

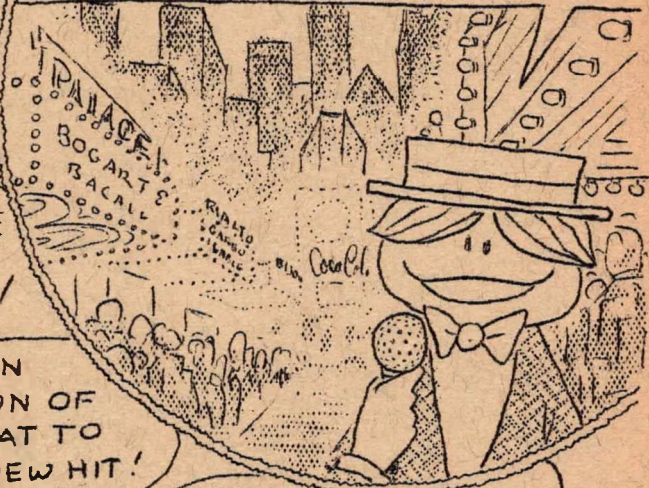
HELLO, FANDOM!
 THIS IS Q.WERTYUIOP
 HERE TO BRING YOU
 THE GALA OPENING
 NIGHT CELEBRATION
 FOR THE NEW SMASH
 HIT, **FANDOM!**

BIG BROADWAY
 THEATRE
JOYCE & ARNIE KATZ
 IN **FANDOM**
 • HARRY WARNER • BOB SHAW •
 • TERRY CARR • GRANT CANFIELD •
 • ROSS CHAMBERLAIN

AH -
 BROADWAY IS ALIGHT
 TONIGHT, AS A GALAXY
 OF FAANISH STARS CON-
 VERGES ON THE BIG
 BROADWAY THEATRE!



AND SPEAKING OF STARS - HERE ARE
 FANDOM'S OWN MR AND MRS FIRST
 NIGHTER ~ TED AND ROBIN WHITE!

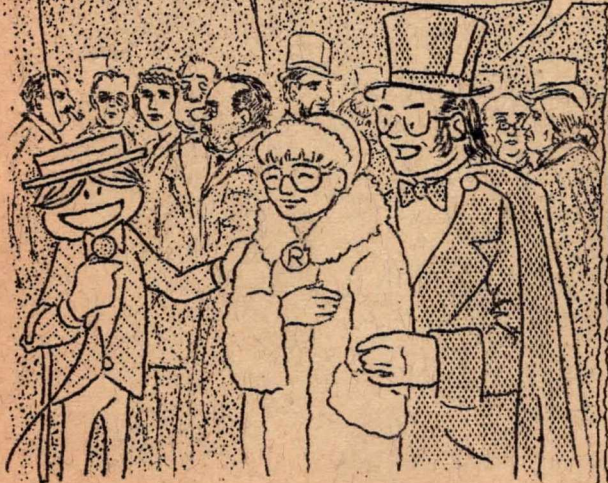


IT'S GREAT TO
 BE HERE, Q.!

ARNIE WAS WITH ME IN
 THE BIG PRODUCTION OF
Vista 29, AND IT'S GREAT TO
 SEE HIM COME BACK WITH A NEW HIT!

THOSE WERE
 WONDERFUL DAYS,
 TED, WONDERFUL
 DAYS!

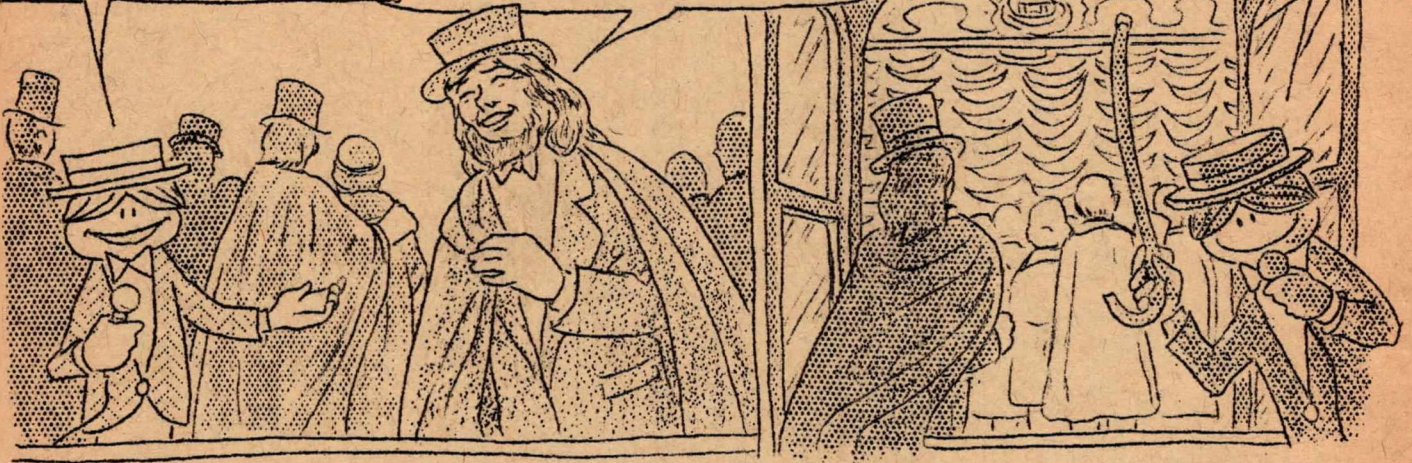
WELL, Q., THEY SAY
 THAT FANDOM RUNS IN
 CYCLES - AND NOW
 MAY BE THE
 TIME FOR A
FANDOM!



