

Published for the 12th Distribution of ValAPA, 12 August 1966, by Bruce Pelz, who will be absent from a few meetings... . IncuNebulous Pub 506.

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DEPARTMENT OF UNFINISHED FICTION: As some of you have decided to take over the syory I started two issues ago, I'll give you free rein on it. It probably wouldn't have been very good anyway. And if you are really ambitious, here's another story you can take over:

KID FANAC

by Bruce Pelz and Ron Elik

My name is Peepers, and I work out of the big Slan Shack where your folks told you you'd go if you never read stef and kept the precepts of Roscoe and like that. It isn't really like that, but they have us fangels out beating the anti-gafia drum all twenty-four, and while from the way they work us you'd think it was the other place -- pro heaven -- it's really a pretty damn soft touch once you've made the scene. You sit around with bongos or gestetners or typers or femmefans or whatever's your line, and it's like hyperfanacsville as long as you can dig it. Man, an activity committee would be vulgar ostentation.

But last year I got a call to slip down to Mundane -- you call it Earth -- to pick up a maverick who'd been hit smack between the tendrils by old man gafia; he'd discovered girls before he'd learned how easy a femmefan could be, and before you could get a Daugherty Project into the committee stage he'd taken up reading 'tecs, smoking filter cigarettes and eating out at fancy expensive restaurants. The brain trusters upstairs had it figured that adolescence was breaking up his old sense of wonder, and they sent me down to bring him back to the straight and narrow

By the time I got there, this ex-fan was breaking in some contact lenses, so he didn't look so star-begotten, and he could hardly make out what I looked like as I appeared in a cloud of slipsheets in his now-lined-with-Charteris den -- a beautiful den that he'd spent the best years of his life lining with stef, most of which he'd never read, never would read, but knew all about because he was a trufan the day he was born. He blinked up at me from his reading desk, where he was making like he enjoyed an Ed Hunter story when he should have been reading some of Brown's vignettes in TMOF&SF at worst. I thought for a minute the strained, crying look was because of the hokey carney lingo Ed's uncle Am always affects, but I realized quick enough it was the eyeball pasties that made him look like he'd lost his best friend. This kid was happy, and he was about to grow up happy. Something had to be done, fast.

"Peepers is mine," I said by way of introduction, clearing the slipsheets off the floor so I could sit down. "Never mind yours, because you're either going to get a new one or I'm not going to be around long enough to run out of other things to call you." I was pretty proud of a dandy set of epithets I'd picked up from -- well, call him the world's dirtiest-talking fan, I'll name no names -- in Fifth Fandom, when I was just a pup and had to earn my wings by rescuing Laney from his first seige of stamp-collecting. "To you, I'm the Spirit of Fandom. Even," I muttered just audibly, "if I am only a Lance Corporal with 8 years in grade."

[To Be Continued -- More is Already Written]



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FEATURING
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