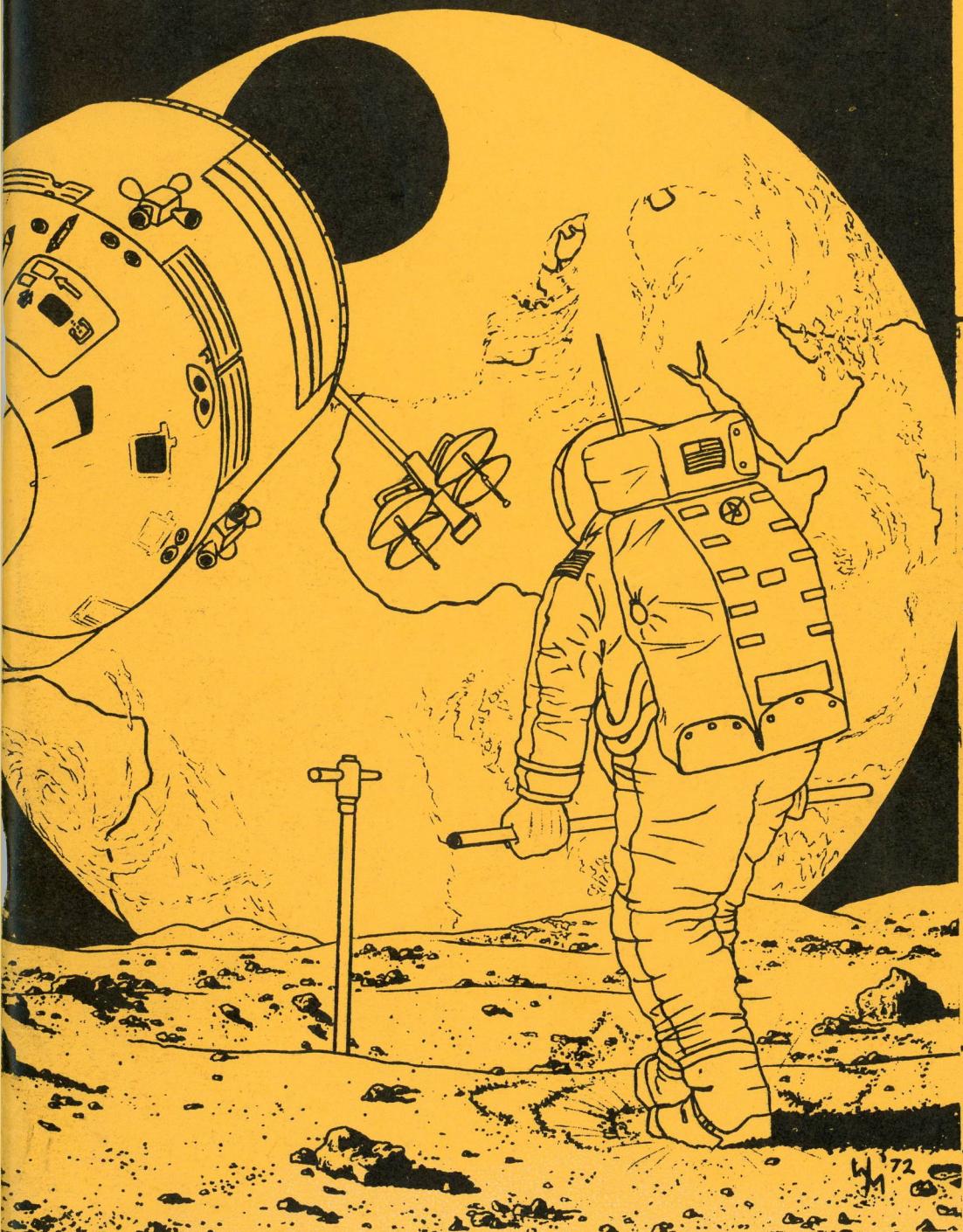


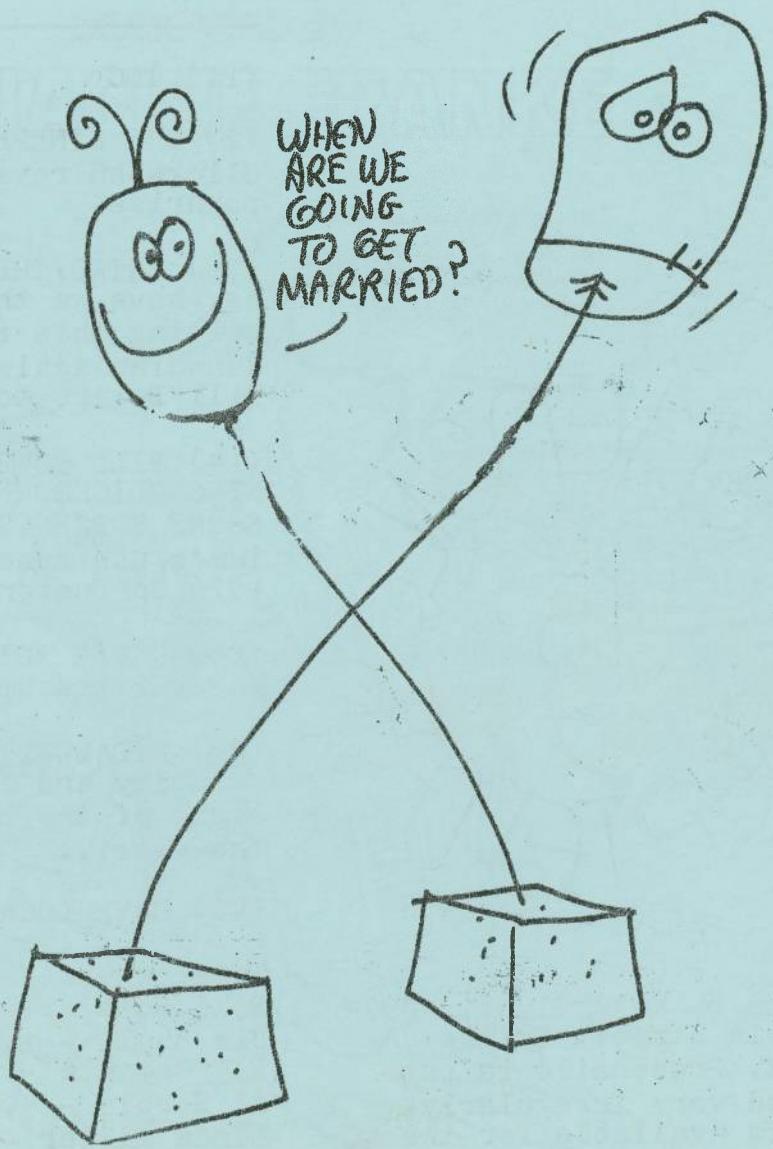
**P  
R  
E  
H  
E  
N  
S  
I  
L  
E**

**15**



• • • • • • • • • \$1





WHEN  
ARE WE  
GOING  
TO GET  
MARRIED?

*PREHENSI  
15  
SEPTEMBER*

Edited by Mike Glyer, 14974  
Osceola Street, Sylmar CA  
91342. Prehensile is pub-  
lished very irregularly,  
and is available for the  
usual or by sub at \$1@

---

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

---

(ii) TOC

(2) THE ZINEPHOBIC EYE: Mike Glicksohn reviews his contemporaries.

(11) INTRO:THE DRAGON: Prith-  
ee, have we the wrong Mike G.  
writing this fmz? Here's the  
Canadian again, introducing  
Bill Bowers to ConFusion...

(14) BILL BOWERS EXPLAINS  
MIKE GLICKSOHN...AND OTHER  
SHORT SUBJECTS: Father Will-  
iam's GoH speech from the  
1976 ConFusion.

(26) CAP'N RO'S GALLEY: Ro  
Nagey stirs up faandom.

(30) MIDAMONSTERCON: Evans,  
Stingley and Pavlac make  
light of the biggest con of  
the year...

(40) DAVE LOCKELOC

---

Taral Wayne MacDonald-cover  
Bill Rotsler - i  
Jim Shull - 1,14  
Ray Capella - 2,3,12,18,19  
Al Sirois - 4,29  
Linda Miller - 7,10,34,37  
Schirmesteier - 20,21,34  
Gilson - 9; Pearson - 10,17;  
Glyer - 26; Townley - 31

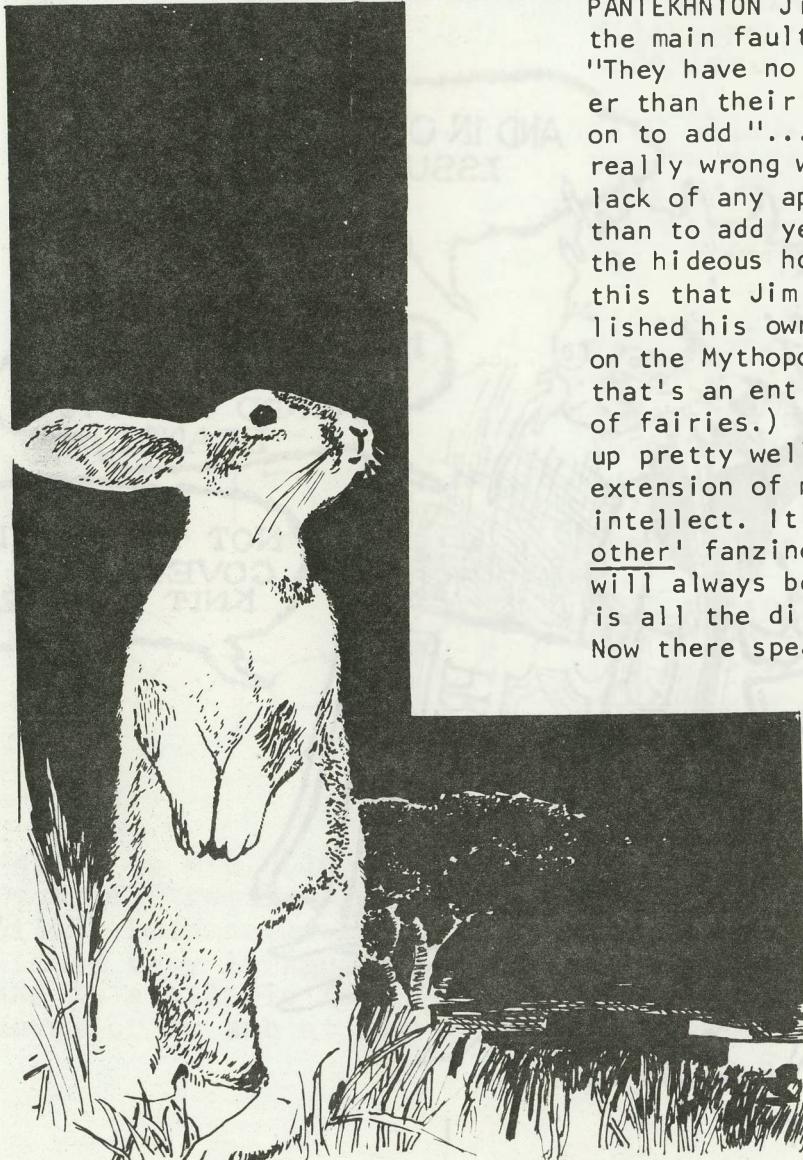
# PREHENSILE 15

DEDICATED TO

## JACKIE FRANKE



# MIKE GLICKSON THE ZINEPHOBIC

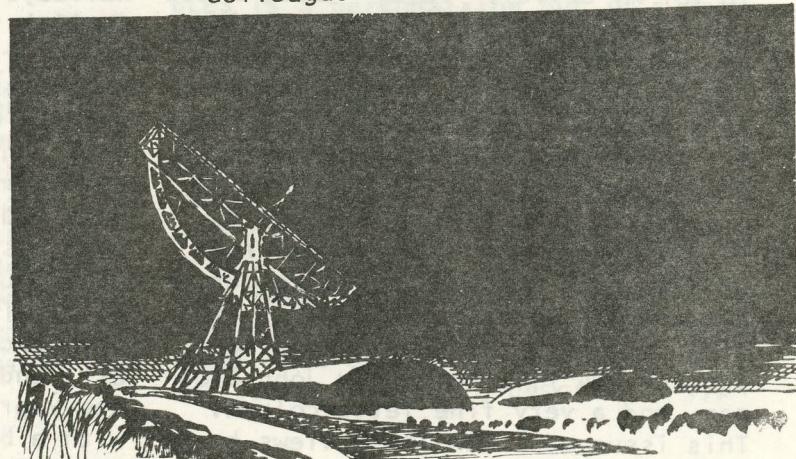


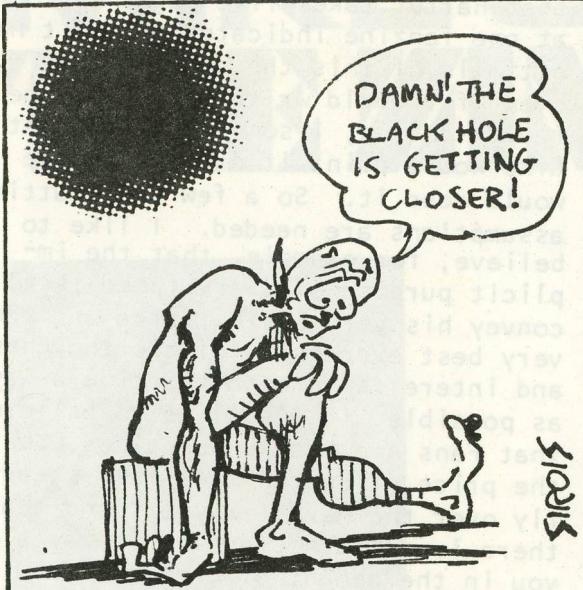
In the recent issue of Bob Webber's PANTEKHNIK Jim Allan suggests that the main fault of most fanzines is "They have no particular purpose other than their own existence." He goes on to add "...the only thing I find really wrong with PANTEKHNIK is the lack of any apparent purpose other than to add yet another fanzine to the hideous horde." It's clear from this that Jim Allan has never published his own fanzine. (He does work on the Mythopoeic Society zine but that's an entirely different clutch of fairies.) Bob's answer sums it up pretty well: "PANTEKHNIK is an extension of my own ego, and of my intellect. It can never be 'just another' fanzine to me....PANTEKHNIK will always be my fanzine, and that is all the difference in the world!" Now there speaks a fanned!

