the zine and the tool;

It's time to carouse till dawn.

Fandom's an SF con old chum; come to the SF con.

Break:

Come drink the bheer; come see the art;

Come on along and take your part:

(Turns and lifts his wrist to look at his watch, tapping it with
the forefinger of his other hand.)

The masquerade panel is about to start.

Chorus:

No use performing some dull, mundane chore

Like schoolwork, or mowing the lawn.

Fandom's an SF con, old chum; come to the SF con.

25

Verse:

Now once I knew a con fan name of Willie,

With whom I shared a slan shack down in Philly.

Now, he wasn't what you'd call the truest fan;

As a matter of fact, if you said "fanac," he ran.

Verse:

Said the TruFen, when he left for the asylum,

(Crosses his hands across his chest as if in a straitjacket,

rolls his eyes up, and gives a mad giggle with his tongue

lolling out of his mouth.)

"That's what comes of those who never sleep, and try rum."

But when the wind from the funny farm is right,

I hear him partying each and ev'ry night.

Bridge:

I think of Willie to this very day;

I think of how he'd turn to me and say,

Verse:

"What good is fanning alone like a fool?

Come put your costume on.

Fandom's an SF con, old chum; come to the SF con.

Put down the stencil, the zine and the tool;

It's time to carouse til dawn.

Fandom's an SF con old chum; come to the SF con."

Break:

And as for me, and as for me;

I made my mind up, back in Philly:

When I go, I'm going like Willie.

Chorus:

Start by admitting, from neo to nuts, you gotta keep moving on.

Fandom's an SF con, old chum; only an SF con, old chum.

Fandom's an SF con old chum, and I love an SF con.

(A MEMBER comes downstage and puts a can in JOPHAN's hand. CONFAN

puts his arm around JOPHAN's shoulders and leads him upstage. The curtain falls.)

SCENE SIX

The Hotel Lobby

Approximate running time: 5 min.

Characters:

JOPHAN

HOUSE DICK

[CONVENTION BUM; person in same outfit as HENRY, above]

[CRASHERS]

The next morning. CRASHERS are lying around upstage on the floor asleep, some with backpacks and sleeping bags, some in hall costumes. Among them is a CONVENTION BUM. JOPHAN is staggering around with his shield, holding his head.

I MUST HAVE TALKED ALL NIGHT

(sung to the tune of "I Could Have Danced All Night," from "My Fair Lady,"

by Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe)

No vamp.

JOPHAN

(with his shield, holding his head)

Introduction:

Bed, bed, I've got to find a bed;

e

I've got to find a place where I can crash.

Sleep, sleep, I haven't slept a wink;

And the trucks are picking up the trash.

G

Verse:

I must have talked all night; I must have talked all night;

And still I begged for more.

I know I spread my wings, and said a thousand things

I've never thought before.

I'll never know what made it so exciting;
Why all at once my heart took flight.
I only know when they began to fan that way,
I must have talked, talked, talked...
All night.

(The HOUSE DICK enters stage right, in a three-piece suit, with a
big cigar.)

HOUSE DICK

All right, all right! LET'S go, LET'S go!

(Kicks one of the CRASHERS.)

Move it, big fella! Keep it moving!

(The CRASHERS groggily get to their feet.)

Whaddya think this is, Yellowstone National Park?

(HOUSE DICK goes downstage right, then stands with his arms
folded, rocking back on forth on his heels, to make sure they
don't go back to sleep.)

Jeez, I don't know why they let these weirdo sci-fi freaks in
here in the first place.

(The CONVENTION BUM comes downstage center, wearing a FIAWOL T-shirt, propeller beanie and big FRODO LIVES button.)

WEIRDO SCI-FI FREAKS

(sung to the tune of Cher's "Gypsies, Tramps and Thieves")

Vamp (played, not sung):

Weirdo sci-fi freaks, yes, weird...

e Em

27

CONVENTION BUM

Verse:

I was born in a van on the way to a con.

My folks used to go anytime one was on,

Paying for it all any way that they might:

Huckstering some paperbacks;

Selling plastic sheets to diffract the light.

HOUSE DICK

Refrain:

Weirdo sci-fi freaks.

CONVENTION BUM

We hear it from the people in hotels; they call us:

HOUSE DICK

Refrain:

Weirdo sci-fi freaks.

CONVENTION BUM

But ev'ry night, at the skinny dip, they come and hang around.

Verse:

Won my first masquerade at the age of three

(My mom wore a fig leaf; there was less on me).

I was nursed on Coors and weaned on blog.

And then I got older; learned the finer points of how to snog.

HOUSE DICK

Refrain:

Weirdo sci-fi freaks.

CONVENTION BUM

We hear it from the people in hotels; they call us:

HOUSE DICK

Refrain:

Weirdo sci-fi freaks.

CONVENTION BUM

But ev'ry night, at the skinny dip, they come and hang around.

Verse:

Got married at a con by the con chairman

(All the guests were costumed; some had big swords on).

Raised young trufen--one, two, three.

Taught 'em "Young Man Mulligan;"

Now I bring a chorus to the filking with me.

28

HOUSE DICK

Refrain:

Weirdo sci-fi freaks.

CONVENTION BUM

We hear it from the people in hotels; they call us:

HOUSE DICK

Weirdo sci-fi freaks.

CONVENTION BUM

But ev'ry night, at the skinny dip, they come and hang around.

Verse:

Now I'm old and I'm tired and I'm near the end.

I call ev'ryone in First Fandom my friend.

But in hotels I'm still stared at

In my FIAWOL T-shirt, FRODO LIVES button and beanie hat.

HOUSE DICK

Refrain:

Weirdo sci-fi freaks.

CONVENTION BUM

We hear it from the people in hotels; they call us:

HOUSE DICK

Weirdo sci-fi freaks.

CONVENTION BUM

But ev'ry night, at the skinny dip, they come and hang around.

(JOPHAN exits stage left. The curtain falls.)

SCENE SEVEN

The Huckster Room

Approximate running time: 4 min.

