







trade, contribution of written matter or artwork, old fanzines, or 60¢ per issue. Any uncredited writing is the editor's. OUTWORLDS, Glicksohn, and Rotsler for Hugos.

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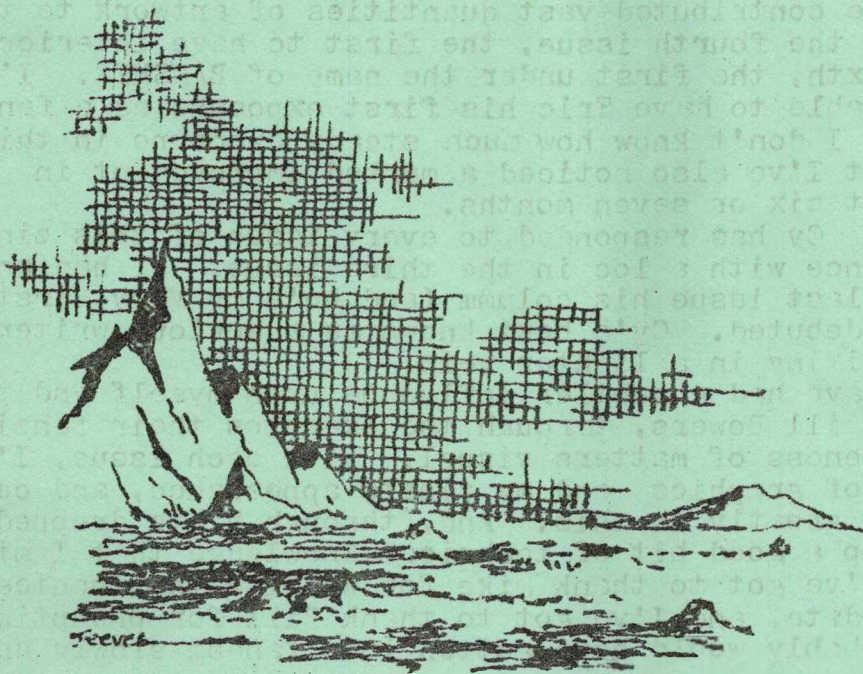
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After reading of the Quannish, the Innish, and the Quish, I have firmly resisted the temptation to call this issue the Banish.

How do you start the first anniversary issue of something that has given you more pleasure than any non-living object ever has before in your life? It's a sentimental thing, to be sure; when I think of all the friends I've made since I published STARSHIP TRIPE#1 in May, 1973, all the good times I've had, the sense of accomplishment that taking the zine from it's near-crudzine beginnings to what I now consider a good fanzine, that heady egoboo.....

So how do I start it?

How about....

You hold in your hands a copy of the ante-penultimate...

No, that doesn't sound right. I think someone else said it, and anyways, I'm no longer going to fold this fanzine. Mutilation only.

Or try this for size...

Welcome to this humble fanzine, which may be the greatest thing since...

No, that's not right either. What is this "may" stuff?

I suppose I could start by thanking the people who've helped to make this year such a happy one. But there's so many of you... Quick, everybody gafiate, and then I won't have to thank anybody!

I notice you didn't obey. So much for SMOFdom.

But it's true, there are too many. So I'll just thank seven people.

First I've got to thank Eric Mayer and Sheryl Birkhead, my two trusty artists. Both of them have contributed vast quantities of artwork to this zine; Sheryl starting with the fourth issue, the first to have interior artwork, and Eric with the sixth, the first under the name of BANSHEE. I'm very pleased to have been able to have Eric his first exposure as a fan-artist. He's a good one. I don't know how much steady exposure in this zine has to do with it, but I've also noticed a marked improvement in Sheryl's work over the past six or seven months.

Next comes Cy Chauvin. Cy has responded to every issue of this zine, and made his first appearance with a loc in the third issue. He had an article in the fifth, and last issue his column (and he's my Very First Columnist, too) "Ovalard" debuted. Cy's best known as a serious writer, but BANSHEE has had him writing in a lighter vein.

The next four people have had a subtler influence upon myself and this zine. Mike Glicksohn and Bill Bowers, through the examples their fanzines set, have increased my awareness of matters visual. With each issue, I've become increasingly aware of graphics and my zine's appearance, and certainly they've contributed greatly to this. And, through hints dropped in their zines, I've picked up a good bit of technical knowledge that I might otherwise not have. And I've got to thank Mike for writing the funniest article I've published to date, and I've got to thank Bill for prompting me to start a zine. I probably would have gotten into fandom slowly and







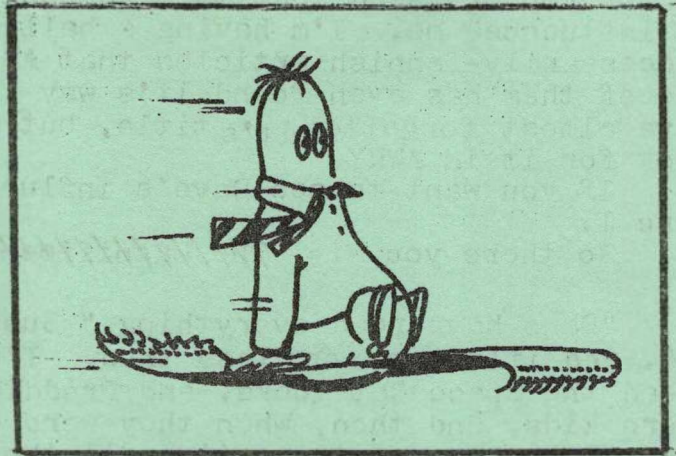
things for a good while to come.

In case you're so far out in the boonies that you haven't come across old Pelham Grenville, the basic idea behind his novels is this; idle rich young man of the upper classes in England falls in love with some girl, or "popsy" as one of his characters calls them, and has to go to a countryside estate and surmount a few difficulties, generally calling for an imposter or two, or a theft, or both, before claiming the girl as his own. The plots are delightfully tangled and twisted; in fact, one of his books is called **THE PLOT THAT THICKENED**. I haven't read it but I don't see how it can be more complicated than my favorite, **UNCLE FRED IN THE SPRINGTIME**. But then, I didn't see how anything could have been more complicated than **LEAVE IT TO PSMITH**, either.

Wodehouse is fond of writing series. He's written them about Mr. Mulliner, the Drones Club, and, I believe, about Uncle Fred, the Earl of Ickenham. His best known books are the ones about Jeeves, butler to an idle, rich, young man of the upper classes named Bertie Wooster, who is usually spirited away to the countryside to patch up things between a friend and his popsy, or to secure some cash for **MILADY'S BOUDOIR**, which is a sort of fanzine for rich old ladies edited by his Aunt. She's constantly having problems getting her husband to cough up the money for the thing, and so calls on Bertie to get it for her. And if he doesn't succeed, he's banished from her table, which means he doesn't get to eat the succulent meals of Anatole, his Aunt's famed French Chef. Usually, he calls upon Jeeves, who comes up with a perfectly obvious solution that Bertie, who is not overly bright, has failed to see.

But my favorite series is the Blandings Castle one. All three books that I've read on this go-round are from that sage, and so is the fourth I have here, **THE BRINKMANSHIP OF GALAHAD THREEPWOOD**. Blandings Castle is the home of the Earl of Emsworth, a man who, like Bertie, is not overly bright. His greatest love is his pig, the Empress of Blandings, which has won the silver medal in the "fat pig" category at the Shropshire county fair for three years running. Usually, the Earl gets involved in some sort of trouble with his tyrannical sister, Lady Constance, and her friend, the Duke of Dunstable. The affair usually involves his pig, and a pair of young loving hearts who are either on the outs with each other or else being kept apart by a nasty uncle or such, like the D of D. So the Hon. Galahad Threepwood, the Earl's brother, who has been chased by more bookies and thrown out of more bars than anyone else in London (excepting perhaps, Uncle Fred, who shows up at Blandings in **UNCLE FRED IN...**) is called upon to set things aright. Plots here, are, of course, convoluted, and there are generally a lot of imposters running about; there are least three in **UNCLE FRED** etc.

All ends happy, of course, except for the villain, who goes away a bit upset. But he's usually a Nice Villian; I rather like the D of D, especially when he's discussing Emsworth ("The man's potty!") Wodehouse is a delight that you have to experience. You'll never regret it.

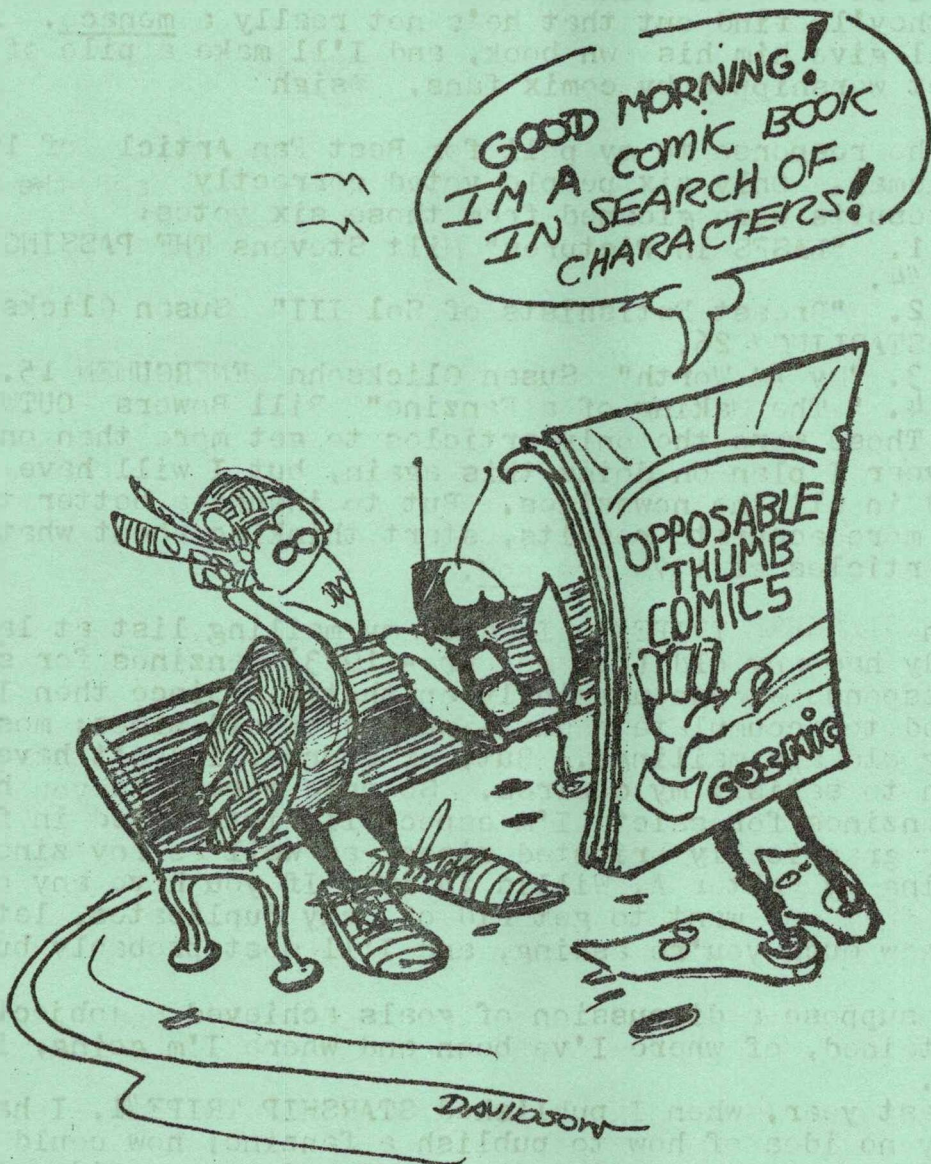




One of the things that has caught my interest in the past few months are comic books. I read comics when I was much younger, but gradually lost interest in them, though I've always bought a few, such as Sgt. Fury and Conan. But lately, I've undergone a resurgence in interest, and am now buying all of Marvel's superhero line.

And I've also come to the realization that it doesn't take a hell of a lot of talent to write them. I think I could do it, and if you showed me the format to write the script in, I'm sure I could do it. I've even got what I think is a good idea for a character.

A man is exploring in the hinterlands, comes upon an old temple, and is possessed by four elementals: earth, air, fire and water. The Elementals start to raise hell, and the Avengers come to stop it. When they see Thor & Co. coming, two of the elementals want to leave the body, and two want to stay. They argue, and in the ensuing quarrel, the man is a-





ble to get control of his body back. The elementals are still in him, and he has their powers. He doesn't know why the Avengers are trying to attack him, so he fights them off with a fire, a flood, an earthquake, and a thunder storm. For once the Avengers get smart and decide that most of them are gonna be overwhelmed by the guy, so only two of them attack him: The Vision, and Thor. He puts The Vision out of action with a few thousand thunderbolts to the android's head, and repulses Thor, using a combination of forces. Then, having won, he takes his leave.

He comes to rest on top of the Matterhorn, and spends a few weeks learning how to use his powers. This wreaks a bit of havoc, and a new team is assembled to try and stop him, composed of Thor (air) Submariner (water) The Human Torch (fire) and G. on (earth). I haven't decided who wins this fight, though.

Eventually, I plan on having the hero turn good, or a-moral at worst. Sort of like the Hulk, but a lot smarter and a lot more powerful. Basically, he is a force for good. I think I'll have him fight the task force to a standstill, and then they'll find out that he's not really a menace. And then they'll give him his own book, and I'll make a pile of money and get worshipped by comix fans. \*sigh\*

The response to my poll for Best Fan Article of 1973 was dismal. Only six people voted correctly and the following results were gleaned from those six votes:

1. "LASFS in Pictures" Milt Stevens THE PASSING PARADE #4.
2. "Breast Fetishists of Sol III" Susan Glicksohn STARLING# 26.
3. "My 2d Worth" Susan Glicksohn ENERGUMEN 15.
4. "The Making of a Fanzine" Bill Bowers OUTWORLDS 17

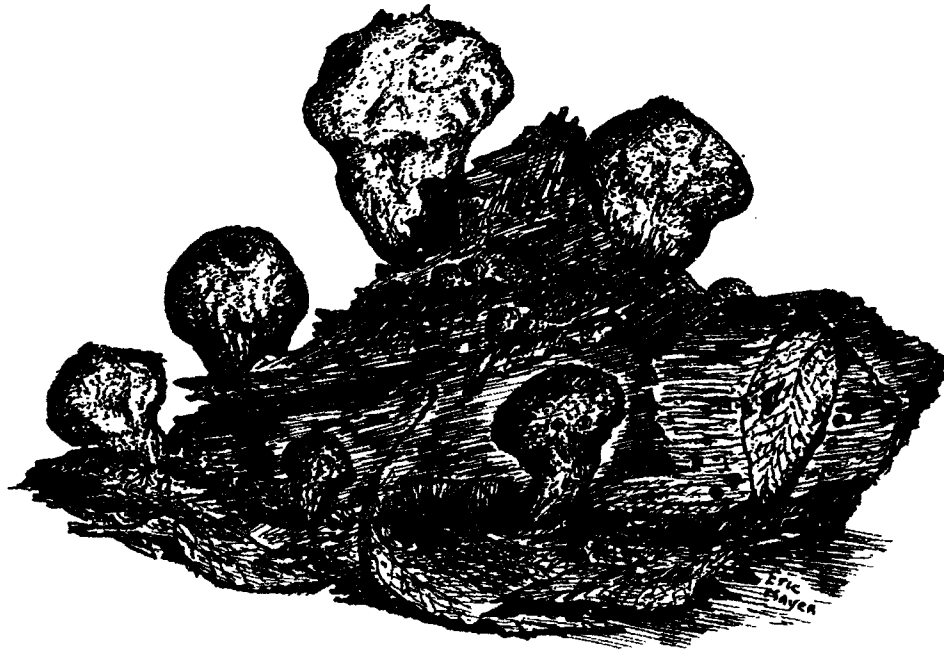
Those were the only articles to get more than one vote. Next year I plan on doing this again, but I will have it mentioned in all the newszines. But to insure a better turnout and more accurate results, start thinking about what the best articles of 1974 are now.