# JOHN C EYE

Jim does have a point, though, but his interpretation of it is incorrect. While any fanzine is its own justification for being, the best fanzines are among those with a definite purpose to them. This purpose can be as general as being a vehicle for the ideas and thoughts of the editor or as specific as arousing interest in tennis metaphors in the works of surrealistic German filmmakers of the 1920s but when it's there, the fanzine has an additional cohesiveness that can (but doesn't have to, I hasten to add) improve its effectiveness in terms of communication. In a fascinating and significant five page review of *MYTHOLOGIES* in his fanzine *PERSONAL NOTES*, Richard Harter ponders "On the other hand we can inquire into the purposes for the existence of the zine, either implicit or explicit, and ask how well the execution matches these purposes.

This is an extremely valid approach to fanzine reviewing, but the fact that Harter takes five pages to look at one fanzine indicates one of the pitfalls of this thoughtful tack. Even if I could write a thirty page review column, I somehow doubt that Mike would print it or anyone else would read it. So a few shortcircuiting assumptions are needed. I like to believe, for example, that the implicit purpose of every fanzine is to convey his very best writing and the very best expression of his thoughts and interests in as attractive a way as possible. (I also like to believe that Fans Are Slans, Sometimes, that the price of Scotch will fall steadily over the next few years and that there is a Santa Claus. This may aid you in the amount of credence you place in my beliefs.) This frees me to comment on the how and what of what is done, leaving the why to personalzine editors with a philosophic bent and the absence of a 300 lb. editor looming over their shoulders. This may not be the most satisfactory way of looking at fanzines, but at least it's a workable compromise. With that in mind, let's look at what and how some of our perfection-seeking colleagues have been performing of





late...

First, three more English fanzines to extend your knowledge of fannish activities Over There. Mike mentioned in his comments last issue the negative self-image many English fans have of their own fanzine fandom, and I hope I've indicated that there is little reason for this. More evidence is in for my belief. Peter Robert's EGG is one of the older British fanzines and much of its deserved reputation for excellence lies in Peter's skill as a writer. Best described as "neat but not gaudy," EGG usually has editorial natterings by Peter ("Once again the year is turning -- time to send my customary Albanian New Year card to John Bangsund, time to purchase another Cornish Nationalist vegetarian fantasy calendar, and time to publish EGG"), a column by John Brosnan, and a very fine lettercolumn. This issue adds fanzine reviews by Er-

ic Bentcliffe. Is there any purpose to it? Of course; it lets Peter have fun and it allows his readers to be entertained and informed and to enjoy a lot of top-quality writing. Peter will probably be next year's TAFF winner so why not get his fanzine and find out what we're getting ourselves into?

Speaking of Eric Bentcliffe, his TRIODE 22 continues to develop Eric's explicit purpose, that of recreating the fannish atmosphere of Sixth Fandom when TRIODE initially flourished. Eric's an old-time fan and his roots are in a different fannish era from those of most of us. He is admittedly trying to preserve/resurrect the style and appearance of the fanzines he loved most, and the result is fascinating indeed. TRIODE features hand-stencilled artwork by Terry Jeeves, faan fiction created today in the vein of decades past, and an atmosphere of fannish nostalgia which I enjoy being a part of. The latest issue has Eric on his Balkan holidays, an example of old-style English faan-fiction, Irish John Berry writing about fingerprinting orangutans, Alan Hunter on fanart and the way it's misinterpreted by most fanzine readers, and a letter-column which draws equally on the past and the present. (Terry Jeeves even discussed sf briefly in his pages but let's ignore this anomaly.) TRIODE is a fannish fanzine with excellent writing, interesting art, and a unique ability to straddle the years. Of real interest to anyone with a bent for fanhistory.

It takes a lot of years to publish a fanzine as worth getting as EGG or TRIODE, though, and not all Anglofen have this much experience. Andrew and Ruth Dunlop are just starting out as fanneds, and ARDEES 2 shows this lack of experience. It's a typical early issue of a first fanzine. The editors haven't yet mastered an easy style so even when they do have something to say, which is still rare, it reads in a choppy and stilted manner. Mike Meara has a piece of fannish humor in the form of an interview with an expert on immobilization, the art of being completely still. Mike milks this a little more than the humor in the idea merits but it still stands out from the surroundings in terms of writing and thinking. Luckily almost half the issue is a surprisingly interesting letter column, with numerous comment hooks to sink one's teeth into. In answer to one letter Andrew says "I just believe that anybody who tries to do anything, no matter how badly it comes out should not be knocked..." Yes and no. Those who try to create deserve praise for making the attempt, but they still have to be judged by accepted standards. Good try, folks and keep it up because you still have a long way to go.

A genzine should, at the very least, be striving to be the best around or have an even more explicit purpose which differentiates it from the rest of its fellows, but a personalzine needs no further justifications than the existence of its editor. Because the ideas of individuals are worth communicating, a good writer who also has interesting ideas will usually pro-

duce a personalzine that's well worth having. Such a fanzine is Don Markstein's TANDSTIKKERZEITUNG 9, with a beautiful Jim Shull cover and Don's extremely enjoyable personal history and interests inside. Don talks about his new job running a porn cinema ("Which reminds me, for some reason, of when somebody came up to the box office and wanted to know if people Do It right on the screen in these movies. He apparently didn't have the gutterfilth vocabulary necessary to phrase his question, so he merely stammered and gestured a lot. Finally I made a circle of thumb and forefinger and thrust a pen through it several times. He said 'Yeah, that's it,' and bought a ticket.") A man with a mind like that has to publish a great fanzine!); and about his various interests such as etymology, The Spirit, cats, New Orleans cigar roaches, finding work, etc., etc. He writes well on all of these topics, and there's also a letter column full of excellent exchanges of opinion. Certainly one of the best personalzines around by a writer who deserves to be much better known than he is.

It's hard to say whether or not SHAMBLES is a personalzine but it's damn easy to say it's one of the best fanzines you can find whatever category it belongs to. Apart from being two of fandom's better known drunks, Ed Cagle and Dave Locke happen to be two of our better writers, humorists and thinkers, and when they get together the results are delightful, infuriating, intriguing, embarrassing, hilarious, thoughtful, and much more. There have only been two issues so far, so it's hard to describe a typ-

ical SHAMBLES, but you can expect honest and often explicit opinions about life, fandom, sex and other less important topics. A column by Dean Grennell and a letter column fill out this issue, and while both have much to recommend them, it's for the editors' conversations that SHAMBLES will become deservedly famous. Both serious and ridiculous thoughts are expressed and the writing level is high indeed. This issue has a lot of thoughts about fandom, including the following, just to give you the tone of things. It's by little Davie Locke: "The fan whom I first encountered lived on a farm, and liked to fuck cows. He told me all about it. In the meantime, his mother, who was deaf as a bat, sat in her rocking chair and smiled and nodded as he carried on this incredible monologue. Needless to say I couldn't get out of there fast enough..Of course, that was a long time ago. In the fifteen years since I entered fandom I've met a great number of fans. I realize now that the cow-fucker was probably one of the more interesting of the lot." That's SHAMBLES for you: I recommend it highly.

Another cross between personalzine and genzine, and sticking to mimeo for one last fanzine, is Brian Earl Brown's BROWNIAN MOTION, which is about half Brian's recent activities and half letter column in need of considerable pruning. Brian is interested in the possibilities of mimeo work and there are several experiments in design and printing. They don't all work, a four color mimeo cover for example, but I for one am pleased to see the attempts. Brian isn't exactly as sparkling a writer as Don Markstein or Dave Locke, but

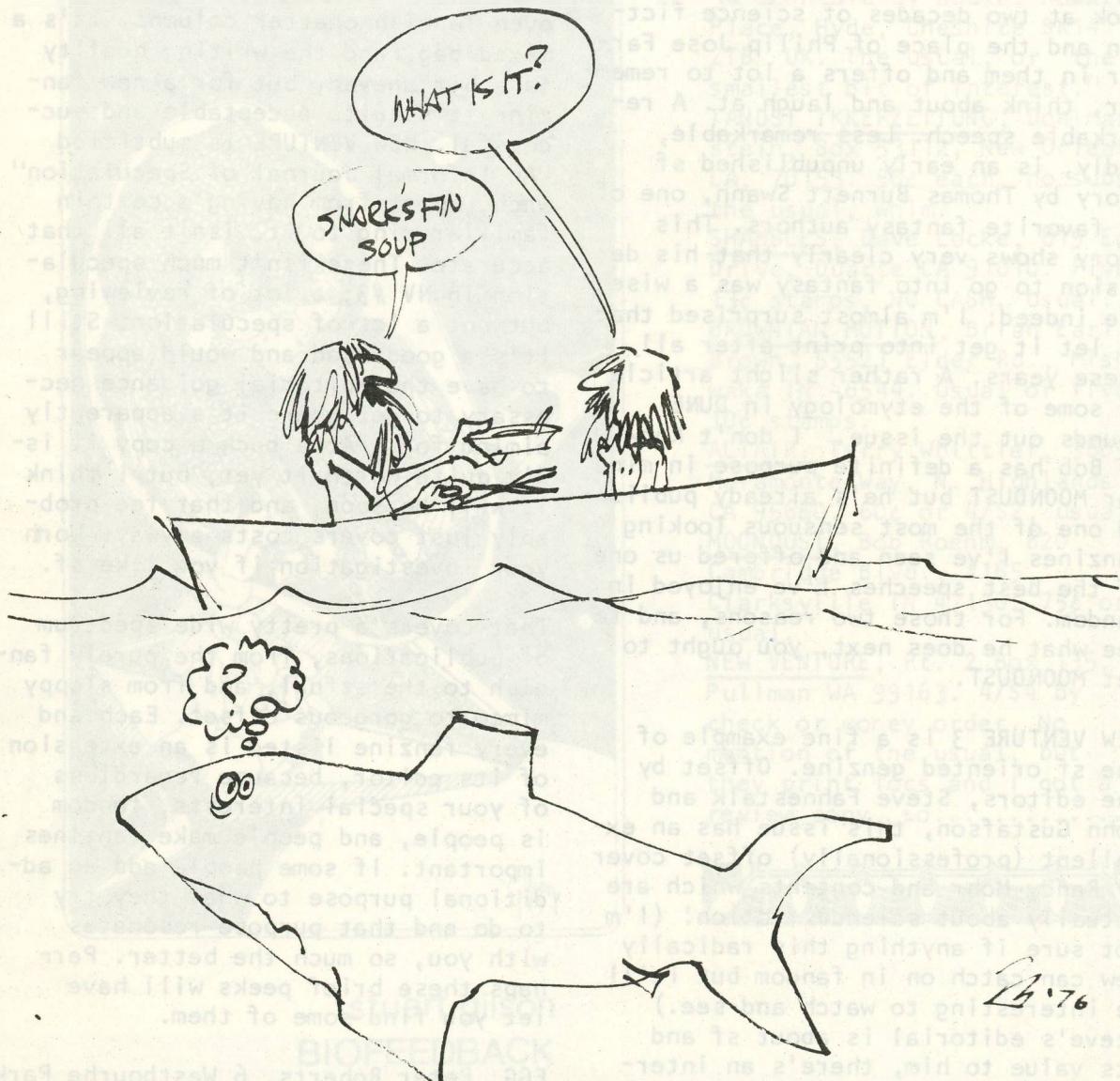
he's competent and his natterings about getting a mimeo, SPACE:1999 in specific and the nature of televised sf in general, and the "bad" books he's waded through of late are interesting to read. The lettercolumn has many familiar names and while it could be improved by editing, it's fun to read. BROWNIAN MOTION is a fairly typical low-key extension of Brian Brown's world. It isn't going to set fandom on its ear (yet) but it's a nice place to be.

