



THE
ZINE
THAT
HAS
NO
NAME



The response to my first issue would have been tremendous, if only I'd had some. Well, it feels a bit that way but that's not strictly true. The response wasn't bad at all really when you consider that a tidy portion of the aforementioned firstish is still not mailed out.

However, for my first impression Ladies and Gentlemen, I would like to give you my impersonation of that truly great fan who also owns the distinction of being 'The Least-Travelled TAFF-Winner Ever', I give you Bill Bowers with a little monologue entitled 'My New Policy'.....

With this issue TZTHNN is now not so much an overspill for *S*F*D* as an advance scout. Some things have changed but some remain distressingly the same. I still cannot afford to increase the print run of a 'substantial' zine like *S*F*D* but I do want to try and reach more people, new people.

I want to use this fanzine to initiate new trades, to act (without any intention of sounding pompous and pretentious) as a 'waiting list' for

*S*F*D*. If you do not respond to this zine I have lost little other than a potential sharing. If I send you SFD on spec and you don't respond I have lost weeks of sweat. This way I get to find out who's interested first. The other ways of getting this zine are as before. But enough already of all this editorial shit. How about giving the zine a bit of class, Mike?

MIKE GLICKSOHN.
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First of all I'm addressing these remarks to Skel because the two skel-zines I have here seem to be totally Casless, a shocking state of affairs (what's the state of your affairs, he leered) which the worldwide members of SFOOCS (Some Pages Out Of Cas Society) simply will not tolerate much longer. If you do not take the necessary corrective action voluntarily your licence will be revoked and you'll receive a visit from our Enforcement Group, a carefully screened crew of super-jocks with incredible sexual

endowment who will totally ruin your chances of ever finding favour in Cas' eyes again. (Somehow the name of this group has been mistakenly transcribed in your country as 'The Men With Big Sticks', but you'll soon learn the truth.)

But back to the business at hand. The Zine That Has No Name.....and no back cover either after taking a mere $2\frac{1}{2}$ months to swim across the Atlantic. Luckily the back page was merely detached, not seperated (not unlike many fan couples I know) so I was able to repair the damage. I think one of the more noticeable effects of the recession and the backwards slide of the British economy has been the increase in use of these teeny tiny staples that are monstrosly inadequate to the task they're called upon to do. Impotent staples are just the first sign of a sterile culture and it wouldn't surprise me if British fandom soon loses the ability to reproduce at all. Once again it is time for the colonies to come to the aid of faltering Mother England and we shall not be slow in doing so. Lend lease shall pour new blood into Britain's hardened arteries: enclosed please find three brand new staples as but the first installment in a massive plan to prop up crumbling English fandom. No, no, don't thank me: It's the least I can do for a less fortunate brother.

The Glicksohn, of course, is a rare and unusual creature of whom little is known. Because of certain characteristics in its behaviour it's believed to have originated in Scotland, somewhere around the river Spey. The Lesser Bandy-Legged Hairy Glicksohn is believed to be the only surviving sub-species and specimens have occasionally been tempted from their secretive wilderness lives by bait consisting of a nubile young she-fan tied to an open bottle of alcohol. The only mammal capable of direct

ingestion of alcohol, the Glicksohn is hard to catch but relatively easy to houstrain once captured. Harmless and affectionate when well supplied with its basic nutrient the Glicksohn occasionally keeps people awake with hours of mindless cranking of its exercise machine and it also sheds a great deal. It does not, however, smell. Much.

STRANGE DYSTOPIAS 2

Bill Brummer:
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It's as if some immeasurable force has rent the earth's crust in the region of Toronto and the once pent up fannish forces are spewing up fanzines from some strange sub-magmal strata. And still they come, darkening the sun, until the whole of the land area of the earth is buried deep beneath them. Fankind must perish for it is impossible to respond to them all, and fans must respond or die.

