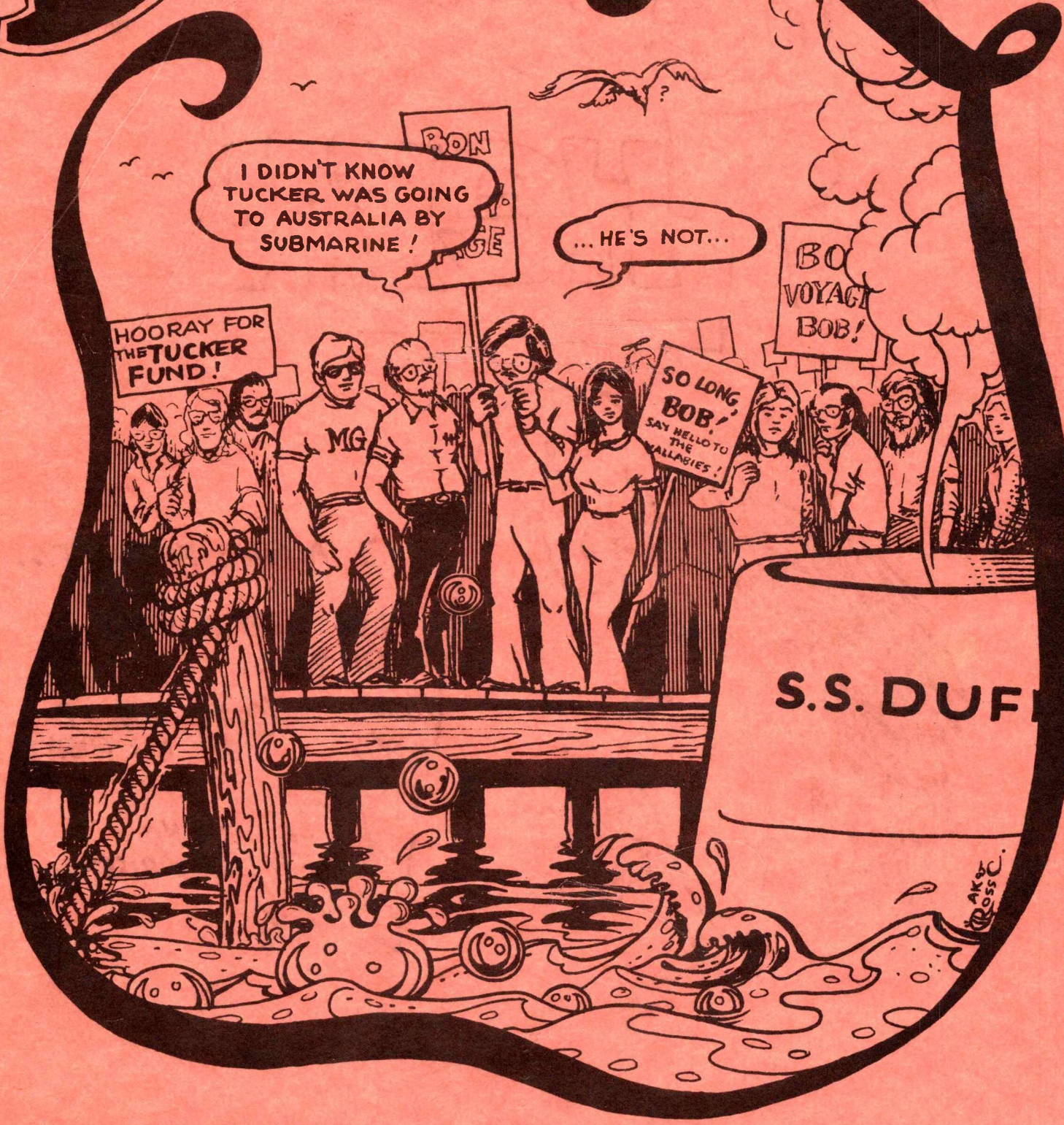


BANSHEE #9

August 1974



I DIDN'T KNOW TUCKER WAS GOING TO AUSTRALIA BY SUBMARINE!

... HE'S NOT...

HOORAY FOR THE TUCKER FUND!

SO LONG BOB! SAY HELLO TO THE MALLABIES!

BO VOYAGE BOB!

S.S. DUFF

AK & BOSS

YOU ARE
ONE OF
THEM!



I ALWAYS KNEW IT...

I'VE KEPT MY EYE
ON YOU...

YOU'RE ONE OF
THEM ALL RIGHT

IT'S NO
SURPRISE—

WR

Bampsees

#9, August 1974, Special
Bob Tucker Fund Issue.

Available for \$1 or an
appropriate prior display

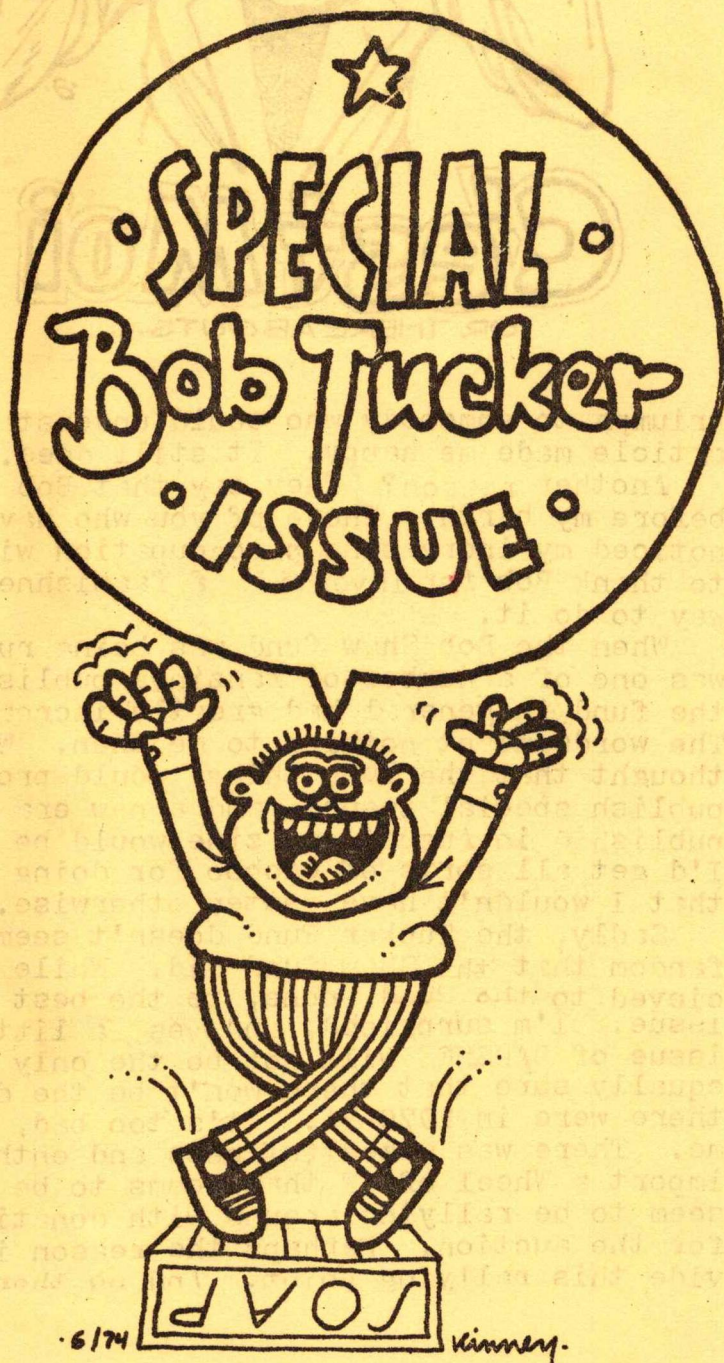
of interest from Mike Gorra, 199
Great Neck Road Waterford CT 06385
203-443-0103. All proceeds to the
Tucker Fund. All uncredited writing
is the editors.

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THE SOPHISTICATED EDITORIAL--



C'est Moi

OR THEREABOUTS.....

I suppose the question of why comes up. Why did I choose to publish the ninth BANSHEE as a special Bob Tucker issue to benefit the Tucker fund?

Various reasons, none of them really sufficient in itself. I haven't had very much contact with Bob; a letter or two, one article he wrote for me, a copy of LE ZOMBIE 66 which he kindly sent me. So I can't say I know him well at all, even though I do have a definite impression of his personality from reading pieces by and about him.

Perhaps one of the reasons is that he was the first fanzine luminary to contribute words to BANSHEE. I remember the day I got his article, "Yesterday's Madness" (BANSHEE #7) I was so ecstatic, so high on the essence of fanzine-ness that the only thing that brought me down was my inability to communicate my

triumph to somebody who could understand how good I felt. Getting that article made me happy. It still does.

Another reason? They say that Bob invented fanzine-ness about twenty years before my birth. Those of you who have been reading my zines will have noticed my increasing preoccupation with fandom and fanzine-ness. So I want to thank Bob for inventing a fanzine-ness for me to enjoy. This is a good way to do it.

When the Bob Shaw fund was being run, I read in AMAZING that FOCAL POINT was one of a number of fanzines publishing special Shaw issues, and that the fund in general had greatly increased fandom's interest in itself. The words meant nothing to me then. When the Tucker fund was announced, I thought that the same thing would probably happen; lots of zines would publish special issues, and a new era of fanzine-ness would be born. If I published in August, my zine would be one of the first special issues, and I'd get all sorts of egoboo for doing it, not to mention some contributions that I wouldn't have gotten otherwise.

Sadly, the Tucker Fund doesn't seem to have had nearly the effect on fandom that the Shaw Fund did. While a few zines are donating funds received to the fund, none, to the best of my knowledge, has planned a special issue. I'm surprised, and yes, a little bit disappointed. I'm sure this issue of BANSHEE will not be the only special Tucker issue, but I'm equally sure that there won't be the dozen or so special publications that there were in 1970-71. It's too bad, and I'm sure others will agree with me. There was a zestfulness and enthusiasm in Ninth Fandom's drive to import a Wheel of IF that seems to be lacking in 1974. All Fandom doesn't seem to be rallying around with donations of fine old vintage fanzines for the auction. Perhaps the reason is the lack of a FOCAL POINT to provide this rallying point. And so there's another reason for this issue.

Perhaps my publishing will encourage others to do likewise. There is still time yet, before the Fund reaches its goal, to spark a resurgence of fan-ish enthusiasm forty years after Tucker first cut a stencil.

Maybe Terry Carr will even publish the 12th INNUENDO as a special Tucker issue.

And so on with the show. I hope you'll enjoy this issue as much as I did while putting it together--but without the pain and frustration that accompanied me at times along the way.

Actually, that last line was a lie. I hope it hurts you to read this issue. It should, if you're a faned. Just think, sucker!: all this good material going to waste in a neofan's zine when it could have been you publishing it, if only you had my wide-ranging initiative and indomitable willpower.

Now, we come to the real reason I published this special issue.

Bob is known to some as Chod (but not God--don't take Elmer's name in vain) but to most as "Smoothie" He gets his nickname from his famous penchant for Jim Beam, which is supposed to be smooth as silk. Personally, I'd rather drink herosene. Goes down much easier.

I don't expect most, or even a few of you out there in Fan-Dumb to know this, being as how you are all so unsophisticated and crude, but Jim Beam, in addition to his regular bottles, also comes in fancy, decorative, expensive, bottles. Or else it used to, which is probably even better for my purposes.

Most of you don't know this of course, but Bob, being a gentleman with the fine breeding inherent in the race of muskrats, does. He doesn't, however, have any interest in the bottles after they've been emptied, no matter how beautiful or valuable they are. (Associating with the rest of you slobs has rotted his brain, you see) Nevertheless, he has quite a few of these bottles, none of which he bought himself.

Now I happen to have an interest in these bottles. I have a few of them, stolen when I was in swaddling clothes, sometime last year, from my parents liquor cabinet. They are worth quite a bit of money to a bottle collector. I am not a bottle collector; I am, however, a money collector. The more fancy Jim Beam bottles I get, the more money I'll have in my collection.

In return for my publishing this special issue, Bob has agreed to give me 37 empty fancy Jim Beam bottles at Discon.

And one piece of lint from his navel, set in lucite on a sterling silver base.

If this issue is especially good, he might even let me kiss one of his unemptied Jim Beam bottles on the mouth.

While I hope that every word you read in BANSHEE is the truth, such can't always be the case. At the moment, there is a distinct possibility that one of my contributors has been blatantly two-faced in the writing of his article presented this issue. I refer, of course, to Terry Hughes and his piece "A Nose by Any Other Name".

I was talking to Arnie Katz on the phone a few nights ago, and I chanced to mention the contents of this issue. "Oh?" he said. "What did Terry write about?"

"He wrote about his nose," I replied.

"His nose? Does he think he has a big one, or a small one?"

"A big one. Does he?"

"Not really; it's average sized. Joyce," he said; she was in the same room as he was, and I could overhear them talking, "do you think Terry Hughes has a big nose?"

"No. Why? Does he say he does?"

"Yes. Evidently he's up to something..."

"What kind of nose is it, Arnie?" I queried. Perhaps Terry's nose wasn't large, but it still could be distinctive, so that it would stick out in a crowd. It could be broken, or pointy, or flattened, or red. But it wasn't.

"Oh, it's just an ordinary nose."

Bear this in mind when you read Terry's piece. Somebody has been lying to me, and I suspect Terry rather than Arnie. I have it on good authority that this Hughes person is a shady character. Who knows what went on during those long silent months in Falls Church? Not I.

At Discon we'll find out. At Discon we'll find out if Terry Hughes really nose himself.

A couple of notes: Terry Austin's inside bacover is a sketch of the hypothetical comic book character I wrote about last issue. And Barry Gold, 2471 Oak St. Santa Monica CA 90405 is selling copies of THE INCOMPLETE BURBEE, third printing, for \$1.25, postpaid. It's almost 100 pages of the best of Burbee's writing from the fourties and the fifties and is, in all honesty, worth three times or more the cover price. A must for anybody who likes good fanwriting.

Fans are continually moaning the fact that fanzines aren't as good as they used to be. And it's true, they aren't.

I have discovered the reason why.

In 1964, WARHOON published an attack on the N3F by John Baxter. Fanzines were good back then.

In 1971, there were attacks on the N3F in the lettercol of RATS! Fanzines were good then, too.

In 1974, there are no attacks being published on the N3F. Fanzines aren't so good anymore.

I think you will see the obvious relationship. When fanzines and fandom attack the N3F, fanzines are good. When they don't, they are bad.

This doesn't mean that I have anything against the N3F. Some of my closest fannish friends are members, and there will probably be copies of at least BANSHEE 7 in the N3F room at Discon. But doesn't this coincidence strike you as strange?

I have come up with the solution.

The N3F is really the Secret Master. When it's in control, it is able to keep the quality of fanzines down, so that even their nine year old members can understand them. As a side effect, of course, there are no attacks on the N3F published. But when its grasp slips, the level of fanzine publishing zooms, and fanzines are in good shape again. And the N3F gets attacked.

The N3F has been in control of fandom for over a year, but its grip is now weakening. If it wasn't, I would have been struck dead before I sat down at my typer. I hope that you will all join me in throwing off their yoke, and then fanzines can be good again. To get the ball rolling a little faster than it already is, I'll quote the immortal Seth Johnson from the lettercol of WARHOON 22: "... without something like N3F there would be literally no place for fans to develop into faneds and the like." Come again? I have never been in the N3F, but I seem to be doing all right. And so are a lot of others who have been similarly deprived of the N3F's proud traditions and history.

As an example of how I have been deprived of editorial experience by virtue of not having joined the N3F, I present to you now the Bob Tucker Fund issue of BANSHEE.

I REMEMBER LEMURIA, AND BOB TUCKER, VAGUELY



It is always a pleasure, and sometimes even a surprise, to receive a letter from Mike Gorra. I should explain that the element of surprise is more attributable to his inadvertent penchant for typographical errors and not to any degree of infrequency. In his latest missive, one line in particular caused me to throw away a perfectly good mouthful of scotch.

"I'm planning on producing the 9th issue of AWRY, August, as a special Bob Tucker issue, to benefit the fund."

That's what he said. The problem, you see, is that Mike's fanzine is called BANSHEE. My fanzine is called AWRY. Isn't it? Yes, of course it is. Actually, I don't think this was a typographical error at all. I believe that Mike was daydreaming about the cheerleaders whom he would attempt to molest the next time he was on the football field, and simply lost all track of what he was talking about. It wouldn't have surprised me had he said: "I'm planning on producing the 9th CHEERLEADER, for August, in honor of Bob Tucker. Had this been Mike's actual intention, I'm sure that Bob would have considered it a fitting honor and given his implicit approval.

At any rate, Mike asked me to contribute to this special Bob Tucker issue. I consider this an appropriate choice on his part. I am 30 years old, and I met Bob Tucker once when I was 18. Obviously I know as much about him as anyone does.

I should mention that I have taken a break from a somewhat time-consuming fan project for the purpose of writing this article, and I feel as though I were on a busman's holiday. I've been sorting through over 40 years' worth of Bob Tucker's fan writings for the purpose of assembling something which will be called THE REALLY INCOMPLETE BOB TUCKER.

Currently, I am up to 1956, and unless he got a lot better after that date I consider it a fitting proposition that we ship him off to Australia. Perhaps they can teach him how to write down there (or in any other position, for that matter) and in the interim he will serve the purpose of lowering the overall standard of Australian fan-writing. They have too many good fanwriters in the bush country, and it makes us look bad here in the United States. The only idea better than exporting Tucker, is to export him to Australia.

Due to Australian import restrictions, we're sending him down there in voiced as a canned ham.

Fandom is quite smart in its efforts to honor Tucker the Fan. After all, there's not much anyone would do for him based on his reputation as a professional science fiction author. I know this for a fact, because I've read all of his sf novels. They help me to get to sleep at night. (I started reading them at night ever since one put me to sleep at two o'clock in the afternoon while I was on a crosstown bus.)

As I recall, his first sf novel was THE CITY IN THE SEA, published

back in 1951. It was blurbed as "a compelling human story of one man and an army of women!", and was mainly a fictionalized account of one of Tucker's closed-door convention parties.

His next science fiction novel was entitled THE LONG LOUD SILENCE, and it was told from the viewpoint of someone who listened attentively outside of Tucker's closed-door convention parties. Actually it was a story about a wino who kept running around the country trying to avoid catching the flu; and considering the title of it, the critical response was quite appropriate.

Some of his other science fiction novels were THE TIME MASTERS, a story of a man thousands of years old searching to find a woman his is thousands of years old; TIME BOMB, about 'a criminal who moves through time and space to murder his victims- completely and irrevocably- days before the moment of actual death' (an early protest against the postal service); WILD TALENT Bob's own account of his participation in closed-door convention parties; TO THE TOMBAUGH STATION, the story of a woman who has an unusual social disease; THE LINCOLN HUNTERS, the story of a man who goes into the past by mistake; and THE YEAR OF THE QUIET SUN, about a man who goes into the future by mistake. It is rumored that his next novel will be about a man who is in the present by mistake, and will be autobiographical in nature. If Tucker has written any science fiction novels other than the ones mentioned here, then I don't want to know about them.

