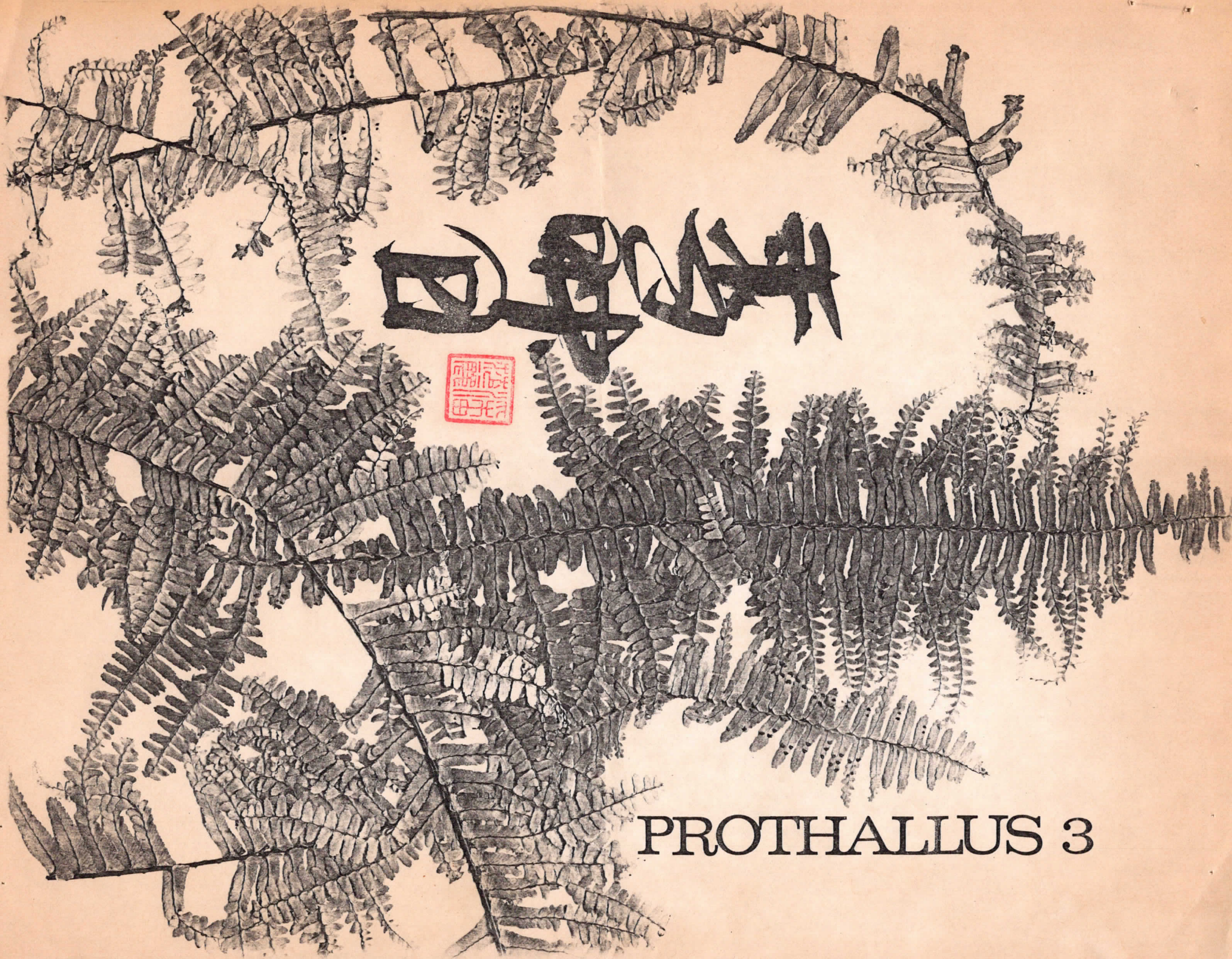


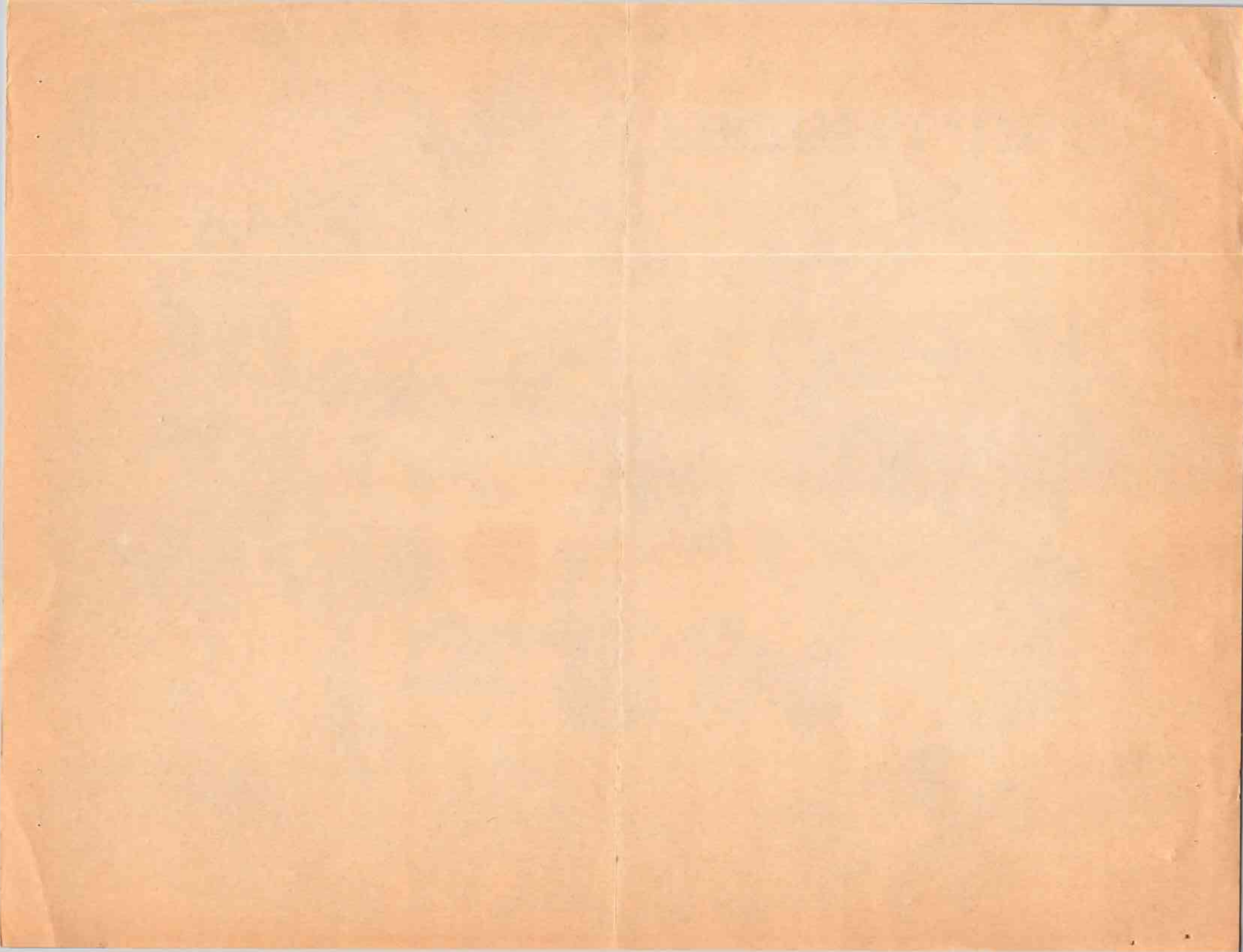
新葉



PROTHALLUS 3







# PROTHALLUS

PROTHALLUS 3 a March 1978 printing exercise incorporating the August 1977 CoA ish... available for the usual sorts of trade, thanks, whim... contents copyright @ 1978 for the contributors