It's all Glicksohn's fault of course, although I'm not sure how. Maybe if he upped and moved away the rest of Toronto would be able to cease this eternal striving to live up to its old fannish traditions. Perhaps if deprived of his "Come up and see my Hugo" Canadian femmes would never be initiated into fandom and without femfans what would be the point of it all? Could the MaD Group have survived if we didn't all have Lisa Conesa's knickers to lust after?

Actually this fanzine revealed to me a real snippet of information, to the effect that having sex with the woman on top is illegal in Canada. Can this really be? My mind is diverted by the thought of two Canadians making love, quite legally, on the side of a steep hill, being startled

by something, rolling over and breaking the law forty separate times on the way down. Be that as it may, I still think I'm being had. Actually Bill's fanzine is what has got me back down to TZTHNN again, you see.....

I HAVE NO ZINE AND I MUST TRADE.

The last issue of this is all mailed out. The latest SFD is either the same or at least every copy is accounted for. And still they come.

It is becoming increasingly obvious to me that as soon as I drop someone from my mailing list for his failing to respond, and I send out his erstwhile copy to someone else I will receive from him sixteen LOCs, twelve issues of his fanzine and an article on the selection of nasal appendages. Also, sixty-eight people I've never previously heard of will select me to be the lucky recipient of their new fanzine, and they get peevish if you don't respond you know. And quite right too.

And I do want to trade. I want to trade with everybody. I want to send my fanzine to everyone who may be interested. Unfortunately (for my desire to do this) there are some 1500 people active in fandom. One day I will inherit a fortune from some rich relative of whom I knew nothing (I did have hopes for Paul Getty in this regard but alas they seem to have been unfounded). Then I will go litho. Then I will go monthly. Then I will go to a circulation of 5000. Then Geis and Porter will grovel before me, begging me to trade. Until then though it's 110 copies of one zine, 50 of the other, and just do the best I can. So I find myself very much in the position of an old and tired FAPAN trying to save his membership, the old "Has another year really gone by? I would do better but unfortunately I

only have 38.7 seconds to do these 8 pages and save my membership. But next year I really will publish 12 monthly issues of a forty page FAPAN-zine.....Realsoonnow."

One thing is for certain. This is the last issue of TZTHNN, at least until my typer starts feeding stencils through properly again. The backing sheet goes through OK but the stencil film keeps wandering off to one side. Two columns makes the problem worse and TZTHNN is a two-column fanzine. However, I shall replace it with the second issue of an earlier zine which died aborning. Instead of TZTHNN 3 I will publish FART 2, and go on from there. Don't hold your breath (or with a title like that, maybe you should, I dunno).

R. P. HARRISON.
18 The Witham,
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Keith Walker, in FF, says you expect a positive response and as I have already promised a response of some sort, here it is. Hardly positive, but a response nevertheless. Usually I respond by commenting on the contents of the zine, but in your case none of it is really relevant to me. This is not a criticism of it, merely a fact. Yours is the first personalzine I have asked for in fandom and I think it will be the last, at least for sometime. Again, I am not criticising your zine but it's just not my thing. Perhaps this is because I am new to fandom, perhaps not. Anyway please do not send me anymore of your personalzines until I ask for one, which I may or may not do in the future. After reading through what I've written so far, it sounds like a put-down. The intention of this letter

is not to hurt your ego.....

12 FEBRUARY 1977.

AT WHICH POINT.....

.....one can type no more until after the laughing fit has passed. RPH then wrote again, asking for a copy of SFD and hoping that the fact that he'd been less than overwhelmed by TZTHNN wouldn't prejudice me against him. I never replied. He must now be convinced that it was because he 'hurt' my ego. As if a fanpubber's ego could be so easily hurt. Look RP, I have been pissed upon by experts. When Greg finishes paring your ego down to the bone you haven't that much sensitivity left.

Look RP, I never expected you to like TZTHNN. I know that there's no way for a neo to relate to my personalzine, 19 times out of 20 anyway. I only sent it because you asked for it. One feels obligated to respond to any request for a sample copy. That is one of the reasons why I publish this zine, as I said on page 1. I don't have enough copies of SFD to respond to such requests so I send this minizine instead. If you like this you will probably like SFD. If you don't then you probably won't like SFD. That is why I didn't waste both of our time by responding to your second request.

