

THE MIMEO MAN

A Parody In One Act
by
Debbie Notkin
Moshe Feder
Eli Cohen

Dramatis Personae: Abie Dick, a traveling salesman
Rex Rotary an old friend of Dick, now town constable
Marian P. carian and fan historian

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Time: Th

Place: :

At Rise

REHEARSAL
SCRIPT

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music.

[Poking head into Coach, SR]

Nova City Junction — Nova City Junction. [Exits]

FIRSTFANDOMITE #1

You're crazy with the heat. Hekto is no good to a Science Fiction fan.

CONDUCTOR

[Poking head into Coach again]

Boart! All aboart! [Exits]

FIRSTRANDOMITE #2

Why not? What's the matter with hekto?

THE MIMEO MAN
A PARODY IN ONE ACT

B Y

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Dramatis Personae: ABIE DICK, a traveling salesman
REX ROTARY, his old friend, now a constable
MARIAN PAROO, librarian and fan historian
MRS. PAROO, her mother
CHARLIE, a multiapan
FIVE FIRSTFANDOMITES
FOUR TOWNSWOMEN, No-Con committee members
FOUR TOWNSMEN, the Quartet
TOMMY, chief neo in NovApa
TRAIN CONDUCTOR
CHORUS, of townspeople

N.B.: The terms "at rise" and "blackout" should not be construed as necessitating the use of a curtain and fancy lighting. They are used for convenience and indicate a change of scene, passage of time, etc.

Time: The morning of July 7th, 1912.

Place: In a parallel universe where SF is the literary mainstream.
On a train somewhere in the state of Gafia, U.S.A.

At Rise: Chairs arranged as seats in a railway coach. One group has been turned to represent a seat flipped over to accomodate a card game. The players are three firstfandomites and a stranger whose back is to the audience and who is concentrated throughout the scene on winning every pot, which he drops by hadfuls into an open suitcase on the floor by his side. A fourth firstfandomite is kibitzing. A few seats forward in the coach a fifth firstfandomite is reading a newspaper, until he finds himself drawn into the conversation among the cardplayers. Several other passengers are behind newspapers. We hear the "train-slowng-down" music.

CONDUCTOR

[Poking head into coach, SR]

Nova City Junction — Nova City Junction. [Exits]

FIRSTFANDOMITE #1

You're crazy with the heat. Hekto is no good to a Science Fiction fan.

CONDUCTOR

[Poking head into coach again]

Boart! All aboart! [Exits]

FIRSTFANDOMITE #2

Why not? What's the matter with hekto?

(2)

#1

Why it's old-fashioned. Charlie, you're a multiapan. Your friends use hekto?

CHARLIE

No sir!

#1

Nor anybody else — a well reproed zine draws more locs! Train starts

CONDUCTOR

Steps into Coach for a moment

Nova City next stationstop, Nova City next. Train bell sfx

#1

Locs on the colophon, locs on the contents page.

FIRSTFANDOMITE #3

Locs on the edit col, locs on the guest cols.

#1

Locs on the articles, locs on the letter col.

#2

Locs for the apas and the perszines and the genzines.

#3

Locs for the one shot zines and annuals.

#2

Locs from the neos and the pros and the bnfs.

FIRSTFANDOMITE #4

Train at running speed

Look whadayatalk, whadayatalk, whadayatalk, whadayatalk, whadayatalk?

FIRSTFANDOMITE #5

Wheredayagitit?

#4

Whadayatalk?

(3)

#1

You can talk, you can pub, you can collate, you can talk; you can staple, staple, staple; you can pub, you can pub, you can talk, talk, talk, talk, collate, collate, staple; you can talk all ya wanna, but it's different than it was.

CHARLIE

No it ain't, no it ain't, but ya gotta know your duplicator.

#2

[Gesturing in time with the "cranks"]

Crank, crank, crank, crank, crank, crank, crank.

#3

Why it's the Model T Ditto made the trouble, made the faneds want to pub, wanna type, wanna type, wanna type up and pub 7, 8, 9, 10, 12, 14, 42, 63 pages to a gen'ral zine.

#1

Yes sir. Yes sir.

#3

Who's gonna publish with the purple, smelly, six by four kind of hekto anymore?

#4

Whadayatalk, whadayatalk.

[As each newspaper reader speaks, he lowers his paper long enough for his line, then it goes back up before his face]

NEWSPAPER #1

Wheredayagitit.

CHARLIE

Not the Model T at all, take a gander at the fan, at the modren, ^{fan} at the present day fan, at the present day, modren, semi-profess'nal fanzine fan.

#4

Whadayatalk, whadayatalk, whadayatalk, whadayatalk, whadayatalk.

(4)

#5

Wheredayagitit.

#4

Whadayatalk, whadayatalk, whadayatalk.

#5

Wheredayagitit.

#1

You can type, you can stencil, you can type, you can stencil, you can type, type, type, type, stencil, stencil, stencil; you can stencil all your artwork, but it's different than it was.

CHARLIE

No it ain't, but ya gotta know your duplicator.