I mentioned that I had met Bob Tucker when I was 18. I told about that meeting in PELF#7, published April 1969. I recounted every last detail, including the fact that it was Lloyd Biggle who had introduced us. In the following issue of PELF, Lloyd wrote in to say: "I vehemently deny having pointed out Bob Tucker to you. I have never met Bob Tucker." Bob Tucker then wrote in to say that he had never met Bob Tucker, either.

As far as I know, I may be the only person who has met Bob Tucker.

I've been unlucky in other ways, too.

As I remember that meeting, back there at the Chicon in 1962, Bob had that strange wiry crew-cut just like the photo shows on the dust jacket of THE LINCOLN HUNTERS. In fact, I think he had on the same shirt.

I remember going up to the Tucker, and saying: "Bob Tucker."

I heard Bob's head swivel around, way up there, and after I punched him in the kneecap he looked down, into my dandruff, and I said: "Author of my favorite novel, THE LONG LOUD SILENCE." My second favorite novel in those teenage days was BONZO ON THE MUSHROOM PLANET.

After the Tucker had rubbed his throbbing kneecap, with my face, he replied: "Yes. I'll send you a bill in the morning. And then he called for someone to carry him back into the bar.

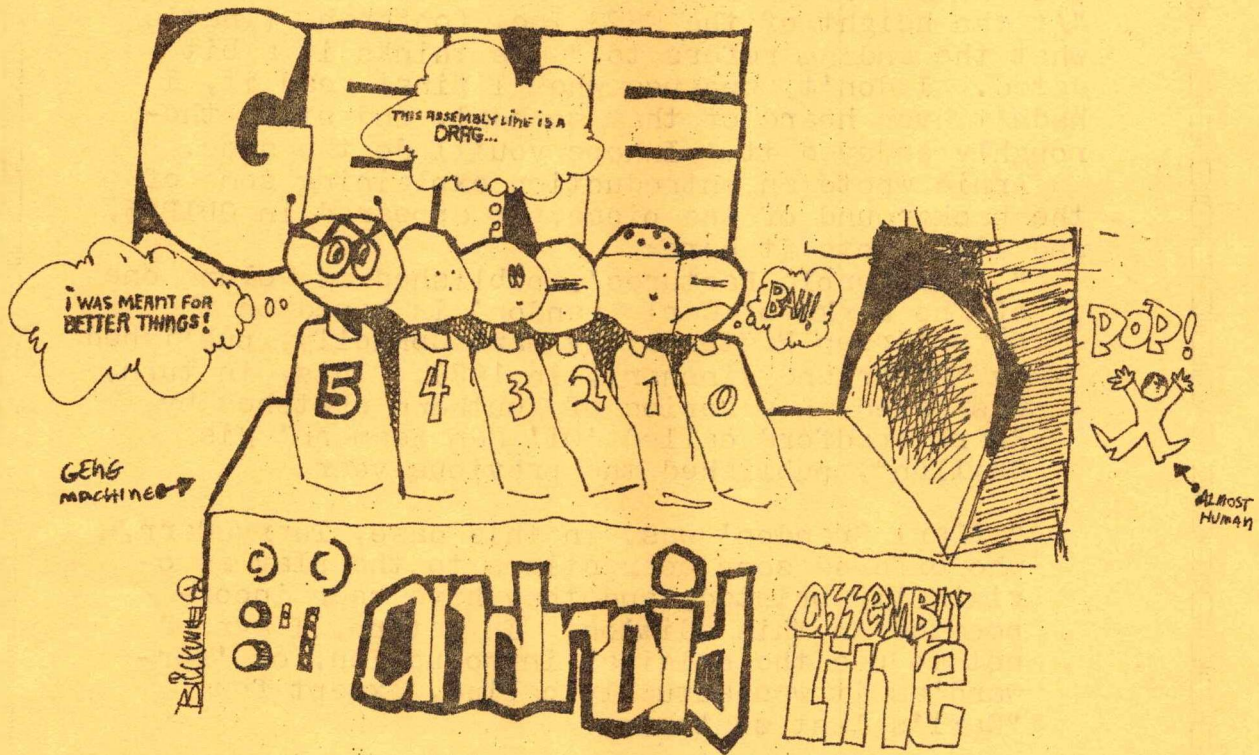
Having been dazzled by his ferocious wit, not to mention the pin-strip running down the center of my face, I turned around and went away.

The conversation is true, to the best of my knowledge. Only the design on my face was changed, to protect the name of Bob's tailor.

Anyway, Mike, I appreciate your asking me to contribute to this special Bob Tucker issue. I also appreciate your turning it into the 9th issue of AWRY. But look, if you're going to publish it, don't send me a bill in the morning. Send it to Tucker. He should pay us plenty for honoring him with this fanzine.



THE
PURPLE PASTURES



by
TERRY CARR
writing as
CARL BRANDON

"The Purple Pastures" is one of my favorite pieces of fanwriting. I found it in QUIP#5. QUIP was a fanzine edited by Arnie Katz, in combination with, at various times, Lon Atkins, Len Bailes, and Cindy Van Arnam. #5 was the first anniversary, and was over a hundred pages long, full of excellent fanwriting by the likes of Harry Warner, Jr. Robert Bloch, Greg Benford, F.M. Busby, and many others.

The piece is older than that, however. Terry writes that it was first published in August 1958, "At the height of the WSPS Inc. foorah. (That's what the ending refers to." He thinks it a bit dated. I don't, because when I first read it, I hadn't even heard of that scandal, and still thoroughly enjoyed it. I hope you'll do the same.

Arnie wrote an introduction explaining some of the background of the piece; it appeared in QUIP#5, and I'll quote it here:

"The Purple Pastures", published as volume one of 'The Works of Carl Brandon' is based on the play 'Green Pastures' by Marc Connelly, published by Farrar and Rinehart, in 1929. This, in turn, was based on a series of southern sketches by Roark Bradford called 'Ol' Man Adam An' His Chillun", published the previous year.

"'Carl Brandon' was, in this case, Terry Carr, who offered some corrections to the play as originally printed, and they have been incorporated in this edition. In return, I agreed not to use the original introduction, or 'forward' as it was actually called, except for 'Carl's last sentence.

"'The Purple Pastures' carries no deep meaning at all, but is merely one more proof that fandom, looked at in any other than its own terms, is ridiculously amusing' "

I can't think of anything to add to that introduction, except to say enjoy. But one more thing does come to mind... I know of no fan production of the play. Has there ever been one? And is anybody game to try it?

scene 1

A corner in a Negro slanshack.
Ten neos and an elderly BNF
As the curtain rises, Mr. Deshee, the BNF,
is reading from a fanzine. The neos are
listening with varied degrees of atten-
tion

DESHEE: "An Rucker stayed in fandom thutty y'ars, an begat a little neo an called his name Rucklet." It go on like that a bit, an den it say "An' Lee Hoffwoman come on, an' she pub QUANDRY, an' de days of LeeH were three y'ars until she come to life ag'n and was resurrected." Den a little later it tell about another member of de fam'ly. His name was Keisler. Maybe some of you know about him already. I'm gonter tell you all about him next mee-
tin'. Now ho you think gonter like fandom?

FIRST NEO: I'm gone like it jes' fine, Mr. Deshee, caize fo' it's so fan-
nish.

SECOND NEO: Who cr'ated fandom, Mr. Deshee?

DESHEE: Why, Ghu did, boy. Dat was a long time ago... before Rucker even.

SECOND FANDOM: What fandom like befo' Ghu begin, Mr. Deshee?

DESHEE: How yo' mean what it like?

FIRST NEO: Carlisle mean who was president of N3F den.

DESHEE: Dey wasn't nobody president den on 'count dey wasn't any N3F. Dat's de whole idea I jus' told yo'. Dey wasn't any FAPA Dey wasn't any OMPA Dey wasn't any CRY OF THE NAMELESS or YANDRO or nothin'. Dey wasn't nothin' in fandom at all caize fo' dey wasn't any fandom.

THIRDE NEO: What fo' did Ghu make fandom, Mr. Deshee? How did he git the idea he wanted it?

DESHEE: Well, nobody knows fo' certain. We know that at one time dey wasn't nothin' 'cept the Happy Fannin Grounds. Den one day Ghu got de idea he'd like to make a place fo' us li'l mortal fans to do our crifanac befo' we passed on, so he created fandom. And den he figgered dat since he'd gone to all de trouble make fandom fo' us, he'd better git on wif it and create us too, so's we could enjoy it.

SECOND NEO: What was de Happy Fannin' Grounds like, Mr. Deshee? Did dey have one shot sessions and all?

DESHEE: Sho, dey had the most fannish kind of one-shot sessions. Dey probl'y had bheerbusts, wid blog fo' de adults.



Chu gives us fans lotsa ideas about havin' fannish times. Maybe dey were things dey 'd been doin' up in the Happy Fannin' Groun's. Yes sir, I bet dey had a bheerbust ev'ry week.

scene 2

A bheerbust in the Happy Fanning Grounds. A choir of fangels are singing "Rise, Shine, Give Chu the Blog". The fangels wear robes of Masterweave, and their propellers spin above their beanies with no supporting rod. Otherwise they look and act like a group of happy fans at a bheerbust.

SLENDER FANGEL: I ain't seen you lately, Lily. How you been?

STOUT FANGEL: He, I'm fine. I been visitin' my mammy. She workin' as a taster at de brewery over by de throne o' ghrace.

SLENDER FANGEL: She always was purty fannish.

STOUT FANGEL: Yes ma'am. She like it dere. I guess she like to get de chqnce to drink bheer all the time.

SLENDER FANGEL: Well, dat's natural. I declare yo' mammy one of de most fannish lady fangels I know.

STOUT FANGEL: She claims you de most fannish one she know.

SLEDNER FANGLE: Well, you come right down to it, I suppose we is all trup fans.

STOUT FANGEL: Yes ma'am. Why is dat, I wonder?

SLEDNER FANGEL: I s'pose it's caize Ghu don' 'low us 'sociatin' wid Robert Bloch any mo' so dat dey cain't be no mo' fakefannin'.

STOUT FANGEL: Po' old Bloch. Whatevah became of him?

SLEDNER FANGEL: Ghu put him someplace, I s'pose.

STOUT FANGEL: I do a great deal of travelin', bein' as I delivers de mail, an' I ain't never come 'cross any place but de Happy Fannin' Groun's. So if Ghu done kicked Bloch out of hyar jes' whereat did he go?

SLENDER FANGEL: You bettah let Ghu keep his own secrets, Lily. De way things is goin' now, dey ain't been no fakefannin' since dey gave Bloch a kick in de pants. Le's leave it dat way.

STOUT FANGEL: I was jes' a neofangel when Bloch lef'. I don't even 'member what he look like.

SLENDER FANGEL: He had an unsensitive fakefannish face.

The fangel Gabriel enters. He is bigger and has a larger propellor on his beanie than the others, and he carries a trumpet in one hand. His appearance causess a flutter among the others. The choir starts to hum "Oh Didn't He Pub Fanzines" in a jazz tempo, but Gabriel shakes his head.

GABRIEL: No, I'm sorry, but I cain't take no solo wif' you yet. I'se hyar to announce de lawd, Ghu!

((There is a reverent hush and Ghu enters. He is the tallest of them all, and he has no less than ten propellers whirling above his beanie. He looks down at the assemblage, noticing the many neofangels. He speaks.))

GHU: Does you pub fanzines?

NEOFANGELS: Certainly, Ghu.

GHU: Does you pub fanzines?

NEOFANGELS: Certainly, Ghu.

GHU: ((with the beginning of musical notation)) Does you pub fanzines?

NEOFANGELS: ((Now half-singing)) Certainly, Ghu, certainly, certainly, certainly, Ghu. ((They sing the second verse))

Does you drink lots o' bheer?

Certainly, Ghu.

Does you drink lots o' bheer?

Certainly, Ghu.

Does you drink lots o' bheer?

Certainly, Ghu, certainly, certainly, certainly, Ghu.

GHU: Let de bheerbust perceed.

((The fangels relax and resume drinking. The large Gestetner in the center of the stage begins to turn again. Fangels type on electric varitypers as they drink.))

GABRIEL: Good mo'nin', Ghu.

GHU: Mo'nin', Gabriel. You looking purty spry.

GABRIEL: I cain' complain. I been drinking some blog dis mo'nin'. You keer for some, Ghu?

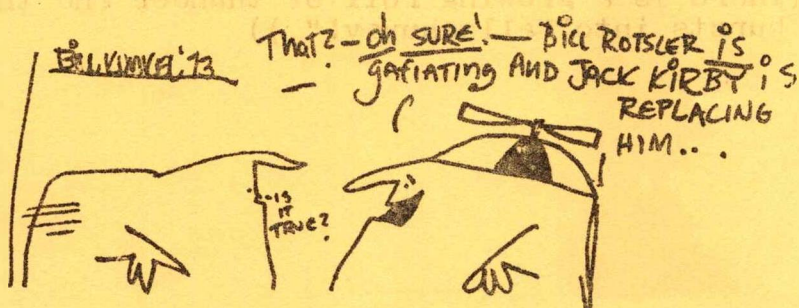
GHU: Thank you very kindly, I think I will. (A blog brewer brings Him a quart)) Thank you, brother. Say, why don' the choir give us one o' dem ol'time jump-ups.

CHOIR LEADER: Anythin' you say, Ghu. (The choir begins to sing "So Hagh Last Night you Can't Get Over the Hangover."))

G ((After chugalugging half of the blog.)) Hmm. Dey's somethin' 'bout dis blog. ((Takes another drink.))

BLOG BREWER: Ain't it all right, Ghu?

GHU: It don't seem jest right. You make it?



BLOG BREWER: Yes, Ghu. We brewed it jus' like we allus do. It's s'pose to be perfect.

GHU: Yeah ((Takes another drink)) I know what it is. It needs jes' a little bit mo' firmament.

BLOG BREWER: Dat's all de firmament we had, Ghu. Dey ain't a drop left in the de jug.

GHU: Dat's all right. I'll jes' r'er back and pass a miracle.

((Choir stops singing.))
Let it be some firmament fo' de blog here. An' when I say let it be some firmament, I want lots o' firmament, so's we won't never have trouble making our blog ag-'in. (The stage has become misty until Ghu and his fangels are obscured. As Ghu finishes the speech there is a burst of thunder and the sound of a cloudburst)) Dere now, dat's de way I like it!



FIRST MAMMY FANGEL: Now look, Ghu, dat's too

much firmament. The neofangels is gittin' all wet.

SECOND MAMMY FANGEL: Yes, Ghu dey's gone ketch cold.

GHU: Well, it looks like I'm gonter have to pass a nudder miracle. Lessee... let dere be a place to dreen off all dis firmament. Let dere be de Earth, in fact.

((The lights go up until the stage is bathed in sunlight. To the rear of the stage there is now a wrought iron railing.))

GABRIEL: Well, look down dere! My ghudness, dat's right fine fannin' kentry You ain't gone let dat go to waste, is you, Ghu?

GHU: Ever 'body quiet down now! I'm gonter pass one mo' miracle. You all gonter help me an' not make a soun' caize it's one of de most impo'tent miracles of all. ((The writypers and Gestetner are silenced. Everyone is still.)) Let dere be fan: ((There is a growing roll of thunder and the stage grows dark. The choir bursts into "Halleghuyay!"))

Scene 3

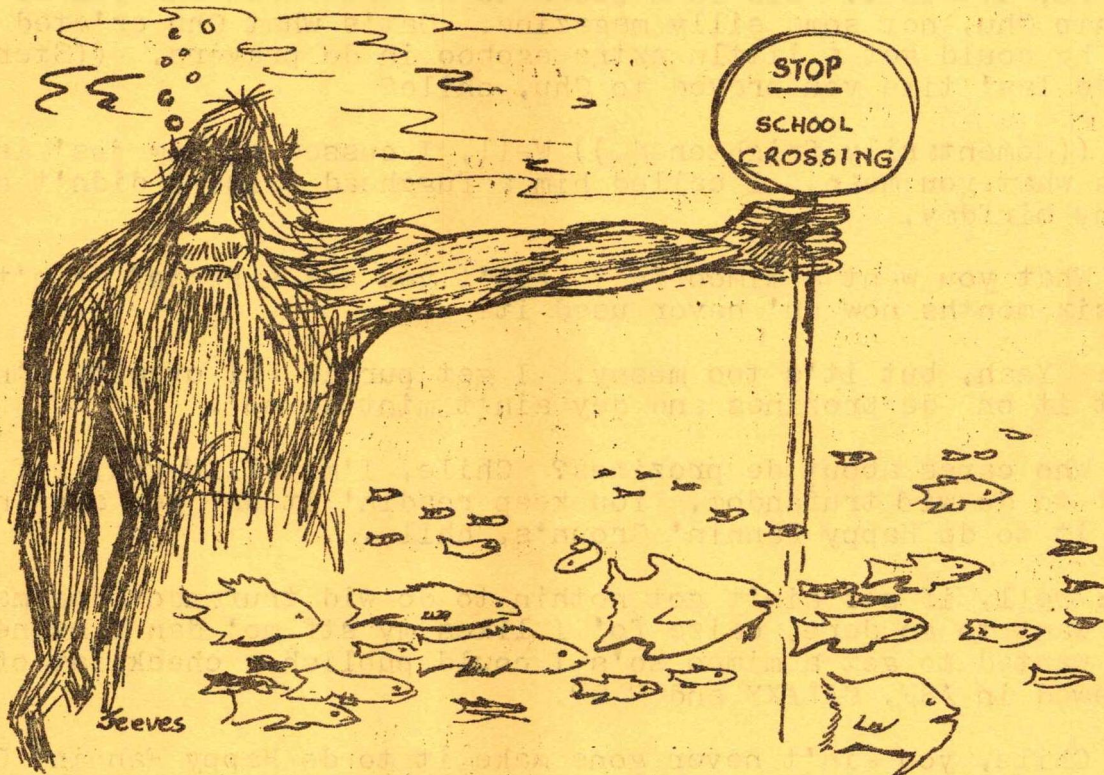
Ghu's private office in the Happy Fanning Ground. There is a shining duplicator in the corner with the brand name "Enchanted" written prominently on it. The walls are filled with bookcases of fangel-zines. Gabriel is talking with Ghu.

GHU: Lessee, now, is dere anythin' else we's forgettin'?

GABRIEL: De prayers, Ghu.

GHU

GHU: De prayers?



GABRIEL: From fankind. You know, down on de Earth.

