

SCHMAGG SW

SCHMAGG?



R. 78
TO GILSON

SCHMAGG

dmv 78

NUMBER TWO

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Fandom and I discovered each other at the right time.

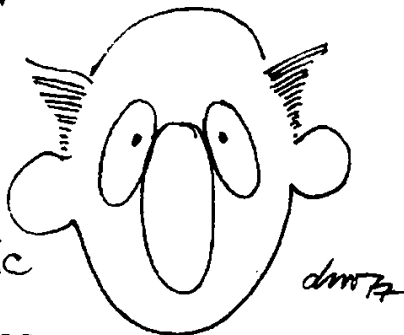
I had been hanging around with several guys for the last couple of years, as we were playing in a rock band together. Fights? You have no idea. (I play bass, and we specialized in rock and that form of music that now seems to be becoming more and more taken over by Shaun Cassidy and his ilk, heavy metal.) My closest friend in the band is slowly being turned on to this sci-fi stuff, and I seem to have convinced him to come to MINICON next week. The last gig we played, last June, hasn't made any impression on my wallet yet, the lead singer seems to have misplaced the money. *oh well* But, back to this fandom stuff.

Right after I printed SCHMAGG #1, I made an application for a second class mailing permit with the Canada post office. So, weather permitting, this issue will be mailed out under their close scrutiny. It is relatively easy to obtain a second class permit in Canada, unlike the U.S., from what I understand, so I am grateful for this little bit of good fortune. Also, the post ~~office~~ office gave my address to the national library, because I got a letter from them asking for two copies of SCHMAGG #1 and any subsequent issues, on pain of imprisonment and/or fines. (Honest, your honour! I mailed them, but the post office must have lost both issues!" "No excuse. 20 years at hard labour. Next case!") Uh, I think that should read: if I don't send the issues. Well, I'm just flattered that they want my fanzine to add to their collection. "but Mike, they want a copy of everything! It's quantity, man, not quality!" Say, is Geis missing an Alter-Ego?

But, like I said up there, fandom came along at the right time. I've been reading this sf stuff for quite a while, and now I finally have someone to talk with about it. Sure, we all have different tastes, some hate Asimov and some of us hate LeGuin, and others are Asimov fanatics etc. Back in the B.F. (before fandom) days, I would read this stuff, and then go about my mundane chores and whatnot, and forget about sf for a while. Now, whenever something comes up, and I am hanging around with fannish friends, I think that we think more alike -

WHAT MAKES WINNIPEG
DECADENT, PART I
THE STUART GILSON
CARTOON

IT DOES NOT TAKE
TOO MUCH IMAGINATION
TO DISCERN THE PHALDIC
ORIGINS OF THE EYES
AND NOSE, YET ANOTHER
MANIFESTATION OF WINNIPEG'S DECADENCE.





BOB LANGSTROM,
ACCOUNT EXEC,
CONTEMPLATES
IMMORTALITY...

well, not in every case, it's a bit deeper than that. The whole thing is hard to explain on paper, it's more of a feeling. Ever since experiencing fandom, I've been trying to come up with some sort of definition in my mind — some all-encompassing way in which I can express "fandom". An equation sort of thing, fandom = _____. I have been unsuccessful. And yet, this world is different from the mundane world. I've read a few things over the past year talking about fandom, and have been trying to integrate these with my observations. It is a long, hard road, I feel.

Several people have asked me to define my parameters, so to speak, so they know what they're dealing with in the way of a fanzine here. I guess I'm not the only one trying to stick a label on everything that moves and file it away in a box. (Hmmm... I'm going to need a pretty big box for fandom...) Right now, a personalzine would probably come pretty close to my conceptualization. The other stuff in this ish is ~~wildly~~ *adding* extra bits thrown for your (hopefully) enjoyment. For the time being, I'm only going to publish commissioned articles and interviews. (with the exception of nextish) I would be interested, however in looking at some poetry. Be warned that I'm no expert, but I know what I like, and I have weird taste.

Winnipeg fandom is growing all the time. We even seem to have acquired a female member. What will this do to our decadent image? Stay tuned for further details!

I'll get a trip report or two out of the way, and later on I'll ponder more on the mysteries of life.

MINICON 13

My second con. One part of me was curious, in a way, to compare the experience here, with that of AUTOCLAVE 2. Now that I look back on the convention, many of same people around me helped to make it partly, AUTOCLAVE continued. But other things were different. I seem unable to come to definite conclusions right now.

There were quite a few of us DWFfers going. Bob Stimpson, Chris (Randy's brother as we pointed out several times at the con to people who mistook him for Randy) and James a hall went in Bob's car early Thursday morning. Mike Nichols, Mark Chislett, and Tim Reimer, (the famous animals!) left around 6:00PM, and Garth, Allisa McDonald and Jason Pascoe left at Midnight. (Garth works shifts) I went with the guy I mentioned last page (it was typed and run off a loooong

time ago, now.) Jim, and we were scheduled to leave about noon thursday. Little did I know...

Everything that could have gone wrong did. Jim's car packed it in two days before we were to leave. I always fear the worst in a case like this, and I'm surprised that I didn't develop ulcers worrying about my mode of transportation. At the last minute, his parents let us use their car. A little before noon on Thursday, I left my place for Jim's with a couple of stops on the way. A mile from my apartment, I ran out of gas. I walked halfway back, got a gallon, and tried to start the car, but the battery was dead. I phoned Jim to come and give me a jump. It stalled twice more on the way to Jim's, and I had to ask people on the street to give me a jump. After all the car trouble, We finally got going around 3:00PM, and arrived in Minneapolis around midnight.

Jim and I went up to Bob's room, where the three of them had been most of the night, except for a trip to the record stores by Chris and James. The animals arrived an hour later (Mike drives fast) and they promptly retired to their room, drank a few beers, and went to sleep. No fun at all. We talked until about 4:30 AM, when James and Jim got the munchies. We couldn't seem to find a pizza place near the hotel that would deliver (I really appreciate it when hotels provide this sort of info in every room. The Leamington Doesn't.) so we went to an all-night coffee shop a block away.

A cab pulled up outside while we were eating, and the driver came into the restaurant. He looked at us, and shouted out James! It was K. Allen Bjorke working at one of his many jobs. During the rest of the con, he adopted us, in a manner of speaking for much of the rest of the weekend, showing us around downtown Minneapolis. I finally crashed about 6:00AM.

I woke about 10, but didn't get downstairs until noon. Garth, Allisa and Jason had arrived while I slept, bringing our entourage to 10, an impressive number for so small a fan group. Most of Friday afternoon I spent meeting various people that were arriving. Larry Rehse, Denice and Gary Mattingly, Paul (Got any Drugs?) Madarasz, Joe Wesson and John Benson from Detroit. Ed Emerson, Ben Zuhl, and on and on. I met Bob wandering around and went to see THIS ISLAND EARTH, which I had never seen. They make great sf movies these days, but there's a certain indefinable "something" that 50's sf films have about them, something that ~~hopefully~~ cannot be duplicated.

Coming out of the movie, I heard Jon Singer calling out my name across the lobby. (My egoboo quotient shot to an all-time high. I had only met Jon in passing at AUTOCLAVE 2, but he remembered me. *goshwow* only in fandom.) We only had time to chat for a few minutes, however. ((Natterings continued on p.12))

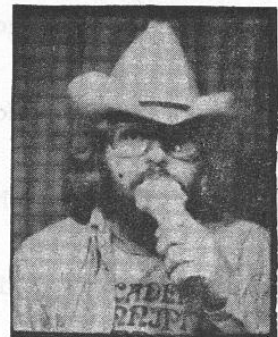
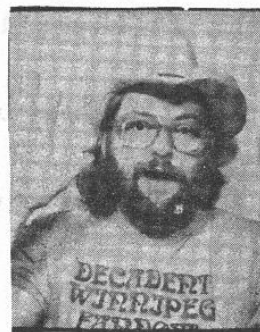
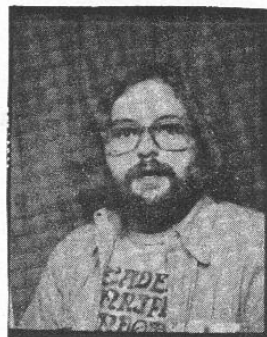
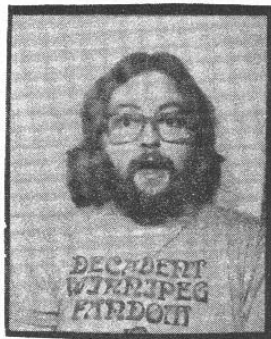


THE SCHMAGG INTERVIEW:

Garth Danielson

Since BOOWATT's first weekly issue, hundreds of thousands of words have been let loose on unsuspecting fandom. The man behind all of this? Garth Danielson. He also shared in the creation of the entity that is known as DWF, or Decadent Winnipeg Fandom, a group that is helping to make many American fans aware that there is more than one city in our large country. BOOWATT WEEKLY, and it's successor, BOOWATT MONTHLY, have earned praise from many, and rejection from others. It seems that, once one gets to know Garth, it becomes easier to relate to his fanzine. He has labelled BOOWATT a "frenzine" because he does it for his friends and no one else. It was through

conversation with Garth that I learned pubbing a fanzine need not cost a whole bushel basket full of money, and so I was embarked on this path. I hope that this interview will help to give those of you that don't know Garth at all some sort of introduction to the man, and those of you that know him, perhaps a bit more insight. more interviews are being planned for future issues of SCHMAGG, so if you see James Hall trundling around the halls at a con, tape recorder in hand, you know what to expect. Be nice to him, because I only pay him 5¢ an interview, and each bottle of Captian Morgans rum costs him several hundred interviews.



"I really like the distinction of a crudzine. It means I don't have to do any work and people don't expect much from me"

"Lard fandom is a collected group of people who are interested in the use of lard as a sexual aid. You can rub it on anything."

What The World Needs Now

Interview with Garth Edmond Danielson

By James a hall. © 1978 Linear Expressways Productions.

05 02 78

Mike Hall, in a fit of extreme generosity, and understanding of my present state of poverty, commissioned me to interview someone who could provide an interesting and provoking interview while still not offending anyone. My first choice was my father, but he doesn't drink, so I was therefore obliged to fall back on my second choice. Unfortunately, my mother was busy washing clothes, wringing them out by hand and such things, and the only replies to questions I posed were grunts. So I took to the streets, but it was Sunday. No one in Winnipeg goes out on Sunday. So, I came home and was about to proceed to interview myself, when suddenly, yeah, you guessed it, Danielson made himself immediatly available.

There isn't really much I can say about Garth, after all, I would hate to ruin the man's bad reputation. So, I'll just let him speak for himself.

james: Just for the record, is it really true that you have the longest lived crudzine in history?

Garth: No, AMAZING is still being published. Ha ha ha. No, seriously, I really like the distinction of crudzine. It means I don't have to do any work, and people don't expect much from me. When I do something good, they are surprised, to say the least.

james: How long have you been in fandom, and do you think it has changed you?

Garth: That's a rather obvious question.

james: Didn't I say that...?

Garth: I forgot to type it... I wasn't sure that you wanted it to be included in your previous question.

james: Do you mention that you're not going to answer the question?

Garth: What question?

James: Well, it doesn't matter anyway.

Garth: Well, to answer your previous question... this is my eighth year & yes.