Yours was one of the good responses. You took the trouble to reply. Most neos who can't make head-nor-tail of my zines never bother. I was really pleased to get your negative response because I'd expected no response whatsoever.

MIKE GLICKSOHN REPORTED THAT.....

.....it wasn't "someone" who said that the egoboo in FAPA was insufficient to support life, it was Dave Locke, "and he's nowhere near becoming a 'someone' yet.

Maybe I should just junk the whole thing and start over afresh. I don't know. I've just discovered the major problem for me in producing a zine with an intentionally long gestation period. Things change. Many things change, but most importantly, I change. I suppose I really should have slung out all that has gone before and re-typed the stencils which are to follow. It would have made this zine a 'better' zine, a more integrated, well-balanced whole. But then again, I wanted a record of this change in personal emphasis and how better to fully grasp this than to let sleeping stencils lie?

Accordingly, I am changing streams in mid-horse. TZTHNN is going to become a sort of genzine and will continue to appear on a highly irregular schedule - whenever I've enough material for one and the previous issue is all mailed out.....so nothing herein that will date quickly, unless by lucky coincidence it arrives near to pubbing time, like Dave Langford's excellent FAANCON 2 report thish. Normally though such material will become obsolete too rapidly for my publishing schedule. All else though is mist to my grill.

So, if bits that follow have their own colophon just shake your head knowingly and emit a rueful cluck (but don't let yourself be photographed whilst so doing).

Jensen's
Jan Jensen's piece was originally intended for Roy and Joan Sharpe's JOY. Hope you don't mind it appearing here Jan. Course, it's tough shits if you do.

The Sea-Badger bit has also been long-in-the-bottle and it is impossible now to remember who thunk up what. See how you like the mix.....

Faancon indeed...

It was 4.30pm on Friday, and I began a countdown to the end of Orthodox Reality. "Eighteen hundred, seventeen hundred and ninety-nine, seventeen hundred and ninety-eight..." At five, the bar would open; meanwhile, we ate sedate sandwiches and drank tea. In these inauspicious conditions I met Dave Patterson of CYGNUS fame and (only hearing his first name) placed him in Newcastle and London before getting it right with Northern Ireland. Other people had noticed his Bob Shaw accent, which I had always thought to be the characteristic intonation of Ulverston. You learn something every day.

"I," said Dave with obvious pride, "am doing a con report for Skel."

"And I," I said with obvious pride, "am doing one for---wait a minute."

Dave Rowe had passed curt orders to both of us it seemed. Dave P. was worried about meeting Rowe the Android Master for the first time. "Tell him you're a friend of Greg Pickersgill" I suggested---"That always softens him up."

Later, the AM himself appeared and Dave P. said "You don't look the way I imagined you."

"Does credit to your imagination," I said, glad to use a line I'd been trying to bring off for weeks. How Dave---any Dave---replied has been lost, for already we were slipping down the entropy slope into Nebulous Time.

"Nebulous Time" comes from Angela Carter's The Infernal Desire Machines of Doctor Hoffman. I'm not quite sure what she meant by it; for me it's that strange cloudy feeling which persists between first bar-opening and con's end, a time of swirling fog which parts sporadically to reveal---

Joseph holding forth to a group, crying "Corsets! Whips! Chains!"

Rob "Think Big" Jackson (he's just bought 100 PASSIONS while others were content with one) babbling of MAYA 14: "Sheckley?" he murmured. "Aldiss, Shaw, Weston! Thousands of words of Platt rebuttal in the middle of the letter column...if he writes in, of course..."

The terrible Games Machine, sucking in tenpences with vanVogtian inflexibility as Paul Thompson of the astounding reflexes hammers all opposition into the ground... (Later the Machine paid for itself---no freeloaders at this con---and thereafter cost nothing, such was the benevolence of the Organisers)

Rob again, disdainfully thumbing through the plush OUTWORLDS 27/28. "Not too badly produced..."

