

THE SPANISH IMPOSITION



PUTTING
OUT ONE
SHOTS IS
LIKE PISSING
IN THE WIND!

?

JAM STEFFAN 1076

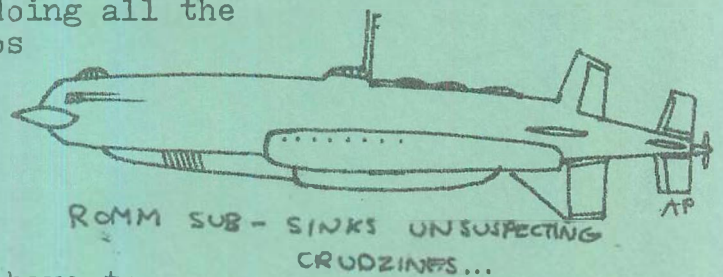
"He who understands me finally recognizes my propositions as senseless." - John Sladek

Hello and welcome to Balticon. This one-shot started Friday evening as a completely different one-shot. Sometime Saturday I was struck full in the face by an emissary of the Holy Herbie, one of the Lesser Lollipops I believe, bopped me on the head and made violent motions toward making this a decent, genzine-like, actual quality type oner.

Other people had similar ideas, and are doing oners of their own.

I spent most of Saturday running around, getting art, getting articles, and in general trying to produce a complete fanzine in less than 24 hours. I have some nice results, which I hope I can get done in time. I even cribbed some of the art that the artists gave to me for my zines, which I'll be using anyway.

Colophonically: I am Dave Romm/17 Highland Ave/Middletown NY/10940. As far as I know I will be doing all the typing, so any misspellings and typos can and should be blamed on me. I will try to have interesting layout and do things nice, but I really can't promise anything. Started 1:15AM Sunday, April 18, Bicentennial.



Since I won't know how much space I have to work with until I get there, I'm going to credit the diverse artifacts as I go along. F'rinstance, above illo by Andrew Porter/55 Pineapple St/Brooklyn NY/11201.

"Only a fool looks for cause and effect in the same story."

- Nasaruden punchline

YOU ARE THERE

or

KEEP YOUR TIME-BINDING HANDS OFF ALL MY YESTERDAYS

by Hank Davis

A well-known phenomenon in fandom is convention memory. If you are at all well-knowing, you'll know what a convention memory is. But, I'll tell you about it anyway. It'll give me typing practice.

This occurs when one, not just any old one but a fan-type one, suddenly finds himself in possession of a well-blown, fully developed, three dimensional, ~~sexually/explicit~~ set of memories about a con of years gone by: Who was there, what they did, what was served at the banquet, and (of course) what new Harlan Ellison stories happened before one's own eyes. There's nothing wrong with all this, except that one's own eyes happened to be several hundred, maybe several thousand, miles away while the con was coming off. In extreme cases, one might not have been a fan at the time, or

might not even have been born yet; if there's that much difference.

These weird mental occurrences might prompt Brad Steiger into doing an Ace book or two about reincarnation, astral projection, or demonic possession (the possibility that demons might be fans would explain a great deal...). The actual explanation is much more mundane, if in a fannish way. Fans, being an inherently time-binding sort, not only bind up their own times passed, but anyone else's they can glom onto. Exposed to other's accounts of past cons, by word of mouth or by printed word, they wrap it up in their heads, take it home, stencil their initials on it, and it takes root. A fan with a real good set of borrowed memories of a con can ever fake out people who were there, convincing them that they remember him being there. It's a way to make a parallel world without leaving your own...

This, however, is in the quaintly pre-technological phase of convention memory. And things could get still more conventionally sophisticated. Alert sf fans will doubtless be aware of RNA research, but have you considered its potential applications to fandom, hey?



If the memory-carrying RNA of a big-name fan could be injected into a lowly neo, lowly would have, not mere faintly fraudulent convention memory, but really truly memories of the great fan events of yesteryear. Imagine being at the first worldcon, which those dastardly sneaky old-timey fans held back before you were born. Imagine being there when Tucker first said "smoooooth." Imagine becoming a firstfan while having a youthful body, rather than the decrepit, dis-integrating model typical of the breed. Who needs Dorian Gray?