Characters:

JOPHAN

HUCKSTER

COLLECTOR

Immediately thereafter. Tables are across the back of the stage, covered with cloths, with books, magazines, etc., spread out and propped up so the audience can see them. Big signs on the backdrop (tilted at various angles) say "BUY!" and "RARE!" and "CHEAP!" HUCKSTER is stage center as JOPHAN enters stage right, with his shield. 29

HUCKSTER

Good morning! Good morning! What's your preference? Comics? Old pulps? I've got some Unknown's here--strictly mint!

(JOPHAN shakes his head, holding it.)

No? Well, then, perhaps these Arkham House first editions, WITH
dust wrapper, just--

(As HUCKSTER has been speaking, a COLLECTOR dressed in rags has
staggered on stage left, fallen to his hands and knees, and crawled
the rest of the way to where JOPHAN and the HUCKSTER are standing.
He tugs at JOPHAN's pants.)

COLLECTOR

(hoarsely, interrupting the HUCKSTER)

Don't...buy...Don't buy.

JOPHAN

(to COLLECTOR)

What did you say?

HUCKSTER

Don't mind him, boy. Now, if you'll just step this way, I tell
you what I'm gonna do. They don't call me big-hearted for--

COLLECTOR

(interrupting again, a little stronger)

I said...don't buy.

JOPHAN

Here, let me help you.

(JOPHAN helps the COLLECTOR to his feet.)

COLLECTOR

(gaining strength)

Thank you, lad. I said, for Ghu's sake, don't buy.

THE COLLECTOR'S LAMENT

(sung to the tune of the folk song "The House of the Rising Sun," as
adapted and arranged by John A. Lomax, Alan Lomax, and Georgia Turner)

Vamp (played, not sung):

[And there I met my doom.]

c Am

30

COLLECTOR

Verse:

There is a place at SF cons they call the Huckster Room.

It's been the ruin of many'a poor fan, and there I met my doom.

Verse:

When I was just a neofan, I bought my first old pulp.

Then hardbacks and old movie stills,

Though the prices made me gulp.

Verse:

And now I'm as you see me here: a broke and broken fan.

Bitten by the Kollectinbug, and fleeced by the huckster man.

Verse:

So Trufen tell your neos not to do as I have done.

To end their lives in poverty, in the Huckster Room at a con.

(COLLECTOR collapses on his back on the floor after the last line.)

HUCKSTER

(stepping over COLLECTORS body):

Now, as I was saying, I've got these Planet of the Apes posters,

and--

JOPHAN

(interrupting, backing off nervously toward stage left)

No! No, thanks! I really must be going. You see, I have to find--

HUCKSTER

(interrupting, more stridently than ever)

Wait! You haven't seen any of my Star Wars stuff, or Star Trek,

or...

(HUCKSTER's voice trails off as JOPHAN exits stage left. The

curtain falls.)

SCENE EIGHT

The Art Show

Approximate running time: 3 min.

Characters:

JOPHAN

ARTFAN

AUCTIONEER

[BIDDERS]*

31

Immediately thereafter. At stage left is a riser/platform, on which stands the AUCTIONEER, facing stage right, holding a gavel. It helps if the AUCTIONEER has a moustache and mutton chops (if not, change JOPHAN's "with the sideburns?" below, to "on the

stage?") and a bit of a belly. Upstage of him is a painting on a chair, at a 45 degree angle so that both the audience and the stage-right characters can see it. AUCTIONEER is pantomiming describing the painting in glowing terms. To stage right of him are the BIDDERS, seated in chairs, paying rapt attention. Among them is the person who played HENRY in the earlier scene, in FIAWOL T-shirt and propeller beanie. Upstage right are several paintings on chairs, facing the audience, at least one of them a stereotypical fantasy nude woman. JOPHAN enters stage right, with ART FAN downstage of, and slightly trailing, him.

JOPHAN

Hey! That lady is bare naked! How can they get away with...?

ARTFAN

(reaching over and pushing JOPHAN's pointing arm down)

Be careful! You might wind up buying something!

JOPHAN

What do you mean? And who's that guy on the stage?

ARTFAN

Shhh! This is the art auction. And as for that guy on the stage

-- you ARE a neo, aren't you?

THE SF AUCTIONEER

(sung to the tune of "The Country Auctioneer," composed by ??????)

Vamp (played, not sung):

[Who'll give a forty, forty dollar bid?]

d D

ARTFAN

Verse:

There was a bo' from Baltimo'

Who'd never seen a con art show.

He thought he'd go and see how it was done.

Upon the stage there stood a man,

Who had the ear of ev'ry fan;

And as he talked, it looked like lots of fun:

Sayin':

AUCTIONEER

Refrain:

Thirty dollar bid, got a thirty dollar bid, now;

Who'll gimme more, give a thirty-five bid now?

Who'll give a five, give a thirty-five dollar bid?

(a BIDDER raises an arm, and AUCTIONEER points with the gavel)

Five, thirty-five, got thirty-five bid, now;

Who'll gimme more, give a forty dollar bid, now?

Who'll give a forty, forty dollar bid?

32

ARTFAN

Verse:

That bo' from Baltimo', named Jack,

Said,

AUCTIONEER

(turning toward audience, stepping out of his character as the mature
auctioneer, and playing his younger self)

I'd sure like to take a crack

At sellin' things by bid, like this guy here.

I'll learn all that there is to know

About the SF con art show,
And then I'll be an SF auctioneer.
Sayin':

(turning back to face BIDDERS, and returning to his mature character)

Refrain:

Forty dollar bid, got a forty dollar bid, now;
Who'll gimme more, give a forty-five bid now?
Who'll give a five, give a forty-five dollar bid?

(a BIDDER raises an arm, and AUCTIONEER points with the gavel)

Five, forty-five, got forty-five bid, now;
Who'll gimme more, give a fifty dollar bid, now?
Who'll give a fifty, fifty dollar bid?

ARTFAN

Verse:

That Chalker boy soon made a name
Within the SF con art game;
Had to get a Mercedes, just to get around.
Through the years, his stature grew --
He even wrote a book or two --

(or six, or twenty, or sixty)

But still at most cons you can hear his sound:

Sayin':

AUCTIONEER

Fifty dollar bid, got a fifty dollar bid, now;

Who'll gimme more, give a fifty-five bid now?

Who'll give a five, give a fifty-five dollar bid?