Me, with a sneer: "I don't trade with Bowers any more."

"His idea?"

"Well, yes."

The Lucky House Chinese Restaurant, "mediocre"(Meara Tourist Guide) but beggars can't be etceteras. Saliva flying as Gra Poole tackles a spare rib...

Kev Smith on a hobby-horse---"You're irritating, Joseph. You irritate me."

Joseph, explaining to the masses: "It's the drink, you see. He finds Cinzano-and-lemonade irritating."

Kev: "Not just that, Nicholas! You're irritating in lots of ways. You smoke. Your hair doesn't fall in your eyes when you lean forward."

Joseph: "Yours doesn't either, because you haven't got any to fall..."

Kev, to the masses: "See what I mean? Isn't he irritating? I quite like him, mind you: he just irritates me. Especially when he talks."

Joseph: "Suppose I stayed quiet?"

Kev: "It would help, but not enough. You're irritating when you're quiet, as well."

Joseph: "That does it. I shall make no attempt to avoid irritating you. I shall actively try to irritate you." (He puffs smoke and sips Cinzano provocatively, leaning his head forward the while, without any hair getting in his eyes.)

Kev (firmly): "No. No, you don't irritate me now..."

And this was only Friday night.

Next morning we discovered that (a) the breakfast room was conveniently placed on the first floor (so we could go downstairs, ask where it was, find out and go up again); (b) the kitchen was conveniently next to our room. Following a warming-up session of hurling crockery at the wall, the kitchen staff settled to a steady programme of pile-driving and blacksmithery. It suddenly seemed a good idea not to miss breakfast.

There came a pale grey period, during which Hazel and I sought bookshops and found almshouses, statues of Queen Victoria and Florence Nightingale, a Joke Emporium where I refrained (just) from buying exploding cigarettes etc., and finally a 1937 handbook of Egyptian gods, from which Hazel later laid down the law to Chris Bursey.

Lunch in the hotel looked promising, with Gray Boak tucking industriously into jacket-baked potatoes. I asked for baked potatoes. "Sorry," said a cringing waiter, "we only had six." Seconds later, Gray came by and heartily recommended said potatoes. I suppressed a tiny snarl and retired upstairs to eat worms, no, cheese.

That afternoon, Faancon settled to serious drinking and nattering, interrupted only when Gray produced fifty thousand fanzines he was clearing out: my eyes suffered greatly in the attempt to sort through them, but I came away with all manner of goodies (copies of TWLL-DDU for instance...). Further retinal havoc was wrought by the bar's red lighting; because of this PASSION seemed to have no title at all (it being printed in red). And we thought Boris was hoaxing when he handed out blank fanzines---they proved to be SFD when examined by daylight. ...So I dumped a wad of fanzines upstairs, and returned to find a ghost hotel. The bar was deserted; hollow corridors echoed

dismally; valuables lay abandoned by those who had fled in nameless fear...

Then Dr. Who finished and they all came back.

Logistics of eating, Saturday night---

"This is the curry party," explained the Bells, roping themselves to the other Gannets for the expedition. I shuddered.

"I'm starting a non-curry party," said Dave Rowe soon after.

"Great! Where are you going?"

"Oh, I thought we'd look around for a cheap place."

"What sort of place?"

"Well," (with elaborate carelessness) "there's a veggy only half a mile away." I shuddered again, and slipped around the corner for fish&chips. Being too altruistic to fill the Clarendon with greasy wrappers, I ate it on the street and for my pains was called a peasant by Dave Patterson. Life can be cruel.

"You can't write about Faancon," Kev gloated by and by. "You spent most of Saturday playing D&D." Well, there is a certain fascination in the game, I nebulously recall...

Ian Williams' D&D characters "Maule the Mediocre" and "Cockfield the Queasy"...

A trip downstairs: Rob Jackson is losing the Electronic Football championship to (surprise, surprise) Paul Thompson.

Dreadful laughter from Fred Hemmings across the room (Pamela, next door, had to ask him to desist around 4am...)