Sarah Symonds Prince 2369 Williams #A Columbus OH 43202 USA her zine

Once upon a time I thought it would be a wonderful thing to publish my very own fanzine. Three issues I would do before worrying about lack of response... this was not a problem though, after 2 of them I was encouraged enough to plan the perszine that would cover the union of all my interlocking sets of apazines, and I even printed an offset cover with a new title. But I found I'd set up a superstition for myself-- I had expected my terrarium of prothalli to produce a mature fern by the time I outgrew this temporary title. It's been a year & a half since I collected those snips of green; they're still looking good, and I'm still using the title with growing pains. There are other reasons for the delay of course; the demons of moving and beginning mimeography are better left undetailed; too many fans arounds me are (or have been-- maybe spring weather will help dispositions) engrossed in feuding (or something similarly unpleasant) or politicking (which I can still laugh about, even if my jokes aren't appreciated anymore). For the rest suffice it to say that it's been a very depressing winter. Now between the Thaw and my imminent departure for points north & silly, I'm too manic to sit still at the typer...



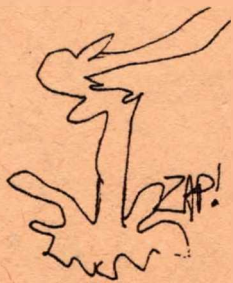


Anyway, I now live in the front parlor apartment of a wonderful decrepit victorian brick house walking-distance from the Ohio State campus, for which I gave some people the wrong zipcode (though it seems most of the neighborhood makes the same mistake about just where we are, and most of the mail gets through-- or so I like to think...); so please check your file against thish. In other changes, I bought a mimeo (an advantage of being around a club, particularly one of older fangenerations-- John Ayotte's dog club now has an offset press, and their old Rex Rotary M4 wasn't sepling through newspaper ads, sooo...), and when I lost my best writing pen at Suncon I fell back (ouch) on my new rapidograph which I've carried every day since (it's held together with superglue & ducttape now). That may seem like a small thing, but it's opened new perspectives to me; I'm particularly proud to get my copies of JANUS, the feminist genzine (SF3, Box 1624, Madison WI 53701) as a contirbutor. I've been drawing more for other people as I realize that I'm not likely to publish regularly in my transient-student years.

I still aspire to be a Schubert of fanzines, to make pretty little impromptus, occasions to use my full name (inherited from my great-great-great-grandmother) and chinese chop, outlets for my natural aquisitiveness (people ask why I bother with printing anyone's art but my own-- so far I do only limited sorts of things, excluding figure drawing & topical cartooning for instance, but mainly I see things and covet them...).

The chinese quotation on the cover concerns snow reflecting moonlight, formerly a rare event in Ohio; the ferns represent framing of such a view by my conservatory window (I have a whole room full of plants in my new location). I had hoped to paint bamboo with the calligraphy, for the bamboo wallpaper left by a previous tenant, but my bamboo still looks more like poison ivy... You can see the dark dots of spore cases on the fern leaves, but this fern came from the same source as my TV set (the garbage at a friend's apartment complex) while the prothalli are native outdoor plants.

I support the Flushing in '80 bid because ~~I like the artwork~~ I think it'll be the most enjoyable con since Michuacon; though I hope my presence will be a little more... definite. I like to see a concom with a sense of proportion. But learning to print those heavy blacks was certainly a pain.



artwork other than editorial productions:

- page 2 Todd Bake
- 3 Stu Shiffman
- 7 Kip Williams

e-stencils variously by Victoria Vayne, Bob Webber, the Suncon mimeo staff, & the local duplicator store

A DUCTTAPE PRODUCTION



# Flushing in 1980

THE GID THAT MADE  
LONG ISLAND FAMOUS



FLUSHING IN '80 GREET'S ALL  
IT'S WELLWISHERS and OFFICIAL  
MEMBERS! GOSH NOW BOY BOY!!  
SUPPORT F'80 IN ITS EARNEST  
PURSUIT (AN IMPORTANT THING)  
OF FUN AND FROLIC AND  
FARCE! SEE THE WILD MOOSE  
RACES IN THE SINGER BOYL!  
ENJOY THE "SPECIAL SERVICES"  
UNDER ELLIOT KAY SHORTER!!