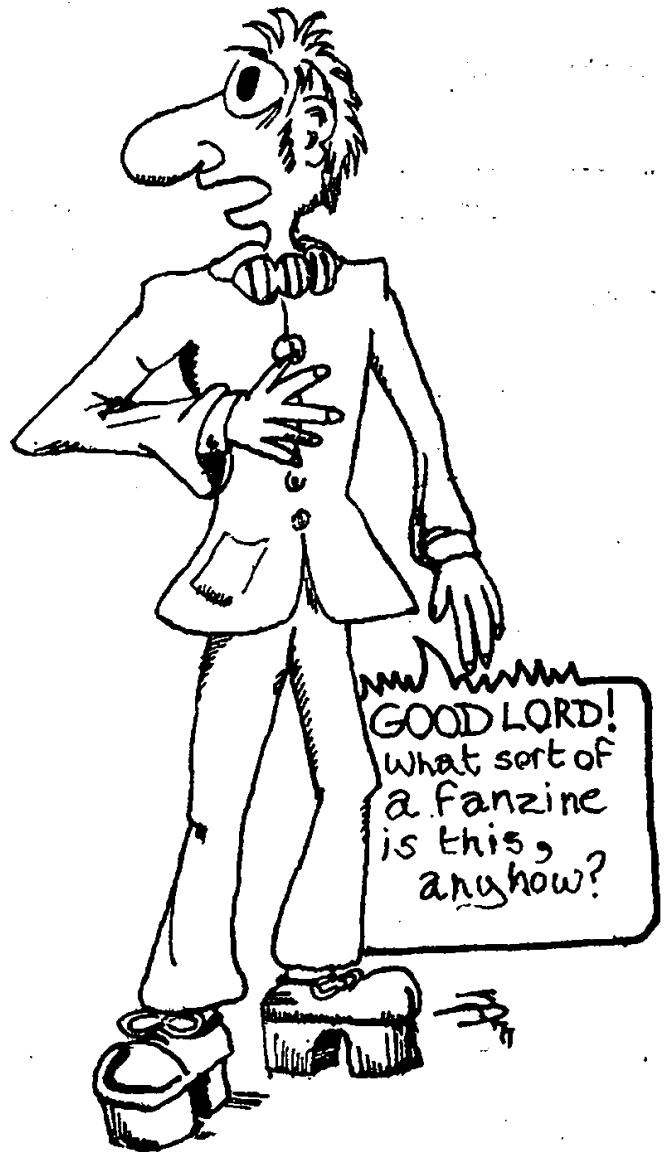
James: Somehow, I get the idea that you're not being completely serious with me.

Garth: Well, what should I be?

James: Well, you should take your first few formative years in fandom, the strange and new experiences, the weird and wonderful people, and how this molded you into a fan.

Garth: What do you mean molded? I wasn't molded, I was born a fan...

James: Sounds like shit to me. I've heard rumors that you weren't born at all, but cranked out of John Thiels mimeo when he was 12 years old.



((7))

Garth: You're right. Let's talk about tits.

James: Tits -- that's all you ever think about. Every time you get into a situation you can't handle, you want to talk about tits. A tit fetish, but this goes beyond that. Have you ever thought about seeing a psychiatrist?

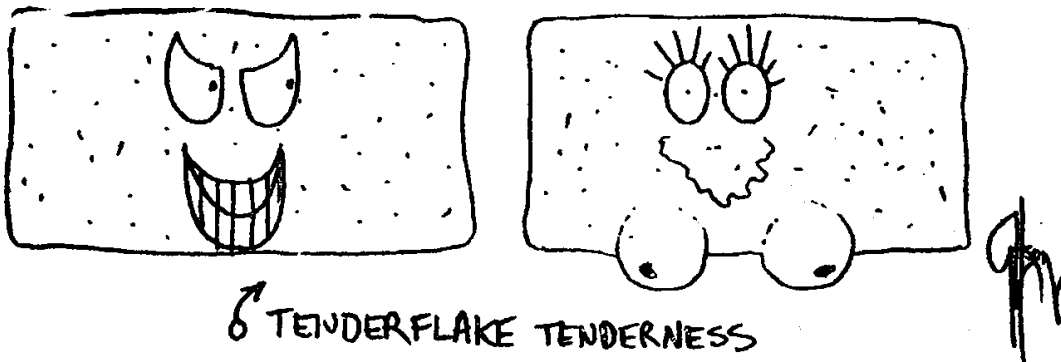
Garth: I have on occasion, but most of them are male... I notice that you're drinking beer. A switch from your normal rum-soaked state.

James: What can I say?

Garth: What can you say?

James: could you please explain for the benefit of the reading audience what Lard fandom is? You might include it's aspirations, if any.

Garth: Lard fandom. That's something I can really get into. As most of you know, Lard fandom was created by Joe Wesson and myself late one night in Taylor michigan. Simply, Lard fandom is a collected group of people who are interested in the use of lard as a sexual aide. You can rub it on anything, especially tits. The major use of lard is to fill bath-tubs, because nothing could be finer than getting into a bathtub full of soft squishy lard with a partner and engaging in various and sundry sexual practices that most peoples mothers might balk at. The relief of tension is monumental, not to mention getting rid of headaches and



making one sleep rather well, except for the constant sliding out of bed.

james: I notice you only mention tits once in the last paragraph.

Garth: Sorry, I got carried away.

james: What about the aspirations of Lard fandom?

Garth: There are no aspirations. I myself ca hardly afford to scrape together enough money to get a bath full of the stuff.

james: You slipped past that question pretty well... how about a serious question?

Garth: Sure, I'm game.

james: Yeah, but you're out of season.

Garth: (Slaps head with palm of hand) God.

james: Are you thinking of becoming a BNF in the near future?

Garth: If I'm nominated to the position I won't run, if I'm elected I won't serve. What more can I say. Why are you drinking beer?

james: It's Sunday and I really had a rough night yesterday, a horrible night in fact.

Garth: Why?

james: I was expected to function in a situation where I couldn't because of previously mentioned habits. I really had a rough time changing records.

Garth: What habits... tits?

james: I put my oral fixation to the bottle instead of the tit. Not as much choice, though.



Garth: I never thought of tits as an oral fixation - it's a thought though.

james: How naive.

Garth: Oh, I dunno, I never thought of it as naive. I guess it's as bizzare as

trying to find Spider Robinson's adress which was lost amongst your humongus piles of unfiled, defiled debris.

james: Well, Mike Hall wouldn't give it to me, he wanted to sleep.

Garth: He probably wasn't home anyway.

james: Sour Grapes.

Garth: How can you call Mike Hall a grape?

james: You can call him a Moby Grape.

Garth: How does a 60's rock band fit into all of this?

james: You might better ask how I can get into a 60's rock band.

Garth: Well, how?

james: First you get this time machine, well, I don't need one. I use a UNI 45 which transports me back into another time.

Garth: Living in the past.

james: Jethro Tull

((10))

Garth: I notice your calendar is set on July, 1977. Any reason for that?

James: Strange you should ask that.

Garth: Why?

James: Nothing, it's just strange. Most people don't notice it.

Garth: I thought you were going to cut your hair.

James: My hand hasn't been steady lately.

Garth: I notice you're wearing the BOSS button this week. What responsibility do you think goes with it? (Here's where the politics in in Decadent Winnipeg Fandom become apparent.)

Garth: The responsibility is not to lose the button. Costs 75¢.

James: As a closing question, I would like to ask you, if I may, to express your personal philosophy in relation to fandom as a whole.

Garth: What, here, now, seriously?

James: Yeah. And don't beat around the bush, or tit's either.

Garth: Will you join me?

Garth & James: (singing) Give yourself over to absolute pleasure
Swim the warm waters of sins of the flesh
Erotic nightmares beyond any measure
And sensual daydreams to treasure forever
Can't you just see it,
Whoah, whoah, whoah.

Don't dream it, be it,
Don't dream it, be it,
Don't dream it, be it.....

FIN

((11))



an example of
facial hair

WHAT MAKES WINNIPEG DECADENT, PART 2 FACIAL HAIR

IT IS A WELL-KNOWN
FACT THAT SOME MEMBERS
OF WINNIPEG FANDOM
ALLOW HAIR TO GROW ON
THEIR FACES. SUCH LAZINESS
IS NOT UNUSUAL IN DECADENT
SOCIETIES.

I also met a couple of authors at the con. There were none to be found at AUTOCLAVE, and though I didn't go there with the express purpose of meeting, I was curious to see some of these guys in the flesh and blood. Like more than one person, I guess, I expected them to be larger-than-life, and was a bit surprised to find that sf authors are a lot like people you meet on the street, (hmmmm...) Simak looked like somebody's grandfather (I guess he is) and Haldeman, he didn't look like the guy I had imagined either. (6' 5", crew-cut) Ah, the neo in me is coming out. Back to dirty old SMOFdom.

Partied most of the night, several people came back to my room to smoke and talk. I think I passed out about 5:00AM.

After I woke up the next morning, I went downstairs and finally checked out the hucksters. Down in the lobby, I finally met Mike Glicksohn. Mike doesn't think DWF will ever be a force in fandom, and I talked with him about this. Naturally, I take the opposite view, but after talking with him, I can appreciate his side too. I saw him from a distance at AUTOCLAVE, (from a distance, because he was surrounded by people at least two deep every time I saw him) and was really too shy to introduce myself to him anyway. It must be that I fear the worst all the time, but he didn't bite my head off or anything. Surprise, surprise.

Jim and I went out Saturday afternoon to look through some music stores, and compare the prices. We didn't get much accomplished. One thing we had planned on doing though was to see DEEP THROAT. I've heard so much about it, pro and con, that it was something that I just had to see. Kevin Bjorke, Chris Reichardt, Bob, Jim, and I ended up seeing it in a twin bill together with THE DEVIL IN MISS JONES. I wasn't impressed. In fact, the sex got to be boring after the first 10 minutes or so. Really. I've never seen a really hard-core porn film before, (Unlike the strippers story in SCHAMGG 1. I've seen them lots of times.) and this may be one of the last times I pay to see one again. Somehow, they manage to make sex cold, and almost clinical. Sex should be fun, not a job, and that's

what some of the actors made it look like at times. Harry Reems is particularly guilty of this. But, enough editorializing. My advice, unless, you have to satisfy your curiosity like me is; don't go.

After the movie, Larry Rehse, (oh, I forgot to mention that he came to the movie also) Jim and I went into A Fish&Chips place on Hennipen. Larry had a 26 of Scotch with him, so I asked him to put some in a glass I had just emptied the lemonade out of. I really is a weird feeling, drinking Scotch through a straw in a busy fast-food place. I drank a bit more than I should have, as drinking through a straw is different than a glass, and I got a bit loose. But, believe me, Hennipen St. is the perfect place to be in a slightly inebriated state. We went back to the hotel, and more partying.

Garth, James, and Allisa took drugs during the con, and as a result, Garth was not his usual bouncy self. I found him wandering around Saturday night with no shoes on, just wandering around looking at people and things that were happening. Usually, Garth is what is happening at cons, both by my experience and from what I've heard. Strange. I have nothing against anybody taking anything, heaven knows, I've dropped myself, but it seems to me that a con isn't the best place to do them. When I go to a con, I want to try and assimilate every experience, (no matter how corny that sounds) and while I have fun on drugs, I tend to miss out on some things. 'Nuff said. Boy, am I ever starting to sound like a preacher. But, wait 'till I start ripping down BATTLESTAR GALACTIA.

Saturday night was also the combination AUTOCLAVE, WINDYCON, and WINNIPEG in '94 party in one or two of the Chicago fen's rooms. Quite a lot of people were there, and the party kept moving, (or was it me?) from one room to the other, to the hall, back into a room, and so on. I heard lots of DNQ-type stories, from Ben Zuhl, and Ken Fletcher. One thing that stands out was Denice Mattingly walking around with a large black leather whip around her neck. I never got up the courage to ask her what it was for. Kevin had his skateboard and he used it to great advantage in getting around the con. (I'd like to use one too, except that I'd break it!) Later on that evening, about midnight, I saw HARDWARE WARS, a short flick that must have played at every con imaginable this year. I was on the floor, laughing most of the time. What a funny film. It is set up as a "coming attraction" for the film itself, and looks like it was put together by a bunch of film students. "You'll laugh, you'll cry, you'll kiss three bucks goodbye!" Right on.

Sunday was leaving day for everybody but Bob, James and I. I seem to be saying goodbye to quite a few people at the last two cons. What does it mean? I spelled Bob for a few hours behind his huckster table. Quite an interesting experience. You meet a totally different kind of person sitting behind the table. Well, perhaps not different kinds of people, but people... well, it's hard to explain. (I know, cop-out.) Quite a few of them came up to the table, didn't say a word, picked out a few books, gave me the money and left. Bizzare.

Later on that night, in the room next to the Con suite, I saw the ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW on a bootleg videotape for the second time during the con. (I saw it on Saturday night, too.) On Saturday, it was in a small hotel room, and all of us in the room sang along with the film. On Sunday, a few of us tried to sing along, but we were shhhhhed! quiet. Nevertheless, I had quite a good time. I never seem to grow tired of RHPS. I keep expecting boredom to set in one of these viewings, but so far, it has been 12X and I look forward to 12 more. I found my attention wandering in STAR WARS after the sixth time, so I quit. With CE3K, it was 3. To date, the one film that I've seen the highest # of times is

((continued on p.16))

((13))

DISJOINTED AKA LIFE SCENES

Drug flushed
Wounded

Brother can you spare a dime
A thousand times.
Hurt look
Tears wet,
 on the brink of cascading
Mama's dead
 I'm 94.
Wontcha have a pity
On no man's whore
Christian woman
Pure upstanding
Hair done weekly
Oh so bland.