You could find out what's it's like to be Sam Moskowitz. But do you really want to know?

You could see Ted White get hit in the face, even if you weren't at Lunacon. (You might enjoy replaying that one over and over and...)

The crowding at cons could be solved. A few could attend, as in the good old days, then their marvelous memories of those giddy fannish events could be shared.

There is, of course, one problem. Getting a supply of RNA would be rough on the source. Fan heads may come equipped with propellers, but not RNA faucets. Getting the RNA to young fans would tend to cut down the number of old fans. It's already dangerous enough being old. For a fan, things would get worse. The more fun the old fan has had, the greater the danger....

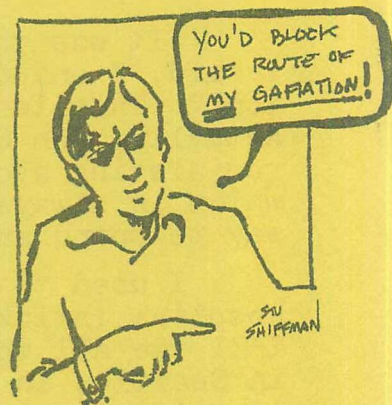
Maybe Harry Warner knows what he's doing, being a hermit.
No wonder that nobody can find Degler....

As for me, I'm going to play it safe. I will no longer have
fun as a fan by going to cons and club meetings.

I'll go to Lunarian meetings and Star Trek cons instead!

trauma

pj hayden



The world is full of exquisite tortures.

Thinking about it, it doesn't seem so strange
After all, torture can be contemplated as merely
another outlet for man's incessant desire to Create Art. There is
probably an aesthetic peculiar to torture, and a set of valid rules
dealing with its evaluations (as well, no doubt, as a probably-larger
set of arbitrary fussbudgeting masquerading as legitimate analysis),
thought out by people with more interest in the subject than I.
(I wear my keys in my pocket-- neither on the right or the left side.)

There are doubtless technocrats in the wonderful world of torture--
rabid and slightly warped personalities who croggle their fellows
by regularly inventing novel ways of pursuing their favorite hobby
(or way-of-life, if you prefer). The Jon Singers of torture fandom.

And if there is indeed overlap between their fandom and ours--
and it seems the facts lead us to that conclusion-- then it must
be agreed that there be few tortures more exquisite, more nagging,
more persistent than that of murdering a man in print and leaving
him for hours in the dark as to how (and by whom) it was done.

I, friends, have been killed. Erased. Made defunct. Shot in
the first installment of a murder-mystery-parody-round-robin. (The
first installment was by JAK-- a clever pen name for Jerry Kaufman.)
So far the round-robin has passed through four hands (I have not
yet touched it) and the plot has thickened, become veritably viscous
at the hands of the evial fiends writing it.

Such is life. Life is just a big fandom. (What a sickening line--
it has all the bromide potential of such other classics as "Still
water runs deep" and "There is nothing new under the sun" and "Every-
thing is relative, you know". I think they're all knee-high to a
churchmouse myself.)

The night is late, the con is dead, the Balrog is in the woodpile,
and Dave Romm finally has the contribution from me he wanted. He
should have known.

"I've only been in fandom eight years, and all I can remember from
before that is this grey void and a sense of floating..."

--Mike Glicksohn, GODLESS 9

12½ CENTS O'WONDER

by Loren MacGregor

"It was the spring of our lives," I said, "and disasters were in fashion." This is known as a "grabber." Actually, Jon Singer and I were reminiscing about power failures, which is always a pleasant way to spend an evening.

