



The Zero-G Lavatory

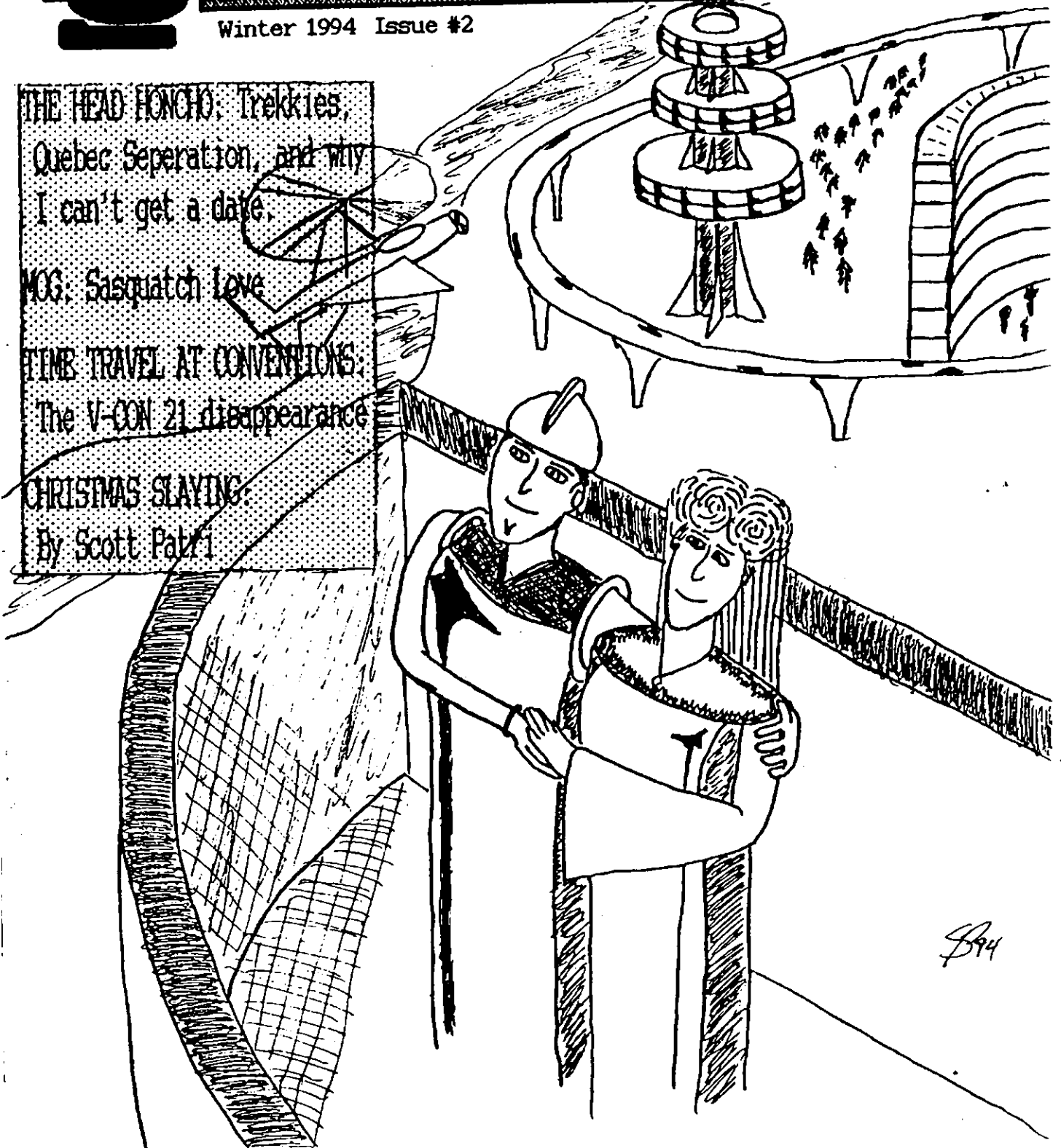
Winter 1994 Issue #2

THE HEAD HONCHO: Trekkies,
Quebec Separation, and why
I can't get a date.

MCG: Sasquatch Love

TIME TRAVEL AT CONVENTIONS:
The V-CON 21 disappearance

CHRISTMAS SLAYING
By Scott Patri





The Zero-G Lavatory

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Scott Patri

FRONT COVER:

Scott Patri

Contributors:

Brad Foster-Fillos

Mog Sasquatch

DESIGN AND LAYOUT

R2D2 and C-3PO

(The bastards are
opensive!)

COVER: Whatever happened to those days where we dreamed of a future such as this? Not the fantastic towers that defied present engineering science or the aeronautically impossible aircraft, but that hopeful outlook we had of our future, instead of the dark, depressing view we have now. We grew up, and our outlook matured, but we lost our innocence somewhere along the way.

In This Issue..



1. THE HEAD HONCHO
Editorial



5. MAIL CALL
Letters and/or Comments



18. The Storyteller--Fannfiction
Time Travel at Conventions
-Scott Patri



25. MOG'S CORNER
News, views, reviews
-Mog Sasquatch



33. Odd's N End's
What zines I got in the mail

FICTION

26. It was the Night...
Short story
-Scott Patri

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THE HEAD HONCHO



I have a love/hate relationship with Star Trek. I like the shows, particularly the ones from the original series, but I hate the people who think it's the end-all be-all of existence.

The Trekkies, or "space cadets", for lack of a better derogatory description, turned this Si-Fi saga, which is a pleasure and sometimes a joy to watch, into a cesspool of hyped-up mindless pap and merchandised dreams.

Mind you, there are those who concentrate on the storytelling and technical aspects of the shows, and generally critique them fairly, but the majority concentrate on the fringe aspects, and if asked about the social relevance of ANY episode, will either answer with a blank stare or a remark about which character got laid in it.

Here's a test of how to detect a space cadet: hold a shiny metallic ball with lots of blinking lights under the pug of a suspect, and if he/she zones out, begins to drool, or asks how much is it, you can be pretty sure you discovered one. Beating the crap out of this person after detection is a choice of personal preference. I like giving them a Vulcan Wedgy of Death.

The point I'm trying to make is that Fandom was a wondrous place with little deadwood before Star Trek. After the show became a cult

"I am amazed at that strange creature that lives in my mind, who digests the world I see, hear and experience and spews forth it's peculiar perspectives and comments on it which I call ideas. I am amazed...and sometimes scared of it."

--Scott Patri

classic. Fandom was swamped with hoards of space cadets, and the wonder of Fandom started to deteriorate with these foam latex pointed ear wearing invaders.

That was many years ago. Now they're covered in expensive prosthetic make-up and wear phenomenal costumes, but have as much intelligence as a potato. Give them a book, and while they might look at the cover, they'll probably use it as a drink coaster or to prop up a wiggling table. Andy Hooper said it best:

"Literacy is no longer any prerequisite for entering Fandom, let alone any aspiration towards writing."

--SPLF 3 (fall 1993)

I like to add to it: imagination, while necessary, may not need to be applied in any worthwhile manner either. Garth Spencer (of SPLF) complains that the fans of this age have no sense of history of Fandom, nor do they want learn it or pass it on. I would put this blame squarely on the shoulders of the Generation X Space Cadets. Fandom feeds and thrives on what the fen introduce into it, and all Generation X has is a bad image; why should they care about keeping a sense of history alive when the amount of history they contribute is minor and of the negative type.

I know it's next to impossible to unite fen towards a common goal, the reason being that there hasn't been a


goal worth uniting for.

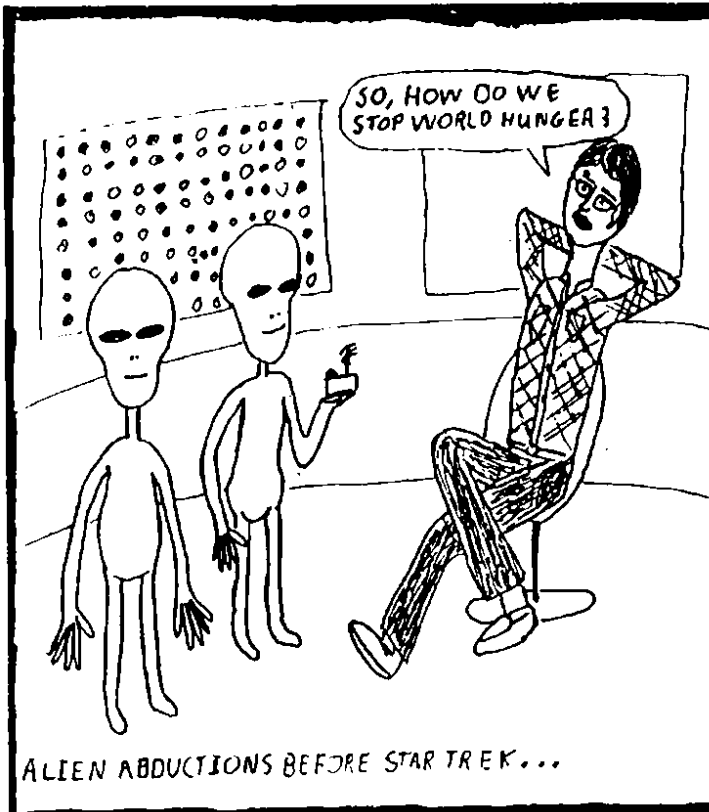
I have a goal: to put Fandom back on track. First order of business is to round up the remaining troops and begin recruiting. The X-Fen (I have the term!) are not completely devoid of literate, intelligent subjects, and using the shiny-ball-with-blinking-lights-method, it shouldn't be too hard to start harvesting potential productive members for Fandom. A mandatory reading list (The Enchanted Duplicator, or anything else by Walt Willis) should be enforced. With suitable ranks of fodder Neofen, we can begin to cut down the numbers of X-Fen to an acceptable level (keeping on the ones who like to host room parties). Then, we'll start a propagan-da war, instilling the idea of what a True Fan is, while trashing the image of the X-Fen. Next, we'll go after the television networks and force them to run proper Science Fiction shows with

innovative storylines, credible actors, and with a realistic grasp of the limits of science and get rid of the flashy crap they usually pump out. Then it's on to the publishers, where we'll make them print GREAT science fiction and fantasy, and not an endless stream of fad novels. The governments are next, and then, when they least expect it...

WE'LL TAKE OVER THE WORLD!!!

Yeah, I know...We can't even run a proper convention anymore.

 Another day, another threat of separation from Quebec. I can't understand the mentality of the French-speaking portion of this country. They want to be independent, but they also want all the benefits of being part of Canada. Talk about a sub-culture that has it's collective head up it's ass. Well, the politicians definitely have their heads up their ass, and as for the rest of Quebec...



I blame it on our Federal Government for not taking a firm stand of Quebec independence. Be for or against it; at least make a fucking decision. The only one who *has* made a stand is Joe Clark...


My view: we Canadians are made up of a multitude of cultures, and in the differences between each culture lies our strength. We are not one people, we are all people. We should not be condemned for our differences, but be appreciated for them. What we can offer to other cultures is our greatest gift, and what other cultures offer us is our greatest reward. This is what makes us Canadians!