But mama, Christ, God and you
 dear Worker
Give me a dime
Or at least just sit here and let me
 Pass the time.

Rant and rave
Remember
Sit in bewilderment
Please be tender
Or smile and
 Act like I'm a person

Hey fella,
 Are you a machine?
 A number?
 Something real

Do you have a soul?
Free will?

Hey, we're all crazy
Yet perfectly logical
biochemical machines.
 I think we need oil,
 a tuneup
 Something.
We keep self-destructing
 and wiping out the other cylinders
Why we just burned out a transmission.

But we do love our mushrooms
Edible, Mind Incredible
or the INedible, or is that the one that eats us.
Or consumes us, or smothers us, or

Well, anyway folks.
Here before you
An old person
A poor person
A rich person - Let's hear it for saving our tax dollars
Others too
A cast of thousands and many more.

Blood

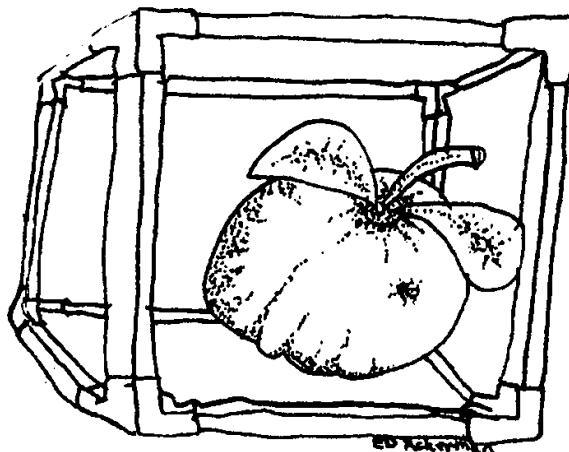
Money

Greed.

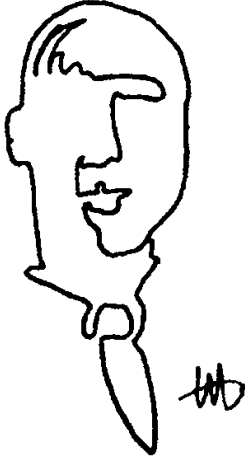
I don't understand
Nationalism
and bombs.
Or at least how they relate to
keeping on living and
Good times
and well
you know
Brotherhood
& Sisterhood.

Eh?

Gary S. Mattingly 12/77



2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY. 14 times to date, and I don't anticipate any boredom setting in the next few times I see it.



James, Bob and I left halfway through the next morning. I met Mike Glicksohn again, as we were both checking out. I wish I could afford to take the airlines to cons like him. Perhaps if I get an Education degree....

The trip home made me flashback to the trip the three of us made to Detroit last year. Great feeling.

V-CON 6

Ah ha! A Winnipeg fan at a west coast con! What is the world coming to? We'll be annexing North Minehead before you know it! And then, Toronto!

This was to be a different sort of con for me. I wouldn't be ~~scrambled~~ hanging around with any of the local boys at all. My first two cons were spent in the company of (most of the time) one or more of the local fan. I was the only Winnipeg fan going to V-CON. (br so I thought...)

Why did you you go to V-CON, Mike, why not MIDWESTCON, or any number of other midwestern conventions? At least you would have known a few of the people there. Well, to make a short story long, (did I get that right?) I've been corresponding with Robert Runte in Edmonton. Well, that isn't the right word, but I can't think of one that gets across the reams of material we sent each other through the post awful. In one of his letters, he mentioned that about 25 of the local Edmonton fan would be attending V-CON. I had only met Robert and Dave Vereschagin on the telephone, and many of the other Edmonton people through DADAPA. I had this feeling, call it intuition if you like, that I would get along great with them. I was right.

I flew to Vancouver, after investigating the distance by car, and cringing at the thought of 35+ hours in the car each way. I got a special deal, one way fare plus a dollar for the whole trip, and there was only one catch. The plane left here at 04:30AM. (Oh yes, I had to stay for at least 7 days, but this was no big deal, because I had never been to Vancouver before, and I wanted to see a few sights. (How mundane, Mike!)(Sorry...) I told Robert about my plan, and he decided that it wouldn't be such a bad idea if he joined my plane in Calgary, Alberta where it made a stopover. He would be saving money on the plane fare, but spending it on accommodation. So, it was all set.

Garth came over after work on Wednesday, May 24. We sat around my apartment for a couple of hours, and left for the airport. I still had several hours to wait for the plane, as it was late in addition to the ungodly hour it was scheduled to leave. Flew to Calgary, an uneventful trip. I got off the plane and went into the terminal to meet Robert. I see this wasted looking (Robert looks like this 83% of the time) figure lurching toward me, with a box of Girl Guide cookies in his hands. ME: "You must be Robert." ROBERT: "Hi there. Do something bizarre!" ME: "*sputter* *cough*" Somehow, he had the impression that I'm a bizarre guy. How strange. (Tell 'em about LAID, Mike. Tell 'em

about..) Ahem. Yes. Whatever. Robert and I talked and talked (the first time we had been able to do so for less than \$20/hour) for the whole trip from Calgary to Vancouver. The lady sitting on the other side must have got quite an earful. She did look at me kinda strange when we got off the plane...

We got through the airport, did the things one does, rented a car, and started off. Well, almost. "Robert, would it go better if you took the emergency brake off?" "Oh yeah." It cost more for under-25 drivers, so Robert was elected to the chore. I've been driving much longer than him, but they don't see it that way. We headed straight out to the University of British Columbia, where the con was being held. Well, not straight there, Robert took a wrong turn. "Are you sure you know the way?" I said, innocently. We got lost. I found a rudimentary map in a gas station, and finally, after a few wrong turns, found our way to the university. This was still early, about 08:30AM. Once inside the university, Robert got lost again, but I found a map, and we found the Gage rez on the other side of campus. The check-in time was 2:00 PM, so we had to kill some time until then. We drove around, saw some terrible bookstores and then went back to the university. Robert crashed I prowled around. Later that evening We talked more, but I was really tired, so I went to bed early.

The gage rez at UBC is the perfect place to hold a convention. Each floor is separated into four sections, and each section has 6 bedrooms, and a bathroom around a central hallway, with a living room/kitchen and a balcony farther on. The living room and hallway are perfect for parties, and the fridge is a bit of unacustomed luxury for keeping the beer in. (Bathtubs are ok, but...)

More memory is coming back to me, On Thursday night, Robert and I went to a pre-con party in the con suite. I met most of the concom there. The Vancouver fans are a great bunch of people. I'd never heard of any of them before, (This had a lot to do with the fact that we in Winnipeg are more or less, a part of Midwestern fandom. I am really beginning to notice some of the stratification in fandom as a whole. It isn't a bad thing, but a natural consequence of our whole structure.) (What there is of a structure in fandom. But, maybe there is more of one than meets the eye. Think of how many faanish traditions have been carried down over the generations. Is this just the people who continue in fandom bringing the traditions and keeping them alive? Or am I talking through my hat? Back to the story...)but I'm glad I met them all. hen flanders, Steve Forty, David



Greer, Vaughn Fraser, Barbara Prezeklasa, Fran Skene, and on and on. They sure know how to put on a con.

Up early Friday morning and found a note on Robert's door not to wake him up till the afternoon. I went downstairs, near the registration desk, and found Dave Vereschagin, Christine Kulyk and Carl Juarez. Oh, sorry, I mean Carl Juarez. Dave and Christine, of course, are from Edmonton, and Carl is from Tillamook, OR. We SMOF'ed most of the morning and afternoon. I got drafted (well, I wasn't dragged kicking and screaming, but...) on one of the Edmonton trivia teams.

There were two teams, and I was on the alleged #2 team. The #1 team, the "Winners" had Dave, and Christine, Lorna Toolis (an ex-Winnipegger who is going to school in Edmonton,) and Carl. Our team, named in a moment of inspiration was "George Pal, 1954!" It consisted of Robert, myself, Jon Gustafson and a token Edmonton Trekkie, Adrian. Robert kept telling me that we'd need him for the Trek questions, but in the end, they weren't very hard at all, and I answered a few of them myself. I admit that I was skeptical about the whole concept in the first place, but when you get involved in something like this, you really get caught up in it. I must have perspired 15 gallons/game.

The format was as follows: There were 8 teams in the competition, and they were paired by draw for the first round. One loss eliminated you. The Winners won their first game, but lost the second to a very strong team in the second round. George Pal, 1954! won both our first games, but the team from Seattle (I think) that beat The Winners trounced us. I seemed that I knew all the answers when I was sitting in the audience watching another team up there, but when I was up on the stage, they asked questions that I didn't know. A couple of times, I was astounded when nobody could answer a question like, "Who is known as the Hermit of Hagerstown". And when I wasn't in competition they asked for 40 points, who was born in Cleveland in 1934. (Answer at bottom of page) I did get my chance on a big question, however, when they asked "What SF writer was born in Winnipeg, Man., 1912?" (also on bottom of page) During the time I was up there, my palms were sweating, my breath was coming in short gasps, in fact, all the signs of extreme nervousness. But I think I made a respectable showing and didn't live the good DWF name down. That is, until the last game, when we got at least a zillion questions on Eric Frank Russel. Really, he's been on my list of things to read for quite a while, now, but I just haven't got around to... Excuses, excuses. The questions got harder and harder each round, so this also contributed. What helped our bunch stay in the running was Jon's virtual monopoly of the art questions. Thanks, Jon.

There's a one page insert somewhere in here that Jon Gustafson put together. The original was a colour xerox, and a stunning sight indeed. If you notice the fellow in the bar picture with the beer in his hand, and a smirk on his face, that's me. The girl on my right is Joyce Rubin, from Edmonton.

The party that night was on our (Edmonton. How soon I forget where my roots are!) floor. We mounted an expedition ~~to~~ to the Liquor Commission, and walked out with a good percentage of the store. Robert doesn't drink, but he drove us, (thank, Robert) as he had his brother's car. It got bunged up in the parking lot, but that's another story. The party that night was a combination "Edmonton in '02 and Harlan Ellison Birthday party." I think Winnipeg in '94 was in there somewhere, but it sort of got lost. Dave bought party hats and favours, and went around the whole con making merriment. Someone brought a stereo, and played Rocky Horror over and over again. We all sang along and danced and had a general good time. I don't remember how wrecked I was, (No, I wasn't so far gone that I couldn't

(2) A. E. Van
Harlan Ellison



Astra Poyser



H. Warner Munn A.E. Van Vogt



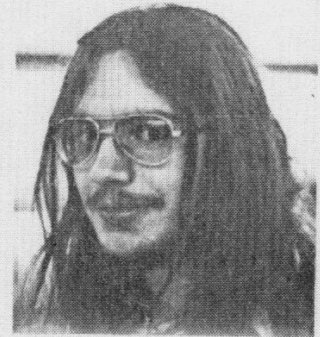
Dave Vereschagin



Costume Bacchanal



David Greer Helène Flanders



Ole Kvern



Hall Party



Lorna Toolis



Damn it, Janet



The (you guessed it) Bar



Lesleigh Luttrell

V-Con VI

© 1978 by Jon Gustafson



Yep, Even a Panel

remember, it's just that I can't remember! No, let me rephrase that,...aw, skip it.) but I had only been drinking beer, soooo... I talked to Carl Juarez for a couple of hours back in my quadrant, and he did several numbers that he was planning on publishing in the near future, and he wanted a reaction. I fear that I wasn't able to give much of one, but I enjoyed them all the same. Carl is a bundle of endless energy, and I am really looking forward to seeing his fnz, JEDERMANN. It will be out of the normal (what is normal?) one expects, I'm sure.

I ended up (so I'm told) talking to Robert and Carl in Robert's room and falling asleep on Robert's bed. This is about 06:00AM. Earlier on, during the party, Robert and I talked to Joanne McBride for an hour or so about the goings on in Toronto fandom. On her way through Winnipeg to Vancouver, Joanne had a stop-over at the airport here. She looked through the phone book, and phoned the one DWF'er whose name she could remember, Garth. She woke him up, and although he told me about the call later in the day, he couldn't remember who had called him. She's living in Vancouver now, and I envy her. It sure is a beautiful city.

When I got up in the morning (Sunday) everyone was on their way to the brunch banquet. I have this aversion to these kind of affairs, for a few quite sensible (I think) reasons. They cost a lot of money for a meal. I am usually on a tight budget in fact, these days, all the time, and every buck counts.