GHU: Oh yea, fankind. Bless my beanie, I almos forgot about dat. Been a long time since I been down dere. Mus' be 'bout third or fo'th fandom by now. Hmm... think meebe I'll go down dere and look 'round. I wasn't too happy wid it las' time I looked. All dem mortal fans was readin' somethin' called stf. Now you know dat got nothin' to do with trufandom. Gabriel.

GABRIEL: Yes, Ghu.

GHU: Well, take keer o yo'self. I'll be back Saddy. ((He exits.))

Ghu is walking along a city street. He comes to where a fanne is reading a copy of AMAZING STORIES.

scene 4

GHU: Stop dat!

ZWBA: What's de matter wid you? Why shouldn't I read a li'l stf if I wants' to. I's a fanne, ain't I? I's gotta read a li'l stf ever once in a while.

GHU: You ain' s'posed to read stf at all. What's dat got to do wid fandom?

ZEBA: Why ever'thin', of course. Dis is stfandom, ain't it?

GHU: No, it ain't. Dis is s'posed to be trufandom and you'se s'posed to worship Ghu, not some silly magazine. Dat's what Ghu cr'ated fankind fo'.. so's he could get a little extra egoboo in de prayers. ((Sternly)) When was was de las' time you prayed to Chu, chile?

ZEBA ((Momentarily frightened.)) Well, I cussed at him jes' las' week, if dat's what you mean. I called him a fugghead caize I didn't get a mimeo fo' my birfday.

GHU: What you want a mimeo fo'? Ain't you got a hekto? Ain't you had it fo' six months now an' never used it?

ZEBA: Yeah, but it's too messy. I get purple all over my hands and then I get it on de prozines and dey ain't mint no mo'.

GHU: Who cares about de prozines? Chile, I'm tellin' you, stf ain't got nothin' to do wid trufandom. You keep readin' it an' you ain' never gone make it to de Happy Fannin' Groun's, chile.

ZEBA: Well, if stf ain't got nothin' to do wid trufandom den maybe I don' even want to go dere, caize fo' I likes my stf mo' dan fanzines. Why I only wanted to get a mimeo so's I could publish a checklist of all de books reviewed in ASF, GALAXY and F*SF.

GHU: Chile, you ain't never gone make it to de Happy Fannin' Groun's. Nossuh. ((He exits))

scene 5

GHU: Dis ain't gettin' me nowhers. Dis here fandom here on de Earth sho' ain't much. I'd ruther have my Earth peopled wid jes' neofans dan dese stfans. 'Least the neofans don' read stf.

((Rucker enters. He is dressed like an ordinary man, except that he wears a beanie))

RUCKER: Mo'nin', brother.

GHU: Mo'nin brother. I declare you look like a trufan.

RUCKER: I try to be, brother. I tries to spread de word of Ghu hereabouts I don't think I seen you to de bhoerbust las' night.

GHU: I jes' came to town a li'l while ago an' I been purty busy.

RUCKER: Yeh, mos' ever'budy says dey's purty busy dese days. Dey so busy readin' stf dey cain't come to bheerbusts. It seems like de mo' I talk a-bout Ghu de more dey read stf. Is you a trufan too, brother?

GHU: Sort of, I guess. I jes' passin' through here. Wanted to see how things was goin' on here.

RUCKER: Why don' you drap in at my place fo' dinner? We got some bheer left over from las' night, caize fo' dere was only my own fam'ly to drink it.

GHU: Why dat's mighty nice of you brother. Thank you, I will.

((Ghu and Rucker enter Rucker's slanshack. The interior boasts a much-used mimeo, a few bookcases of fanzines, and a few prozines.))

GHU: I declar, what's dese stfmags doin' here. I thought you was a trufan, brother.

RUCKER: Well, I is, but I'm tryin' to write stf so's I can make some mo' monee to pub my fanzines. Dese yere is my reference material.

GHU: Why, dat's a good enough reason fo' me. ((They settle back comfortably for a moment)) Brother, what would you say would be de only thing would stop these fen from readin' stf.

RUCKER: Well, I'd say it'd hafta be a catastrophe or a war or sumpthin'.

GHU: You don't know who I is, do you?

RUCKER: It's purty hard to tell one sensitive fannish face from another. ((Ghu stands up majestically and is bathed in purple light. Rucker falls on his knees)) I should have known you. I was won'drin' 'bout ten propellers without nothin' to hold 'em up.

GHU: Dat's all right. You prob'ly thought it was just the effects of a hangover from de bheerbust las' night made you see dat.

RUCKER: Dat I did, Ghu. Dat I did.

GHU: I's gone destroy dis here fandom, Rucker. I ain' gone destroy you, tho. I's gone cause de nonfans to start a way, and de fans gone have to fight in dat war, and only you an' a few other fen is gone keep out of it. Wid all de stfans in de army, dey won't be able to read stf. ((Takes a sheet of paper from his pocket and begin begins to type on Rucker's typer.)) Now, Rucker, I want you to publish a fanzine. I want you to call it DE ZOMBIE, and I want you to print only trufan material, like dis I's writin' for you now. Now, I'm gone write your material fo' you, an' it'll all be trufan stuff an' I want you to send DE ZOMBIE to all de stfans in de army so's dey'll become trufans.



RUCKER: ((Reading the piece that Ghu is writing over His shoulder)) Yes, suh, dis seems to be de trufannish sort of thing dat'll convert 'em. 'Specially' when you is writ it yourself, Ghu, even it if will be under my name.

GHU: Dat is why I's writin' de stuff fo' you. Aside from de ego-boo I'll get, I mean.

RUCKER: Lessee now, if I's gonter put out a trufanzine, I'se gonter need a little bheer, don't you think, Ghu?

GHU: You kin have ten cases of bheer.

RUCKER: Hmm, yes suh, my typers been givin' me trouble lately. Don't know where I'm gonter get de energy to type all dem stencils. Maybe I oughter have twenty cases of bheer.

GHU: No, I think ten will be enough. Don't want you gittin' drunk like a common ordinary neofan, and throwin' de cans out de window.

RUCKER: Yes, Ghu, but you see my typer's been givin' me--

GHU: Ten cases, I say!

RUCKER: Yes, ghu. Ten cases.

scene 6

Rucker is standing outside his house, peering down the street through binoculars. He frowns, sighs, and puts the binoculars down. Mrs. Rucker enters.

MRS. RUCKER: What you doin' wid de binoculars.

RUCKER: I'se lookin' fo' de mailman. 'Pears to me dat enough time has passe for de stfans to be gettin' converted 'bout now.

MRS. RUCKER. Why don' you send out de budgerigar an' see what he brings back from de mailman?

RUCKER: That's jes' what I'se gonter do. ((He sets loose the budgie))

MRS. RUCKER: You think he'll bring back some fannish mail dis time?

RUCKER: I dunno. Purty soon, I'd imagine.

((The budgerigar returns with a fanzine.))

RUCKER: ((Unstapling it.)) Wish dey wouldn't put dese things in 'em. Dey gets my fingers so sore I can't manipulate a churchkey right. ((Looking at fanzine now open)) Well, bless my beanie, dis looks good.

MRS. RUCKER: What is de name of it?

RUCKER: It's called SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES, whatever dat means. My, but it do look good. ((He reads, starts to laugh)) Lookee; lookee here; read dis.

MRS. RUCKER: Well, I'semighty glad we got somethin' else to read dan jes' detective novels all de time. ((She exits))

GHU: ((Appearing behind him)) I hopes so too. I'se purty proud of de way you handled de fanzinin' business, Rucker.

RUCKER: Was you watchin' den?

GHU: Yes, all de time. I seed you when you had de parties fo' de Slan Shack ers, and when you writ de Hoy Ping Pong things. I didn't even mind particular when you got to cussin' and drinkin' all de bheer at once. I figger anybody puttin' out as many issues of a fanzine as you done got a right to drink a little too much maybe.

RUCKER: Thank you, Ghu. What's de orders now?

GHU: Dat's all fo' now. Now we'll jes' see what happens.

Scene 7

Ghu's private office in the Happy Fanning Grounds again. In the office are two woman cleaners, dusting the stardust from the furniture. There is the sound from outside the window of a whirr and a distant faint Boom.

FIRST CLEANER: Doggone, that must a' been a big one. Dat's de fo'ty six' thunde'-bolt since breakfas'. Ghu mus' be mad fo' sho' dis mo'nin.

SECOND CLEANER: I wonder where at He's pitchin' dem.

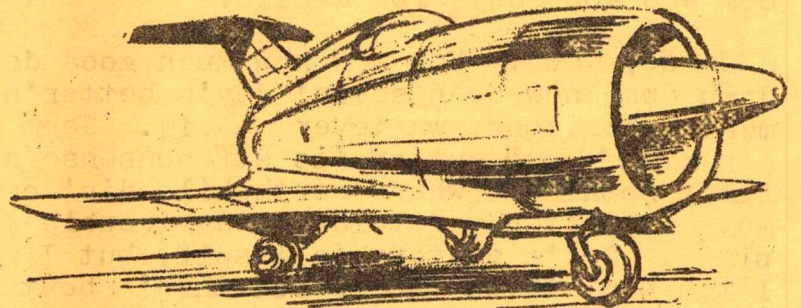
FIRST CLEANER: My goodness, don't you know? Dey's bound fo' de Earth, ev'y one of 'em. ((Another faint whirr and boom)) Dere goes a-nother.

SECOND CLEANER: Well, bless me, I din't know dat.

FIRST CLEANER: Carrie' where you been? Don' you know dem mortal type fans is de new scandal? It's been in de las' thutty issues of FANGELAC.

SECOND CLEANER: I don' know, I gets all confused wid dat fangelzine. Ger-tie, wid all de zines dat comes wid it, an' ever' week, too, I gets all mixed up and behind in readin' it. Seems to me if it's really gone be worthwhile newszine dey'd jes' put it out every millenium on de millenium.

FIRST CLEANER: Now you know dat ain't de fannish way of doin' things. It jes' so happens dat Ghu is riled as kin be by dem pokey li'l motal fans. ((Another thunderbolt is heard.)) From what I heard, dey been beggin' fo' what dey're gittin'. My brother flew down to bring up a trufan and de ot-her day and he says dey is mo' stf mags down dere now dan ever befo'! It's a shame. It's a shame!



GHU: ((Appearing in the doorway.)) Good mo'nin', daughters.

FIRST CLEANER: We was jes' finishin'. We tidied up the fangelzine collection so's it's mint ag'in and dusted off de Enchanted Duplicator dere. You figger it's about time you turned de crank now?

GHU: ((Frowning.)) Daughter, you know dat's not till de Las'Day. You'll hear Gabriel blowin' his trumpet to de rythm of de mimeo drum when de day comes; don't nobody need to worry till den.

CLEANERS: Yassah. Well, we'll be goin' ((They exit))

GABRIEL: ((Entering, with notebook and pencil in his hand.)) Mawnin', Ghu. I'se got de totals here. It's eighteen thousand nine hund'ed an' sixty thunderbolts fo' de mo'nin'. Dat's includin' de city where dey holdin' de science fiction convention. We didn' hit none of de parties, tho.

GHU: Dat's good, dat's good. But dem science fiction fans displease me. Dey displease me greatly. ((Looking through the window)) Look at 'em dere. Worshippin' de pros and payin' good money at de auction. Listen to dat auctioneer dere, dat Daugherty. He oughta know he's sellin' trash.

GABRIEL: You want more thunde'bolts, Ghu?

GHU: No, no use in dat. Dey don't do de trick. It's got to be somethin' else.

GABRIEL: How would it be did you send another war, like you did wid Rucker. Dem was good days fo' awhile.

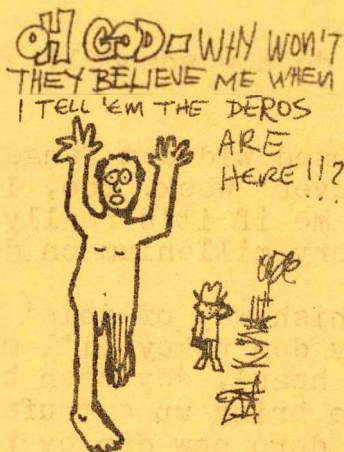
GHU: No, Gabe. You saw how much good dat did. Dey's worse'n ever. Dey's down dere now even sayin' dey's better'n human, wid cosmic min's an' broad mental horizons, whatever dey is. Seem to me did dey really have so much sense dey'd pull out of dis stiff nonsense demselves. But it's always up to me. Ain't nothin' nowhere worthwhile din' cause somebody some worryin', mostly me. I ain't never told you de trouble I had thinkin' up fandom in de firs' place. Dat's a story in itself, but I ain't ready to write my memoirs yet. I too busy tryin' to do somethin' about dem sinful mortal fans down dere.

GABRIEL: Dey really should be able to help themselves, Ghu, like you said.

GHU: Dat's true, dat's true. ((He stops suddenly and cogitates)) In fact, maybe dat's it. Gabe, you musta noticed dat ever' now an' den mortal fans turns out a good specimen or two.

GABRIEL: Dat's de truth. Dere was Kenned; and Burbee, an' Boff Perry, an' Laney, an' Rapp, too.

GHU((Frowning)) Yes, but ole Rapp a misguided soul, Gabe, and I'se sorry to see it. He keep talkin' 'bout some god name of Roscoe. I think maybe he got a little



of de whim-whams, like Ole Degler had. I ain't never seen no Roscoe, have you? You been 'round de Happy Fannin' Groun's almos' long as me.

GABRIEL: No, suh, I ain't never seed him. Bit I hear he's a muskrat, so maybe dat have somethin' to do wid it.

GHU: Dat may be. I don't pay much 'tention to muskrats, myself, so maybe dat why I never noticed him. He may be 'roun' after all. Dat Rapp a purty good man, after all; he wouldn't get mixed up in no real nonsense.

GABRIEL: Well, he's a mortal fan, like de rest. You cain't spect too much of him. Maybe he's right, and den maybe he's wrong.

GHU: Dat's de way I fell. But jes' de same you keep an eye peeled for muskrats 'round here fo' awhile. Do he exist, I wants to meet dis Roscoefelle

GABRIEL: Yes, Ghu. Now what about dis trouble wid de mortal fans.

GHU: Oh yes. Well, Gabe, I figger hit's about time dey did somethin' fo' demselves, like I says. Now, dey got dis family down dere what looks purty good. Ole Rucker is de gran-pappy, I b'lieve. Den dere's Hoffwoman, and Shelvey, and Kiesler, and Wallis an de res'.

GABRIEL: Yes suh. But Bloch's s'pose to be in dat am'ly, 'member?

GHU: Dat's true. Trust ole Bloch to insinuate his way into de best of circles. You know, dat boy don't know it, but he's goin' to help me a lot purty soon. He been makin' some purty snide comments 'bout my boy Rucker, but Rucker been taken care of hisself mighty good, too. I figger we could get dat feud goin' strong, only of co' e nobody will take Bloch serious. You see de drift, Gabe?

GABRIEL: ((Chuckling)) Deed I do, Ghu. Yassuh, I do indeed. I think you got it now.

GHU: An' wid Hoffwoman an' Shelvey an' de res' goin' strong at de fannin' business I think maybe we could git rid of dis stf nonsense, an get a real fandom down dere at last. De fans what is de best ones, Gabe, is de ones wid de most reg'lar fanzines. Now you look at my boy Rucker, or Burbee an' SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES, and Laney dere, or even ole Rapp. Dem boys was so busy fannin' dey didn't have time to pay no 'tention to stf. Dat's de formula, Gabe, fo' dis new fandom I'se going to git goin' down dere. Monthly fanzine goin' to be de thing to do de job. ((The stage darkens. The choir sings "I Been Workin' On A Fanzine" till the lights go up on the next scene.))

Scene 8

The scene is the Hoffwoman Hotel in Savannah, a poor but fannish home with stencils and correction fluid and styli all around. Hoffwoman is typing stencils for the second issue of QUANDRY. Ghu enters.

GHU: Hello, chile.

HOFFWOMAN: Who is you?

GHU: I'se de lawd, Ghu.

HOFFWOMAN: Dat's what you say. You look purty much like an ordinary fan to me.

GHU: Den keep you' eyes open chile. Look at dat quire of stencils dere. ((The stencils begin to glow and turn completely white hot. They give off much heat.)) Maybe you notice de stencils ain't burnin' up?

HOFFWOMAN: Dat's true. An' stencils burns powerful easy.

GHU: Now you believe me?

HOFFWOMAN: Co'se I does. It's wonderful

GHU: Not it ain't chile. It's jes' a trick. ((He waves his hand and the stencils are normal again. And you gonter see lots bigger tricks dan dat, chile. In fac', you gonter perfo'm dem.

HOFFWOMAN: Me? I'se gonter be a tricker? Is I goin' wid a circus? I kin ride horses too, you know.

GHU: De horse ridin' comes later. Fo' now, you is gonter lead fandom into fannish ways of rightousness. You and yo' fam'ly- like Shelvey here. ((Shelvey suddenly appears in the room. He stares about him, bewildered.))

SHELVEY: Hey, what's dis?

GHU: It's all right, boy. I'se de lawd Ghu, and I'se showin' Hoffwoman some tricks.

SHELVEY: Yes, I saw dat right off. But-- she's a girl!

GHU: Bless my beanie, so she is. ((He laughs.)) An' wait till you see what happens when Rucker finds dat out! I wish you could see into de future, like I kin.

HOFFWOMAN: But dat comes later, like you says. Fo' now, what is dese tricks you's showin' us?

SHELVEY: Yes, Ghu, do your tricks for us.

GHU: Yes, le's get down to it, because dese tricks is things you're gonter do in you' fanzines. Now Shelvey, I'se gonter show you a little tricky thing you can do called "Something Up Our Sleeve." An' den dere's an idea I got fo' somethin' called 'It's In The Bag' Now when you does this tricky stuff in yo' fanzines, it's gonter create lotta 'tention to you an'. ((The stage darkens. The choir begins "The Sixth Fandom Anthem," which it sings until the lights go up for the next scene.))

Scene 9

The Happy Fanning Grounds. Another bheerbust, with much blog and merriment, and here and there couples snogging. Two fangels are serving crottled greeps et a picnic table.

FIRST FANGEL: I declare, dis is like de old days, befo' Chu got mixed up wid all dat trouble down on de Earth. He sho' had a passle o' trouble befo' he got it all straightened out, didn't he?

SECOND FANGEL: Dat he did. But he's been mighty spry and happy lately.