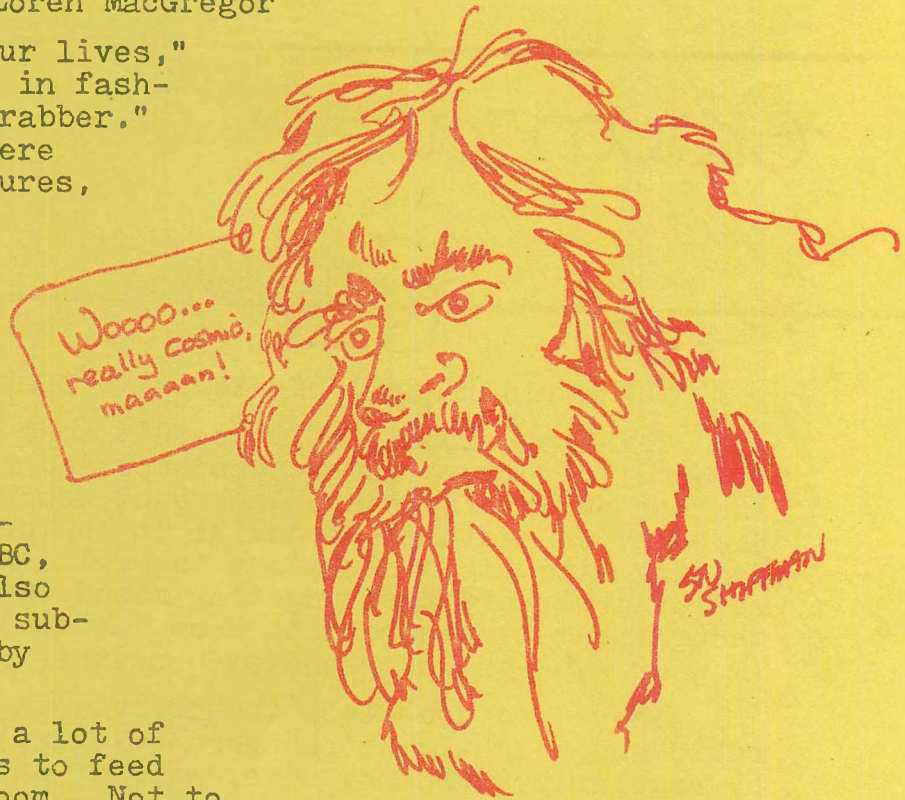
I used to work in a hospital (stick with me, I'll tie all this together) in Seattle, in an area identified on the map as "First Hill." We know better: It is really Pill Hill, and contains more medical people per capita than NBC, ABC, and CBS combined. It also has one, single, small power substation. It is also served by General Telephone.

Now, one hospital draws a lot of power. I mean, something has to feed those televisions in every room. Not to mention the...hmmm? All right, I won't mention them. It's your loss. Anyway, five hospitals draw more power than one (if you see Mike Glicksohn, ask him for the mathematical proof of this), and consequently we used to fall down in the corridors a lot whenever the power went off unexpectedly. It's an amazing feeling: You begin to take a step and--pay attention, this is the "sci-fi-tie-in" for this piece--you suddenly feel like Asher Sutton in Clifford Simak's novel Time and Again. There you are, in utter darkness, with your foot up in the air. And you're afraid to put it down because, God knows, if someone can steal the lights, they just might dig a pit in the corridor at the same time.

My office was in a closet. Ever since I was born I've lived in closets. My first bedroom was the closet off my brother's room. When we moved, I was located in the attic. When I finally got my own office, it was in a closet inside another department.

So there I was, in the closet: Then I decided to come out. Just then the lights went off--while I had my foot in the air. I was in a closet, inside another department, inside a larger room, which was at the end of a long hallway. The closet window was a half-mile away. It was awful dark, but I wasn't scared. I was just screaming so everyone would know where they could find a safe place place to stay.

Eventually, I decided maybe I'd better find someone else, so I made a tour of the hospital, which turned up some interesting facts. The Intensive Care unit was not on the emergency power circuit. The Pathology Lab was not on the emergency power circuit.



The blood bank was not on the emergency power circuit. However, the coffee machine, the Coke machine, and the sandwich were all ready and almost functioning. If the power failure had continued we were going to put the cold cuts in with the sandwiches.

The next time the power failed we found more fun things to amuse ourselves. First of all the switchover from standard to emergency was automatic. Great. The switchover from emergency to standard was not. As a matter of fact it was a manual control which was in a small locked box in a small locked room. The keys for the box and the room were in a small engineer's pocket--and the small engineer was vacationing in California.

Things went along swimmingly for almost three days. We got a locksmith to come and pick the lock so we could play with the bus bars for awhile, reset the generator, restore light and warmth to an otherwise humane building, and wait for the next failure. We watched the generators with keen blue eyes (and a bicycle).

