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KID FANAC, by Ron Ellik and Bruce Pelz (Continued)

I adjusted my glasses and continued with some of the old formula; it'd work on anybody who read Fred Brown's detective stories. "You've found new interests in the outside world, but you'll find pretty soon you can't get along without you hop back on the trufannish way of life on the double. Gafia took you years before you reached your peak; why, before you lies the publication of a Hugo-winning fanzine, entry into FAPA -- that's about a year and a half away, if I remember my briefing -- and everything else on the path to The Enchanted Duplicator. I--"

"You," he declared, squinting, "are off your kookie rocker. Who the hell are you, how did you get here, where did that ream of crud come from, and what are you talking about?"

Oh, I had a live one here; this kid was so far gone he'd forgotten fanguage, and picked up some televid jargon which was mixing in with a more Madison Ave attitude than I have ever glimmed. This was too quick a change for gafia to have been here. I whisked up my slipsheets and, with a flash of directed energy from my fine mind, I hopped over to the next Chorp dimension and beat on the knocker of the Fafia Dept. of Rescue Squad like I was three pages short in FAPA and it was Deadline Day Minus One in Los Angeles.

Once I set Fafia on my patient, it was my job to sit around a few days while he suddenly discovered some old fanzines left around and started wondering if Joe Blops was still in a mood to take over the CRY. So I hied me up to the Shack and found an old buddy, told her what week it was, and killed some time. We didn't do much sitting, and I didn't feel much like going back to Mundane when I got the call, but she sure killed three days.

"Howdy," I said, reappearing in the den, wiping my glasses and brushing the long blonde hairs off my robe. "Read any good Sturgeon lately?"

He just looked confused for a minute, then he reached back into his memory and dug up the approved Fansman reply: "Oh, no...no, of course not; Ted hasn't written a thing, as far as I'm concerned, since 1952 when Gold started to screw him up." He looked proud of himself, and as he stood there peering across his desk at me, I felt proud of him, too. The strain lives, I told myself; fandom is a way of life.

"Wiggin'!" I bounced back, crossing over and hitching myself up to sit on the edge of the desk and expose my hairy legs. "But you've still got problems, kiddo. You've gone through two serious personality changes, and are now an entirely different person; you've twice rejected the mundane world, and fandom won't trust you until you prove yourself. You've got to re-establish yourself with the flightiest, feistiest bunch of mind-changing yokels you ever laid eyes on. Half of them are so new they won't remember you from your previous incarnation, and the other half will raise an eyebrow at your re-entry, and give the crank another turn. Since Shap woke up and then added insult to injury, they don't trust nobody."

[One more before you take over...]

JUBLICATION 5

by Dian Pelz, for ValAPA 13



The pictures on this page were taken at the Pittcon, 1960. #ing down the left column first: 1: Peggy and Bob Leman
2. Mike Deckinger, Ted White, Boyd Raeburn, Elinor Busby, Nirenberg
3. Asimov, Garrett, Ellison
4. Nan Share Rapp & Ed Cox
5. F.M. Busby & Les Gerber
6. Sandy Cutrell at piano
7. Dirce Archer, Eric Bentcliffe, Asimov