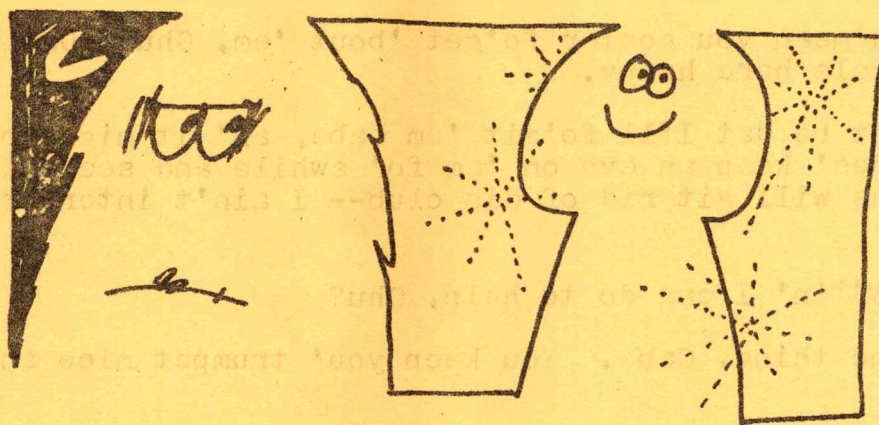
FIRST FANGEL: Yassuh, dey's gittin' on good down dere now. Did you hear 'bout de way Chu took care of ole Bloch? He's got him writin' a fanzine review columm in de prozines now, an' bringin' mo' an' mo' fans into tru-fandom. I declare, if dat don't beat all!

SECOND FANGEL: Yes, and I hear tell dey's hardly any talk about science fic tion in de fanzines any mo'. Why, Hoffwoman married one dem professional editors, an' got him workin' on fanzines, hissself, dey say.

FIRST FANGEL: Well, it suttently is a wond'ful thing.

((Ghu arrives at the bheerbust, with Gabriel beside him. He greets the two fangels pleasantly, and they move to the rear of the stage.))

GHU: Well, dis is de way things should be, Gabe. No mo' trouble fum de mortal fans botherin' us up here. We can git back to de job of fangellin' an' goddin' ag'in.



GABRIEL: It shoo' is a relief, all right. I got de thund'bolts packed a-way in mothballs fo' de past couple years. We converted de thund'bolt factory into 'nother brewery.

GHU: Dat's fine, Gabe. If dey's anything I likes it's -- ((He stops suddenly, cocking his head as if listening.))

GABRIEL: What's de matter? Anything wrong?

GHU: ((Now smiling again)) It's nothin', Gabe. I thought I hear somebody mentionin' stf down dere on Earth, but could be I was wrong. Ain't nothin'. I guess, 'cept mebbe I got a touch of Twonk's Disease.

GABRIEL: Well, now, don't you go worryin' 'bout dem mortal fans. Dey gettin' 'long purty well; don't go messin' wud 'em. Let 'em worry 'bout demself like you said.

GHU: ((Sighing.)) You right, Gabe. Dey can take keer of-- ((He stops again.)) I did hear it! Gabe, dey's talkin' and jabberin' and buzzin' all over down dere about stf!

GABRIEL: But dey cain't be, Ghu.

GHU: ((Severely)) You doubtin' my word, Gabe? I tell you, dey's chatterin' 'bout science fiction! Dey's-- ((He listens again.)) dey's formin' a club!

GABRIEL: Dey done dat before. Didn't none of 'em amount to much.

GHU: Put dey're inco'poratin' dis'n, Gabe! Gabe, it's the worst one yit! Dey got officers and a official seal an'-- Gabe, did you hear dat? dey got some mess wid a lawsuit-- twenny-five thousan' dollahs, Gabe!

GABRIEL: Man oh man, won't dey never learn? What you gonter do now, Ghu?

GHU: ((Frowning.)) Right now, Gabe, I ain' gonter do nothin'.

GABRIEL: You mean you gonter fo'get 'bout 'em, Ghu? Dat would suttently make de fangels here happy.

GHU: It might be dat I'll fo'git 'em Gabe, an' it might be dat I won't. But wel'll jes' keep an eye on 'em fo' awhile and see what dey do. Might be de trufans will git rid of dis club-- I ain't interferin'. ((He ponders grimly.))

GABRIEL: Anythin' I can do to help, Ghu?

GHU: Jes' one thing, Gabe. You keep you' trumpet nice an' shiny.



NIGHT OF THE QUIET SON

By ANDREW J. OFFUT

--- from MC andrew j offut's introduction of CoH Gordon R. Dickson at Kublai Kon Too in Nashville, Tennessee, Saturday night 11th May 1974. Also present was Special Guest Bob Tucker. God knows why.

(Having pointed out that Dickson's first published story was "The Friendly Man," in ASTOUNDING for February 1951, the toastmaster went on to detail Dickson's other accomplishments):

"Also in that year 1951, Dickson invented the practice of including in his stories the names of various fans and other writers.

"Inasmuch as the phrase 'Dicksonisms' sounded not only stupid but vaguely obscene, your CoH kindly sold the patented process to a Chinese film impresario, Hoy Ping Tucker, for a lifetime pass to the Bijou Theatre in Poingville, Illinois.

"And seventy-five cents in Indian head pennis, minted b Tucker's father, George Amrstrong Tucker.

"And a 300,000 word unfinished manuscript, entitled CALL HIM DE LAWD-- which Tucker had been unable to sell, in 1951, because it had a black protagonist.

"You ever try that again, Bob?

"In May 1966, ANALOG enhanced its pages with the publication of a Dickson story called 'Call Him Lord.'

You will note that this is similar in title to the 300,000 word novel Gordy bought from Bob Tucker in 1951. It had taken him 15 years, not to rewrite the story, but to wade through it. Then he eliminated all the obscenities and Dicksonisms--excuse me, Tuckerisms, and it became a story of less than 10,000 words."



ARTIST'S EGO

Being a pair of
not-quite self-
portraits by Terry
Austin and Randy
Bathurst in col-
laboration

Pencils by Austin,
inks by Bathurst.

RANDY BATHURST





Pencils by Bathurst,
inks by Austin.

TERRY AUSTIN

ONE

by Jodie Offut

AFTERNOON IN TORONTO

On Saturday afternoon at Torcon, the beer was running low in the SFWA suite. I had already noticed an undercurrent of urgency throughout the hotel as word was passed that beer and liquor would be impossible to buy on Sunday or Monday, Labor Day. (I don't understand why they have a Labor Day in Canada--I thought that was our holiday.) Here and there I could detect pairs of eyes tinged with just the hint of panic at the thought of not being allowed access to liquor stores for two days.

Being the ~~assistant~~ of the SFWA treasurer, I offered to go for beer. (Where do writers get their ideas? They crib from each other when they're boozed up!) This isn't a new thing for me; I often make booze runs at cons. I often run errands for the SFWA, too; I carry autographed checks to the bank for deposit.

But never before have I gone out for so much, nor with two kinds of currency. And in a foreign country to boot.

I wrote down the order (12 cases, assorted) and was given the money (\$70, assorted) in a pouch. Deciding to take the car, I went in search of Mike Glicksohn, Canadian Extraordinaire, thinking he might go with me, suggest a guide, or give me directions. As it turned out, I should have talked to the snake. Mike was too busy to leave the convention--busy rushing from one place to another. He did slow down enough to snatch a map from a passing fan, make it up with lots of lines at right angles (add one curve) and tell me about a bunch of one-way streets. He also had to stop and think several times, which made me wonder if he'd been in Toronto much longer than the rest of us.

I thanked Mike, walked across the lobby, and on my way out the front door threw the map into a passing elevator. Screw it, I thought. I'll take a cab. I've got all kinds of money--well, two kinds, anyway.

Sticking my head into a taxi, I explained to the driver what I wanted to do; I asked him if it would cost very much. (Well, what do I know? Where I live, there are no taxis, or buses, or even liquor stores!) He couldn't tell me, of course, how I should tip him or even what the cab fare would be. But he was very nice when he found out I knew nothing of Toronto (nor much of Canada) so I hopped in the front seat and off we went.

The man had lived in Toronto nearly all his life and gave me all sorts of information about the city, nationalities of the people who lived there, where they come from and why. I forgot most of it within hours, but he passed on lots of fascinating history. He'd been to Kentucky on fishing trips and I told him a little bit about where I live. We entertained each other.

When we got the liquor store I discovered my driver to be a gentleman of the old school (a supposedly Southern trait) who thought a man ought to take charge when in the company of a woman. He asked how much beer I wanted, recommended a couple of brands, and he placed the order. When the bill was toted up, he turned to me. Opening my Peoples Bank of Morehead money bag, I trustingly spilled varicolored money out on the counter. Clerk and cabbie counted out Candian and U.S. monies to their satisfaction and I was given a few nickels, dimes and quarters (some of each country) to put in my pouch.

When he had to stoop to the ground for the last ones, I actually feared he'd pop a blood vessel.

"That's as far as I go, lady," he panted when the last case was on the trolley.

"Thank you," I said, tight lipped and went through the door-- and stopped. I couldn't do that, no matter how short he'd been with me. I turned back and gave him a dollar or two--I don't remember.

"Thank you," he said, tight lipped, as I opened the door and ran up the stairs.

Up in the lobby-- that magnificent, richly appointed lobby--my beer was piled up on the floor behind the bell captain's station. And not a bellhop in sight. A bottle had broken and foam was oozing across the floor toward the fine carpeting; the odor of warm beer overwhelmed my nostrils.

Looking frantically around, I spotted a bellhop coming toward me. I ran to meet him.

"I've made a terrible mistake. I came to the front door with a whole lot of beer for the Science Fiction Writers' Suite. I realize I should have gone to the back, but I just didn't think. The doorman gave me a hard way to go and I feel terrible..." I babbled on: "One or maybe two bottles broke and it's all over the floor..."

He surveyed the mess, then got a dolly and began stacking the beer on it. "Well, the management doesn't think much of it when you buy liquor outside the hotel and bring it in since they sell it here, but we'll take it upstairs for you." He also made some unkind gesture toward the doorman and gave me an understanding and sympathetic smile.

God love you, I thought

He could hardly tip up the dolly, once all the beer was on it. I followed him across that huge lobby to the freight elevator and asked if I could ride with him. He said sure. I told him a little bit about the con. He was from Scotland and had a lovely accent; he and his son had driven through Kentucky on their way to Florida several times.

By the time we'd gotten to our destination, the grouchy doorman had begun to fade from my mind (at least temporarily) in the face of this nice man and the taxi driver.

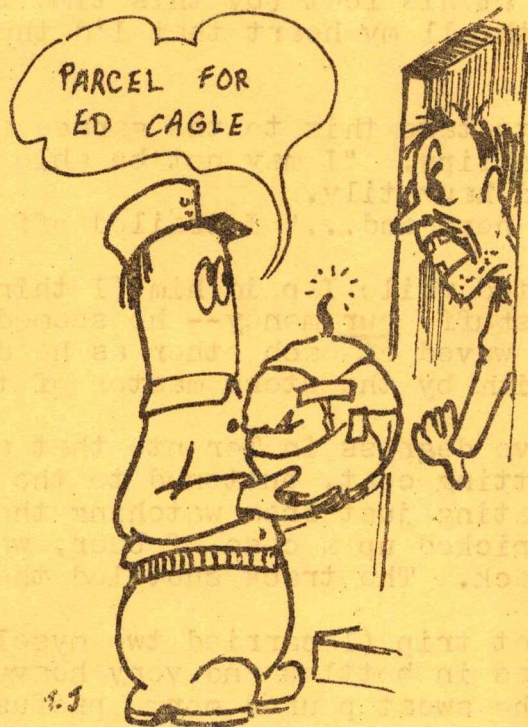
Just the same, when I walked into the room and Andy looked up and said, "Hey, Babe I felt a surge of relief, security, and extreme pleasure at his presence. I told him this man had been awfully nice to me after a bad experience at the front door. Andy took over, offering the man a beer, talking with him while the two of them stocked the fridge. The bellhop finished his beer and conversation--andy and I both tipped him--and he left. I followed him to the door, thanking him one more time.

Then, with a huge sigh, I plopped in a chair to jot down an accounting of the money I'd spent (All but \$1.63, American.)

A couple of minutes later, some dude came strolling through the door. Fresh out of the shower. Crisp shirt. Trailing Brut. Dry armpits.

"Hey!" he said, "did'ya ever send somebody out after more beer?"

"Yeah, we did," I said. "Have a Molton's."



We--they--loaded the car, back seat and trunk, and we headed back to the Royal York, making a quick stop on the way where my new friend picked out a bottle of inexpensive sweet wine (they had no Boone's Farm) for me. He also let me know in no uncertain terms that I should be drinking good Scotch instead of wasting my time on cheap wine.

We pulled up in front of the Royal York. The canopied sidewalk. The military-looking, brass-buttoned doorman.

Just as we rolled to a stop, a faint thought flitted across the back of my mind: should we maybe have gone to the back door with all this beer? Before I could crystallize the thought, let alone act on it, my cabbie had hopped out, opened the trunk, and commenced stacking cases of beer on the Royal York kerb.

One look at the doorman, who was stout, portly, pretentiously stiff, and had an appalled look on his face at all this beer being stacked at his feet (by this time the back seat was being emptied) and I wished with all my heart that I'd thought a block earlier.

He let me know about it, too.

"You should have made arrangements to take this to the garage around the block," he admonished through pursed lips. "I may not be able to get a bellhop who'll carry all this," he added haughtily.

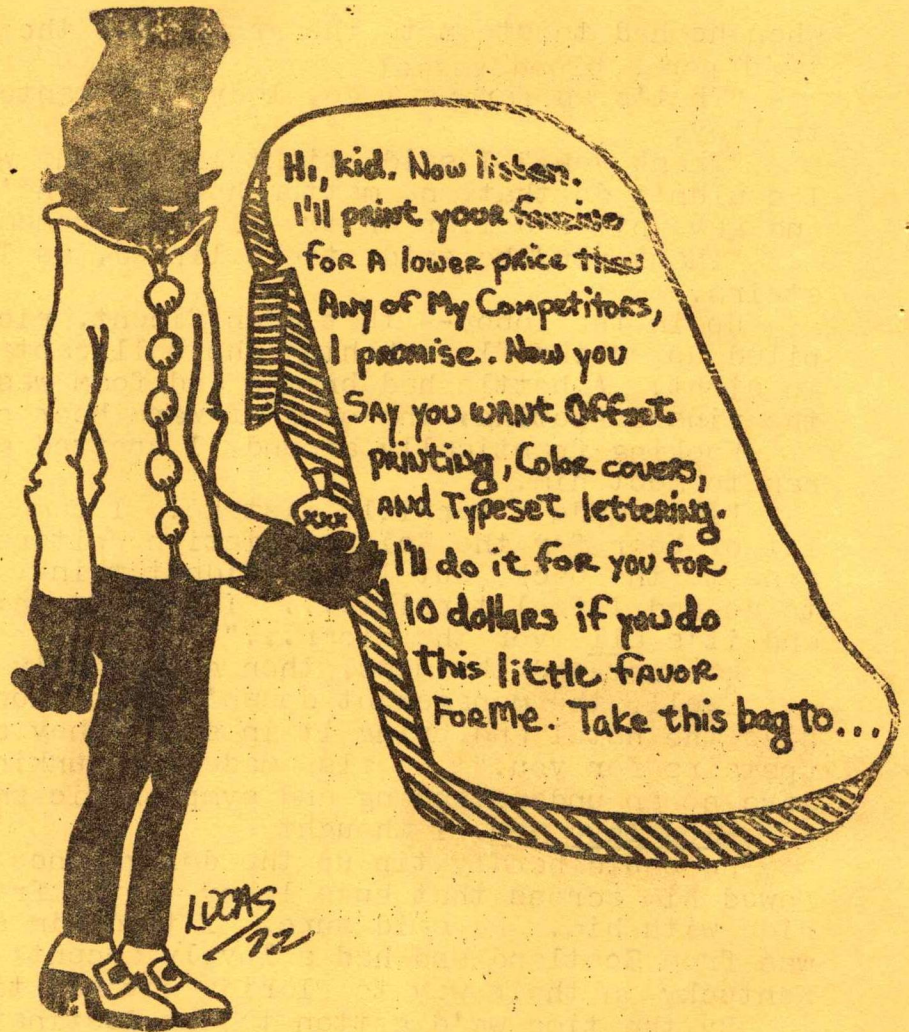
"I know... I realize that. But it's here and..." I trailed off and turned back to the cab driver.

He shrugged his eyes at me, we chatted while I paid him (I think I gave him a proper tip-- I gave him the real stuff, our money-- he seemed satisfied. We said goodbye and goodluck and waved at each other as he drove off.

Then I turned around to be dealt with by the stern master of the Royal York portals.

The temperature was about ninety-five degrees in Toronto that afternoon. The doorman was wearing a red, tight-fitting coat, buttoned to the chin. Chins. As heavy as he was, he was sweating just from watching the traffic go by. Giving me a withering look, he picked up a case of beer, walked ten feet across the sidewalk to a moving track. The track shuttled the beer up to the lobby.

Ten times that man made that ten-foot trip (I carried two myself, but he didn't seem to like that--the beer was in bottles and very heavy) Each time his face got a little redder and the sweat poured more profusely.



Hi, kid. Now listen.
I'll print your favorite
for a lower price than
any of my competitors,
I promise. Now you
say you want offset
printing, color covers,
and typeset lettering.
I'll do it for you for
10 dollars if you do
this little favor
for me. Take this bag to...

LUCAS
72

ARNIE KATZ WINGED VICTORY

The squat buildings of Brooklyn's Park Slope stretched to the horizon as I gazed down upon them from my apartment house roof. Joyce hugged her flimsy jacket to her body against the chill whipping in off the East River and watched my deliberate advance to the edge of the roof.

"Stay off the roof," my mother always kvetched at me. "you'll fall and kill yourself!" The world of Jewish mothers is tightly bound by unbreakable chains of cause and effect. There was never a question of perhaps falling, or maybe getting hurt, or possible danger. My mother knew. Tuck a lamp post in winter and your tongue will stick to it. Make a face and it will freeze that way for the rest of your life. Go up on the roof and you'll fall and kill yourself and then, my son, you'll be sorry. Do anything, and a Jewish mother can guarantee that, at the very least, you'll poke your eye out.



Yet there I was, walking determinedly to the edge of the roof in utter defiance of my upbringing. What drove me to this extremity? It was nothing less than Man's Unquenchable Yearning for Flight.

It had all begun several hours earlier, much as it had probably started for Orville and Wilbur, by seeing a bird. Joyce and I were walking down Montague Street to get the Sunday Times when one of the local pigeons, perhaps overcome by the beauty of New York springtime, decided to fly.

Flying is no big trick for your ordinary bird, but when a New York pigeon takes off, it's an event of the first magnitude. The average New York pigeon feels the same way about flying that the average middle aged man feels about sex; once a month or so is fine, but anything more is a bother. I guess this particular pigeon got to thinking about flying and decided that since he's a bird, whatthehell, he'll give it a try. So he gives the ole wings a few flaps, sails through the air for a few yards and before he knows it, he's safe on the ground, walking along with a head-bobbing strut.

However thrilling an adventure this was for the pigeon, it wasn't a great artistic success from our point of view. Its wings were a little creaky and the overall effect was not unlike one of those ornithopters all the junk stores were hawking a year ago. I guess nothing comes easy to New York pigeons.