(a BIDDER raises an arm, and AUCTIONEER points with the gavel)

Five, fifty-five, got fifty-five bid, now;

Who'll gimme more, give a sixty dollar bid, now?

(BIDDER in HENRY outfit jumps up waving arms. AUCTIONEER brings down
gavel on an imaginary surface, and points to him)

--SOLD! to the man in the FIAWOL T-shirt and beanie hat for

three hundred dollars!

33

(JOPHAN starts to retreat the way he come in)

ARTFAN

Wait! Where're you going? Your naked lady is next to be sold!

JOPHAN

Well, I'd like to buy it, but I don't think my folks...

(JOPHAN's voice trails off as he exits stage right. The curtain falls.)

SCENE NINE

The Hotel Lobby

Approximate running time: 4 min.

Characters:

JOPHAN

PARTY FAN

Same as scene six, except that there is only one person on stage,
PARTYFAN, roaming around in a daze with a suitcase in each hand.
JOPHAN enters stage left, with his shield. He approaches PARTYFAN.)

JOPHAN

Hi. Anything going on now?

PARTYFAN

Well, there's the final art auction in the Main Ballroom. And the
Dead Dog party starts in a little bit. But I guess this con is
about over.

JOPHAN

Then if you've got some time, maybe you can tell me more about
being a Trufan.

PARTYFAN

Time? I've got plenty of time: I'm waiting for the elevator. And
if you want to know about being a Trufan, you've come to the
right place.

(PARTYFAN puts down his suitcases, and comes downstage center.)

A TRUFAN ALWAYS

(sung to the tune of "My Way," by Paul Anka)

Vamp (played, not sung):

[A Trufan always.]

f# G

34

PARTYFAN

Verse:

And now, the end is near,

And I approach the final auction.

My friend, I'll say it clear:

I've spent my money without caution.

Through doors, down corridors,

I traveled all the hotel's hallways.

At the masque ball, I took a fall: a Trufan always.

Verse:

I've drunk, talked at a shout,

And had my share of loud filksinging.

And now, as I check out,

And load my van, my head is ringing.

I've punned, and sold my merch;

Got egoboo, and not in small ways.

Oh, no; oh, no, not me: a Trufan always.

Break:

At banquet time, I'm sure you knew,

The meat was tough, too tough to chew.

But through it all, when there was doubt,

I chewed it up, and spit it out.

As speakers droned, I sat and groaned; a Trufan always.

Verse:

Short naps? I've had a few;
But then again, too few to mention.
I staggered through to drink more brew.
I was the toast of the convention.
Went on, when sense was gone,
Till I collapsed, and slept in crawlways.
But more, much more than that: a Trufan always.

Coda:

What is a Fan? What has he got?
If not his con, then he has naught.
To do the things he likes the best,
And not what satisfies the rest.
To prowl the halls, when Fandom calls: a True Fan all ways.

JOPHAN

That sounds like a lot of fun. But when do you find time to
publish your fanzine?

PARTYFAN

What's a "fanzine?"

35

JOPHAN

I see. Well, thanks for your time. I guess I'll be going now.

PARTYFAN

See you at NoCon next weekend. Have a nice trip home.

JOPHAN

Actually, I'm not going--oh, never mind.

(JOPHAN exits stage left. The curtain falls.)

SCENE TEN

Home of the DIRTY OLD FAN.

Approximate running time: 4 min.

Characters:

JOPHAN

DIRTY OLD FAN

[NEOS]*

NEOS with propeller beanies are seated in a circle stage center. At

the stage-right-most point of the circle is seated the DIRTY OLD FAN, also wearing a propeller beanie. JOPHAN enters stage right with his shield, as the DIRTY OLD FAN speaks.

DIRTY OLD FAN

So he said, "Who says I can't sit here?", and I told him, "Dave Kyle says you can't sit here." Then, he--

(Looking around as he speaks, he notices JOPHAN.)

Welcome! Where are you bound, son?

JOPHAN

To Trufandom, to publish the Ultimate Fanzine.

DIRTY OLD FAN

Admirable! Allow me to introduce myself. I'm the world's leading dirty old fan. This is my home, and my purpose in life is steering young neos on the road to Trufandom.

(Points offstage left.)

The road is right that way. But watch your step: there are great dangers in your path.

36

JOPHAN

What? More dangers? I thought I had passed all the obstacles.

DIRTY OLD FAN

Well, you've passed most of them, but there's one more you must overcome. Up ahead lies the City of Serious Constructivism.

(The NEOS get to their feet and form a line upstage, across the stage facing the audience.)

Why, it's said that at night, you can even hear the ghost of Claude Degler.

NEOS

(in horror)

CLAUDE DEGLER!?!

JOPHAN

Uh...who's Claude Degler?

DIRTY OLD FAN

(shaking his head)

Ah, so young, so innocent.

(During the song, the NEOS perform as a step line, clapping on the

second and fourth beats, as they bring their feet together).

THE BALLAD OF CLAUDE DEGLER

(sung to the tune of "Bad, Bad LeRoy Brown" by Jim Croce)

Vamp (played, not sung):

[Degler was a sercon fan, the greatest of the sercon fen, now;]

d G

(NEOS begin their routine.)

[Degler was a sercon fan, the greatest of the sercon fen, now.]

DIRTY OLD FAN

Verse:

Let me tell the story of the greatest sercon fan.

His name it was Claude Degler,

And he set forth to save the land.

Verse:

SF was his gospel; said, "We must spread the word.

But we must be on our best behavior

To insure that we'll be heard."

ALL

Chorus:

Serious, constructive; thought SF ought to be instructive.

Badder than Hoy Ping Pong; sure that he could do no wrong.

37

DIRTY OLD FAN

Verse:

Degler said to Fandom, "I'm shocked by what I see.

Fanzines brash, full of smut and trash.

Now you know that just can't be.

Verse:

With this modest proposal I'm sure you'll all agree:

Don't pub your stuff till you send a rough

For approval 'round to me."

ALL

Chorus:

Serious, constructive; thought SF ought to be instructive.

Badder than Hoy Ping Pong; sure that he could do no wrong.

