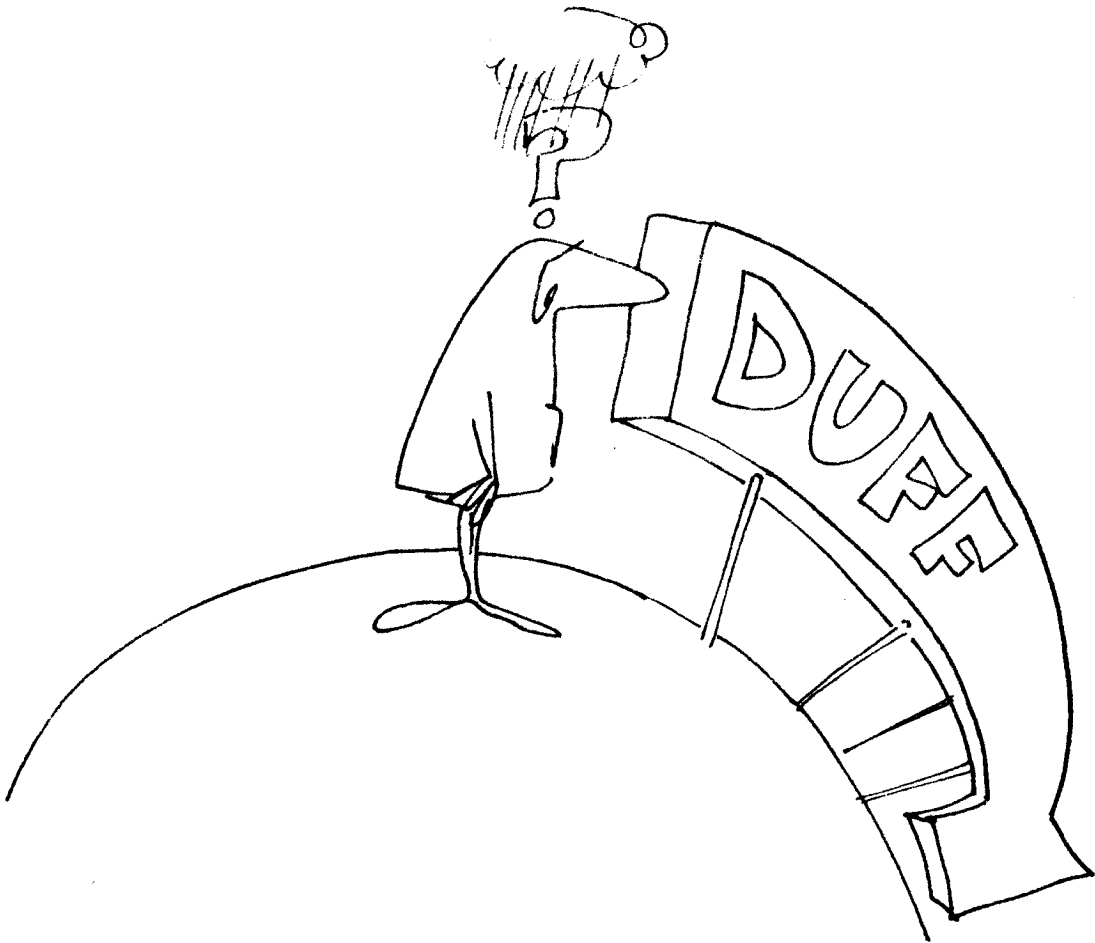


ROUSLER

FOR

DURE



So here i am, sitting at this antique Remington which, Ghu knoweth, should have been retired to the Gatineau museum years ago, typing the first incoherent sentences of a ---

### QUEEBSHOT????

which no-one will ever see in print, probably, from that wondrous bunch of Central Canadian gafiates, Norm and Gina ('Duchess of Canadian Fandom') Clarke, Will Straw, Richard Labonte, and Bob Wood, but he isn't a fan, he's just my brother. I am Susan Wood, and this is Aug. 29, I think, 1976.

It is, I confess, my fault. I was playing Terry Carr's Fabulous Fannish Game, More Gafia Than Thou, with the Clarkes. "I just dropped out of FAPA," I said. "So did we!" Gina boasted. "And now we're going to go home and drop out of Lilapa!" Norm added... After an evening of fannish chatter, Norm said, wistfully, "Is there, any, you know, Ottawa fandom?" "It's US," Labonte insisted. "Once a year, we all get together, and have dinner, and tell each other how gafia we are." "Yeah!" said Gina. "Yeah!" said Susan, who used to be an Ottawa fan, but had the sense to move to Vancouver... And so it came to pass that Susan and Norm and Gina and Will found themselves in Meach Lake, with Bob off somewhere talking about stage lighting with Snezy Waters (another fandom) and Richard Labonte, with an acute accent which this typer does not have, watching from the bank. We passed around various red bottled substances, and said, "Let's put out a Queebshot!" (At least, I said it, in an effort to make people Less Gafia than me, a sneaky way of piling up More Gafia points.) "Yeah," said Other People. We hauled Bob out of Snezy and Co.'s geodesic dome (complete with parrot), inhaled some Gatineau Green (ah, the scents of home!), and eventually found ourselves at 9 Bancroft Ave., Aylmer East, reading old copies of THE PANIC BUTTON and listening to jazz.

"Where is the typer?" I said...figuring I would start everyone else on the road to fanac...

More gafia than whom?

You think that's gafia? I'll tell you what's gafia. You know you're really gafiated when Susan Wood tells you that she's dropped out of FAPA and you reply, "What? I never knew you were in FAPA." Of course that never actually happened, at least not in my presence, but it very well could have.