Watching the labored flight reminded me of my childhood brushes with mechanical flying things. All kids are fascinated by flying. The idea of zooming across the sky like Superman (or Peter Pan, if you swung that way) is irresistible to a kid. I was no different, even if my mother's warnings did keep me from emulating George Reeves from the roof of my home.

Some kids take a lot of persuading before they believe their elder's statements that people can't fly, but sooner or later they all acknowledge the fact. I guess seeing my friend Gene fall out a tree was what did it for me, but I hadn't really considered it a strong possibility before that

either. That's when sublimation comes in, just as it did in mankind's relationship with flying down through history. If people can't fly, why, we'll just build something that can! In the Grown-up World, first you had crazies with metal wings, then some people with rickety wooden planes and before you know it, half the world is whizzing along in the friendly skies of United crooked to the eyeballs on those little bottles of scotch.

In the world of kids, you get a bunch of weird little bastards running down the middle of the street flapping their arms and making engine noises, followed soon after by intense interest in balsawood gliders.

I have no doubt that kids in some neighborhoods build beautiful powered gull-wing planes, lovingly assembled and painstakingly painted in flashy colors with dope, but New Hyde Park was not exactly a mecca for youthful artisans and craftsmen. Oh, there were a lot of us knocking plastic models together, but when it came to actually seeing flight, we put our trust in American industry. At the dime store you could get something made by the Testor Company which vaguely looked like a plane and fit together in eight seconds. Let others revel in the joys of meticulous construction, we wanted to see something circle overhead, launched by the awesome power developed in a kid's throwing arm from years of trying to hit the stickball strike-zone with a spauldeen.

Testor's gliders were perfect for our purposes in nearly every respect. They were sturdy enough to survive the inevitable crashes and cheap enough--15 cents put you in the balsa glider business--that it wasn't a financial disaster if the plane flew down a sewer.

Of course, Testor's gliders did have one little flaw; they didn't fly. A kid's first Testor plane was an unforgettable experience, a foretaste of the failures and frustrations of adult life. You slid the front wing through the pre-cut slit in the body, attached the back wing and jaunty yellow tail and--voila!-- you had a glider with all the aerodynamic qualities of a stone. Instructions printed right on the broad front wing of every aircraft told how to set it up for stunt or straight flying, but it never stayed aloft long enough to judge the accuracy of that information.

That was always the big point at issue when we flew gliders in my neighborhood; how long would your plane stay up. We'd nod appreciatively at banks and loops, but it was simple endurance that held our allegiance.

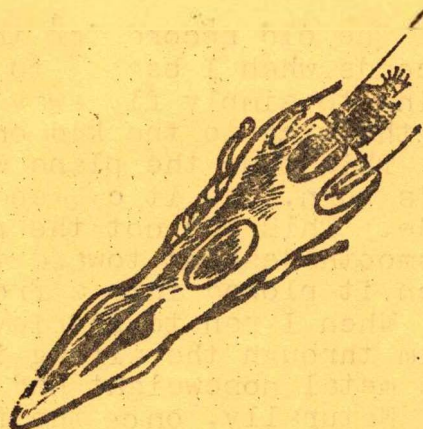
When little kids who'd seen our vain attempts to make Testor's gliders glide appeared on the street with tiny plastic planes launched bulletlike by an equally miniscule slingshot, the purists among us knew that the genteel sport of glider-flying was building into its final decadent phase.



At this juncture my mother and aunt decided it would be a wonderful treat for my brother and I if they shlepped us out to Montauk Point on the tip of Long Island for a vacation. I don't know what Montauk is like now, but at that time it was a staging area for Forest Lawn. The most exciting activities there were staring at the lighthouse, eating ice cream cones at the town bakery, and watching static-ridden Connecticut TV stations on the hamlet's television set.

I was taking the guided tour of Montauk's five and ten when I no-

ticed a rack of gliders of a type I'd never seen. The company, based in the state of Washington, had taken a completely different approach than Testor had. Instead of a one-piece front wing slipped through the body, the wings of this strange plane met the fuselage at 45 degree angles and were held in place by a red plastic clip. For about 30 cents you got three planes held in triangular formation by another clip.



By the time I returned home, I'd become fairly proficient with the new plane, which my friends quickly dubbed "Montauk flyers" after their place or original purchase. They were far more fragile than Testor's products-- it wasn't unusual to chip a wing when inserting it into the clip-- but they actually flew!

I enjoyed my mastery of the skies for several days, getting off on the rest of the kids lining up for a try at my discovery, but I knew the battle had only just been joined. I wasn't the only enterprising youth on the block, and kids rightly reasoned that if I could find a superior glider, they probably could, too. Pretty soon, kids were leaving the neighborhood in all directions to rummage through obscure candy stores and dilapidated variety stores in quest of the Perfect Glider.

It was a strange assortment of booty they lugged home to New Hyde Park. One found a local source for Montauk Flyers, while another discovered that the company also produced a whole series of rubber-band driven propellor models. We also learned that Testor offered a deluxe 25-cent plane that made its regular version look like Jonathan Livingston Seagull. One daredevil explorer even returned with a balsawood biplane glider and subsequently suffered the fate of the venturesome when our jibes that it wouldn't even fly as well as a Testor's plane proved startlingly accurate.

I wasn't standing around with my hands in my pockets, either. In a hole-in-the-wall toy store I found a glider called the Tiger which sold for only a nickel. It assembled in the same manner as a Testor's plane, but there the resemblance ended. It was small, light and well-balanced, and where Testor's planes cut furrows in the ground, this one soared.

I did not rush to show my fellows this new curiosity. As the discoverer of the Montauk Flyer, I had a reputation to uphold, so I decided it might be best to put the Tiger through a few time trials to make sure it wouldn't humiliate me later.

Patton Boulevard was empty as I tried a few flights to test it's airworthiness. The plane performed acceptably, banking and looping nicely. Then it was time for the Big Test. Stepping into the middle of the road, I hurled it into the air with every iota of strength I possessed.

My cast had good trajectory and the wind must have taken it, because ten seconds later my plane was flying along above the tops of the two-story houses that were the prevailing design. It went straight down the street at that altitude for about three houses, a distance of 300 feet, and then made a lazy turn, crossed the road and came down the other side of the block toward me. Still maintaining its height, it circled behind me and started up the street again.

All the while, I was timing its flight with one eye on the watch and the other looking in every direction for someone who could serve as a witness to this record flight. For the first time in my young life, I began to wish that my hated nextdoor neighbor would appear. I wanted someone, anyone, to see this triumph over the law of gravity.

The old record for the longest flight had already been surpassed by 30 seconds when I began to have the oddest feeling that my little plane was going to simply fly away and never be seen again. You know, a little dip of the wing to the kid on the ground, and then it's Europe by Wednesday.

This time the plane went about 350 feet down the block before going into its turn. As it crossed the street I could see that it was losing altitude. This was not the precipitous drop of a Westor's plane, however, but a smooth descent toward the ground. It was about halfway back toward me when it plowed into a front lawn.

When I ran to retrieve it, I quickly saw that this glider would never skim through the air again. The impact had done in the front wing and the metal noseweight had been dislodged.

Naturally, once the flight was over, the street filled with people. "Hey, guess what just happened," I said to my glider-flying buddies, and described what had just taken place. They laughed. I tried again. They jeered. I picked up the remnants of the Tiger glider and slunk back to my house to ponder the meaning of achievement.

"I believe you," Joyce declared when I finished my story. Tears shone in her eyes for the young Arnie Katz so cruelly treated by the hands of fate.

I walked along in silence for a few moments, that epic flight unreeling in my mind. Ah, yes, it had been a wonderful thing, I mused.

We reached the drugstore where we buy our Times and there, next to the cashier, was a rack of Montauk flyers. I jingled the change in my pocket as my veneer of sophistication peeled away like layers of an onion.

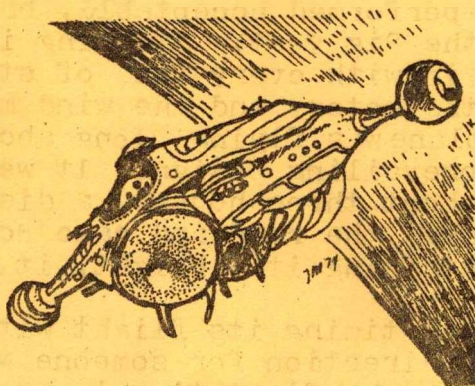
"Those are the Montauk Flyers," I whispered to Joyce.

"You've got to buy one," she said. "We can go up to the roof and fly it." I didn't need much encouragement. A few minutes later we were strolling back the way we'd come with our Sunday Times and a couple of Montauk Flyers.

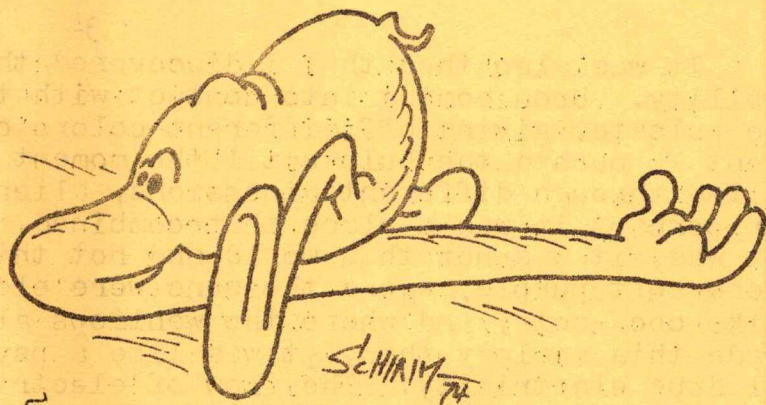
I walked to the edge of the roof with the small plane cradled in my hand. I brushed my wind-blown hair out of my eyes and took my stance. The great ones never forget, I thought, as I reared back with perfect glider-launching form.

My arm was a blur of motion and the glider hurtled through the air. Would it reach far distant Atlantic Avenue, I wondered as the plane flew out over the street.

As I watched the plane turned nose-down and plummeted to the asphalt below. I looked down at it lying there in the middle of the road, one wing-half fluttering away. "Too much wind," I said as I turned from the ledge and walked to the staircase door. There would be other planes.



A NOSE BY ANY OTHER NAME



by TERRY HUGHES

Noses run in fandom. Well they do. Almost every fan I can think of has a nose and I would imagine each has grown quite attached to his or her own. Just as fans come in all shapes and sizes, so do noses! The many types include: the large nose, the small nose, the button nose, the red nose, the blue nose, and the shadow nose. Some of you reading this may have a nose of your very own.

In an era when bigotry is being slowly eradicated, prejudice against certain noses still exists; in fact it is rampant. I know for I have a large nose. I don't think that it is that big, but nevertheless, my nose has become the butt of a number of jokes (if you'll excuse the absurdity of that anatomical metaphor). While I was in Columbia, Missouri for that last summer (1972) I suffered a great deal of abuse as Chris Couch and Claudia Perich both took turns impugning my nose. After a spell on the west coast during which I could hold my nose high without fear of immature affronts, I moved to Virginia where, before too long, cruel jests were being made. Colleen Brown would say things on the order of "Terry's nose always enters the room before he does." Then Rich Brown would defend me by saying: "It's not fair to make fun of someone's afflictions." I think I prefer the insult to the defense. I can't help but feel that this abuse is but a reflection of our corrupt society. Among a group of Eskimos I would be a regular Valentino, yet in this society I am "Hey you with the nose!" *sigh*

Noses play an important part in legends however. Why, take Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer for example. At first he too was ridiculed because of his nose, yet in the end his nose saved the situation and he became a hero. So in a sense I am like Rudolph. No, I don't have horns, and no, I didn't save Santa and his reindeer, but my nose did have a special power.

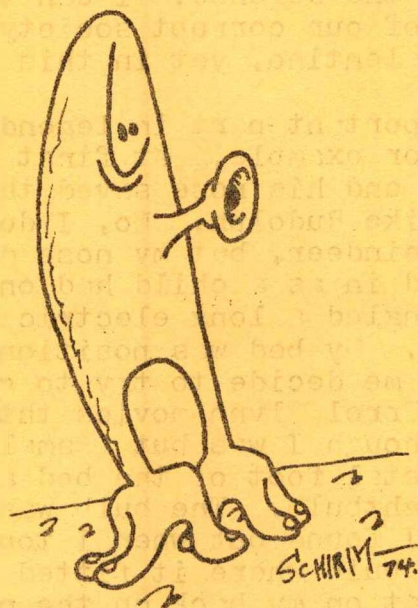
The house I lived in as a child had one room with a very high ceiling. From that ceiling dangled a long electric cord and socket which held a single naked light bulb. My bed was positioned directly under this light. I don't know what made me decide to try to grab hold of that cord; perhaps I had seen too many Errol Flynn movies that week. Whatever the reason, I decided to try. Although I was but a small boy at the time, I found that by standing on the metal foot of the bed and stretching upwards with my arm I could reach the lightbulb. The bulb was not screwed in as tightly as it should have been as I found out when I touched the exposed metal part of the end of the light bulb where it fitted into the socket. The next thing I knew I was lying flat on my back on the other end of the bed. Forget about Ben Franklin, that moment was when I truly became aware of the power of electricity.

It was also then that I discovered the 'power' of my nose, its secret ability. Upon coming into contact with the electrical current my nose began to pulsate, giving off different colors of the light spectrum. From the moment I touched the bulb until the moment I crashed into the mattress I travelled through different dimensions, alien worlds, and other time periods, or perhaps it was a place that combined all three. Wherever and whenever it was, it was not this world and not this time. It was a place where skies were soft purple, where the suns were electric blue, where the rain tasted like coca-cola, and where the wenfops glibbed. Although I never could have made this analogy then, it was like a psychedelic experience on that natural drug electricity. The flow of electrical energy into my body activated this previously unknown ability of my nose. As my nose pulsated, my being traversed a place that was totally other. When my body crashed into the bed, I came crashing back into this reality as well.

Having once tasted such an experience, I of course hungered for more. On subsequent days as I climbed up to the lightbulb again and again to release my Electric Personality my technique became more refined. I developed a do-it-yourself Kama Sutra of electrical shocks in an effort to prolong the length of my trips. I even placed a pillow for me to land on as I 'crashed.' As often as I could I journeyed to that other place.

You probably have noticed that I have been speaking of my ability to travel via my nose in the past tense. This is because I can no longer do this feat. As has happened to many fans, I burnt myself out. Literally. It happened on a winter day when I was plagued by a bad head cold. Despite my congested condition I decided to go ahead with my planned excursion. It may have been due to an electrical overload or due to my cold; either way, as I touched the metal part of the light bulb, it happened. I blew my nose.

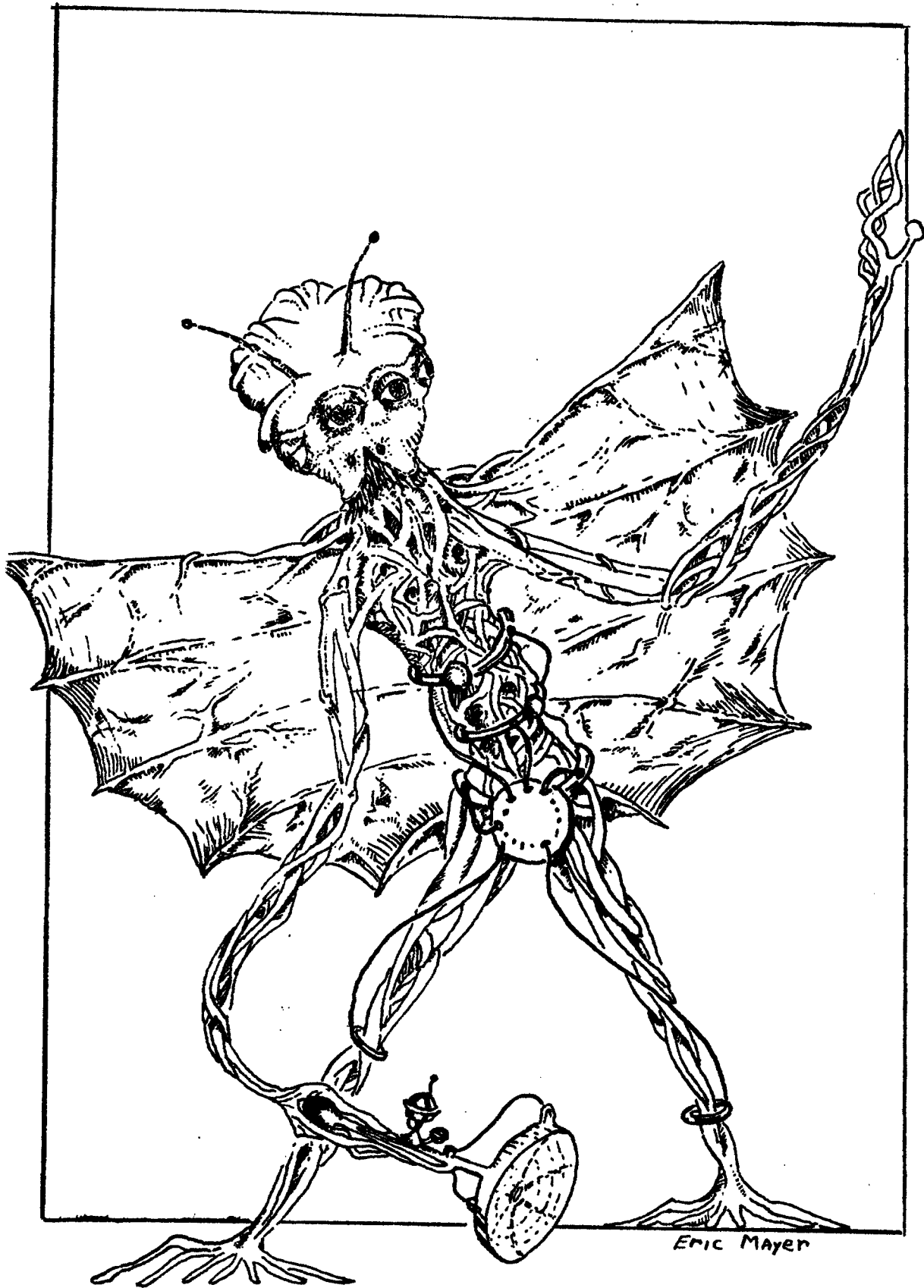
Today I no longer have that secret power residing in my nose. While I am proud of it and what it once could do, mine is now an ordinary large nose. As my Brother Craig said: "Terry, you're just a nose in the crowd."





ERIC MAYER





...I WENT TO A WESTERCON, OR; I SHOULD A SAID... A SORT OF CON REPORT

"You are a robot, a simulacrum," said Bob Silverberg to me there in room 129 of the Francisco Torres north tower in Goleta, California in the early morning hours of July 7, 1974. This was Westercon 27.

He was implanting this idea into me because right there on my name sticker on my chest it said: "Charles Burbee #2."