Turning to offset, one automatically opens up the possibilities of extra "purposes" behind the zine. Not every editor using the offset process does so for greater flexibility and freedom that the technique offers, but a great many do. Terry Whittier for example, wants to concentrate on presenting artwork in ALTAIR and this is certainly a valid reason for publishing a fanzine. His second issue is attractive indeed, with superior art from Greg VanderLeun, Jim McLeod and Phil Foglio plus a great deal of additional work that varies considerably in quality, all presented in a neat and appealing fashion. Written material is rather on the light side: yet another explanation of Gil Gaiers project on book summaries, a bits and pieces ramble by Ol' Bone, an article on variations on RISK, plus fanzine reviews and letters. Terry suffers somewhat from undue neofannish enthusiasm which manifests itself in a tendency to rave about everything as the greatest thing since the invention of the still without having the necessary background to validate such judgments, but he'll get over that, one hopes. He's certainly produced an admirable second issue and ALTAIR should appeal to anyone interested in

the graphic side of sf and fandom.

For those interested in science fiction (what!? how'd that get in here?) there are a couple of relatively new offset zines well worth looking into. Bob Roehm, a name from the past that might pull a few memory strings in some of you, has published MOONDUST

ONE which is easily one of the most beautiful fanzines I've seen in a long time. There's a wraparound montage of Jack Gaughan sketches on un-  
ber cover stock and the interior is excellently offset on rich cream-colored paper that's a real delight to look at. The artwork is uniformly good, and fine use is made of photo-



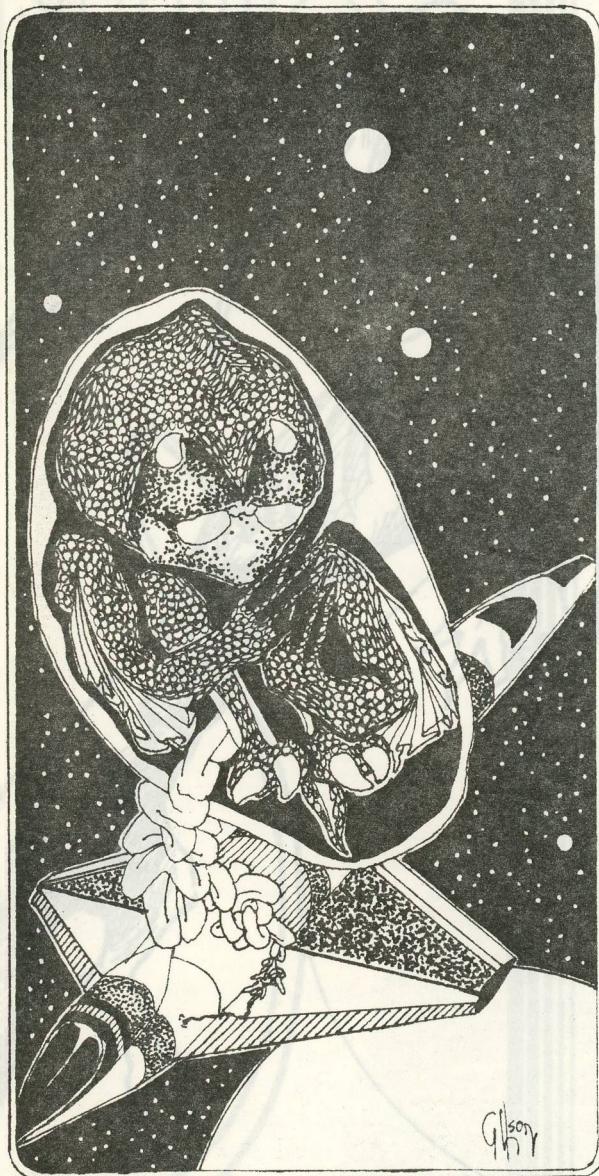
graphs which are also reproduced superbly. For appearances alone this is a fanzine well worth getting. Best written contribution is a transcription of Andy Offutt's introduction of Phil Farmer at the 1975 Rivercon, which is easily one of the best after dinner convention speeches I've encountered. Andy takes a nostalgic look at two decades of science fiction and the place of Philip Jose Farmer in them and offers a lot to remember, think about and laugh at. A remarkable speech. Less remarkable, sadly, is an early unpublished sf story by Thomas Burnett Swann, one of my favorite fantasy authors. This story shows very clearly that his decision to go into fantasy was a wise one indeed: I'm almost surprised that he let it get into print after all these years. A rather slight article on some of the etymology in DUNE rounds out the issue. I don't know if Bob has a definite purpose in mind for MOONDUST but he's already published one of the most sensuous looking fanzines I've seen and offered us one of the best speeches I've enjoyed in fandom. For those two reasons, and to see what he does next, you ought to get MOONDUST.

NEW VENTURE 3 is a fine example of the sf oriented genzine. Offset by the editors, Steve Fahnestalk and John Gustafson, this issue has an excellent (professionally) offset cover by Randy Mohr and contents which are actually about science fiction! (I'm not sure if anything this radically new can catch on in fandom but it'll be interesting to watch and see.) Steve's editorial is about sf and its value to him, there's an interview with Poul Anderson concerning

his politics and his writing, an article by John examining recent prozine and paperback covers from the viewpoint of an artist (a companion to his column in SFR), the conclusion of a short fantasy by Avram Davidson as well as numerous reviews of books, movies and fanzines, letters from all sorts of unlikely professionals, and even fannish chatter columns. It's a mixed bag, and the writing quality is a bit uneven, but for a new fanzine it's quite acceptable and successful. NEW VENTURE is subtitled "An Informal Journal of Speculation" which, apart from having a certain familiar ring to it, isn't all that accurate. There isn't much speculation in NV #3; a lot of reviewing, but not a lot of speculation. Still it's a good read and would appear to have the editorial guidance necessary to get where it's apparently aiming for. At a buck a copy it isn't quite worth it yet, but I think it will be soon, and that fee probably just covers costs anyway. Worth your investigation if you like sf.

That covers a pretty wide spectrum of publications, from the purely fannish to the stfnal, and from sloppy mimeo to gorgeous offset. Each and every fanzine listed is an extension of its editor, because regardless of your special interests, fandom is people, and people make fanzines important. If some people add an additional purpose to what they try to do and that purpose resonates with you, so much the better. Perhaps these brief peeks will have let you find some of them.

EGG, Peter Roberts, 6 Westbourne Park Villas, London W2, UK. The usual but



stuart gilson  
BIOFEEDBACK

no cash!

TRIODE, Eric Bentcliffe, 17  
Riverside Cres., Holmes Chapel,  
Cheshire CW4 7NR, UK. 3/\$2.50,  
whim, the usual. I am North  
American agent.

ARDEES, Andrew and Ruth Dunlop  
34 John Grundy House, Howard  
Place, Hyde, Cheshire SK14  
2TB UK. The usual, or "the  
smallest bit of interest."

TANDST IKKERZEITUNG, Don Mark-  
stein, Box 53112, New Orleans  
LA, 70153. 50¢ each, no subs,  
the usual, whim.

SHAMBLES, Dave Locke, 819 Edie  
Drive, Duarte CA 91010. Five  
13¢ stamps, NO CASH. Usual.

BROWNIAN MOTION, Brian Earl  
Brown, 55521 Elder Rd., Mishawaka  
IN 46544. Usual or five  
10¢ stamps.

ALTAIR, Terry Whittier, 3809  
Meramonte Way, N. Highlands  
CA 95660. 60¢ or 4/\$2, usual

MOONDUST, Bob Roehm, 820  
Cambridge Blvd., #165,  
Clarksville IN 47130. 75¢ or  
usual.

NEW VENTURE, Rt. 2 Box 135,  
Pullman WA 99163. 4/\$4 by  
check or money order. No  
mention of the usual, but  
they print locs and I got a  
review copy, so.....





graphs which are also reproduced sup-  
erbly. For appearances alone this is  
a must have worth getting. Best  
of all, it is well worth the price.

It is a well-made book, well produced,  
and it is a pleasure to handle.

It is a good book, and it is a good  
investment.

It is a good book, and it is a good  
investment.

It is a good book, and it is a good  
investment.

It is a good book, and it is a good  
investment.

It is a good book, and it is a good  
investment.

It is a good book, and it is a good  
investment.

It is a good book, and it is a good  
investment.

It is a good book, and it is a good  
investment.

It is a good book, and it is a good  
investment.

It is a good book, and it is a good  
investment.

It is a good book, and it is a good  
investment.

It is a good book, and it is a good  
investment.

It is a good book, and it is a good  
investment.

It is a good book, and it is a good  
investment.

It is a good book, and it is a good  
investment.

It is a good book, and it is a good  
investment.

It is a good book, and it is a good  
investment.

It is a good book, and it is a good  
investment.

It is a good book, and it is a good  
investment.

It is a good book, and it is a good  
investment.

It is a good book, and it is a good  
investment.

It is a good book, and it is a good  
investment.

It is a good book, and it is a good  
investment.

It is a good book, and it is a good  
investment.

It is a good book, and it is a good  
investment.

It is a good book, and it is a good  
investment.

It is a good book, and it is a good  
investment.

It is a good book, and it is a good  
investment.

It is a good book, and it is a good  
investment.

It is a good book, and it is a good  
investment.

It is a good book, and it is a good  
investment.

It is a good book, and it is a good  
investment.

It is a good book, and it is a good  
investment.

It is a good book, and it is a good  
investment.

It is a good book, and it is a good  
investment.

It is a good book, and it is a good  
investment.

It is a good book, and it is a good  
investment.

It is a good book, and it is a good  
investment.

It is a good book, and it is a good  
investment.

It is a good book, and it is a good  
investment.

It is a good book, and it is a good  
investment.

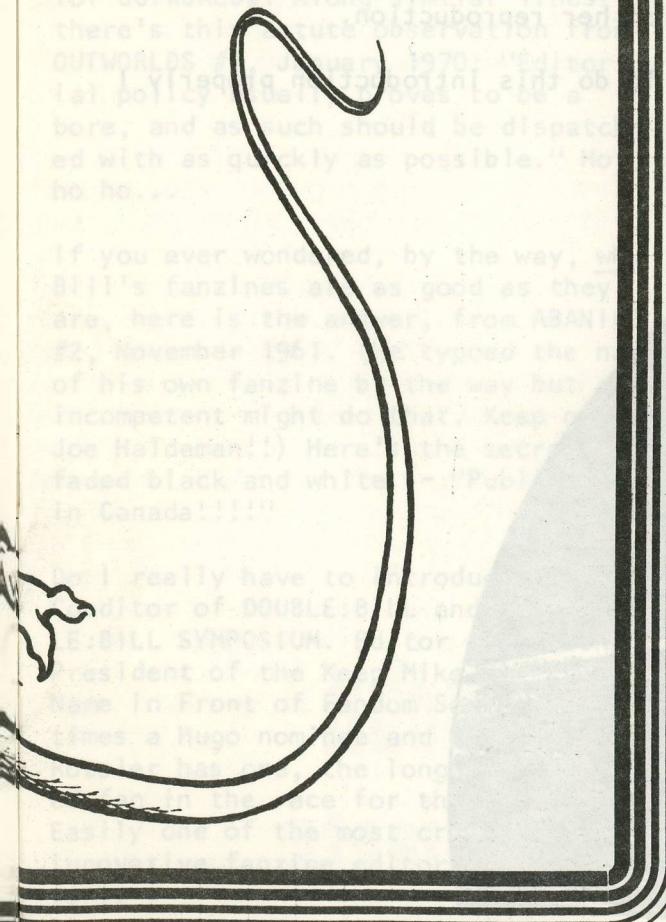
It is a good book, and it is a good  
investment.

It is a good book, and it is a good  
investment.

It is a good book, and it is a good  
investment.

It is a good book, and it is a good  
investment.

# INTRO:



# THE DRAGON

## MIKE GLICKSOHN'S

---

### Introduction to Bill Bowers' Fan GoH Speech—CONFusion 12

---

I imagine I feel much the way your President Nixon must have felt after his fall from glory. Not five months ago I enjoyed perhaps the greatest honor a fan can know, that of being a worldcon guest of honor. And now I'm here to try and justify the choice of Bill Bowers as Fan Guest of Honor here. Sic gloria transit fandom. And I can't even sell the copies of my letters of comment for a quarter of a million dollars!

I've been at all three of Ro Nagey's Ann Arbor conventions. The first had no fan guest who obviously deserved no introduction. The second had a fan guest so famous he needed none. And now there's Bowers, for whom an introduction is almost impossible. (Ro asked just about everyone in the area to stand up here and say a few nice words about Bill and they all said it was almost impossible. I fin-

ally agreed to try it...some people will do anything for a few free drinks.)

