One Shot, Two Stabbed

WHEREAS it may be noted that Harry Bond, 64 Paramount Court, University Street, London WC1E 6JP has recently acquired a large batch of stencils:

AND these stencils may be regarded with some doubt insofar as they have sat around deteriorating ever since Greg Pickersgill got hold of them in 1974 or so:

AND MOREOVER that they do not come with carbons, nor yet with the proper heading for my duplicator, so they may prove quite unviable:

THEREFORE I feel it best that I type a test on one of them to see how they print after their various misadventures, and not risk the wrecking of a serious publication with them:

AND THEREFORE this one-sheeter was conceived, to be run through FAPA and given the colophon number Coldcon Press 15. So mote it be...

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The history of these stencils, as mentioned above, begins in 1974 or thereabouts when Greg Pickersgill, working in the British Library, stealthily filched them from stores to print fanzines on. (You know Greg Pickersgill; hairy mainstay of fandom for many a year, married to lovely Linda Pickersgill, famous Southern Belle -- not to be confused with Harry Bell, who is very definitely a Northern Bell -- fearless upholder of the rights of the virtuous and smiter of the naughty.) Anyway, Greg typed many a fine fanzine on these stencils until he finally got fed up with the fanzine format as a method of expression. Almost ten years later, realising that even if he ever did come back to zine publishing it would be with a photocopier and not a mimeo, and hearing of the recent struggles of the young faned, Harry Bond -- in case you've forgotten that's me -- to complete a fanzine on his duplicator after running out of paper in mid-print-run, he offered me his remaining stocks of mimeo paper at a discount price. I leapt at it; it's rare enough to see such paper on sale at all -- mimeos are the vinyl discs to copiers' compact discs -- let alone so cheap.

So when Greg held a party a bit ago, I planned to pick the paper up. Hmm, there was quite a pile of paper there; ream upon ream upon ream upon... "Hey, Greg! How the hell am I supposed to get this back to my flat?"

Funny how I'd never thought to ask myself that question before.

Happily Katie McAulay stepped in. Katy is a rare bird indeed, one who not only manages to survive driving in London traffic but positively enjoys it. Mad as a hatter, I would call it. Anyway, she volunteered to drive me back from Ealing to Euston, the morning after the party.

"Well," said Greg, "now you've got all that car space you might as well use it."

Next morning I staggered to the car under the weight of the paper, the stencils (thrown in as lagniappe), and a copy of ALL OUR YESTERDAYS which Greg had sold me in his new-found capacity of a bookdealer. My wallet, the while, was relaxing, having been relieved of a corresponding weight equalling a number of pounds too high to quote, but which is the answer to the question of Life, The Universe and Everything.

Now, if this prints out well, I may even have a shot at handstencilling a cover for my next Fapazine. If it doesn't come out, well, you'll be none the wiser because you won't be seeing this!

Oops, margin slipped a bit there. This is Waz signing off, March 30 1990. maybe for FAPA 211