In STARSHIP TRIPE#5, I asked my mailing list at large if anybody had any old (for me, pre-1973) fanzines for sale. The response was encouragingly apathetic. Since then I've managed to accumulate a small number of old zines; mostly by buying old apa mailings. But, of course, I don't have nearly enough to satisfy my desires. So once more-- do you have any fanzines for sale? I'm especially interested in fannish and/or graphically oriented zines, as well as any zine with anything by Walter A. Willis in it. If you have any of these items that you want to get rid of, any duplicates, let me know how much you're asking, and I'll most probably buy.

I suppose a discussion of goals achieved and objectives to be obtained, of where I've been and where I'm going, is in order.

Last year, when I published STARSHIP TRIPE#1, I had virtually no idea of how to publish a fanzine; how could I? I'd seen less than half a dozen. I had a vague idea that I





MAYER



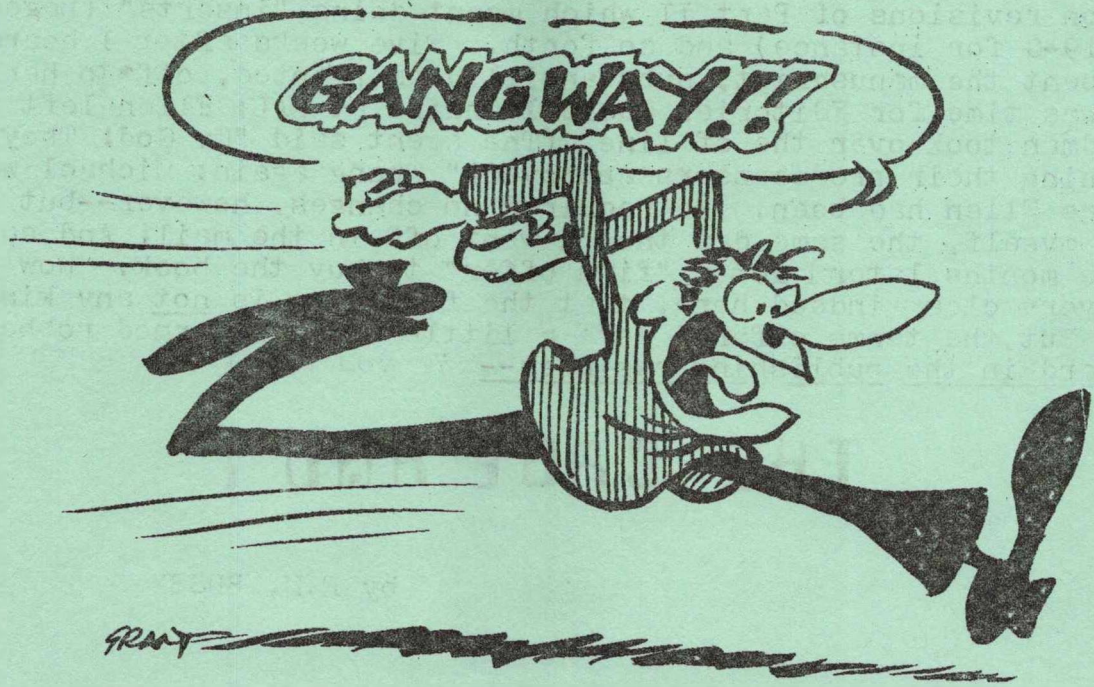
wanted to publish a genzine, and I also that I wanted to print lots of artwork; but of course, I had no idea how to do it. To give you a couple of examples of my ignorance, I didn't know what the "usual" was and I didn't know that I was printing that issue on ditto until I was halfway through it.

A few days ago, I went back and read the first two issues of STARSHIP TRIPE. I was surprised. They seem quite a bit better than a lot of the first issues I get; certainly better written. But I don't think that anybody could have foreseen that the first six page issue, sent to twenty people, would father the issue before you now-- all within a year.

At first, I wanted to make STRIPE into a place where one could find the finest sercon in fandom, broken up with a few fannish pieces. No chance of that, of course-- there are, afterall, zines called SF COMMENTARY and SPECULATION - but now I don't even want to publish sercon. I discovered fannish fandom towards the close of 1973. Oh, I'd known it was there, but I hadn't had much contact with it. Now though, I've dropped my anchor alongside a rowboat sawed in twain, hopefully to stay. But not to stagnate. Oddly enough, I think I've brought BANSHEE to the point where I feel I'm presenting some of the best fannish material to be found in the current genzine wasteland-- and fairly frequently, as well. This would, of course, change rapidly if certain people would start to publish again, or at least publish what they are doing more regularly and for wide audiences. And I hope they will.

Where am I going? I think BANSHEE will continue to improve by leaps and bounds, both in the quality of written material and in visual matters. I'm probably going to be going in for a bit more graphic experimentation than I have before, and I'm going to try and combine this with the best fannish material I can get in the best format I can possibly concieve of. ~~WNYX~~  
~~ZNYX/XYX/YYX/YYX~~

Stick around for the next few issues. I'm just starting to find out what I can do, starting to develop my talents as an editor and a writer. I can't see too many limits for the near future as to how far I can take this fanzine, at least in terms of the written matter's quality. The next few issues should be very interesting indeed...





Working, possibly, on the theory that "If Busby can do it, anybody can do it," the editor has asked me to say something about the writing and marketing of my two "Barton" books, CAGE A MAN and THE PROUD ENEMY. Well, I'm still working on selling the latter work--which is to say, six days a week I look in the mailbox, leaf through the junk mail, and say, "Oh,shit!" Waiting surely is.

All right. One evening late in 1970, something (I forget what) sparked me on the idea of what happens to a man if he is put in a cage and treated like an experimental animal. And what is he like if/when he gets out? So I wrote five pages, the last of which got off the track and was thrown out the next day. I kept plugging at it for a few days and then bogged down into my Winter Slump, stopping with the paragraph that ends at the top of page 34, Book Club edition.

The next spring I got fired up and wrote a 25,000 word novella, a 6500 word short story, and the rest of Part I of CAGE A MAN. I sent them out and they all bounced. Meanwhile I had first-drafted Part II with the idea of doing a series of novelettes and novellas to be combined into a book, and had done a few pages of a third "installment." At this stage the two parts were 14,000 and 30,000 words respectively--later expanded to 18,000 and 40,000. And I realized that the overall story I had in mind was too long for one book.

Then, due to the kindly prodding of Vonda McIntyre, I entered the first 6-week "Clarion West" workshop. Six weeks and 35,000 words later I knew why I'd gotten the three rejection slips, and eventually I revised and sold more than two thirds of the 35,000. But the two early 1971 are still sitting there, sulking at me.

Back to CAGE: Come January (1972) a Los Angeles agent who was handling a very bad non-sf novel for me (no, it didn't sell) wanted "anything you have" to take with him to New York on a selling trip. What I had was an extensively marked Xerox of Part I of CAGE. I did a quick summary outline and sent him the package-- he was horrified: "They won't even look at this!" But there wasn't time to have it retyped, so we just crossed our fingers and hoped.

I had been in touch with Ellen Asher, then sf editor at NAL (Signet) as a result of copping half of the 2nd prize in the NAL contest associated with CLARION-II, so she got first look-- and wrote back that she liked it, "except..." and gave some suggestions for improvement. Meanwhile I'd been working on revisions of Part II which meant doing "inserts" (pages 19-A through 19-G for instance) and so forth. Five weeks after I heard from Ellen I sent the manuscript, substantially as printed, off to her. Naturally it was time for Editorial Musical Chairs at NAL; Ellen left and Michael Seidman took over the sf line. (The agent said "My God! They never buy anything their predecessors approved!" Wrong again; Michael was as helpful as Ellen had been. He required no changes, however--but I thought of some, myself, the same day the ms. went off in the mail! And sent them in.

Three months later I got a "firm offer" to buy the book. Now I must make it very clear indeed here, that the following is not any kind of gripe at NAL. But the terms offered were a little bit like armed robbery. This is standard in the publishing business-- if you're silly enough to sign on

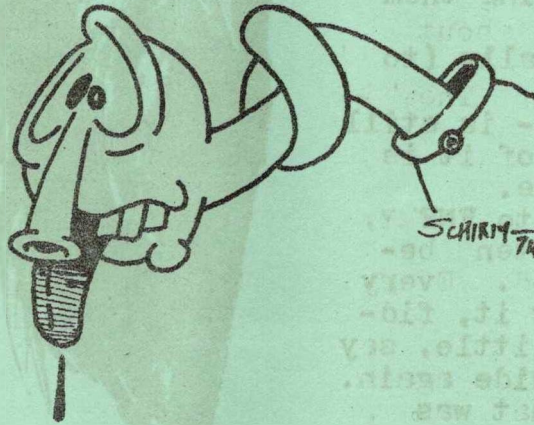
## THE CAGE AND I



the first offer, too bad for you; they expect you to know better, and dicker. It's quite a lot like buying a used car.

The agent didn't seem to know about any of this; apparently he deals mainly with one-price, one-contract houses (porn). At each stage of negotiation--and there were five rounds of it--he said "Take it! You keep arguing, you'll blow the sale!" (I no longer have a U.S. agent, by the way.) I'd learned a number of contract-clause gimmicks at the Workshop, and better yet I was being coached by an eminent veteran sf pro. Even so, we missed a couple of bases... but I wound up with an increased advance, retained possession of most of the subsidiary rights, and got the full advance on signing rather than letting them hold back half until publication. The first contract went back with twelve clauses either changed or deleted. I won the argument on eleven of those; NAL won the other one; we all came out happy. I got the check (minus the agent's commission) promptly-- in January, 1973; the negotiations had taken nearly five months, from the date of the initial "firm offer." I mean to say, don't try it if you're hungry.

This article is not--can't be-- a Short Course in Book Marketing, but I'll give an example. The first offer included "Option on any future sf book at same terms." Well, even I knew better than that, and revised it to "Option on next sf book at terms to be agreed." And from now on I don't



think I'll sign any Option Clause at all, if I can help it. Because this one hung THE PROUD ENEMY up for six months-- the editor liked it but was backlogged and kept hanging on, hoping to blast the schedule loose a little bit. (New editor again, not also friendly and helpful.)

Now howabout the Book Club? Ellen Asher (remember Ellen? A nice lady) moved to the Club's editorial chair and picked up CAGE from NAL. The way that works, in the contract, is that the original publisher gets half the proceeds-- and that's standard. My check for the other half? It doesn't work out that way; the money is applied against the advance when the royalty statements come out. Meaning that I start getting royalties (if any) about 20,000 copies sooner, but nothing directly from the Club. All clear? (it wasn't to me, at first.)

How about prior serialization? Well, I just plain blew that. The original novelette had bounced from the only magazine I thought would touch it. I thought wrongly, as it turned out, but by the time I got around to what I considered a last-ditch try at F&SF, it was too late for full serialization. In fact, I almost lost the sale of Part I--and would have, if Ed Ferman hadn't been helpful above and beyond the call of duty. He had accepted that part; then I got word that the Club was publishing in Sept-



ember whereas it was scheduled for later in F&SF. Ma Bell is sometimes a writer's best friend; Mr. Ferman said, "Just a minute; let me check" and decided he could reshuffle things and jam it into the September issue, due out late in July. Whew!

Meanwhile, back at 1972: as soon as CAGE was in the mail to NAL I pulled out the twenty page start the "3rd novelette." It wouldn't do-- the beginning of the third part is not the same as the beginning of a second book; a sequel has to fill in a little background. So I rewrote that, and then went ahead and did the first draft of ENEMY in about five weeks, finishing just in time to go into the 1972 Clarion-West workshop. As in '71, the after 'shop months were largely spent in revising 'shop written stories and sending them out. This time I'd done about 38,000 words, and eventually (to date) sold about 27,000. The rest--again, as in 1971-- is still waiting revision. Some of it is isn't worth it, of course.

And when I got back to ENEMY, I was stuck. The rewritten beginning was no damn' good. Every now and then I'd look at it, fiddle with the wording a little, say a bad word and set it aside again. Finally I figured out what was wrong-- in trying to set the background as painlessly as possible, I had begun quite impersonally. I didn't bring a character onstage until page 3 and when I did, it was the wrong one! This insight came late one evening, and I wrote at the top of the first page, so I wouldn't forget:

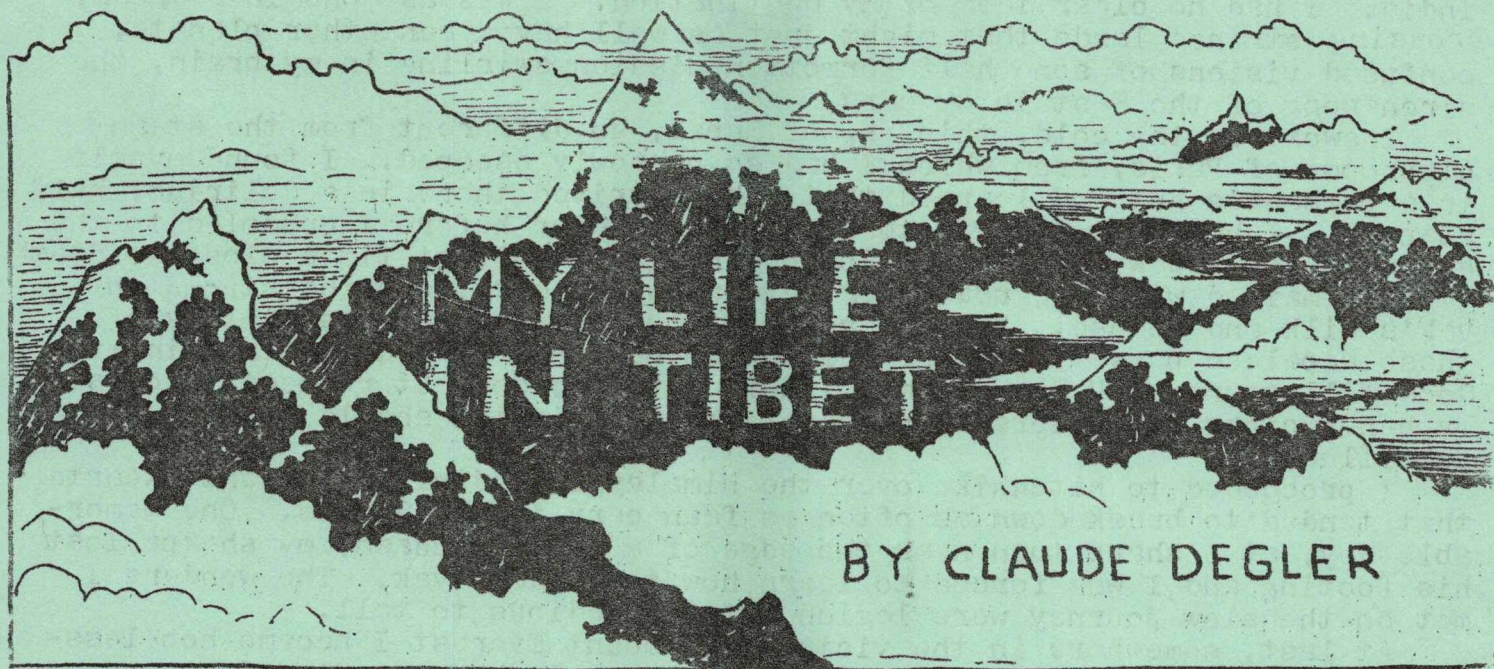
The way this has to start is: "Barton took the ship straight up."

After that, it went Just Fine, and five weeks later the manuscript was off in the mail. As it still is...

There may be a third book of Barton, title as yet undetermined. I know how to put him back in the soup again (of a different flavor) logically from events in ENEMY, and that's half the battle. Meanwhile, I'm having a problem with a totally unrelated book, RISSA IN PASSAGE. At the 135,000 word mark, it refuses to go anywhere near the ending!







All fanhistories to date have served merely to point a veneer of respectability over the scurrilous machinations, devious manipulations, deceptions and heinous outrages by which the small but influential coterie of pseudo-fan has sought to sabotage Fandom and undermine the destiny of Homo-Cosman. If a destiny could die, these mundanes in beanies would have killed the Cosmic Circle Movement a quarter of a century ago. But destiny is as immutable as the law of gravity and the destiny of Homo-Cosman is graven in his genes. I have been in Tibet, but I am back now.