DIRTY OLD FAN

Verse:

One night Claude was preachin', but he wasn't gettin' far;

And, as they threw him out, he was heard to shout:

"This will plunge all Fandom in war!"

Verse:

But Degler's call to battle was greeted with a yawn;

Now the Cosmic Circle is no more; ev'ry trace of Claude is gone.

ALL

Chorus:

Serious, constructive; thought SF ought to be instructive.

Badder than Hoy Ping Pong; sure that he could do no wrong.

I said, badder than Hoy Ping Pong; but he didn't last for long.

DIRTY OLD FAN

If I were you, son, I'd go around the city. The road is lonelier,

but it's the only way to Trufandom.

JOPHAN

Thank you, sir; I'll do that.

(JOPHAN moves off towards stage left.)

DIRTY OLD FAN

Good luck!

JOPHAN

Thank you!

(JOPHAN exits, stage left. The curtain falls.)

38

SCENE ELEVEN

At the University

Approximate running time: 4 min.

Characters:

JOPHAN

PROFESSOR

[GRAD STUDENT]

[UNDERGRAD]

STUDENTS*

A PROFESSOR is standing stage right, facing stage left. The students are seated on the floor stage center, facing the PROFESSOR. JOPHAN enters stage right, with his shield.

PROFESSOR

So you see, to truly understand the Heinlein Weltanschauung in terms of the Marxo-Freudian paradigm, one must first--

JOPHAN

(interrupting)

Uh, excuse me, sir. Did I hear you mention Heinlein?

PROFESSOR

(startled, looking around at JOPHAN)

Uh...why, yes, you did.

JOPHAN

(cautiously, wary of seeming ridiculous)

ROBERT A. Heinlein, the guy who writes sci--uh, you know, that
crazy Star Wars stuff?

PROFESSOR

(regaining his composure)

Yes indeed, my boy.

JOPHAN

But, isn't this a college class?

PROFESSOR

It certainly is!

JOPHAN

But, what's science fiction doing in a college class?

39

PROFESSOR

Why, it's all the rage this year.

GLORY, GLORY SCIENCE FICTION

(sung to the tune of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," traditional
tune, original words by Harriet Beecher Stowe)

Vamp (played, not sung):

[Sci Fi is that for sure.]

g a D G

PROFESSOR

Verse:

Enrollment is declining, our financial state is poor.

We must find a substitute for draft deferment's old allure.

A course the kids are sure to love will be the perfect cure;

And Sci Fi's that, for sure.

(PROFESSOR sits down.)

ALL

Chorus:

Glory, glory, science fiction; glory, glory, science fiction.

Glory, glory, science fiction; Sci Fi is that, for sure!

(GRAD STUDENT stands up.)

GRAD STUDENT

Verse:

I need a thesis topic for my English Ph.D.

Now, Chaucer to O'Neill, they're studied to the Nth degree.

But there's a lit'rature that from all prior study's free:

Spec Fab's the stuff for me!

(GRAD STUDENT sits down.)

ALL

Chorus:

Glory, glory, science fiction; glory, glory, science fiction.

Glory, glory, science fiction; Spec Fab's the stuff for me!

(UNDERGRAD stands up.)

UNDERGRAD

Verse:

I used to read SF for fun; I bought it by the ton.

I would sneak it into classes; I would read it on the run.

But now that it's assigned to read, like Keats or like Byron,

SF is no more fun.

40

(PROFESSOR and STUDENTS all stand up.)

ALL

Chorus:

Glory, glory, science fiction; glory, glory, science fiction.

Glory, glory, science fiction; SF is no more fun. [End]

(Everyone but PROFESSOR and JOPHAN sits down.)

JOPHAN

Well, all this is very nice, sir. But somehow I don't think it
has much to do with Trufandom.

PROFESSOR

(interested)

Trufandom? What's that? Maybe I should tell the Sociology
Department about it.

JOPHAN

(in a panic, backing off stage left)

Oh, no! No, don't do that! That is, uh, well, I'm sure they
wouldn't be interested...oh, no; not at all.

PROFESSOR

(shrugging)

Well, if you say so.

(JOPHAN exits stage left, in a hurry. The curtain falls.)

SCENE TWELVE

The Home of Profan

Approximate running time: 4 min.

Characters:

JOPHAN

PROFAN

PROFAN is seated stage center, facing stage right, in a chair,
reading a book. A standing lamp is just upstage of him. JOPHAN
enters stage right, with his shield. PROFAN looks up at him.

PROFAN

Well, hello there! You must be on your way to the High Tower of Trufandom.

JOPHAN

How did you know? Say, aren't you--

41

PROFAN

(interrupting)

Yes, yes I am.

JOPHAN

I love your stories.

PROFAN

I'm glad you do. It's one of my few consolations.

JOPHAN

Consolations? With this great house, that big car outside? Why do you need consolation?

PROFAN

I guess this setup looks pretty good to you. But it's not as simple as all that.

PROFAN'S LAMENT

(sung to the tune of "Those Were the Days

(Once Upon a Time There Was a Tavern)," by Gene Raskin)

Vamp (played, not sung):

[Those were the days; oh, yes, those were the days.]

f#

Cm

PROFAN

Verse:

Once upon a time, I was a neo,
Bright of eye and bushy was my tail.
Just like you, I set out for Trufandom,
Very brave and sure I could not fail.

Chorus:

Those were the days, my friend; my footsteps would not bend.
I'd win the Hugo each and ev'ry year.
My contents page would hold each big name, new or old;
For I was pure, and sure success was near.
La, la, la, la; la, la. La, la, la, la; la la.
Those were the days; oh, yes, those were the days.

Verse:

Then, as I was entering Trufandom,
I thought I'd stop and sell a tale or two.
Two tales quickly turned into two dozen,
And soon I had no time for Fanning True.

Chorus:

Those were the days, my friend; I always did intend
To turn once more to fanac, as I'd planned.
But with small mouths to feed, and with a mortgage deed,
I had to write, to get the cash in hand.

La, la, la, la; la, la. La, la, la, la; la la.

Those were the days; oh, yes, those were the days.

42

Verse:

Now and then I drive right by that tower,
And rub elbows with the biggest fen;
Shed a tear, and then I hurry onward,
To Mundane, to forget what might have been.