#3

Why it's the electric stencil made the trouble. Gestetner, Gestetner, put the illos on the plastic, on the plastic. The zipatone illo on a fineline, grey-scale electric stencil made the tracing table obsolete, obsolete.

CHARLIE

Obsolete, obsolete, obsolete.

#4

Tracing table went out the window with the hand-traced, hand-cut illo on the stencil. Changed the approach of the layout-wise fanned, made it pretty hard.

CHARLIE

No it didn't, no it didn't, but ya gotta know your duplicator.

#3

Gone, gone.

#1

Gone with the golden age and the letterhacks. Gone with the quiet con, friendly con, small con. Gone with the blood and the pain and the tears.

(5)

#2

Ever meet a fella by the name of Dick?

#1

Dick?

CHARLIE

Dick?

#3

Dick?

#4

Dick?

NEWSPAPER #1

Dick?

NEWSPAPER #2

Dick?

NEWSPAPER #3

Dick?

#5

Dick?

ALL BUT CHARLIE

No! [All newspapers go back up]

CHARLIE

Just a minute, just a minute, just a minute—

#4

Never heard of any faned Dick—

#2

Now he doesn't know his duplicator—

#1

Doesn't know his duplicator?

#3

What's the fella's zine?

(6)

#2

Never worries bout a zine.

#1

Never worries bout a zine?

#2

Or the tracing table being obsolete, or the electric stencil with its fine-line, grey-scaled illo or the Model T Ditto—

CHARLIE

Just a minute, just a minute, just a minute—

#2

Never worries bout a zine—

#3

Never worries bout a zine.

#2

Or a doggone thing. He's just a bigname, fan feudin', big pun, all fun, next to nothin', rip roarin', everytime a Hugo trufan. That's Professor Abie Dick, Abie Dick.

#5

Tell us — What's his zine? What's his zine?

CHARLIE

He's a fakefan, doesn't know his duplicator!

#4

Look, whadayatalk, whadayatalk, whadayatalk, whadayatalk.

#2

He's a mimeo man—

#3

He's a what?

#5

He's a what?

(7)

#2

He's a mimeo man. And he sells amateur press to the kids in the town, with the big staplers and the selectric typers — change typeface, change typeface — and the mimeos, the mimeos, electric ones too, with the shiny steel crank on the side and the built-in slipsheet—

#1

Well, I don't know much about apas, but I do know you can't be a trufan sellin' big staplers, no sir. Beanie props perhaps, and here and there a harp that once or—

#2

No, the fella sells apas, town apas. I don't know how he does it, but he lives like a pro and he dallies and he minacs and he tokes and he jokes and when the man mails stuff, certainly boys, what else, the postman pays him. Yes sir, yes sir, yes sir, yes sir. When the man mails stuff, certainly boys, what else, the postman pays him.

ALL

Yes sir. Yes sir.

CHARLIE

But he doesn't know his duplicator!

CONDUCTOR

[Off]

Nova City! Nova City!

[Enters SR]

Nova City! We're cross the state line into Gafia. Nova City! Population twenty two hundred and twelve. Snog and blog illegal in this state.

Booart! [Exits SL]

CHARLIE

All right, if you're through I'll tell you about Abie Dick!

#5

You really know Abie Dick?

CHARLIE

Never saw him in my life, but I know this much — he's giving every one of us a black eye! After he's visited a town, the next 'trufan' to arrive gets inked and corflued and rode out to the city limits on a rail.

[They laugh] You think that's funny. Well, wait 'til it happens to you!

#1

But why should he get rode out 'a town on a rail?

CHARLIE

Because in order to sell typewriters and mimeos and staplers, Dick has to guarantee to teach the kids to fan.

#3

Well?

CHARLIE

And to form them into an APA! With himself as OE.

#2

What's wrong with that?

CHARLIE

He don't know a spirit master from a stencil, that's what's wrong with that! He can't tell lettering-guide work from prestype! I'll catch up with that money-grubbing, minacing fakefan, and when I do I'll squal on him so loud—

#2

[Laughing]

Wow, you sure are mad Charlie! I'd like to be around when you catch up with that fella.

CHARLIE

Well, it won't be on this trip. Not in Gafia. Even the great Professor Dick wouldn't try to sell them hard-headed gafiates out here.

CONDUCTOR

[Off]
Booart!

[The Stranger (Abie Dick) makes a fast decision, grabbing his winnings and suitcase]

STRANGER

Gentlemen, you intrigue me. I think I'll have to give Gafia a try.

CHARLIE

[Coldly]

Don't believe I caught your name.

[Stranger turns and we see him for the first time. It is our hero. He flashes a grin and a suitcase which bears the legend "Prof. A.B. Dick." *Blackout*]

SCENE TWO -- -- -- -- --

Time: Immediately following.

Place: The central square of Nova City, Gafia, U.S.A.

At Rise: The square is decorated with bunting. There are seats set up to represent two benches. There is a lamppost near each bench and on each lamppost a sign announcing the gala July 7th (Heinlein's birthday) picnic. A civil war memorial cannon completes the setting. The townspeople, carrying picnic gear, are seen en tableau.