Identification time: this is Norm, and I am an Ex-Fapan. There, I've admitted it. Now if I can only manage to live with it, one quarter at a time. I guess it's possible. Many people have. Why, do you realize that 60% of the fans here at this oneshot session are ex-Fapans? Why, that's frightening, especially if one considers this gathering as typical of the fannish experience.

Some people, however, manage to go through life without ever actually being a Fapan (a concept absolutely beyond the comprehension of the True Fapish Mind). Some of these people are named Will Straw and Richard Labonté (note acute accent, please); and no doubt you'll be hearing from them in a line or two.

Susan Wood writes like Niagara falls, and this is Norm's typewriter, so he knows where the keys are. I have no excuse. I'm not an ex-FAPAN, so I can't reminisce; I didn't get enough sleep today, I didn't read a morning newspaper, I didn't swim in Meach Lake, I haven't smoked any enhanced

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air or swallowed any fortified water, and I haven't contributed anything beyond best wishes to a fanzine for years. I'm not about to get involved now.

I'm Richard Labonté. Any moment now I'm returning to the Clarke living room, best described as cosy, to listen to more of Norm's old jazz records, best described as old. The sound of Will Straw tapping away will lull me into a semi-doze, and when I wake up I will have participated in what those around me are now calling a Fannish Event. "Who was here last?" "When was the last one?" "Who will ever read it?"

Fannish Event? Hah! It's something to do while waiting for dinner. I have been a hidden fan for a decade, a dusty file card in fan-editors' address boxes, and I'm not about to expose myself any further.

Events are for People Magazine. Feh.

Will: Listening to Jazz, as we were, fandom and one-shots somehow seem awfully insignificant and staid, but there is no-one left to type except Gina, who at this very moment tries to change the subject. "You're going to get in on this, too," asked Norm, to which Gina replied, "Are we going to have any wine with dinner?"

I am moving, by the way, as I did a couple of months ago, and my new address is 13 Raymond Street, Ottawa, Ontario.

Susan: Gina just turned out the typewriter light so she could turn on the lights on the Christmas tree (?) and the Jesus crucifixion picture. I like the Clarkes's house; it has a sense of the Sublime Tacky. "You'll do anything to get out of typing," Norm said to Gina...

Gina, dammit, it's your turn. (Thanks for dinner, she added.)

Oh, great. We've got a CoA column in this oneshot. And we've got the traditional fannish urging-on ("Hey, here I am at the typer and now let's hear from Fred!"). "Next," as someone remarked a few minutes ago, "the Whoopee Cushions."

Well, here I, Gina, am at the typewriter, finally. Listening to the thunder outside and Richard in the living room playing piano. A talent I didn't realize he possessed. (Oh, oh...when Susan comes by to read what's written, she's likely to scribble in the margin here, "Sentence fragments are not generally considered acceptable." Or something.)

I think that Susan's phrase for our hosue, "Sublime Tacky," captures the spirit of the place very well. Rather better than Richard's polite "cosy."

Norm is in the kitchen playing saxophone a cappelle. (A cappelle, several cappelli.)

Where were all these people eager to turn out a one-shot when we needed them--like two weeks ago, to save our FAPA membership. Actually, I didn't much care at the time, but today we were talking about how long I'd been a member. I joined, I believe, in 1955 or so. "I was only two years old at the time," Will remarked. (But Susan says she was only one year old when Bob Silverberg joined.) ((I am not going to tell how old I was when Susan joined.))

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Ah...eavesdropping on the conversation in the living room. Even baby Will is feeling the first pangs of impinging old age. Somebody mentioned an Apa 55. "I hope," he said, "that means you have to be under 55." "I don't think so," said Richard. "Well," said Will, "I could almost make it."

Richard: What we have here is a failure to fulminate. Without, as Will has said, the energy-zing of strong coffee and naked ambition ("This'll set fandom on its ear"), the lure of the livingroom (at once tacky and cosy, especially now that two Clarke children and a dog and a cat have curled about the music--Rollins and Kirk) is too powerful. For the last while, as Gina contributed, Will and Susan and I decided that talking to people in living rooms is more important than writing letters of comment.

That sort of attitude can only mean ruin.

Page 3 will never become page 4.

The Fannish Event will become a fizzle.

On the other hand, we all decided that had we it to do over again, we would do it over again, except that Will and I would start to grow our hair long at an earlier age. (His hair touches his ear-tops now; mine touches where my index finger reaches to when twisted about my left side and stretched towards the nape of my neck. If that's a fuzzy image, let me just say that so am I. Moments ago I was the hit of the party. Norm's lampshade was getting nowhere, Susan can't belly-dance worth a damn anymore, no-one was paying any attention to Gina standing on her head, and Will wasn't very funny with his finger stuck in the cheapo shot glass the Clarkes serve their shoe-polish-and-vinegar gin in. But there I was, my moustache greased to a buttered-corn-cob point and stuck between my teeth; that's painful, and not very funny.)

As I said, at an earlier age.

I am going to take this one-shot away and insert a Rotsler illo HERE-----

(Susan, filling up the page-----

Once a student of journalism, Will will finish this: -30-

*This has been Lion's Gate Press Publication No. 8, stencilled October 17, 1976. Typing and orthographical embellishments by John D. Berry, using Susan Wood's famous IBM Selectric II, with the "self-correcting" feature that makes not the slightest bit of difference when you're typing stencils. This oneshot will be distributed to those you get it.*