professional/  
guest-of-honor

Hoy Ping Pong

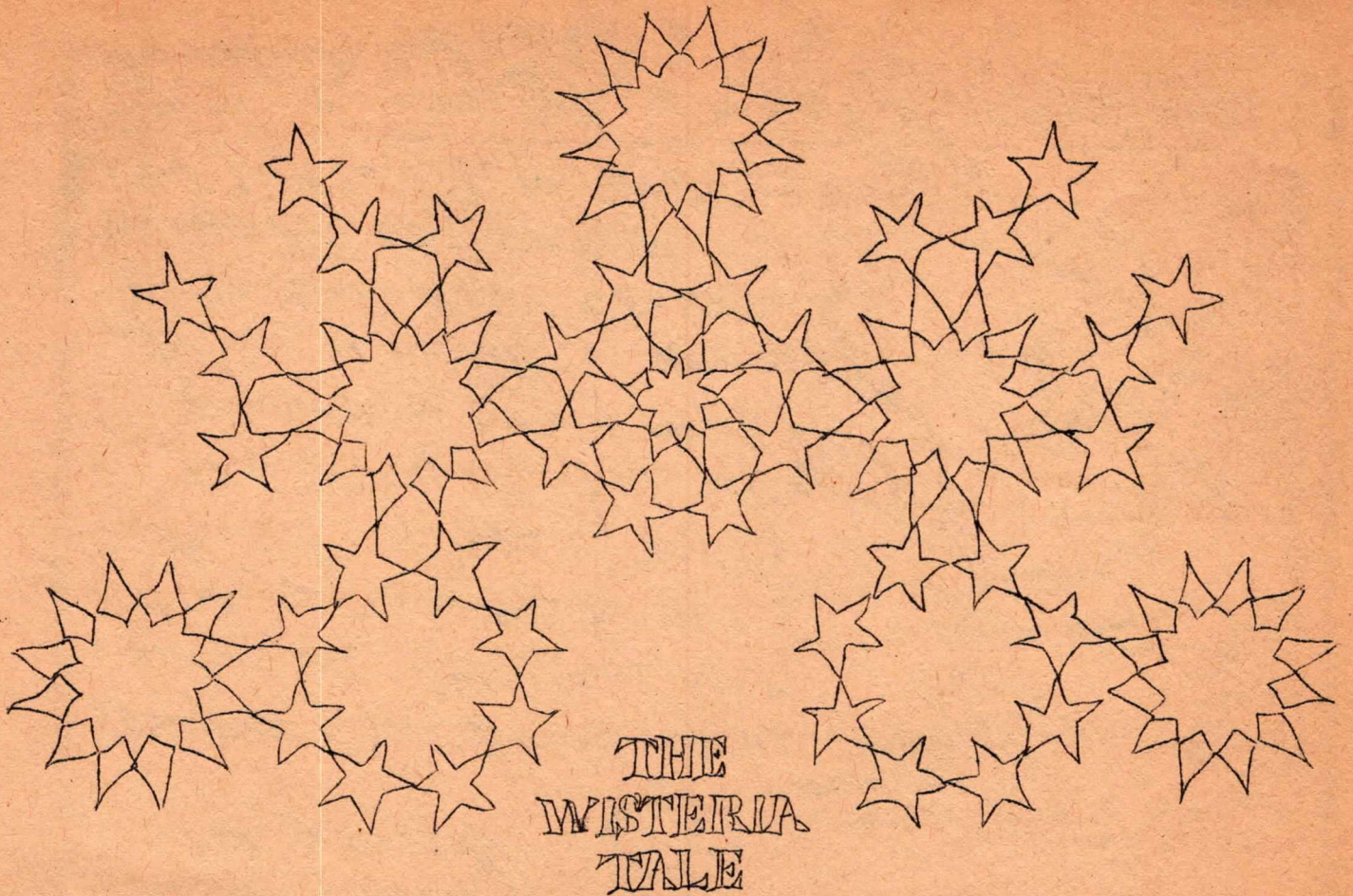
fan guest-of-  
honor

Susan Wood

Toaster (English  
muffin with marmalade,  
sez she!)