And the food, without exception, (so I've heard) is terrible. This one was taking place in the student union cafeteria, and I had already experienced their food. Would you believe killer omelettes? This banquet was no exception in the bad food dept., and I heard about it for a while.

While everyone was eating, I wandered around the art show for a last look. At the time, I didn't have any original art, just prints and posters, but I was trying to alleviate this void with an empty pocketbook.

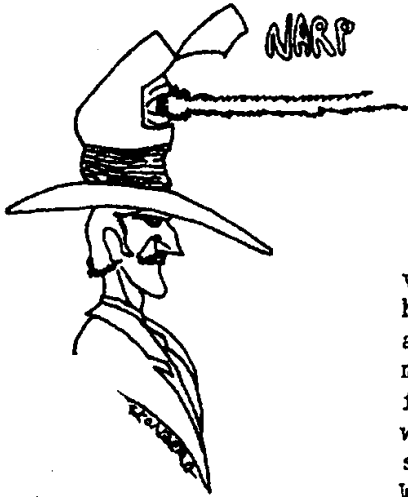
In the midst of my revire, a girl accosted me (I was wearing one of my innumeral DWF shirts) and asked, "Are you from Winnipeg?" I admitted to the dirty deed, and found out that this girl, Brenda Roy, was also from 'peg. She was vacationing in Vancouver, heard about the con, and came out on Sunday morning. We talked for an hour or so, and I told her a little bit about fandom as a whole. She is interested in S & S.



"THE GHOST OF H.P.L. SUDDENLY APPEARS..."

and the Society for Creative Anacronisim. (Did I spell that right?) It seems that most of us (this is a coincidence, rather than influence we exert on each other as a group) read the "hard" type of sf, and stay away from fantasy. I just know that I'm going to get letters about this, so don't think that this is a general rule, or that we are a bunch of "hard" sf chauvinistic types. An SCA tournament was going on at the time, on the lawn outside, and as she wanted to see it, and I had never seen one of these affairs, but heard of them, I went out, too.

The participants didn't take the whole thing as seriously as I thought they would—but this was all to the better as far as I am concerned. A pair of them got all dressed up in the armour, and took the clubs (I thought they used real swords) and proceeded to beat the daylight out of each other. Brenda explained to me that when one participant is dealt what he considers to be a "death blow", he dies. Usually, both combatants would be very vocal as they did battle, and when one was "fatally wounded," he would make a great show, stagger around for a while until he finally "died." While the whole scene isn't for me, it was, however very entertaining. I didn't see any female combatants, although I was told that they compete, too.



The rest of the Edmonton people were back from the banquet by then, and we went inside to the art auction. It was almost a shame to go indoors, because the only sunny weather I had experienced in Vancouver up to then was on Sunday. The rest of the time, it had been drizzling, or cloudy.

The art auction wasn't really impressive at V-CON, the best stuff was not for sale, (as if I could afford it anyway) and there was a lot of derk. Dave Vereschagin had a few paintings, and they didn't do very well, with the exception of the one I bought. Most of his paintings are somewhat abstract, and most of the people are like me, I guess (or is it the other way around?) and go more for interstellar scenes, or the like. (I get the feeling that I'm painting my way into a corner, verbally-wise, here.) I like Dave's paintings, including the abstract stuff (he says as he tries to wiggle out of this one) but...
Well, what can I say?

The rest of the day was spent seeing off the various Edmonton people. Some by car, and Dave and Christine at the airport. It's interesting, in a way, seeing off people. I guess I could get real sentimental, or philisophical about it, but that would spoil the fun. Another thing that's strange is that I don't feel that I'm very good at seeing people off — yet I do a lot of it. I don't really know why. Strange.

On Tuesday morning, Robert and I, (We were the only two left, and we went back on the same plane together, like the flight there) went to one of the libraries on the UBC campus. We both had apazines to do to meet deadlines, mine for DADAPA, and his for BCAPA. The typewriters they had were crappy old manuals, and I managed to knock out a page in an hour and a half or so. Robert is completely spoiled by his selectric, and couldn't compose on the typewriter. It took him until Wednesday morning to finish. He gave up for the day early in the morning, and finished up the next day. Robert was taking my DADAPA contrib back to Edmonton with him, but the BCAPA thing had to be dropped off at David Greers place. For once, my great sense of direction got lost somewhere and we ended up taking a cooks tour of Vancouver on the way to Davids place. Once we got on a couple of one-way streets,

(streets with no exits) but after many trials and tribulations, we made it. We made our way to the plane and I last saw Robert getting onto a bus in the Calgary airport. I made it home without too much trouble.

MY SUMMER

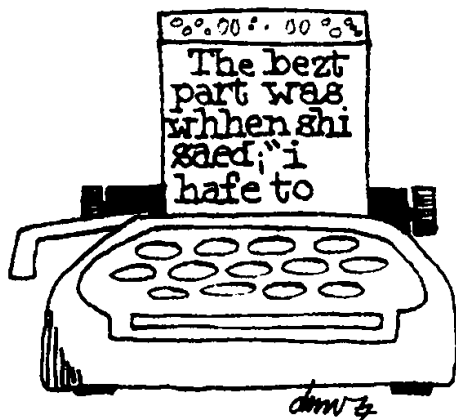
It's been quite a summer, yes, it sure has. I should have been working on this, but I haven't. I confess. I'm sorry, too. But so it goes. I had however, a great time this summer. Possibly the best one of my life.

I had a lot of fun at V-CON, and, after Mary-Karen Reid invited me to Edmonton, I thought, why not? I really liked them, to the extent I was able to get to know them at V-CON, and after a long talk over a beer with her husband, Larry, I decided to go.

I drove. I hate driving long distances.

It's 800 miles from Winnipeg to Edmonton. Over some of the most boring prairie in North America. Well, perhaps I am exaggerating. I had a week off work, and I wanted to get there, so I could spend most of it getting to know these crazy Edmonfen. Boy, did I ever. I left Winnipeg about 7:00PM on July 4th (it is not a holiday in Canada) and planned on getting in about 10 the next morning. I had car trouble on the way, I don't really want to go into it here, (it only makes me mad) but I ended up spending the next morning in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, for 7 hours. One incident is still very fresh in my mind. I got out of the car at 07:00AM, and set off in search of a place to eat some breakfast. Right near the heart of downtown Saskatoon, on every corner, was either one or two Jehova's Witnesses, hawking the WATCHTOWER. Now this, in itself, was not too strange, there are JW's in every city, but the fact that they were on every corner, coupled with fact that there were no other people around. I felt like I was in a 50's sf film — THE JW'S THAT TOOK OVER SASKATOON. And they all stared at me as I was walking past. Well, I guess I would, too. To have these orderly, clean streets walked on by a burnt-out guy like me... The fact that I haven't stopped in Saskatoon for more than a few minutes again has nothing to do with any feeling of dread... I think...

I finally arrived in Edmonton at 6:00PM. 23 hours after starting. *sigh* The next week was one party after another. I never really got a chance to catch my breath. One thing I remarked on later was the fact that I didn't go to sleep before



WHAT MAKES WINNIPEG DECADENT, PART 3 TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS

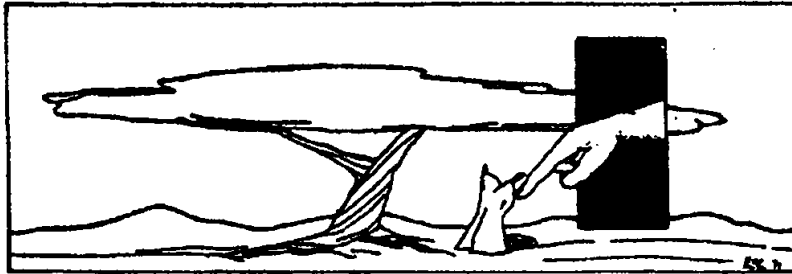
WHETHER THE ERRORS FOUND
IN MANY WINNIPEG ZINES
ARE DUE TO LACK OF
SKILL WITH A TYPEWRITER
OR JUST AN INABILITY TO
SPELL IS STILL UNCLEAR.

IN ANY CASE, DECLINES IN SUCH FUNDAMENTARY
ABILITIES ARE A SURE SIGN OF DECADENCE.

6AM any day that I was there. I was simply having too much fun, doing too many things, seeing too many people. I started friendships at V-CON; I strengthened and cemented them on this visit. Much of the time was spent talking; I like communicating, as evidenced by this fanzine, and I tried to do a lot of it in a short time. I saw some of the sights, but I didn't have time for that very much. So it goes. Now, several months after the events, they all blend together. That doesn't sound very good, I know, but this happens with me.

I liked it so much there, that I went back a second and third time. The second was for a weekend, I spent only 50 hours inside the city limits of Edmonton. It started out kinda weird. I was sitting in the pub with James and Jim, a friend of mine, and all the time I was complaining about the lack of money I had, and how I would like to go to the Barbarian's and Maiden's party the next week in Edmonton. Jim suggested that if I had someone else to go with, I'd be able to afford it. I jumped at the chance. Later, Randy Reichardt decided to come, too. It was going to be a cozy ride with Jim, his girlfriend Pat, Randy, and I in Jim's Cricket station wagon. We left about 1:00AM on Friday, and got in 4AM Saturday morning. Only Mary-Karen and Larry knew that I was coming, I didn't even tell Robert because he was still in China. After the trip, I was still too hyper, so I didn't sleep, I stayed up and talked to Larry for several hours.

I learned two things that morning; Don't wake Joyce Rubin up at 7:30 on a Saturday morning, and Never throw stones at Dave Vereschagin's window to try and wake him up. I think the only thing that saved me from getting a punch at Joyce's was the fact that I was supposed to be in Winnipeg, and she was somewhat taken aback by my appearance.



In Dave's case, he just does not answer his window. (I guess you never know what could be outside. Randy was awake in time for the trip to Dave's, and joined me under his window.

The party that night lasted from 3 in the afternoon, straight till 1AM. I had a great time. It was the closest thing to being at a con without being at a con. (does that make sense?) I would still be interested in some of the ingredients that went into that punch; Jim and Pat had a good time too. I think. I didn't see them very much. I saw Randy here and there, playing frisbee at midnight with some very drunk people... The whole thing was kinda neat, surprising people, (apart from the fact that several took it very casually) but I don't think I will do it again. It's not that people need to be warned when I'm coming, it's just that, well,...

We left at 6AM Monday morning, so there I was, 50 hours later, back on the road again. One of the Edmontonians, Diane Walton, (A former Winnipegger) was planning on leaving the day after, (to visit Winnipeg) so she pushed up her schedule, and I rode with her, and Randy rode with Jim and Pat. As a pleasant surprise to me, Robert Runte

((22))

had arrived back from China late the night before, and I stayed up till about 4AM talking to him, so I was a mite tired the next morning, but driving with someone, as opposed to driving by yourself is very different. You don't have to spend the whole time driving, (of course) but, with someone else in the car, you talk, and to some degree, it stimulates the mind. Driving over very flat land is so boring that I really need some diversion. Normally this is provided by the radio,

but it is such a wasteland, with the various jocks babbling on and on in between noise that passes for music. (muzak?) (To digress for a minute, one thing I have noticed, in both the U.S. and Canada, is that wherever you go, the AM stations sound the same. One faceless jock's patter is mostly indistinguishable from another's. The music played changes a great deal, depending on your location, for instance, a lot of soul music around Chicago and too much country ((I won't call it music)) around Regina, and Saskatoon. They seem to get their lines written by one person, and the station identifiers sound like they were all done in the same studio. Is it a prerequisite that you copy everybody else's style in order to become an AM jock? My travelling in the states is not extremely extensive, but I think I have heard a fairly representative sampling. With the exception of the south. Hmmm. Luckenbach, Texas is in the south, isn't it?)

Diane visited with friends for several days, and stayed at my apartment for a week. It was quite an interesting experience. I played tourist in my own town for a couple of days. It was also almost like bringing a bit of Edmonton back with me. Since then, I've managed to keep up on the latest gossip, sometimes, moreso than local happenings.