This is a valid description, and a worthwhile one. If someone living here

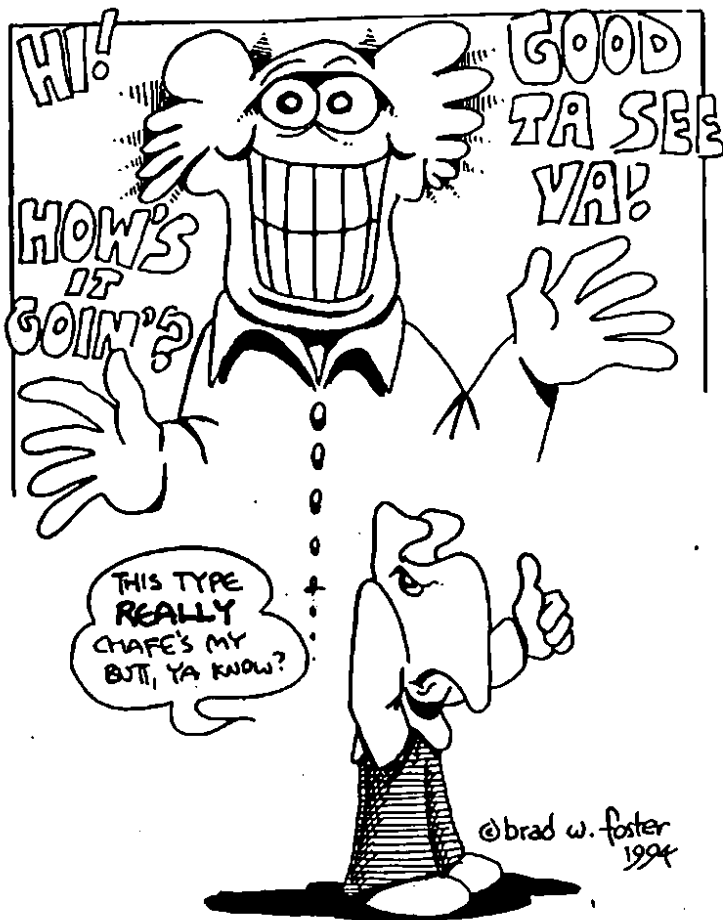
doesn't like this ideal, they can just bloody well leave. No one is forcing them to stay, for being in this country is a matter of choice. Of course, by "leaving", I mean to move to another country, not creating one of your own. If Quebec decides to separate, then they'll have to find some other country that will take them, because they're not going to take a chunk of my country with them.

They don't own it; in fact, if they try to go their own way, I would like to see the Federal Government dissolve the Province of Quebec, scrap all legislation that gives special rights and privileges to francophones, and give the land back to the Natives!

I think they have a score or two to settle with the French, especially about a golf course.

 Roscoe has been bugging me to find out who the Fen are out there. He's been out of circulation for about forty years, and is kind'a out-of-date with the Who's Who of Fandom. A bio of who you are, what you've done, and where you plan on going would suffice (and prove you are a True Fan by getting off your butt to put your fannish history down on paper and sending it to me. An X-Fan just sits around and takes up oxygen). Keep it informative and factual, for the unwritten laws of Fandom (will someone ever write them down?) say that you can only falsify the life of Robert Runté...whoever he is.

 I had always wondered if I was missing out on something important in life. After this Halloween, I was abruptly informed of what it was: women! I was asked why I wasn't involved with someone.



and I answered that I hadn't found my perfect woman. I was then asked what I defined as "perfect".

This set me back. With most of the women on the west coast being "vacuum heads" (I think it's either something in the water, the air, or the proximity to the ocean. I know there is a study being done on it somewhere.) I never given them much attention, unless they wear the minimal amount of clothing allowed by the law. Most of the females (that I know) around here don't have a clue about what happens when entering a relationship, and when they do, they usually wind up pregnant. The term "planned pregnancy" on the west coast means, "A way to force you boyfriend into marrying you." Of course, these boyfriends usually dump them or are as dumb as a stick...

When I did think about it, I found I did have a particular species of female in mind. She had to be literate; if she reads romance novels, at least she reads. She has to have intelligence; at least smart be enough to know what life was about and to plan ahead. Open-mindedness and a sense of humour are definite requirements, since it takes an open mind and a sense of humour just to associate with me. Artistic appreciation is a must, for then she can see the wondrous things most people miss or just plainly ignore. (It really pisses me off when I look at a painting or sculpture and experience a variety of expression from it, and have someone next to me say, "Boy, that looks stupid!") Her personality can be anything except the manipulative, mind-game playing, chainsaw psycho type. I really wouldn't care much about her appearance, for any woman can look drop-dead

gorgeous with a little effort, and women that are hung up with their looks turn me off. Besides, beauty is in the eye of the beholder.

The only problem with this "perfect woman" is that she would have enough sense *not* to go out with me in the first place!



Well, that's enough excrement for awhile. Remember, these are the opinions of just one man, and if you agree, disagree, or don't give a flying you-know-what about them, that's your choice. I could have been nice and written a flowers-and-cute puppies editorial, but that's not me. I stand by what I write and will go down with it if nessasary. There's a lot in this world I don't like, and the only way I find that I can try to change it is to announce it. Of course I make a lot of enemies this way, but that's life.


Besides, I make more friends by speaking my mind than staying silent.



MAIL CALL

THE ZERO-G
LAVATORY
C/o Scott Patri
Box 1196
Cumberland BC
V0R 1S0 CANADA



 10/14/94: Piers Anthony,
somewhere in the wilds of
Florida.

The ZGL is a nicely set up package. Ultimately, of course, content and contacts will count, but this is a good start. I still think you did right with respect to the censorship, and you always were right that political correctness is a form of censorship. Your savvy and language use has improved. And the point of your story, which will bypass some readers, is valid. I have had such letters, and they do lend meaning to a career that is in other respects mostly about success and money and personal fulfilment. Your story could have been inspired by Letters to Jenny.

Now here's a man who can dole out the egoboo.


Ego stroking aside, the content will steadily improve as time goes by, in the theory that the more I do this, the better I'll be at it. With regards to contacts, just over two weeks from mailing them out, I started receiving letters. Yahoo!

Of course political correctness is

censorship. Now, if other people will start getting the idea...

With Impish Wish, well...It could have been inspired by Letters to Jenny, except I never read that particular title of yours, for the reason of not being able to find it at any local bookstore. I may have picked the idea up from your Author's Notes, but I wrote this story years ago and forgot where I got the ideas for it.

For the information of everyone else, this IS from Piers Anthony the Pro Writer!

 10/13/94: Brad Foster, POB 165246,
Irving, TX 75016 USA

Hey, thanks for sending me a copy of your very first issue of the ZGL. I don't know how I got on your mailing list, but I appreciate it--I love getting zines!

I picked this up at the post office, and on the drive home, my wife Cindy was looking through the mail, and started to quote extensively from your opening editorial. She's been involved more with the "local fan club" idea than I have in the past (in other cities, I hasten to add, so as not to offend anyone where we now live into thinking we are referring to them!), and the stuff about CLUB POLITICS had her shaking her head in agreement with you over the idiocy of it all.

However, if there is a glimmer of good from it all, you got to try your hand at the fanzine stuff, found you liked it, dropped the rest of the baggage, and have now moved on to what you want. Go for it!

(I'm still amazed how the phrase "Bite Me" could cause such trouble.

Often, when it comes to politics and such like this, the folks might have lots of other reasons for being pains in the butt, and will suddenly zero in on one seemingly insignificant item to explode over.)

You meant here and there about wanting an artist, so I assume you might be hard up for cold submission of fillos. However, I also have to admit to being a bit wary of how my art will be treated, since it looks like every single line in this zine, text or art, went through a computer "zig-zag" scan. That's fine if the work was created on the computer, but having just received (last week in fact) a fanzine where they scanned my line art that ended up printed in that bizarre jagged-line, I'm now worried you might be planning the same, rather than pasting in the art after setting the type to reproduce it as drawn. So, it's kind of a test for both of us--am I sending you something you want to run? And are you going to print it the way I'd like to see it? Cool--now we both have lots of reasons to look forward to the next issue!

Of course, if you don't like these submissions, that's okay. Let me know what you do want. I love getting zines, and artwork is my only currency of exchange, since I don't do very many printable locs, as you'll notice!

Blame or praise Garth, he sent me the mailing list!

I'd like to hear what Cindy said, since I am collecting horror stories about Fandom. If one does not learn from the past, one is doomed to repeat it.

Some might disagree about being hooked by fanpubbing as "good", though I'm not one of them...yet.

People don't need reasons to be pains in the butt, they need reasons to express it.

My view on submissions is: if I treat your gold as brass, you won't send me any more gold. I might cheat where I can with my own stuff, but not with anyone else's. You made a good point about scanned images--they don't capture the flow of the lines as they should. (This is conjecture, since I don't have a scanner. Anybody want to send me one?) This may be a message to other fanpubbers out there. I might have to reduce the image a bit with a photocopier (since your artwork was just too wide for my column format) but that's as far as I dare go.

Actually, the whole zine was done on computer with WordPerfect 5.1, that is, concerning column layout and graphics, and printed on a Star NX-1001 (I would kill for a laser printer). This issue shows off the tricks I learned to do with it, and my attempts at free-hand art (please be gentle).

As for submissions themselves, illustrations and cartoons should stay within the idea of this rag (science fiction, fantasy, and fandom, though as you said, I am hard up) and within the size of the pages or columns.

I actually like the artwork, and for the loc...well, there is a reason we're called editors.

I know. You like getting zines!



10\15\94: Author D. Hlavaty, 206 Valentine St., Yonkers, NY 10704-1814 USA

What did Mr. Spock find in the Enterprise toilet? The Captain's log.

And what did you find in the ZGL?

Thanks for the Derogatory Reference (the zine, not the loc) and the 21 three-cent stamps on the envelope. Is there some hidden reference there?



10/15/94: Chester D. Cuthbert,
1104 Mulvey ave., Winnipeg MB,
R3M 1J5 CANADA

A very good First Issue of the ZGL...

I agree with you about censorship. People get into more trouble from ignorance than from knowledge of the shady side of life; the wider your fund of knowledge, the better able you are to make wise decisions.

Your sending me a copy was likely suggested by Garth Spencer whose article on Fannish Jargon was enlightening, even to me.

I'm devoting most of this letter to comments on your story. First of all, and most important, you write well.

Like most fan fiction, your story does not grapple with an important theme; fantasy wishes are dreaming rather than engaging in resolving human conflict. Although amusing, too much persiflage becomes wearing on the readers patience.

I once wrote a science fiction story in "collaboration" with a literary agent whose only criticism of my writing was to tell me to be more concise: "Cut it down". He submitted the story to John W. Campbell, Jr. at ASTOUNDING, who wrote that I had the right ideas but should expand my 6000 words to 20,000. I never managed to do so, and never submitted the story elsewhere. I can only tell you not to take criticism seriously (even mine.)

You will succeed as a writer by writing. Keep at it. I was forced by circumstances to concentrate on other

activities than authorship, and have never regretted my decision. Writing is much work for minimal reward.

I should have taken lessons in the art of avoiding ambushes...

Garth actually sent me a "mess" of addresses, and after chucking the ones that were out-of-date, I more or less drew names out of a hat to get my mailing list. This is not meant to belittle my readership in any way, shape, or form.

I had to look up "persiflage". A very wise writer once said: "the God of writing is clarity, for while fancy words might give your writing a fancy look, the effect is lost when the reader needs to constantly refer to a dictionary to understand them...", or something like that.

My way of handling criticism and critics, aside from setting a pack of wild dogs on them, is to offer my own critique on said criticism. If you can punch a hole in someone's opinion, it usually deflates. Besides, critics are usually so thin-skinned that they can't handle being critiqued themselves. I also heard it's fun to make them cry.

You could have pursued a career in writing, but I got the feeling you gave up too easily. Maybe you should try it again, and if not...well, at least you're one less person I have to compete with.