Chorus:

Those were the days, my friend; my soul I'd gladly send
To Hell, if only I could be like you:
A neofan so pure, immune to coin's allure.
This time I'd scale the heights of Fandom True.
La, la, la, la; la, la. La, la, la, la; la la.
Those were the days; oh, yes, those were the days.

PROFAN

I'd drive you into Trufandom myself, but of course you know by
now that each fan must get there by his own, unaided efforts.

JOPHAN

Yes, yes I know.

(PROFAN puts his arm around JOPHAN's shoulder and walks with him stage left.)

PROFAN

(as they walk)

Well, it's been nice meeting you. I'll look you up the next time I'm in Trufandom.

JOPHAN

I'll look for you.

PROFAN

Goodbye, and good luck.

JOPHAN

Thank you. Thank you very much.

(JOPHAN exits stage left. The curtain falls.)

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

Trufandom

(Approximate running time: 6 min.)

43

SCENE ONE

The party

Approximate running time: 4 min.

Characters:

JOPHAN

FIRST TRUFAN

SECOND TRUFAN

[TRUFEN]

The TRUFEN are standing upstage, wearing propeller beanies. They're holding drinks (bheer, Tully, Beam, etc.), showing each other fanzines, and obviously enjoying themselves hugely. JOPHAN enters stage right, carrying his shield and looking wonderingly at the goings on.

JOPHAN

Why...why, this must be Trufandom at last.

(Points offstage left.)

And there's Trufandom Tower!

(A TRUFAN comes downstage and claps JOPHAN on the back.)

FIRST TRUFAN

Say! You must be Jophan!

JOPHAN

(surprised)

Why, yes...yes I am.

(Another TRUFAN comes up, takes JOPHAN's hand, and shakes it.)

SECOND TRUFAN

Welcome to Trufandom, Jophan! We've been expecting you. Where have you been all this time?

JOPHAN

Well, you see, there were these--and then I--

FIRST TRUFAN

(interrupting)

Never you mind all that, Jophan. It's all over now.

(By this time, the TRUFANS have gathered in a semicircle upstage
of JOPHAN.)

44

HELLO, JOPHAN!

(sung to the tune of the title song from "Hello,Dolly,"by Jerry Herman)

Vamp (played, not sung):

[Jophan'll never go away,]

e

[Jophan'll never go astray,]

[Jophan has found his home for life today,]

G

[And so we all sing now...]

TRUFEN

Hello, Jophan! Well, hello, Jophan!

It's so nice to have you here where you belong.

Your heart is true, Jophan. We just knew, Jophan,

That you'd be no halter, never falter, but win through ere long.

And now the bheer's flowing, there's a one-shot growing,

And you're just in time to join the jubilee. So,

Let each Trufan greet this new fan.

Jophan'll never go away; Jophan'll never go astray;

Jophan has found his home for life today.

(JOPHAN exits stage left, waving to the TRUFANS as they wave to him and cheer. The curtain falls.)

SCENE TWO

The top of the High Tower of Trufandom

Approximate running time: 2 min.

Characters:

JOPHAN

SPIRIT OF FANDOM

The backdrop shows a crenellated wall, overlooking distant

countryside. A table is stage center, covered with a white cloth. A battered mimeo sits at the center of the table. JOPHAN enters stage right, out of breath, with his shield.

JOPHAN

Whew! That was a bigger climb than I thought. I was beginning to think I'd never make it.

(Looks over at the table and is confused.)

Is that supposed to be...? No, it CAN'T be!

(Looks around the stage in dismay.)

45

There's nothing else up here; it MUST be. But I always thought the Enchanted Duplicator would be a gleaming, jewel-like machine.

(Lays down his shield and approaches the table.)

Not a rusty, battered hulk like this. It's filthy with ink, the drum is caked, and there's obviously something wrong with the self-feed. What an obscene eyesore!

(JOPHAN leans over the table to look at the other side of the machine, resting his right hand on the crank. When he touches it, a golden glow emerges from the machine. Startled, he jumps back.)

JOPHAN

Wha--?

(As soon as he takes his hand off the handle, the glow dies.

Gingerly, he reaches out again and grasps the handle. The glow returns. Tentatively, he turns the crank once, and then again, and then faster and faster. The SPIRIT OF FANDOM enters upstage with her wand, and speaks slowly, with great majesty, as the strains of the "Ode to Joy" swell in the background. (1), (2), etc., indicate the start of successive lines of the Ode music -- though the lines

are spoken, not sung.)

SPIRIT

Yes, Jophan, you are now a True Fan; and it is yourself that has made you so, as it must be.

And now you realize the second great truth--that this is indeed the Magic Mimeograph, and it will produce the Ultimate Fanzine.

(Even more slowly, and with greater majesty:)

FOR THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR IS THE ONE WITH A TRUE FAN AT THE HANDLE.

(By now, the entire cast is gathered upstage, and JOPHAN is cranking away ecstatically. This continues through the final line of (non-sung) the Ode to Joy music. Then the music repeats, as all sing:)

ODE TO FANDOM

(sung to the tune of the "Ode to Joy" from the fourth movement of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, original words by Friedrich von Schiller)

Vamp (played, not sung:) ALL

Bells are ringing; hearts are singing

Trufen, gather 'round your brothers. Raise your voices joyfully.

f# D

Loving, trusting each the other;

Spirits soaring, strong and free.

Con fen, zine fen; portly and lean fen;

Club fen and bheer fen randomly.

All the Trufen now are brothers, with a love Trufandomly.

(JOPHAN continues cranking away ecstatically, as the curtain falls.)

THE END 46

ANNOTATIONS TO "JOPHAN!," PREPARED FOR ALBACON 2012

file C:\F\JOPHNOTE.WK!

September 26, 2012

revised February 5, 2018

PROLOGUE

"Great Mountains" -- The Mountains of Inertia, as mentioned later; inertia is a common reason people interested in SF don't get involved in active fandom.

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE

"Mundane" -- A mundane is to a fan, as a muggle is to Harry Potter -- somebody on the outside, not in the Life.

"Amastounding" -- a conflation of Amazing and Astounding, the two leading SF magazines of the mid-20th Century.