TOWNSPEOPLE

[Sing]

Oh, there's nothing halfway about the Gafia way to treat you
When we treat you
Which we may not do at all.
There's a Gafia mind,
A special chip-off-the-old-block backwardness
We've never been without
That we recall.
We can be cold as an evening on Ganymede in December,
If you mention science fiction by-the-by.
And we're so by-damn stupid we can stand watchin' spacecraft
For a week at a time and never see how they fly.
But what the heck, you're welcome,
Join us in the real world,
Fandom is a way of life that surely is god-damned.
You really ought to give Gafia a try.
(Provided you are sedentary.)
We can act as old as an octogenarian in December,
Though we're really 24 or 25.
And we're so extroverted,
We can stand talkin' at you for a week at a time
And never see that you're shy.
But we'll give you a pat on the back
Cause you're with it,
If your fannishness happens to die.

So what the heck, you're welcome, glad to have you with us.
Even though we may not ever mention it again.
You really ought to give Gafia,
Mundane Gafia—
Devout, demanding, practical, pragmatic, narrow-minded,
Petrified, dull, realistic—
Ought to give Gafia a try! /Townspeople exit/

/Abie Dick, who has entered in time to have the second "So what the heck you're welcome" line directed at him, remains in the square after the townspeople have exited and bumps into Rex, the constable./

REX

Oh, excuse me sir, I was just — why Claude, Claude Degler!

DICK

Rex Rotary! —

REX

You old son of a gun! What in—

DICK

/Hastily pushing aside proffered hand/

Sh-sh-shhh.

REX

But Claude—

DICK

Professor Dick's the name — Abie Dick.

REX

But Claude, what are you doing here? Whyn't you let me know you was comin?

DICK

I didn't know I was myself — and on Heinlein's birthday of all days!

Besides, how I could I know you'd end up in a little tank town like this?

/Looks around pointedly/ What are you doing here anyway. Still in the con game?

REX

No, speakers' fees got too high. I gave up the life and settled down.

You should try it, but /Indicating mimeo Dick is carrying/ looks like you're still in apas.

(11)

DICK

What else? Anything new in town I can use?

REX

No, nothing I can think of. [Two men cross stage carrying TV set carton]

Well, there is the new TV dealer . . .

DICK

First in town?

REX

Yeah, but listen, you better watch out for the librarian. She's a real fanhistorian and she'll catch on quick that you don't know what you're talking about.

DICK

What's she like? Young? Old?

REX

Oh, she's young — but she isn't interested in men.

DICK

Just leave that to me. If she passes by, point her out to me. [He pantomimes turning a mimeo crank]

REX

I will. How you gonna start the pitch?

DICK

Same old way. [Dick notices man who has walked into square. The man has been looking at his watch and tapping his foot, obviously waiting for someone.]

Here, watch this. [Dick jumps up on a soap box near the man and addresses him]

Friend, either you are closing your eyes to a situation you do not wish to acknowledge, or you are not aware of the caliber of disaster indicated by the presence of a TV dealer in your community.

[The man is somewhat startled by this oration, but pays polite attention. As Dick goes on, a crowd gathers]

\$Well, ya got trouble, my friend,
\$Right here, I say
Trouble right here in Nova City.

[The symbol \$ indicates
a rhythmic pulse]

Why sure I'm a movie goer,
 Certainly mighty proud I say I always
 Mighty proud to say it.
 \$ I consider that the
 Hours I spend in a
 Theatre seat are golden. \$
 \$ Help you cultivate
 Star sense and a
 Camera eye and a
 Keen mind. 'Jever take and try to work the symbolism out in a
 Complicated Bergman film?
 \$ But just as I say
 It takes judgment, brains and maturity
 To choose the best films to see.
 I say that any dope \$
 Can take and turn the knob on that TV\$
 And I call that sloth!
 The first big step on the road to the
 Depths of deg-ra-
 Day—I say first—
 \$Educational shows from professors,
 Then Bridget Loves Bernie.\$
 And the next thing you know your
 Son is pasted to that chair seven hours
 A day \$ And listening to some big
 Hollywood emcee
 Hearin' him tell about Nielsen ratings.\$
 Not a wholesome Gallup poll, no! But a
 Gadget they bring right into your house!\$
 Like to see some stuck-up New York boy checking out
 What you see?
 Make your blood boil? Well I should say.\$
 Now friends let me tell you what I mean\$.
 You got
 Two, four, six, eight, ten twelve
 Channels on that set!
 Channels that make the difference
 Between a thinking man and a dope
 With a capital D and that rhymes with T
 And that stands for TV.\$ And
 And all week long your Nova City youth'll be
 Fritterin away, I say your young folks'll be fritterin\$
 Fritterin away their noon-time, supertime, chore time too!\$
 Watch that new Marcus Welby,
 Never mind gettin' schoolwork done
 Or the screen door patched
 Or the garbage emptied,\$
 And never mind washin' any dishes 'til your parents are caught
 With the sink overflowing and there's company coming
 And that's trouble!
 Yes you've got lots and lots of trouble.
 I'm thinking of the kids in the grade schools,
 Shirt tail young'uns,
 Staring at the Star Trek reruns after school.
 You got trouble folks,\$
 Right here in Nova City.\$
 Trouble with a capital T and that rhymes with V
 And that spells TV.\$

