

# SERCON-NAVIGATION

{{Sercon-navigation is brought to you by the too-busy Tom Springer who still hasn't discovered a time-traveling machine. If you're still wondering about that one I suggest you move on to the next Apa-V installment. Issue #, oh, it's gotta be close to 20 by now, is available for the usual. I reside at 2255 E. Sunset #2030, Las Vegas, NV 89109 and can be found there if I'm not over at Arnie's. Member fwa, CSFL, supporter afal.}}

## Toner Department

Hey folks! Toner's almost here! A few more months will find me standing at one of the many gates at McCarren waiting for our special invited guest, Geri Sullivan, to debark so I can whisk her away to Vegrant Headquarters for four fannish fun-filled days. Yes, I expect we're going to have some good times. Not only are we treated to the generous and outstandingly fannish Geri Sullivan but it appears we'll have some more out-of-towners as well. I've heard fans making sounds about coming to Toner but there've been two fans of note who's noise-making has caught my attention.

First off and most notably we'll enjoy the company of fandom's latest fan fund beneficiaries. It's long been known that if Martin Tudor were to win TAFF that he and his wife-to-be would attend Toner. Now that he's won by the landslide everyone knew he would I don't think it's such a stretch to expect him after I finally post the letter I'm still writing him. Thankfully I've just finished and posted my letter to Roger Sims who's acting as Perry Middlemiss's travel liaison. For those of you who might not have read the latest **APAK** (you know, that HUGO NOMINATED fanzine?) or are unaware as to who won the DUFF race you are now enlightened. Perry Middlemiss did. He's also coming to Toner. I know this because he already plans to arrive Friday morning, in plenty of time for the Katz's pre-Toner Kick-off Party. I still have to make reservations for him at the Four Queens and Roger will be sending the money along soon enough, so I think Perry's a sure thing. Martin is still an unknown factor but the sooner I get a letter off to him the better.

Won't it be kinda cool though? Having both the DUFF and TAFF winners attend our puny little gathering before the stupifyingly mindblowing Worldcon? I think so. To be honest, I've never heard of Perry Middlemiss before the DUFF race which is a perfect example of how large and meandering fandom can be. I've read his DUFF platform and he sounds like a pretty cool guy though you gotta wonder about a fan who publishes a zine titled **The Wollongong Pig-Breeders Gazette**. He also promised to put a fanzine in every pot with a trip report to boot so I think he's just the fan for the job.

Martin Tudor, on the other hand, is again, a fan I've never met, but I've read his fanzines (**Empties**), his articles, his letters, and I've met and spoken extensively with his ex of six years, Pam Wells. I feel like I now know a good bit about him. From what I've read, and what Pam's told me Martin's your typical spastic acti-fan with too many ideas and obligations and not enough time. He's going to get along splendidly with the Vegrants, I can see that all ready. He loves his beer and Pam says he's happiest in a bar so I'm currently tossing about the idea of a pub crawl to cater to our bheery British fan.

In any case it looks like (I'm still keeping my fingers crossed) we'll have them both at our disposal for three or four days, or until we drive them away,

whichever comes first. Having both fan fund winners attend our little party seems to lend a taste of official Fandom, the exact sort of flavor I want to avoid. Toner has nothing to do with science fiction and everything to do with fanzine fandom. In that sense it's extremely appropriate that Martin and Perry will be joining us but I don't want it to go any farther than that. Despite a fanzine reading or two, some round-table discussions, and a fanzine auction I want to keep a party-like atmosphere. I want Toner to have the program-like trappings of a convention so there isn't a shortage of things to do while maintaining the difficult and ephemeral party down environment I envision.

I'm not above using Martin and Perry to further this idea. Why not use these two continental representatives for our attendee's pleasure? Why not make them a program item? Before I go any farther with this line of thought I must give credit where credit is do. Arnie was the first among our little circle of pot smokers one early evening to give voice to the idea of pitting one fan fund winner against the other. (Of course, it was brewing in my backbrain *way* before Arnie mentioned anything about it. If you believe that I got a membership I'd like to sell you.) While I'm not above stealing this idea from Arnie and using it myself I just can't bring myself to take all the glory. But now that I've got that out of the way I can go back to the original suggestion that moved me to write this installment of Sercon-navigation in the first place.