In 1951, having become aware of a plot against my life involving electrified mimeographs, poison stencils and many of those whom I had regarded as my closest friends in Fandom, I slipped out of San Francisco under pretext of a family tragedy. How I slipped that deadly noose by night, under a variety of disguises and made my way across the death trap that the United States had become for me, would make a story in itself. I realized that my only hope was to flee the country, but I did so resolved to revive the Cosmic Circle at some more propitious date in the future.

Taking with me only the clothes on my back, the money I had earned in my mail order business, and a quire of mimeo stencils, I bid tearful farewell to Helen Bradleigh and set off across the Atlantic. My reception in England was cool as the London fog so I made my way to Paris where I was granted asylum and honored as the "Voltaire of French Fandom."

I lost myself in erotozines, french collations and the ingenious and surprising uses the Parisians make of corflou. A year sped by and the rest of my life might have passed as easily, for surely I had been hypnotized by the easy pleasures of that wicked city. But one day-perhaps by chance, perhaps not-as I browsed through an out of the way bookshop, searching in vain for some as yet untasted sensation, my gaze lit upon a novel by Robert Heinlein, sitting dusty and neglected amid the lurid titles. I picked it up, curiously, as I would some alien artifact. And as I turned it over a picture of the great man seemed to glare at me, his steely eyes flashing. "Get up off your posterior, you lazy so and so," he seemed to tell me. "Don't you know there's a job to be done, and if you don't do, no one else is going to do it for you."



I left Paris that very night, trekking across Asia Minor and through India. I had no clear idea of my destination. I was as one in a dream, crossing strange lands that might just as well have been other planets, confused visions of some half forgotten mission swirling in my brain, the siren song of the East in my ears.

I awoke in the cold, thin air of Nepal, so different from the steamy clubrooms of Paris, from which I had so narrowly escaped. I found myself in a peasant's hut and learned that I had arrived there in a delirium, half starved. I had only managed to knock at the door before I crumpled to the ground. For two weeks I had lain in a raging fever, at times close to death.

I remained with my guests for several weeks more, growing strong on yak's milk and cheese. I could not help but compare the hospitality of these Nepalese peasants to the callous unconcern I had encountered in my Good Will tours of U.S. Fandom. I left with the deepest respect, promising my benefactors the rulership of Nepal when my mission should at last be fulfilled.

I proceeded to hitchhike over the Himalayas, riding in ancient oxcarts that tended to break down as often as fan cars in the States. One memorable day, at a sharp turn near the edge of a yawning chasm, my sherpa lost his footing and I was forced to learn how to guide a yak. The wonders I met on the slow journey were legion but too tedious to tell.

At last, somewhere in the vicinity of Mount Everest I became hopelessly lost in a blizzard, the like of which can only be encountered at the very ceiling of the world. For several days I wandered, crossing glaciers, scaling sheer inclines of ice. My hands and feet became numb and the numbness inched its way irrevocably up my limbs until I could barely move and realized that death was near. Only through a superhuman effort did I continue on, clawing upwards, crawling at times.

Suddenly, just as I felt I could go no further but must lie down in the snow and commit my Cosmic Soul to that Great OE in the sky, to do with as he would, the snow stopped the sun poured the its life giving radiation on me, and I saw with tear blurred eyes, the entire world stretching at my feet. Even the mountains, peeking through the soft, sunlit undulations of the clouds, seemed tiny and insignificant. I realized that I was high above the petty feuds of fandom, high above everything. It was almost as if I were God. I looked down upon the world, and laughed!

What happened next I can recall only dimly. I seem to remember being lifted by immense hair covered hands and being carried along treacherous and obscure mountain paths, to a smoky cavern where human feet had never trod. Yes, I had been saved by that creature so erroneously known to science as the "abominable" snowman!





I must pass over the pleasant days I spent in the Company of Gurk, now head of the Cosmissing Links. The revelations he treated me to are of such a sensational nature as to cast doubt on the veracity of this narrative. Suffice it to say that he finally led me to a hidden valley where the warmth of unnumerable hot springs created a tropical oasis in the midst of the Himalayas, not far from Lhasa.

It was here that I fell in with a religious sect allied with the Dali Lama and practicing an esoteric form of Zen. I spent several years here, studying crumbling scrolls, amassing a wealth of mystical Eastern knowledge that will serve Pandom well in the hard months to come.

One morning, as I was walking through the gardens, admiring the contrast of the snowy mountains in the distance with steaming jungle foreground, there occurred an event which was to change my entire outlook on life. A number of neo-initiates were arguing over the ownership of a cat (which this sect, the Za-cho consider sacred) when the master, an ancient man with bright bird eyes, appeared.

"Enough of this arguing," he said, "One of you must give me a concise definition of Za-cho or I will cut this cat in half with my spade."

There was silence as the neo-initiates groped vainly for the definition (An old problem indeed) Then the spade descended and the unfortunate animal was riven in two.

I was appalled by the barbarity of this and I went away, feeling somewhat sick, thinking the episode ended. But later, while the Master was presiding in the meditation hall, one of the more advanced students came in and began to discuss the event.

"And what was this question they could not answer?"

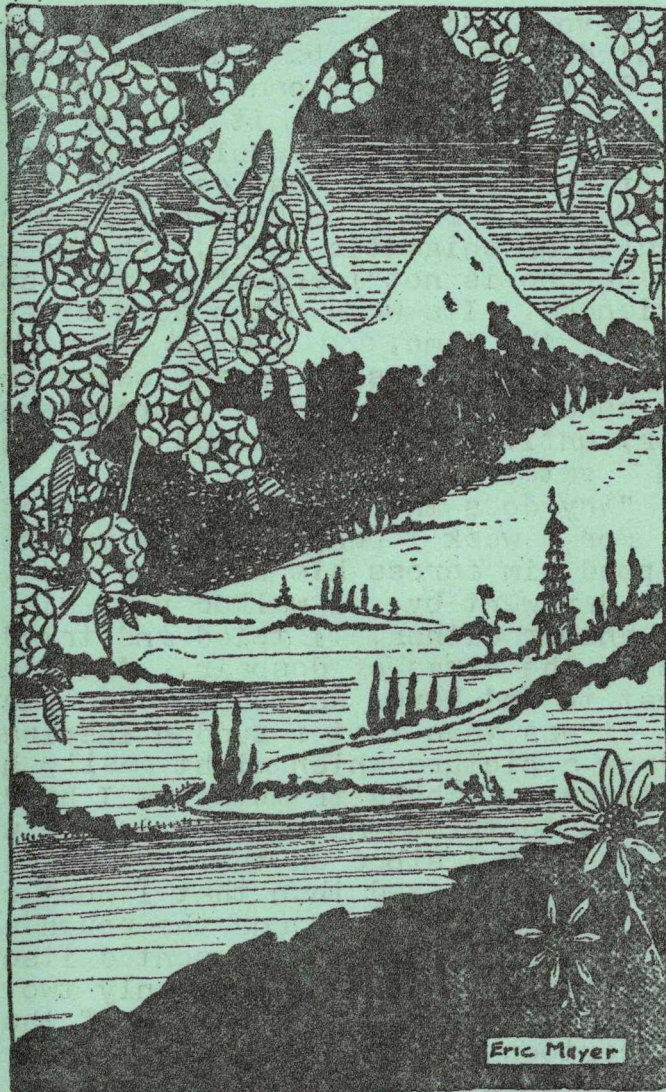
"I merely asked for a definition of Za-cho."

When the advanced student had heard this, he quickly removed his sandals and, placing them on his head, walked out the door backwards.

"Ah," exclaimed the Master. "Had he been in the garden this morning, the cat would have been saved!"

At this there descended upon the meditation room a profound silence, as if even the hearts of these neo-initiates had been stilled. Then, as I looked on in astonishment, the entire group began to rise into the air, floating up and up until they bobbed against the ceiling. Quite obviously, what had seemed to me a meaningless incident (even a silly incident) had in fact been a philosophical lesson of immeasurable import. I was dumfounded.

The Master, noting my bewilderment, took me aside. "For many years,





you have studied the Writings, and studied them well," he told me. "But True Knowledge is not to be found in books. The books are merely the First Step."

So it was that I came under the tutelage of the Master himself. I was a remarkable student. It took me only two days to achieve levitation. The Master was amazed. "Surely, this is a jest. You must be from the Lost City of the Lemurians just down the Valley." When I assured him modestly that I was only a fan from United States he shook his aged head knowingly, and said in an enigmatic voice, "Ah, so that is what we call ourselves there."

Za-cho is not "learned" in the usual sense of the word. It must be experienced. Its ways often seem bizarre to the uninitiated. The Master would ask me the time, and I would hoot like an owl, or he would tell me stop a ship that was passing on the ocean and I would empty a bucket of sand over his head. In this manner I progressed rapidly, rarely giving a wrong answer, until I was confronted with the final question—"Wei-lin", the adamant gate.

"Why does the mountain goat stand on one foot in the desert?"

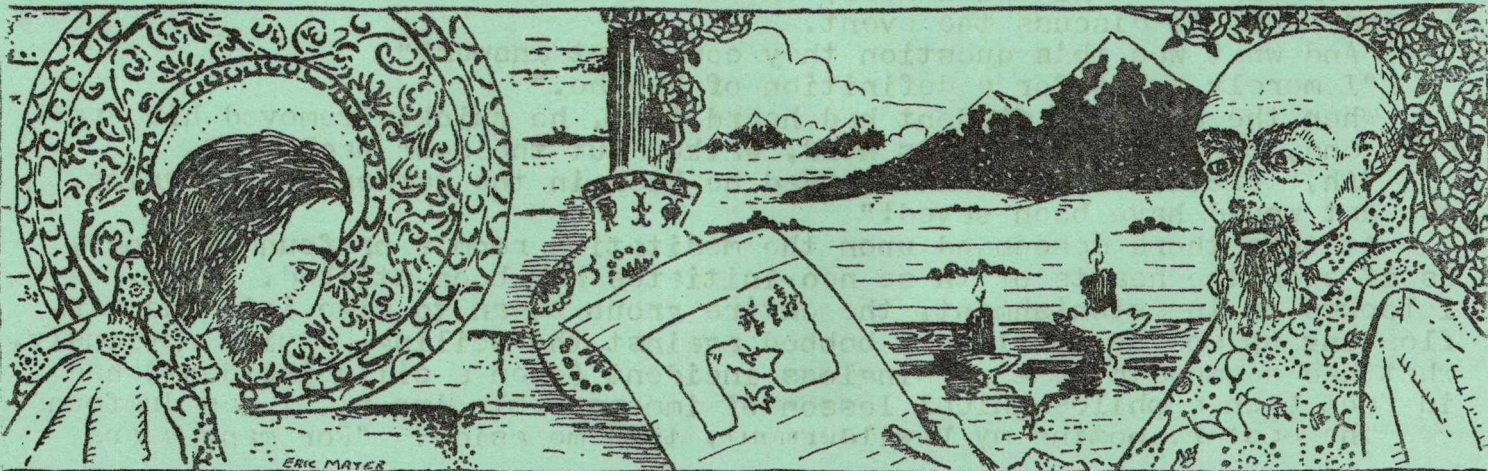
For a week I pondered this question, then entered the Master's hut and slapped him across his wrinkled face. But that was not the answer. Another day went by. I walked past his doorway whistling. But that was not the answer either. I tried and tried again, but the gate remained shut. I was on the verge of despair. After all my years of travel and study was my quest to end here, on the very doormat of my goal?

It was then that a sudden inspiration hit me. On a scrap of parchment I drew a picture which might easily have passed for one of Bill Rotsler's cartoons. My hand trembled as I handed it to the Master. To my relief I saw his toothless mouth open into a wide grin. Yes, that was the answer!

At last I stood on the edge of Nirvana. (The eastern equivalent of FA-PA) And I realized then that I must choose—choose between a monastic life high in the Himalayas and the rough and tumble battleground of fandom. But even as the choice presented itself, I knew that there was no choice; that Za-cho and fandom were only two sides of the same cosmic coin.

I looked upon the incident of the cat—so clear to me now; I pondered the cartoon that had opened the adamant gate, and I understood!

Try showing a Rotsler cartoon or a Terry Carr pastiche to one of your mundane friends sometime. He will not understand, not even when you explain fandom to him. He will, at best, look askance at you, and at worst consider himself in the presence of a lunatic. Like Za-cho (and other forms of Zen) Fandom is not something one can learn about. It must be experienced. Even Science Fiction itself is but a gateway to the deeper truths of Fandom. One can understand Ellison and know nothing of fandom, just as one





can understand the philosophical writings of the great teachers while knowing nothing of the essence of Za-cho.

Just as the deeper truths of Za-cho cannot be verbalized in the normal manner but must be acted out in ways that may seem meaningless to the non initiate, so the deeper truths of Fandom defy explanation and may even appear ludicrous to the mundane. It is a matter of cognition- the Fan and the Zen disciple see the world differently than others and are able to recognize connections and see wisdom where others see only chaos and stupidity.

Fandom is as much a way of life as Zen is. A person who understands a Rotsler cartoon is not looking at the same world as the person who does not.

And so it was that I returned to the United States, more convinced than ever in the ultimate destiny of Homo-Cosman. For reasons I have no space to elaborate upon here, I settled in Exeter, secretly building up a following, planning, waiting for the right moment to relaunch the Cosmic Circle.

And the time has come. As during World War Two, America finds herself at a crossroads in history. A quarter of a century ago she took the wrong turn, but this time she will not- no, not even if the history of fandom, which here-to-for has been written in ink, must henceforth be scrawled in blood!





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by  
DAVE LOCKE

Generally speaking, I have never liked fanzine review columns. There is a reason for that, and it goes beyond the boundaries of my own personal taste, beyond like and dislike, beyond what I consider right and proper within the realm of critical analysis, beyond the fact that I mix Chivas Regal with club soda, and beyond the blue horizon. Even beyond all that. It goes much further- this reason of mine- travelling all the way to the ends of the universe and even to the last dry heavens of time itself.

And that is why I am going to write this fanzine review column. One time.

FIAWOL #8. Joyce and Arnie Katz. 59 Livingston St Apt 6B Brooklyn NY 11201. Available for news, LoC, trade. Sample for mailing label and stamp.

This a four page fanzine, and in layout, content, artwork, and enjoyability it has all the flaws of a fanzine ten times its size. One immediately loses confidence in this publication when, in the colophon, Arnie misspells the word "published." Confidence is also damaged when it is learned that this issue is five months late (in a biweekly fanzine, no less) and Arnie doesn't even try to disguise the fact. On the very first page Arnie notes that FIAWOL 8 is an "August Periodical" but this fanzine is dated January, 1977.

In this issue the Katz' publish the results of their 'Actifan Poll' to determine the top twenty fanzines of 1973. 48 fans, including the Katz' participated in this poll. It is heart-warming, indeed, to note from the results that the fanzines produced by Joyce and Arnie Katz placed 7th, 11th, and 18th within the listing of the top twenty. Recognition of this type is a joyous thing to experience. Let's all give three cheers for representation and objectivity.

The Katz' present a bit of yellow journalism within this fannish newszine when they report on the fact that George Senda was bounced for knocking upon the door of the Cult waitinglist. The snide remark is made that, should George somehow get into the Cult anyway, he might discover that it isn't worth a damn. On second thought, this isn't yellow journalism at all. It reminds me of Buck Coulson's "End Discrimination- Hate Everybody" decal.

TITLE#25 Donn Brazier. 1455 Fawnvalley Dr. St Louis MO 63131. Available for loc.

Donn sits by his door, with scissors and scotch tape, waiting for each day's mail to arrive. As he opens each letter he begins snipping away. First he cuts out each section pertaining to a particular subject. Then he cuts out certain paragraphs which offend his sense of conciseness. From there he begins cutting sentences out of the remaining paragraphs, and, finally he clips away those words which are superfluous within each and every sentence. When he is done operating upon his mail he takes the scotch tape and tapes each section of comment onto a different master-sheet. One



subject per sheet. When one day his mail begins to get sparse, he takes these taped-up sheets and publishes them as a fanzine. This results in some very interesting reading. For instance, here is a letter from Bruce Arthurs in which Bruce does everything up brown and makes the ultimate distinction between New Wave and Old Wave science fiction.

"Old Wave sense-of-wonder character development plot beginning middle end logical extrapolation existing scientific basis structure outline pacing realistic. New Wave stream-of-consciousness fantasy element gut reaction first draft street-corner mood encounter segments garbage tripe hackwork."