Now I know all you folks are the right kind of parents.
 \$ I'm gonna be perfectly frank. \$
 Would you like to know that kind of conver-
 sation goes on while they're loafing
 Around that tube?
 They're looking at quiz shows
 Looking at sitcoms,
 Listening to Hollywood stars with
 Degenerate lives,
 \$ and bragging all about how they're gonna
 Cover up a tell-tale
 Breath with mouthwash!
 One fine night,
 \$ They leave the boob tube
 Headin' for the dance at the Arm'ry
 Tom Jones men and Doris Day women and
 MUZAK, spineless music that'll hold
 Your son, your daughter,
 In the arms of the mindless, animal instinct
 MASS-IDIOCY! \$
 Friends, the idle brain's a producer's playground.

[/The chorus of Townspeople answers Abie Dick/

Trouble (oh we've got trouble)
 Right here in Nova City! (Right here in Nova City!)
 With a capital T and that rhymes with V
 And that spells TV (That spells TV).
 We've surely got trouble! (We've surely got trouble)
 Right here in Nova City! (Right here!)
 \$ Gotta figure out a way to keep the young ones
 Literate after school!
 (Our children's children gonna have trouble!)

CHORUS

Trouble--trouble
 Trouble--trouble
 [/Continues in background/

DICK

Mothers of Nova City! Heed that warning before it's too late! Watch for
 the tell-tale signs of corruption! The moment your child comes home,
 does he grab for the TV section of the paper? Is there a dark circle
 under each eye? A TV GUIDE hidden under his mattress? Is he starting
 to memorize jokes from Rowan and Martin's Laugh In? Are certain words
 creeping into his conversation? Words like "commercial" (Trouble, trouble)
 or "Change the channel?" (Trouble, trouble) If so, my friends— \$ \$

Ya got trouble
 (Oh we got trouble)
 Right here in Nova City

(Right here in Nova City)
 With a capital T and you add a V and that spells TV
 (That spells TV)
 We've surely got trouble
 (We've surely got trouble)
 Right here in Nova City!
 (Right here!)\$
 Remember John Wayne, SILVER SCREEN and the great Disney:
 (Our children's children gonna have trouble!)
 Oho, we've got trouble,
 We're in terrible, terrible
 Trouble — That box with the 13-channel dial is the devil's key!
 (Devil's key!)
 Oh yes we've got trouble, trouble, trouble
 (Oh yes we gottrouble here, we got big big trouble)
 With a T
 (With a capital T)
 Gotta rhyme it with V
 (That rhymes with V)
 And that spells TV!
 (That spells TV!)'

[At the end of the song, Marian enters. Rex sees her and vigorously pantomimes turning a crank. Dick gives him an OK sign and follows Marian off as the crowd breaks up and all exit.]

SCENE THREE ♂ ♂ ♂ ♂ ♂ ♂ ♂ ♂ ♂ ♂ ♂ ♂ ♂ ♂ ♂ ♂ ♂ ♂ ♂

Time: A few minutes later.

Place: The Paroo home, which is cluttered with piles of books, old pro-zines, etc.

At Rise: Mrs. Paroo, Marion's Mother, is puttering around, trying to dust the books. Marian enters, annoyed because Dick has been pestering her.

MARIAN

Mama, a man with a Gestetner has been following me all over town.

MOTHER

Oh,—Who?

MARIAN

I never saw him before.

MOTHER

Did he say anything?

MARIAN

He tried.

MOTHER

Did you say anything?

(15)

MARIAN

Mama, of course not!

MOTHER

If you don't mind my sayin' so, it wouldn't have hurt you to've found out what the gentleman wanted.

MARIAN

I know what the gentleman wanted.

MOTHER

What, dear?

MARIAN

You'll find it in Silverberg.

MOTHER

Excuse me fer livin' but I never read it.

MARIAN

[Sings]

Neither has anyone
Else in this town

MOTHER

There you go again with that
Same old comment—a-
Bout the low mentality of
Nova City people and
Takin' it all too much to heart.

MARIAN

Now, Mama as long as the—

Asimov Public Library was en-
Trusted to me for the
Purpose of improving Nova
City's cultural level I
Can't help my concern if the
Ladies of Nova City keep ig-
Noring all my counsel and advice.

MOTHER

But darlin', when a

Woman has a husband and
You've got none
Why should she take ad-
Vice from you

Even if you can quote
Doc Smith and Van Vogt
And all them other Judy Merril types.

MARIAN

Mama, if you

Don't mind my sayin' so, you
Have a bad habit of
Changin' ev'ry subject

MOTHER

Now I
Haven't changed the subject. I was
Talkin' about that stranger

MARIAN

What stranger?

MOTHER

With the mimeo who
May be your very last chance!

MARIAN

Mama! Do you

Think I'd allow a common
Neo—now really, Mama!
I have my standards where
Men are concerned, and I
Have no intention—

MOTHER

—I know
All about your standards and if you
Don't mind my sayin' so, there's
Not a man alive who could
Hope to measure up to that
Blend of John Campbell, Bob
Shaw and Hari Seldon you've con-
Cocted for yourself outa your
Fannish imagination, your Gafia
Stubbornness and your liberry fulla' books.