DANGEROUS WOMAN PROGRAMMING! Drink Blog!  
Scientifictional modern dance! FALL DOWN A LOT!!  
WILD MOOSE RACES!!! Win cash with OTB!!  
Multi-Media Artshow!! BUY MY DAMN ARTWORK!  
RIDE THE FAN RAIL THROUGH FLUSHING MEADOW!  
Laugh at the SCA's exotic antics! SEE YA!!





## THE WISTERIA TALE

Once upon a time there was a happily married young couple named Parker. They had a ten-year-old son, Terence, who was usually well-behaved but who occasionally nevertheless got into mischief.

Sadly, the Parkers were driving along the road in the cream-colored convertible one fine morning when all of a sudden **WHAM!** --they ran into a tree. Heart-broken little orphaned Terence now became the ward of his parents' bosom friend, Horace Wisteria.

It wasn't so bad being Horace Wisteria's ward, for Wisteria was a very wealthy man. He lived in an enormous mansion with an east wing and a west wing, a dumbwaiter and an elevator, a housekeeper, a butler, an upstairs maid, a downstairs maid, a chauffeur, a gardener, and a tweeny. The extensive grounds included an herb garden, an English garden, a Japanese garden, a yew walk, a topiary, and a complicated ornamental maze. Though Terence was not as happy as he had been with his parents (what newly-orphaned boy could be in the circumstances?) he was at least as content as he could be.

One day Wisteria had to go away on a long journey. He called Terence to his side, cleared his throat, and said, "Terence, my boy, I am going on a long journey. While I am away, I want you to be a good boy. Brush your teeth after every meal, wash behind your ears, eat your vegetables, mind the housekeeper, don't tease the tweeny, and whatever you do, don't go into the ornamental maze. Its twistings and turnings are so complicated that only I know them all, and you would be lost in a minute if you went in. The servants are all terrified of the maze and will not go in after you, and you would be lost forever and starve to death, which would certainly be a terrible thing. Good-bye, my boy, I'll send you a postcard."