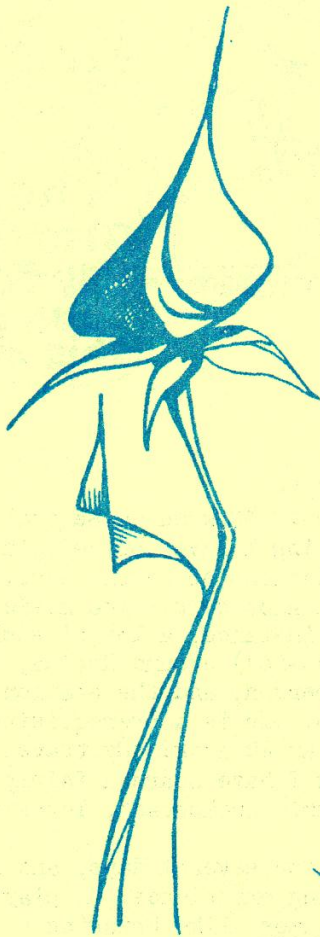
The third trip was for NONCON, held Oct. 7-9. I managed to get off work for two weeks, so I headed out, once again, a week before the con. The week before the con was very busy. I had volunteered to help with the preparations, and little did I know how much there was to do! I ran ditto for the first time, for the short story competition, and experienced the ESFCAS Rex Roneo. Ugh. Remind me never to buy one.

This time, I stayed the first week in Frog Manor, the local equivalent of a slum shack. Dave Vereschagin, Diane Walton, Rosanne Charest, and Georges Giguere live there, but Georges was away for the week, so he offered me his room. Even though it was a short time ago, I did so many things that run together in my mind. One thing does stick: the day I learned to start disliking THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW.

I arrived in Edmonton on a Saturday morning, and that night, at 10 PM, I saw FANTASIA for the first time. Right after, at midnight, came my 13(or is it 14th?) viewing of RHPS. It was with a college crowd, one that had (for the most part) seen the film before, so they came armed with the obligatory rice and toast. I was tired,



James A. Hall
1509 7th St.
San Francisco, CA



B. Mump

being nice
sitting in the dark
warm dreams
breathe deeply with your smile
James A. Hall 15 09 78

I'm in the dark
I'm in the dark
I'm in the dark
I'm in the dark

and this asshole behind me came up with non sequiturs at the most perplexing times, in between dousing us with rice. This was the breaking point. Enough. I suppose part of it was the mood I was in, but it made me examine the whole thing. I've decided that it's not for me. Specialized fandoms are generally too cliqueish, and I'm not fond of the cliqueishness in general fandom though I live with it most of the time and try not to contribute too much. (Ok, I have been guilty of indulging myself. A little.) Added to this is the fact I have seen RHPS so many times, know every word of dialogue, every song lyric, even every gesture the actors use. Frankly, I have had it up to here with the movie. Sure, I still think that it's a really good flick, but you won't catch me paying money to see it (in the next five years, anyway.)

The rest of the week was filled with drive here, drive there, pick this up, run that off -- a lot of work, but a lot of fun. Somehow, it adds a new dimension to the word "fanac" when I am in a house with three typewriters going, and someone hand-cutting stencils full time. Then, came the convention itself.

I was assigned to security for most of the con. This meant that I had to stand and check the badges of people coming into the dealers/films/art show area. Mostly, it was a drag, but it was in a good cause, so I didn't mind. The parties were what I was there for, and they didn't let me down. The Tillamook in '81 party, replete with a slide show of Tillamook, OR., hosted by Carl Juarez and David Stuart was one of the good ones. Sunday night, Randy Reichardt (the only other Winnipeg fan there) and I held a filksing in my room. This was the first one I participated in, and it was a lot of fun. Randy is a good guitarist, and I'm mostly a hacker, so I followed him on the chord changes when I could.

Edmonton has done something strange to me. I've never been one to experiment with out-of-the-ordinary foods, in fact, my usual fare at cons consists of "junk food." I was introduced to dim sum, or chinese breakfast. To my complete and utter surprise, nothing killed me, and I actually liked some of the different foods! Shrimp wasn't at all like I had imagined it. I also tried Korean food, and I will have to go back there again. This widening of my taste buds is a Good Thing, and it has slowly been happening ever since I moved out of my parents house and had to fend for myself. I always had a wide selection at home, but more often than not I would opt for burgers and beans. The cooking in my apartment has not exactly reached great culinary heights, as I am somewhat of an impatient cook, and simple soups are much faster than something elaborate. I am going to make an effort, however, and who knows what strange worlds I will discover on top of the stove?

At the con, I met a few people I hadn't met before, and got to know a couple a bit better. I saw Denys Howard going this way and that at V-CON, but was mostly too shy to introduce myself to him. At NONCON, I got a chance to talk with him a bit, and hope to again. He is a person that I would really like to know better. Grant Canfield and Marion Zimmer Bradley are very interesting people, indeed, and I'm glad I got the chance to meet them. MZB always has a story that she can reel off at a moments notice, and they are all fascinating. Grant is a very easy-going guy, and he helped to knock down these myths I erected in my mind about pro's being somewhat akin to God. Doug Barbour was another person I got a chance to talk to a bit. I met him in one of the local bookstores, on one of my earlier trips, purely by chance, and up till that point, I had this image in my mind of a stooped, old man with a white beard, with a cane in one hand, and a copy of DALHGREY in the other. He's much younger than that, and the white hairs are far off. There's not too many other people that I can talk with about the Tom Robinson Band, let alone many people who've heard of them! Carl Juarez managed to come, and I talked quite a bit with him. Never have I seen someone toss off so many funny lines with such a straight face. The convention came to an end, like they all do, and I had a really good time.

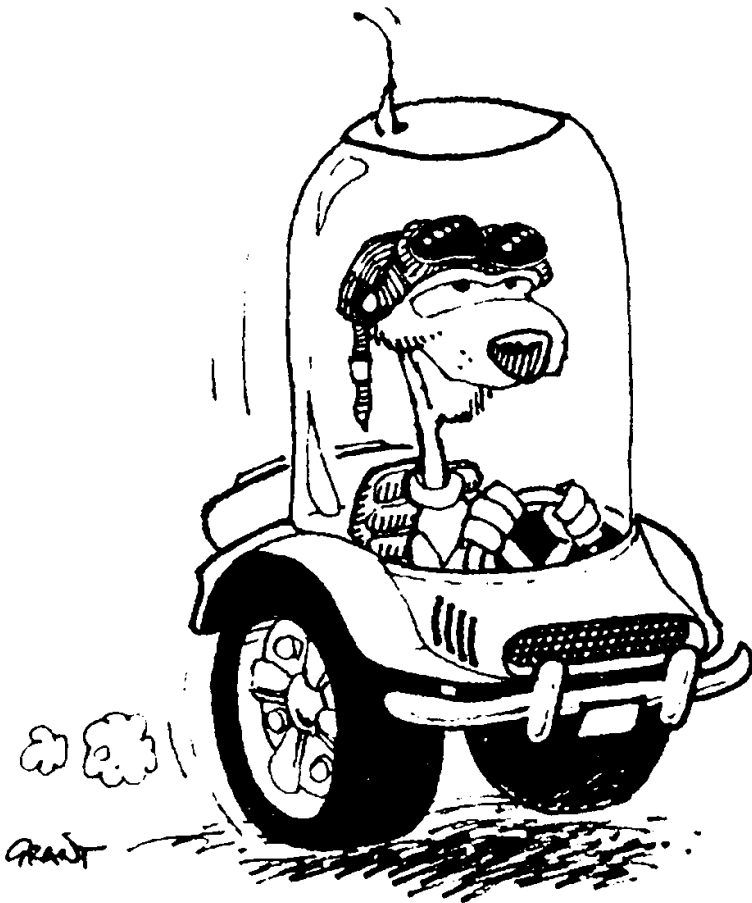
The next week, I stayed with Mary-karen and Larry Reid again. The pace was a lot slower than the second week, as everybody was really burned out. (I felt great!) The night before I left, they held a surprise birthday party for me, (ok, if you must know, my 23rd) my first birthday party in over 10 years. To say that I was shocked and speechless would be an understatement. Wow. A fine end to the whole two weeks. I never seem to get any sleep the night before I leave for Winnipeg, and this one was no exception, with the party winding down early in the morning. I really had a good time, I think that the two weeks were well spent.

I've been doing lots of other things this summer, ~~apart from this fanzine~~ in addition to smoffing with the Edmonfen, and a lot of it has to do with organizing local fandom here, in Winnipeg.

The Winnipeg Science Fiction Society was founded in 1951 or so, and it lived for a short time, with rigid Roberts Rules of Order type meetings. The meetings went on for a while, but for over 15 years the Society existed only at Chester Cuthbert's insistence, and people would come over at various times, and discuss sf, fandom, and whatever else came along. We decided to try and get a local fan group going, and The WSFS was as good a start as any. We held a one-day convention on Sept. 9 1978, and to our good fortune, it was a success, with over 550 attendees. Several meetings have been held since then, and though it is shakey, the society is off to a start. Hopefully, the people we found through the con will help in the running of the society, but from the response so far, I am very optimistic. I've also been involved in a

radio show on behalf of the society on a local FM station once every two weeks off and on over the summer. It's called STEP BEYOND, and we do readings from sf, both brand-new and "golden age." The radio show has given me a lot of experience, some of which I hope to use one day. I can't tell you how nervous I was the first few times in front of the microphone, but confidence has come with experience.

I also went on one short trip, between the second and third Edmonton trips, in fact, one week before I journeyed to NONCON. The Minneapolis fans held a small con in Anoka, Minnesota, a few miles out of Minneapolis. It was very faanish, with a very small huckster room, small art show, and only a couple of humorous panels scheduled. I went down with Garth, and as he works shift, we left late Friday night, arriving in Minneapolis 5AM Saturday morn-



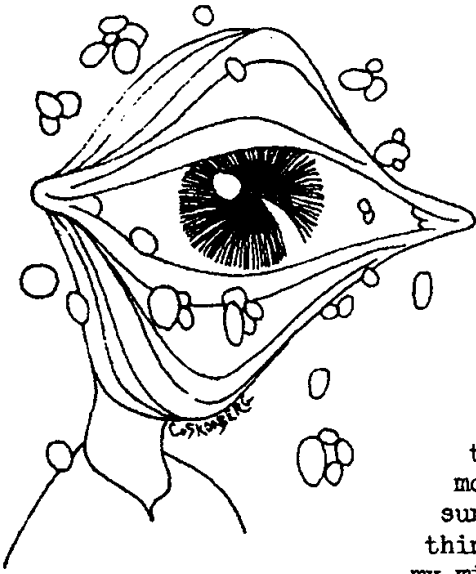
ing. Bob Stimpson was already there, and Garth dropped me off with him while he went out to see Susan Ryan. Bob and I went to the book sale at the Minneapolis Public Library, and then finally headed out to Anoka, arriving there about 1:30PM. It was one long party from then until 8 AM the next morning. Quite an experience. Within 10 minutes of arriving, I was whisked off to Karen Trego's room, and, Ed Emerson and I painted our fingernails and shared some hospitality.



Back downstairs, I wandered into the "Four or Five Wild and Crazy Guys" panel. Any panel Jim Young is on has to be great, and this one was no exception. Midway through, I spotted Tony "Da Tone" Cvetko and Joe Wesson sitting near the front, and I went up to see them. Annie Eisenberg, a Minneapolis fan saw me coming and nearly had a heart attack. (She thought I was Garth.) I was really good seeing Tony, I hadn't been in touch with him since AUTOCLAVE 2. The rest of the evening was spent having a really good time, with Tony, Joe, David Steever, Annie, Garth and Susan, Jim Young, and a whole host of others. I met Eric Lindsay at ANOKON (that's what they called it) and although I don't think he remembers me, he was having a great time. I don't think I have ever seen someone more drunk, still standing on his feet, and able to carry on a conversation. (The talk was, I admit mostly about the various alcoholic beverages he had stashed away.) I wish I brought my bathing suit, as one of the features of the con was the pool, open all night. We sat around and talked, went for a smoke, went to the Country Kitchen across the street, sat around and talked some more, listened to the folksinging, played pinball (we found a way to get infinite replays on this machine) talk, smoke, blow up balloons, (I just had to bust them. What fun.) and on and on. Everybody went to sleep at 8 AM so I woke up Bob and we had breakfast, and then left. We were back in Winnipeg in the middle afternoon.

What made that con for me was the people. I knew quite a few of them, and some of them knew me. We didn't go through that period that you generally do when you meet someone for the first time, and you are starting to get to know them superficially - because I had done that with many of the people at ANOKON. I met new people, of course, and will always continue to meet new people, but there will always be that base of friends to work from now. I was telling a friend about fandom, and she asked me if I was still a neo. I had to pause to think. What was the dividing line between being a neo, and just a plain fan? I came to the conclusion, (with advice from James) that as soon as you think you have attained trufannishness, you are there. It is simply a state of mind. I think I passed the threshold late summer, early fall 1977. (For those of you that were keeping score.)