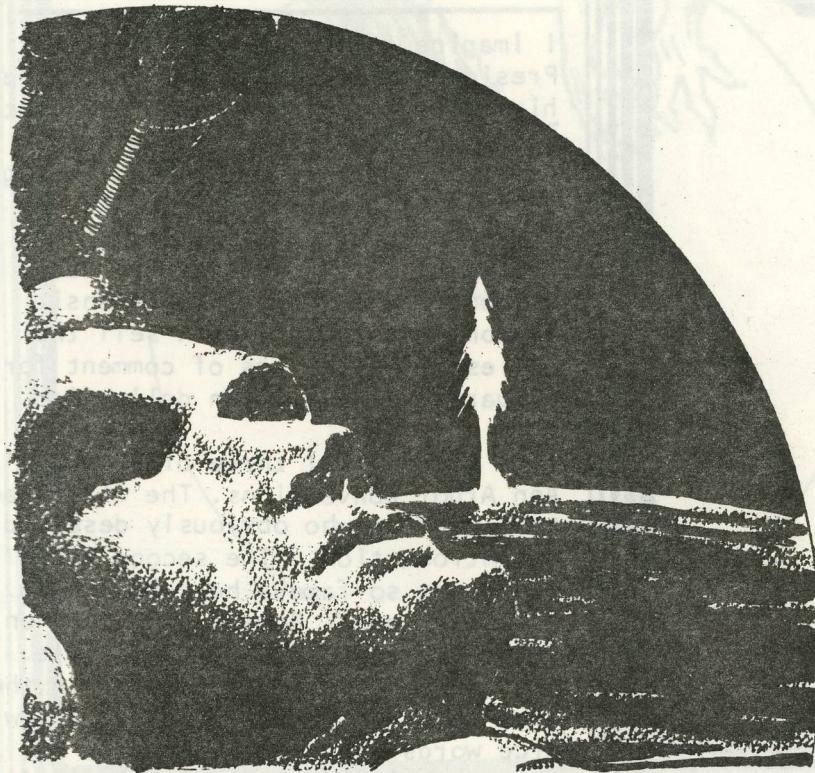
Bill is one of my oldest friends in fandom. In fact, he's one of the oldest friends I've got anywhere. Just look at him. I'm told he's the first TAFF winner ever to carry a notarized affadavit in case they try to stick him in the mummy section of the British Museum.

Bill, of course, is most famous for his publishing activities which many think reached their peak when he co-edited the NFFF letterzine TIGHTBEAM. He is, in case you didn't know it, the only person in the forty-seven

year history of fanzines to win two FAAN awards. That's not to be laughed at even if he did lead the committee that gave them out.

Despite Bill's fifteen year pursuit of the perfect fanzine there is no truth to the rumor that he was born with a blue pencil in his mouth. His first words were of interest, though, both for themselves and for the fact that they represent possibly the only time Bill and I have ever agreed on anything. It's reliably reported that with his first spoken words Bill criticized his mother on the quality of her reproduction.

To do this introduction properly I



thought it best to read back through as many of Bill's fanzines as I could find. This is a task remarkably akin to Hercules cleaning out the royal stables. MY problem was I kept falling asleep before finding anything worth reporting on. I did find one or two things that capture the essence of Bowers, though.

BAYTA #1 from December 1963, for example: "The birth of a new fanzine is singularly unimportant in the world's scope of events." Now if only the 1976 Bowers would remember that each time he does an editorial for OUTWORLDS: Along similar lines there's this astute observation from OUTWORLDS #1, January 1970: "Editorial policy usually proves to be a bore, and as such should be dispatched with as quickly as possible." Ho ho ho...

If you ever wondered, by the way, why Bill's fanzines are as good as they are, here is the answer, from ABANICO #2, November 1961. (He typoed the name of his own fanzine by the way but any incompetent might do that. Keep quiet Joe Haldeman!!) Here's the secret, in faded black and white -- "Published in Canada!!!!"

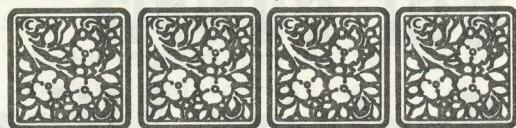
Do I really have to introduce Bill? Coeditor of DOUBLE:BILL and the DOUBLE:BILL SYMPOSIUM. Editor of OUTWORLDS President of the Keep Mike Glicksohn's Name in Front of Fandom Society. Six times a Hugo nominee and now that Rotsler has one, the longest overlooked fan in the race for the rocketship. Easily one of the most creative and innovative fanzine editors in our history.

But Bill is not just another pretty

layout sheet. He has a keen intellect and often makes extremely insightful observations. Consider this statement from INWORLDS #1, January 1973: "OUTWORLDS...is not perfect. It is too irregular, and too costly and too formal..." One is left to wonder how he was able to stop so soon! Then there was the time that Bill visited my apartment and upon seeing my tortoise remarked, "Why it looks like a snake with a hat!" That is the sort of man who is your Guest of Honor!

But occasionally even a Bowers says something inarguably correct: viz "Fandom may not be one big happy family; it may in fact be 'escaping' from the Real World; it may or may not be a lot of things...whatever it is, it is a lot of fantastic people, my people..."

If I were to list the ten men I admire and respect and love the most in fandom, Bill Bowers would be five of them. He's the best fanned we've got, and his selection as Fan GoH is a long overdue honor. It is with tremendous pride and pleasure that I give you (and please keep him) your Fan Guest of Honor Bill Bowers!!



CONFUSION 12



The CONFUSION 12 Fan Guest  
of Honor's Speech

**Bill Bowers**

**Explains Mike Glicksohn  
... and other Short Subjects**

Thank you, Michael -- those were, indeed, words worthy of fandom's second best letterhack -- and what might be expected from a personal friend of Jerry Jacks.

In case any of you folks didn't understand -- and need a translation from the Canadian -- what Michael said in essence was...that he admires me immensely, he worships the ground I walk on -- and that he has always looked up to me...

But I'm honestly not sure just how much of an honor that is, since, of course, Mike has always had to look up to most of the people he's encountered ...With the possible exception of Larry Downes.

The title of this is...  
"BILL BOWERS EXPLAINS MICHAEL GLICKSOHN...AND OTHER SHORT SUBJECTS..."

That should suffice to cover a multitude of sins. To begin with, I've never made a speech in my life. I can't help thinking that if God had meant for me to make speeches, he wouldn't have invented fanzines. In fact, you might say that speechmaking is the second favorite thing I can imagine doing... The only thing I can possibly think of that I might enjoy doing more would be...becoming a field goal kicker for the Spartans.

Either that, or being forced to move to Cleveland...

Still --

After Ro invited me -- and Lin convinced me -- at Marcon last year (I understand that Randy Bathurst is the prime culprit responsible for my

being asked -- you'll pay for this, Randy, believe me!) -- Well, Lloyd and I talked, and speculated on the consequences of the committee having invited two of the -- well, let's face it -- two of the less vocal people around fandom. Neither one of us is exactly your Jerry Pournelle or your Sam Moskowitz. So we wondered aloud what we could do to entertain you, not to mention enlightening you, on this momentous occasion. It was our carefully considered consensus that it might be best all the way around if we simply sat up here -- and stared at each other for...say... twenty minutes.

Immediately, Ro -- on behalf of the committee -- screamed. Since, as he pointed out in great detail, in that calm way of his... Since they were sparing no expense in importing us for your listening enjoyment -- the round trip, in gas and tolls, for me, will probably be under \$20.00; and Lloyd lives, what? ...half an hour away? -- After such a great expenditure of your membership fees, they certainly expected more of us than that.

Now I've been called many things. But never before have I been cast as a before-dinner appetizer. Despite that -- and against my better judgment, not to mention the condition of my nerves -- I'm going to attempt to make like a speechifyer. Not, I repeat NOT, because of any veiled threats that this poor fan's Ken Keller has directed at my aging, feeble body...But simply because of a very selfish reason.

You see....I figure if I do well here

in the minors, perhaps someday someone will bring me to another convention -- one that I couldn't otherwise make -- and that would be nice, since I've recently, if somewhat belatedly, become a total con-addict. (Hopefully if I do get a repeat opportunity, it will be at someplace other than this small town in Michigan -- whose main claim to fame is that it imports the best football players and coaches... that OHIO high schools can produce!)

-----

As an aside, an interlineation if you like:

I must say that the one thing that makes this all a little bit easier, not to mention going a long way toward restoring my shattered faith in my own fannishness...is the knowledge that I am here at a Linda Bush-yager officially approved Sci-Fi Convention...

-----

...Or at least it was before she found out that Ro and I are going into business...

Back when the world and I were young. This year, I believe, marks my fifteenth year in fandom. (I'll know for sure as soon as I can find a competent mathematician to check the figures; I don't see one here on the dais...)

Such an occasion -- other than proving that if you stick around long enough -- naturally calls for a nostalgic look backwards. Sorta like a Glicksohnian reference to actually publishing fanzines -- right?

Besides, it's an easy way to gather material for a speech. They say "Write about what you know best"...

So I'm going to talk about what I know best. Me.

So listen my children...and I shall tell you such a tale... You know: all that crap... I didn't start out as the sophisticated, big time, big deal faneditor you see before you today. Oh, no. It took me a long time to work my way down to this level! In fact, to quote the caption of just one immortal Rotsler cartoon: "Actually I'm only seventeen...but fanzine publishing aged me!"

I was born old, as Michael probably mentioned -- but I started out the typical cliche on one who becomes a fan. I was the oldest child (not the "only"; my parents barely kept going until they got it right). I wore glasses... And I would have been voted the shyest kid in my class, if anyone had known I was there. (I haven't noticeably changed those characteristics over the intervening years, either.) Of course, it was only natural that I end up in fandom, considering the way I was born: I just found out recently that I was a breech baby? I backed into this world reluctantly; no doubt I will leave it the same way...

This may also serve to explain my somewhat backward manner...

Childhood: I endured, and I read. Adolescence: I survived, and I read. Born in the 40s, raised in the 50s -- you do realize that the ultimate nostalgic book about the 50s was written several years ago? FARNHAM'S FREEHOLD No matter what they tell you on tv nowadays, that was the 50s: bomb shelters. --It was not the most exciting

of lives... I come from poor but poverty stricken parents, and has as strict an upbringing as you're like to imagine. See how far I've fallen?

So I proceeded to lose myself in a world of print...the ultimate world, one that was bounded only by my imagination, and that far exceeds and visual rednation possible. (And that from a diehard graphics freak!) I somehow skipped Doc Smith and Burroughs. But I must have hit just about everything else. And, of course, I knew that they were publishing these marvelous books for me alone....After all, no one I knew would be caught dead reading a book, let alone one of THOSE time wasters.

Yes.

I graduated from high school, and entered the real world. In precisely the same time span, I discovered fandom, and quickly exited the real world. I've never been back, and have no intention of doing so. Thank you anyway.

I discovered FANTASTIC UNIVERSE three issues before it folded. Other than being a nice, large size, compared to the few other prozines I belatedly discovered, it contained something that eventually brought me to a point and place in time that I occupy today: Belle Deitz's fanzine review column.



Oh, I'd seen references to fanzines here and there -- had never seen an actual one -- but I knew what they'd be like. Just like little science fiction magazines... Right?

I'll tell you a deep, dark secret: I actually produced a fanzine before I saw one. Really. During my senior year in high school. It lasted three issues, was digest sized...and featured a staff of every anagram of my name I could think of. It was typed on scraps of paper and published in a press run of one. Only one person has ever seen it, and although I still have those three issues -- somewhere -- only one person ever will... Me.

And believe me, I can refuse ANY offer. (They reminded me, the last time I looked, a lot of PRIVATE RO'S BANG-WHIZ...)

The first "real" fanzine I got -- thru that fanzine review column -- was something called YANDRO. Yes. As I recall, I sent Buck and Juanita something like 15¢, which was the

quoted price. I got a postcard from Buck saying the price had been raised to 20¢...but that they would send me a copy anyway. Just don't let it happen again!

Yes, dearly beloved, my first contact in fandom was kindly Robert S. Coulson. I may not be his peer...but he's responsible...!

Shortly after the postcard, I received this strange thing in the mail. Not what I'd expected at all. Mimeoed on dog-vomit yellow fuzzy paper -- before long I learned that this was the sacred "Twiltone," worshipped from afar by certain Torontoites -- with a Dea cover, several short items and fanzine reviews -- MORE!! -- and letters. Letters from people, some of whom, apparently, even read science fiction...

Wow!

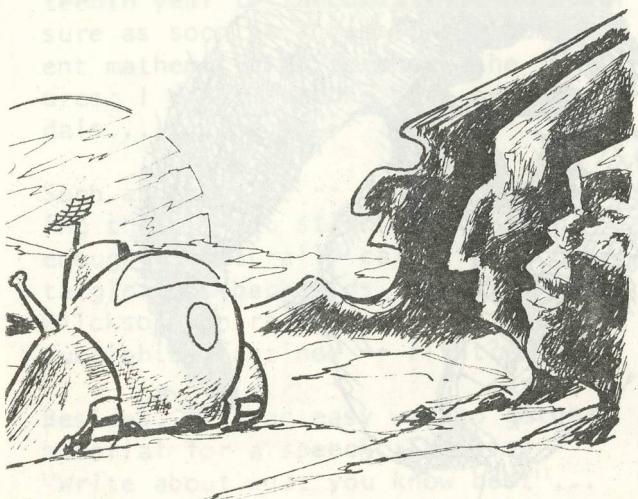
Home.