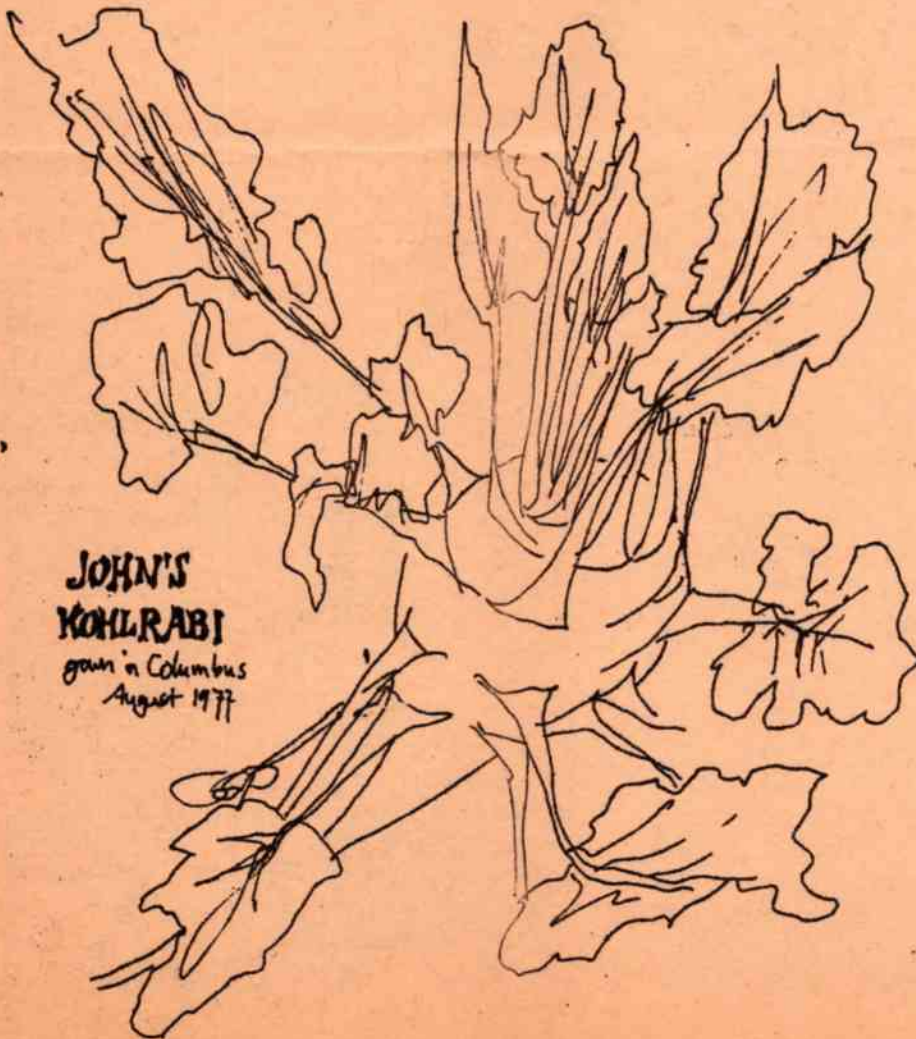


Patting his little ward on the head, Wisteria went off to his long, gleaming chauffeured Daimler and rolled off to the airport. No sooner was his guardian out of sight than Terence was seized with a mischievous impulse to explore the maze. He ducked out the back door, cleverly evading the housekeeper's eagle eyes, and dashed into the maze, where he promptly got lost. The servants could hear his cries echoing over the grounds as he stumbled through the ornamental maze.

The butler turned to the downstairs maid and said, "The ward lurks in Wisteria's maze."

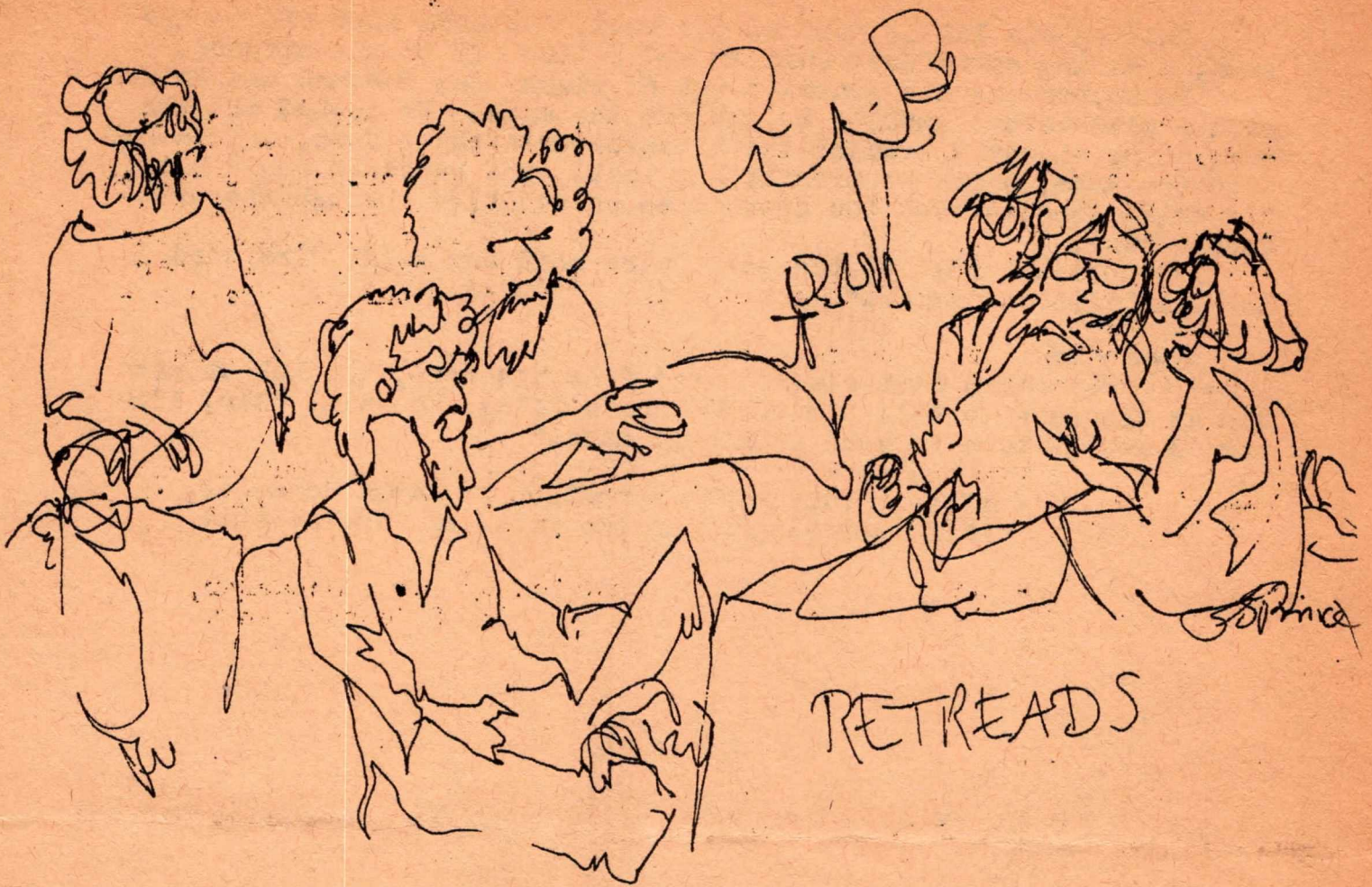
**POSTSCRIPT** When Wisteria returned from his trip, the butler met him at the door to tell him of Terence's fate. He said, "Sir, I'm afraid you'll have to wend your evil maze."