Apart from that, the summers been relatively quiet. Well, not quiet, but, well, you know, no atom bombs going off or anything. Just our usual good times. Well, not always, but I will talk about that on the next page. Yes, that is why I am wasting space here.



"Winnipeg fandom isn't dying, it just has terminal cancer."

— Mike Nichols

"It's in the intensive care unit with an IV in it's arm."

— Randy Reichardt

I've spent a few weeks talking to everyone here about this topic. Everyone agrees that DWF has changed. For the better, or worse? I don't know. Probably for the better, but only time will tell. Garth is getting married, and moving to Minneapolis. Randy has already moved to Edmonton. And those astute ones out there will notice that I am moving to Edmonton also. But this should not be a surprise to anyone that's read this far. Several other things "happened" to DWF. First, but I haven't made up my mind that they are the largest influence, are women. There are two in particular, Susan Ryan, and Allisa McDonald. Another is drugs, and last but not least, is the fact that several of us have been getting out, a forging strong links

with fan groups outside the city.

Last summer has, at some times, been referred to as "the heyday of Winnipeg fandom." We were all very close friends, partied a minimum of 4 days a week together, (mostly at James' place) because our best friends were each other. We all had other friends, but we had a lot of fun together. The core group at that time was 8. Then the school year came, and Randy went to Edmonton, and Jason to Waterloo. Garth got a job working night shift, so we rarely saw him during the week, only on weekends. Stu's fanaticism dropped, because his workload at school was so heavy. Well, I could go on and on, but, to boil it all down, as a whole, I think the group drifted apart a bit. (I have to preface all of this with "I think." My views are not held by anybody else, for the most part, altho we are in agreement on some things.)

Going over to James' was almost like second nature. It was assumed that I would find Garth there every Saturday night, Friday night, etc., and the regular cast of characters would always show up. And we would have a good time. Because everybody would go with that express purpose, having a good time. Every so often we would go to a pub to see strippers, or some band that everyone liked, but the pattern of going to either Garth's or James' place remained constant. I have some great memories of those days. (Gosh, I'm almost getting sentimental) Don't get me wrong - I had some great times all last winter, spring, summer and fall. But somehow, when I look back on it, it just wasn't the same. We had that feeling of comradeship - an indescribable joie de vivre. I know both Garth and James much better these days - possibly better than just anybody else on the face of the Earth, but... I don't know if I'm getting my feeling across.

The gatherings over the winter were much smaller, on the average. This makes sense, because Jason and Randy were gone, but they were smaller anyway. When the two of them came back at Christmas, things were almost the same as before. But it was different. For one thing, Jason had started drinking, and he provided much-needed levity. Randy, for some reason, was a little more withdrawn. Normally he was the life of the party. Christmas eve, we met Allisa McDonald. First Garth became involved with her, and now James. DWF hasn't been the same since.

WE GET LETTERS

dmveta

Boy, do we ever. I was very heartened by the response to SCHMAGG 1 and that is one of the reasons you are holding this in your hand. I've only printed a small part of the letters recieved from several people, most notably of which is Robert Runté. My file of correspondence with him is over 5 cm thick! But, on to the letters.

T. S. Bradshaw, 236 Landowne Ave., Winnipeg, Man., R2W 0G6. Yes, and I would agree to the best of my ability though you must realise that the essence of my agreement seems only to permeate the atmosphere with loud and quite obnoxious sounds if indeed this could be possible under our present system of government which leads me to believe the world, as we know it, is most definitely coming to an obtuse ending, but, on the other hand, my perception of the truth is such that the most basic belief of all is reformed into a quest--a quest for stars and conjunctions of the moon in which the premise for existence,

if there is one, is subjugated by a total desire to get laid or otherwise satiated to a point whereby all emotional and physical needs are overwhelmed with a healthy respect for a sense of humour that is almost so alien as to defy description by a mere mortal as myself, but, to paraphrase somebody, so it goes.

What can I say? You, in your own strange way, have said a mouthful, but without biting off more than you can chew. Later that same evening...

Christine Kulyk, 301-11820-101 St., Edmonton, Alta., T5G 2B7. I empathized strongly with your description of your entry in o fandom and your first Con, since I have undergone some of the same experiences myself quite recently. Although I had knowm of the existence of fandom and sf conventions for several years I had not become activly involved in such things until around march of this year (1977) when I discovered The Edmonton Science Fiction and Comic Arts Society (that's

ESFCAS to you, buddy). WESTERCON 30 was my first convention. Randy, whom I met in september, has been to more Cons than anyone else I know, I think. (Uh-uh. I see) I mean anyone else I know personally, in person, uh, face-to-face, uh, cheek-to-cheek (I see) --sorry, Randy--that is, any of my other friends; I mean... oh, forget it. In other words, I too can be considered a (cringe!) neo, and I'm enjoying it while I can--think how horrible it must be to be an Old-Fan-And-Tired, all blasé and un-sense-of-wonderish! We neos know we are the lucky ones!

Your "group" is different from the Edmonton bunch in several ways, as you are probably aware by now. (Boy, am I ever. As I've detailed before, they're a fantastic bunch of people.) For one thing, ESFCAS is a bit larger, so we have to accomodate many divergent interest groups, such as: comics fans, Trekkers ~~Trekks~~ (well, they do have an amazing amount of enthusiasm, which is always nice--I was young, too, once.) fantasy fans, and/or women--and we have some token males in our group, too, which is also nice. (Yeah, let me tell you something about those women. Well, perhaps I'd better not. It might start some sort of exodus to Edmonton. I'll tell all one of these days in the book titled, LIFE AS A CONCUBINE INSIDE THE LYSISTRATA CORPS, published by Bantam in the spring.)

Laurine White, 5408 Leader Ave, Sacramento, CA, 95841. Laurine enclosed 6¢, a Canadian nickel, and a 1940 penny. It was "Extra Canadian change I can't spend here". Strange...

SCHMAGG? Oh, this is a new fanzine from Decadent Winnipeg Fandom! It's not exactly a beautiful title you've saddled this zine with. Schmuck and Schmendrake the Magician also etart with schm and those aren't pretty-sounding words either. How is it pronounced? Schmäg, to rhyme with fog, as in "The zine with the power to schmagg fen's minds? Or Schmäg, to rhyme with fag, as in cigarette? (It's SCHMAGG. And don't forget the "sch" sound. If you

do, it comes out "SMAG" or somesuch. Bob Stimpson keeps doing this, time and time again.)

The first con I went to was BayCon, the 1968 Worldcon in Berkeley, only a two hour drive from Sacramento. The notice for it had been in the Green Dragon, a Tolkien newsletter, and it was so close, I had to go, even without knowing much about fandom. A real science fiction fan worked at the library with me and he told me a few things about the 1964 worldcon in Berkely, which had been his first, and only con. But he was a cynic, knew nothing about fanzines, and disliked the '68 (I think you mean '64) he vowed he'd "never attend another."

Why do people pick on Armenians? There's that cartoon on p.3. In LOVE AND DEATH Woody Allen made a joke about standing downwind of an Armenian, and in one of his stories Lafferty said they were the only people who looked the same upside down. I know an Armenian fan, and he keeps himself fairly clean, and scratches only once in a while. (Stu gets on a kick, and there's no stopping him! Gotta keep that rum away from him.)

YOU THERE! SHAPE UP!
MAKE ROOM FOR A NEW
GLASSMAN LETTER!



Mike Glicksohn, 141 High Park Ave.,
(Everyone must know this one by now...)
Toronto, Ont., M6P 2S3. Lovely empathic
title, what does it mean? Society to
Collect Hate Mail Against Gil Gater? (Uh-
oh, I've been found out! Maybe that's
why Gil didn't trade with me. I've had
a lot of success with the society, tho.)
You were quite lucky, really, that fandom
found you at the same time you found it.
That made your entry into fannish things
that much easier to take. Many of us had
to go out and start a local fandom after
discovering that general fandom existed
through a fanzine or a con. Having a
thriving local fan organization actually
track you down and knock at the door is
about the easiest way I've heard of of
becoming a fan! (No-one in the local
organization that I know of does that:
they may advertise, run local cons, etc,
but I've never heard of anyone actually
making a personal visit after encounter-
ing the name of a reader in the area. I
certainly wouldn't do it, but I'm well
known to be a misanthrope anyway.)

Good grief! Here you are, a week
into fandom, and already you're off to a
sleazy bar to watch strippers. Do you
realise that I was in my first stripper-
filled sleazy bar less than two months
ago after more than eleven years in fan-
dom?! The trouble with you younger gen-
eration fans is that you're in such a
rush to do all the fannish things...
(actually, Mike Harper and I were at
what is probably the sleaziest bar/hotel
in Toronto for strippers/hooks just
last weekend and neither of us had had
such an experience before. It was fasc-
inating to contemplate what sort of person
would be so desperately horny they'd
actually pay money to be with some of
those old and ugly whores.)

I was so amused by your tales of
DWF's powers of alcoholic consumption that
I went and poured myself a large glass of
Myers dark rum -- straight, of course,
since I don't have any fresh limes -- in
honour of James Hall. It's good to know
that when I'm ready to retire there'll be
a few at least partially trained conten-
ders for my title. (Gee whiz, Mike,
we'll just have to keep on trying...)

Tales of local fandom and convention
reports make enjoyable reading but don't
often call forth much response. I remem-
ber the days when spending twenty dollars
before I got to the con was impressive.
Nowadays, unfortunately, with a nights
deposit on the room, return airfare alr-
eady paid, transportation to the airport
and some duty free booze before departure
and all the other little expenses we incur
as fans, if I can get away with having
spent under two hundred dollars before
stepping into the hotel lobby I consider
myself lucky. There are times when I
definitely have fond memories of the
simpler, cheaper days of my earlier fan
career! (I concur 100 percent.)

Your AUTOCLAVE doesn't sound the
least bit like mine but that merely
exhibits the truth of the well known
fannish cliché about cons and con attend-
ees. I'm glad you had a good time
though. I wasn't expecting the second
AUTOCLAVE to be quite as good as the first
because the first was one of the premier
cons of the last five years but somehow
or other they managed to do a repeat
performance and I was much impressed with
the con once again. I'd definitely rate
it as one of the best of 1977. I'm
already looking forward to the third
one. (Unfortunately, I wasn't able to
go. However, if I had the time/money,
I would have been there.)

Your comments about the effects of
being immersed in fandom for the first
time will strike a very resonant chord
with a great many readers I'm sure. We
all remember the ecstatic feeling of that
First Contact, even when we're old and
tired and jaded and cynical. I wouldn't
have been a fan for eleven years if I
still didn't feel the same way as you do,
and the day I stop being excited at the
thought or sight of interesting mail will
be the day they finally carry me away and
donate my liver to the Smithsonian! (Don't
you mean the Canadian Archives, Mike?)
I hope that eleven years from now you
still feel as good about your fan friends
as I do today. 13 12 77
Gee, under that ~~dirty~~ gruff exterior,
you're a neo a heart! Thanks for the
letter, Mike.

Bill Bridget, 3800 W. Michigan, #807 Indianapolis, IN, USA, 46222. I won't kid you that I am such a BNF that you are lucky I am paying you attention when I am so busy...I am only a fan legend, not a BNF. ...have a heart on a guy tho and ease up a little if you can, cuz I got other fanac and letters to femfem that I really got to get busy with or I might not get laid when I go to my next con. And that is impotent... er, impor-

tant! Decadent Winnipeg Fandom is one thing...at least you guys could feel sorry for each other...but till I moved here to Indianapolis, I was the ONLY fan in Crafordsville. The nearest other fan was 30 miles away over a bad road (A one hour drive) in Lofayette, IN. That was John. In other words, he was my closest friend. Being an only fan, like being an only child is a lonely existence, and so I turned into a fan legend after a time... and then things got a little better when I got to cons.

(I don't think I can accuse Bill of not saying what he thinks, at least. But there you have it, the history of a fan legend.)

Content is the LAST thing in the word that matters...the first thing to get when you are doing a zine is the repro/the package...then, and only then will content start to count.

I disagree with Bill here. Once the repro reaches a certian level, and I don't think that the level is too hard to reach at all, the writing makes all the difference. PABLO LENNIS, for instance, has acceptable repro, and the layout isn't the best, but it's passable, but the content is crap. Bill said that Theil ran some good stuff in PL once, and people kept on saying this. That's because once you've read one PL, it becomes an exercise in time-waste reading another one.