Nothing happened. It was remarkably quiet because the phone system had been shorted out and, although we could call anywhere in the city with impunity, they could not call us.

We late found out that all the damage had been done by a little old man who'd driven his car into this side of Shelley's Leg... See Shelley is this woman who was walking down the street in front of a Veteran's Day celebration, see, and she got in the way of a wad of paper that they were shooting out of a cannon, see, so everyone in Seattle took up a collection to pay her medical expenses, and with the excess money she bought this tavern and...never mind. At any rate, he hit this shitload of phone equipment, which was somehow connected to the lines at the various hospitals.

--you remember the five hospitals, the ones that take more power than one hospital, and therefor need more than one substation? Well, they need more than one phone substation too.

Now I'm out of Seattle, off Pill Hill, out in the Suburbs where there's only one hospital--and only one power station--and only one engineer. And he went on vacation this week. I hope he left the keys.

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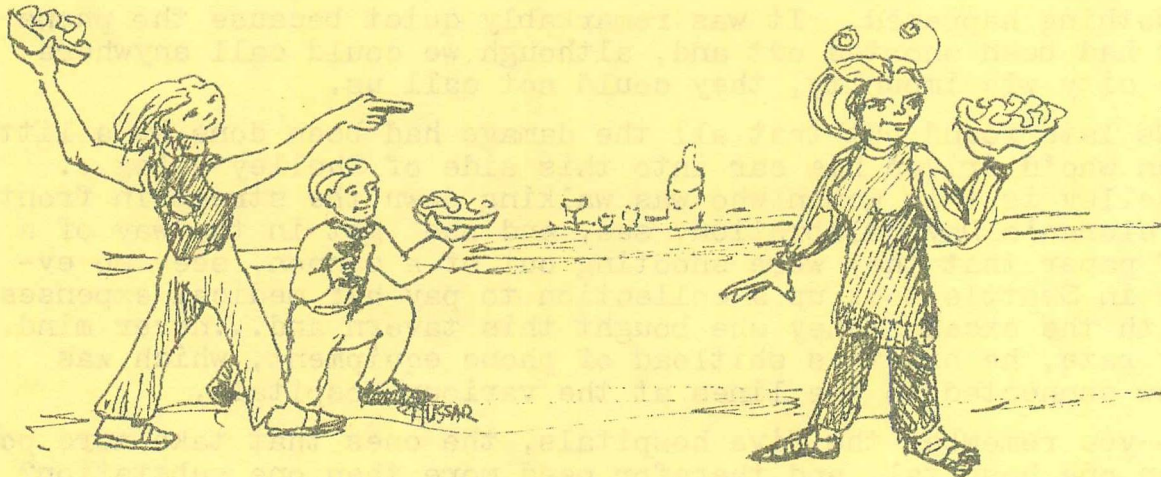


Hello again. First of all, some business which I forgot before. Yes, this zine is called The Spanish Imposition, in honor of The Spabish Inquisition, the zine of our GoH's. The cover is by Dan Steffan, whose address I don't have handy. Bacover is by Taral Wayne McDonald/1284 York Mills Rd/Apt #410/Don Mills Ontario/M3A 1Z2/Canada. Hank Davis lives at 399 49th St/Brooklyn NY/11220. Illo on pg 2 and left by Freff/3634 N Potomac/Arlington VA/22213. Pat Hayden/206 St George St/#910/Totomto Ont/M5R 2N6/Canada. Loren MacGregor/606 15th Ave E/Seattle WA/98112. Stu Shiffman is asleep so no address. 5AM.

MIDAMERICAN PRESS RELEASE #1

by Bill the Galactic Fesselmeyer

- 1) There has been a major change in the plans for the dramatic presentation at the 34th Worldcon. Instead of presenting an original sf play performed by local performers, the convention will be featuring a dramatic presentation of Starship Troopers performed entirely with hand puppets.
- 2) The business session, which has recently been characterized by heated arguments will also be conducted entirely with hand puppets. Persons wishing to make motions or speak will have to go behind a partition and select a puppet and act out what they have to say. It is hoped that this will reduce animosity.
- 3) The traditional meet-the-authors cocktail party will be replaced with a meet-the-authors pie fight.