"But it's a temporarily benevolent Purple Worm..."

Chris Burseay announcing our new woes: "Hey Fred, they've met some Jesters!" To his victims: "The first one makes a funny face at you!"

--- "So what?" --- "You have to throw a twelve to save yourself from a Funny Face... Now he starts to tell a joke..." ---And by and by--- "Hey Fred, their whole party's been immobilised by two Thighslappers!" Etcetera.

I broke away and was led by Irene Bell to the solitary room party. Mike Meara lay despondent on the floor. "D&D has killed this con," he groaned. I groaned back and accepted some whisky. People drifted in and out, and the party tottered happily on until around 6.30am. We just talked; through all the con everyone talked (my throat's been in a sling ever since); there were enough good lines to fill ten fanzines, had I been sober enough to write them down. Must be the first con where I spoke to everyone (and even they to me) with the exception of the Pardoes, who spent all their time, it seemed, in the webs of the evil Hemmings. Also Ratfandom, who didn't turn up. (Unless you count Joseph.)

"You can't write about Faancon," said Hazel on the way back. "Nothing happened really." True... yet it was (in a small way) a great con. Thanks, Mike. Thanks, Pat.



HOW TO
RECOG-
-NISE
A FEMALE
SEA
BADGER

SKEL 9.8.75

This is Tales Of The Sea-Badger Mythos by H.P. Saucecraft. Produced by Cas, Skel, Mike and Pat who wish they had remained anonymous. That is all the colophon you get. Complaints should be addressed to the Mearae who provided the evial red plhonk on which I am now pissed. On with the show.....

.....but first a forword by Professor Glen McSikkio, Dean of applied Scotch and theoretical Humanity at the University of Toronto (failed). Known to his students and mistresses as The Dean With Drive.

Fellows Of the Society;

Got 'Four Drunks In Search Of An Outing' yesterday and would have responded last night except right after reading it I fell asleep for fourteen hours. I suspect that this was the result of some foul disease which is even now visiting me with shakes, fainting spells and fever. Probably latent Melbourne Wog or Skoppy Fever picked up on recent travels to the antipodes but I'll not let such little things as being at death's door prevent me from locking your outstanding if somewhat perverse one-shit...er...shot. (By the way, I'm bewildered by the little furry blighter who keeps bugging me about my failure to utilise the key of 'c' properly: must be the infamous c-badgerer we've heard so mush about).

Was delighted by your summary on the first page, of your chess game played with bottles of various alcoholic elixirs. A pawn my soul, it must've been a knight to remember. But I gather that over-indulgence in booze and fanac has rendered both Skel and Mike impotent, since despite being constantly in check, neither was able to mate. Probably put a damper on the holiday too.

Since you cleverly foretold not only the content of my reaction to your ish but the very manner in which it would be presented, I'm left with little in the way of non-derivative response. This, in my efforts to integrate my remarks with your original material, I'm forced to cast wildly around seeking possibly related facts or fancies to exchange with you. I could mention the picture of the sasquatch that appeared 'way back on ENERGUMEN 3, but that might start Skel off on another page of 'fucking' this and 'fucking' that, so I won't. I could mention the Gulf Coast petrified sea-badger that positively thrives in the waters off Sam Long's private beach (which he kindly shares with the State of Florida, being the generous trufan that he is.) But Richard Shaver might see it somehow and go into a long, incoherent rap about rocks and earlier civilisation and who'd want to endure another session of that? So I won't. I could try and introduce an element of science fiction into this so-called science fiction fanzine by remarking on the story about the badgers who survived the end of humanity and found the supposedly indestructible records left behind. But then it would probably turn out to have been otters and everyone would know I don't read the stuff any more, so I won't. I could mutter under my breath about the clever extrapoation in this section and remark surprisedly on how successfully what was probably a drunken exchange between holidaying fans has been transferred to stencil, but that might make you too cocky, so I won't do that either. In fact, since I didn't read those pages, I guess I won't comment on them at all.