I had thought it was because Philip K Dick was #1 as the Pro Guest of Honor and I was #2 because I was the Fan GoH, but Bob gradually disabused me on that score, or tried to.

Dick had crapped out on them. He'd pleaded illness, beating me to the draw.

The word got around that he was actually shooting craps in Cucamonga with Burbee #1.

So there I was, Silverberg told me, Burbee #2, a simulacrum especially created for this Westercon, with built-in wisecracks, ad libs, and naughty words.

While Bob sat there talking to me-- slyly gathering information to hit me with at the Banquet-- I was guzzling Coors beer and gradually he gave me the idea he was a giant beer can. This impression came and went.

He was suave and sophisticated and urbane and witty and wordly and charming and utterly winning-- these were the times he looked like a beer can.

He'd been sent there to inform me I was a simulacrum. They knew he could do a good job of it because sometime during the discourse I would take him for a beer can, and beer cans never lie.

He went on to tell me I had not been constructed of the best materials. I was expendable. For instance, instead of a tape cassette speech center, I had a 78 rpm record changer from a 1932 Wurlitzer jukebox.

I thought that was a good gag until I woke up a few hours later and felt that juke box mechanism jamming up while trying to change a record. However, that scrunchy feeling went away after I had two breakfasts and 47 glasses of orange juice. How, I wondered, would one get in there to change a needle? Well, who needs to change a needle on an expendable machine...

Why was I there at all? I seldom go to Cons even when they're in my own back yard. Why would I drive three hours up the California coast to attend one?

Well, Bruce Pelz had asked me two years before and I, in a moment of weak-

CHARLES BURBEE

ness brought on by Bruce's subtle praise-- "You've earned it, Burb. You're due."-- I said OK.

As the months wore on I more or less forgot the whole thing. But as the actual crucial date drew nearer I began to experience cold feet. The thought of being up there in a large room talking to more than forty people scared me.

The last time I'd talked to a group of fifty people was at a Union meeting. Result was that we lost the election and I lost my job. If I spoke to a lot more people at a Westercon what would be the penalty? Would I be drummed out of fandom?

And spend four days at a Con? My record of attendance before had been about 24 hours. Mostly it was less than that-- one evening, perhaps.

About two months before the Con I wrote Pelz a letter, resigning. He didn't answer.

"That's a dirty trick," said Cora, my wife. "after you promised."

"What's dirty about it? They can ask for fifty volunteers and get them instantly."

"But they wanted you."

"Maybe they've used up all the localites."

But then Cora asked me to go, as a personal favor to her. That was the clinching argument.

"You want me to go?"

"Yes."

"You? Really?"

She nodded.

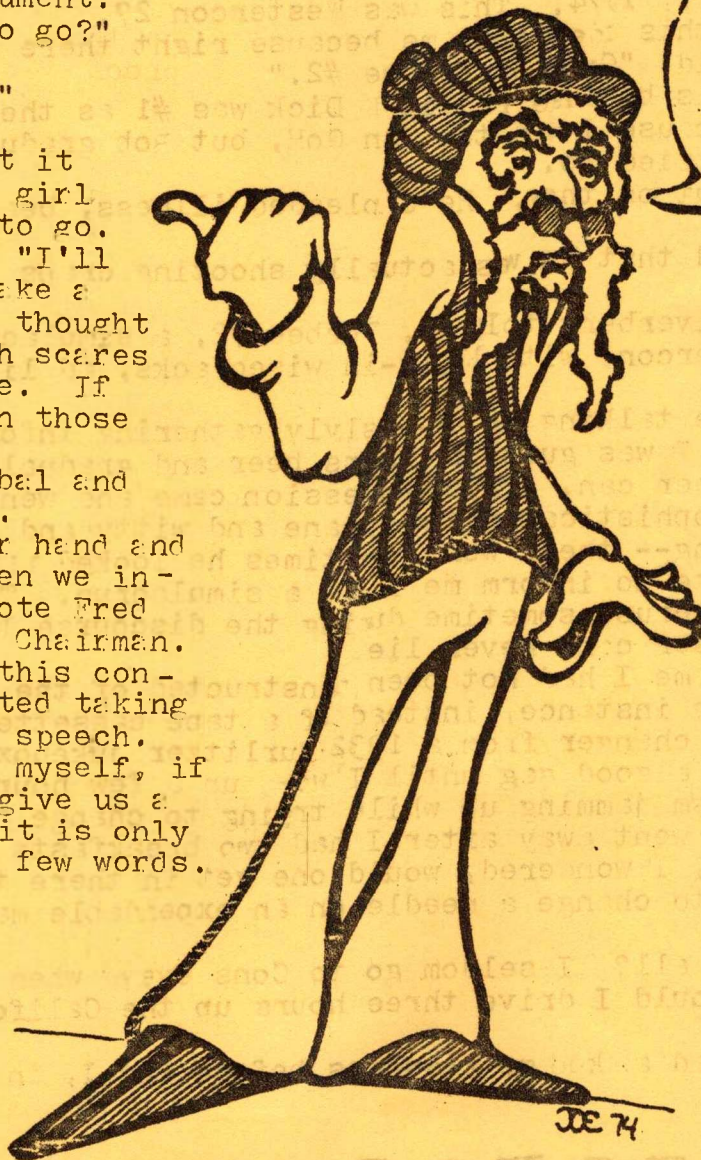
I thought about it for a minute. My girl really wanted me to go.

"OK," I said. "I'll go, but I won't make a speech. The mere thought of making a speech scares the hell out of me. If they'll take me on those terms, I'll go."

I got both verbal and written agreement.

"Just wave your hand and sit down again when we introduce you," wrote Fred Patten, Westercon Chairman.

Soon as I got this confirmation, I started taking notes for a small speech. Shucks, I said to myself, if they're going to give us a suite and meals, it is only fair that I say a few words.



DON'T LOOK
NOW KIDDIES,
BUT THIS GUY
ACTUALLY ENJOYS
FANDOM !!!

JCE 74

I figured if I talked slowly I could last three minutes, which should be acceptable. Cora says I went nearly fifteen minutes.

For awhile there I thought I wouldn't have to go, and for a legitimate reason. I began to get sharp pains in my left side. I had to be helped out of bed one morning. The pains went away for a day, then returned, even worse.

Here was a solid excuse to skip the Con, I said.

I went to the doctor. You'd like my doctor. A little Arabian, four feet two inches tall. I knew she was Arabian because she came in on a flying carpet.

She examined me. "Do you drink, sir?"

"Enormous quantities of beer."

"I knew you drank. You couldn't fool me."

"I wasn't trying to fool you. I just hope you don't think I'm kidding."

"You have an enlarged liver."

"I know. I sit around most Sundays enlargening it."

She diagnosed my pain as nothing but a pulled muscle. Eighteen dollars to find out I had a pulled muscle. I'd been expecting at least an acute kidney infection.

Well, you can't win them all.

Dammit, I'd even been composing a telegram in my head: "Dear Fred Patten, Convention Chairman. Sorry to crap out on you like this at the last minute, but I am deathly ill. See enclosed Polaroid for proof."

I don't know how to transmit a Polaroid by wire, but that's way my telegram read.

I'd gotten a Polaroid taken of me clutching my side with a look of agony on my face.

But when I looked at the picture with an objective attitude I realized that that expression could easily be mistaken for rapture.

Is Fred Patten a philosopher? I wondered. Did he know that pleasure and pain are divided by the thinnest of lines? Last time I'd seen Fred he was a teenager lustily pumping away at my player piano... "My Isle of Golden Dreams"... "Barney Google"... "Home Spun Rag"...

Oh well. My last chance gone, I showed up at the Con. Bob Silverberg, in the introductory stuff, used up all the sex jokes and Bill Rotlser used up all the gibberish, so I was left with very little to work on.

My hands were shaking from nerves so badly that I couldn't read my ad libs. I had to make them up.

I was so nervous I forgot to insult Silverberg. I apologize for that here.

I got along fairly well. Afterward I thought of a lot of lines I should've said.

I should have told them how I copyrighted the English language back in the old days. That was the sort of thing you could do in the Twenties. It cost me twenty-five cents and a self-addressed stamped envelope.

For the same price I could have bought a Conquer the World kit. I could have been the first kid on my block to conquer the world. But, being a non-violent type, the reading type, the kind that reads that crazy Buck Rogers stuff, I opted for the language copyright.

The copyright was good only for the continental United States. They could go right on talking English in England for all I cared.

I really don't know why I copyrighted the language. I never used the power I'd bought. It said right there in the copyright that I could stop anything in the U.S. from speaking or reading or writing or even listening to the language.

The only fun I got for my sticky silver quarter was reading the copyright

itself-- on legal length paper, small print. I read it so many times I almost memorized it. It started out: "Dear Sir; With your permission we will print this in English..."

But as I said, I never used this enormous power, or even had the slightest desire to invoke this giant dominion over the language until Saturday night, when I met Randall Garrett.

But then I restrained myself. After all, he'd done a nice thing for me. He'd invited me to his Dirty Word Seminary and I learned two new dirty words.

I did tell them about Ackerman being a figment of my imagination. A flawed figment, to be sure, but you must remember I figmented him up out of an adolescent mind.

Most figments, when you get tired of them, go away.

I got tired of him right off, but he wouldn't go away.

I shoulda said that it was hard sometimes to keep up an image. People read my stuff and think I am a comedian. It isn't true. But they have that image of me and when they meet me they expect me to say something comic in the first thirty seconds.

Rotlser has the most difficult time of us all. He's fandom's sex symbol. Imagine keeping up with an image like that.

Let us all nope fervently that he can keep his image up.

Ackerman has the easiest time of all.

He doesn't have to say anything or even move. He just sits or stand looking Ackermannish...uh... Ackermanly? Ackermanic? I wish I hadn't started this.

We had a limerick creating session in our room sometime in the early Sunday AM hours. Present were four fine gentlemen, two pretty ladies, and Elmer Perdue.

Many shining limericks were fashioned in that room. All are now lost forever. We had no scribe.

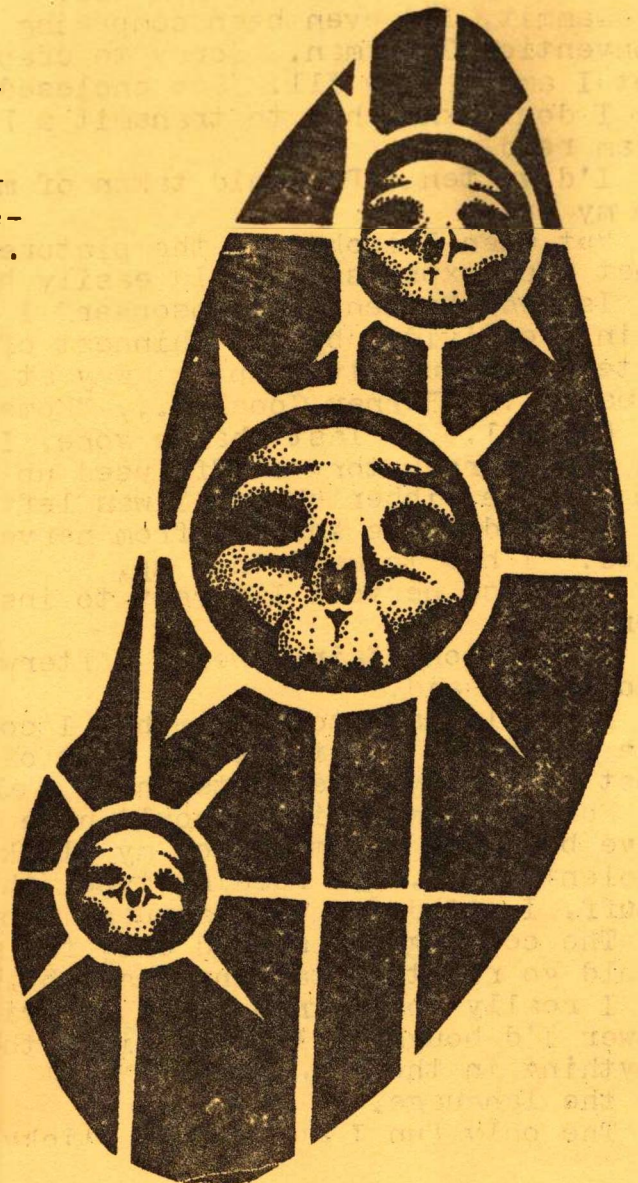
We didn't tape the session. Who wants to listen to three hours of drunk talk.

A few hours later we all showed up at the Banquet. All of the others had their brains shorted out as a result of having created those limericks.

I was the only one who had a manually operated brain and thus was not shorted out.

They appeared in the banquet hall operating on auxiliary brains supplied by the management. Fairly inexpensive brains --fifty cents deposit and five cents an hour rental fee. I reminded all six that the five cent usage charge applied whether they used the brains or not, so they might as well go ahead and use them.

Fifty cents deposit and five cents an hour doesn't seem like much, but they were that sort of brain.



I think we spent about thirty-six hours at the Con, from Saturday at 4AM till Sunday 4 P. Cora had wanted to get there Wednesday but I'd have missed out on holiday pay so I worked Friday and when I got home some time after midnight she made me do a quick wash-up and change and in minutes we were off for Goleta. We got to the suite, 129 and 131 and I was trying to fit the key into the lock and wondering if the serrated part went up or down when from the open door of the room across the hall came a loud clear voice above the noises of the party. "Who goes there?" It was the loud clear voice of Karen Anderson.

"The Burbees" Cora called back. Too loudly I thought, because they heard her. I'd wanted to get some shuteye, having been up for about twenty hours. But it was Phase Two of the Golds' party. Pretty soon Elmer showed up-- Elmer Perdue-- and he and I, in concert, told the Meyer story. It is a dumb story but has a small historical significance because it explains why Elmer and I and Arnie Katz call everybody "Meyer."

It took me three days to wind down from the Con. I woke Cora up at 4AM Monday morning at home, laughing. I was dreaming I was ad libbing new lines in my speech and I broke up at the new lines.

When I woke up I said to myself: "Dammit, why didn't I think of those lines when I was standing up there trying to last three minutes?"

It's too late for the speech, so I'm giving them to you now.



TUCKER-

SUSAN

WOOD

GROUPIE

Rock stars have groupies. Movie stars have groupies. Even Majara-jihns groupies. Shouldn't Fannish Legends have groupies too?

Bob Tucker thinks so. And I'm one of them.

Before I met Tucker, I knew of his Fabulous Fannishness. Bob Tucker:eofan. Publisher of LE ZOMBIE, which began in 1938 and has been making farewell appearances since the first Torcon. Hoy Ping Pong, humorist, founder of the Society for the Prevention of Wire Staples in Scientifiction Magazines. Architect, recipient of numerous bricks for that fannish convention centre, the Tucker Hotel. Perpetrator of the "Rosebud" incident. As a very goshwow neofan, I heard that story from Walt Liebscher himself. What impressed me most was Walt's obvious delight in the whole embarrassing episode, and his equally obvious warm friendship for the man who plotted it, years before. Later on, working on the TORCON 2 committee, I could occasionally persuade John Millard to reminisce about First Fandom. He'd often have some story about Tucker, perhaps a Midwestcon, a girl and maybe some booze, all told in that same tone Liebscher used-- a kind of gleeful chuckle about the exploits of a friend he admired.

And then there was Wilson Tucker, the Filthy Pro. The man who put "Tuckerize" into the fannish lexicon.

And finally there was Tucker the Living Legend. Hugo winner at Heicon; Best Fanwriter of 1969. When I was still just discovering what fandom could be, he was finally being honoured for having shaped it for over three decades. Hugo nominee at Noreascon for YEAR OF THE QUIET SUN, a novel whose subtleties bear some quiet re-reading. Tucker, prolific fanwriter of the seventies, author of a steady stream of witty, well-written articles... and a steady supply of good mystery novels, too.

The man Impressed me.

I was beginning to develop a Groupie Mentality. I worshipped the legend from afar, as it were.

I actually got to see Tucker at the 1972 Midwestcon. For a legend, he looked remarkably alive. For an eofan, he looked remarkably young. Tall, silverhaired, distinguished and slightly sozzled, there he was. But I'm shy about approaching Legends, and he was busy, laughing with friends, with a drink in one hand and his arm around the prettiest lady in the room. What did I, a mere Sweet Young Thing, have to say to the Fabulous Tucker?

By the next Midwestcon, I had plenty I wanted to say. John Millard had put me in charge of the All Our Yesterdays Room, the fanhistory display. I'd been sifting through Seventh Fandom, Sixth Fandom, and all the layers down to eofannish bedrock, which seemed to consist largely of people like Harry Warner, Jr. Walt Liebscher, and, you guessed it, Bob Tucker. I'd gotten interested in fandom, in fanhistory, in fantraditions. I was getting that room ready, in part, for the three eofen I mentioned, plus John Millard, to give them back a little bit of their past in return for the fandom they'd given me.

Idolotrous? Maybe. I told you I was developing a Groupie Mentality. Given my choice of a pro party or a First Fandom gathering at any con, I'll take the fen, anytime.

Besides, I really wanted to hear more Tucker stories, preferably the ones Harry Warner left out of ALL OUR YESTERDAYS.

I didn't get to talk to Tucker at the 1973 Midwestcon, either. I did, however, talk to the Marvellous Jodie Offut, and I think some of my groupie spirit rubbed off. A week or so before the worldcon, she mailed me a brick that said "Haldeman" on it, for the Tucker Hotel. I squealed at the Very Confused mailman, who was used to the Rotsler and Kirk artwork I showed him, but not to heavy parcels whose customs declarations said: "Contents: one brick." (Come to think of it, I wonder what the Customs officials thought?)

I also relaxed. The spirit of fandom seemed alive and brushing off its propellor beanie for TORCON 2.

A couple of days later, that spirit walked into the All Our Yesterdays Room.

Tucker Himself.

I pointed out the 1948 Torcon edition of LE ZOMBIE, loaned by Harry Warner, and the 1973 TORCON edition of his NEOFAN'S GUIDE, reprinted by Linda Bushyager and Lounsbury. Tucker smiled. I pointed out the water pistols. Tucker nodded, approvingly. I pointed out the floorplan for the Tucker Hotel, and the growing pile of bricks surrounding Jodie's parcel. Tucker grinned! And he produced an envelope full of Fabulous Fannish Photos for the display. Soon we were chatting away about fannish matters.

TORCON is a huge blur for me; sometimes I don't believe it ever happened. But I do remember Bob Tucker, leaning on a display case in the AOY Room, wearing a propellor beanie and a huge grin, talking to fans. Autographing books. Going "remember when" over the fanzines and photos with his cronies. Swapping stories with Walt Liebscher. Talking to reporters from the cal papers, and completely charming an attractive young blond from the Toronto STAR. Talking to me!

And saying: "I haven't had so much fun since the first Torcon. All this attention! I feel like a star! How'd you like to be a Tuckergroupie?"

And me saying: "Yeah! What do I have to do?"