What if we had some sort of contest with Perry and Martin representing their respective fandoms. To make them feel more at home we can volunteer some poor unsuspecting American fan to round out the competition. The Yanks against the Brits against the Aussies against the Yanks. A three way contest to determine whatever we like just so long as they amuse us. Personally, I think this a great way to get some not-so-popular chores done here in Vegas fandom. What about a collating contest? We oughtta have another issue of WH ready to mail by then, near the end of August. What better way to get that issue collated that to have the beer stained fingers of our foreign fan friends put the thing together. (It would no doubt put an end to our not-so-recent rash of miscollations and give us all a much needed rest.) Come on, these guys aren't pubbing a monthly fanzine (any more than we are) but if we keep writing about how we are they're going to believe us and after that it's only a matter of convincing them that our idea is a ghod one.

What if we had them race to the moon beneath two separately constructed bheer can towers? I suppose we can't expect them to empty all the cans needed for such a project so we'll need volunteers willing to sacrifice their kidneys and bladders for this fannish experiment in competitive engineering. But it's not hard to imagine the two fan fund winners muzzy with beer stacking cans with their stoned American counterpart, occasionally tossing an empty (it's so *fitting* for Martin) at eachother's wobbling aluminum structures in the hopes of gaining the lead.

While fanzine fandom is not rife with wrestling fans there are enough to warrant a match. I can see it now. The meeting room is of sufficient size to accommodate a ring. Arnie can be the announcer and Don Fitch can referee. In fact, we can kill two birds with one stone here. You see, I've been promising Geri Sullivan, through weekly postcards, that she's entitled to several perks as acting SIG (special invited guest). One of the things I've been promising her and have yet to be able to deliver upon is a fanboy. That's right, I've gone and promised her a



fanboy to do her bidding, despite the fact I've yet to round one up. But this match between Martin and Perry will provide the solution to my problem. Not only are these two stout fan fund winners wrestling for their fannish pride and their respective fandoms, but they'll also flex their fannish thews for the privilege of catering to Geri's every whim as her submissive fanboy. Oh yes, I can see it now.

Arnie stands under the spotlight in the middle of the ring with the microphone in his hand. "Ladies and gentlemen, this bout is scheduled for one fall with a five minute time limit!" He gestures to his right. "To my right, in the red corner, editor of **Empties**, the current Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund winner, soon to be married faned and all-around sudsy guy, Maarrrrtiinn "Gimme another Bheer" Tuuuuddor!" The blast of his voice is drowned out by the cheering fen crowded around the ring. Martin steps forward, raising a plastic cup full of Guinness and downs it with a flourish, raising his ink stained arms above his head in presumed victory.

Arnie points an arrow-like finger to his left. "And to my left, in the blue corner, editor of **The Wollengon Pig-Breeders Gazette**, a man of a fan and the Aussie with the mostest, Peeerrrrryeee Middddllemisss! Middlemiss!" Perry jogs around the ring tossing copies of the latest **Wollengon Pig-Breeders Gazette** to his cheering admirers then returns to his corner, acutely aware of his lack of a feminine companion. (Is he married? I'm presuming he's not.)

Arnie directs them to the center of the ring after checking each fan for secreted toner capsules used to blind opponents and other illegal contraband. During Arnie's search of Martin he pulls a mimeo stylus from his back pocket. For this infraction he receives a beer handicap and is forced to wrestle one handed while nursing his cup of Guinness with the other. Perry smiles confidently at this advantage as Geri delivers the penalty to a waiting Martin. Perry and Geri share a moment before she steps between the ropes and out of the ring.

"Okay, I want a clean fight. No biting, scratching, pinching, or criticism. Punning's allowed but not from the top rope. When the bell rings I want you to come out of your corners and wrestle." He glances at both of the warriors. "You got that?" They nod distractedly while staring into eachothers eyes, working the psyche. "Okay, shake hands and come out wrestling!" Martin and Perry give eachother a brief shake, and a small wave washes over the plastic rim of his cup from the yank Perry delivered. Martin saves himself from embarrassment by deftly licking the seeping suds from the side of the cup. This act of agility is met with wondrous cries from the crowd. They retreat to their respective corners, and before the imminent ringing of the bell you can taste the electric tension generated by this magnificent contest, but only briefly. And then, "DING!!!"

Not only should we celebrate the arrival of our foreign fan friends but we should also consider and prepare ourselves for such a monumental contest as the one described above. I mean, why not? We're gonna have them both, I still haven't found a fanboy for Geri, and this whole contest things presents the perfect opportunity. See how easy this is? Now we have yet one more event to entertain us during our three day debauchery, all in thanks to Martin and Perry. For now though, let's keep this between ourselves, it's going to take a while to figure just exactly what we want to do and until then I don't see a reason why we should worry our two foreign friends overmuch. They're coming a long way, just to see us and drink our beer so I think it's only fair we let them rest easy until they get here. And remember, they don't call us the Fandom of Ghood Cheer for nothing!