SCENE FOUR = = = = = ' = = = = =

Time: That afternoon, after the picnic, but before the fireworks on
the river.

Place: The town square.

At Rise: An angry crowd has gathered and is apparently muttering about
the evils of TV. Dick enters, carrying a mimeo.

DICK

Please folks,
 May I
 Have your attention
 Please? \$ At-
 Tention, please? \$\$ I can
 Deal with the trouble,
 Friends, with a turn of one
 Crank. This very crank — Please ob-
 Serve my little
 Trick . . . I'm pro-
 Fessor Abie!
 Dick! And I'm
 Here to organize the
 Nova City tru-
 Fans! Oh,
 Think, my friends, how could
 Any TV dealer ever
 Hope to compete with an
 Apazine.
 Yes folks,
 Pub a town apa
 And fight TV. Re-
 Member my friends what a
 Handful of angry fans
 Did to the infamous St. Louis con
 Hotel! \$ Oh,
 TV dealer's
 Profits go tumblin'
 Down! \$
 \$ \$ Oh, a
 Zine'll do it my
 Friends, oh yes,
 I mean an apazine. Do you
 Hear me? \$ I say,
 Nova City's gotta have an
 Apa sent out and I
 Mean she needs it to-
 Day. \$ Well, Pro-
 Fessor Dick is
 On the scene and
 Nova City's gonna have her
 Apazines — As sure as Ghu made 20-pound paper and those zines

are gonna have perfect repro! Slipsheets and colorful ^{change/cits!} ink!

And you'll see them printed with electrostencils:

And you'll hear the crinkle of turning pages, the clatter of staples —

Egoboo! And you'll feel something akin to the electric thrill I once en-
 joyed. When Tucker, \$ Bob Silverberg, \$ Bill Rotsler, \$ Harlan Ellison, \$
 Walt Willis, \$ and Harry Warner, Jr. all helped me to collate on the very
 same historic day.

Seventy-six genzines led the LOCUS poll
 With one hundred and ten one-shots close at hand..
 They were filled up with rows and rows
 Of the finest offset il-
 Los, the dream of every big-name fan.
 Seventy-six genzines caught the morning mail
 With one hundred and ten one-shots right behind,
 There were more than a thousand schemes
 To exploit each theme,
 There were puns of every shape and kind!
 There were unicorns and rocket ships on every sheet
 Illustrations, illustrations, all along the way.
 Book reviews and people news and locs from fans,
 Every fan, having his big fat say.
 There were fifty famous artists in each ToC,
 Illustrating, illustrating, finer than before.
 Peghoots with a groan in mind
 And columnists of every kind
 Who fanfeud to even up the score.

[Chorus joins in]

Seventy-six genzines hit the readers' hands
 While one hundred and ten one-shots waited near
 To the rhythm of Rub-dub-dub
 All the kids began to pub
 And they're writing still — right today! [Chorus exits]

SCENE FIVE # # # # # # # # # # # # #

Time: Immediately following.

At Rise: As the crowd disperses, Rex saunters over to Dick. They are
 the only ones left in the square for the moment.

REX

"76Genzines", eh? That was quite a show; why I be you could even sell
 band instruments that way.

DICK

Hmmm, I'll have to ^{consider} remember that.

REX

Sure, it'd be easy for you. You know as much about that as you did about
 fandom when you started in this game.

DICK

True, true . . .

REX

'Though, come to think of it, you must be fairly knowledgable about fanac

by now — you've been faking it long enough. How is it you never succumbed to real fannish enthusiasm?

DICK

Enthusiasm! — Come on! I'm no wide-eyed, eager, innocent, goshwowboyoboy neo. That kind of fan does things no fugghead ever— now listen, Rex. It's one thing to talk all day about fandom, but doing the stuff!— that's madness at random.

The
Only fanac I can see is huckster-
ing from A to Z. No
Golden, glorious, gleaming, pristine duper, no sir.
There ain't none such in real fanlife, I can tell you that
right now.
I laugh, I mock, at fans who soon get into hock.
I cheer, I wait, for the fan who quickly gafiates.
I bill, I coo, for the fanac I'm too late to do.
The sadder but wiser fan for me.
No offset covered, perfect mimeod fanzine, no sir, that kinda
Mag takes work no fieldslave ever knew.
My life I will enhance
With more mundane romance.
Some fans have such enthusiasm, I prefer to leap that chasm.
No altruistic, wholesome, innocent fanac, no sir.
That myth's for kids and I'm adult you see. — Ha!
I flinch, I shy, when the fan with the gleam in his eye goes by.
I smile, I grin, when the fan who misses cons walks in.
I nod and I bow, to fanac shceduled "real soon now."
The sadder but wiser fan's the fan for me.
The sadder but wiser fan for me.

SCENE SIX % % % % % % % % % % % % %

Time: Immediately following.

At Rise: The Committee of Ladies enters. Rex escapes but Dick is trapped.

LADY #1

Oh, Professor Dick, we're all agog—simply agog!