And Tucker grinning and saying: "Welll...."

Just then someone called me from the far end of the room, and someone called Tucker from the hall, and when I turned around, he was deep in conversation with Phyllis Eisenstein-- who was laughing, and nodding. Learning to be a Tuckergroupie, no doubt.

In the fannish fog that was my TORCON, I kept bumping into Bob Tucker, but somehow never had a chance to talk. I wanted to find out what my duties as a Tuckergroupie involved-- apart from collecting bricks, or was it rose-buds? I saw him vanishing into the bar, with Liebscher and Jodie Offut, whose brick certainly qualified her to become a Tuckergroupie. She was laughing and nodding... sure looked like fun.

I saw Tucker at the First Fandom party on Sunday night. He and Dave Kyle made me an honorary First Fandomite. I was proud. Also tired. At that point, I had no energy left to become a Tuckergroupie. Besides, he was involved in conversation with the prettiest femmefan in the room, who was laughing, and nodding, and...

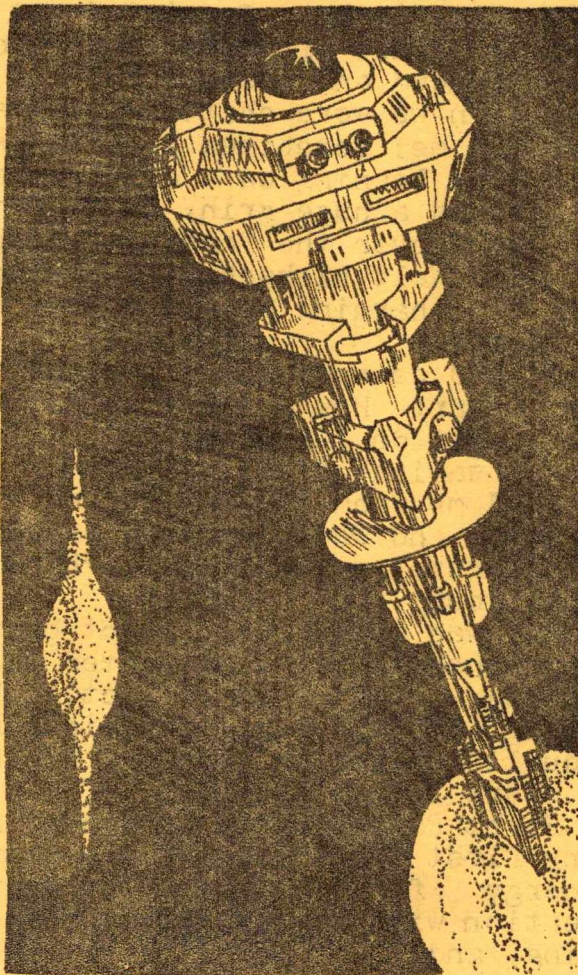
The next morning, I sadly dismantled the AOY Room. The Legendary Bob Tucker, who had proved to be a remarkably nice human being, dropped in to collect his photos and stayed to chat. He autographed a copy of YEAR OF THE QUIET SUN for me-- and appropriate star action. And he finally began to explain my duties.

"The first requirement of Tuckergroupies and Honorary First Fandomites is that they kneel at the feet of cofen..."

So I did. So did Jerry Kaufman, who was helping me dismantle the Room. Jerry was a Tuckergroupie?

"The second requirement," Tucker continued... but someone called me a-way to claim their fanzines, and someone called to Tucker, and when I looked around he was walking off, deep in conversation with Ann Passovoy.

So here I am, a poor, ignorant Tuckergroupie. When Mike Gorra wrote to me asking for material, I thought: Great! I'll help the Tucker Fund, and the Tucker Fund will pay Tucker's plane fare to the 1975 Worldcon, and I'll be on that plane too. I'm sure that, on that trip, I can find out at last what it really means to be a Tuckergroupie. After all, I'm sure I can corner Tucker somewhere between L.A. and Melbourne... probably behind the airplane's bar!



THE LIFE & LEGEND OF WILSON 'BOB' TUCKER

DEAN A. GRENNELL

As the uninitiated reader probes into the mythos surrounding the Sage of Bloomington, he or she is apt to be perplexed by numerous phrases and catchwords that have esoteric significance among the cognoscenti, but rather less among the hoi polloi. Why, for but one random example, should there be a special, in-group relevance to things such as Seeded Shoulders, Rosebud, or the Ten of Clubs? What sinister meaning lies behind such ancient references to Ritasburg? What is the fine distinction between smooth and Schmoooooooooth!?"

Is Tucker actually a reincarnation of Gilgamesh, or is he the original McCoy? If the latter, what is the connection between Bloch and Enkidu? Whoo knows what weevil lurks in the Cotton Bowl?

When I first encountered Tucker as an allegedly living entity, he made his darksome lair out of Box 702, in Bloomington, Illinois. This was so long ago that the zipcode was but a gleam in Arthur Summerfield's eye. When I made my initial pilgrimage to osmote wisdom at the feet of the Master (rather like Kimball Finnison making his first run to Arisia), he continued to reside in Bloomington; not in a PO box, but in a house not far from an emporium of euphoria that sold Gluek's Stite, among other goodly wares. I remember it well, that sultry night in July of 1955. We put out a one-shot fanzine, that being the custom of the distant era, calling it LE GRUESOME ZOMBIE.

Next day, after swearing me to secrecy on a sacred relic (one of Bloch's baby teeth, if you really must know) Tucker took me some fourteen miles or so south of Bloomington and revealed to me his future abode, then still in the final ministrations of carpenters and the like. It was located on a street pleasantly yecept Dingley Dell (later changed to a name so prosaic I've forgotten it), within the city limits of a bucolic hamlet that rejoiced in the name of Heyworth, Illinois.

For reasons heavily redundant to anyone so rash as to have maintained a known street address in midwest fandom of the midfifties, Tucker had a fierce faunch to cloack his whereabouts from the ken of the nomadic fan-horde. Fearing that, once they marauded as far as the Heyworth city limits, they might be able to track him down by adroit investigation, it was decreed that the very name of Heyworth was not to be uttered in the hearing of any not of the innermost circle.

Along through the later '30s and early '40s there had been a film actress of some notoriety, known by the professional name of Rita Heyworth (née Carmen Candide Cansino or a similar monicker, if memory serves). She went on to marry Prince Aly Khan, plus a host of others, being little mentioned in these later days. (In all fairness, so far as I know, she married them one at a time, divorcing each before the next, causing some to mutter, "To hell with the FAPA waiting list; how do I get on that one?")

At any rate, the happy coincidence of near-congruent spelling provided the euphemism by which the Chosen were wont to refer to Tucker's rural eyrie. We called it Ritasburg and let the fuggheads (to use the archaic term) strain their eyes in vain to locate it in the Illinois road maps.



I have small, smug recollections of being awakened in the wee sma' hours of a long-ago evening by the insistent burring of the phone bell. Reeling, shambling, barking my shins through the darkened house to clutch the noisy instrument, I made vague mumbblings into the earphone, reversing it when I found I could not hear anything from the mouthpiece.

The voice at the other end identified itself in slurred tones as a fan then making a name for himself as a fugghead of Probbingnagian stature in a state mostly noted for its oilwells and, in those days, for its burgeoning crop of fuggheads.

"Can you tell me Tucker's phone number?" the voice wanted to know.

"Sure I can; be happy to. But I don't have it right on the tip of my tongue. Got it written down here. Somewhere. Hold the phone, huh?"

As long as a person is once up and about at that ungodly hour, there are things that can be attended to to maximize creature comfort. I closed the door, to keep the sound-effects from betraying me over the long distance wires. After a leisurely while, I sauntered forth, refreshed and with a lambent gleam of the eye that illuminated the phone on its table, though faintly.

"Are you still there?" I asked.

"Yup. Have you got Tucker's phone number?"

"Hey look, I'm awfully sorry. I've got it here some place. I had it just the other day. Just a matter of finding my adress book. Give me a little time to find it. Can you hold?"

"Yeah, I'll hold on, but make it snappy, willya?"

I laid the phone down, with a sinister curl of the lip, unhearable to my distant gadfly. I softfooted back to bed, settled in, drew up the covers and fell into one of the most blissful, deepest sleeps I have yet to enjoy. In the morning, when the alarm went off, I went out to the table that held the phone and found that the lad had given up along the way. The phone was making that irritable little sound-effect that phones make when they've been neglected unduly. I hung it up, wondering how long he'd held out.

Some years later, when Tucker- for reasons best known to him- came out and flatly announced to all the gibbering world that he lived in Heyworth, Illinois, I found that for a long while afterwards, I had trouble in actually calling it that, instead of Ritsburg. Old habits die hard, they say, and they're right.

Though it may sound unlikely in this enlightened modern age, long after Hugh Marston Hefner has discovered pubic hair, there once was an unsophisticated time when enterprising entrepreneurs enjoyed a good thing by marketing decks of cards that featured a different- to borrow Willie Rotsler's expression- nekkid lady on each different card. In that long-faded era, Tucker had purchased or otherwise gained possession and control of a deck of cards thusly emblazoned and had taken said deck to a Midwestern, where it was used in the furtherance of a game of chance.

Naivete, by the way, can be defined as playing cards with Tucker while referring to it as a game of chance, but that is another story for which- as Watson used to say- the world is not yet prepared.

Suffice to say, along the way, some low-life conniver was heart smitten by the unencumbered damosel whose lovingly engineered fusilage graced the

Ten of Clubs and the slip of pasteboard was spirited away, never to be seen again by the deck's more or less rightful owner. Some say the guilty culprit (and guilty culprits, as Modern Medical Science Knows Today, are the worst kind) was Dr. Dwight Asimov; others prefer to pin their suspicions on Calvin "Biff" Collidge. History gets hazy, that far back.

Alas, the world has not as yet gained sufficient maturity for the full facts to be revealed in re Seeded Shoulders. The only thing that can be revealed about the matter at this point in time is that it is very mysterious.

However, at hand, is a priceless relic, an aurochic artifact, in the shape of a FAPAazine entitled CHAPTER PLAY Number One, for the FAPA mailing that went out in May, 1953, from the aforesaid infestor of Box 702, Bloomington, Illinois. It bubbles with revealed vices: wallpaper with grinning octopi and good jass like that-there.

It even sheds a bit of luminance upon the Seeded Shoulders legend, noting that it had assumed cosmic significance while Tucker was hauling one Shirley Belle Hoffman home from the ChiCon of 1952. It mourns the book Tucker was going to write on notable place names of American Geography. And grits its teeth that others had trod the ground earlier.

"But I will not be so easily put to rout on a similar matter," it continues. And we will continue in the voice of the Master, regretting that we cannot set it down in the sans-serif of His ancient Royal typer.

"It all began when Orson Welles made movie entitled 'Citizen Kane' and caused a dying man to whisper 'Rosebud' in the first reel. Old hands among my audience will immediately guess what is coming. Orson Welles maybe famous among the latter-day fans for his radio program, but with me his reputation rests with that single picture, a very fine and precedent-shattering movie which won no awards, didn't make a fortune, and was seen by comparatively few people thanks to William Randolph Hearst. 'Citizen Kane' was whispered to be the biography of this character Hearst; a highly fictitious biography to be sure, but solidly based on many startling facts of the old man's life. As a result it was always fought and falsely damned in every city where a Hearst paper was published; in many cases they refused to accept advertising for it and movie was practically strangled to death. I seem to recall too that in some cities the Hearst papers brought out the American Legion to picket those theaters showing it, and of course their own film reviewers were unanimous in condemning it-- if they mentioned it at all. So I became aware of Orson Welles, budding genius.

"As might be expected, this lovely word ((Rosebud)) found quick entry into fandom. In a Doc Lowndes story, 'Trigger Talk at Green Guna' an old character mutters the word and dies. The Fancyclopedia attributes to me the popularization of the word in everyday fandom, but at this late date I'm not at all sure of the accuracy of this, despite the fact that I helped check the Fancyclopedia for accuracy before publication. At any rate, Walt Liebshcer visited Bloomington one fine summer day and I took him on a tour of the town; we ended up late at night on a deserted picnic ground a few miles from town-- he and his date had one picnic table to themselves while I and mine had another. One or the other of us red-blooded American Boys rose up sometime later to hurl a challenge into the night sky: "Rosebud!" Like maybe Tarzan after making a kill. Thereafter, Liebshcer being Liebshcer, and Tucker being his modest self, fandom was badgered and plagued with the word on every hand. For almost a year there was a fanzine by that name. And now, patient reader, I'm at last coming to the subject I started several paragraphs ago---I began a postcard collection, or more precisely, a postmark collection. I mailed blank postcards to the

postmasters of every town in America (that I could locate) named Rosebud, and shortly had an astonishing collection of Rosebud postmarks. So there now, I've finally gotten a piece on place-names off my chest."

So now you know; more or less.

Didn't you really like it better, the way it wasn't?





MIKE GLICKSOHN (141 High Park Ave, Toronto, Ont. M6P 2S3 CANADA) You've every right to be proud of BANSHEE, even though John Berry is correct in saying that as far as appearances go you've still got quite a bit to learn. But for enjoyable content BANSHEE is right up there in the forefront of current fanzines and is a remarkable achievement for a single year's publishing. You've gotten some of the better writers in fandom who've been silent far too long to come out of hiding and I hope you can keep doing so.

The covers are nice; nothing spectacular, but the coloured ink is an effective touch. The interior artwork tends to lag behind the quality of the written work. Sheryl's critturs are

very cute, though, and Grant's cartoons are good; not his best, but easily good enough to stand out in the issue. While I applaud the idea of having Eric Mayer illustrate the "Degler" piece, his artwork doesn't particularly appeal to me. He's competent, but a bit too cluttered in places.

Of Bill Kunkel's nifty little title illos, the only one that doesn't work is the one for Cy's column which is practically unreadable. It wasn't until I started reading the article, recognized the style, looked back at the toc, and confirmed my suspicion that I was able to decipher the words Cy Chauvin in the picture. ((Bill didn't like that particular cartoon very much, but for some reason I fell in love with it, and used it.))

I liked the way you started your editorial. I guess that's because I recognized both quotations and that let me feel all smug and superior (which isn't my natural state: most of the time I'm all curled up sucking my ~~self~~ thumb.)

I reverently stand down and hand in my title as writer of the most humorous article you've yet published in BANSHEE. Dave Locke, that paragon of fannish virtue, that non-pariel among fannish humorists, that boil on the scrotum of fandom ((I think I'm about the only person in the world that hasn't read that article.....)) has clearly established his write to the title. This fanzine review column is brilliant, completely belies Dave's concluding remark, and would be an outstanding candidate for "Article of the Year" as proposed by some idiot later on in the lettercolumn. In fact, this one piece will shortly inspire me to do what I've been planning on doing for some time, and that is to go back through the fanzines I've gotten this year and note the exceptional pieces in case Powers and I ever do put out the anthology we've bandied about a bit. Dave is an exceptionally talented writer, and even though one is tempted to wonder about the marital status of the parents of any man who'd pollute Chivas with soda water, one cannot deny his very real contribution to fannish humour. This is easily the best piece in the issue, and one of the best pieces to appear this year.

On a more sober note (although that word is ill-chosen when Dave and I are the fans concerned) I will no longer be showing up at conventions with a giant snake around my neck since Larson E, that Boa Wonder of fandom, is, alas, deceased. He was an admirable creature, and I will miss him.

Surely if you're going to judge a fanzine, you have to judge it as a consumer, not as a producer? Or at the very least as a combination of both? Cy may be correct that the mere act of putting out an illegible

crudzine full of rotten material satisfies every need of the editor, but if said editor actually mails the thing out, then he's asking for your reactions as a consumer, and he must be expected to accept your own personal standards or criteria. These will differ from one fan to the next, but that hardly invalidates an individual answer to Peter's question. (Peter ((Johansen)) was an Ottawa fringe fan, by the way, being Susan Wood's boyfriend for four years before I met Susan. He helped run off and collate a couple of Canadian fanzines as I recall, so he had a bit of the background as far as knowledge of fandom is concerned.) It might even be possible to isolate a few basic absolute criteria, for that matter, such as legibility, grammatical correctness in the writing, and so forth. It's on matters of content that the real subjectivity of fanzines comes to the fore.

I won't argue with Dave again over the best fan article thingee. He writes most persuasively but I'm still not convinced that the move would be possible or even advisable. He's write about the overlap in fanzine mailing lists, but I was talking as much about the voting as about the nominating. I think we're beating a stillborn horse, though, since I don't see anyone attempting to put the change into effect. Perhaps Dave will spring a surprise motion on the DISCON business meeting, which should liven things up a bit. But all in all I can't bring myself to argue with someone who compared something I wrote to a glass of ten year old scotch...

BEN INDICK (428 Sagamore Ave Teaneck Nj 07666) In re PGWodehouse, it was long years before your birth when I first read and loved his Jeeves books. They are still appearing and I'm glad a new generation is enjoying them. You may be interested in knowing that PGW has also been a distinguished writer of stage comedy. Only recently I saw a revival of a 1919 musical he did with Guy Bolton and a young composer named Jerome Kern. The play a charming and still comical period piece, OH LADY LADY. Since you like PGW, I also recommend to you the books of Thorne Smith, very 1930ish in tone also, but brash and funny, and fantasy as well. Of his, my favorite was always RAIN IN THE DOORWAY. But it's a long time ago, Mike...

((Wodehouse is the author of a book entitled AUTHOR!AUTHOR which consists of his correspondance with another writer about writing. Very funny and interesting. It has quite a bit about his stage career in it. Also the price that the SATEVEPOST paid for a serial, which was incredible...))



PAUL DOCHERTY (18 Stellarton Rd. Scarborough, Toronto Ontario M1L 3C9)
'Claude Degler' was very entertaining- someone should put together a collection of such pieces, including perhaps things like 'A Way of Life' and 'The Enchanted Duplicator'. ((And "The Purple Pastures"?)) However, aside from the fact that such a collection would probably be rather unprofitable, there is the danger that somebody might take it seriously. I can see it now: Vast conspiracy uncovered! FANatics bent on overthrowing established order...our blood might run in the streets. The Salem fan burnings?

Most of the art you're printing seems to be largely of a cartoonish nature, and here a few names struck me. I really enjoyed Sheryl Birkhead's illos for Loren MacGregor's column- they complimented the writing style perfectly. Canfield, Rotsler, and Kinney are keeping up their high standards in each of their various line madneses. Eric Mayer's bacover has a simplicity of dynamics that battles with his cluttered shading techniques and weakens the drawing. The effect is that of a lack of control over the space values. The ideas are there but I'm afraid that the execution needs a bit of ordering. Marc Schirmeister demonstrates a clean control of the cartoon style that is very satisfying and his subjects are always amusing. But then, what do I know? They kicked me out of the University of Toronto fine art department for calling a department meeting a 'collection of no-talent assholes' (also for not doing what I'm told, but that's another story)

JAY KINNEY (160 Caselli, San Francisco CA 94114) #8 was snazzy and looking good. Eric Mayer is a find. His backcover is one of the weirdest I've seen in years and reminds me of some vintage 50's fanzine art. The art on white sheets with 3/4 pages before worked really well, though neither piece quite deserved such extravagant display.

