

IDES #1 is produced by Tony Confan (~~but you can call me or hisson~~) who lives in the Bozo Bus Building (apt. 5C and go show I don't know what to say I've never written one of these fanzine before but I just discovered them all about them and I think they're great I want to tell you all about me so you'll know all about me and know who to send letters and things to for this for me I live in 5C at the Bozo Buss Building and hey did you know by the way that there is a fanzine actually being produced just next door in 5d this woman Maria lives there and she's at the con and she's taught me everything I know about these things

Oh I mentioned the con. This is being really produced at the Minneapolis in 73 worldcon here at the Andrews hotel; it's Friday night as I type this and it's a great con job we're doing if I do type so myself we've got everybody here and blog and beer and Ben Bova who edits things and while I think of it I've got this story I really ought to show him but I don't think he'll mind if I print it here first so I will (I have n't quite finished it yet but I think you'll find that what I have will affect you enough to make the wait OK if it has to be that way.

#### CHAPTER ONE

I GUESS I OUGHT To (sorrow I forgot the capitals there) I guess I ought to center that huh,

#### CHAPTER ONE

IT WAS a dark and stormy night the horseman galloped down the road and his horse did too, except it wasn't really a horse it's just an alien beast that happens to look like it is cuz it has four legs and a place to ride and a tale and it eats apples or what would be apples if they existed on this alien planet but it eats things that look and taste like apples except they're green and are called gazabls. And the horse-thing is also green and they are called smerfs because I forgot to mention they also got long ears like these alien things from this other planet that look like rabbits only they are called smerfs and so are these. And this smerf is named Dobbin.

"On faithful Dobbin," cried called out the rider as they galloped and Dobbin nodded faithfully. "It is a dark and stormy night and I wouldn't send a florbilik out on a knight like this" ((oh, I'll explain about florbiliks later, I just thought I'd throw a mention in early to add some local color and grip the readers by the eyeballs and build a suspense. But I'll give you a hint if you can't stand it, florbiliks wag their tales and say Arf a lot. )) Just then a spaceship loomed into view beneath a wan and gibberish moon; there was one light high up near the top of the spaceship and a beautiful alien princess in a knightgown running away from it fearfully looking back over her shoulders with a look of fear with fear in all four of her eyes ((I haven't decided yet which I like best but the last kind of advances the plot a bit more)) "Cease oh faithful Dobbin cried the rider and Dobbin faithfully stopped. But as the rider swung himself down off of the beast that had stopped to try to help the beautiful alien female person thing, a alien space-burn-tanned stranger stepped from around a large tree-like-thing and pointed a bluster at our hero and said "stop write there, Bat Durston, you have meddled in the Overlord's affairs for the last time! ZAPP!"

Our hero tried to explain that he wasn't Bat Durston but he saw the ZAPP coming even as he opened his mouth and now he could never dodge in time. He Was Doomed!!!

Now that's pretty exciting huh, I can sense the excitement going on out there right now! Chapter Two in a moment but first I think I'm out of space so if you can read this turn to page two which is next.

I guess most big magazines have an editorial in which they tell you what they will do to you so I should too. And this is it.

#### EDITORIAL

The universe will little note nor long remember things that arent universal, just things that are, of which the mostest universal is of coors FANDOM!!! There's probably nothing more important in the all of the worlds everywhere all over the worlds except than forfandom, conventions and also maybe I guess fanzines because while conventional parties are nice i've been told that fanzines like this also "a partly in print." And I plan to keep it that way. Now I know their are people that dont do much fanack and I guess thats there decision but I can't understand how they can just throw their lives away like that on being normal. What good is food an clothing and shelter and pencicsillien if your sick if you dont have Fandom to make your life meaningful, tell me that? . Take me, for instants. I have this problem keeping jobs because I spend all my times at conventionals every weekend from Thursday through Monday and am ususally hungover Tuesday and sometimes employers dont like that but I know that a fan just because he or she or it is a fan can accomplish as uch work just on Wendysdays as any mundane can in a week but try to tell mundandes that. We used to have a fan who got a good job Sump Pump Inspector and hed go around to all sorts of htot hotels and pumpsump and their was usually a con of some sort going on and even if he didnt like sumpstill it made for lots of fannish antitodes at the parties. And he gave it all ulp and quit and GAFIATED and went away to become a professor of philosophy at Oxford instead. I never could understrand that, i guess he just wasnt fannish. So dont you not be. Or me.

Well writing editorials isnt so hard I think i got the correck tone of oddrage into that and I hope it does some goc . Maube I should have used the royal We though. But a lot of people say who cares about the Royal Wee? So we didn't.