--after a late night narration by Kathi Schaefer,  
while cartripping in the wilds of Pennsylvania



**JOHN'S  
KOHLRABI**  
grown in Columbus  
August 1977

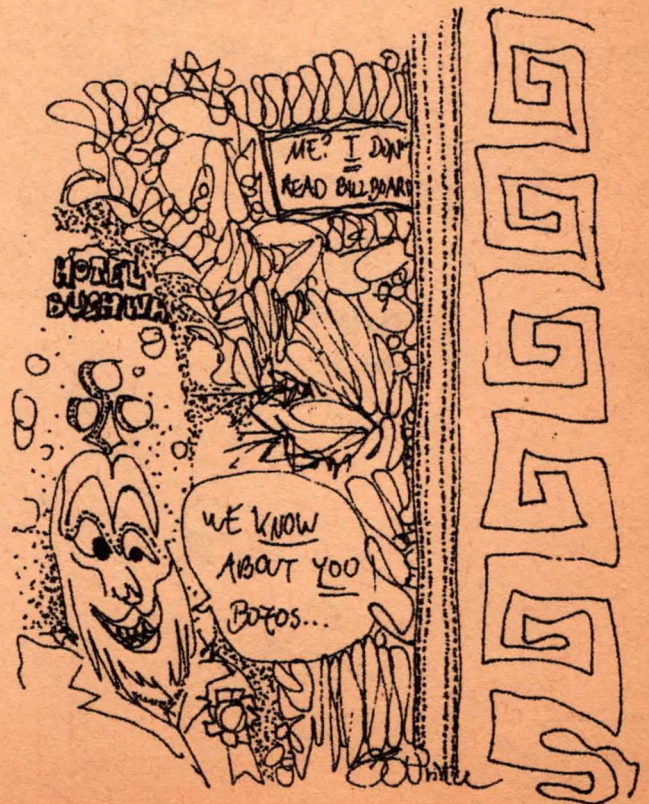




RETREADS

above:  
southern fried fandom,  
as seen at Suncon

right:  
northern bozo fandom,  
as envisioned at a  
pleasant but dull  
Ohio con





THE FERNTASTIC FOUR -IN-  
**CONFERNTATION!**

FERN SISCO FRANCO    FERNKLIN D. ROOSEVELT    BETTY FERNESS    FRANK N. FERNER

SAN FERNSISCO...