I'm hoping to write up my trip to Australia sometime in a great big extravagant fanzine and seeing this all-too-brief report on your holidays en-

ensured that the final draft, 'How Green Was My Valley', found a willing publisher.

Llewellyn was never to come to terms with himself thereafter and, overcome with shame and remorse at his failure to stand by his ideals, he painstakingly removed all mention of sea-badgers from his private correspondence, even going so far as to deny that he had ever sent out an SOS (obviously referring to the time when, in his youth, he had been an active member of and had mailed out leaflets for the 'Save Our Sea-Badger' campaign.)

(Excerpted from: 'The Sea-Badger Motif In Post-Industrial Welsh Literature' by Ivor Bearmet-Bonnet - University of Llandrindodd Wells Press)

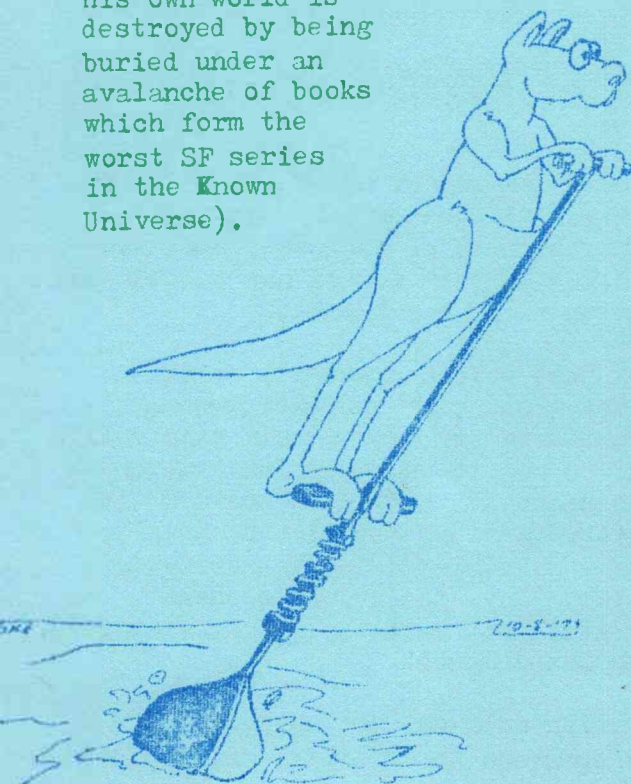
.....and as Bat Durston launched himself forward, twin Delameters blasting out a hail of laser rays the evil Sea Badger Chief turned with alarm from the bound and near-naked form of brave Dorothy, snatching up a dreaded Z-grenade the while.....

(Excerpted from: 'Bat Durston Vs The Sea-Badgers Of Ganymede' by Stanton A. Cobblers, from the original theme anthology 'Great Science Fiction About Sea-Badgers' edited by Gruff Conklin, which also included:- 'I Have No Sea-Badger And I Must Scream', '2001-A Sea-Badger Odyssey'(in which a race of pre-intelligent Sea-Badgers becomes extinct when the whole tribe is crushed by a collapsing monolith-part of A.C.Clarkes crusading series against sub-standard construction materials and Mafia involvement in the construction business, a theme also utilised by Isaac Asimov in his 'Sinking Foundations' trilogy), Heinlein's 'I Will Fear No Sea-Badgers' and the immortal E. E. Smith's 'Sea-Badger DuQuesne' (about a Sea-Badger who goes skylarking around the galaxies whilst his own world is destroyed by being buried under an avalanche of books which form the worst SF series in the Known Universe).

THE AUSTRALIAN SEA-KANGAROO

The only natural enemy of the North Wales Sea-Badger, and this not through any hostile intent but simply through shortsightedness. Whenever a female Sea-Kangaroo chances upon a Sea-Badger it mistakes it for a baby Sea-Kangaroo and puts it in its pouch where it lives out a very safe and comfortable if solitary existence. This plays hell with the breeding habits of the Sea-Badger (see:Unnatural Sexual Practices-p.386) and has resulted in the North Wales Sea-Badger becoming an endangered species.