10/15/94: Vicki Rosenzweig, 33
Indian Road, 6-R, New York, NY
10034 USA

Thanks for your zine. I can't help thinking that the title is going to hurt your cause, as much because of its length as because of the unsav-

our undertones, but in the end, it's the content of the zine that matters. I am curious as to where you found my name and address, however.

The club politics you ran into were nasty. I wonder, though, about the wisdom of making someone ComSec at his first meeting (and why you accepted the post). Is this some Canadian thing? Back in the 70's, a friend of mine, attending his first OSIFC meeting at the age of 15, was made chairman of the local con. Certainly, if you can afford it, doing a zine on your own has obvious advantages. At its best (see the current *Cube* for an example), a clubzine can allow the club to get news out while still giving the editor room to exercise her or his judgement in choosing reviews and articles, and it's the cheapest way to edit a fanzine, but there's definite pleasure in being able to print whatever you feel like and express your own personality rather than a group's.

Garth Spencer appears to be less providing a fannish glossary that using it as an excuse to state positions. As such, I'm going to argue with some of his points.

It's true that faneds don't usually require documentation of every point of a loc, but most will either not print, or point out errors in, those that have obvious flaws of logic. Maybe Garth has spent too much time reading FOSFAX (which seems to find controversy an end to itself, more so that valid argument.)

"Pro" and "GoH" have never been synonyms. A "pro" is a professional writer (or artist, editor, etc.). The fan guest of honour at a con is not a pro (unless, rarely, someone is both-- Hal Clement is an example, and was

once listed under different names as writer, fan, and artist GoH for a Pennsylvania relaxacon). And most of the pros at a large con are not guests of honour, though they are often given their memberships free. Also, note that "pro" means SF (or, these days, fantasy and horror) pro: a copyeditor for a computer magazine, or a writer of travel articles, is not a "pro" as far as fandom is concerned, and should not expect to be treated as such.

"Semiprozines" in Canada may be getting government funds; in the States, it's a term of art taken from the Hugo rules, defined by the zine's circulation and certain financial aspects, such as advertising policy. (The main purpose of this category is so that genuine amateur zines, going to 200 people, don't have to compete with *Locus* and *Science Fiction Chronicle*, which would otherwise win simply because so many more people see them...)

APAs are not becoming obsolete, much as some net people would like to believe that the net is making all forms of paper obsolete. I am currently the OE of one apa, and active in three others. Rather than the "automobile replacing horse-and-buggy" image that some people are offering, the situation seems much like that of radio after the introduction of television: certain activities may be moving to the net, but print fandom is alive and well, still keeping the post office busy, and some of us prefer paper even for our correspondence. And I cannot imagine the COA becoming obsolete this side of the situation depicted in *Shockwave Rider*, where everyone has one permanent number that is their identifier and address, and simply keeps the computer/tele-

phone/postal network informed of what physical and network locations match that number. Not any time soon, I think.

Can you really white-out on ditto masters? I wish I'd known, as it would have simplified things. When I was doing ditto [insert joke of your own choice--Honcho], corrections were made by scraping off the offending material, then taking a small piece of the part of the master that would produce the print from the margin, placing it under the appropriate point on the white sheet that would be used to run off the zine, and writing or typing the correction. It was often simpler to just cut small pieces out and have blanks in the resulting printed copies. What can I say? It was cheap.

"The *once-famous* Walt Willis?!" Walt is still famous, and deservedly so. While it's been a few years since an issue of Hyphen, he writes delightful locs, and was FGoH at Magicon two years ago.

"Femrefan" is indeed obsolete, but it does not and never has meant "female-oriented fanzine." Rather, it was a term for female fans. (There is no specific term for male fans; I guess the mostly male fandom of the time didn't feel the need for one.)

I would also argue that a perzine is not a "glorified Christmas letter," the distinction being that the Christmas letter is "here's what I've been up to for the past year," while the perzine is "here's what I've been thinking about." Not only do they go to different audiences (few faneds would send their perzine to their Aunt Sue), it is possible to read someone's perzine and enjoy it without having known them previously, and without

learning whether or where they are employed, their marital status, or any of the other mundane facts that would be apparent as a matter of course from a Christmas letter. Most perzines do not have pretensions to genzinehood; some of us, in fact, have deliberately chosen *not* to do genzines, for reasons of time, budget, or inclination.

"Sercon" does stand for serious and constructive. Originally a pejorative term for those who insisted on discussing science fiction at length (often boring people who wanted to discuss other things, taking our common fannish background as readers of SF for granted or using it as the basis for the occasional joke), it has become a value-neutral term for serious discussions of SF. Sort of the inverse of fannish. (It's also a quasi-euphemism for "stoned" in certain circles; if you hear one fan say to another "do you want to go and get sercon?" this is almost certainly not an invitation to an in-depth analysis of Gene Wolfe's prose style.)

I like your story about the guy who is offered a wish and doesn't want to change his life, but surely there's *something* in the world he could improve. In such a place, if I didn't want something for myself, I might wish for a cure for AIDS or Alzheimer's, or that there would be no fatal earthquakes for the next year; if I were a writer of fiction, it might me that I would never suffer from writer's block.

You can blame Garth for both the title and being on my mailing list. Actually, the title came about when I wrote Garth about fandom going down the tubes, he responded it wasn't, and

I retracted my statement and instead stated it was in the toilet waiting to be flushed...and that's where I came up with the idea for the ZGL (the solution to it's length). Just be thankful I didn't use any of the sick and tasteless titles I was toying around with!

You want unsavory undertones? Read my editorial.

I walked into the annual meeting the club was having, the president offered me the job of ComSec, the members voted, and I got it. I might have crossed over into a parallel dimension, but from what you've written, this sort of stuff happens all the time.

I think Garth would be better at answering your...points?...since I don't want to get caught up in a crossfire dispute when I don't have enough knowledge of these things to form an opinion. (I don't think I even seen a ditto machine.) But with the "femmefan", that was my mistake. In editing, I accidentally deleted the portion of the definition that said femmefan was a female fan. Sorry, sorry, sorry...

The last time I was "sercon", I nearly got part of my favourite anatomical appendage cut off.

About the story...there is a reason for everything, good or bad. Mankind has it's finest moments when it overcomes unsurmountable obstacles, and if the obstacles were just wished away, where would the challenge of life be? A page out of my own life: I am afflicted with a form of LDS(I can get an idea straight in my head, but have trouble expressing it, especially verbally), which I had to identify and overcome on my own, and writing was my way of doing it. If something just took this problem away...here's a re-

ally bad analogy. It would be like someone stealing the mounted head of the first four-point buck you shot off your wall. My overcoming my problem is my trophy on my wall, for I was the one that shot it. Pride of accomplishment, but valuable because of the effort involved. It would be nice to wish away the problems of the world, but there wouldn't be any challenge of living in a world such as this. Death, disease, and incapacitation serve a purpose: to point out the value of life. It doesn't mean we have to like it; we're not supposed to, and we do learn from it, which is really the point of life, for with this knowledge we can change the world and place the trophies we bagged on our collective mantelpiece. Besides, if you arbitrarily change one aspect in this world, you inadvertently change others, and sometimes you just make the situation worse.

Oh, a comment about that idea of everyone having a personal identification number. It would be nice if somehow we fen could keep track of each other if we had one person to send out COAs to, which in turn would give them out to those that request them. The only problem with this is: what if the person with the addresses moves?



10/17/94: Zug, South Central, KT.

Mog

Me name Zug and me also sasquatch. Me read your column. Me think see robot-looking people who no think. Maybe we start big Ho-Ha over that.

You get lucky with plane. Me have to creep around, steal remainders from book dumpsters. But me real

picky. Me ignore fantasy. Only read science fiction. Never touch Lovecraft, Dunsany, Tolkien or any other of those other weird books with talking trees. Not want to talk to trees or no big fish. Me think you not know where it at. Me not what anything else to do with you.

I'll have to answer for Mog, since he has this real sappy smile on his face ever since he got your letter, and well...he better get his column in on time!

I don't think that reading a book with talking trees or big fish will mean trees and big fish will start talking to you. Talking to trees and aquatic mammals is a matter of personal preference. (Where the hell did the talking tree reference come from?)

Reading is personal preference too. So you don't like fantasy; or have you read any of it? I was mostly focused on SF until I picked up a copy of A Spell for Chameleon by Piers Anthony (plug!), the first of the Xanth series. I got into his stuff heavily (both fantasy and SF), then started expanding into other fantasy titles...

By the way, I just got a copy of The Hobbit. This is something I wanted to read in grade 4, but the teacher thought it would be too difficult for me, even though I got through the first two chapters without a problem. I read it, loved it, passed it on to Mog, and he loved it too, since that was the only Tolkien book that wasn't on the plane that crashed. I try not to look down on people who read certain literature, but I don't pass judgement on something I haven't read. Only professional literary critics do that.



10/20/94: ...
247 19th Ave #6, San Francisco, CA
94121-2353 USA

Thank you very much for mailing us a copy of the ZGL. John and I have gafiated for a while, so it's terrific for both of us whenever we find a fanzine in the mail.

First and most obvious: Love the name. Let me guess. Garth Spencer's article about fannish jargon is in the Lavatory. Yes, you're right, it lends its name to interesting visions indeed. Additionally, I enjoy the simple straightforward way you say things. That sounds corny, but there are some fanzines I have seen that are so laden with bad sentence structure and poor spelling, it's almost impossible to enjoy what's being said, because the delivery is so sloppy it's distracting.

A few pointers if I may...No spell checking program in the world will catch the difference between the uses of "its" and "it's", because neither of them is spelled wrong—it's simply a matter of usage, which is subjective, and unable to be determined by a computing program. A good rule of thumb is to remember that "it's" is *only* used in place of "it is". Otherwise, even as a possessive, the correct spelling is "its". If you are writing about a person, and using a proper name, an apostrophe is appropriate.

I liked the unusual size of the pub-what PageMaker refers to as a 'legalhalf'—it stands out among the full sizes and digests. Keep the unique size for as long as you possible can.

Don't be afraid of large margins. White space Is Your Friend. I think the text-heavy pages would be a little easier on the eyes if you increase the margins to at least one-half inch.

Keep the 'ragged right' margins, for they are easy on the eyes when you are pressed for space.

Oh, just noticed one more thing. Odd pages are always on the right, and the cover almost always counts as page one.

Loved the story about the Imp! If I had one wish? Hmmmm. I'll have to think about that. Probably to have an apartment that dusts itself.

Overall, the issue was a fun read, and I look forward to your next one. Please peruse the copy of SQUEE! enclosed with this letter, and if you feel like writing back with comments, great. I'd love to hear back from you.

Thanks again for the zine!

I'm going to start drowning in all this egoboo.

Why is everyone picking on Garth? With regards to the 'state' of the ZGL, I try to put out the best zine I can, and that means producing the highest quality of writing to put into it. I have dreams of making a living as a writer, and publishers won't buy crap. Pointers like the its-it's usage are greatly appreciated.

The size of the zine is the result of the left-over photocopy paper I had bought when I was doing The Wyvern's Tale (that was the name of the clubzine, and piss on anyone who want's to sue me for mentioning it.) I had bought a case of legal-size on sale, and a month later the "incident" happened. Normally, photocopies on legal are more expensive than letter-size, but I can usually swing a deal if I say I have my own paper.

Actually, I am afraid of large margins. White space is NOT my friend, since I have to pay for it, and with the printer I have, and the size of

text I can use...It's a tenacious balance between the readability of the zine and how much I cram into each page.