LADY #2

Imagine, an āpa for sci-fi fanzines right here in Nova City! Everyone's so excited about it.

LADY #3

I'm Ethel Toffelmier. From the stationery store?

(20)

#2

And I'm Maud Dunlop and this is Alma Hix. And of course, you've met Eulalie Mackecknie Shinn? Our Mayor's wife? Isn't it exciting Eulalie?

LADY #4

Oh, I couldn't say. I could not say. Not at this point in time. My husband will wish to investigate, I'm sure.

DICK

Of course, Mrs. Shinn, I understand. But you see, part of my plans includes a new regional convention here in Nova City—

#4

Professor Dick! You're joking, of course.

DICK

I certainly am not joking, Mrs. Shinn. In fact, I was going to ask you to chair the committee—

THE LADIES

Oh yes! Please! You must, Eulalie.

DICK

Certainly as the Mayor's wife . . . [Shrugs]. . . of course, if you don't approve of these plans—

#4

Not at all, Professor, not at all, but—

DICK

Then you accept?

#4

Yes indeed! And I would like to say—

DICK

Thank you. Now, you'll need a consultant, someone who knows about conventions in general. How about the librarian — Marian Paroo, I believe?

[The Ladies all gasp and instantly huddle] She's something of a fan historian I'm told.

(21)

#1

Pubalittlelocallittlepubalittlelocallittle
Crankcrankcranklocalotpubalittlemore.

#1 & #3

Pubalittlelocallittlepubalittlelocallittle
Crankcrankcranklocalotpubalittlemore.

ALL LADIES

Pubalittlelocallittlepubalittlelocallittle
Crankcrankcranklocalotpubalittlemore.

Pubalittlelocallittlepubalittlelocallittle
Crankcrankcrankcrankcrankcrankcrankcrankcrank

[Nonspeaking members of the committee continue "Pickalittle as back-ground to following dialogue]

#2

Professor, her kind of woman doesn't belong on any con committee. Of course, I shouldn't tell you this, but she advocates dirty fanwriters.

DICK

Dirty fanwriters!

#1

Tucker!

#3

Ackerman!

#4

Burbee!

[Second repetition of "Pickalittle" begins in background]

#2

And the worst thing — of course I shouldn't tell you this, but—

#1

I'll tell.

#3

The man lived on my street. Let me tell.

#4

Stop! I'll tell. Everything stops, including background chorus

She made brazen overtures to a man who didn't have a friend in this town until she came here.

#1

Oh yes, Background chorus resumes

That woman made
Brazen overtures \$ \$ with a
Gilt-edge guaran-
tee. She had a
Raunchy gleam in her
Eye and a silver
Voice with a counterfeit
Ring. \$ Just
Melt her down and you'll reveal a
Collector's soul as cold as steel
Here! Thumps chest where a
Woman's heart should
Be!

#s 1,2,3,4

He
Left Nova City the
Library building but he
Left all his books to
Her!

#1

Tucker!

#3

Ackerman!

#4

Burbee!

The ladies all continue "Pubalittle" forte as Dick tries to escape.
Some of the men of the town - the Quartet - enter

DICK

Goodnight, "femmesfannes." The Ladies "crankcrankcrank" back at him. the Quartet picks up on the line and they and the ladies finish the number together, the Ladies still singing "Pubalittle"

QUARTET

Goodnight femmesfannes, goodnight femmesfannes, goodnight femmesfannes
We're going to leave you now.
Farewell femmesfannes, farewell femmesfannes, farewell femmesfannes
We're going to leave you now. *Blackout*

SCENE SEVEN @@ @@ @@ @@ @@ @@ @@ @@ @@ @@ @@ @@

Time: The next week.

Place: The town square again.

At Rise: The No-Con I Committee is meeting around one of the benches. Rex is patrolling the area. The new apa members arrive with stacks of pages to collate. Rex tries to keep them out of the square.

REX

Please kids, Mrs. Shinn'll have my head.

LADY #4

Mr. Rotary, you must keep those rowdy fanzine fans away; we con fans have important business to discuss.

REX

If you think you can hold these neos back, go ahead.

[The kids, having huddled and decided, storm in. The committee goes off in a huff. The neos start to set up for collating around two tables they've brought with them]

TOMMY

Gee, constable Rotary, wait 'til you hear about the award we're gonna win!

REX

Award? I know about fan awards. Which one do ya mean?

TOMMY

The Hugo!

NEOS

The Hugo!

REX

Hell, I can tell you all about that. [Neos prance around tables collating as he sings]

When you publish a zine for the very first time, it's usually quite cruddy.

When you publish a zine your second time out, your repro may be muddy.

But when you publish a zine for the third time around, It can draw stares, it can astound.

Of that zine you can be proud,

You'll want the Hugo.

The Hugo, the Hugo, the Hugo

MALE CHORISTERS

That rocket's hard to get.

REX

The Hugo, the Hugo, the Hugo

FEMALE CHORISTERS

But you can win one yet.

REX

Write a few locs, just to raise the curtain.
Pub a one shot and make for certain.
Sell your zine you've gotta spread it.
They can't vote if they haven't read it.