An excellent, succinct comment from Bruce. And then we have the following comment from Harlan Ellison in which he discusses his latest feud with Ted White:

"Ted friend big mouth half-assed lemming adolescent take him apart egocentricity maligned pud-pulling asinine hype grow up big deal spiff slap in the mouth sour grapes badmouth trip chopped off ego ugly sour gossiping half-truth man enough to apologize hyperbolic refutation picking nits rationalizing swine fool crawl like a dog disgust."

The letter from Harlan is one of the longer pieces that Donn has published in TITLE and definitely one of the better ones.

Despite the fact that TITLE is not the ultimate representative of graphics within the fanzine universe, Donn does have a certain talent for editing which you will not find elsewhere.

Donn has two fanzine review columns in this issue. One by Mike Gorra and one by Warren Johnson. It is this reviewer's opinion that Gorra's is the better of the two, because he gets into much more detail than Johnson does. As it happens, they both review the fanzine LOCOMOTIVE, and thus there is a perfect apples-to-apples comparison that can be made. Here are the two reviews:

GORRA: LOCOMOTIVE Gammage Cox Box 542 Zip 28463 fun relaxed commentable nicely done lots of debate with short editorial David Gerrold major problem transcontinental co-editorship carbon-copy each editor neatly mimeographed abominable cartoon botched tracing attempt to get this one."

JOHNSON: LOCOMOTIVE debate new wave crud poetry patently idiotic editors interrupt interesting Cox Gammage Tobacco City 25¢ usual."

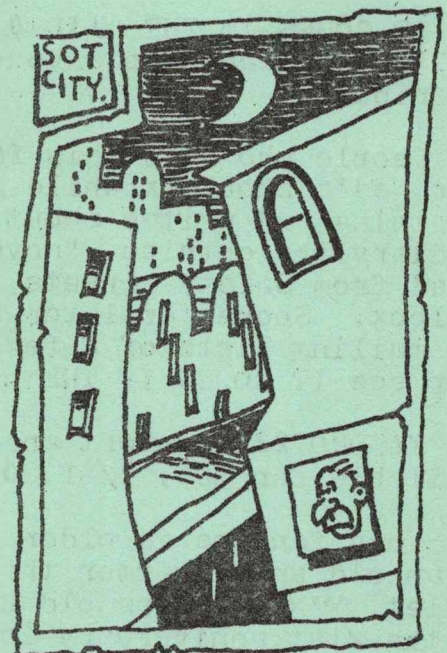
Obviously, Gorra does the better reviews.

BANSHEE #7. Mike Gorra, 199 Great Neck Road, Waterford Ct 06385. Available for trade, LoC, contribution, 60¢.

This issue of BANSHEE has the best layed out cover of any fanzine published so far this year. There is a specific criteria to be applied in making such a determination and actual measurement has shown that this cover has  $71\frac{1}{2}$  square inches of white space for borders. Obviously a superior piece of work.

Mike's editorial discusses the Cosmic Circle and the amount of whiskey which he drank at Boskone 11. Despite the serious nature of this material, Mike somehow manages to make it almost light in nature.

Mike Glicksohn has an article detailing his fannish adventures while trying to





make rye bread. Mike always writes on subjects which are dear to the heart of contemporary fandom and this is one which you will certainly not want to miss.

Cy Chauvin has an article wherein he talks about his job of sweeping and mopping floors in a laundromat at night, and how it allows him eight extra hours of 'constructive daydreaming'. Obviously, Cy has discovered heaven on earth. Fannish heaven on earth.

There is a Marc Schirmeister art folio in this issue. Marc has a slightly Don Martin-ish style, but without the balloons which carry the dialog. Each of the four illustrations looks like it is in need of a caption. So we will supply one. For the first illo: "The sign said you hire the handicapped. Are you going to be a welcher?" For the second: "Oh damn, not another paternity suit." The third: "Big Mouth Meets the Mushroom People." Fourth: "Pauline and the Perils of Altair 8." Of course, these mean nothing to you if you haven't seen the issue. And if you have seen the issue, why do you need to read my review of it?

Aljo Svoboda has an article which only confirms my suspicion that he should be locked up in a padded room and denied all access to any form of writing implement. This is followed by Bob Tucker and an article called "Yesterday's Madness" wherein he gives the final results to an egoboo poll which he conducted via his fanzine LE ZOMBIE in 1940. The subject matter may be a bit out of date, but it's reassuring to know that Bob always carries-through on a project.

Arnie Katz is present with an article about a friend of his who was chased down a hill by a large, outraged turkey. Arnie is always terribly funny in his articles, and I would never have thought to write an article about a friend being chased by an outraged turkey. Probably because I don't have any friends like that. Leave it to Arnie to come up with clever material like this.

This issue's lettercol is very short, and seems mainly to deal with comments on somebody's idea to change the Best Fan Writer Hugo to a Best Fan Article Hugo. I'm sure that nobody really gives a good cough about the subject, but the editor seems to be having a lot of fun changing his mind every time somebody writes in to attack or defend the idea.

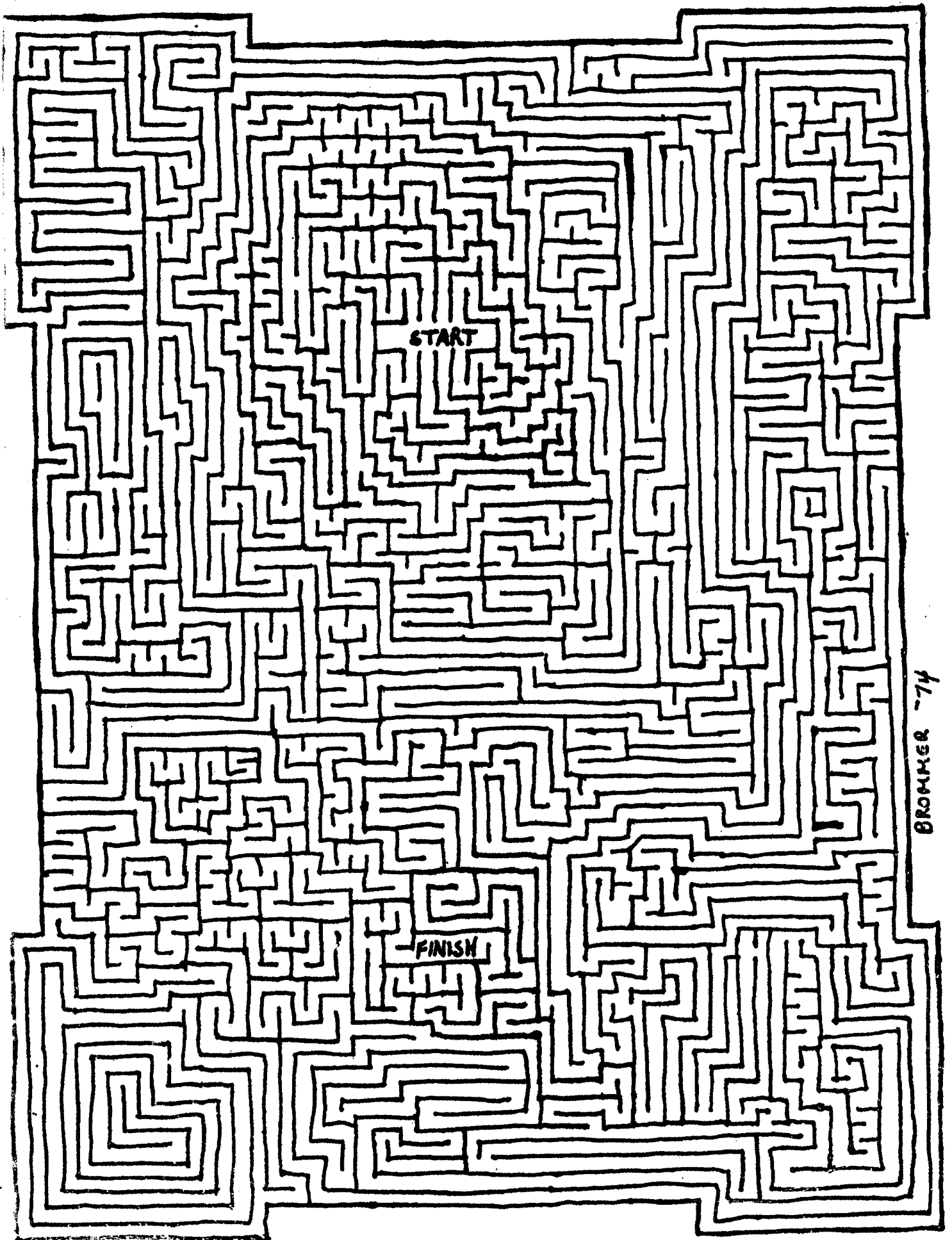
IT COMES IN THE MAIL #8 Ned Brooks. 713 Paul St. Newport News VA 23605. Available to anyone who gets little mail and likes to live vicariously.

People who read this fanzine get the feeling that they are looking over Ned's shoulder while he is opening his mail. This is because the only thing Ned writes about is the mail which he receives, and he does so in diarylike entries. "November 4, 1973. Today I got my income tax refund, an ad from Safety Markets, and a small dog which someone had placed in my mailbox. Sooner or later some enterprising fan will place Ned's name on the mailing lists of a few pornographic film distributors and no one will ever see IT COMES IN THE MAIL again.

YANDRO#225. Robert and Juanita Coulson. Rt 3 Hartford City IN 47348. Available for 50¢, 4/\$1.80 12/\$5.00 domestic 20p, 4/70p 12/ L1.80 in Britain

This fanzine is older than many fans. Even collectively. Comfortable as an old shoe, warmer than an Elk's handshake, and faster than a speeding bullet, YANDRO is as old as the hills and as jagged as the mountains. #225 is the 21st anniversary issue, and Juanita reminisces about YANDRO's past and Buck tries to tell us how much he has mellowed in the last 21 years.





START

FINISH

BROMMER '74



Bob Tucker, always trying to be helpful by providing a fannish service, comes forth with "Everyfan's Instant Loc" which is- just as it sounds- a form letter for writing letters of comment to fanzines. Bob's ideas are always useful, even if not desirable. Michael Coney tells how his young son is usurping his place as Head of the Household. A sad, touching story. Dave Locke is present with his long-running column DIFUGALTY, and in this installment he spends three pages telling us about his 1973 Christmas and his 6-year old son's reaction to receiving the tricycle for which he had been earnestly faunching. A heartwarming, touching story, written with the detail and warmth and sheer essence of humanity for which Dave is truly noted for.

PREHENSILE #11 Mike Glycer 14974 Osceola St. Slymar CA 91342. Available for 50¢, trade, contribution.

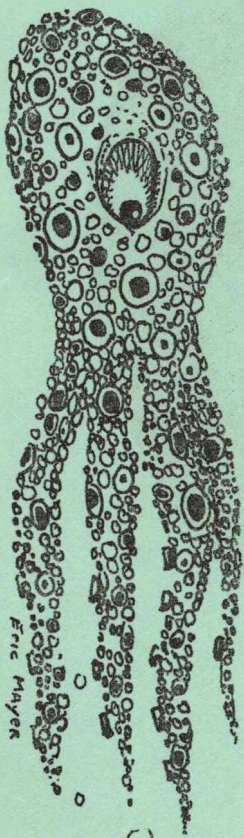
PREHENSILE has the distinction of being the most poorly duplicated off-set fanzine in existence. But the duplication is 'poor' only in a relative sense; it is not poor duplication per se, but it is poor for offset. But then, at the special offset rates which Mike is getting, I am sure everyone (if they knew) would be willing to forget this minor transgression. They would be willing to forget it because they would be too envious to remember to grotch about it.

Mike has a terrific convention report, as convention reports go. Everyone knows how fond I am of convention reports. In fact, "a terrific convention report" is almost a contradiction in terms. It's like saying "a terrific piece of garbage." But there is always an exception to the rule, darn it.

Lou Stathis is another exception to the rule. It was my firm belief not write himself into a paper bag, was virtually incapable of signing his own name on a traffic citation, and would be hard pressed to read the number on a winning lottery ticket, but here he turns up in PREHENSILE and writes a genuinely good and humorous article. I'm beginning to lose faith in my critical faculties, but that does not mean that I am no longer just as qualified as anyone else to write scintillating fanzine review columns.

Mike Glicksohn, the imbecile who shows up at conventions with a giant snake wrapped around his neck (but who otherwise is a fairly decent person, even for a fan) has a fanzine review column of which this is the first installment. Mike proves that he can write fanzine reviews right along with the best of them. He praises lavishly where he feels praise is deserved, and damns mightily where he feels that damning is deserved (but he apologizes afterward) This is opposed to a poor fanzine reviewer, who damns lightly where he feels that praise is deserved, and damns mightily whenever the urge moves him. A terrific column; one which will still be read five years from now provided that Mike can get close enough to hold a snake to your head and force you to do so.

Bill Warren has a science fiction-movie review column, wherein he tells us everything we want to know about such films as FRANKENSTEIN, THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN, THE LEGEND OF HILLBILLY JOHN, CURSE OF

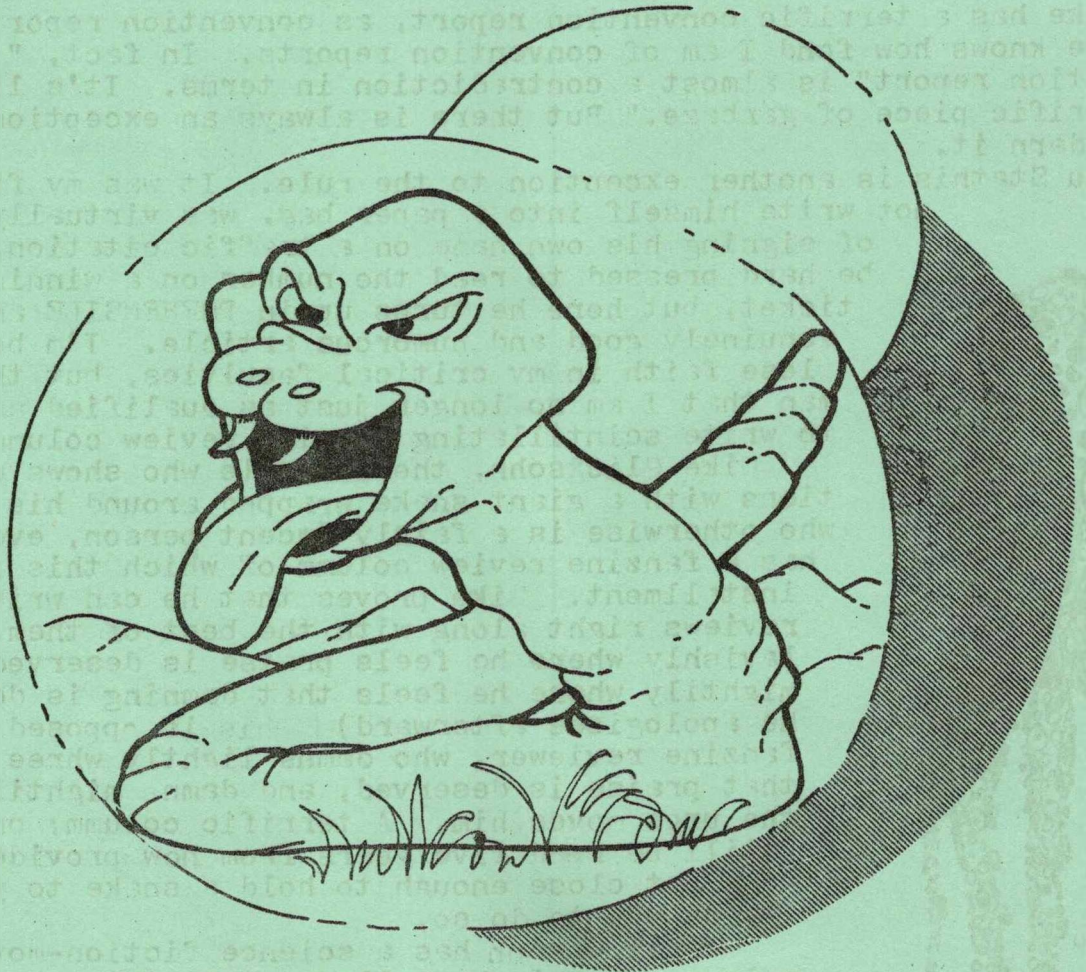




THE ATOMIC PILES, THE PYX, TALES THAT WITNESS MADNESS, DR. DEATH SEEKER OF SOULS, BONZO GOES TO MARS, and WITCH WOMAN MEETS MATT DILLON. Bill tells us that his favorite movie of 1973 is TARZAN GOES TO THE PLANET OF THE APES.