*Find me the book that say **COVERS ARE ALWAYS PAGE 1** and I'll start doing it that way.*

You want an apartment that dusts itself? Install a small tornado in it.

I would love to comment on SQUEE, except I don't have the space. I would suggest to everyone else to write you for a copy, for it is an excellent, informative, and humorous sercon/personal zine.



10/25/94: John McLaughlin, 247
19th Ave #6, San Francisco, CA
94121-2353 USA

Thanks for sending me the copy of ZGL #1. It was a good read.

Sorry to see in your editorial that you had to put up with so many "fans from hell" during your basic exposure to fandom. Glad you didn't gafiate. I think you'll find fanzines and fanzine fandom a more enjoyable experience.

Nice concept: a Sasquatch learning English from *Hooked On Phonics*--but wouldn't that make for an easier time with the syntax? At any rate, Mog was fun.

Brin and I are experiencing a simultaneous increase in our interest in Fanzines. Due, I think to our exposure to two local fanzine fans: David Bratman (who did the fanzine room for **Westercon 40** and **BayCon '94**), and Bill Donaho (who's return-from-gafia fanzine, **HABBAKUK**, got Brin so fired-up she turned our one-page newsletter into an eight-page fanzine.)

If you haven't seen a copy of **HABBAKUK**, by all means send Bill a copy of ZGL in trade. The last three

issues have been full of great stuff about SF fandom in the fifties and sixties. You can reach Bill at: 626 58th St., Oakland, CA 94609.

Regarding the technical stuff...The typeface you used for the majority of your text was easy to read, although I suggest you stick with a two-column format throughout. That way you won't have to break your features up and spread them out so much.

All in all, it's a great firstish, and better than many I've seen. Hope we'll see a second, and subsequent issues.

Gafication was the least of my problems; I was too busy worrying about the wear on my teeth from all the gnashing I did. Fanzine Fandom is great, because of all the support I'm receiving without worrying about being cut off at the knees.

It's not a concept of a sasquatch learning English with Hooked On Phonics, it's the truth, at least that's what Mog said. Reading is one thing, he's still working on the writing end.

The Wyvern's Tale used to be a a quarterly one-sheet newsletter when I got a hold of it, whereas I turned it into a two-sheet monthly fanzine, then into a three sheet, four...and then I got cut off at the knees.

I did send Bill a copy of the ZGL. I'm just waiting patiently for him to respond. I'm waiting for a lot of people to respond, just so I can know that they're alive and receiving my rag.

With the breaking-up of the feature columns, it was a question of the feature layout and what to do with blank space. I'm correcting it with Fillos, wingdings and whatnots.



10/25/94: Carolyn Ibis, 1509
Edmonton St., Prince George, BC.
V2M 1X5 CANADA

Thank you for the ZGL. I enjoyed it very much.

I am enclosing a zine from the USS ENDEAVOUR. I would like to let you know that I have quit the club. I am hoping to maybe make up my own zine, maybe on real convention stories. The club has had its problems with getting zines out. I enjoyed being the Secretary in the club, and being chairperson of Spruce Con '93. But our club has been hardly doing anything for the last while. Everyone is too busy. Oh well.

Since I can't run any cons for awhile, maybe creating a small personalzine will keep me motivated.

I am testing ideas now, but I probably will not be serious about it until I finish an Administrative Assistant program at our local college.

When I get a real job, I will send you some money for your zines. When I get a zine going, I will be sure to send you copies.

"Creating" a zine is not as easy as it looks. Well, it is easy, but publishing it is something else.

The five elements needed for a zine is a mailing list, a concept, a title, a method of printing it, and MONEY! I was making noises to Garth and others about putting out a zine, but had few people to send it to (aside from putting it in local stores), the vaguest idea for a concept, and was creating and rejecting a stream of titles for it. It was when Garth sent me some fannfiction that I started formulating the concept for it (something between a literary publication and a running

joke). A copy of "his" mailing list gave me some idea of who to send it out to, and some correspondence between us gave birth to it's name, and all the elements basically fell together.

I can expect joke's at Garth's expense from this.

Motavation? Well, as myself, Garth, and others could probably tell you, your interest in fandom should be sufficient motivation. Doing a zine with the "evaporated" support of a club requires something more that motivation, like a lobotomy. Doing a zine on your own means "on your own", and that means taking what you have at hand and proceeding from there. The writing, artwork, and everything else that goes into a zine is usually done by one person, and the expense comes out of that person's pocket. I'm fortunate to have a sasquatch contributing regularly, and gratuitous enough to anyone else who sends in an article or fillo, but the majority of this rag is done by me. Writing is my first love, so I have no problem with doing it, and I'm actually surprising myself with my attemps at artwork going beyond stick-figures.

Helping covering my expenses is a nice gesture, but with most zines, you can usually receive it by sending the person your own publication, an article or two, some artwork, or just locing on a regular basis. This is what's known as "the usual". My actual expense for "each" zine printed is something like \$0.88, and mailing adds on another \$0.88 (cnd) or \$1.13 (us). I could charge two bucks an issue and break even, but that wouldn't be the fandom thing to do.

Maybe in a couple of years I can get away with it.



24/10/94: Harry Warner Jr., 423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Maryland, 21740 U.S.A.

Many thanks for the first issue of the ZGL. I'm prejudiced immediately in favour of any fanzine that uses large-style typeface, but yours in pretty good even without that built-in advantage.

You're not the first fan to suffer interference in publication of a clubzine. One of the earliest large Canadian fanzines was entitled Censored, but the circumstances were quite different from yours. Fred Hurter had chosen Rocket as the title for his new fanzine. At the last minute, he learned that another fan had already published a fanzine with that title. So he superimposed the word CENSORED over the title on the cover and proceeded to publish additional issues named Censored from that time over the period from 1941 to 1951. You were probably right to resign as clubzine editor because there would undoubtedly have been additional fusses over things in the future issues that these interfering officers would have objected to.

Mog seems to have gained proficiency in English syntax as he went along in his article in this issue. He isn't nearly as clumsy in his sentence structure at the end as he was at the beginning. I wish I could agree with a sasquatch for the first time in my life about the book he reviews, but I lost interest in the series after the third or fourth volume and I have suffered from bigotry towards intelligent dolphins for a long time, ever since they had made their appearance in the 394th "science fiction" paperback over a three-year period. I felt that auth-

ors should choose something else to endow with brains occasionally.

Garth Spencer did a very good job defining fanspeak, for the most part. But I don't quite understand his list of terms that he thinks "are obsolete or becoming obsolete". Apas, for instance, seem to be as numerous as they've ever been and are constantly being blamed for drawing fans away from the publication of generally available fanzines. I don't know of any apa that doesn't still have a copy count, since without one there's no way for members to know how many copies of their apa publications they should submit (or how much money they should send to the official in charge, in the case of a few small apas where one member does all the duplicating for members). Fan funds aren't becoming extinct, and in fact I can't think of one that has gone out of business in recent years, while some new ones have sprung up in Europe.

A few corrections might be in order. Ghu was appearing in fanzines back in the 1930s and wasn't originated in the Piper stories that appeared decades later. Pocketsard is spelled incorrectly. I never heard of anyone getting a sticky quarter through the mails by simply taping it to a postcard; sqs were fastened with cellophane tape to letters enclosed in envelopes, in order not to put too severe a strain on the honesty of postal employees. The definition of semipro is misleading. Some of them are neither subsidized nor irregular in appearance, like SF Chronicle and Locus. The term is generally used for a periodical that sells advertising and earns some money for its producer but isn't to be found on most magazine racks and pays extremely low rates

for contributions.

Impish Wish is a whole lot better than most fiction published in fanzines. You obviously spent a lot of time and trouble organizing the dialogue so it would provide a thorough analysis of how many problems could turn up in one of those magical wish situations. I also thought the ending was ingenious and satisfying, certainly a welcome change from the usual lethal consequences for the human who engages in a deal with a power of evil.

However, I think there is one area that could be improved. Nothing is the physical sense occurs in the last two-thirds of the story, just conversation. The effect is something like watching a movie in which the same camera setup is kept up for ten minutes or so without switching to other cameras at different angles or alternating closeups of each of two actors. I think it would help if you hero and the imp moved out of that room into the outdoors or a friend's home... Yes, I know Asimov used to write conversational passages in his novels that were far longer than yours, but he was a Famous Pro and could break the rules of storytelling without getting much criticism for making his fiction too talky. I hope I haven't offended you; I wouldn't have made the suggestion if I didn't think this story could very possibly sell to some magazine or other with trifling changes to prevent much of it seeming like a transcript of a debate.

Unsurprisingly, microprint may save on printing costs due to the amount of written material that can be put on each page, but I find that it's hard on the eyes when reading it. I've received zines that are in microprint,

and my enjoyment of reading them is lost when I have to struggle to do so.

It wasn't the fuss that made me leave, it was the tactics used.

I have to "edit" Mog's articles, and since he hasn't learned to use a typewriter, he submits his articles in a scribble that passes for his handwriting (which is a lot more readable than most handwritten locs!). About the review itself...he doesn't write the books, he just reviews them.

I think the term "obsolete" could mean "in the next hundred years or so". Maybe the people in the APA's should send Garth the address of those in operation...

Of course "pocketsard" is spelled incorrectly...that's the joke.

I actually had car chases, alien warfare, and the revelation of who shot JFK in the story, but I axed them out because I thought they would detract from the point I was trying to make. (I think you've been watching television too much.) By the way, who says that unless you're a Pro Writer you can't break the rules of storytelling? The Imp isn't evil, just mischievous.

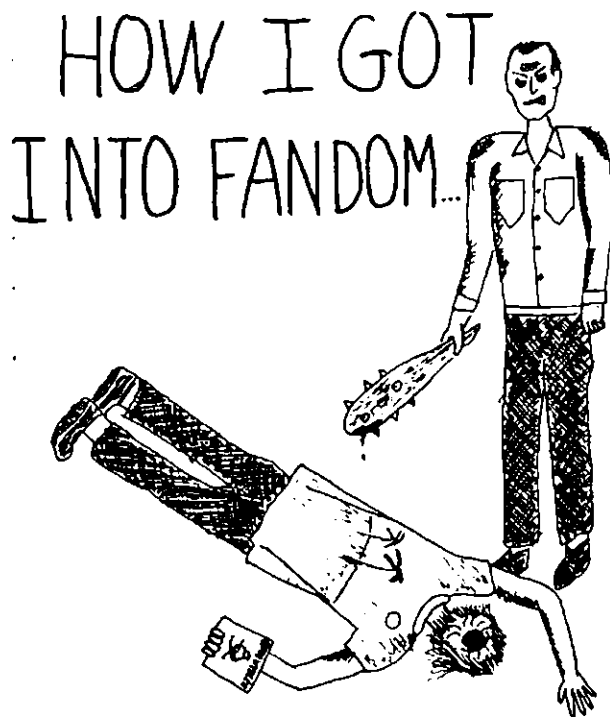
Constructive criticism doesn't offend me. Sending me back the zine after it has been used as T.P. would, and it is also a good way of getting shot.



26/11/94: Jenny Glover, 16 Aviary Place, Leeds, West Yorkshire, UK LS12 2NP

If you could manage it, I'd be most grateful if you could send me a copy of the ZGL please.

I am especially interested to see what you write about getting into fandom—which can be a traumatic ex-



FAN CLUB (BED)

perience—and any advice you may have for people new to fandom. Part of my remit(?) in arranging the fan programme for Intersection, the Worldcon next year in Glasgow, is to make sure that new fans are welcomed in a friendly atmosphere.