Many authorities have suggested that it was this very shortsightedness which caused the Sea-Kangaroo to wander into the sea in the first place and that by the time it realised that its feet were wet it was already well out of sight of land. This seems not too farfetched when one considers the low level of intelligence of all things





.....by.....
..... ~~Jan Jansen~~
..... JULIAN C.
..... RAASVELD

Morning light filtered through the windows of the Fanhouse, softening the harsh tones of artificial lighting, which winked softly out of existence.

Something stirred in a dark corner. Clanking and whirring, Mailer came alive and rolled over to the slot, where Stamper would drop the stamped envelopes, containing the latest batch of zines. He would check each envelope carefully, to see that Stamper had not made any mistakes, and then he would carry the load to the Post Office.

He waited patiently, then became worried. No envelopes appeared. Was something wrong with Stamper? He buzzed Repairs on his inbuilt talkie.

"Stamper seems unfunctional. Please check."

"No need to. I have had queries from all over the Fanhouse. All the machines are out of work. No fannish impulses have been received, production has come to a standstill."

"No LoC response from Outside?"

"None."

"But what does this all mean?"

"I'm afraid it means that Fankind has disappeared off the face of the earth. You know the number of Fen was scarce, and diminishing every day. This is it, I guess."

"But what'll we do now?"

"What can we do?"

"Well... can't we start fanzines anyway? The memory circuits of Writer and Artist should contain all the necessary info. All that the rest of us do is just plain old craftsmanship; Typer types, Cutter cuts, Duper dupes, Collator collates, Stapler staples, Enveloper envelopes, Stamper stamps, and I, Mailer, mail. Supplier takes care of all the supplies. What's keeping us?"

"Don't think we haven't tried. Writer and Artist have been working on their own for most of the time lately, because fannish impulses were becoming rarer and rarer. And just because of this, it seems, LoCs were getting scarcer too, and then mostly complaints about the unoriginal work produced. We machines can't do without the right fannish impulses, that's what's wrong."

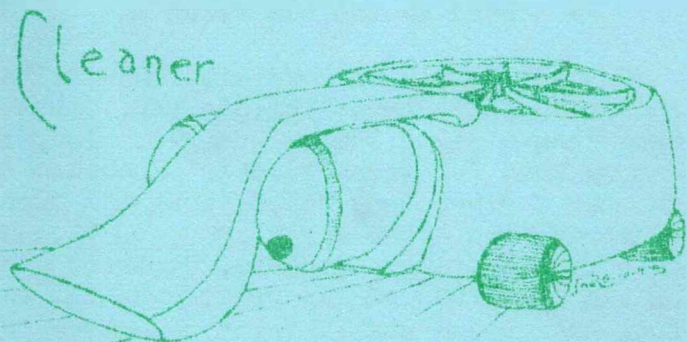
Mailer was lost in thought for a long time. Then he contacted all the machines on the general circuit.

"Machines," he signalled, "work has come to a standstill because it seems there are no more Fen around. I do not believe this is possible. Somewhere, somehow there must still be a Fen. They can't have all gone to where they claim all Trufen go. It may seem illogical, and certainly so for a machine, but I do not accept this. As I am the only one of us who is able to move around, excepting Repairer who is needed here constantly, I will go looking for Fen! Fankind cannot be lost!"

All the machines showed approval of this daring plan. But Mailer felt one very faint, apologetic electrical impulse. A shy voice said:

"Aren't you forgetting me, Mailer? I too can move around. Please, can I help you search?"

Mailer looked at the small creature that had talked to him. Of course, he had forgotten. Cleaner could move around too. But who wouldn't forget such a small and unfannish creature as Cleaner. Oh, well, maybe the little thing could be helpful.



"All right, Cleaner." Mailer said, "You may help me."

Joy nearly overloaded Cleaner's circuits, but luckily it didn't, because otherwise Mailer might never have found what he was looking for.

For indeed, it was humble Cleaner, most unfannish of all the machines that belonged to Fanhouse, who discovered the hiding place of the lost members of Fankind.