ALL

Do re mi fa sol la si
Do si la sol fa mi re do

REX

Mail your zine if you've got the money .
Get a zine back your day is sunny.
Write stuff that is ultrafannish.
Help collate that LOCUS annish.

ALL

Do re mi fa sol la si
Do si do

REX

Young Jophan was a neo, his name was seldom seen.
Now Jophan is a BNF with a prop up on his bean.
Just like him you can win that rocket.
Keep a notepad in your pocket.
Make friends with a secret master.
Try to get your zine out faster.

ALL

Do re mi fa sol la si
Do si do

REX

The Hugo, the hugo, the Hugo

MALES

That rocket's hard to get.

REX

The Hugo, the Hugo, the Hugo

FEMALES

But you can win one yet.

ALL

You can win one yet!
The Hugo!

[*Blackout*]

SCENE EIGHT ± ± ± ± ± ± ± ± ± ± ± ±

Time: The afternoon of the same day.

Place: The Paroo House.

At Rise: Marian is sitting in the living room leafing through a fanzine. Other fanzines are spread out around her. She looks wistful. Her mother is in a rocker behind her.

MARIAN

Sigh

MOTHER

Marian, you're hopeless. Now at last you have a chance for some real fanac right here in Nova City and you just sit there, daydreaming over old fanzines. I declare, you're just like that girl in the old filksong, all talk and no action.

[The Quartet enters]

QUARTET

Lida Rose, let's write again Rose
And in the fan polls we'll be high.
Lida Rose, cause Ghu only knows
That I'm a thousand pages shy.
Crank, crank, crank
I can hear the mimco hum.
Puff, puff, puff,
Hey this is good pot,
Let's do a one-shot!
Lida Rose, let's club again Rose,
Without my fanfriends I get stale.
Lida Rose, let's pub again Rose,
And get a zine into the mail.
Yes, let's do a fanzine,
Not offset or slick.
Lida Rose, please let's publishquick.
Lida Rose oh Lida Rose oh Lida Rose

MARIAN

Zines of now
Zines of then

Zines of a fandom
 That might have been.
 Do I read them?
 Oh yes, I read them
 Someday I'll loc them
 But only when
 I've read them all.
 Fast and slow, loud and low,
 How fine those filksongs
 How do they go?
 Discover
 I could discover,
 If I ever go to
 A con.

MARIAN

Zines, I'll read
 Locs, I'll write
 But what good is sitting
 Up half the night
 If you're lonely
 I'm proud but lonely
 Now I'm the only
 One left that
 Just can't seem to fan.
 Every clown, in the town
 Now that they're fannish
 My fanac's down.
 Forever?
 Perhaps I'll never,
 Will I ever fanac
 Again?

QUARTET

Lida Rose, let's write again Rose
 And in the fan polls we'll be high.
 Lida Rose, cause Ghu only knows
 That I'm a thousand pages shy.
 Crank, crank, crank
 I can hear the mimeo hum.
 Puff, puff, puff
 Hey this is good pot,
 Let's do a one-shot!
 Lida Rose, let's club again Rose,
 Without my fan friends I get stale.
 Lida Rose, let's pub again Rose,
 And gat a zine into the mail.
 Yes, let's do a fanzine,
 Nor offset or slick.
 Lida Rose, please let's publish quick.
 Lida Rose oh Lida Rose oh Lida Rose

[Quartet exits]

MARIAN

You see Mama, that's just it. Once I was the only fan in a town of gaf-
 iates and I gloried in my specialness. Now that everyone in Nova City's
 a fan — I've just lost all my fannish enthusiasm.

MOTHER

Well, sittin' here moanin' about it won't do you a bit of good. Why if
 you gave yourself half a chance you could be pubbing a one shot before
 you know it. But the best first step would be to act a little more agree-
 able to Professor Dick.

MARIAN

Now Mama—

MOTHER

Now nuthin'! The Professor was here this morning while you were away and if he comes back I want you to be more attentive.

MARIAN

But Mama— [Dick enters]

DICK

Good afternoon ladies, I hope I'm not interrupting anything.

MOTHER

Of course not, Professor. Marian's just been grotching again about being old and tired, that's all. A little fannish chatter might be just the thing.

DICK

Well, what d'ya want to talk about? There's No-Con I starting tonight. And of course, the apa, which is going quite well — By the way Marian, I really wish you'd join. We need someone with your expertise. And you know what they say:

There is nothing like an apa, I once had a zine in FAPA
Now I'm on the waiting list again.
Apas are a conversation, held by mail across the nation
'Though you miss a mailing now and then.
If you'd like to have a logical explanation
Of this duplicated mode of communication,
All Our Yesterdays a source of that information.
And involvment here, will corflu your fears.
Fandom is a way of life
A goddamn hobby full of strife
And apas are right up there in the van.
Mimeo or ditto master, apas make you fanwrite faster.
Minac is the bane of every fan.
You'll be waiting for the mail with anticipation,
For your weekly, monthly, quarterly apa ration.
Won't your sensitive fannish face glow with elation,
When for egoboo, all your friends choose you!

MOTHER

Apas are the heart of fandom.