That was YANDRO #97. I honestly don't recall the number of the latest one-- the memory goes as one gets older -- or perhaps it's simply the ten thousand fanzines I've seen since then -- but the issue number is now a bit higher... (Michael said to tell you he wishes he was, also.)

A couple of months later, in September 1961, I published my first fanzine. Hecto of course...

...From YANDRO 97 to OUTWORLDS 27. (This has been an unpaid announcement).

I could spend a few minutes/hours/days/years -- what do you have available? ...talking about the fanzines in them daze, and those in the years



since.... I could take you from the small genzines of the early 60s, thru the apa craze of the mid-60s, to the giant 100-page plus fanzines of the late 60s, to... To whatever the hell it is we have today... I could mention names that will make many an older leak a fond tear of memory... Those were the days when Willis and ATom still walked among us... And titles like DISCORD, WARHOON, BANE, ENCLAVE, TRUMPET, VOID...The list is endless. I could, if pressed, even mention Buck Coulson's favorite fanzine of all time: REALM OF FANTASY...

But I won't talk of that at this hour... Such topics are best left for about 4 in the morning, after a few drinks-of-your-choice, and after the children (and burnt-out con chairmen) have been put to bed.

Besides, why should I talk of fanzines and fanned past, when the best is before you today?

...He said with becoming modesty.

In the beginning, fanzines were my fandom in totality; and, to a large extent, they always will be an important part of it. But fandom is also fans-in-person, and conventions...

Shortly after getting into fandom, I got a call. This fellow said that he'd gotten my name from Ralph Holland, then Prexy of the N3F (Yes, the secret's out)...that his mother was making him clean out the basement, and could I possibly store a few boxes of old fanzines for him... (So twist my arm...)

That was my introduction to Bill Mallardi...



BEM was my introduction to conventions...

Chicon... Three, damnit, not One! 1962. Others have since faded into the slipsheets of my memory. But that one is still there, clear, vivid, alive. Sturgeon's speech, the tale he promised to finish the next time he was a Worldcon GoH, Heinlein's grand entrance, the masquerade ball...with all those women in wicked costumes...not to mention Sylvia Dees... The party Mallardi and I threw. And all those big name pros in our room.

At that convention, much to my chagrin, I found out that pros were, indeed, mortal. \*sigh\* (And this was before Piers Anthony, even...)

There were other conventions. Discon II, where I met H. Beam Piper -- God I wish he was still alive and writ-

ing! Pacificon II...The Boondoggle...  
Being present on the infamous Leamington Balcony when the Lupoff's and ATom formed belly button fandom.  
And there were the delightful Midwestcons in the Old North Plaza...

That was it fn those days, folks.  
The Midwestcons and the Worldcons,  
unless you lived on one of the coasts  
None of this two and three cons a  
weekend jazz. You young folks have  
it so easy...

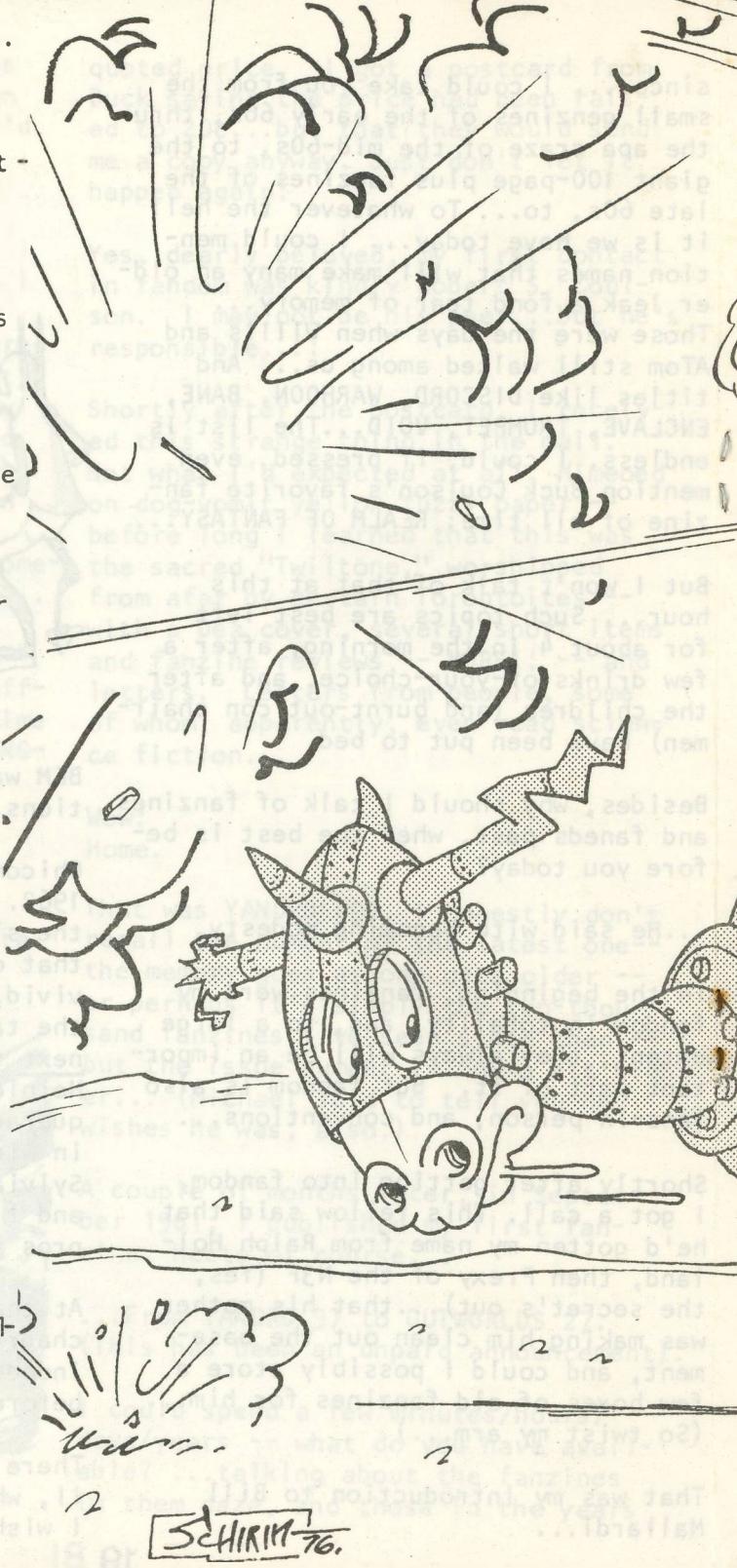
Other memories... Being on one of the  
32 committees formed before Tricon  
finally came off. ...Of one special  
night when Mallardi and I were up at  
Ben Jason's house, and the only other  
committee member there was Roger  
Zelazny.

...Memories of sometime late that  
evening when, for some reason, the  
Four of us ended up sitting on the  
floor in Ben's kitchen...talking...  
and then Roger read to us the first  
half of a little thing called...  
'...And Call Me Conrad."

And I'll never forgive him for making  
me wait a year to read the second half in F&SF!

Other conventions, other fans, other  
memories... You don't have 15 years  
for me to relate them, by chance?  
thought not...

\*  
f science fiction is escapism, is  
random escaping from escapism? I real-  
ly don't know-- I just thought I'd  
throw that in. I suppose as one who  
has made escapism a way of life...  
t's a fairly safe generalization to



SOME TIMES I WONDER  
IF THESE FEUDS WITH  
TED WHITE ARE  
REALLY WORTH  
THE TROUBLE.

say that most fans are social misfits in one way or another. Some hide it better than others -- but let's face it, if we were all normal, we wouldn't be here today -- we wouldn't have travelled in the dead of winter simply to be together. "Normal" people just don't do things like that.

And that's just one of the things that makes fandom what it is...

This is not to imply that "Fans are Slans" or any of that garbage -- I certainly don't feel all that smart: If I were, I could have wormed my way out of this! Fandom has its fair share of idiots and overbearing boors. It has its wars and its politics -- both generally just as petty as those in the macro-world...

But -- and this seems to be the inevitable Bowers editorial -- the one thing that fandom has that I've never found reflected in the real world is this: a tolerance...and acceptance... a togetherness...no matter what your age, sex, religion (or lack thereof), race... No matter if you did vote for Richard the First in '72... No matter ... You can be accepted here, and judged on the basis of what you, as an individual are -- far more so than in any other cross section of humanity I've run across. You can be accepted here, if you want to be...

It's taken the better part of those fifteen years to discover what fandom is all about... For me...

Fandom is not a literary society -- those old pulps crumble with age. Fandom is not an amateur publishing co-operative: some of us do fanzines, others do not. It is not a prerequi-

site. Fandom is not conventions -- some of the truest of trufen have never attended one.

What fandom is, is people. Lots of people, different people. Mostly good people. People just like you...

\*\*\*

In the end...one person, me, an individual -- and yet, part of a larger whole.

I have my prejudices, my hangups; I have my good days, my bad days... I resent well-intentioned people doing things "for my own good." I react to those who will lay down the law that I must do thus and such to be "fannish." But, at this stage in my life, very few things really upset me.

Sure there are the negative aspects of fandom. But there is also the positive.

And I'll freely admit that I'm an elitist: the people I hang around are those who do the things, create the things that I find beautiful and worthwhile in this life. Most of the people who fit those qualifications are, again for me, fans. The ones I appreciate, from a very-selfish point-of-view -- are those that give me of their time, their talent, their sweat -- the ones that freely give me what they do best...so that I can do what I do best; my fanzine. (I am, by far and away, the winner in the exchange.)

And still...I resent the limitations of time, of my own frailties, the things that prevent me from actively relating to more than a handful of people at a given time. I

wish that I could be more giving of myself -- be more like those I admire and love the most -- but when I look back to where I was only a few short years ago -- well, I've come a long way baby! And I just may make it yet.

\*\*

Fifteen years -- a long time -- and yet, no time at all, really... I've accumulated a ton, literally, of fannish kipple. I have good memories... ones that far, far outweigh the few bad ones that are inevitable. There's no counting how many fans I've met either through the mail or at cons. The list of those I fondly, selfishly choose to call my friends is equally endless...

But there is a short list, the list of those who, without their kindness and understanding, their unselfish help and the relentless prodding of my lazy bones when I needed it... Well, without these people, I literally wouldn't be here today. These are the ones, more than any others, who you can blame for mean ole Bill, not to mention Father William. These are the ones you can hold responsible for my having subjected you to the preceding century-and-a-half!

And although I'm aware that I will probably embarrass them (with the possible exception of the last to be named), I must thank, however inadequately, my very special people:

BILL MALLARDI -- for toting me around to conventions in the beginning, when I never would have had the nerve to go myself... And for, of course, something called DOUBLE:BILL, my primary training school for what I do today.

JOAN -- For picking up the pieces that arrived back from overseas, for putting me back together. ...And then when she saw that I was ready, for releasing me to fly on my own...

DAUGHTER SUSAN -- for the letters, the advice, the concern. ...And for caring.

MAE STRELKOV -- Earth Mother...Perhaps the most wise, and certainly the most beautiful human being it has ever been my privilege to know.

SHERYL -- for simply being Sheryl...

DR. LIN & WHATSHISNAME -- for more reasons over this past year than I can ever possibly list...and for the future... (I still say that she could do a lot better... Why him? ...And when I'm around!)