4) On another front, although it is too early to reveal plans for the identification system the convention will be using, we definitely have ruled out notching the ears of the attendees. An alternative system in which the whole ear is removed and stored by the committee is being investigated. This system has the advantage that if a person is suspected of crashing his remaining ear can be compared with the one on file.

FLASH--ANDREW PORTER HAS JUST BEEN FOUND TO BE THE EASTER BUNNY

01' Galactic's address is 3035 S. 11th St. Pl./Kansas City KS/66103. Art by Nancy Hussar/14 Maple Terr/W Roxbury MA/02132. Next Page Shiffman again and Victoria Vayne/PO Box 156 Station D/Toronto Ontario/M6P 3J8/Canada.

"There are only two types of people in the world: Those who think there are two types of people in the world, and those who don't." John D. Berry, I think.

DOING A CON ON TWENTY DOLLARS, THIRTY CHOCOLATE BARS, FOUR HOURS OF SLEEP, TWELVE HUNDRED MILES, TWENTY COPIES OF Sim 2a, AND A GESTETNER 466.

by Victoria Vayne

...Met the love of my life at BALTICON, so I guess it was worth it. Worth the all night fourteen hour drive from Toronto to Baltimore and the crap food en route and the sporadic bouts of sleep in the back seat and the hassle with the border guard and lack of cheap restaurants around the Hunt Valley Inn. We (a selection of Toronto Derelicts) arrived at the con at noon Friday, among the first to be there, and found nobody around. Out for food and the discovery of said lack of restaurants, and a pizza pronounced hideous by Taral, and off to our room for a couple hours nap. Up again at six in the evening, and found EVERYBODY. New York Fanoclasts and Albany fans and even some from the Midwest. The Twenty copies of SIMULACRUM were by no means enough. Met a score of people I'd been wanting to. Engaged in interesting conversations till six in the morning. I'd been at Windycon last October and considered it the best con I'd bee to, but I think this one has it beat.

Saturday morning I was awakened by the stirrings of those with whom I shared the room and the day got off to a sour note on several counts but a short drive and breakfast later I felt restored. Back to the hotel and the fanzine room. Egoboo when Linda Bushyager asked me to help out in the fanzine workshop. Lots of people there to talk to. Spent the whole afternoon there.

And, of course, the love of my life, the Gestetner 466. Drool. Now I am a machine freak--I like and appreciate mechanical things like my car and electric typer and so on. And I have a Gestetner but somehow it does not compare with the 466. I spent several hours with the 466 and (as of this writing) will spend some more. I would give up a year of chocolate for a 466 and for me that is something. (Although right now I would give alot to have my own typer as this one is somewhat of a pain to type on.) Ah, well, wish for one thing at a time, and meanwhile I will go and dream of a 466.

A good con. All around me are fans typing and talking and tonight promises parties and talking and the Live SpanInq. Never mind that tomorrow brings the long arduous drive back to Toronto and mundania (although on Monday I have a day off and can go to



Gestetner and...well never mind that) but right now I feel good. Even though Taral is sitting on the other side of the room typing typing away on his personalzine and ghod knows what slanders he intends to include in it.

"I'm not a satirist, I'm a verbal cartoonist. I write political cartoons for the blind." - Mark Russel