"Spring of Spirits' book by Jack Scribbler" -- an allusion to the "Well of Souls" books by Jack Chalker.

"BEM" -- (pronounced "Bem"); Bug-Eyed Monster; generic term for menacing alien.

"LEM" -- (pronounced "Lem"); Lunar Excursion Module (how soon they

forget!).

43

"TV shows" -- at this point, there weren't any SF TV shows, so this refers to mundane sitcoms and westerns and cop shows.

SCENE TWO

"A Boy and his Dog" -- a well-known, ironically titled Harlan Ellison story; not at all what Jophan's father had in mind.

"That crazy Star Wars stuff" -- Back in Willis and Shaw's day, that would have been "that crazy Buck Rogers stuff:" the classic, stereotypical mundane put-down of SF. I originally updated it to "...Star Trek stuff;" But once Star Wars came out, and there hadn't been any Star Trek shows for a decade, I moved on to "...Star Wars stuff."

"Slan" -- from the A. E. Van Vogt novel of that name, a telepathic mutant, persecuted by the mundane world; fans found it attractive to identify with them ("Fans are Slans").

SCENE THREE

"Neofan" -- a new fan; in today's argot, a "noob," or "newbie."

"Trufan" -- a "true fan," a term of approbation; as opposed to "fakefan;" both usually used facetiously (e.g., "I was going to put out my fanzine Saturday, but I decided to go to a ball game instead" might be greeted by mock jeers of "Fakefan!"). See also "Trufandom" in the notes above on the PROLOGUE ("fandom:" the realm of fans).

"Big Name Fan" -- acronym BNF; someone well-known in SF fandom; often used facetiously.

"Contact" the event of a neofan discovering the existence of fandom (an allusion to "First Contact" -- a common SF trope denoting the meeting of two alien species (most often, one being humankind).

"Prozine" -- professional SF/fantasy magazine (e.g., *Amazing* or *Astounding*). In the early days, these ran columns of letters to the editor, with the writers' addresses; this was often how the earliest (pre-WWII) fans got in touch with each other, and formed fandom.

"Crudzine" -- low-quality fanzine.

"ChambanaCon" -- a small annual convention in Illinois that has the right number of syllables for the scansion.

"Blunder and Thud" -- a play on "Blood and Thunder," most often describing sword-and-sorcery fiction like *Conan the Barbarian*.

"Sense of wonder" -- term describing the appeal of SF and fantasy; good SF/fantasy should excite this.

"Gosh, wow, oh boy, oh boy" -- common fannish expression representing excessive fanboy enthusiasm.

"Fanac" -- fan activity (e.g., publishing fanzines).

"Genzines" -- general-interest fanzines; as opposed to, say, "clubzines" (put out by a club), or "perzines" (personal fanzines, mainly by and about their publisher).

"Annish" -- anniversary issue of a fanzine; for fanzines, just to reach the one-year mark of regular publication is an achievement.

"Ink by the can" -- mimeograph ink usually came in cans.

"Twiltone" -- trade name of a particularly cheap brand of paper (so-called because colored fibers could be seen in the paper) favored by impecunious fans. In latter days, the New England SF Association (NESFA) went to considerable lengths to round up the last available supplies, just to keep up the tradition.

"Illos" -- illustrations.

"Fillos" -- small "filler" illustrations.

"Shield, which is called Umor" -- A sense of humor is valuable in dealing with the feuds and vicissitudes to fandom.

ACT TWO

SCENE ONE

"Col" -- column.

"Pros" -- professional SF/fantasy writers.

"Collate and stamp and fold" -- steps in putting out a fanzine.

"Stencil the art" -- mimeograph masters consisted of a porous sheet, impregnated with wax. Text was put on it by typing without a ribbon, the impact of the keys pushing the wax aside in the same of the letters. Artwork was traced onto the master, using a special stylus.

"Corflu" -- correction fluid; blue wax in a solvent, brushed onto a mimeo stencil to erase errors.

"Observe postal laws" -- back in the pre-Playboy era, it didn't take much to get the local postmaster on your case.

"Hugo" -- the fannish version of the Oscar; named after Hugo Gernsback, publisher of Amazing, regarded as the first true SF magazine.

"Con" -- convention; Hugos are awarded at the annual World SF Convention.

SCENE TWO

This scene was inspired not just by the song "John Henry" in general, but by a parody at MIT called "The Thinking Man's John Henry," in which a Techman takes on an IBM machine.

"Propeller beanies" -- the traditional badge of the fanboy.

"FIAWOL" -- (pronounced "fee-a-wall"): Fandom Is A Way Of Life; as opposed to "FIJAGH" (pronounced "fie-jag"): Fandom Is Just A Goddamn Hobby; traditionally, trufen say "FIAWOL;" fakefen say "FIJAGH."

"Professor Abraham Dick" -- A. B. Dick was a popular brand of mimeo. This scene is an homage to Meredith Willson's Broadway show "The Music Man," and Moshe Feder's fannish parody of it, "The Mimeo Man," as well as the legend of John Henry, the "steel-drivin' man."

"Cranker" -- manual mimeographs were cranked.

"Hektograph" -- "hekto" for short; a predecessor of the spirit duplicator, in which a master prepared with special ink is pressed onto a specially-prepared gelatin surface, which absorbs the ink. Blank paper can then be pressed onto the gelatin, to pick up the ink. "Hekto" is Greek for "hundred," implying you could make that number of copies. But in practice, one or two dozen was the limit. I'm actually old enough to have done my first fanzine by boiling up the gelatin mix from scratch. Later, my mother (who did substitute teaching) brought home sheets of gelatin-impregnated fabric which could be clamped onto a drum, and the paper run through -- an intermediate step toward the spirit duplicator (in which the special ink was directly put onto a special sheet of paper, which was then clamped to the drum, and moistened with alcohol to cause the ink -- usually purple -- to be transferred to the paper).

"Sears and Roebuck hektograph machine" -- Sears used to sell a small drum-tube hektograph, suitable for printing on postcards. It was a popular entry-level machine for fans; the small page size necessitated large page counts.

"Pub" -- publish.

"Roscoe" -- a humorous deity in the form of a squirrel; often invoked to lampoon conventional religion; his nemesis is:

"Ghu" -- the most often-invoked fannish deity; nemesis of Roscoe.