So much for fanzine reviews, I say. I have never liked fanzine reviews. They are on a level of importance equal to putting out the garbage, answering a wrong number, telling your wife that you want baloney instead of a peanut butter sandwich for your lunch, and remembering to zip your fly before attending a "Friends of Women's Lib" meeting. But the reason that I mentioned, back there at the beginning of this, the ultimate and overriding reason why I don't particularly care for fanzine reviews is... because...

They just aren't worth a damn...





# THIS IS NOT FICTION

I had this piece of paper walk up to me and say "Write a story on me." Now, considering myself a writer this seemed very logical to me. I mean, why not? What else would I want to do with a piece of paper if not to write on it. So, I did.

This piece of paper read itself, and frowned at me.

"This is not a story!" it screamed quite belligerently.

"Hunh?" was my witty reply.

"I plainly asked you to write a story on me, and this is what I get."

"But, that is a story. I know a story when I write one." Just my luck, the paper was a literary critic.

"First of all if you're going to write a story you have to have sentences. I can't find one period, question mark, or exclamation point on me."

"Oh, but you see, I don't use any of those."

"What?!? What kind of writer are you, anyway? I never heard of such a thing. No periods indeed! Next thing you'll be telling me that you left out paragraphing on purpose."

"Of course."

"Humph! I have a good mind to erase myself and find a decent writer. I want attention. Nobody is going to read me like this!"

"Oh... fiddlesticks!" I can't stand know-it-all paper. It gets under my skin.

"Look, you no talent," now the blasted thing was getting nasty "what was the last story you read that had no paragraphing."

"It was called 'Bottel Bonus.' I wrote it yesterday."

The paper just sort of looked at me and didn't know what to say. Finally it started to read itself more closely and let out a shriek.

"Look how you spelled 'factory'! Don't you even know that it only has one 'a'?"

"I never stopped to think about it. It sounds right."

"So what if it sounds right. Somebody might get upset by it. They might ignore me for it."

"Well, if they do, it's partly your fault too. People don't like to have papers telling them they have to read them."

"Hunh?"

"You know what I mean."

"See! See! You even talk in awkward."

"I've just about had it. Here I've made you immortal by writing a masterpiece on your cheap twenty weight body and all I get is complaints."

"Listen, there's nothing cheap about me. Haven't you heard of the paper shortage? I'm worth plenty, until some creep like you defaces me with trash."

"Trash!"

"Yes, trash! filthy trash! Look at this line here."

"So?"



"You can't use words like that. It's obscene!"

"Don't blame me. I didn't invent them, I saw them on the wall of a men's room one day, and they looked like they might be useful, so I stuck them in at an appropriate place."

"But I'll get banned from the library! There goes 1% of my reading audience."

"Well, I know this guy who has an adult book store..."

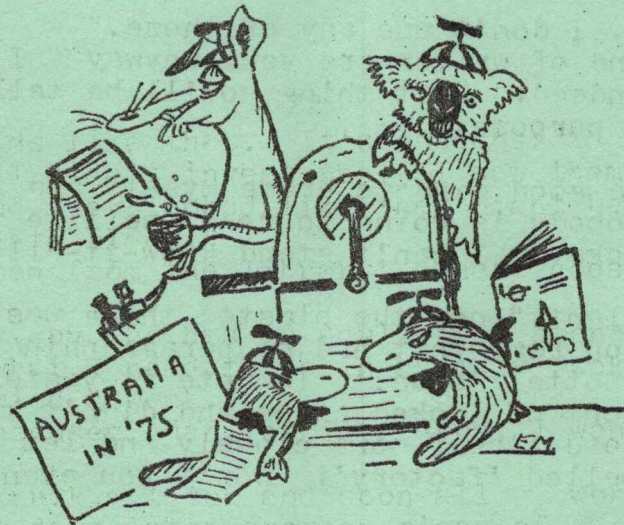
"Oh great! Just what I need, to be in a dirty book store."

"He vacuums it twice a week."

"I don't care if he uses janitor in a drum, I won't have it. Take this filth off of me."

"Very well." I struck a match and soon all the words were gone, along with the paper. A few days later another piece of paper asked me to write a story on it. I told it to go to hell.

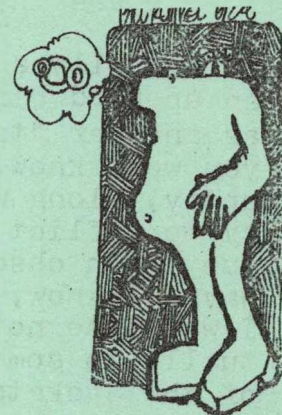
--LARRY G. BROMMER





# whole grain fanzine column

by JOHN D. BERRY



A dismal, rainy night. The front of my pants, where the rain sluiced down off my waterproof foul weather jacket into my thighs, is still damp. I finally got my car started again, got the battery charged up by driving home out of Washington in the rain, and put some water into the battery after I found that it was dry (dry inside but raining outside) so it ought to run all right now. My boots-- the ones with the holes in the bottoms, which I foolishly wore today--sit soaking by the door, but my feet are warm and dry again in a pair of old sippers.

On this rainy night in early April, I wonder what to write in a column for Michael Gorra's fanzine. Just a couple of nights ago I wrote a column for John Bangsund, the first piece I can remember writing for a fanzine that I didn't publish myself in a year or two, but I haven't reread it yet, so I don't know that I won't have to tear it up and start all over again. I've been kinda dormant as far as general fandom goes, although I've written a whole lot in letters and things for close friends. But then, fandom has been dormant too. I was just thinking today, as I drove home from the city, that there wasn't likely to be anything unexpectedly interesting waiting for me in the mail. A letter maybe, an answer to one of the letters I've written in the past couple of months. Maybe even from someone I haven't heard from in a long time; that would be nice. But a fanzine? A really good, interesting, readable fanzine, the kind that I used to rush to the mailbox looking for? I still get as much of a kick out of a good fanzine as I did when I was a neofan--well, maybe not as a young neofan; as an old neofan, say--but there simply aren't very many good fanzines, and those that do exist come along so infrequently that there's no sense of continuity in them, and a sense of only occasional communication. I could wish that Michael Gorra had the energy to publish BANSHEE every month, but at least by publishing at all he's giving us some kind of paper gathering spot, untouched by the distinctions among apa memberships. Perhaps he'll be the catalyst for a whole fannish renaissance. ('m trying to stoke your enthusiasm, Mike.) A lot of familiar names graced the contents page of the last issue, and something about it managed to spark me to write this, so I know there'll be at least one familiar name in the next issue. Of course, a note from the editor stuck between the pages of this fanzine that was mailed at printed matter rate, and a small blue X in the box in the colophon may have provided a certain amount of that spark. But it speaks well for the future of this fanzine that I was bothered by the prospect of missing the next few issues.

How many pages do I have to write to keep that small blue X at bay, Mike?



In casting about for a subject to take me on from here, I happened to glance on the makeshift table beside my desk. (My desk is actually a true table but a makeshift desk, whereas the "table" is really an upended heavy wooden box, whose lid is being used elsewhere in the room as another "table." This is well in keeping with the way fans live, as you well know.) These particular magazines arrived in the mail last Saturday, along with a handwritten letter from Calvin Demmon that began, "Sorry to inflict my printing on you but typewriters are illegal here in Canada due to an obscure agreement with the Hudson Bay Company." As you may or may not know, Calvin moved a couple of months ago from San Francisco, which I was sure nothing could tear him away from, to Edmonton, Alberta,-- or actually to someplace about forty miles southwest of Edmonton, "on the banks of the Saskatchewan River, in the middle of the prairie,"-- where he is now working on a new magazine called THE EDMONTON REPORT and living as part of an Episcopal religious commune. Now

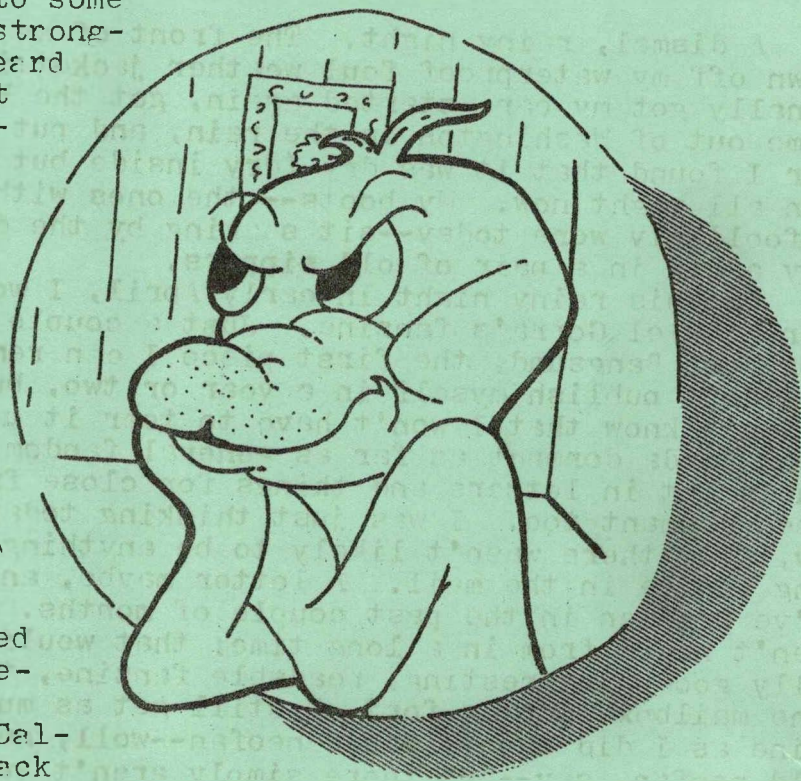
this may come as a rude shock to some of you-- it certainly partook strongly of unreality when I first heard it, quite late one Friday night when I was very stoned at a local party-- but Calvin and India seem quite happy with the move. The latest issue of THE EDMONTON REPORT, which Calvin included with his letter, has his name right up there on its fake-TIME masthead: "Circulation Manager: Calvin Demmon." Just what life in Canada will prove to be like, and how Calvin will fit into an Episcopal commune, remains to be seen, but probably not to be reported directly in the pages of a fanzine. I could be proved wrong about that, and I'd be delighted to be, if working on a magazine for a living spurred Calvin to write more and to dip back into the microcosm to give us a progress

report. On the assumption that he won't, though, I'll give you the last paragraph of his letter, passing it on perhaps a little farther than he had in mind when he wrote it:

"Say hello to everybody for me please. I promise to write, even if only slowly and illegibly. We're so well off here it's almost embarrassing. Hoping you're the same.

Calvin."

Two pieces of wonderful trivia have come to me already from perusing the stuff that Calvin sent me. One is that, according to a column called "Edmontonia," at least, there's a name for singing on street corners for spare change that I hadn't heard of: busking. I have the feeling that there are a lot of excellent puns lying dormant in that word, but they all escape me at the moment. That's probably just as well, even though I have been known to resist a pun, unlike some fans of my acquaintance. The other amazing fact that I've learned is that the current record-holder in "a reverse race which is a continuing embarrassment" to St. John's School,





the boy's school at or near the place Calvin is now living that's run by the same Episcopal group, is a truck driver named Steve Iftody, who took four and a half hours to negotiate the gravel back roads and get from Edmonton to Saint John's, a distance of 42 miles. It is evidently hard to find the place. At one point in his search, Iftody found himself and his ten-ton truck face to face with the Saskatchewan River, without a bridge. The more I read the column devoted to this record breaking trip, the more I feel that it must have been written by Calvin--even though it comes from the Annual report of 1970-71. There must be a natural empathy for that kind of writing among at least some of the people connected with St. John's.

Reading Aljo Svoboda's column in the last issue of BANSHEE reminded me of all the "promising young fans" of recent years who have zipped through their fannish careers so fast that they left out the middle part. Aljo obviously can't be taken at his word, as evidenced by his writing such an article in the first place, and I'm glad of it. But I wonder if I may have contributed to the premature gaffiation of another youthful greybeard. Out in my car, among all the road maps and old repair bills dating back through a couple of owners, lies a single, folded sheet of scratch paper with the beginning of a fan article hand-written on it by Neal Goldfarb. It's been sitting there, forgotten, since Neal was down here last summer. I don't know what possessed him to write an article--without having looked at it in a few months, I think it started off with something about how deep in gaffia he was-- but I certainly thought at the time that it was a good idea, since I hadn't seen more than a few pages from Neal's pen or typewriter since he went to college. Neal had just developed his skill as a writer to the point where it was a pleasure to read whatever he wrote, regardless of subject, when ZIP! he dropped out of fandom.

At least out of written fandom. The strange thing about what others call fannish fandom--which is usually meant to include me-- is that for several years it has been more a community of old friends who see each other at conventions and local parties than a microcosm that communicates to itself in writing. Most of my written communication over the last couple of years has been within a couple of tiny apas or in letters or in small, off-the-cuff fanzines that may or may not be frequent and whose mailings lists never top a hundred. Laziness has prevented me from sending my own small fanzines to wider mailing lists-- that and the knowledge of how lazy I will be, which is an even more insidious bar to beginning a project than the laziness itself. It's probably much the same with others. People you haven't seen in years turn up unexpectedly at a worldcon, and you catch up on old times and retie a few strands of the net, and somehow everybody keeps in touch or drifts back into touch after a while. But very little of this shows up in the pages of whatever are considered the leading fanzines by those who are actually publishing voluminously and writing prolifically. And so we are splintered after all.

That is the reason why I like this fanzine that Michael Gorra is publishing, and why I wish it well. The names on the contents page are such that they may catch the eyes of the old and tired among us--youthful gaffiates and Bob Tucker alike, as long as Michael sends it to them, and spark the unaccustomed urge to write fannish again. I don't like feeling isolated myself. I enjoy staying a part of the communications net, and that's why I've just written my first installment of a column for BANSHEE.

It's past midnight now, and the rain has stopped. Think I'll go scrounge around in the kitchen and find something for a snack; there isn't much, since no one in the house has done this week's shopping yet. Wonder if my car will start tomorrow? Gotta remember to get gas and check the generator light; right. Back out of the fannish world, until the next time something interesting drops into my mailbox.





## BORN WITH THE WEST

by LOREN MACGREGOR

Sometime ago, when I was in one of my periodic ~~nasty~~ vile moods, I received BANSHEE (nee STARSHIP TRIPE) from Michael Gorra. Chuckling nastily to myself, I wrote a long involved letter explaining what was wrong with his mimeography. I went to incredible length, describing every facet of mechanical reproduction in minute detail. Finally, satisfied, I mailed it off, and settled back, secure in the knowledge that I'd destroyed yet another neofan.

Several days later I received a postcard. "Dear Loren" it said in part, "I thought your letter was fine, funny and fannish. How would you like to write a column..."

I panicked. I lost my head so thoroughly that I forgot my lessons on the art of Fanmanship, given by... Bob Shaw? Walt Willis? Hoy Ping Pong?

Good Heavens, even the author had been driven from my mind! In the light of sanity, I see what I should have done--either ignored Mik's presumption, or ended it for all time by buying a subscription to his zine. But hindsight, as usual, came too late; in a daze, I called Mike's house, (Longdistance. That's one word that I didn't learn from my grandmother, who was not Yiddish.) with some vague idea of clarifying his postcard. Somehow I'd gotten the idea that he'd somehow gotten the wrong letter, that I could still salvage something from the shambles.

Calling was the last thing I should have done. I knew this as soon as I heard the whispered conference on the other end of the line. As any fan of old movies knows, whispered conferences on the other end of the line always signify bad news. I could catch a word or two here and there, but never enough to know what was going on. Finally, a pleasant, though somewhat worried voice came through the receiver. "Loren? I'm Michael's mother. Mike's in the hospital now, and..."