MARIAN

Though they're born and die at random.

DICK

Not the hucksters, Star Trek or the pros.

(28)

MARIAN

Yes apas are the greatest

MOTHER

Both the oldest and the latest

ALL

They're all apas a trufan knows.

DICK

You see! Will you join?

MARIAN

Well, maybe . . .

DICK

Look, meet me at the square 8:30 and I'll get you started.

MARIAN

OK, what've I got to lose.

[*Blackout*]

SCENE NINE ¢ ¢ ¢ ¢ ¢ ¢ ¢ ¢ ¢ ¢ ¢ ¢ ¢ ¢ ¢ ¢

Time: That evening.

Place: The town square.

At Rise: Dick stands waiting for Marian as Rex rushes in breathless.

REX

Hey Claude! The staplers have arrived! The neos have already got them. People have been arriving for the con all day and if those kids show up with completed copies of the first collation somebody's bound to tell 'em what a crudzine they've got on their hands.

DICK

Yeah.—

REX

Here's most of the dough. I got Tommy to collect it. He's trying to keep the neos together at least — holding a fanclub meeting over to the church cellar. You'd better get goin'.

(29)

DICK

What time's the freight go?

REX

Nine fourty from the junction.

DICK

Well it's not even 8:30 yet—

REX

Look, you wanta cut things fine, that's your affair. But stick around here too long and you're gonna have an awful angry bunch of neos and their out-of-pocket parents after ya.

DICK

Don't worry, Rex. I've got an appointment to keep first, but I'll meet you at the hotel in plenty of time.

[/Rex exits as Marian Enters from the other side of the square/

DICK

Marian. [/They meet in the square's center/ You're late!

MARIAN

Late? But I'm— [/Looking at her watch/

DICK

No, I mean you're years late; you should have been in an apa long ago.

MARIAN

I was afraid of all those recurring deadlines I guess. I almost didn't come tonight . . . but I decided to keep the date because of what you've given me — and this town.

DICK

Given you? I don't recall giving—

MARIAN

Oh, but you have! Something wonderful. Oh, please don't be afraid that I expect too much more. One can't expect a travelling jiant to stay put. I know you've crashed in many a slan shack and will in many more. But

that's no reason for me not to be grateful for what you will have left
behind for me!

DICK

Marian—I—

[Raising her hand to silence him, she sings]

There were stencils to run, but I never did the typing '
So I never published at all,
'Til there was you.
There were comments to write, but I never felt like sniping,
So I never wrote them at all,
'Til there was you.
And there were apas, and there were SF conventions
They tell me,
With booze and wild parties 'til dawn, by Ghu.
There were fans all around, but I never heard them griping.
No I never heard them at all,
'Til there was you.

[Music boils up and over as they kiss]

DICK & MARIAN

There was fanac around, but I never heard it calling
No I never heard it at all,
'Til there was you

[They embrace again as Rex enters]

DICK

Marian, there's a lot of things you don't know about me—

REX

Pssst! Hey Claude!

DICK

Excuse me. I'm expecting a cable from Hagerstown and this could be it.

[He hurries over to Rex] Now what?

REX

It's happened — they're heading here.

DICK

Where are they?

REX

T'other end of Main Street.

DICK

Fine, it'll be at least five minutes before they get here. I'll be right with you. Get that tin lizzie ready. Now beat it.

[Rex exits as Dick returns to Marian]

Now where were we?

MARIAN

You were about to tell me what I don't know about you.

DICK

Yeah, well, we really don't have to go into that just now, do we?

MARIAN

No we don't — or ever for that matter, Abie. The fanhistorian librarian hasn't felt much like doing research lately — but she did plenty when you first arrived.

DICK

Oh—about what?

MARIAN

About you. I found out that none of the zines you told me you'd published had ever been reviewed in "The Clubhouse" or LOCUS or YANDRO or anywhere else for that matter. I found that none of the current fan directories lists you, the N3F's never heard of you and that a fan who looks remarkably like you by the name of Claude Degler is quite notorious.

DICK

[Flabbergasted]

You knew all the time?!

MARIAN

Since the tenth, three days after you arrived. But I didn't tell anyone and I locked all the relevant material away we're no one would find it. And here's the key, [she hands it to him] with all my heart

DICK

I—I— [At a loss for words, but then coming to a quick decision] Marian,

you're coming with me. We'll move to a fancenter and co-edit a fanzine. We're leaving — right now!

MARIAN

Leaving, why whatever for?

DICK

Because those neos thought they were gonna pub a Hugo winner and now that they've found out that I've helped them perpetrate a crudzine . . . well, they're gonna be mighty angry.

MARIAN

Silly fan, I've already thought of that. I had them over at my house stapling after you left this afternoon. I evaluated the mailing for them, compared it to other first efforts, and showed them some of the real crudzines in my collection. And I proved my point — that mailing's not nearly as bad as you seem to think. They're coming here to thank you not lynch you

DICK

Darling!

✓ Dick hugs Marian gratefully. The apans and other citizens of the town enter brandishing copies of NOVAPA — completed and beautiful. All sing a reprise of "76 Genzines" as the curtain closes/

THE END