"Wet a wick" -- a spirit duplicator had a porous pad that wiped over the master with each turn of the drum, applying the alcohol that let the master's ink transfer to the paper.

SCENE THREE

"Dedwood" -- deadwood; term for someone whose fanac is minimal, but who asks to be sent others' fanac.

"APA" -- an amateur publishing association; a club in which members periodically send in material to a "central mailer" or "official editor," who sends out copies of everything to everybody; think of it as a paper form of an Internet newsgroup.

"Minac" -- minimum activity. APAs typically have a requirement that member send in a certain number of pages for a certain number of 45 issues. Those who don't meet this minac requirement are subject to being relegated to the:

"Wait(ing) list" -- APAs usually had a limit on the number of members, due to the logistics involved. Popular ones often had a waiting list. People who failed to meet their minac would be bumped to there.

"Trufen" -- "Fen" is the fannish plural of "fan," by analogy with "men"/"man."

"Quarter or a LoC" -- Fanzines were typically priced at "the usual," which meant twenty-five cents in coin (usually sent taped to a

sheet of paper, and derisively referred to as "sticky quarters") or a "Letter of Comment" (abbreviated "LoC," and pronounced either "Ell Oh See," or -- as here -- "Lock"). The latter was the preferred method of "payment," the idea being that the letter should be of some substance, suitable for publication, commenting on the previous issue, and contributing to the ongoing discussion. A two- or three-line note like, "Loved last ish [issue]; send the next one" would be considered cheating, the mark of someone who was too cheap to even send a sticky quarter (letters cost only three cents to mail in those days; and 25 cents was not an insignificant sum for impecunious young fen in those days, when the dollar was worth about ten times what it is now).

iii

"GAFIA" -- Get Away From It All; to drop out of fandom voluntarily; as opposed to:

"FAFIA" -- Forced Away From It All (i.e., by mundane considerations).

"Real Soon Now" -- or just the initials "RSN" -- a traditional fannish term denoting procrastination.

SCENE FOUR

"Bok illo" -- Hannes Bok was a famous SF/fantasy artist.

"Tiptree's real name" -- James Tiptree Jr. was the pen name of Alice Sheldon. Before that fact came out, Harlan Ellison famously said, "All the good new SF writers are women, except for James Tiptree Jr."

"Travis Tea" -- (traves-ty -- get it?); pseudonym once used by a group of famous SF writers to perpetrate a hoax.

"Trumpet" -- a famous fanzine with high production values.

"Yalow" -- Ben Yalow, a noted SMOF (see below), widely sought for advice, especially on hotel convention contracts.

"SMOF" -- as a noun, Secret Master Of Fandom; facetiously, a member of a conspiracy manipulating fandom behind the scenes; Nowadays, someone actively engaged in running conventions, and participating in fannish politics; as a verb, to get together with other SMOFs and talk "inside baseball" about fandom; there's an annual convention called SMOFCon, where convention organizers gather to talk shop.

"Who sawed Courtney's boat?" -- a possibly-apocryphal graffito seen at a convention, that was widely used as an "interlino" (interlineation, inserted in fanzine text to separate sections, or when there was a small amount of empty space at the bottom of a page). Other popular interlinos were "Yngvi is a louse" and "I had one grunch, but the eggplant over there."

"ToC" -- table of contents.

"Reheat my hekto pan" -- Between originals, heating liquefied the gelatin, and dispersed the ink left from one original, so the next could be cleanly copied.

"Burn your gelatin" -- a hazard of the hektograph; it was easy to overheat the gelatin mixture in the pan, ruining it.

SCENE FIVE

[The next five scenes are entirely my responsibility. In Willis and Shaw's day, conventions were few and far between; but I mostly do "Jophan!" at conventions, so I've put in scenes set at a convention.]

"ChairFan" -- Gender-neutral term for the presiding officer, the boss of the convention.

"ConFan" -- A fan whose fanac consists of putting on and/or attending conventions.

"Trekkies" -- Derisive term for Star Trek fans.

"First Fandom" -- An organization consisting of people who were active in SF fandom prior to the first World Science Fiction Convention in New York on July 4, 1939. "Active" means they did something other than merely read SF -- published a fanzine, attended a club meeting, etc. There're not many of them left. I've speculated that there's a bottle of cognac somewhere, whose location is known only to the two youngest members, to be drunk when they're the only ones left.

"Members" -- People attending a true fannish convention buy memberships, denoting that they themselves constitute the convention. Events to which one buys "tickets" are looked down on by traditional

fans as entertainments put on for the passive amusement of an audience.

iv

"Bheer" -- A fannish spelling of beer. The infix "h" is an Irish usage (e.g., "the Bhoys" to refer to the IRA -- an indication of arch usage, a written form of wink, wink, nudge, nudge). I originally thought it might have been introduced to fandom by Willis and Shaw; they were certainly prominent users of it (e.g., their famous version of badminton, called "ghoodminton"). But "Brave New Words," the Oxford English Dictionary's lexicon of science fiction terms, cites US use before WWII, too early for them.

"Tullamore Dew" -- A brand of Irish whiskey traditionally favored by "filkers" -- SF folksingers (see "filksinging" below).

"Beam's Choice" -- A brand of bourbon favored by Wilson Arthur ("Bob") Tucker, a sometime writer, and "First Fandomite" (see below).

"Pro Guest of Honor" -- professional writer GoH, traditionally the most important guest.

"Commode d'Or" -- French for "golden chamber pot." The seedy Commodore Hotel at 42nd St. and Lexington Ave. in New York was a popular venue for SF and related cons, until it was gutted and rebuilt as the Grand Hyatt.

"Scientific fiction" -- Hugo Gernsback's early name for SF.

"New Wave" -- A literary movement in SF that emerged in the 1960s.

"Modern Electrics" -- Hugo Gernsback's magazine founded in 1908 for

electrical hobbyists, which also published SF.

"Stf" -- Pronounced "stef;" short for "scientifiction:" a later Gernsback name for SF.

"Fantasy...never see from Hugo G." -- Gernsback took a educational attitude towards SF, and looked down on mere fantasy.