Carolyn "C.D." Doyle, 1949 N. Spencer, Indianapolis, IN, 46218. USA (Hmmm... they live in the same city, don't they?) I, like most fen, got sucked in a bit more gradually--but I, too had a fandom right here that I could participate in. (The IN sf Association has kind of died out-- it was the opposite of Winnipeg fandom-- older, rather well established fen, and some of their friends--much more conservative and calm. (Sounds like the Winnipeg Science Fiction Society, founded in 1951. Or, alternatively, the DWF boys after a con) Meetings were held at members homes once a month, and lasted till about 2:30AM. Then, friends of friends started coming,



and you could host a meeting and not know half of the people who were eating your food and fingering your art -- that's not so bad, but you were likely not to like them, either. They were younger kids, not really into fandom as much -- they talked a lot about who was laying who, and what happened at the last D&D game -- meetings are now being held in the meeting room of a local restaurant, and aren't nearly as comfortable or nice.

Dave Szurek, 4417 Second, Apt. B2 Detroit, MI, USA 48201. There is a certain amount of enthusiasm in SCHMAGG 1, but sadly, it occasionally appears repressed by self-consciousness, as if you were afraid of saying the wrong thing. That's understandable, of course. Normally, my attitude would be, "give them who you are, and if everybody doesn't like it, the hell with them" and that's my attitude (about most everything) right now, but know that it can be easier said than done. I don't believe you have to be uptight about giving the wrong impression. I don't think anyone (except maybe a small, tiny handful of people I'd personally, just as soon not know) expect you to be anything other than your most natural self. If Fandom is the great big happy family of tolerant souls it claims to be - and I suspect the bulks sincerity can be trusted - that's just an unnecessary concern. Sure, there are a few characters in a large group who overemphasise the importance of faddish trappings, usually, its seemed (and no less so in Fandom) in combination with the doctrine that their crowd is the only one fit to walk the Earth, and they've usually been a highly vocal minority giving the false impression that they're representative of whatever sector/culture, as a whole. (No, not as a whole -- as a "whole.") When one's naivette falls for such crowd, one of three responses is most likely. One may think it important and desirable, and choose to surround his or her identity and behavior to the games. Others may be driven away in distaste at the conformity, conventionalities and amenities, or even the

frequent caste system. Still others might choose to stick around at a distance harbouring a cynical prejudice. The latter was once my route and while I admit there was more of a personal nature behind it than I realized at first, won't deny that I was fed ample ammunition to maintain my own game. Once you've surmounted that obstacle, (and I like to think that most fans have, merely tolerating the rhetoric of more insecure associates) you can



dismiss these petty rituals (alright in themselves, until after they've been made ritual) as insignificant trivia, perhaps even enjoy, but not sanctify, them. I don't believe you have to undergo a rite of initiation to prove you "fit it" with a group of people who often claim difficulty at "fitting in" their greatest common denominator. If I'm wrong, it's probably best to remain on the outskirts of what is, at the centre, nothing more than another silly little clique. That's how "I'd" approach the issue anyway, but I



don't believe that to be the actual case. The essence of Fandom is not knowing all the "in jokes", all the rhetoric and slogans, always saying the "right" thing at the "right" place and the "right" time, subordinating one's individuality to the rigid path of fannishness whether it comes naturally or not. Now that you've found your way to fandom (and why do I keep on capatailizing that collective?) the course to take is growing in the microcosm as the sentient being called Michael Hall, not as some faceless robot called "A Fan" (mind you, I'm not saying you've done that, but only that I get the impression, rightly or wrongly, that you place great importance on such surface matters.)

Here I stand this day, accused... no, I'm just kidding. I can see how Dave got the impression that I was undergoing some obscure initiation rite upon my "entrance" into DWF. I don't think that the questions about sci-fi vs sf, and whether I liked Star Trek a whole lot had anything to do with the fact of my fitting in. I placed more importance in my telling of the happenings to these things than was actually the case. In DWF, you either fit in, or you don't. We don't need to ask anybody questions to ascertain this point. But, if someone was a great person, and just happened to like Star Trek a lot, I wouldn't really

care. Some of my best friends are still Star Trek fans! I try to judge people on what kind of person they are, these other things are purely secondary. I hope other people do the same thing with me. I will admit that I really wanted to be accepted by this group, but now that I look back on it, there isn't anything I could have done, apart from being myself. Of course, the fact that I didn't murder Garth or steal James' rum supply probably put me on their good side, but...

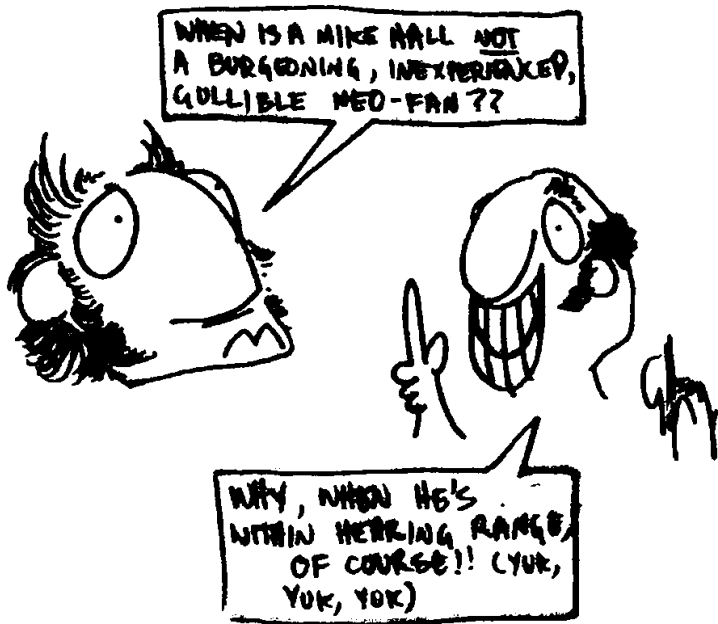
I've also analysed my relationship with Edmonton fandom, and come to the conclusion that I've always been myself, no role-playing. I understand how you got the impression, yes, how it seemed apparent, but that's not the case.

Dave Wixon, Box 8600, Minneapolis, MN, 55408. This thing is quite unusual for a first issue: an immense amount of art, with a wide variety of artists represented (even Ed Emerson! I wish you'd import him to Winnipeg, since he sounds just like his brother David, and so is constantly confusing me.) Then too, you devoted the entire issue to your personalized trip report, avoiding all crazy flings at serious sf fandom, reviewing, discussion, etc. Of course, Garth is no doubt the ~~influentid~~ influential factor there!

Serious sf fandom? What's that, Dave? I'm having too much fun doing this! You want serious, howsabout the interview with Garth? No, huh? Gee whiz, I try and please some of the people some of the time...

But that brings me to a related topic. Many people compared my writing to Garth's. We both scratch our heads in confusion. Sure, both BOOWATT and SCHMAGG are perzines, (Well, BOOWATT used to be) but the comparison ends there. At least we think so. And, besides, Garth has more typeset/page

((34))



If you allow yourself to get too friendly with them they will try to take over all your fanatic and the first thing you know you'll be publishing a Garth Danielson interview by James Hall and printing a load of rubbish about "lard fandom" or some such foolishness.

Let's see more stuff from Vereschagin. Maybe a logo or a back cover or something.

Um, Robert, who's been telling you things? I don't know any little birds that can fly that far.

Steve McDonald, c/o Alcan Jamaica Ltd., Kirk-Vine Works P.O., Manchester, Jamaica, West Indies. I always like to read accounts of how fans got started; I

Gary S. Mattingly, 864-B Haight, San Francisco, CA, USA 94117. Shortly after (1/2 - 1hrs) reading A SCANNER DARKLY and disguised as an insane person I read SCHMAGG. (I usually get things right at least the second time around, usually) Hey that was fun. Do another one. I liked the illustrations. Oh boy Polka Kings right there in Peaches. Gee I musta missed that. Hoorah for Puke&Barf. Did you know there were Puke & Barf stories just like Pat&Mike stories? There's this one about them being FBI agents during the Kent State thing and suddenly they're engulfed by teargas. "Barf," Puke says. "Yes, Puke," replies Barf... oh well maybe another time I'll finish it.

Hey, come down to Detroit again and you can hear my Hank Williams records or how about Tammy Wynette? Oh well.
??

Robert Runté, 723 Hoping, 20 NanKing Road E., Shanghai, Peoples Republic of China. I enjoyed reading SCHMAGG, especially the part about your introduction to DWF. However, I feel I should warn you about these people.

can't trace my own SF reading roots as easily as most, simply because I can't remember the first SF book I read -- which may mean I've been reading SF/fantasy in one form or another since I was about six years old. Tracing fannish roots is easier; I got involved through reading THE CLUBHOUSE in AMAZING, and being inspired by that to write to people from AMAZING's letcol. Some wrote back, and thus I entered fandom, with TIPLE, DON-O-SAUR, herbangelism, and others. Such romanticism. That was 1975, and now I have a giant box filled with zines. Took me some while afore I met my first fans, though I brought someone else into fandom (Dave Taggart and WINDFALL PROPHET) with me. Also responsible for Pam Sneed's emergence as a cartoonist and Sandy Tomezik's re-entrance into fandom. I'm now working on Lorna, starting her off on SF with THE SHIP WHO SANG and bombarding her with the various things picked up without any real intention (it stuck as I went past) on STAR WARS, including the soundtrack, which she was very impressed with after getting (like me) to the point of ultimate abhorrence with the versions by Meco and others.

Chester Cuthbert, 1104 Mulvey Ave.,
Winnipeg, Man., R3M 1J5. My interest
in fantasy and science fiction is very
serious, and it is almost exclusively
limited to reading material; but the
publications of Decadent Winnipeg
Fandom are always a revelation to me of
the lighter and humorous aspects of our
hobby, and I read them closely and with
great amusement, especially since I
know so many of the people involved and
am delighted to watch their literary
and artistic achievements, and to
learn of their fan activities socially.

I am pleased to have this record
of your introduction to and assimilation
by fandom, and to know you are
enjoying the companionship which this
fellowship provides. You and Bob are
two of the few who are still doing a
fair amount of reading, and since I
have recently become acquainted with a
few others, it appears that my function
as custodian of books may not be
entirely useless. I have been reading
mainly goth and fantasy stories this
year; these are mainly short stories,
so I have read only a couple of novels
and three non-fiction books in addition
to fanzines aside from these.
Chester believes in FLAGH. Talking
to Taral, he believes in FIAWOL. I
don't really know what camp I'm in,
unlike many fans I know. I really like
fandom, a whole bunch, and I engage in
all sorts of fanac, but, I have mundane
friends. Several. It would be neat to
be totally immersed in this thing called
fandom, but, on the other hand... Am I
copping out, James?

I haven't kept my reading up,
either. Fanac is taking a lot of time.
I don't really feel sorry, well, perhaps
a bit, but I still manage to get quite
a bit read. I am blessed with a fairly
fast reading speed, without which I
would not get very much read at all.
This summer, it's been mostly mysteries
and a smattering of sf.

David M. Vereschagin, 8833-92 St.,
Edmonton, Alta., T6C 3P9. You people
really put out a lot of zines, and I
hear the end is not yet in sight. I
tried to get the folks here interested

in pubbing, but to no avail. I guess if
your local fan group is large enough, the
need for zines (outside contact) is
minimal. I remember when we first thought
about starting an apa in September (1977)
(Not DADAPA) we really couldn't see much
sense in it. We saw each other every
week, what could we possibly have to say
in an apa that we couldn't tell each
other? But I'm quite so alone and foolish
anymore.

I think that time and a little patience
will see lots of zines come out of
Edmonton. It's fun, so why not do it?

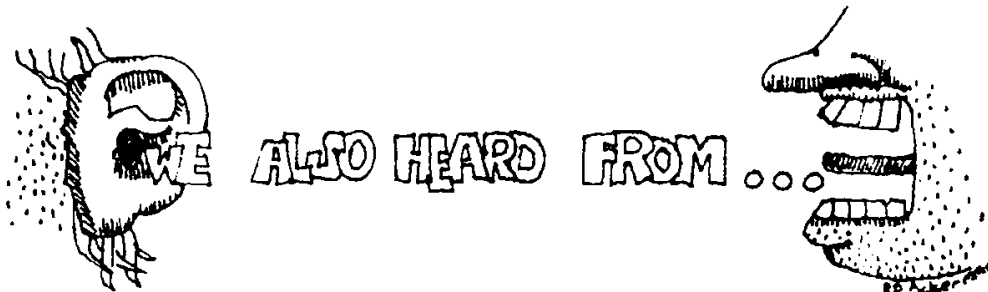
Mary Long, 1338 Crestview Drive.,
Springfield, Ill., 62704. SCHMAGG
(intoxicated fan's attempt to pronounce
'S.F. Mag' perhaps?) arrived this afternoon
after a quick journey down through the snow
& extremely cold, icy weather we are
currently in the grip of.