And now, after finishing the above, the part you've been wading for;

#### CHAPTER TWO

After escaping from the man with the b'uster, the smerfman gallumped down the road and so did his faithfool smerf. Just then there was a shimmering glow on the rode in front of them and a man appeared, he had a bald bulging chromium and no heir all over his ~~xxx~~ pale slickly white body. "Whoa Dobbin"sake the smerfman and Dobbin woaded speedily toa stop.

"Who are you and why do you wont with me?" cried Our Hero, and the heirless strangler reployed:

"Call me Gzornablputschk!! I am from the far far future and am the next step in Man's ovulation!"

This unpressed Our Hero as you mite expect, he got off his smerf and invited invided this traveller from the misty bourns of the far-flang years wending there way before him and them and all of the human rage into uncounted ions to a shot of Xeno ((this is aline alcohol, like blog only more ixotic)). When the futture-man accepted, Our Hero got off his smerf and poored him some.

"What are you doing in the passed" asp ed Our Hero conversatitionally "I an seeking for my many-times-grate-grandfatter, Zyx W. Zagat," sayed the other. "Why this my name!" said our Hero issurplice, for it was so. "Then you are the one I have come to kilt!" cried Gzornablputschk; "I am a paradox-inspector!" With that he gestured and a 16-tone waight appeared in the air above Zyx, who new he could never Dodge in time!!!

BOY!!! I'll bet I got you all blighting your finger nails in an agony of sasspense! Well don't worry theirs mire to come.

And now i thing I'll do a n ook review; being a TruFan I don't read many of them but I see that fanzines have them alot so I should due one; i picked this one up at a buss stop on my way to the SlumpCon last year and read it to kill time while we were hiding in the sewers from the lime jello:

#### BOOK REVIEW SEXION

BEOWULF: First off the author doesn't list hisorher nme anywhere on the book, not even a horse name like Ivar Jorgenson or Christine ifit is aher; this is a bid sine because it means the author isn 't taking pryde but just haggig it out for Eelwood or something. Then to its Adolt Fantasy which means it should only be soild to Condescending Adullts not just their for everyon who wans a buss.

Anyway its about this great Dane hero who sleighs munsters around the country first for his friends the Geeks and then for his own Dames. He disarms one whos got a mutter living underwader; BeO'Wulf does the swimming bit but the author throws in a kitschy sink down to where she grabs him by the bottom but Our Hero cuts her dead.

The last third of the book we get to a real drag on which I'm used to in Adolt Fantasy. Beowulf gets kilt and his people burn him up. (I thought the Geeks--I was wrong, Beowulf isn't a Dame but a Geek, the Dames he fought for are just good friends--I thought they anyweigh put cospes on boats all fired up and pushed them out until the boat tipped over but the author didn't leav Boowulf on any ship-list (HAHAHA).

No sauceiers and no bootiful vergin princessess and no magic swards; I can see why the author wants to remune anannymouse; I dont think he has the stuff that say Lint Carter has; better grab this one fast if your a compleatist as I dont think it will lust or ever be repointed.

Hey putting out one of this fanzenes is easyI havent figured out yet how to add arpwork tho so Ill leave a space here were you can add you're own and then I'll get back to CHAPPER THREE of my novel, WAR OF THE DOOM ZOMBIES!

(inserrt here:

:a Frank Frees illo!

#### CHAPTER ~~FOUR~~ (thREE, SCRRY!)

After oscaping from the heirless white tame-traveller and his wait, our Hero and his smerf gallumped down the rde in surge of new qwests. Then he noticed it was evening out and thought to wrest himseff, he saw a sinistae bilting a head--can this be a room where I can rest thot ~~the~~ Our Hero, not noing it was a Mad Sine Test's lavatory!! Even the faithfool smerf seemed to since something wired and snickered plaintiffilly as Zagat went into a stall and stapled him with the liverman there.

"Ill wodge him careffly," said the Paid Sinetest, for it was he disgeised as a liverman. You can rest a surd." Our Hero went to sleep but his dreams were strange asif he had been dragged with some rare portent. He awook and sword ~~blister~~ sword in hind, he he storked the cordiedoors to the liver staple, where he vended his spleen on what he saw; the evile wigged mad Sinetest was preporing to offer up his smerf as a sackerfies to the the Great Real Old Ones! But seeing he was spyed up on, the villien pulled a button and the walls shoog and an Earth Quack started! Zagat new that he could never ~~Dodge~~ escape in time! He was Doomed!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