Conadian seems to have been a well run and efficient convention, certainly the post-con reports are very favourable. I've seen quite a few Canadian fanzines and they tend to be enthusiastic—I hope yours will be as interesting to read.

Looking forward to hearing from you.

I can manage it, but I'd like to know how you found out about me, since I didn't mail the ZGL to any ad-

dresses outside of North America, not to say I'm not pleased that word is getting around.

Do you want an article? Just ask.

I was unfortunate enough to miss Conadian, since it was half-way across the country, and I'm not crazy enough to hitchhike to it. (Actually, I am that crazy, I just didn't have enough money.) I heard it was a good con too, which raises my suspicions immediately. Chester Cuthbert sent me a report on Conadian, which he specified that he did not attend (!?!), but instead had people from the convention attend his home.

WorldCon 2000 at Chester's house!



29/10/94: David Thayer, 701 Regency Drive, Hurst TX, 76054 USA

Stu Shiffman draws Roscoe as a beaver. What's Ghu the ghod of? And Garth left Goo out altogether. Overall, his glossary was most entertaining.

Censorship can be amusing. Years ago I belonged to APA 69 and drew a nude male for my apazine. I drew a star in place on the traditional fig leaf and then placed star stickers on every copy. Virtually every member peeled off the star only to be disappointed at my Joke.

Roscoe is a Squirrel. I can confirm this because I am writing his true biography--which he is telling me of personally. I don't know who Stu is, but Roscoe is torqued at these false portrayals of his image, and will soon be doing something about it.

Contact Harry Warner about Ghu. There's more to the story that what he is the ghod of.

Who's Goo?

I'm disappointed at your joke too. Had you placed the face of some celebrity under the sticker, then it would have been funny.



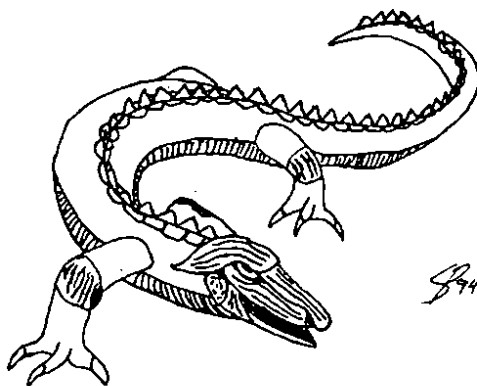
2/11/94: Leland Sapiro, Box 958, Big Sandy, TX 75755 USA

I'm enclosing a copy of the last Riverside Quarterly, which may be of interest to you--plus several copies of a zine that may be of interest to Mog [The Sasquatch Saskatchewanian]. I lived 6 years in Regina--so this is the origin of the Sasquatch mag.

You're probably aware that urination & defecation are both gravity induced functions, so without gravity there's apparently no urge felt to do either. This means that astronauts must learn their toilet-training habits all over again.

The "last" RQ? I hope you mean the "latest". Mog knows why there is minimal evidence of the existence of Sasquatches: "If you run around in forest for many years without shower, do you want picture taken of you?"

I though U&D were consumption induced functions. Maybe that's why they drink Tang...






The Storyteller

TIME TRAVEL AT CONVENTIONS
The disappearance of V-CON 21

By Scott Patri

 I was trudging up a path to a ramshackle farm on the outskirts of town, navigating through numerous obstacles, most of which were cow droppings. I was seeing Snake Eye about a matter of the greatest importance, one which would shake the foundations of Fandom, and might actually perk some interest from the rest of the world.

I had discovered Time Travel.

Actually, I didn't discover time travel, but I was there at the place and time where and when it was, or at least I thought I was. Actually...let me tell the story, then it will become clear.

I marched up to the back door and pounded on it. Then, after a few minutes of pounding on the door, I tried the doorbell. I stopped pounding on the doorbell when it broke, but I had finally invoked some attention from inside, for a few seconds later the door was flung violently open and I was staring down the business end of the barrel of a shotgun.

The person wielding the weapon was surprised to see me. "What the fuck do you want!" he shouted.

I jammed my finger into the barrel of the shotgun. "Easy Snake, it's just me." I said in a calm tone, hoping that if he did shoot, my finger would cause the shotgun to blow up in his face. I seen it work in cartoons.

Snake looked at me over the sights for a few seconds, but didn't relax.

"Who the hell are you?" he asked menacingly.

I was taken aback, but then remembered that this was Snake's standard greeting. "You don't owe me money," I said, responding with the correct code words.

"Oh, hi Scott," Snake said in greeting, and we spent the next few minutes removing my finger from the barrel of the shotgun. "You know that only works in cartoons," he said as I finally plucked my digit out.

I smiled shortly at him, and as I brushed by through the door I said, "You should get your doorbell fixed; I nearly electrocuted myself on it."

As Snake swore incoherently at the damage I did to the doorbell, I marvelled at his fine furnishings and decor that could be only be matched by a high-priced New York hotel. I couldn't understand why he disguised his mansion as a farmhouse, since the marble fountain in the center of his circular hedge-rimmed driveway out front kind of defeated the purpose.

"Christ! Take off your shoes! Why didn't you use the driveway instead of coming through the cow field!" Snake shouted.

I whirled on him, inadvertently grinding in the substance on the bottom of my shoes into the fine Persian rug I was standing on. Serves him right for having a rug like this on the floor instead of nailing it up on a wall like a normal person. "I didn't

want to be seen." I said icily.

"Who would see you?"

"The CSIS agents parked out front."

Snake walked passed me to a black velvet painting of dogs playing poker hanging on the wall. He depressed a hidden button and the painting slid aside, and a video screen and controls were revealed. He adjusted them, and the image appeared of two people in business suits seeming to rant about the flat tires of their car. "How do you know they're CSIS?" Snake asked suspiciously.

"Because I saw the R.C.M.P. letting the air out of their tires earlier," I said, kicking off my shoes, being careful not to be hit by what was being sprayed around the room from them.

Snake activated one of the controls, and the view shifted from the CSIS agents to a house down the road, where a sign proclaiming a Reform Party meeting suddenly popped out of the ground. The view shifted back to the CSIS agents, who had just spotted the sign and were pushing their car to a better place to perform surveillance on the occupants of the house.

Snake moved the painting back when he was sure he wasn't under observation for the time being and asked, "Alright. What is this all about?"

I pulled out a packet of photos and said, "I've got proof that V-CON 21 took place."

"You and that stupid theory of your's." Snake commented sarcastically. "The convention didn't take place because the bids folded and NOT because someone tried to alter time and the convention disappeared in a temporal vortex."

My "stupid theory" began when I

received a disk mailer from Garth Spencer--or agent Witherspoon-Li of the Fannish Underground--which contained numerous articles and histories of fandom, most notable of which was his "supposed" non-involvement of V-CON 21 and the "Secret Lives of Robert Runté" spoofs. Somehow, after reading these articles, latent memories were triggered in me about attending V-CON 21, even though I KNEW it never happened and I never went to it.

Of course, I wasn't about to let a well-known fact and the truth get in my way getting to the bottom of this mystery, since some of these memories I was recalling were of the disturbing type. I enlisted the talents of a hypno-therapist to help me clarify these memories of mine, and discovered, contrary to my previous knowledge, that the convention did take place, how it was erased from time, and how I was able to recall any of it in the first place.

I had a completely realistic and plausible theory of this incident, but without proof, I was considered to be hitting the sauce too much. It wasn't my fault that I had a preference for barbecue ribs, but, with my enhanced memories, I did recall an important fact about the convention.

As everyone thought (and so did I before my memories were awakened), the convention didn't happen, and I had shelved my preparations to go when I learned of it's cancelation; one item being a camera pre-loaded with film. My memories told me that I had taken pictures at this convention, and upon examining the camera, I found the film had been used.

Now, I had a sub-theory of how my film could have survived a chrono-

logical distortion of time, and once I got the pictures developed, I would also have proof of that too. Unfortunately, there was a problem with the pictures, and that was why I was visiting Snake on this day. "Like I said; I've got proof." I stated, and handed the packet of photos to Snake.

Snake took the packet, open and thumbed through the pictures, then sneered and said, "These look like they been doubled exposed a hundred times."

"That's why I need to use your image scanner to separate each image and to enhance them," I said blandly.

"How do you know I have an image scanner?" Snake asked, slightly worried.

I didn't know much about Snake, including his real name, but I did know he was a smuggler and had become quite wealthy from it. He smuggled weasels into Canada by hiding them in his pants, and though one could make light of his profession, there seemed to be a high demand for weasels smuggled into this country in people's pants, and these people paid highly for them.

Go figure.

Also, I knew Snake had this uncanny knack of having stuff delivered to his address without him ordering for it, and under the law, that meant he didn't have to pay for it. He's had magazines, appliances, electronic equipment, endangered species of birds, and a ton of other stuff delivered, but most notably was a high-resolution image scanner, and two Cray supercomputers.

I pulled out a slightly soiled packing list that I had retrieved from his garbage some weeks back when I was looking for some SF magazines he had

just THROWN OUT, and said, "You should have used your shredder on this before you tossed it."

Snake was taken back. "Blackmail?" he asked worriedly.

"Hell no, I just want to use your scanner." I said easily, then added, "I found a ton of other stuff to blackmail you with, if necessary." and shot him a evil look.

Snake grimaced and said, "Fine, but you forget everything you see from now on," and led me to a grandfather clock in the living room. He moved the hands on it's face, then after setting it to the correct time he dragged me past it out of his living room to the stairs that went down to the basement.

"Isn't that the Batmobile?" I asked as we passed a very distinct car that rested on a turntable in his basement that suspiciously looked like a underground cavern.

"Yeah, but it only gets ten miles to the gallon; less if you use the afterburner," Snake said and directed me to his computer room, where we had to transverse a corridor filled with trap doors, blades that swung from the ceiling, poison darts that shot from the walls, and a giant rabbit armed with a large mallet.



Nursing my bleeding hand that I had to use to bash the rabbit in the teeth with until Snake could give it a sedative-laced carrot, I asked, "Why do you need so much protection for a computer?"

"It's not for my computer, it's for my collection," Snake said, and as we rounded a bend in the corridor and trotted down a flight of stairs, we passed a vault-like room that seemed to be filled to bursting with books.

magazines, and other publications, most of which were in protective glass cases.

"My Ghod," I uttered in astonishment. "It's the lost library of Fandom!"

"It isn't lost," Snake snapped. "It's been in my basement all the time."

I was too aghast looking at ten signed, draft scripts for the original Star Trek series that were never aired to hear what Snake had said. "Why doesn't anyone else know about this?"

"What? And have hoards of fen banging on my door wanting to borrow this stuff? I'd be lucky to get any of it back, much less in the mint condition it's in," Snake said snidely.

I agreed with Snake's opinion; if I had anything of this magnitude, I wouldn't lend it out either. Still, I considered him a bastard for making me hunt through his dumpster while he was sitting on a treasure trove such as this.

We finally came to his computer room, and I was disappointed to see it contained only a standard personal computer with peripherals on a tacky desk. My disappointment vanished when Snake sat down, turned it on, and the walls dropped into the floor revealing a substantially larger room filled with electronic equipment that looked straight out of Logan's Run.

"The pictures?" Snake asked, shaking me out of my trance.

I handed him the pouch, and he began taking them out, inserting them in a slot under his computer, and the pictures began appearing on monitors all over the room around us, whereas the multi-layered images on the pictures were "striped" and separated into clear and defined photographs.

"Isn't that Elvis, Hoffa, and a Sasquatch playing poker?" Snake asked, pointing at one of the images.