Mailer would have moved by the dark, ill-smelling old cellar, but Cleaner didn't mind the dirt and the dust, and went in anyway. At first, when he discovered some creatures lurking in there, he couldn't believe his sensory equipment. When realisation struck him, however, he burned himself out in one great burst of energy. This time joy DID overload him.

Mailer felt the end of the little creature, and went in after it to see what had happened. There he saw what he had been looking for.

An old Fan and an equally old Wofan were working with a derelict hand-turned duplicator. A young one, very obviously a Neofan, was looking on.

When Mailer rumbled in, the Fan, the Wofan and the Neofan looked up.

"Oy," the old Fan grumbled, "Wuz expectin' ye, I wuz. Things finally got wrong at Fanhouse, eh?"

Mailer could barely utter a word, but he succeeded in speaking:

"Fanhouse is without fannish impulses, Fan. Without them we cannot produce fanzines. We need you. Please come to us, so we can find the joys of Fanac again."

The old Fan spat on the ground.

"Come with ye? Not on me bloody life! This is the day I wuz waitin' fer, I wuz. Makes me laugh, erg, erg, erg, it duz!"

He turned to the old Wofan and the Neofan, and barked:

"Now ye two listen carefully to wot I's goin' to say to this here machine. An' no nonsense 'bout Wofen's Lib, either, d'ye hear, Wofan! Now, lessee... once 'pon a time, Fandom wuz great fun, it wuz. Things wuz simple then. Wuz no need fer these blinkin' machines then, there wuzn't. Fen who wanted to edit a zine, they simply bought a typewriter, a duper and a stapler - or borrowed them - and off they went. Illoes wuz all dun by hand, sumtimes even with self-made gadgets. Contribs wuz gotten by askin' BNF's fer 'em, or else they wuz mostly written by the editor 'isself. Everyun had lots o' fun, and Egoboo wuz sumthin' ye knew ye'd earned, 'cuz ye worked for it, dammit! Then sumun got enuv money to have offset covers printed, and things wuz goin' wrong. Fer wot's the joy in havin' sumun draw a cover and sumun else printin' it for ye, I's askin' ye? But wurz wuz to cum. People started to think fanzines should look like they wuz real prozines. More 'n more

zines wuz lithoprinted. Yup, they wuz real nice-looking, they wuz, an' as long as the writin' still wuz done by Fen, everythin' wuz alright in a way. But more 'n more it became important wot a zine looked like, and not wot the contents wuz. Then some inventor-fellah wot had gotten entangled with Fandom decided the whole thing would've to be mechanised even more. He invented Fanhouses, where Fen would live an' give fannish impulses to machines, which would then take care of all the rest. All but a few Fen went alivin' in these here Fanhouses, and all the real Fanac we had fer a time wuz to be found at Conventions. But less 'n less Fen took the trouble o' goin' to these here events, 'cuz they preferred the easily gained Egoboo in the Fanhouses. The enlightened few, 'owever, wuz editing and duping in the old way, 'cuz they wuz seeing the inevitable end. An' they wuz right, soon Fen got wearied of the passive life in the Fanhouses, an' thinkin' Fandom wuz nuthin' but this, more 'n more went Gafia."

The old Fan took a deep breath.

"But they wuz wrong, they wuz. The real Fandom wuz revived by these here Fen that preferred the old ways, but had severed contact with all those there wot went into the Fanhouses. A new Golden Age wuz started.

He pointed his finger at Mailer.

"Yers wuz the last Fanhouse workin'. Ye can go back now to yer fellow machines an' tell 'em to dismantle theirselves. Fandom has no need of 'em."

If Mailer could have wept, he would have done so, because Fanac had been his only reason for living. But he realised that what the old Fan had told him was true. Too much mechanisation would kill Fandom as surely as an overload of joy had killed Cleaner. He told the old Fan:

"We are in the service of Fankind, and if Fankind doesn't need us, there is no reason why we should exist. I will do as you have told me, Fan."

And away he went, to end the era of Mechanised Fandom.....