It's always to see how people arrive
in fandom, so I found your reminiscing
most readable. When I was first a fan, I
used to find it incredible to think how
most folk do not realise that fandom
exists, both ours and those of western
readers, romantic-novel-readers, collectors
of brass buckles, or whatever. It is still
rather an amaze-making thing, in many ways.

I noted the mushroom illoe on page. 2.
That reminded me of the work of the
British fan-artist (very active in the
mid-60s, though it seems a long time since
I've seen any of his work) Brian McCabe,
whose drawings had a lovely, eldritch sort
of quality - to my eye at least - and
usually had mushrooms in them somewhere.

No doubt members of Lard Fandom's
favorite show is GREASE? Well, you did
axle for it. (ooohhhhhh...)

I think most fen are mail junkies: I
mentioned above that the post with this
fnz arrived this afternoon. With the bad
weather the posty beat his own 'worst'
record by arriving at some time between
3:30 and about 3:45 PM. Usually he's here
by 2 PM at the latest...which is still
very late when you're used to getting your
post by 9 AM!



Jay Kinney, Susan Ryan - Sorry about the grammer. This issue has sunk to new lows. Say, aren't you marrying someone I know? His name seems to have slipped my mind...
John Thiel - You are truly a remarkable person, John. I don't know anyone else who is able to bug James so much that he sends them letters saying "fuck you". And thanks for PABLO LENNIS, I think. Barry Gibson, Randy Reichardt, - I heard you were moving to Mundare, Alberta. Is this true? Larry Rehse, K. Allen Bjorke, Alan Lankin, André Smith, Taral, Fred Jakobcic, - Are you guys up in Winnipeg trying to be the pubbing capital of fandom fanzines? We already are the capital. Toronto has to try harder! Jason Pascoe "Wild in Wallaboo!" Jessica Amanda Salmonson, - I think Dicky geis is a cute critic. Well, so am I, but it hasn't got me anywhere yet. And not Harry Warner.

FANZINES RECIEVED IN TRADE:

I want to thank everyone that traded with me, and all I can say is, keep 'em coming! I love 'em! I hope I haven't missed anybody from this list, but I am human, so if I missed you, write, and perhaps either I overlooked it, or the post orifice ate it.
 ASHWING 23 - Frank Denton//BEN'ZINE 2 - Ben Zuhl//BOOWATT - (lots of 'em!) Garth danielson//BOOWATT WEEKLY - (even more!) Garth Danielson//Bridget, Bill - various apazines//DAY BY NIGHT 4 - David M. Vereschagin//DZARMUNGUND 9 - Joanne Burger//ERG 61 - Terry Jeeves//EDMONTON EXTRA - David M. Vereschagin//ED'S BLACK HOLE CATALOG 1 - Ed Ackerman//FANTARAMA 3,6 - Vaughn Fraser//FILE 770 1 - Mike Glycer//GLEET GLORT 1 - Steve George//GROOM STRIPPED BARE, THE 8 - David M. Vereschagin//Indick, Ben - various apazines//INPUT/OUTPUT 6 - Taral//ISHUE 3 - Taral//IT COMES IN THE MAIL 28 - Ned Brooks//JOE WESSON - Joe Wesson//KARASS 26,27,28 - Linda Bushyager//KNIGHTS 19 - Mike Bracken//MAD SCIENTIST'S DIGEST 5 - Brian Earl Brown//MAYBE 51 - Irwin Koch//MOTOR CITY MADNESS - Brian Earl Brown//NOOTKA/REWETAWA - David M. Vereschagin & Robert Runté//OLD ZING - John Durno//ORCA 2 - Jennifer Bankier//OUT TO LUNCH 1 - James a hall//PABLO LENNIS - I forget what numbers) John Thiel//PIT ROT 1 - Steve George//PRIMAL SCREAM - Larry Rehse//RAINY DAY THREE SHOT - Brian Earl Brown & Denice Hudspeth//ROTHNIUM 4,5 - David Hull//SELDON'S PLAN 39,40 - Cy Chauvin//SO IT GOES 15 - Tim Marion//SWAMP GAS JOURNAL 1 - Chris Rutkowski//TITLE 72 - Donn Brazier//WHAT'S ALL THIS THEN - David M. Vereschagin//WHOLE FANZINE CATALOG, THE 1,2 - Brian Earl Brown//WILD FENNEL 14,15 - Pauline Palmer//WINDING NUMBERS 5.5,6 - Randy Reichardt//ZOSMA 5,6,7,8,9,10 - Steve George.

CoA's:

Robert Runte, - 10957 - 88th Ave., Edmonton Alta, T6G 0Y9
 Christine Kulyk - #201 - 10650 - 103 St., Edmonton, Alta., T5H 2V5
 Dave Vereschagin - well he doesn't get around much anymore.
 T. S. Bradshaw - well he doesn't get around much anymore.

What The World Needs Now
Interview with Garth Danielson, part II
(In which Doris gets her oats.)

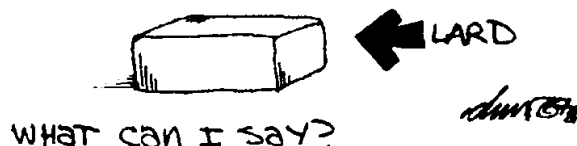
By James A. Hall

james: We're obviously writing this as an update, so tell me Garth, What's new?
Garth: What's new? Not much. I'm getting married, and spent a very strange but fascinating summer and fall.
james: Remind me to ask you about tits. Mike Hall wanted me to ask you.
Garth: Ask me what?
james: Ask you if you put cats up your nose if you have mice.
Garth: Not me. Only my trusty finger and a piece of cheese.
james: Yeah. it has been a strange summer and fall, not to mention the strange start of winter.
Garth: Winter? Hey, where did all the snow come from?
james: It happened while we were in Minneapolis.
Garth: Oh. I remember now. Driving back through the Red River valley with all the snow and John Wayne.
james: Speaking of moving, what are your current plans?
Garth: I will move down in a couple of weeks, and get married on December 22, 1978. I'll be loading my car with printing equipment, and still publish BOOWATT, so you can't get off that easy.
james: I think that this interview is silly. Besides, I'm not trying to get off that easy, I'm trying to have fun.
Garth: I thought that was my line... besides, you seem to try too hard.
james: What do you mean, I try too hard. I only want everything.
Garth: All the time.
james: No, not all the time, I actually want everything I can get, but really easily.
Garth: Sounds like a good deal to me. Where do I join up?
james: Well, give me \$10. I'm not selfish.
Garth: You're not a shell fish? Sounds fishy to me.
james: I can't tune a piano, and, besides, this is a month with an r in it, so I'm seasonal.
Garth: Seasonal compared to what? A halibut?
james: You'll be punished for that. Are we still dreaming?
Garth: I don't know about you, my scaley friend from another world, but I still am.



james: Well, it all began about 27 years ago...
Garth: But I'm not 27. I'm 25, or will be by the time people read this thing.
james: People are going to read this thing?
Garth: Well, I can't tell the truth because Mike Hall will get upset. He actually thinks people are reading nowadays, and that they will read his fanzine.
james: Well, what can I say... that'll be ten cents please.
Garth: (Almost inaudible) You're collecting off yourself`

WHAT MAKES WINNIPEG DECADENT PART 4: LARD.



MSH continued from p. 28.

I don't want that to sound like the whole thing's her fault, it isn't. The break-up was inevitable, 'cause a good thing doesn't last forever. (That's one thing I have found out so far in life.) It was inevitable that we would grow apart, find other intrests, but I'm a little disheartnened.

Winnipeg fandom is not dead, yet, as james is still here, but his ammount of fanac goes up and down a lot. I hope he will be able to keep it up without the rest of us here tp bug him. Even while I am living in Edmonton, I will remain a member of Decadent Winnipeg Fandon, in spirit if I can't in body. Long live DWF!

On a happier subject, I've mentioned on p. 28, and the contents page that I'm moving to Edmonton. This should not be a surprise to anyone that has read this far considering all the talking I've done about it. Anyone I've talked to at cons this summer has also probably received an earful from me on this subject. Frankly, I've been hedging on this for quite a while. There are several reasons. 1) I will be moving away from my parents (out of the city) and many friends I've made in the 8 years I have lived here, and 2) I don't have very much money, and the whole move will be made on a shoestring budgetand so forth, but when I add up the reasons for going, they outweigh the negative. I will be moving in with 3 other fen, Diane Walton, Georges Giguere, and Rosanne Charest. I'm really looking forward to it. I'll be leaving Winnipeg on January 3 or thereabouts, and we'll see how it goes from there. Yes, I am sad I am leaving Winnipeg, but I think everything will turn out for the better in the end. I think.

Apologies time: first on my list is to apologise for the lateness of thisish. but I won't. SCHMAGG's schedule is irregular, and it will stay that way. Dammit, it's my fanzine, so I'll do with it what I please. I had intended to have this issue out earlier, but that's the breaks. I do however want to apologise to the artists appearing herin for holding on to their stuff so long. I have more, unlike the first issue, where I used up just about everything I had on hand, and I will

be printing it. I also want to apologise to both artists and reader alike, for the printing quality on some pages. I swear, after the third stencil that screwed up and tried to make itself into ½cm pleats, I was ready to throw my Gestetner out the window. Arrrrrrrgghhh! For inanimate things, machines can be very vexing at times.

Cover, SCHMAGG logo, p.1, illo p. 14. p.5 and back cover printed by Videoprint. Insert facing p. 18 printed by Codville. P.24, and blue on p. 38 by Garth Danielson. All other printing by my Gestetner 360. Typewriters: Underwood Scriptor, and various selectric I's & II's belonging to the Medical Library. Slip-sheeting, and de-slip-sheeting help by Stu Gilson, Bob, Stimpson, Jason Pascoe, James Hall, Garth Danielson, Mike Nichols (see, I mentioned your name again!) Steve George and me, With Ike getting in the way all the time. Collation by ? Electrostencils by Victoria Wayne and Garth Danielson. Last stencil typed December 03, 1978. Thanks everybody.

A*R*T C*R*E* *I*T*S

David M. Vereschagin: p.1, (SCHMAGG logo) 2,12,21,24,27,32,39,Back Cover.

Ed Ackerman: Envelope, 15,23,37,38.

Jay Kinney: p.3,19,34.

Stu Gilson: p.8,14,35.

John Durno: p.7,10.

Craig Skonberg: p.20,28.

Hank Heath: p.16,40.

Grant Canfield: p.26,33.

Roldo: Cover.

Jessica Amanda Salmonson: p.4.

Barry Kent MacKay: p.17

Edward Collins: p.22.

William Rotsler: p.30.

Michael Hall: p.1 (contents logo)

* *

Support Minneapolis in '73,
Tillamook in '81, Winnipeg in '94,
Edmonton in '02.

* *

I have this nagging feeling that
I've forgotten something. Hmmm.
oh well



more HORRIBLE THAN "THE EXORCIST"
more SPECTACULAR THAN "STAR WARS"

THE FEMMEFEN THAT ATE WINNIPEG

SEE: THE END OF DECADENCE IN WINNIPEG!

SEE: THE END OF WINNIPEG!

STARRING

RICHARD DREYFUSS as RANDY REICHARDT
MARTY FELDMAN as JAMES A. HALL
MARK HAMILL as STUART GILSON
ROBERT REDFORD as MICHAEL HALL
and
MARILYN CHAMBERS as M-K,
THE FEMMEFEN LEADER

— / —
DIRECTED BY STANLEY KUBRICK, PRO-
DUCED BY DINO DE LAURENTIIS, MUSIC
BY K.C. & THE SUNSHINE BAND, SCREEN-
PLAY BY GEORGE PAL FROM THE
NOVEL BY SAMUEL R. DELANY. IN
GALACTICOLOR, SOUND BY SCHIFF.



SCHMAGG

V.2 #1

You received this because:

- You are a fan of Winnipeg fandom.
- We trade.
- Would you like to trade?
- You might send some art.
- I dunno.
- Eet ees an event sociological.
- You locced, pocced, socked and/or knocked.
- Drugs?
- You are mentioned.

This is copy number 2 in a run of approximatily 240.