"Doc Smith" -- author Edward E. Smith, Ph.D.; considered the father of "space opera" (by analogy with "grand opera") -- star-spanning sagas of desperate forces battling for mastery of the galaxy (think Star Wars). A type of SF that largely supplanted Gernsback's style of thinly-fictionalized essays about the future.

"Fen were men" -- Prior to the advent of Star Trek in 1966, males outnumbered females by ten to one in fandom

"War of the Worlds" -- H. G. Wells' 19th-Century SF classic.

"Tool" -- a spoon-shaped burnishing tool; you put a plastic shading plate, with a textured surface, under a mimeograph stencil, then rubbed with the tool, to impress a shaded pattern.

"Masquerade" -- No, not vampire gaming; a costume contest.

"Slan shack" -- a group house of SF fans, per "Fans are Slans."

SCENE SIX

"Crashers" -- Convention attendees who don't have a room, and so sleep wherever they can: in the back of the video room, in the hallways, etc.

"House dick" -- hotel detective. This one is modeled after one I had a run-in with in the last days of the old Commodore. He was understandably in a bad mood, because his job was about to go away.

"Convention bum:" Somebody who goes to convention after convention, seeming to have no other life (like moi?). Not to be confused with someone "ghosting" the convention -- not buying a membership, but participating in whatever activities he can sneak into without a badge.

"FRODO LIVES" -- A button frequently worn, before Tolkien had entered the common culture, to proclaim one's fannish appreciation of his oeuvre.

"Skinny dip" -- Back in the Sixties and Seventies, when attitudes were looser (and baby boomers' bodies were a lot younger), naked co-ed swimming in hotel pools was common at cons.

v

"Blog" -- A fannish term for alcoholic beverages in general, or various specific concoctions. A similar term is "rocket fuel."

"Snog" -- To engage in sexual activity, which might range from simple necking to actual sex.

"Married...by the con chairman" -- fannish lore has it that the

chairman of a con has the power to marry people, like a ship's captain.

SCENE SEVEN

"Huckster" -- A derogatory term for a dealer in merchandise at a con, usually used facetiously. They are found in the "huck(ster) room." Some old-time dealers have actively embraced the term, wearing "FILTHY HUCKSTER" buttons. Nowadays, many dealers take offense at it; so use it with care.

"Unknown" -- A famous pre-WWII fantasy magazine.

"Arkham House" -- A famous early small press, noted for promoting the work of H. P. Lovecraft (inspiration for the ghosts in "Ghostbusters").

"Big-hearted" -- Detroit-area huck--, er, dealer Howard DeVore was facetiously known as "Big-hearted Howard."

"Kollectinbug" -- Collecting bug; a coinage by Wilis and Shaw in "The Enchanted Duplicator" (though not in a convention context).

SCENE EIGHT

"The Art Show" -- Many cons have SF and fantasy artworks on exhibition, for sale at auction.

"AUCTIONEER" -- This character is based on Jack L. Chalker, the author of over 60 books (see "Spring of Spirits" note above on Act I, Scene 1), who was a fixture at cons for many years as an art auctioneer.

He sported a moustache and sideburns, and an ample belly.

"Mercedes" -- Jack Chalker always drove a well-used Mercedes.

SCENE NINE

"I'm waiting for the elevator" -- elevators at cons are notorious for taking a long time to arrive. Not suprising, given how heavily the members use them, especially in the evenings when the parties are going.

"Masque ball" -- I would have said "masquerade," but it didn't fit the scansion.

"Filksinging" -- In the 1950s, someone was trying to type "SF and fantasy folksinging," and hit an "l" instead of an "O." The usage has

48

stuck. "Filk" consists of various parodies and original songs, humorous and somber, usually sung late at night.

"Punning" -- Making puns was a bigger part of fandom, when fanzines ruled the scene.

"Egoboo" -- Ego boosting; things that feed a fan's ego, like being

mentioned in print -- or from the stage, by a speaker.

"Banquet" -- In times past, more cons than now used to have a banquet at which awards were given, and guests spoke.

SCENE TEN

"Dave Kyle says you can't sit here" -- Refers to a famous incident at the 1956 WorldCon, the first one held there since the initial 1939 event.

"Serious Constructivism" -- To be "serious and constructive" -- or "sercon" -- originally applied to fanac that sought to use SF to change the world; since WWII, has denoted fanac taking SF/fantasy seriously as a literary form; as opposed to:

"Fannish" -- fanac for its own sake, taking a lighter view; stereotypically saying of SF itself, "We're just fans; we don't read the stuff" (leading the MIT SF Society to adopt the motto, "We're not fans; we just read the stuff"). More commonly, "fannish" just refers to anything to do with fans or fandom.

"Claude Degler" -- Exemplified the original meaning of "sercon." In the 1930s, when fascism still enjoyed some respectability (e.g., Cole Porter had only lately changed his lyric from "You're the top; you're

Mussolini" to "You're the top; you're the Louvre Museum), Degler proposed a fandom-wide organization, with himself as Duce/Fuhrer, through which fandom would be the elite vanguard ruling the super-scientific world of tomorrow.

"Hoy Ping Pong" -- A pseudonym of Bob Tucker; inserted here just because it fit the scansion.

"This will plunge all fandom in(to) war" -- What Degler is reputed to have said, after he left a meeting at which he had been rebuffed, near the end of his time in fandom.

"Cosmic Circle" -- Degler's name for his organization.

SCENE ELEVEN

"Draft deferrment" -- Prior to 1973, when the military draft ended, avoiding it was a major motivation for enrolling in college. Also, the college-age population of baby boomers was nearing its crest, with a decline looming; hence the drive for new ways to attract students.

"Spec Fab" -- Speculative Fabulation, a proposed, more respectable, name for the SF/fantasy genre.

"Sociology Department" -- From time to time, people have done studies of fandom from a sociological perspective, often looked down on by fans.

ACT THREE

SCENE ONE

"One-shot" -- a one-time-only fanzine, often published at a convention, or during a house party; as opposed to a series published under the same title (just like a prozine).

SCENE TWO

"Self-feed" -- mechanism for automatically feeding blank paper into a spirit duplicator or mimeograph, as the crank is turned.