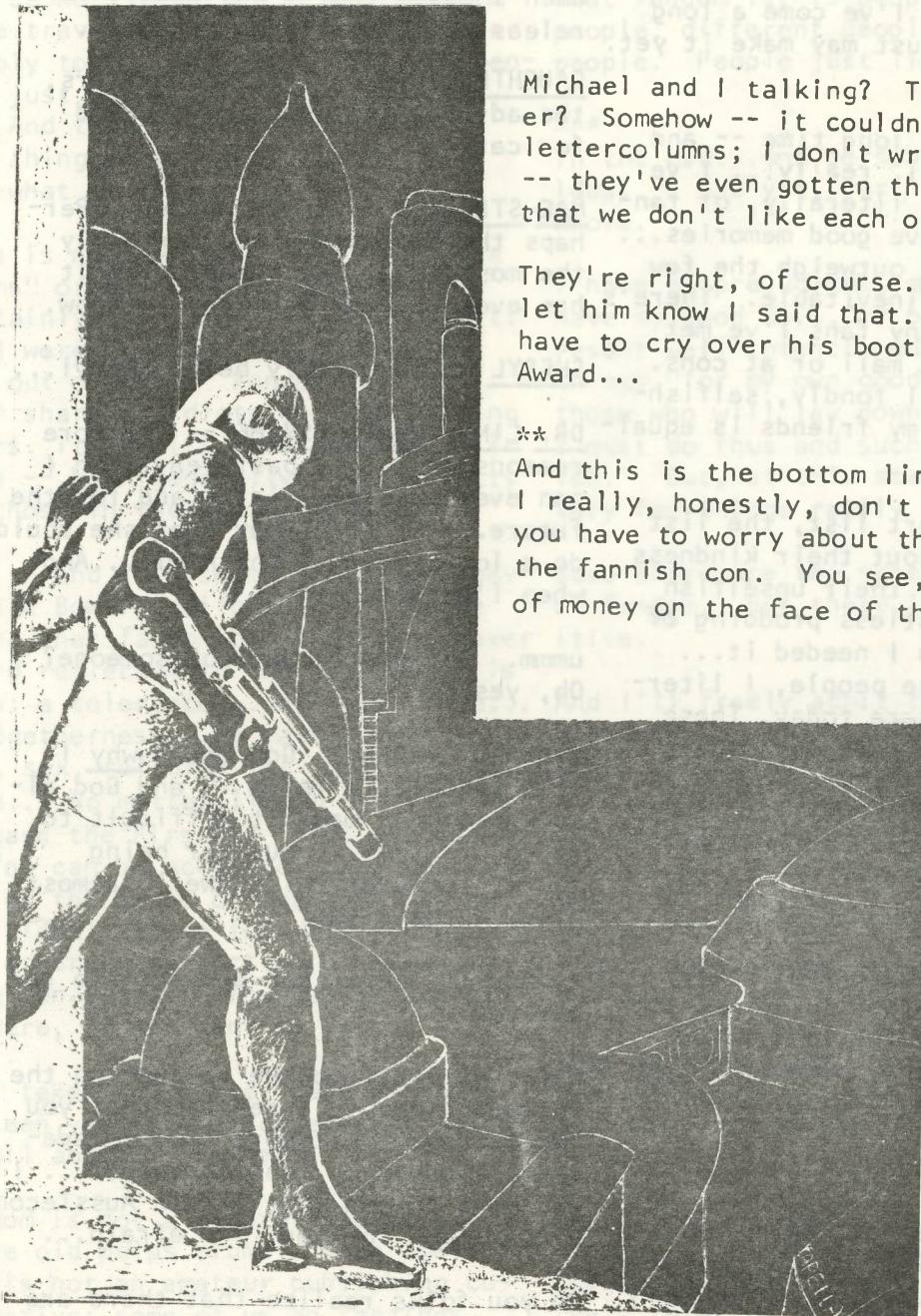
ummm. Oh, did I overlook someone? Oh, yes...

MICHAEL, me boy. God knows why I like the little fella -- and God also knows he's made it difficult to do so at times... But for being there, for everything (well, almost) Mike, I thank you.

...And if I ever get a chance to repay you...

Well, at least now we're even on the introductions -- I realize that you had to have a bit more time to adequately cover my fannish career... I did have to pad that little Aussiecon piece I did for you, I'm afraid...

Do you folks realize that there are still people who are shocked to see



Michael and I talking? To each other? Somehow -- it couldn't be from lettercolumns; I don't write letters -- they've even gotten the impression that we don't like each other.

They're right, of course...But don't let him know I said that. He might have to cry over his bootleg FAAN Award...

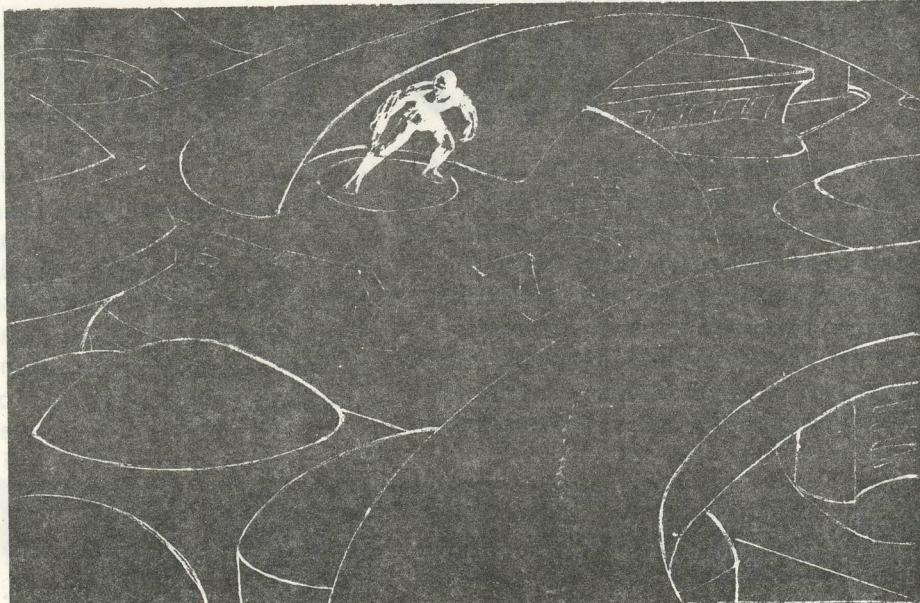
\*\*

And this is the bottom line: Linda, I really, honestly, don't think that you have to worry about the future of the fannish con. You see, no amount of money on the face of the earth

could have gotten me up here today.  
Only my fannish friends. And I mean  
that.

Fandom may well not be one happy fam-  
ily. But it's close enough for me.

And, for that, I thank you all...





## APTAIN'S TABLE

RECIPE NUMERO  
- UNO -

1. First, steal  
one 'Glyer ...
2. Pluck  
em' too
3. It's a mobn?

# CHICKEN/GLYER RAPPORT and HUNTING THE ELUSIVE SMOF RO NAGEY

Take two pounds of frying chicken and put them in a pan of boiling water. There should be just enough water to cover the chicken completely. After four to six minutes, remove the chicken to a platter to cool. When cool, carefully pick all the meat off of the bones. In turn, these pieces should be cut into bite-sized chunks. Set aside.

In a large frying pan, place several tablespoons of oil and two or three cloves of crushed garlic. As soon as bubbles begin to form around the garlic, add two large sliced onions

(you may want to cut the rings in half) and sautee gently. As the onions begin to turn slightly translucent and soft, add two diced green chilis (or green peppers). This is an excellent time to consider your spices. A dash of broken-up rosemary, cinnamon, sage, thyme, curry, nutmeg and just a hint of cloves are called for, in proportions suited to your individual taste.

Add three tablespoons of soy sauce and one of Worcestershire. When all the above has been gently mixed together, add the chicken (which has been

sitting all the while in a similar mixture of soy and worstershire). Adjust the heat so that the fluid is at a rolling boil. In about five minutes add sliced and quartered zucchini and bite-sized pieces of spinach (or Oriental cabbage if you prefer). Lay on top of this approximately two handfuls of thinly sliced mushroom caps. Finally when the spinach goes soft, add just enough Cream of Celery soup to produce a rather thick mixture. Cover and simmer for twenty minutes,

While this concoction is simmering merrily away, let's spend some time inspecting the state of our Secret Masters of Fandom. The term "smof" can be handled either as a joke or as a serious affair. I prefer the former usage, but for the nonce let's explore the latter.

A list of possible smofs will allow us to properly define the situation. From the top, Worldcon chairpersons and their committee hold sway. Their individual and collective actions have the potential to effect fandom for years after the event. Absconding with the funds, lack of organization or blatant and unpopular favoritism are just three examples of the horrors these people have to face. Their visibility and their effect on fandom obviously stems from the situation that nearly everybody in fandom goes to the Worldcon. Thus

a little mistake becomes a large mistake and a large mistake throws All of Fandom into war. If for no other reason than this, these people deserve the epithet SMOF.

Further down the ladder, for the same reasons but in a smaller way, regional con chairpersons and committees deserve the epithet. Their actions can, and have, turned various regional pros and fans away from fandom for years. For that matter, regional fan groups have split apart and not seen for years as the result of a con they put on.

Certainly hucksters, both by the number of cons they attend in a year and by sheer inertia, can lay claim to the title. More than any other group of fans (if you're inclined to call hucksters fans, which I am) these people serve as a vital communications link between regionals. Though their gainsay of a fan or fan-nish activity will not spell certain death for those involved, I can think of nicer ways to go.

Finally, which faneds and writers can lay claim to this dubious honor? For the life of me, I can't come to any definite conclusions. Probably Hugo-winners and many Hugo nominees. By the fact of their circulations alone Bowers and Geis and Porter (with White thrown in for the hair-splitting readers) deserve some consider-

# CAP'N RO'S GALLEY

ation. Similarly Tucker and Warner and those who have been in fandom for an eon or two. What keeps me from coming to any whizbang conclusions is that the printed word seems to have lost its sway to a large extent, so that fanzines no longer hold the exalted place that they once did. Or is it simply that there are so many fanzines nowadays?

I can imagine that some of you are gritting your teeth at this point because of what I'm saying. Allow me to cop to a fact. I've only been in fandom for four years and these are my perceptions and conclusions that I've had and drawn from my experiences. Feel free to jump in and correct me where you see fit: the water's fine.

The conclusion to be drawn from above is simple: a SMOF is someone who has a wide contact with fandom. This is not a sufficient definition however. The SMOF also wants to sell fandom a concept of his own, and, most importantly, has the ability to sell the idea.

Have we gone anywhere? Not really, but we're just on the verge.

SMOFs, by and large, are complete failures.

NOW we've gone somewhere.

Way back when in those musty, murky days whence out of chaos came fandom, nearly everyone was a SMOF (ask them, they'll tell you) and they were able to THROW ALL OF FANDOM INTO WAR.

But no more. What you mean, kemosabe?

Hopefully you agreed with the rambling list of who might be qualified for SMOFdom. The list itself probably includes more people than were in fandom forty years ago. A lot of people can lay claim to the name. Which, in the chaotic, anarchistic world of fandom, means that the power of the SMOF has been greatly reduced.

Further, and maybe worse, we have some fifty years of inertia behind us. The inertia of What Has Gone Before. From time to time I see emerging neos going through some ritualistic brouhaha simply on the basis that So-and-So, revered be his name, did the same thing at the Chicon years ago. Kazart!

With the singular exception of the FAAn awards, I cannot think of anything so very new that's been introduced to fandom in awhile. (Well, there was that game of strip Hangman at the dead dog at BYOBcon, but...) Perhaps all the avenues of fandom have been traveled and we'll simply have to be



content to walk were others have gone before.

An interesting side-thought to all this is that I'm writing this on my impressions of what has gone before! Hmmm.

The sum total of the above boils down to the fact that, by and large, SMOFs are nowadays reduced to high-powered gossips while the regular Jophan on the streets goes blithely about his business. And talking about things boiling down, now is a good time to take a look at our meal.

At this point we should have a rather aromatic mixture going. Take about  $\frac{1}{4}$  pound of mozzarella cheese and cut it into cubes. Add just enough of this cheese so that when melted and stirred thoroughly throughout the mixture, the entire affair becomes rather gooey. You may prefer to serve this as is, but for the Real True Chicken/Glyer Rapport, you should add two healthy tablespoons of horseradish. This succulent treat may be served either over rice or noodles.

Next issue I'll outline some possible new areas for SMOFs and their ilk to move into and give you my recipe for BOWERS BURGER.

++Ro Nagey

# **MIDA** monster

---

## a semioriginal **CON** horrorshow

From  
Quotes Compiled By MARK EVANS and JOHN STINGLEY  
....As Scripted By The TERRAN LEAGUE