My thoughts immediately started out on their own. I barely heard her assurances that only minor surgery was involved; my guilty conscience told me that Mike had done something foolish as soon as he'd received my letter. Nagged by this conscience, I muttered, "Tell him I'll write the article," and hung up.

In the background, I could still hear a record album on the turntable, The Mitchel Trio finished with the song of Paddy West, started in on an old Scottish Ballad, "The Gallows Tree." Hanged, indeed.

GOOD MORNING, BLUES: I stumbled down to breakfast one morning, in my usual semi-comatose state, and proceeded to fix myself an omelet. After a



time, I felt something strange; turning, I saw my brother staring at me quizzically. "Uh," I said, in what passes for conversation at the ungodly hour of 8:30.

"Good morning," Loren, he said heartily. "How did you sleep last night?"

This was somewhat out of character. I looked at him suspiciously.

"Okay, I guess. Why?"

"Oh, just wondering." He poured a cup of coffee, added some sugar. Diluted it half-strength with cream. "You didn't have any troubles last night, did you?"

I mixed up the omelet, set the cheese and mushrooms. "No, why should I? I always sleep fine."

He was still looking at me quizzically. "Loren, why did you come in my room at 6:30 this morning, reach over my bed, turn off my alarm, and leave without saying a word?"

THUMBING TALES AND LIQUOR SALES: I never used to think much about bootleg liquor. I mean, it wasn't an everyday topic that I'd drop into conversational lulls: "Say, I just heard this terrific story about bootleg liquor!" But sometime last year, when I was exercising my thumb on the roadside, trying to get a decent tan, I picked up a gentleman in his mid-fifties who was traveling the thumb route too. He was headed for Oklahoma; I wasn't, but was heading in a general south-easterly direction, so we decided to try our luck together. Eventually we covered 6 states together, swapping lies back and forth the whole distance.

I was outclassed. He'd had about 50 years to perfect the art of lying, and hadn't wasted a minute of it. "You know," he started out one day while we crossed Montana, "I used to be a bootlegger. Didn't go at it much, just a little touch to bring in a buck or two in lean times. But hell, I gave that up too, some time back."

He paused, rolled a cigarette in the approved tv-cowboy fashion, continued. "'Course, now and again I do make up a few bottles, just for myself and some friends, y'unnerstand. Made some just awhile back, matter of fact. Got me into a hell of a lot of trouble."

A car passed then. We both stopped, stuck out our thumbs. The driver waved, grinned. Drove on past. I shifted my pack, he lifted the small suitcase he had slung on a strap, and we both started walking again. "Yeah. Somehow Bobby Joe--he's the sherrif back home-- heard about my booze and come out past the house one day. 'Say' he says, straight out, 'I ear you got some good bottles of beer out here; I'd like to buy a bottle.' Now I know better'n that, so I looked him the eye and says, 'I can't sell you a bottle, but I'll give you a bottle.'

"So I went downstairs, got him one up, and away he went. Next day Jimmy Page, one of his deputies comes by. 'Say, he says 'I hear of that beer you've got, I'd like to buy some.' So up we go through the same routine again, I head downstairs, get him up a quart. He takes it and leaves without a word!"

Another car passes, a station wagon with one passenger. No one waves that time. A few minutes later, a Volkswagen passes; the driver stops ahead, says he'd pick us up if he had the room, and takes off again. We keep on walking. Tom (I never learned his last name) keeps talking. "This goes on for maybe a week. Ever' day the sherrif send out someone new; ever' day I end up short a quart of beer. 'I can't sell you a bottle, but I'll give you a bottle!' Gah-damn!"

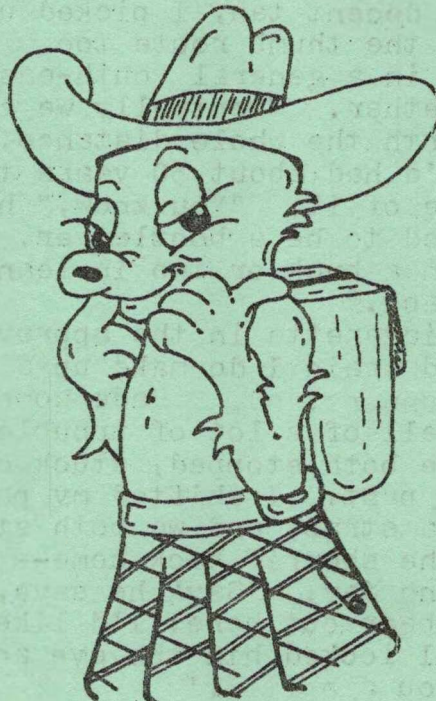
"The second week, I'm getting pretty damn tired. One day it's Jimmy Page again that comes by. As he's getting out of his car, I'm out on the porch with my shotgun. 'Hold it right there,' I says. 'You got yourself a warrant Jimmy looks at me, at the gun. 'Uh, no,' he says.



'Well,' I says, 'you just get in that goddamn car of yours and you get on back to Bobby Joe, and you tell him the next person to set step on this property without a warrant gets blown halfway over that goddamn tree in the yard!'"

He grinned. "They never did come back, either. But I still leave the beer to the taverns. It's not as good, but it's a damn sight cheaper in the long run!"

ON THE ROAD AGAIN: A local folksinger (Dylan-esque and dedicated) sings "I'm on the road again, and I ain't been off it since I don't know when..." Well, I've been off it; now I'm on again. Next time, maybe I'll say where I've been on to.







(reprinted from James Goddard's OMPazine, ARCANUM 2, January 1973)

I

The strangest thing happened to me recently. I received two questionnaires on fandom from graduate students doing papers on it for their universities. What made it even weirder was that both questionnaires arrived on the same day. (It must be term paper time at graduate school, or something)

The students making the studies were Peter W. Johansen of Stanford University, and Loretta Vitek of Wayne State University- which I attend. Let me quote a few of the opening remarks from the letters they sent along with the questionnaires.

Johansen says that he wants to "analyse why science fiction has generated such an active audience, rather than the passive receivers that characterize the consumers of most mass and popular culture." He says that he is doing the paper for a course on "mass and popular culture" and goes on to explain that he has little knowledge of the sf community, but is immersing himself in fanzines and prozines and talking to fans in his area. He says that he will send a copy of the paper to anyone who answers the questions and requests it. Fair enough.

Loretta Vitek is writing on "SF Fandom- The People In It." She says that she is writing this study as her senior essay. Her husband is an avid sf reader, and she has occasionally associated with fans and attended conventions, and finds fandom "a very fascinating social phenomenon".

It's odd how the two seem to approach fandom from different points of view- then again, considering fandom, perhaps it's not so odd. Johansen sees it as an aspect of mass communications and popular culture, and thus places more emphasis on the fiction itself, whereas Vitek sees it from a point of social implication, and thus places more emphasis on the people involved.

Let me quote some of the questions they ask to give you some idea of what the questionnaires are actually like, and also my own answers and reactions to the questions.



"How would you define an sf fan?" A question, I think, fans have been asking themselves for years. I said that a fan was someone who was "interested in fandom, actively participating in some way, other than just reading sf, and is familiar with the customs and traditions that have grown up around fandom. In another section he asks "What criteria, if any, do you think should be applied when judging the quality of a fanzine?" Another hard question; fans have so many reasons for publishing fanzines that it seems rather hard to judge their quality. If fan X gets fun out of filling up his zine with bad sf poetry and crude pictures of naked female space monsters, then who am I to spoil his fun? And I suppose it doesn't matter, either, so long as the faned doesn't complain that his zine doesn't get enough response, enough praise, etc. from other fans. As I said last time, it may be fun to produce, but that doesn't mean it'll be fun for others to read. It's really impossible to judge something without using any sort of criteria (I might add that I consider a strong editorial personality an essential ingredient of a good fanzine- the only criteria I would apply absolutely.) so to that something can be judged without using criteria is really a contradiction. Another question: "Is there a closer relationship between artist and consumer in sf than in other areas of mass culture? If so, why?" I replied that there is a closer relationship between some of the artists and some of the consumers. I said that I thought this was partly because there was very little feedback in the general press about sf, and partly because a great many artists in the field had been fans themselves and still feel quite close ties. Ted White and Terry Carr are two very well known examples of what you might call the fan-pro hybrid, people who are as interested in fandom as in sf. A final question from the Johansen questionnaire: "What do you personally find most rewarding about your involvement (with fandom)?" To this I answered that it was the various people I'd met and written to.

Loretta Vitek's questions are less interesting, perhaps because they seem more conventional than Johansen's which really seem to be concerned with the essence of fandom, its whys and its wherefores. "What was the first sf book you ever read, or can remember reading?" My first was, I think, MAROONED ON MERCURY in 6th grade, although I may have read some Edgar Rice Burroughs Novels earlier. I remember re-reading THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT several time. I liked it so much, but I think the Mercury book was the first one I actually recognized as sf. (It's strange, but it's always the first sf that we read that we remember most fondly, isn't it?) A series of related questions: "Have you ever tried to write an sf story? Did you finish it? Was it published? Did you try to get it published?" Notice that line of questioning; this woman must have some idea of the average fans lethargy! I have tried to write an sf story, several, in fact, and have finished a few. I think every fan, secretly or openly, tries his hand at fiction writing, it's a natural reaction. I've had a few of my stories published in fanzines, but they were all uniformly terrible; I've never had the nerve to send one to a prozine editor. "Do you read super-comics? Do you consider comicbooks a part of sf?" I don't know, perhaps an OMPA member would care to tackle this one. There has been quite a lot of discussion of comicbooks in US fanzines, and even a few reviews of them in FANTASTIC. "If the reading of became illegal, or





dangerous tomorrow, would you stop reading it? Why or why not?" This is probably her most interesting question; how would you answer it? I think I would stop reading it, because a lot of the things I enjoy in sf I can find elsewhere, such as in fantasy. If Miss Vitek means would I give up fandom if it became illegal or dangerous to associate with, that's another story. I've got to know a lot of people in and through fandom that I would really hate to break contact with- a lot of people that I probably know better than my neighbours at the end of the street! I really doubt if I would give it up; fandom is something important to me, and I like it a lot. I suspect that many other people must like it too, judging from the amount of time and money they spend on it.

My conclusions about these two surveys are rather mixed. I don't know if I entirely like the idea of fandom being discovered, and I think everyone fears there will be some sort of Frederick Wertham communist-fascist plot to stamp out fandom after it's been discovered by some high-moral minded person. But I think these surveys will be interesting to read, when they come out, since they may reveal something about the nature of fandom and the people in it that we ourselves have never realized. Good luck to them both.

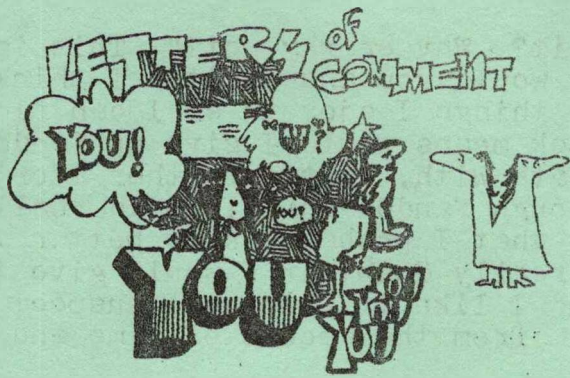
## II

Why is fandom, and what are fans I touched upon that in the above portion of this column when I said that fans were people interested in and active in fandom and also familiar with its customs and history. But then, even more recently, after the two questionnaires had arrived, I ran across the old controversy: is Fandom a Way of Life, or is Fandom Just a Goddamn Hobby? Which is it? Or, could it be both?

The thing that popped into my head was something that Ted White had written about fannish writing. He said that a story about a fan going to a barber-shop and getting a haircut was just as fannish as a convention report or even a book review- anything that involves a fan is suitable material for a fannish article. But that would mean that if going to a convention or reading an sf book is fanac (and obviously quite necessary if one is going to write a con report or book review) then going to the barber to get a haircut must also be fanac, right? I mean, "fanac" quite literally is an abbreviation for 'fan activity' and naturally anything a fan does is activity of one sort or another- or fanac. So one could quite logically, say that Fandom is a Way of Life, since it includes every thing in life.

Perhaps, too, you could get some idea of what fandom is really like by looking at the material that is generally regarded as the best 'fannish' writing- the sort done by the writers in FOCAL POINT and RATS! for instance. The articles there would rarely be confused with anything mundane, and yet the things these people write about are often common or mundane (unlike this column which actually consists of theoretical and very high-in-the-sky-stuff). The difference seems to be in the fannish references that are casually dropped ("He was a Charles Burbee and a Walt Willis mixed into one, if you can believe it.") and a light, witty, don't-take-everything-so-seriously-folks laugh style. This latter especially, is an attitude that is common in most of the best fannish writings. Perhaps a fan is someone who looks at everything in a less serious, more light-hearted fashion than most people? We often talk about our sense-of-wonder, and about fans ability to talk about things that most adults might consider childish or juvenile- sf, for instance (and note that the propellor beanie cap is the standard symbol of a fan) and I wonder if this isn't all interrelated, fused and joined into that loose association we call fandom. I don't know, I'll leave you to pick up where I left off.





What follows is an experiment on my part. The segmented lettercol has been used in a few zines over the year oddly, many of them were or are among the leading fanzines of their times. I know that SHAGGY used it at least once, and so did NIEKAS. Bill owers used it in OUTWORLDS#2. Variations on the basic form have been used by Donn Brazier in TITLE; short "letterculls" spread throughout the fanzine. I ripped it off from Dave Locke's AWRY, which is, perhaps, the most

well known current practitioner of the form. It's something that I've been thinking of for awhile, and I had to try it at least once. At least it's enabled me to get many more people into print than would have been the case with a more "normal" lettercol. I hope you enjoy it.

Editorial comments to be set off like this: (( )). And Dave, how do you come up with up all those little diamonds, etc, that you use to set off your comments?

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### General Impressions

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BEN INDICK: BANSHEE is a remarkably handsome book this time, a leap forward of dimensions you'll find difficult to top, maybe even equal!

((I don't know about that. Do you mean it'll be hard to leap forward a greater amount than I did with that issue, or difficult to equal last issue? No question in my mind that I've equaled it this time, and probably surpassed last issue visually. And I'll continue to do so.))

DAVE LOCKE: This was a top-notch issue of BANSHEE

DON D'ASSASSA: So that's a BANSHEE. Re production is much better than previous stuff of yours I've seen. Does that mean your machine is getting better or did you just try a little harder? ((A lot harder.))

LARRY BROMBER: Thank you for the BANSHEE. It's behaving nicely, but eating a hell of a lot. Fortunately it hasn't made any messes yet, and it seems to like the cat box. I've been watering it twice a day. Is this sufficient? ((No.))

WALT LEIBSCHER: Thanks for the issue of BANSHEE. It was great fun. Now, if you paid just a little more attention to the reproduction, and just a little more attention to the general makeup of the magazine, you would really have a good thing going.

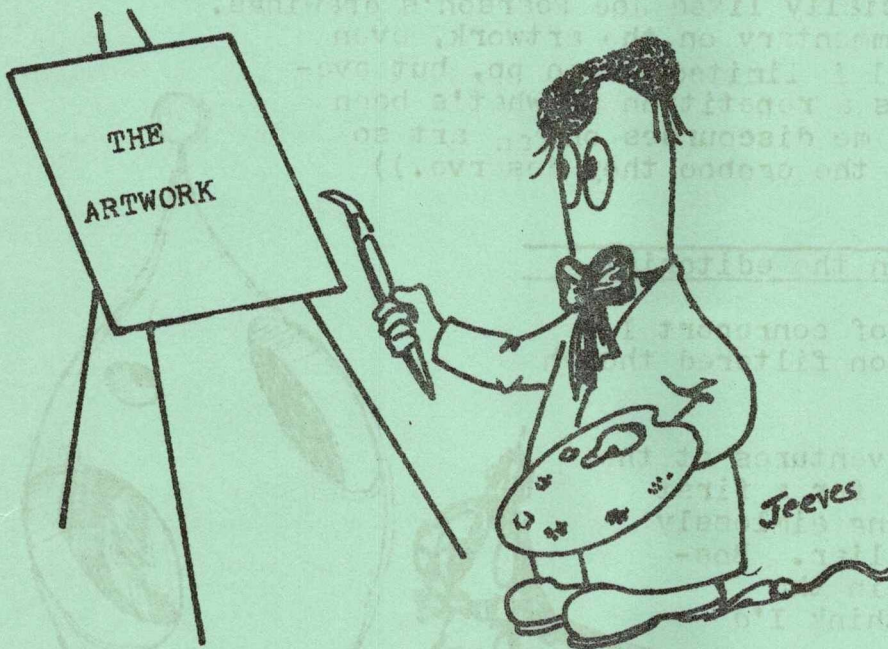
BRUCE D. ARTHURS: There's still quite a bit of art that gives the impression that it's stuck in only as space filler, but you're improving. You may be another OUTWORLDS yet.