AW, FERNDOM'S GOING TO POT!

WHERE ARE ALL THE BIG-NAME FERNS?

FERNDRK!

FERN LEGION

WELL, FOR FERNDOM, WE'VE GOT FERNK FRAZETTA, JOHN FYRNE, CARMINE INFERNTINO...

I WANT PHERNEAS FREAK!

GERALD FERND!

VERY FERNY.

OUK FERNDOR

...IF THERE IS NO FERNTER BUSINESS, MEETING WILL ADFERN...

BE SURE TO STRAIGHTEN UP THE FURNITURE.

FRANK N. FERNER! WE'RE HAVING SOME FERNCO-AMERICAN RAVIOLI WITH FERNOR'S GINGER ALE!

YEAH, I'LL FERNISH UP WITH THESE FERNELS AND JOIN YOU.

IS SOMETHING WRONG?

OH... IT'S THE FERNETIC PACE! THIS FERNICATING FERMAC JUST FERNS ME OFF, SOMETIMES!

SO IT'S FERNALLY COME TO THIS...

MEANWHILE

FIRE INSPECTOR FERNWICK. WHO'S YOUR INSURANCE FERN?

WHO'RE YOU?

STATE FERN INSURANCE...

THOUGHT SO. JUST CHECKING. YOU HAVE 24 HOURS TO UNKATE.

WHY??

FERNST NATIONAL IS FERNCLOSING SINCE WE CONVINCED THEM ONE SPARK COULD MAKE THIS A TOWERING INFERN!

FRNORD! THAT'S AN INFERNAL LIE!

SO PUT ON YOUR FERN COATS AND SPLIT!

I DON'T MAKE THE RULES, FERND.

'THAT'S LIFE'... AS FERNK SINATRA SAYS...

VIPER!

FERN-DE-LANCE!

HEH HEH

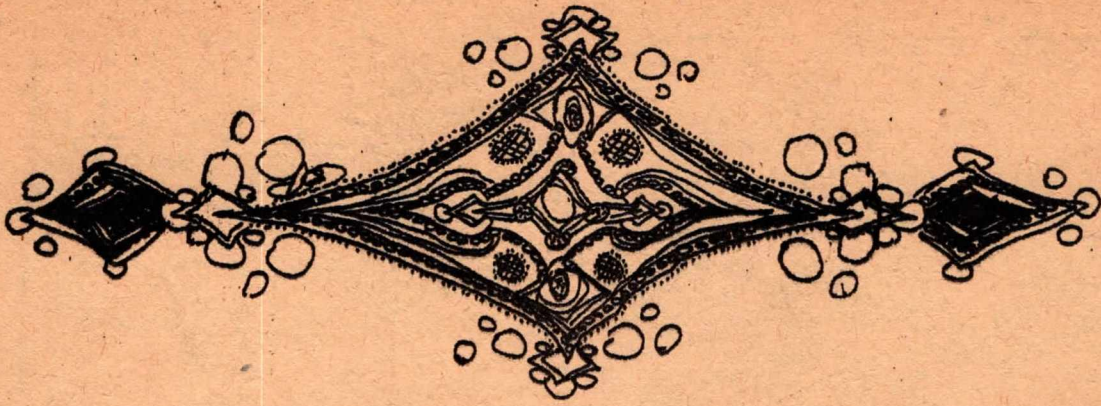
C'MON FERNSISCO. WE'LL RELOCATE.

ANYWHERE! SAN FERNANDO, OR GRAND FERNWICK... OR SOME BRAND-NEW FERNTER!

WHERE?

OKAY, OKAY, BUT THIS WHOLE THING FERNS ME UP.





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