"It's just a picture from another time-line," I said. "Try and separate out the images of a convention."

Several minutes later, Snake was able to recover a series of images which confirmed my theory of V-CON 21 existing, due to one picture showing a fan holding a convention booklet that said V-CON 21. The state of the convention itself seemed to be teetering on the verge of hell, due to the amount of evidence in the pictures, like the word SUCKS that seemed to have been written and underlined in red ink on every convention book and poster in the pictures.

Snake was too busy with his vanity to notice the apparent state of the convention. "I can't believe it!" he exclaimed, starring at a picture of himself.

"You were planning on going to the convention with me; why are you so surprised to see yourself in the pictures?" I asked.

"I'm not surprised that I went; I'm ashamed that I wore such a crappy costume," Snake said disgustedly.

"Go to the last pictures," I ordered.

"Why?" Snake asked suspiciously.

"Because they're of the dead dog party."

"What's so special about the dead dog party?"

"Because that's where the time machine was built," I answered flatly.

Snake looked blank for a few seconds, then began cycling the pictures until they showed the party, where it seemed people were connecting up all the Audio/Vidio equipment in a haphazard manner.

"Okay, where's the time machine?" Snake asked.

"It's the A/V equipment," I said as I pulled out a blueprint of what I was able to remember of how everything was connected together.

"What! Give me a break...Look! They've even have a blender wired up to it!" Snake complained.

"Can you see what setting the blender's on?" I asked interested.

Snake shot me a condensing look and stated: "You have to be out of your mind. No one can create a time machine just by hooking up all the A/V equipment at a convention together."

"Of course not. That's why they needed the blender," I said. "Damn! They didn't turn it on yet. Can you at least zoom in and enhance the second VCR. I want to see if it's hooked up to the third monitor or if they ran it through the stereo system first."

Snake stared at me to project his feelings that I was insane, but began to section and digitally enhance the area I was interested in, while I was copying the connections I could see to my blueprint.

"You know, I don't recognize any of the fen in the pictures of the party," Snake said absentmindedly.

"There may be a reason for that," I muttered gravely.

Snake ignored my statement. "Like who is that old broad you're standing next to in this picture," he said, pointing to another screen that showed me talking to an older woman; the photo slightly out of focus and on a kilter as if someone else had taken it.

"Roberta Runté," I stated without emotion as I continued to fill in the blanks of my blueprint.

"Rob's got a sister named Roberta?" Snake asked inquisitively.

This was something I didn't want to get into. "No, that's Robert Runté—it's just in the time-line where the convention took place, he just happened to be a female."

Snake looked incredulous. "A female? Now, how did you know about that? Or are you just making this up as you go along?"

"My memories of the convention tell me I was with her at the point where the time machine was activated," I said acidly.

"Really? Where were you?"

"I was with her in my room trying to convince her to try my tequila/orange crush mix." I said innocently, and diverted my attention to my blueprint in filling in the rest of the minute details.

It was several minutes later that Snake's laughter finally penetrated my concentration.

"Knock it off! It only happened in an alternate time-line. Besides, I was so bombed out of my gourd that I wasn't responsible for my actions."

Snake wasn't about to quit his giggling, and it took several kicks at his manhood to bring him about.

"Oh man, this makes all this trouble playing along with your delusions worth it!" Snake said with evident mirth.

"You call this a delusion?" I asked, showing him the now-completed blueprint of the how the A/V equipment and the blender was connected.

Snake gave it a cursory glance, got up, and began escorting me out of his basement. "Right. As if something like this would work."

"Then how did the people at the dead dog party alter time?" I asked probingly.

Snake stopped and turned me to

face him. "So you need help. There was no construction, and therefore there wasn't a time machine made of A/V equipment and a blender created at it."

"Then explain the pictures," I challenged.

"A joke you're playing on me. A very funny joke, but just a joke."

"Well, can you let me use some of the stuff you have to build it and prove one way or the other if it's a joke or not?"

Snake actually considered my request for a few seconds before saying, "Nope," and began guiding me out of his house.

"Yeah, you'd just use it to snoop on me and Roberta." I intentionally muttered under my breath.

Snake yanked me around and literally dragged me back to his computer room. "What do we need to build this time machine?"



"You turn it on." Snake ordered.

We had been going on like this for a half-hour trying to get the other to turn on the blender. We had constructed the time machine with the televisions, VCRs, stereos, and other electronic equipment that had been "accidentally" delivered to Snake over the years, connected them all together with a blender by carefully following the plans I had drawn, set the channels, time, and volumes on the equipment to what I could remember they were set on, and all that needed deciding was who risked his ass in turning the blender on.

"It's my plans, it's my memories, it's my *delusion*; don't be a chicken-shit! Just pick a setting and turn it on."

"Right! It's *your* delusion. If you want to prove it's real, you take the chance of getting vaporized."

"Fine!" I shouted at Snake, turned to the blender, and wondered what setting I dare risk using. This was the only variable in this situation, for if I pushed the wrong button, I could create a temporal distortion even more disastrous than the first one. Or something even worse could occur; nothing would happen and I would be laughed out of town by Snake.

I screwed up what courage I had in me, set the blender to puree, and turned it on.

I immediately heard a loud rumbling and was assaulted with a blast of cold air. "Turn off that damn air conditioner!" I shouted at Snake.

"Hey! It was getting hot in here!" He shouted back, but turned the A/C down until it emitted only a slight murmur and a refreshing draft.

Snake came to stand next to me and looked the equipment over. "So, this is a time machine," he said sarcastically.

I ignored his quip, and looked the equipment over myself. I was about to tentatively change the setting of the blender when I noticed something. "Snake, do you see that?"

"See what?"

"That distortion in the air above that VCR," I said, and pointed it out to him.

"What...yeah. I do see it," he said in a whisper.

"Look! There's an image forming in it."

"Is it...a plane?"

"Yes...no...wait. There's an airport."

"I see it now. What is that; a field?"

"It's a farm."

"Right. Wait a second; what's that

sign say?"

"I think it says..."

"That can't be right!"

"It is, Snake."

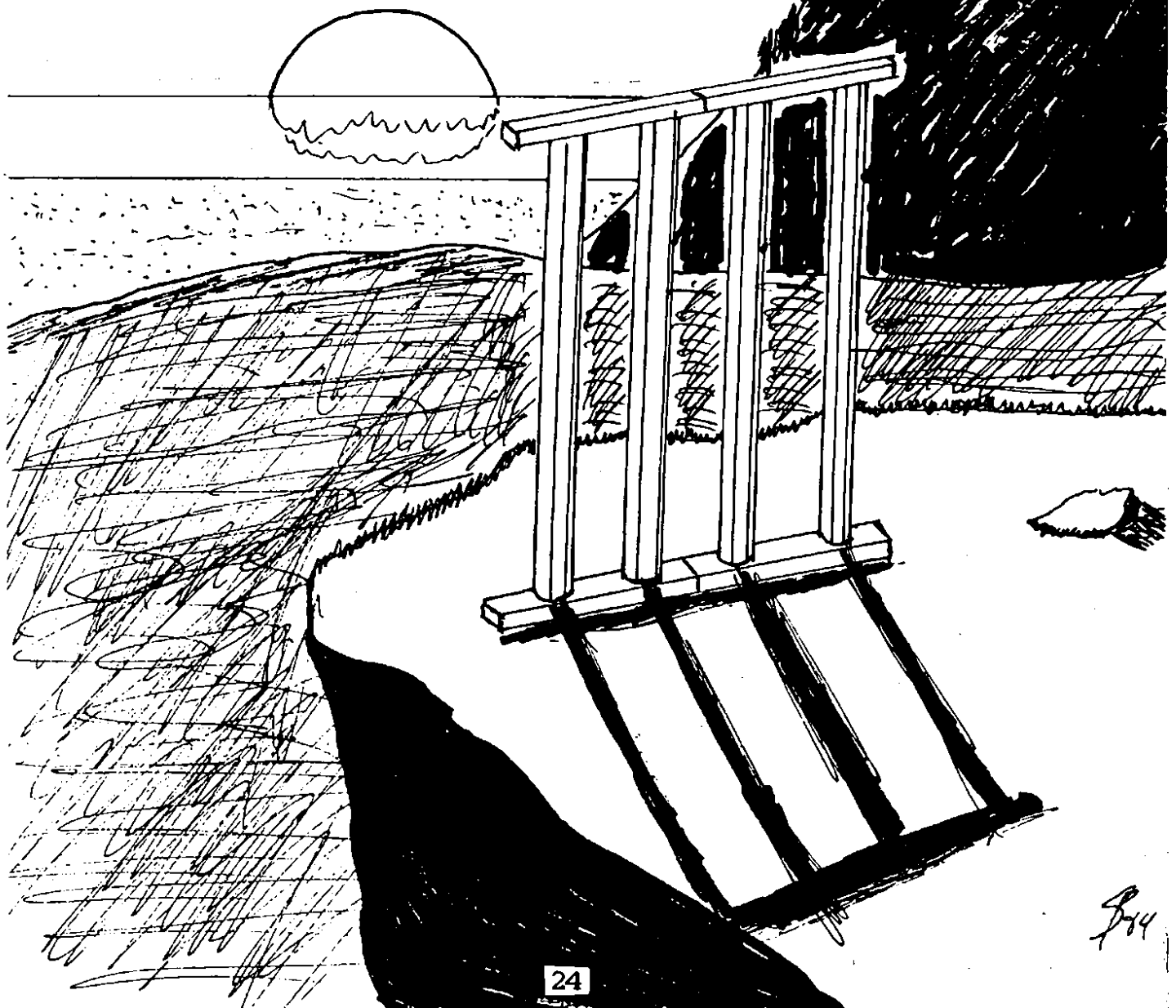
"No way! That never happened either."

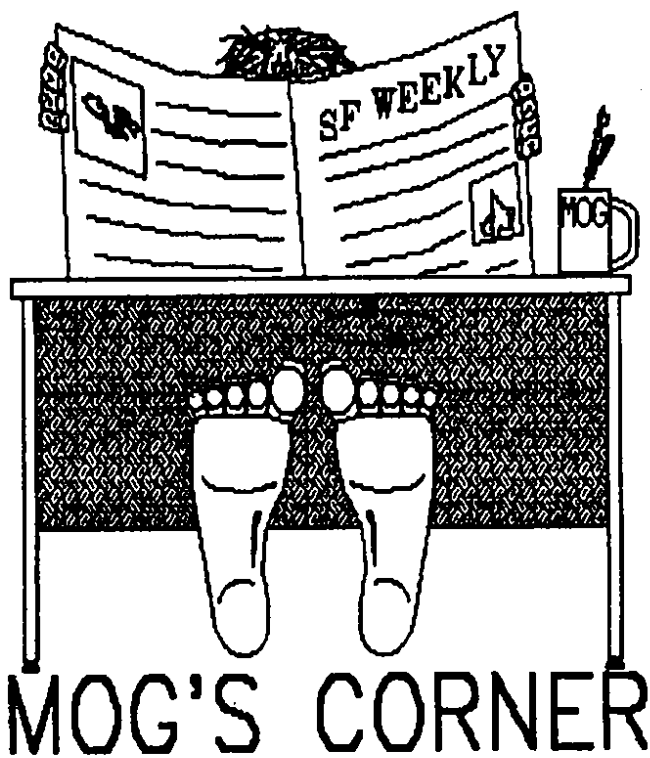
"Of course, but that's what it is."

"But...are you sure."


"I'm sure. We're looking at Worldcon '89 at Myles' house!"