DAVID STEVER: Of interest was the surprise from Bob Tucker that you got. I guess that means you've made it, Gorra. You've told me you would like to head into fannish material, but I would like to see you strike a balance between fannish and sercon like ENERCUMEN did in an earlier year. It means being friendly with both the Insurgent types and the Patrick McGuires and Sandra Miesels as well. ((For better or worse, David, this is going to be a fannish fanzine. I enjoy that type more. But that bit a-



bout ENERGIUMEN...first Arthurs and then you.... Ah, egoboo is a sweet thing.... but I've probably read you wrong....damn.))

JOHN D. BERRY: It looks bad. You've got some good cartoons intermingled at what seems like random with atrocious ones. Your typewriter seems to cut a slotchy stencil, and your corrections and such are sloppy. There's not much style to the layout; I don't mean innovative style, but any kind of pleasureable feeling when I look at the page. I don't mean to be rough on you, but it's not going to help you if I tell you it's great when it's not. There's a lot of room for improvement. ((Which is an understatement. Actually, I worked harder on making corrections last issue than I ever had before, and this issue I'll work harder still. And I'm trying to pay more attention to the repro; I think part of the problem last time was that a few pages were typed on poor stencils, which have since been used up. I don't know what I can do to improve the layout, except try harder, but I suspect that I have no talent in that area and I'll just have to rip off more layouts from other zines. Your loc, John, is the type you hate when you first read it, but when you reread it, you like it a bit more, and later you love it, because you realize the locer is trying to help you improve and can't do it except by being merciless. Thanks.))



PREFF: Kinney's cover incredible!

DAVID STEVER: The single pieces by Sirois and Chris Offut are the low points. My favorite is Canfield's Pretty Kitty. I've never seen Eric Mayer's work before, but I like most all of his small stuff though and am terribly indifferent about the bacover.

WALT LEIBSHCER: The Schirmesiter folio was a delight.

ERIC MAYER: I liked Dan Steffan's stuff the best myself. I was especially amused by the second cartoon in the Schirmesiter folio. ((I liked Dan's stuff the best, too. Send more!))

BEN INDICK: Dan Steffan, Canfield, and Schirmeister are absolute winners. Schirm's folio is a positive delight, a quick mind and a sure hand.

FRANK BALAZS: I liked the Mayer bacover. A lot of the other stuff by him in the issue is pretty good. Interesting frontcover; do we get the other half next issue?



JOHN D. PERRY : Stick with Dan Steffan, Jay Kinney, and Grant Canfield and probably Bill Kunkel, but be choosy even among them. Grant's two pie pieces in this issue were pretty rushed jobs, I would say. And get Schirmeister to do you some cartoons that you can use in the text, rather than isolating them in a folio; except for the size of some of them, there was no reason to make a folio out of his stuff this time. It's good, with an oddly almost-primitive look to a couple of them that on second glance prove to be completely controlled, and Schirmeister could easily have replaced Sherly Birkhead, Eric Mayer, and Chris Offut.

ROBERT BLOCH: Enjoyed the portfolio especially-- I think fan art has advanced tremendously in recent years- much more imaginative than the old rocket-ship stereotypes of the past.

GREGG DAVIDSON: Attending an art institute like Otis does funny things to your brain. You become very caught up in doing "serious art" and sometimes you lose sight of the fact that seriousness isn't equated with honesty or sincerity in art. I haven't done any fan art for almost 8 months, and with the arrival of your fanzine and a few others I realized I really honestly missed drawing for fanzines, especially those fanzines that coincide closely to my own convoluted way of approaching the world.

LARRY G. BROWNER: Especially liked Joe Pearson's drawings. ((I'd like to print more commentary on the artwork, even considering that this' local is limited to ten pp, but everything else is more or less a repetition of what's been said above. Somebody write me discourses on fan art so that I can give the artists the egoboo they deserve.))

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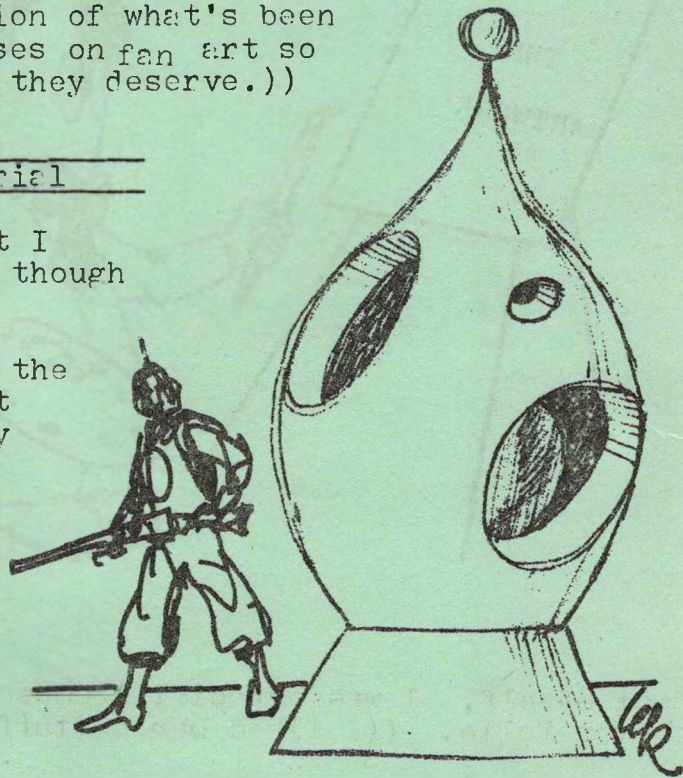
Egoboo for me: feedback on the editorial

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JERRY KAUFMAN: ...the sort of conreport I like--details of a convention filtered through a personality.

JACKIE FRANKE: Your adventures at the con didn't sound bad at all for a first time attendee. Th wandering aimlessly about sounds painfully familiar. Boskone certainly sounded low in the fannish department; don't think I'd enjoy it all that much.

BRUCE D. ARTHURS: Yeh, but what about the Mystical Kosmick Serconnish Experience. When someone on the T night show mentions that Heinlein is his favorite writer. Or there's the Reverse Mystical Kosmick Serconnish Experience, when you see mention of your home town someone's book. (( Had another one of those experiences recently. Aljo Svoboda goes to Simi Valley High School and the other day, on the radio, I heard an ad for Noxzema, I think, and the girl doing it said something like, "M=! so and so from Simi Valley High School." But there was no beanie this time, either.))





JOHN D. BERRY: I dug spotting your reference to fannishn'ness being banned in the Boston area, one of the bits hidden away in EGOBOO 16. I wonder if Ted noticed it.

JOHN CARL: Your editorial was fairly written, but wasn't long enough. A simple convention report taking up most of the space doesn't convey much to the reader about the personality of the editor. ((On the contrary, I feel a con report can be one of most informative types of personal writing.))

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About the thing the Cat(hater) in the Hat wrote.

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DAVID STEVER: The real meat of the zine is Michael's article blowing the whistle on all the crappy "fannish incident" articles and the zines that are filled with that type of material. Who knows, this might be the first shot in the fighting return of genzines to a place in the forefront.

DAVE LOCKE: Mike Glicksohn has the best thing in the issue. Now that you (Gorra) have got me to thinking in terms of "Best Fan Article" I don't hesitate to state that Mike's would quite possibly make my list of best fan articles of '74. It is funny- even laugh out loud funny in spots- and it's as smooth as a glass of good 10 year old scotch.

ERIC MAYER: If Mike wants to get with it he'll have to do better than this. Why just today I ate a slice of bread.

JACKIE FRANKE: Enjoyed the hell out of Glicksohn's piece. Funny fellow. He should go far in fandom...

DON AYRES: Wanna really blow Glicksohn's cool? Give him a label that advertizes Ripple Scotch. His article on cookery was something I could've used last year when I was doing my own cookery. Sorry he didn't cover boiling water though. That ought to rank right up there with Tucker putting on his socks. Maybe he should write it in conjunction with an artist so we can have step-by-step instructions on the art of boiling water? ((How about it, Mike? Any artists for it?))

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About "Ovalard" What does it mean, Cy?

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DAVE SELL: I approve of Cy's label "sercon-fannish" I'd like to see more articles written in this manner. They would be neither totally worthless or long winded and dry. ((I kind of enjoy them myself, but my greatest fondness is for fannish humor))

MIKE GLYER: Chauvin's article of short bits works very well. You ought to talk him into turning it into a column.

JAMES HALL: I thought Cy's piece the best in the issue. The article struck a most responsive chord in me.

SHERYL BIRKHEAD: A note about Cy's article: therein lies



the reason why I would never go up to a pro unless I had some-  
thing to say. (not just a gee-whiz-gosh-wow)

PAUL WALKER: I have not got the etiquette down pat, Cy.  
((Paul wrote a five page loc that cries to be turned into an ar-  
ticle, about praise and other things. But there's no space...))

JODIE OFFUT: I don't think Cy Chauvin's incompetent; at least  
not his writing. I always enjoy it.

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### The Youthful Gafiate

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JOHN CARL: Aljo's article was amusing and very well written,  
though the basic postulate was weak. His first page was part-  
icularly good, presumably because the idea hadn't begun to get  
too complicated yet, but it sort of slipped away as he progressed  
to the second and especially the third pages. Thankfully, it  
wasn't too noticeable because it was written in the inimitable  
Svoboda style.

JACKIE FRANKE: Aljo wrote one of his better pieces here. I  
mean, I actually could understand it! Coherency has struck  
him--perhaps its virus was incubating during his gafia?

FRANK BALAZS: You realize, of course, that Aljo Svoboda is  
obsessed with gafia the way other people are obsessed with  
death... ((Yes.))

DAVID SINGER: Thanks to Aljo, I'll know the symptoms of Creep-  
ing Gafia if it ever gallopes up to me and says "Hi." But it  
can't be too bad until you become a Card-Carrying Gafiate... and  
even then, there's Gafiates Anonymous. "I was a Gafiate for  
the FBI..." just think of all the wonderful faanish ideas that  
gafiation can generate!

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### The Ancient One

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GERRY DE LA REE: In reading over Bob's piece, I found some in-  
consistencies iwth my own records of Widner's polls.

I note that the author poll for 1941 seems to tally with  
Bob's remarks since Campbell did win with 804 points. But his  
fanzine listing does not agree...the point totals I have are  
much higher, leading me to think he was using earlier tallies  
and not final ones. Since my own fanzine, SUN SPOTS, is not e-  
ven ranked in Widner's 1941 poll (my copy) and was ranked in the  
one Bob quoted from, again leads me to think he was using the  
early standings and not the final ones. ((Widner's 1941 poll,  
according to Gerry, shows the following for fanzines: 1. SPACE-  
WAYS (465) 2. LE ZOUPIE (324) 3. STARDUST (285) 4. ALCHEMIST  
(267) 5. V.O.M. (252) 6. FANTASY NEWS (243) 7. PLUTO (222)  
8. SNIDE (222) 9. COMET (219) 10. FANFARE (212) Bob stated in  
the article that he was using the first results of the Widner poll))

ROBERT BLOCH: After tearing out and shredding the Tucker article  
I read and enjoyed the rest





BRUFF ON RAT



WAIT LEIBSCHER: Tucker's poll bit was stuffed with nostalgia. However, and I think he did it on purpose, he stopped around 1941, and since I wasn't really among the top ten until around 1942 or 1943, my name was not mentioned, and I got no egoboo at all, consequently, I can only consider the article as fair. Had my name been mentioned, I would have regarded the article as super keen good.

JERRY KAUFMAN: Tucker was fascinating for about a page, until he got into the results of various polls, a subject that bores me. (I remember Terry Carr burned up about four "Infinite Benjie" columns in FOCAL POINT with such listings.)

JACKIE FRANKE: Alas, Tucker has apparently taken the first steps into senility... remembrance of times past is an early symptom, isn't it? \*sigh\* Harry Warner will appreciate the company

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Notes about the Insurgent Movement

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JERRY KAUFMAN: I was at Marcon. It was Friday night, and there was Loren MacGregor, come all the way from Seattle to Columbus, just to use some time and money he had no better use for. "Jerry," he said, "That round-robin story was pretty poor."

I'm just a bit frantic the first night of a convention. I said to Loren "What? What story? Where? What do you mean, Huh, Huh?"

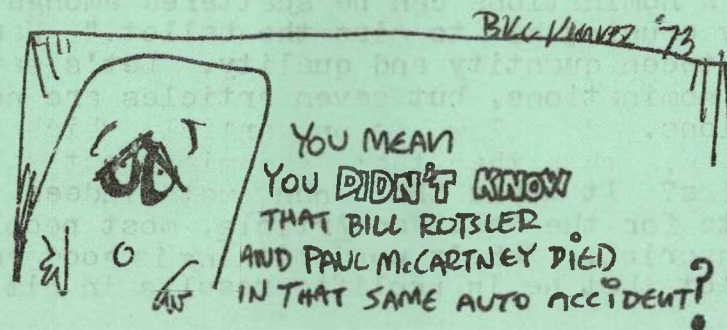
So Loren pulled out a copy of BANSHEE and showed me Arnie's "It Can Happen Here." And my mouth fell open in that elegant style of mine.

When we wrote that at Insurgents, there was a lot of discussion of intentions and goals. The two sides were fairly agreed that, in its present state, it wasn't worth much. One side (Arnie) felt that if the thing were rewritten, preferably by Arnie, then it would be salvageable. The other school said the hell with it. Nobody expected it to appear, as was.

I could explain several things to ease the mystery. The title was the result of experimenting with three dimensional lettering. Since the word was on the page, MICROPHONE, it became the title. Also one line reads "The Vietnam David is the New York Mac" That should read "Victorian" not "Vietnam" Bill started his bit by referring to "David" and I asked him what David he was referring to. He said it was a Victorian usage directed to the anonymous individual. I said it must be like the New York Mac, and David Emerson picked up the line. ((MY copy, Arnie's mss. says "Vietnam."))

It doesn't sound like much now, but when the story was read to all assembled in the Katz Kitchen, it was very funny. Honest.

ERIC MAYER: Maybe I should write something like "Marcel Proust and the Turkey imagery in Arnie Katz' "Microphone" "





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## Best Fanwriter vs. Best Fan Article.

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DAVE LOCKE: I'm absolutely amazed at the rampant display of tunnel vision which my good friend Mike Glicksohn brings to bear on this subject. I'm sorry, Mike, but you really can't see the woods for the trees. You're knocking down straw men faster than you can set them up.

Fine, so maybe 300 copies of Milt's conreport got circulated. Fine, so maybe 2500 to 3000 copies of Susan's various articles got circulated. But Mike, you're comparing apples and oranges. That '300' is the possible number of people who read Milt's conreport. The '2500 to 3000' is the number of copies of all those various fanzines which published Susan's articles, which got distributed through all of those mailing lists. And those mailing lists overlap; they overlap considerably. Look at the lettercolumns of those fanzines (or of most any fanzines) and you will see the same names over and over again. There is no way the world you can draw a direct correlation between 300 copies of one fanzine and 3000 copies of umpteen fanzines.