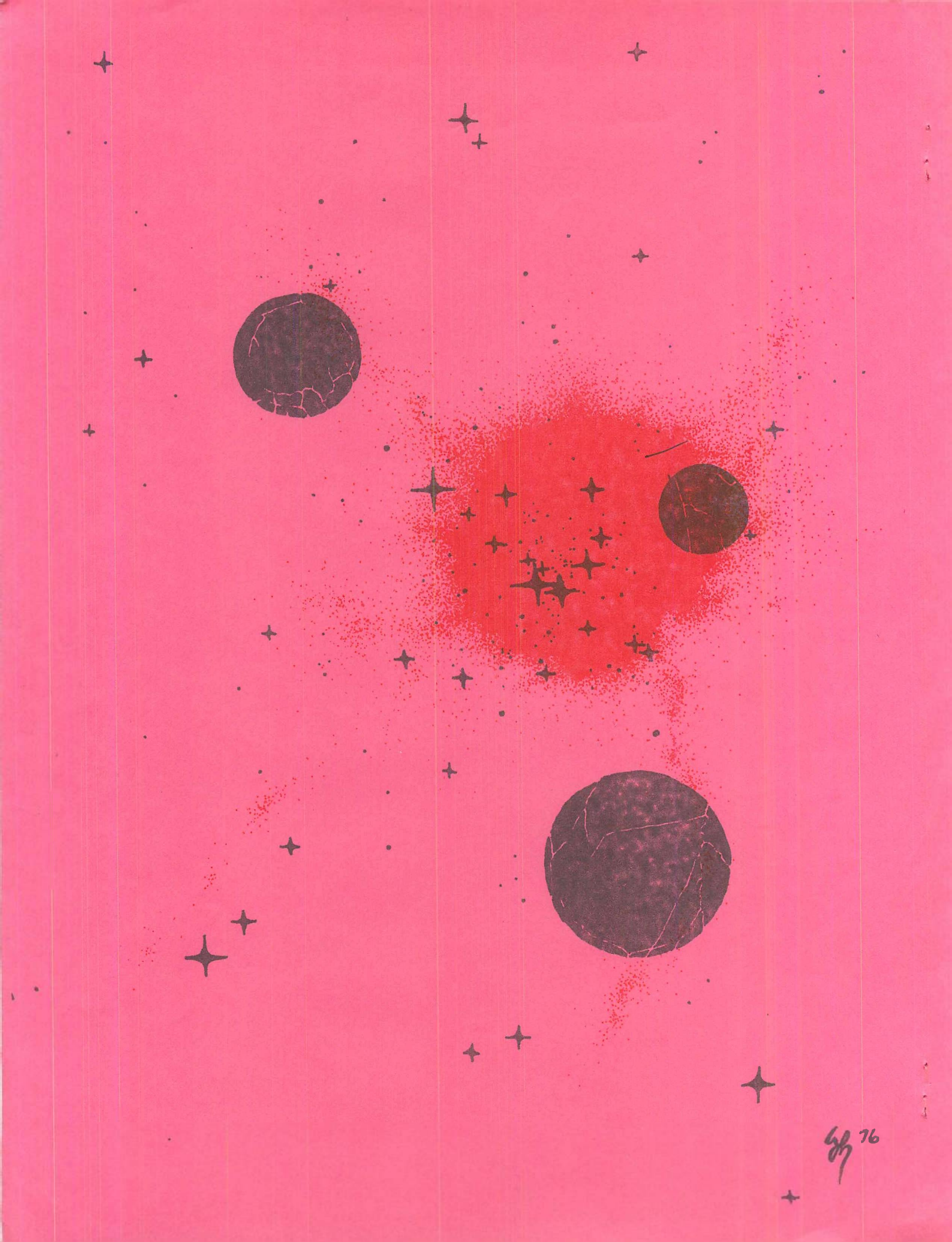
It is only fitting that our last contributor is the man who made this all possible: The Man From Gestetner. He turns out to be a fan, and we welcom him. Ed Bennett 2767 Norfen (*hee hee*) Rd/ Baltimore MD/21227 wrote this:

ON BEING A GESTEFAN

My name in Ed Bennett and I work for Gestetner. It's an interesting job, being surrounded and working with hundreds of new 466's, 420's, 473's, 444's, and the like. Off course any job can get dull, but my day is livened up when I can smash up worn out 120's, 260's, and so on. Anyway, although I've read sf all my life this is my first con and taste of fandom and I've enjoyed myself immensely (Gestetner paying overtime plus expenses doesn't hurt either).

And as Balticon X sinks slowly into Easter Sunday, I bid you all a fond farewell. I hope you've enjoyed our little compendium of assembled talent, and that you'll take it to heart when you pub your zine. It's not difficult to get good stuff, all you have to do is ask. I thank profusely all the artists and writers and mimeo technicians who made this zine possible. A special thanks to Ben Miller for this excellent typer and for intellegent running of the mimeo room at the con.





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