To be continued in the next ZGL...





Me am in Love.

 Me know robot-looking people who no think. They called editors. Piers Anthony knows them too, for he says so in book Alien Plot (TOR SF).

Alien Plot is second collection of short stories by Anthony, but is also running joke about editors. Before each story is narrative about story being published--or not--and brief histories of each story (some which are longer than stories!). In narratives, Anthony takes big delight in showing up stupidity of editors, and doesn't have to bend truth to do it, for he say title of book means "...a dastardly conspiracy of editors to frustrate writers...", and his examples prove it.

The stories themselves are delight to read, and everyone can find one they like--science fiction, science

fantasy, fantasy, fantasy science, silly fantasy, silly science, even a ElfQuest adaption--but best part of book was article called *Think of the Reader*.

Here is best decription for how a writer should write. As Anthony says: "...the essence of literature lies in its assimulation by the ordinary folk, and that readability is the first, not the last criterion for its merit." and this is true. Me don't read what me can't, and if other writers wrote so others could read it, instead of following dumb rules of writing and using words that only used few times in a life, then they could be popular with readers than dumb critics.



It was the Night...

BY SCOTT PATRI

I hated working the holidays, but that sick bastard was out there and this was the night he would strike. If I didn't stop him now, it would be another year before I got my next shot at him. There was no way I could hunt him down, for he was as illusive as a shadow, so I had to let him come to me.

He *had* to come tonight, because I couldn't keep the emotions that raged in me in check for another year.

I drove up to a house that looked like a likely target, and as I got out of my beat-up rental and strapped my short, double-barrelled shotgun that I affectionately called Hogleg to the underside of my trenchcoat, I saw through the large living room window the tree hung with festive decorations.

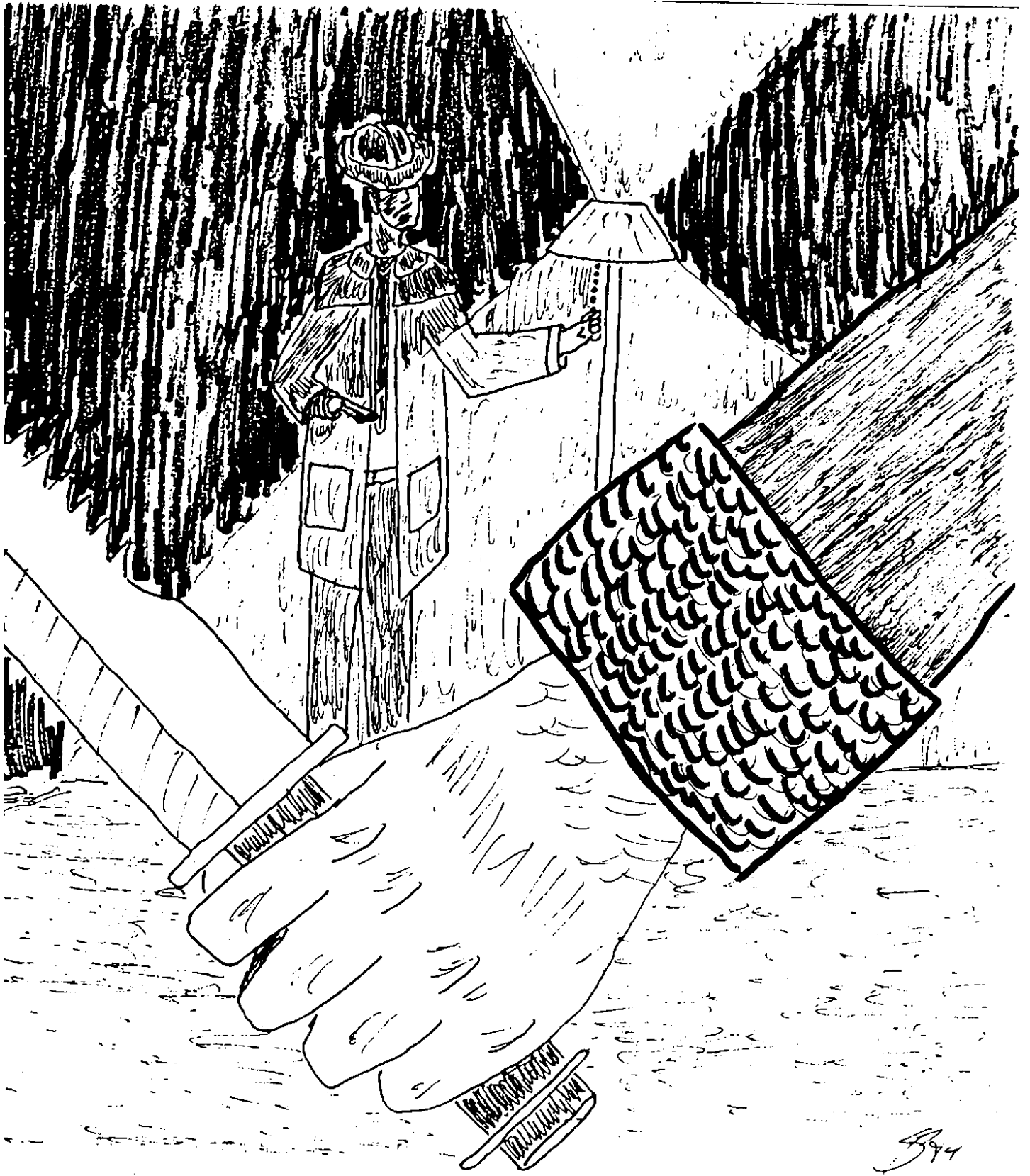
I snorted in disgust. It had been going on for over three years, yet people were still foolish enough to celebrate this holiday in the most garish way, which was like a magnet to this sicko. Thousands of families slaughtered in their sleep, and yet there were fools aplenty who strung tinsel and coloured lights so they wouldn't disappoint their kids.

And what he did to those kids...

I tried to make as little noise as possible, but my tramping through the crusty snow to the front door could be heard a block away. *Silent night...* I checked out the house again, but no lights went on and no heads poked out of windows to check on the noise. The family must have been sound asleep, with no dog to alert them to intruders, and I almost screamed in outrage at the stupidity of these people. Unfortunately, I needed these suicidal idiots to get the butcher that preyed on these types, and made the rest of the way to the door without making any more noise that I had to.

It was locked, of course. *No sense of making it easy for your killer to get in.* Still, it didn't take much skill to pick a lock, and within minutes I was in. I locked the door behind me, knowing it was a useless gesture. He didn't use normal means to gain entry to a house, and as I went to the living room, I saw his preferred method of getting in.

The chimney.



The boys in the bureau at first didn't have a clue to who was committing the Christmas Night Murders, or how that person got into so many places during that first night, but when they saw the tape from the vidicamera that some innocent child had set up to catch Santa Claus coming down the chimney, they not only couldn't believe who it was, but they were also baffled at the method he used to get in.

They kept the murders--and the identity of the perp--under wraps for a whole year, and during the next Christmas set up agents in homes all over the country to catch the bastard in the act. The only snag was that he never struck any home where someone was awake, and several agents paid for this information with their lives when they nodded off during the night.

The alarm went out, and among the outrage and horror, there was a tide of disbelief at the pronouncement: *Christmas was cancelled!* Most ignored the few hundred killed the first year, and blocked out the thought of the few thousand killed the second year, and went blissfully about their preparations of the coming festive holiday, partly out of defiance to the pronouncement itself. *What right did a government have to prevent the people from celebrating the biggest holiday of the year?*

That third year, he almost, but didn't quite top the ten thousand mark.

Christmas was outlawed, and because of it, projected sales at that time plummeted and a recession hit. No one dared suggest the appointment of another holiday to replace it, but it was rumoured that Hanukkah was going to be "altered" to make it more festive. Still, there would be a few stubborn enough to celebrate the banned holiday, and unless they stayed awake all night up until the next morning, they were setting themselves up to be slaughtered.

I was going to make sure this was the *last* year it happened.

Aside from my talent for terrorizing criminals--with either my personality or blowing their legs off with my shotgun--I had an unique ability to be aware of my surroundings when I was asleep, and wake myself up and be fully conscious within a moment's notice; an ability that saved my ass a few times during stake-outs, but drove my ex-wife nuts, which I also considered another ass-save. That's why I approached the Feds with my plan, and even though they said it was crazy, they gave me the go-ahead to do it, but asked how I was going to arrest him if I encountered him.

Dead or alive I stated, and left it at that.

Finding him would be by chance, but actually apprehending him would be next to impossible due to his profile the Feds had on him, but I had an idea on how to do it, and if it didn't work, I would just cut him in half with a blast from my Hogleg. Either way, his reign of terror ended *tonight*.

I decided to worry about what to do with him later. Right now, I had to enter the trance-like state I considered sleep. This guy could sense if someone in a house was awake, and after I had verified that the occupants were asleep, and insuring they stayed that way with the contents of an aerosol canister the boys in the bureau whipped up for me, I settled myself down in an easy chair off the side of the fireplace and slept with my eyes open. This little variant of

my ability was what finally drove my wife away, since I practiced it when we were in bed together, but I didn't need to be distracted by the bad memories of a bad marriage, for I had to concentrate on something else to fool the psycho if he did come to this house to kill.

Sugar plumbs doing the cha-cha.

It was hours later that I heard the sound on the roof. It was amazing that anyone could sleep through that racket, but the investigations showed that if the people inside the places he hit were asleep when he got there, they stayed that way, and only woke up when he hacked them to pieces. I tested my alertness by moving my little finger resting on my shotgun that sat across my knees, and when it did move, I knew I was ready for him.

A few falling ashes from the fireplace, and then he slid out into the living room. The first impression I got from him was how fat he was, and I wondered how the hell he got his lard-ass down the chimney. As he began to look around the room, I quit wondering about his impossible entry and clicked on the floor lamp beside me.

He whirled, then froze; his beady eyes locked on to the business end of my Hogleg I casually pointed at him. I got to my feet easily and approached him, saying, "End of the road, fatso."

His hand moved, and I quickly smashed my Hogleg across his face, spraying blood from his now-broken nose. I figured I had him, but he surprised me with some amazing agility and strength by knocking my shotgun from my hands and backhanding me across the room.

I had severely screwed up estimating this guy's speed and strength, and I tried to scramble to my feet in fear that he was going to do a belly flop and squash me like a bug. He instead chose to come up from behind, looped his wide belt across my throat, and began choking the shit out of me with it's edge.

His face wasn't close enough for me to slam the back of my head into his chin, but it was close enough for me to gag from the stench of his breath the few times I could draw one. He had me up against his ponderous gut, and in an attempt to claw at his eyes before I passed out, I found I could only reach as far as his fur collar...and his straggly beard.

He jerked his head back, but I had a good grip on his whiskers and yanked as hard as I could, but he responded by yanking hard on the belt, lifting me off the floor while stumbling around the room. In the near panic of losing consciousness I windmilled my legs, and lardass lost his balance and we pitched forward. As my feet touched the carpet, I used the forward momentum to haul on his beard as hard as I could, bent forward, and heaved him over my back.

The flaring pain told me I had thrown it out, but the satisfaction of seeing him crash into a wall head-first made up for it. I didn't want to give him time to recover by congratulating myself, so I crawled over and snagged my Hogleg from where it had fallen, backed up against the opposite wall and pointed it right at his head.

He had rolled over, and was about to get up, but the colour drained out of his ruddy face as he saw me with the shotgun pointed at him, and too far away

to be disarmed again without losing his head. His eyes bugged with madness and was about to dive for me anyway, but stopped when he heard my gravelly voice growl, "Please..."