*with introductory material by*

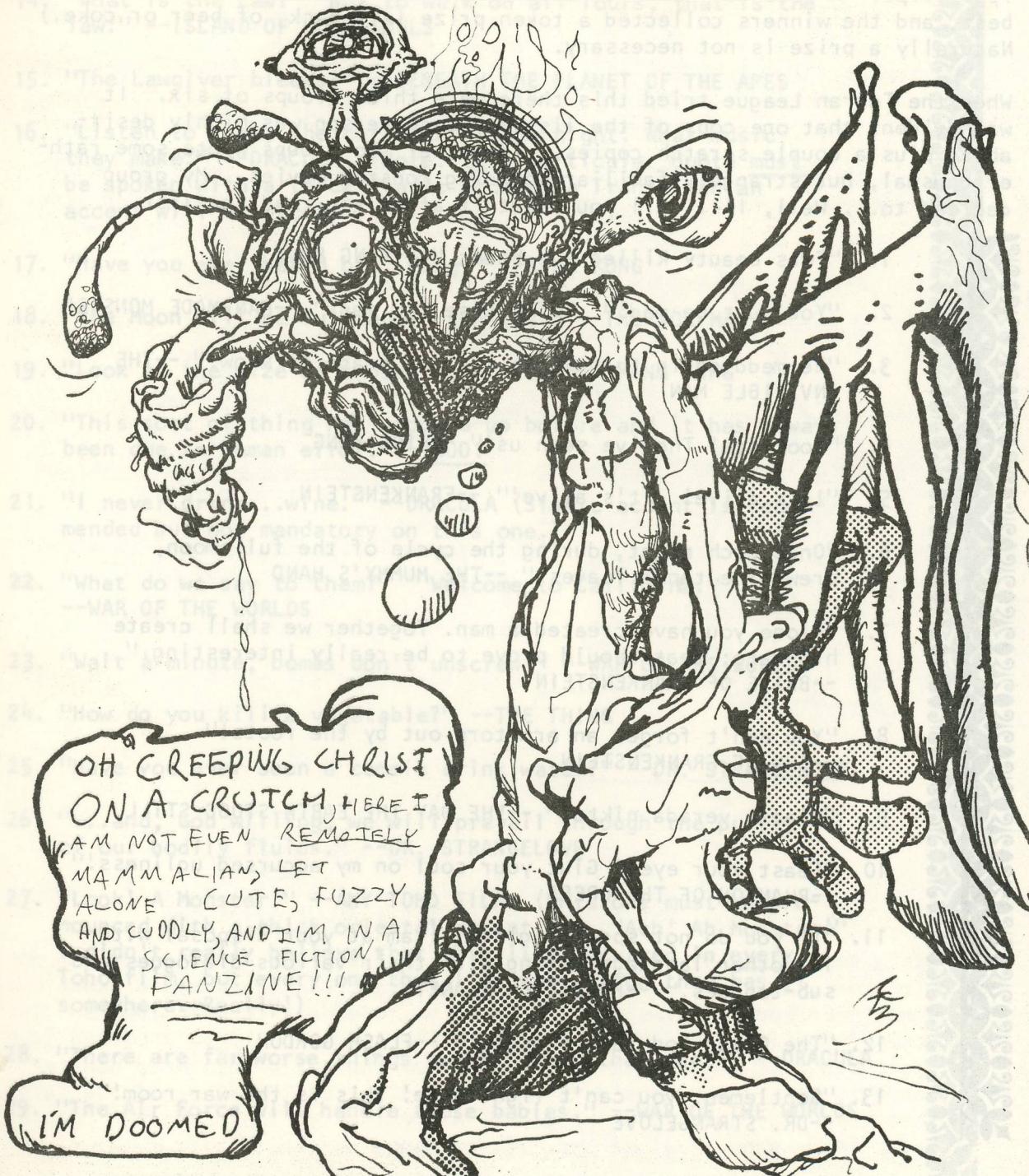
Ross Pavlac

Now we've gone somewhere.

Those of you who are members of local science fiction clubs may have noticed that there is a scarcity of things to do at formal meetings other than stare at one another or suggest that the group adjourn to a bar. Especially scarce are activities that involve the entire group. Am I right so far?

The Terran League, Ohio State University's SF Club, came up with a real gem of an activity. You divide the members into groups of four or six, and hand each group some copies of this or a similar list. This list contains quotes from movies. The one below specifically contains real, live quotes from SF and horror movies, compiled by John Stingley and Mark Evans. Actually any list of quotes will do. A simpler version may consist of just a list of words -- eggplant, wallaby, slingshot, etc.

Each group had a set amount of time, twenty minutes, to compose a play or movie or whatever in which ALL the quotes must be used. It was allowable to change the tense or gender of the quotes, provided that the original phrase wasn't drastically altered. Before the meeting no one had been permitted to see the list, besides the people who formed it, and those who had seen it acted as referees. The referees were responsible for judging whether quotes were too much altered, and insuring that ALL the quotes were used in the scripts.



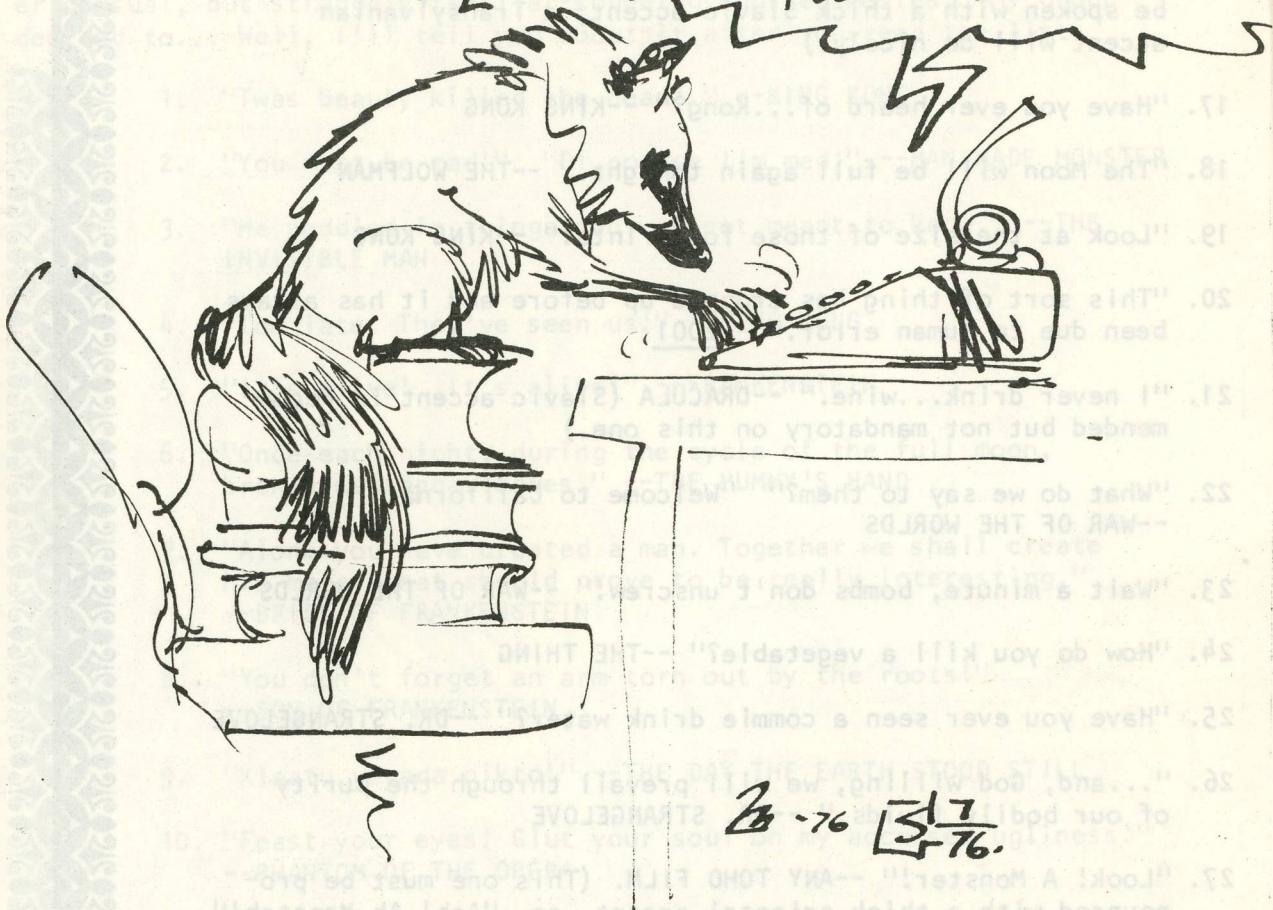
At the end of allotted time each group took turns acting out or reading its script. A vote was taken to determine which presentation was the best, and the winners collected a token prize (six pack, of beer or coke.) Naturally a prize is not necessary.

When the Terran League tried this there were three groups of six. It was evident that one copy of the list for each person was highly desirable, plus a couple scratch copies. The other two groups wrote some rather unusual, but strangely familiar-sounding monster movies. My group decided to... Well, I'll tell you about it after you read the list.

1. "Twas beauty killed the beast." --KING KONG
2. "You must be mad!" "Of course I'm mad!" --MAN-MADE MONSTER
3. "He meddled in things man was not meant to know." --THE INVISIBLE MAN
4. "Too late! They've seen us!" --KING KONG
5. "It's alive! It's alive!" --FRANKENSTEIN
6. "Once each night, during the cycle of the full moon, brew nine tanna leaves." --THE MUMMY'S HAND
7. "Alone you have created a man. Together we shall create his mate; that should prove to be really interesting." --BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN
8. "You don't forget an arm torn out by the roots!" --SON OF FRANKENSTEIN
9. "Klaatu verada nikta!" --THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL
10. "Feast your eyes! Glut your soul on my accursed ugliness!" --PHANTOM OF THE OPERA
11. "If you do not speak English, I am at your disposal with 187 other languages along with their various dialogues and sub-tongues." --FORBIDDEN PLANET
12. "The Great God Tao is angry!" --FLASH GORDON
13. "Gentlemen, you can't fight here! This is the war room!" --DR. STRANGELOVE

14. "What is the Law?" "Not to walk on all fours, that is the law!" --ISLAND OF LOST SOULS
15. "The Lawgiver bleeds!" --BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES
16. "Listen to them, the children of the night! What music they make!" --DRACULA (Note: this particular quote must be spoken with a thick Slavic accent; a Transylvanian accent will do nicely.)
17. "Have you ever heard of...Kong?" --KING KONG
18. "The Moon will be full again tonight." --THE WOLFMAN
19. "Look at the size of those footprints!" --KING KONG
20. "This sort of thing has cropped up before and it has always been due to human error." --2001
21. "I never drink...wine." --DRACULA (Slavic accent is recommended but not mandatory on this one.)
22. "What do we say to them?" "Welcome to California!" --WAR OF THE WORLDS
23. "Wait a minute, bombs don't unscrew!" --WAR OF THE WORLDS
24. "How do you kill a vegetable?" --THE THING
25. "Have you ever seen a commie drink water?" --DR. STRANGELOVE
26. "...and, God willing, we will prevail through the purity of our bodily fluids." --DR. STRANGELOVE
27. "Look! A Monster!" --ANY TOHO FILM. (This one must be pronounced with a thick oriental accent, eg, "Ach! Ah Monstah!" I didn't really believe that this line occurred in every Toho film, but every one that I've seen since then has it somewhere. Really!)
28. "There are far worse things awaiting man than death." --DRACULA
29. "The Air Force will handle those babies." --WAR OF THE WORLDS

...MALLOY SNAPPED ME BEFORE  
I COULD MOVE. THERE WAS A  
FLASH OF BRIGHT LIGHT. THEN  
A BLACK POOL OPENED UP AT MY  
FEET. I DIVED IN....



B-76 [517]  
r76.

Not a bad list, eh? Our group started thinking about what could be done with this, and it occurred to us that since these lines had already been used in SF/horror films that it would be redundant to make just another monster movie (although some of the scripts that could be produced from the above list might well be eligible for the title "Ultimate Monster Movie"). After due consideration (including consideration of the fact that time was quickly running out) we decided to look into the future and produce a newsreel of the '76 Worldcon.

When reading the following script, please bear in mind that it was written in 20 minutes. With a little polish, it could be a polished piece of trash. In any case, parts of it seemed humorous to us at the time.

Reaction of the rest of the group to our film was mixed. The less fannish members of the club were turned off completely, the more fannish members loved it. Whatever turns you on.

The list has 29 items. To make it an even 30 I suggest including "Hump? What hump?" from YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN which hadn't played in Columbus at the time of this list's compilation.

THE TERRAN LEAGUE OF OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY PRESENTS:

A NEWSREEL PREVIEWING THE 1976 WORLD SCIENCE FICTION  
CONVENTION IN KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

Scene 1: A last-minute pep talk by Ken Keller, chairman of the con.

Keller: ...and, God willing, we will prevail through the purity of our natural bodily fluids.

\*\*\*\*\*

Scene 2: The opening day of the convention. Two fans are in the middle of an 8000 person registration line.

Fan A: I wonder what this con will be like?

Fan B: There are far worse things awaiting man than death. Were you at Discon?

Fan A: You don't forget an arm torn out by the roots!

\*\*\*\*\*

Scene 3: Still opening day. Some concom members exchange a few comments on the con thus far.

Member A: I just took a look outside! There are 50,000 people out there! And there isn't a single hotel room left in the state!

Member B: This sort of thing has cropped up before and it's always been due to human error. Let's lynch Keller!

Member A: But what do we say to them?

Member B: Welcome to California!

\*\*\*\*\*

Scene 4: Upon arriving in Kansas City, Ross Pavlac is asked to run the costume ball; the original costume ball committee, upon seeing

the size of the con, have fled. Ross accepts, proving that some people will go to any lengths for egoboo.

Larry Smith (of Columbus fandom): You must be mad!

Ross; Of course I'm mad!

\*\*\*\*\*

Scene 5: Ken Keller's opening address.

Keller: Klaatu verada nikto! Or, in English, welcome to California! If you do not speak English, I am at your disposal with 187 other languages along with their various dialects and sub-tongues.

Fan (whispered to Bill Fesselmeyer, program chairman): Are we in California?

Fesselmeyer: I wish I was!

\*\*\*\*\*

Scene 6: The computer games room, which includes, among other games, SPACE-WAR. Two fans who are playing each other begin scuffling when one fan suggests they play the computerized STAR TREK game instead. (Star Trek, of course, being a verboten topic at this convention)

Games room coordinator: Gentlemen, you can't fight here! This is the war room!

\*\*\*\*\*

Scene 7: At the parties

Fan A: Hey, this is great blog! What's your secret?

Fan B: Once each night, during the cycle of the full moon, brew nine , tanna leaves.