Locke's fanzine reviews succeeded at both parodying such columns and actually being good irreverent reviews. In contrast to his attitude though, there are many times when I'd rather read a good fanzine review than the actual fanzine.

I just read "My Life in Tibet" by Claude Degler and stand in awe of its splendid prose and blithe spirits. It brought to mind the rare enclosed wash drawing which I've had in my possession for several years, passed on by a tired old fan long since gaffiated. It is not reproducible in simple mimeo and so I trust that you will simply treasure it in private and perhaps the honorable author of the Tibet article. ((Thanks, Jay. The drawing is on its way to the piece's author, who's name can now be revealed. "My Life in Tibet" was written by ~~Paul Docherty~~ the piece's illustrator, Eric Mayer.

JODIE OFFUT (Funny Farm Haldeman NY 40329) I like Joe Pearson's cover because it makes me want to get out my water colors or crayons. Sheryl's drawings have the same effect on me, and her's make me laugh. Jay Kinney's is funny. Larry G. Brommer's cries for a pencil ((How many of you readers actually tried the maze? How many of you actually took pen or pencil to it?)) and the back cover bears studying. In fact, there isn't any art this time that I don't like.

The columns by John Berry and Cy both had a melancholic feel about them. Berry seemed to be reminiscing at a leisurely pace; he seemed subdued. Cy's column is thoughtful, the questionnaires interesting, and he raises some fascinating questions about the world of fandom.

Loren has an easy, personal way of writing. Believe the bootlegger story. Believe any bootlegger story. They are seldom exaggerated--they don't need to be-- and nearly always true.

Dave Locke's fanzine reviews are terrific! That man writes so funny. Although I almost skipped it-- anybody who mixes Chivas Regal with club

soda lacks proper respect and upbringing. Bet he puts catsup and mustard on his hamburgers. Anyway the whole thing is good; I particularly like the cleverness of the TITLE review.

"This is Not Fiction" is very funny. Different.

Busby's tale is interesting, although I liked it least of anything in the issue. I suppose because, being a writer's wife, stories of that kind are old hat and nothing new to me.

JERRY KAUFMAN (622 W. 114th Street New York NY 10025) I want to praise you for the material you have forced out of several fine writers, John Berry and Loren MacGregor. John has one of the fine minds of fandom, and he uses it so infrequently. Perhaps I should rephrase that. John writes thoughtful, analytic articles, and I enjoy them. Loren is the best anecdotal writer in fandom (he is also the best teller of anecdotes we have) And neither of them is overexposed. ((I can't say whether or not Loren is the best teller of anecdotes in fandom or not; I haven't spoken to that many fans. But I have spoken to Loren on the phone, twice, and he is very good at it.

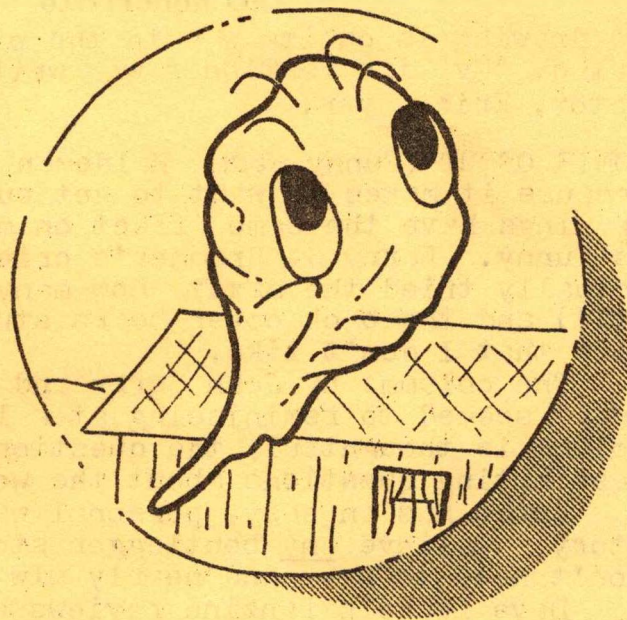
John Berry points out that Calvin Demmon is hiding out in Edmonton. I suppose that the fannish fans will shortly begin moving there. It will be an awesome sight, I'm sure, since they will have quite a caravan from Falling Church. I suppose Ted White won't want to leave his house behind, so it will be set on wheels, and since the Falling Church Fanoclasts are anything but rich (except for rich brown) Dan Steffen and John will have to pull it. They have my full moral support.

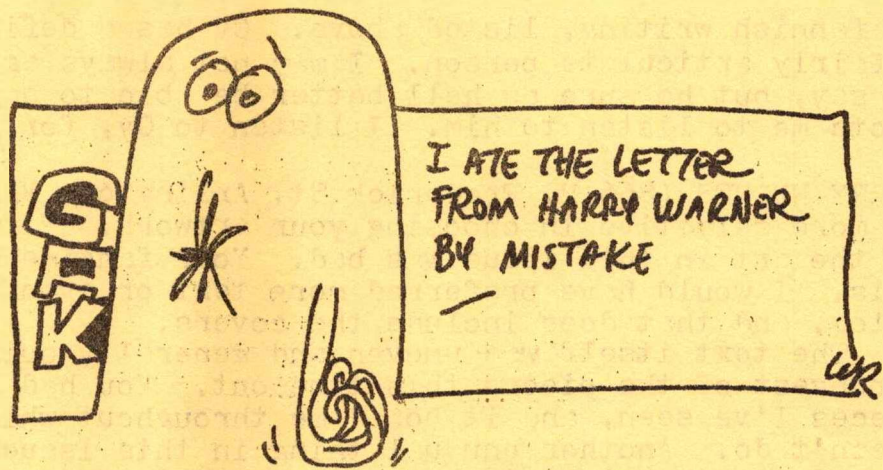
Loren loves to tell anecdotes so much that... well, at Marcon, Loren scratched his cornea by leaving his contact lens in his eye too long, and was in tremendous pain Sunday morning. And told hospital anecdotes as he was being taken to the hospital. (Loren is fine now... he just wrote me a letter to say so, and told this anecdote about losing his wallet in Minneapolis. He mentioned going back to Seattle with 43¢ and getting drunk in the bus enroute. Bazzfazz didn't elaborate.)

Welcome back to Claude Degler. In these times of disorganized and fragmented fandom, Degler will be just the thing we need as a focal point. Degler will join us and make us great. He will make us one fandom with one goal, just as he did in the forties. The goal may be the same.

Dave Locke's reviews are just the sort I've always wanted to write, but haven't had the guts to. I always figured that to say exactly what I thought, would require me to be a hermit. Even in the praising department. I even laughed sometimes, especially at the lines on Lou Stathis. "Lou Stathis" is really pen name for Richard Heltzer.

LOREN MACGREGOR (Box 636, Seattle 98111) Buz' article was good, I'm surprised that I read it through with fascination. Why? Well, I've heard bits and pieces of it before, at Nameless meetings, and in general conversation with Buz, so I thought to myself "I've heard this before," and went into the article with that in mind.





I shouldn't have; it was good. Also, having it here in print gives me a chance to look it up whenever I feel like it, and Buz tends to get antagonistic when call him up at three in the morning.

"My Life In Tibet" was great, and I find the niggings of somebody's style creeping in there someplace ... but I'm not sure. ((Who, pray tell?)) Eric's drawings were great.

I understand that Dave Locke publishes a fanzine, whose name I kinda forget (it has that quality) and which is making a name for itself (though I forget why) I notice he didn't review it, which is probably a good thing, because then I would know its name, and would therefore have nothing whatever to say; instead I have this fascinating fannish paragraph.

Johnny Berry sounds Old and Tired in his column; I hope future issues of BANSHEE return his youthfulness. (The only problem at the moment being that when I met him I thought he was younger than I, and that's got me worried.)

AL SIROIS (233 County Street, New Haven CT) Wodehouse! ah, marvelous. I'm a Betram Wooster fan from way back, a good eight years ago now. The British type of dry humor has always been a favorite of mine, as exemplified by Wodehouse. Probably my favorite Wodehouse character is Jeeves. You made no mention of it in your editorial, but Wodehouse wrote at least one book in a weird sort of fantasy vein; it's about a basic Wodehousian 'herd' who goes to the dentist for some sort of routine work, is put to sleep by gas, and awakens to find his brain transferred into the body of a particularly nasty six-year old. And vice-versa, of course. I've forgotten the title, but it was one hell of a book.

Busby's article I found extremely interesting, from the standpoint of a new sf writer. I've recently been learning quite a bit about the actual business end of the process, as distinct from the creative end. For instance, I've discovered that if I expect to be an active member of SFWA, aware of the ins and outs of publishing itself as well as writing, I have to truck to regional meetings and the like, meet and get to know editors and publishers, like Elwood, Moskowitz ((What does he edit these days?)) Wollheim, etc. Listening to these gentlemen speak about their experience in the field is an enlightening experience. Thus, for my own purposes of data gathering, Busby's article was read by me carefully, more than once.

The columns by Berry and MacGregor left me rather cold. Nothing definite I can pin down about them except perhaps a lack of direction and purpose. Anecdotal ramblings don't really do much for me, unless they serve a purpose.

I liked Chauvin's piece because it adheres to my framework for critiques

of fannish writing, listed above. Cy has a definite target in mind, and is a fairly articulate person. I may not always agree with what someone has to say, but he sure as hell better be able to say it fairly well if he expects me to listen to him. I listen to Cy, for the most part.

TERRY HUGHES (866 N. Frederick St. Arlington VA 22205) You really need to be more selective in choosing your artwork. With just a few exceptions most of the art in this issue was bad. Your fanzine deserves better fare than this. I would have preferred more text or even blank space to some of those illos, and that does include the covers.

The text itself was uneven and generally quite weak. Busby was the strongest of the pieces this time out. You had one of the weakest Dave Locke pieces I've seen, and it bored me throughout which is something he usually doesn't do. Another unusual thing in this issue was the fact that John Berry had a weak column for you. I am a big fan of John's writing ((Me too. He seems to be one of the best writers of mood pieces in fandom-- I love a good mood piece!!)) but this column seemed very rushed and sloppily thrown together. But since it is a column I am sure he will turn in his usual high quality material in future installments and I eagerly look forward to them. Who wrote the Degler bit? It was kind of amusing and brought out some chuckles from me as did Loren MacGregor's piece. The rest were weak and forgettable.

The whole tone of this loc seems down and I regret that. I did enjoy the zine... just getting a fannish zine again is a treat in itself. ((Couldn't agree with you more. If I don't get a single thing else, it's always a good mail day if I get a zine like SWOON or XENIUM.)) I am afraid I suffer from the same feelings of being cut off from general fandom as John mentions and for the same reasons. But I hope to pull out of it and become involved once more. I did enjoy your editorial and you seem an interesting writer even if you do buy all the Marvel comics.

ERIC MAYER (RD 1 Box 147 Falls PA 18615) Its difficult to comment on the art; you have such a big selection this time. I always enjoy Terry Jeeves' stuff. It has that aura of fannishness that I usually associate with Rotzler. Grant Canfield's cartoons this time are slick, well done, but rather uninteresting. I admire technical competence, but mere technical competence isn't sufficient. (I feel a bit uncomfortable criticizing any fanartists' drawings, since the glass of my own house is not exactly heavy duty safety plate type, but I do like feedback, praise, criticism, so I offer same.)

Interesting, how you laid out my illos for the Degler article. That's precisely how I would've done it.

As for Cy Chauvin's column... why is it that the people who attempt to investigate fandom are never fans? They can't help but come up with a superficial view of fandom. I've only been around fandom for 8 or 9 months-- but I'll bet that none of the folks conducting these 'studies' intend to do 8 or 9 months intensive research. (Wertham maybe) Besides, you can't really see what goes on in fandom from the outside. You have to participate to some extent, write locs, articles, do artwork, publish, attend cons, or whatever, to really understand fandom. I don't see how anyone, unfamiliar with fandom, can even begin to select a representative sample population to send questionnaires to, let alone discover anything of value about fans.

Sure. Anything a fan does is fannish. Most fannish writing is simply a recounting of mundane events. (Look at Susan Clicksohn's articles, or Arnie Katz') What makes the events fannish is that a fan sees fit to write about them for a fanzine. It is a misconception that this type of writing is limited to fandom. On the contrary, it is the staple of many local newspa-

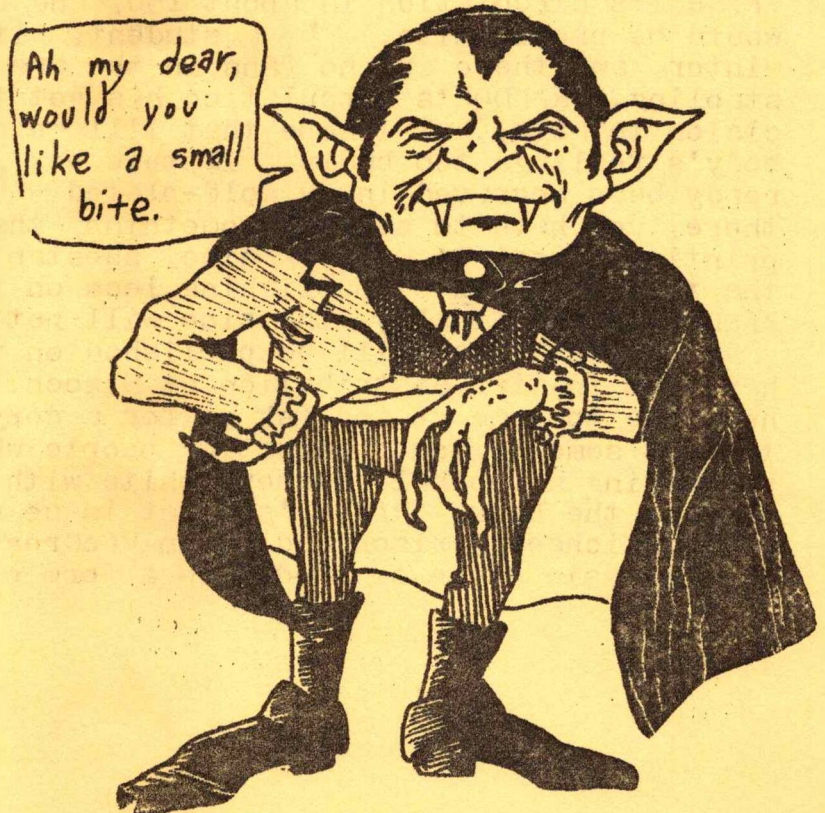
per columns. The difference is that most local columns I've seen aren't as well done.

CY CHAUVIN (17829 Peters, Roseville MI 48066) The most brilliant and original item in this issue is Dave Locke's humorous fanzine column. I don't think anyone's ever done one before, and Dave does a great job. I really wish you could convince him to do more. His one on TITLE in particular was great; I think Dave should stick to exaggerating the peculiar characteristics of a zine, and not worry about doing a fair/accurate review (tho I doubt he worried much about that in the first place.)

The second most brilliant item was John Berry's column-- only I don't know why it is brilliant. I guess it's just that it's written with more style than most fannish pieces nowadays.

In my column, I said something like the only "essential" thing in a good fanzine was a strong editorial personality. When talking to Chris Sherman, we came up with two or three others; one was obvious, good repro, but the other two are worth thinking about: regular (preferably frequent) appearance, and a good, lively lettercol. I know how reluctant I am to write a letter to a zine if I don't know when it's coming out again; with a zine that's frequent, you don't forget it exists, and you build up your expectations for it--an, FOCAL POINT should arrive tomorrow, at 11:00! You also don't forget what the people in the lettercol were talking about as easily. That brings me to my second point: a good lettercol. It's nice to have good feedback in a zine. That was one of the weak points about the Katz' zines--their lettercols were always pretty poor. On the other hand, the lettercols in ENERGIEN and ST COMMENTARY were and are generally the best written part of those zines, and better than most of their competitors.

((WAHF: Don Ayres, Joe Sanders, John D. Berry, P.M. Busby, Frank Palazs, Mike Glycer, Sheryl Birkhead, Terry Austin, Prett Cox, Dave Sell, Susan Wood Glicksohn, Norm Hochberg, Joe Pearson, Bill Breiding, Ed Connor, Leah A. Zeldes, Dave Locke, Richard Stooker, Dick Patten, Tom Reamy, mike carlson, Eli Cohen, Brad Parks, Lee Hoffman, and Ed Slavinsky.))





I expected that the ninth BANSHEE would be my best issue yet. But when I first formulated plans for it, I didn't dream that it would be the great success that I feel it is. I hoped that I'd be able to present top-quality material, but I didn't realistically think (oh, I dreamed, I dreamed) that I'd be printing articles by Burbee and Grennell. People I'd never heard from before, but whose work I had admired, came through with great contributions. Putting this issue together has been lots of work, and it will continue to be lots of work until the last envelope is closed, but it's all been made worthwhile by virtue of the material I had to work with.

Many of you know that this, the best BANSHEE, is also going to be the last BANSHEE. I'm not gasping-- far from it. Instead, I'll be publishing a new fanzine. Something a little bit more relaxed, informal, more contents-oriented, rather than art-oriented, and hopefully a little bit friendlier. And perhaps cheaper as well.

It's to be called RANDOM, and it will be published monthly. It won't be a large fanzine; twenty four pages at most, so that I can mail it for a dime.

But I can't publish RANDOM with a mailing list of the size I have now. BANSHEE's circulation is about 150, and both the cost and the drugework would be prohibitive. I'm a student, with a very limited income during the winter, and there are no fans in the area to help me with collating and stapling. RANDOM's circulation has got to stay below 100. It's a hard decision to make, but I hope that I'll be able to do it without hurting anybody's feelings too badly. If this box is blank, your name has already been engraved in my gold-plated address book. If there's an "X" there, you have to send me something that you can convince me is worth printing to get RANDOM. A nice, substantial loc on BANSHEE could turn the trick; I will be publishing locs on this issue in the first few RANDOMs. And finally, the zine will not be available for money.

The first issue will be published on the heels of this one, and will have its initial distribution at Discon. If your box is blank, don't hesitate to come up and ask me for a copy of it; it will give me a chance to meet some of you fascinating people whom I might miss otherwise. I'll be wearing a football jersey, white with a blue "77" on it, and my last name on the back. RANDOM's first issue will have columns from John D. Berry, Michael Carlson and Loren MacGregor, and a reprint of Walt Willis' classic piece on fandom as a form of sexual sublimation.

See you then,

Steve

THE ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE
EARTH-
AIR-
FIRE-
WATER-
PERSON



GORRA+
Austin.

Banshee

Why did Gorra ever
change the name of
this mag? I felt
comfortable with Tripe,
and so did the contents
of this turkey.