The family was in shock seeing so many police cars piled in the street outside their house. My back was causing me too much pain to care. Right now, I was trying to convince the local police that I really was a special operative for the F.B.I., and had just apprehended the Christmas Night Killer, or what the press had dubbed *Santa Claws*.

The captain in charge of the local detachment wasn't exactly believing everything I was telling him.

"Are you saying that's *really* Santa Claus!" he shouted, pointing to the fat man in a fur-lined red suit struggling against the four officers pushing him into a paddywagon. "The killer is really the guy that delivered presents to good children, lives at the north pole, and all that other nonsense!" he finished in disbelief.

I looked at him in tired anguish and thumbed over my shoulder to the roof of the house, where upon it sat a sleigh and eight tiny reindeer.

As the captain looked dumbly at the scene on the roof, the suits finally drove up and I staggered over to their car. They climbed out, and also stared at the spectacle in the roof, but one of them broke his gaze away with an amazed expression and asked me, "Did you get him?"

I pointed at the paddywagon, where the officers were just getting him in while he was struggling and swearing a blue streak every inch of the way.

The fed shook his head in disbelief and took out a pack of smokes, offering me one. As he lit it for me, he asked, "How the hell did you keep him from getting away?"

I grimaced at the menthol, feeling my lungs freeze with it and the chill of the night air. I sucked on it anyway, for my own pack had been crumpled beyond recognition from the fight with lardass. I hefted my Hogleg, speckled with his blood, and muttered, "Smashed his nose. I figured that would stop him from using his zipping-up-the-chimney bit if I broke it."

The fed nodded in agreement. "So it is him."

"They found his bag full of axes, knives, razor-clawed gloves...he's the butcher all right." I grumbled, then winced in pain when I moved my back too much.

"*Yes Virginia, there is a Santa Claus...*" a soft voice spoke. It came from the youngest of the feds, who was watching the police slam the wagon's door shut on what he once thought as the most important person in his childhood.

"Yeah, and he's related to Charles Manson." I muttered under my breath.

The head fed seemed to be lost in a world of his own. "I wonder if he's responsible. I mean, the Valentine's day massacre, the Lincoln executions, the Halloween slaughter; those happened right after he'd..."

The fed's ramblings triggered my memories of what he was talking about. Right after that first night, there was the incident of people dressing up as John Wilks Booth and shooting anyone dressed up as Lincoln during his birthday. Then the insanity of people killing total strangers, ripping their hearts

out, and giving them to their sweethearts on Valentines' day. And there was that one Halloween when most of the kids dressed up as characters from the glut of slasher movies at that time and went on a killing spree. I had worked them all, and now you know why I hate working holidays.

"I wonder what set him off?" the fed asked, mostly to himself.

What would cause the bringer of presents to good little children to become homicidal? Like I had a clue. Maybe his wife left him, his elves went on strike, and he probably received one too many letters from kids that stated he or she didn't believe in him anymore. Whatever the reason, it would have to wait until someone figured out how a fictional holiday character existed in real life.

"Didn't this S.O.B. kill your family that first night?" the fed asked me directly.

He actually killed my ex in-laws, but my daughter was with them, and if the wagon hadn't driven away already, the rage I was feeling would have made me march over to it and blow the bastard's brains out. Of course, I would have blown the "unofficial" ten million dollar bounty on his head the toy companies were offering along with his brains, but at the time, it would have been worth it. I instead said heatedly, "You better have that fucker's nose cut off, because if his trick works on ventilation shafts..."

"Don't worry," the fed said reassuringly, "we're making sure he makes it to trial. That is, if someone doesn't off him first."

Scant reassurance, I thought. I hoped that someone did kill him first, then at least it insured that some smart-assed lawyer didn't get him off on a technicality.

The expression on the face of the fed made me wonder if they did have something like that planned.

"Excuse me? You're the F.B.I., right?" A shallow-faced uniformed officer said to me from the side.

"They're the feds, I'm just doing their job for them." I said blandly.

The head fed shot me a dirty look, and normally I would have enjoyed his perturbed expression, but I couldn't feel anything except the pain in my back. I had locked up my emotions four years ago, and wouldn't release them until I shot the lock off some bar and got stinking drunk.

The fed decided to ignore my opinion of his organization and asked the officer, "What do you want?"

The officer was a bit hesitant. "I...an animal escaped from the lab outside of town."

"What do we look like--the S.P.C.A.?" the fed quipped in outrage.

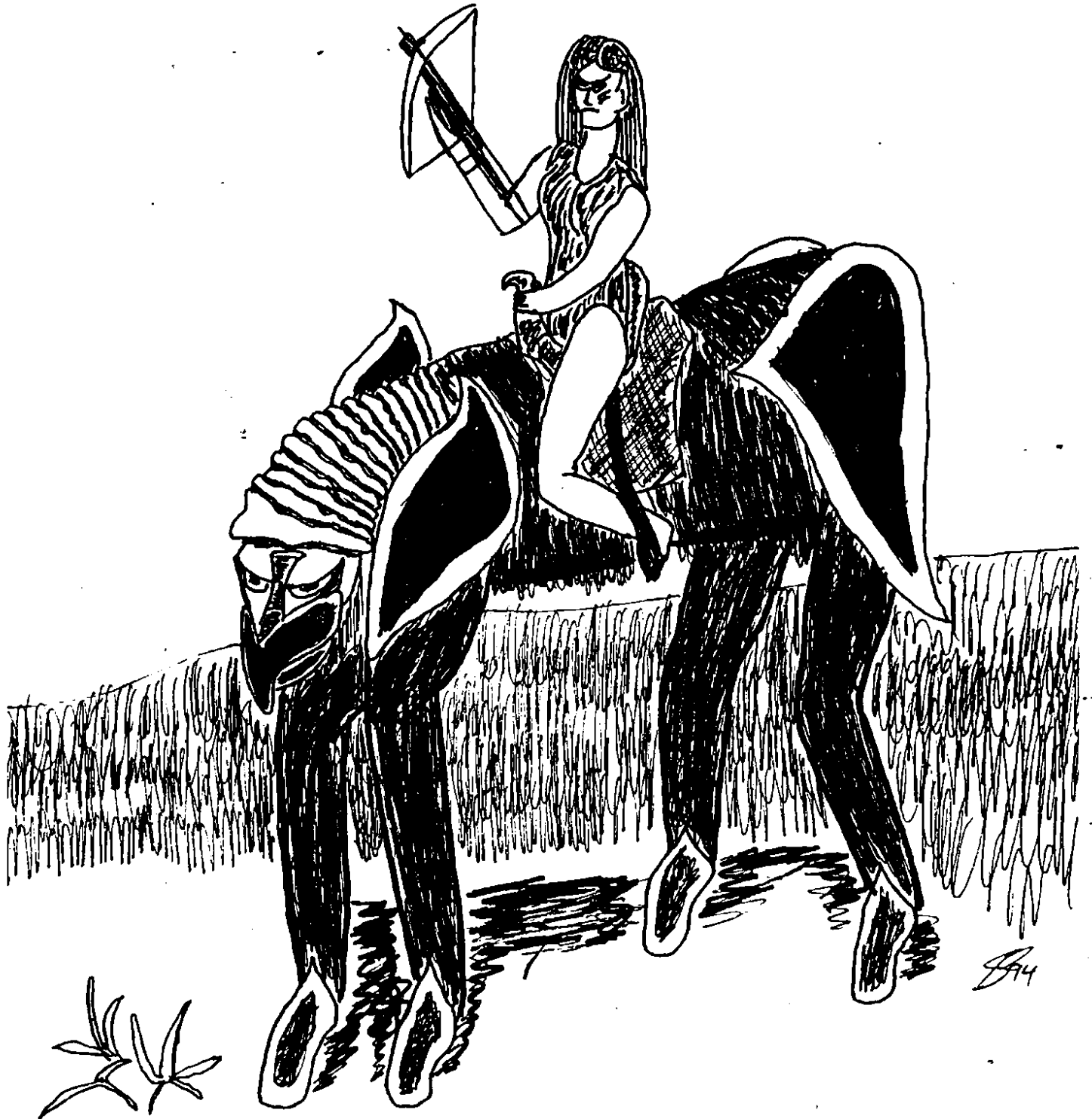
The officer was visibly nervous, "Ah...this animal was undergoing tests with growth serums and intelligence-boosting drugs..." his explanation drifted into silence.

Dread began to fill me. "What was this animal that escaped?" I asked.

The officer looked even more nervous, then whipped out a note pad and began reading off it. "A giant white rabbit, about six feet in height, with an I.Q. of 196..." The officer couldn't read anymore, feeling too silly to finish the description.

The feds and I, on the other hand, had a sinking feeling in the pits of our stomachs and visions of poisoned chocolates and exploding eggs.

The silence became deafening, when I decided to break it by grumbling, "Easter's going to be a bitch," butted out my smoke in the slush of the street and went in search of a bar to ransack.



Odd's N End's

Well, I've come to the end of ZGL 2, and I've got some space to fill. Hmmm, let's see, what can I use to fill it?

I've got it! I'll list and review the zines I received.

CONTRACT Vol 6 #5 C/o John Mansfield, 321 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, MB, R3B 2B9 Canada

A list of Canadian cons up to 1996 and reports on Canadian and Conversion XI.

Derogatory Reference #78 C/o Arthur D. Hlavaty, 206 Valentine St., Yonkers, NY 10704-1814 USA

It reads something like an obituary the first few pages, but then he starts knocking Spider Robertson, gets into a report on the ICFA (which is not for the faint of heart or the mentally retarded), his problems with the Internet and E-mail, literature symbols, political un-correctness, book reviews, and touches on everything else in between.

The Kuarly Knows #48 C/o Harry Welch, 1525 16th Ave., Grafton WI 53024-2017 USA

Reports on Canadian and First Contact, book reviews, Locs, fanzine list, and a beg for contributions.

Opuntia 19-21.1 C/o Dale Speirs, Box 6830, Calgary AB T2P 2E7 Canada

I received a batch of Dale's zine from up to May, (including 4 issues of *The Canadian Journal of Detourment*) and since 21.1 mostly contains listings of other zines (including mine!) I'll stick with 21, which has a very in-depth report of Canadian and part of Fandom's history. Unfortunately, it's in microprint.

Quipu #4 C/o Vicki Rosenzweig, 33 Indian Road, 6-R, New York, NY 10034 USA

A very personal zine about her life and plugs about her friends' endeavors.

Riverside Quarterly #34 C/o (editor) Leland Sapiro, Box 958, Big Sandy, TX 75755 USA

Verging on being a semi-prozine, it has book/television/movie reviews, poetry, artist showcase, locs, and a whole pile of other stuff. My only beef is that the majority of the writing is in Microprint.

Sercon Popcult Litcrit Panmag #4 C/o Garth Spencer, PO Box 15335, V.M.P.O. Vancouver, BC V6R 1S0 Canada

A step down from his last personal-zine, since he only has his editorial, news, locs and zine list in it, but he did mention he was on a poverty budget and was busy with other projects ...maybe he needs someone to send him an article.

SQUEE! #1 C/o John & Brin-Marie McLaughlin, 247 19th Ave #6, San Francisco CA 94121-2353 USA

A personalzine with a title I can't quite fathom; Brin-Marie talks about her favourite driving shortcuts, futon assembly, B movies, TV Nation, Art Bell, her parents' home and their cats, and how she got into fandom, while John rags on modern conventions and the modern fan.

*Merry
Christmas
Everybody!*



94