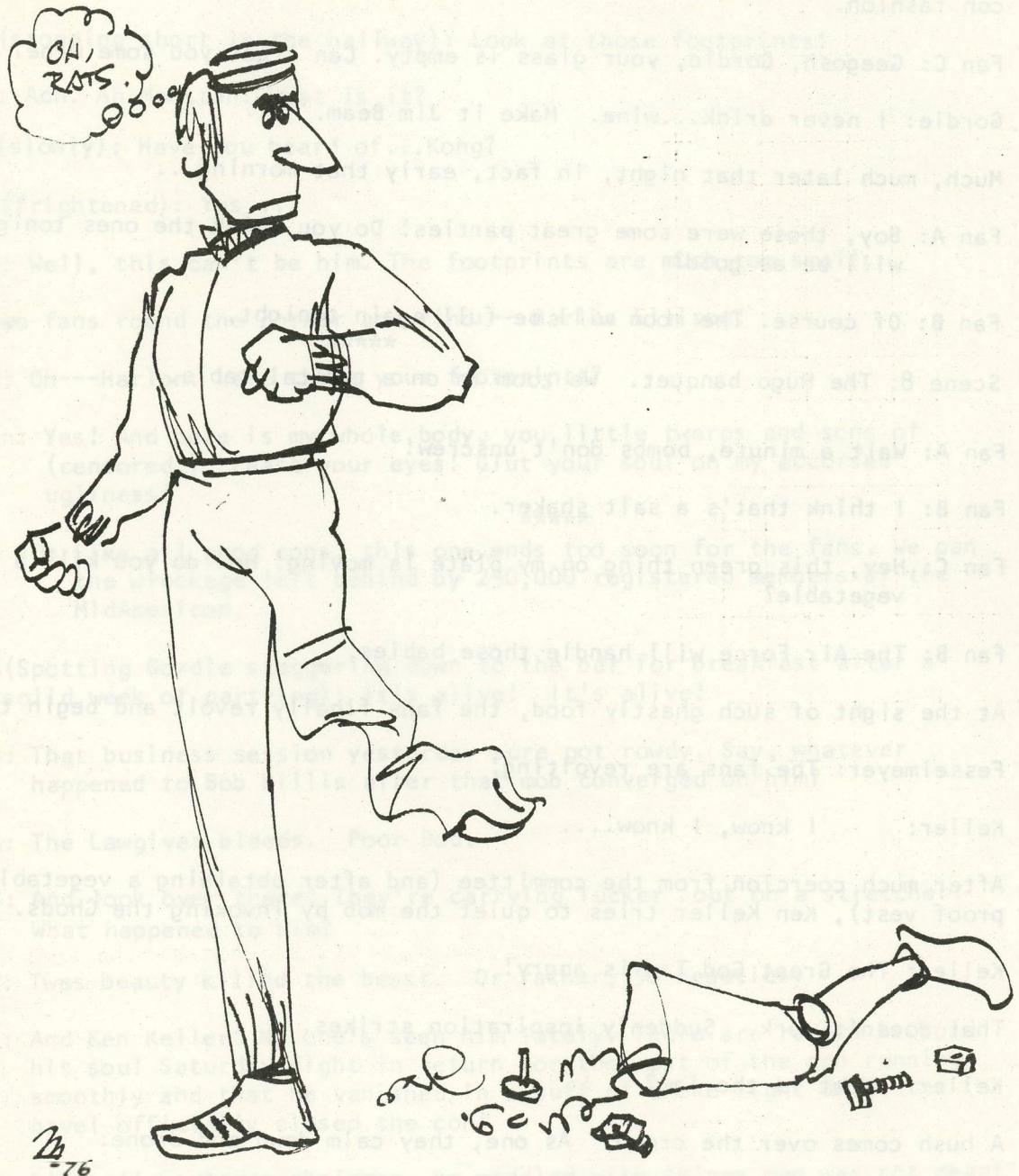
Fan A: This blog of yours certainly has some strange effects: alone you have created a man. Together we shall create his mate...a woman; That should prove to be really interesting.

Fan C (who had just gotten GoH Robert A. Heinlein alone in the hallway to sign an autograph, then sees thousands of fans converging on them): Too late! They've seen us!

The camera pans to another conversation.

Fan D: They're singing filk songs in that room down the hall.

Fan E: Yes, listen to them, the children of the night! What music they make!



Meanwhile, Fan C, who extricated himself from the traffic jam around RAH, corners Gordie Dickson, who has been enjoying himself in his usual con fashion.

Fan C: Geegosh, Gordie, your glass is empty. Can I get you some wine?

Gordie: I never drink...wine. Make it Jim Beam.

Much, much later that night, in fact, early that morning...

Fan A: Boy, those were some great parties! Do you think the ones tonight will be as good?

Fan B: Of course. The moon will be full again tonight.

\*\*\*\*\*

Scene 8: The Hugo banquet. We zoom in on a typical table.

Fan A: Wait a minute, bombs don't unscrew!

Fan B: I think that's a salt shaker.

Fan C: Hey, this green thing on my plate is moving! How do you kill a vegetable?

Fan B: The Air Force will handle those babies!

At the sight of such ghastly food, the fans finally revolt and begin to riot.

Fesselmeyer: The fans are revolting!

Keller: I know, I know....

After much coercion from the committee (and after obtaining a vegetable-proof vest), Ken Keller tries to quiet the mob by invoking the Ghods.

Keller: The Great God Tao is angry!

That doesn't work. Suddenly inspiration strikes.

Keller: What is the law?

A hush comes over the crowd. As one, they calm down and drone:

Crowd: Not to walk on all fours, that is the law!

\*\*\*\*\*

Scene 9: More parties.

Fan A(stopping short in the hallway): Look at those footprints!

Fan B: Ach! Ah Monstah! What is it?

Fan A(slowly): Have you heard of...Kong?

Fan B(frightened): Yes...

Fan A: Well, this can't be him. The footprints are much too small.

The two fans round the corner and find -- Harlan Ellison!

Fan A: Oh---Harlan. Were those your footprints?

Harlan: Yes! And here is my whole body, you little twerps and sons of (censored!) Feast your eyes! Glut your soul on my accursed ugliness!

\*\*\*\*\*

Scene 10: Like all good cons, this one ends too soon for the fans. We pan the wreckage left behind by 250,000 registered members of the MidAmericancon.

Fan A(Spotting Gordie staggering down to the bar for breakfast after a solid week of partying): It's alive! It's alive!

Fan B: That business session yesterday sure got rowdy. Say, whatever happened to Bob Hillis after that mob converged on him?

Fan A: The Lawgiver bleeds. Poor Bob.

Fan B: And look over there! They're carrying Tucker out on a stretcher! What happened to him?

Fan A: Twas beauty killed the beast. Or rather, 50 beauties.

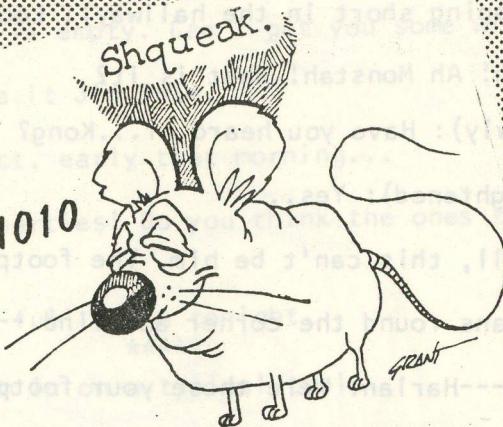
Fan B: And Ken Keller! No one's seen him lately. There are rumors he sold his soul Saturday night in return for the rest of the con running smoothly and that he vanished in a puff of smoke right after the gavel officially closed the con!

Fan A: Like all worldcon chairmen, he meddled with things man was not meant to know...

\*\*\* THE END \*\*\*

# Letters on STFR, 4&5

Dave Locke  
 819 Edie Dr., Duarre CA 91010  
 12 February 1976



Dear Mike -

My opinion of Don Keller as a reviewer has undergone a change. When he wrote "Dick has never been thought of as a 'literary' writer, so on the whole he is simply not my dish," for SCIENTIFRCTION #3, I thought he was merely another snob. You know the type. English major. Reads a book with an eye toward cutting it down in a killer review. The purpose of writing a critique is simply not my purpose of writing the story. The normal reader shuts out outside involvement with the story. Uses the word "literary" as though they were slumming when reviewing a book which was published any more recently than 100 years ago. This type of reviewer usually walks around displaying a great deal of nostril hair, has all the sense of humor of a dead lizard, smells like a goat, and generally possesses all the writing ability of the average, run-of-the-mill twerp.

Yes, this is what I thought of Don Keller as a critic.

Now, however, I should apologize to the run-of-the-mill twerps in the world for my elevating Keller to their stature.

I'm glad you disagree with his most recent pronouncement that "any piece of writing that does not aspire to be literature of at least a low-level sort does not deserve publication," because if you agreed with it then you wouldn't have published Don's letter, and I wouldn't have this wonderful opportunity to tell you what a jerk I think he is.

In Don's own little cardboard world he has no doubt established high, solid parameters around his definition of what is 'literary.' Fuck it. Who cares about his definition of what is literary? Who cares that he falls into the jerk's trap of not allowing room, in literature, for bad literature (let alone that which he does not consider to be literature at all)?

Now, however, I should apologize to the run-of-the-mill twerps in the world for my elevating Keller to their stature.

I'm glad you disagree with his most recent pronouncement that "any piece of writing that does not aspire to be literature of at least a low-level sort does not deserve publication," because if you agreed with it then you wouldn't have published Don's letter, and I wouldn't have this wonderful opportunity to tell you what a jerk I think he is.

In Don's own little cardboard world he has no doubt established high, solid parameters around his definition of what is 'literary.' Fuck it. Who cares about his definition of what is literary? Who cares that he falls into the jerk's trap of not allowing room, in literature, for bad literature (let alone that which he does not consider to be literature at all)?

The important part of what he has to tell us is that he does not believe in the validity of other peoples' taste in writing, and that books which Don Keller does not like should not be published. That's what he is saying.

Jerk.

No one loves a critic, but we would do well to ignore the mindless pretensions of such 'critics' as Don Keller. Such people exist only to downgrade the works of others, to piss-off honest craftsmen by comparing their works to some inner-conceived and undefined personal taste which they presume to be the end-all parameteers of literary judgement, and to lower the credibility of that portion of fanwriting which attempts to come to grips with science fiction as a field of writing deserving of serious, critical attention in a constructive manner.

Too many critics succumb to the God complex, pushing their personal tastes upon you as though there were no other tastes worthy of attention. They do not usually bother to tell you why they dislike something, as presumably the mere fact that they dislike it should be sufficient to you (after all, it is to them), and their words bear the whine and simper and cuteness of the certified card-carrying snob.

It would not displease me if I never saw another Keller review. At the very least, I could definitely go a long time.

This has been a killer review of Don Keller as a killer reviewer. Didn't like him at all. Avoid reading this man. And above all, don't wait for the paperback edition.

((This letter would have appeared in the last issue, had Don Keller delivered the reply he promised to write. In the months since he has failed to get off the dime, so I'm hanging it up.))

---

RICH BARTUCCI  
Box 369 KCCOM  
2105 Independence Ave.  
Kansas City, MO 64124

---

Now it may sound ominous to you that your zine arrived on Friday the 13th, and on the last day of my final exams, to boot -- bot ill omens if ever an omen boded ill. However, it was with shell-shocked

aftermath'd bemusement that I perused SCIENTIFRCTION in my path lecture this afternoon (between slides of esophageal atresia, pyloric stenosis and Vincent's Angina). The effort is worthy of your fannish repute. Thank Ghod I've got a reputation for crud and so do not feel impelled to pour my life's blood into such an undertaking. Fandom Is A Way of Life, to be sure -- but It's Also A Quick Trip To The Pathology Lab if you push it too hard. ((Hm, sounds faintly like a fmz title...))

My contact with the fen of Perfidious Albion is minimal; I occasionally get a zine from across the Big Water, mostly from Darroll Pardoe. While I find them artistic, erudite, and full of sophisticated British Humour -- and thoroughly enjoyable -- it is my belief that the biggest fruitbasket in fandom is right here in the USA -- unless Minneapolis has seceded from the Union again (as they did in 1914; they slipped back in in 1915 when they discovered to their chagrin that nobody'd noticed they were gone).

Goodfan Stathis' critical article on Riefenstahl was excellent. I've seen TRIUMPG OF THE WILL (the History department ran it when I was in college) and OLYMPIAN somewhere else. The former was zu viel ha-ha's, in light of what happened in 1943-45, with that "Kamerad! Wo sind sie?" or some such aryan togetherness stuff. About on the same level as GOD IS MY CO-PILOT (which got the pilots of the 56th Fighter Group into spasms of laughter watching AT-6 trainers play at "Let's Pretend I'm A Zero!"). The latter was supercool. I couldn't believe that the damn thing had been made in Nazi Germany during the 1930s. One



# ΑΠΟΔΔΑΩΧ



cover by Wayne MacDonald