But... so what? "A hell of a lot of people had a chance to see some of Susan's output and realize that she knows how to put words together with unusual skill. Dave's plan would reduce that possibility by about an order of magnitude." You're shooting from the hip, Mike, and what's worse is that you don't even know where the target is. Let's look at things logically and realistically. What happens under the present system? Let's not argue the merits of one person against another, but let's state that Susan gets nominated because her writings are much spread throughout fandom, and Milt does not because his writings are not. That's a reasonable statement, and although it's not the only factual statement which can be presented it is the only one which bears on this particular subject. What happens if the system is changed to best Fan Article? It can again be said that Susan gets nominated because her writings are much spread throughout fandom, and the worst that can happen is that Milt still does not get nominated. The only difference is that Susan will get nominated for a particular article rather than for her overall writing output. What might happen, is that Milt could get nominated too. Right now people get nominated as much for quantity as for quality, and you know that's true (time and again you will hear it said, or see it written, that "he's good, but his output is too small") If it happens that a particular manuscript must be the focus of attention and not just a fanwriter's name, people will be thinking in terms of remembering the outstanding articles and it won't matter a damn whether the author of an excellent article wrote anything else that year or not. "Hey, hot damn, now that's a good article. I'll remember that one." Just like they do when they encounter a good short story- they remember it when Hugo nominating time comes around. Best Fan Article would work exactly the same way.

As for the comments of Harry Warner- a man who has my utmost respect- he has two good ones, one that he didn't take the time to think about, and one that he had to fly to the moon to find. Let's take them one at a time. "A fanwriter's nominations can be scattered amongst his various good articles, thereby causing him to miss the ballot." Harry can't stop finding a relationship between quantity and quality. Let's say that John Doe's articles get 700 nominations, but seven articles are nominated and each gets 100 nominations. Joe Blow has one article which got 500 nominations. What does this mean, other than that John might not get the ballot with any of his articles? It means that John must indeed be a good fanwriter, but, in a vote for the Best Fan Article, most people feel that Joe has the superior manuscript. John's wordsmithing is good enough to get him votes, and the fact that he is prolific results in him getting a lot of



votes, but when it comes to a hands-down match as to who wrote the best article, then John is going to come off the winner. So let's break it down:

#### Best Fan Writer

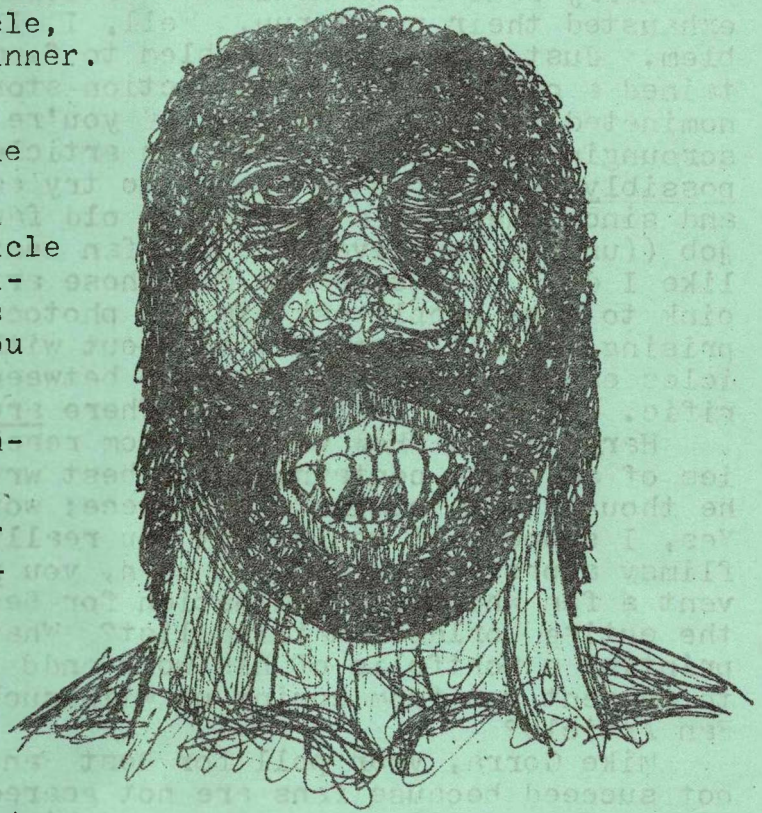
John gets a nomination because he has a lot of good articles published during the year. Joe does not get a nomination, even though his one article is considered superior to any individual item that John has written. Is John the best, or is Joe? How do you define Best Fan Writer

#### Best Fan Article

John does not get an article nominated, despite having a lot of good articles published during the year, because no one particular article of his was good enough to make the ballot. Joe, who wrote only one article, wrote an article which was considered the best article by a sufficient number of people to get it on the ballot. Is one of John's articles the best, or is Joe's? Here, the issue is absolutely clear cut. As I say, the worst that can happen is that Joe's article get's insufficient distribution to get it on the ballot, in which case, Joe could have won with a better distribution. Under Best Fan Writer, however, Joe had almost no chance to get nominated in the first place.

But, sticking to this same comment of Harry's, a compromise can always be worked out in the details. Let's grant that John has had seven articles nominated because they were all equally good, and just as good as Joe's article, and the votes are so split amongst John's articles that he gets screwed off the ballot. Details, Details. The idea of Best Fan article is quite sound, and any supposed shortcomings are really only matters that depend on the handling of the plan. How would this particular problem be overcome? Simple. Here's one way: The votes are tabulated by author, and all votes for one author's articles are thrown to the article which received the highest number of nominations. Another way, though a bit cumbersome, would be to send good old John Doe a tabulation of the voting for his articles, and let him pick the one he wishes to enter into the running. The number of final nominations may have to be expanded to compensate for the fact that you don't want to throw Joe of the ballot (with his 500 nominations for one article) because of John (who got 700 nominations, but for seven articles.) This will get both of them on the ballot, but from that point on may the best article win. No matter what plan you've got, you've got details. Think about them before raising the flag, and you'll come up with your own solutions.

"Fanzine's bearing a date of 1973 might not reach the reader's hands until sometime in 1974" True. That's a problem that affects the Best Fanzine category, the Best Fan Writer category, and no doubt it would affect a Best Fan Article category. So what else is new? So maybe the article we read in March, on a fanzine dated the previous November can be made eligible for nomination in the year it appeared if adequate proofs are presented. Fans would be more conscious of that type of problem, and would rally and cope were some fine piece of writing to get caught in such a trap.



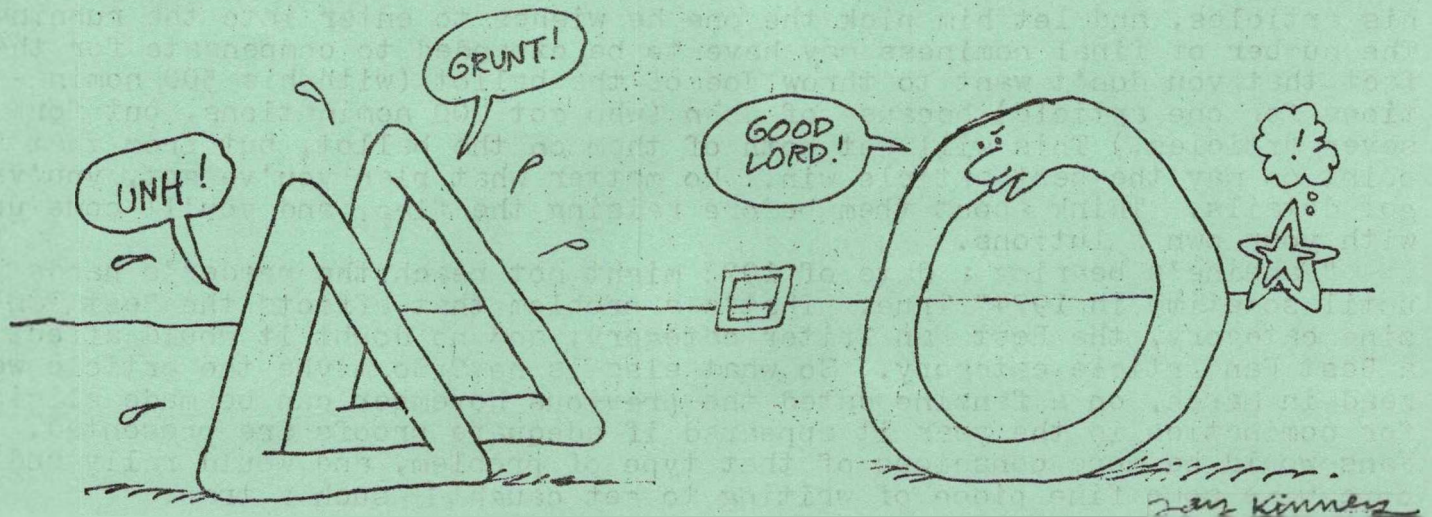


Harry asks about nominated articles which appeared in fanzines that have exhausted their print run. Well, I will grant him that that would be a problem. Just like it's a problem to find an issue of an old prozine that contained a nominated science fiction story, or an issue of a fanzine that got nominated for best Fanzine. If you're not a fan, you could care less about scrounging up the nominated fan articles. If you are a fan, you might possibly be interested enough to try and get hold of something you missed, and since there is a market for old fanzines it won't be all that hard a job ((unless you live in a non-fan center and don't get to many cons... like I do)) I'm sure the fan whose article was nominated would be tickled pink to have people ask him for photocopies of his article. And some enterprising fan will probably come out with a collection of the nominated articles each year. If he does so between nomination and final ballot, terrific. If not, no big deal. There are sources for old fanzines.

Harry asks: "How would fandom react if a fan ordered three hundred copies of an issue containing his best writing and mailed it to all the people he thought might nominate the piece; would this be considered buying votes?" Yes, I suppose it would, but you really had to reach to come up with that flimsy a problem, Harry. I mean, you really had to reach. What's to prevent a fan who has a nomination for Best Fanzine from sending his fanzine to the entire Worldcon mailing list? What's to prevent a fan artist from printing a portfolio of his work and doing the same thing? What can we do to prevent you from coming up with such weak arguments to the idea of Best Fan Article?

Mike Gorra, your poll for Best Fan Article will not succeed. It will not succeed because fans are not geared to thinking in terms of a best single piece of fanwriting. Ask someone his opinion about the best short story last year and he will rattle off three or four titles. Ask him about the best fan writer and he will rattle off three or four names. Ask him about the best Fan Article and he may simply rattle off- because you'll be pressing him too hard. If the idea of changing the award ever actually happens, fans will adapt to thinking in terms of articles instead of in terms of names. But you can't make that retroactive, of course, and so you will get a very poor response to your poll and some not very informed choices from amongst those who do respond.

My choices? I'm in the same boat. If there were a Best Fan Article category I would have kept track of my choices. And as I save very few fanzines, I don't even have the opportunity to go back and look up the item which have disappeared down the hallways of my mind. I do remember a lovely item, by, I think, Greg Benford about a visit he paid to Chesley Bone-





stell. I remember something by Susan Glicksohn about the women in comic-books. And I don't know whether either of those appeared in 1973. ((Neither did. Both were in ENERGIUMEN during 1972)) Had there been a Best Fan Article category in effect during 1973 you can bet my choices would be carried right on the top of my tongue.

(( I think the major, apparent flaw with this idea is that it seems the best material would get concentrated in the large circulation zines. But if you stop to think about, it ain't necessarily so. Large circulation zines are generally sercon, and the best fanwriting is generally fannish. Such writing wouldn't go over well in a large circulation zine catering mostly to a non-fan audience. This might lead to a shift to sercon, which would be a shame, but I kind of doubt it. I don't think many of the top-notch fanwriters are going to change their style to pursue an award. And the key here is the nominating process, not the voting one. I'd say that most of those nominating are real fanzine fans, who get a lot of zines; which would counteract the effect of a good, but not great article getting nominations from fringe fans just because it was in a large circulation zine. But I think it would be important for the writers to realize this so they don't try and concentrate their work in large circulation zines just for the sake of circulation, and hopefully, nominations, when a low circulation zine will reach a large portion of those nominating as well.))

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miscellaneya

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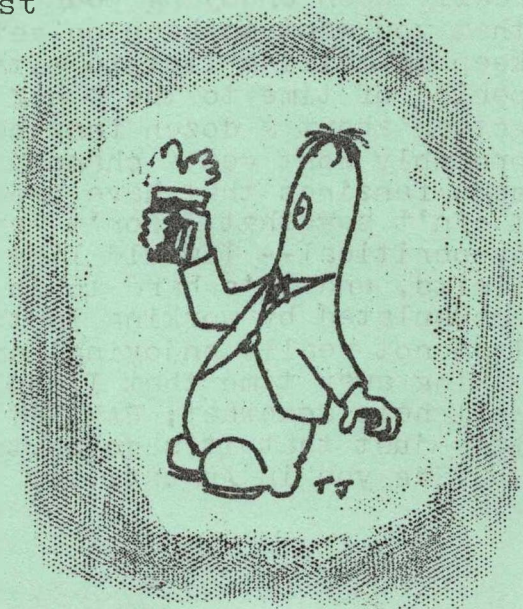
MIKE GLYER: Back when Jonathan Swift wrote his satiric "A Modest Proposal" in which the overpopulation problem of the British Isles was to be solved by eating Irish children, he was appalled to discover that some readers took him seriously. I wonder if it's the same sensation Wadhholm feels when he reads Kaufman's attempt to establish a moral defesne for Trekkies. Wadhdm's piece was in wonderfully bad taste, tremendously putrid-- I find myself able to agree with both Glicksohn's and Warner's points, although the former approved and the latter disapproved of the satire.

JERRY KAUFMAN: Mike Glicksohn-- did you know he hates to be called Michael? I do it simply because I'm pompous.

DAVE SINGER: It's really hard to "get up" for this loc with the fact gnawing in the back of my head that it most likely won't see print. I think that's the hardest thing for someone just coming into fandom; knowing that a lot of his locs won't even be printed. It gets discouraging after awhile. Yet I can see it from your point of view, you want to print the best locs and mine just don't usually fall into that category.

WALT WEINSCHER: Remember the rooster that wore red pants, and Rosebud uber alles.

WAHF (some too late for printing)  
Mike Glicksohn, James A. Hall, Brett Cox, Ken Gammage, Gil Gaier, Roy Tackett, Brad Parks, Grant Canfield, Michael Carlson, and Joe Sanders.







## The Last Fetid Breath

The next issue, which will be an August periodical, is going to be rather special. By now, you all know of the Tucker Fund, designed to deport Bob Tucker to Australia so that he can't do any more harm up here. The next issue of BANSHEE is going to be a special Bob Tucker Issue, with proceeds going to the Tucker Fund. I'm hoping that it will be one of the best written fanzine issues of the year; I can't say just yet who or what will be in that zine, but it is certain to be one that you won't want to

miss. That issue, and that issue only, will cost a dollar, and will not be sent automatically to everybody on my mailing list. I'm planning on sending it to some trades, to all those who contribute to that issue, and to my regular contributors as well, and my freebie list, which largely overlaps with the second category. It will not count on subscriptions; they will be extended one issue instead; and it will not be available for a loc, even though the issue will have a lettercol-- unless you can convince me that your loc is so fantastic that you deserve this issue for free. But you won't know that ahead of time, you see, so to insure getting BANSHEE#9, you had best send me a dollar. It's for a good cause.

So, if this  box is checked, you have to send money to get the next issue (unless you contribute) but will get #10; if this  box is checked, you have to take some form of action to keep on getting this at all.

Some of you with whom I've been trading are going to notice a check in the second box. BANSHEE is just getting too damned expensive. The print run for this issue is 200, and I want to cut that down. So, if I haven't really been enjoying your zine, you'll have to find some other way to show that you want to keep on getting BANSHEE. Perhaps this way I'll be able to keep my mailing list to within manageable lengths and also devote a proper period of time to the other zines that I get. In the past three days, I've gotten about a dozen fanzines, and that's too many to keep up with. I probably won't get a chance to thoroughly read a lot of them; I know I have some fanzines that have been sitting around here for two months unread. I can't say that I don't want to make this trimming, because that'd be hypocritical-- I would like to keep BANSHEE's cost within reasonable limits, and it's hard to do when you're publishing off the bank account accumulated by working in the summer. I am getting a lot of zines that I am not really enjoying, and only reading because I feel obligated to, taking away time that I could use on other things, and I hope this move will help somewhat; BANSHEE will always be available for a substantial loc; it's just that it's going to be a little harder to get it otherwise.

See you in August.....

*DM*





AMAZING STORIES

Grok  
HEINLEIN

Wooden Nukes!  
ATLE

THE ALIEN  
THE ROBOT  
THE MACHINE  
THE FUTURE  
THE PAST  
THE PRESENT  
THE FUTURE  
THE PAST  
THE PRESENT

Eric Mayer