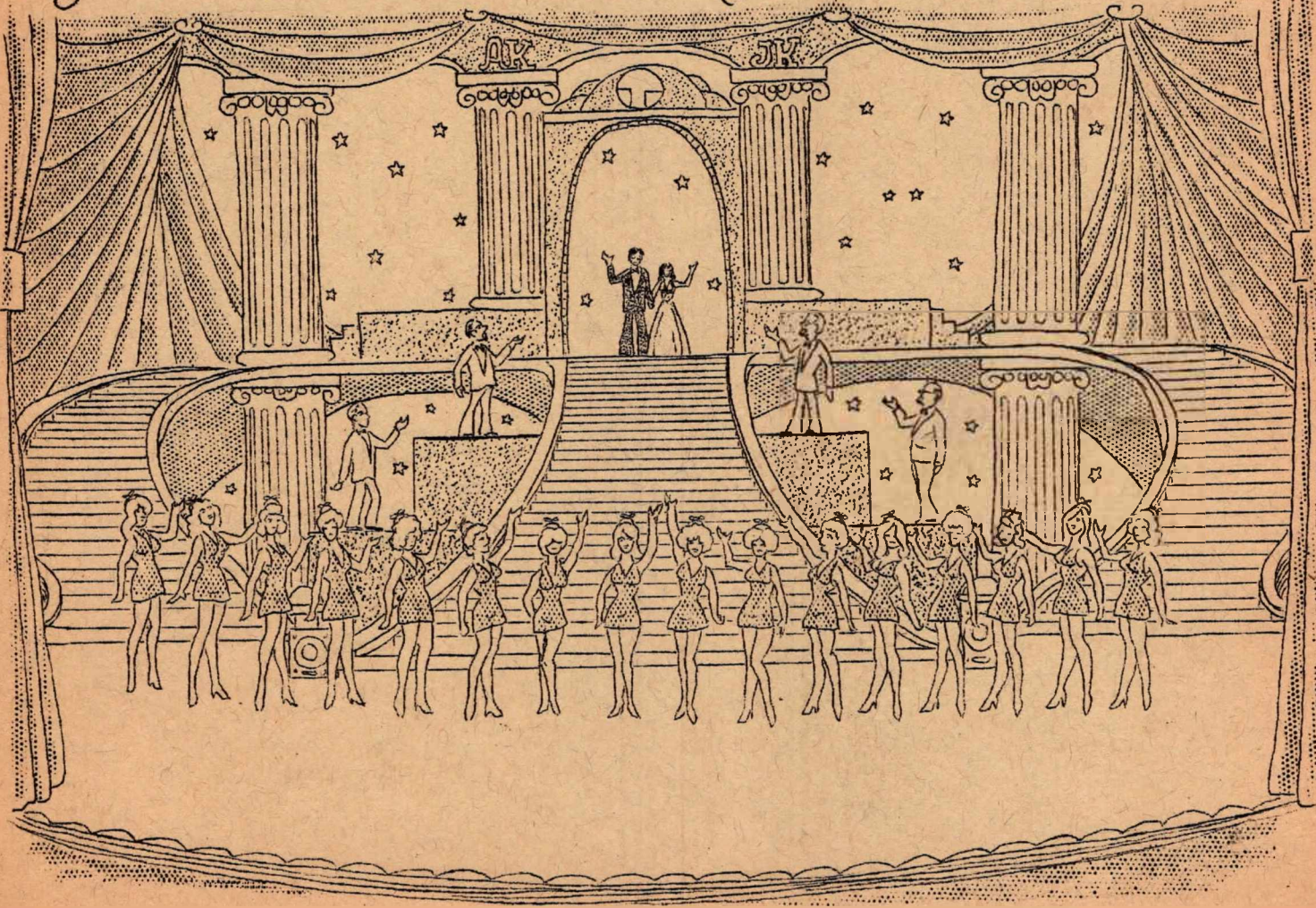
GREAT FOLKS. AREN'T THEY? -AND SPEAKING OF ~~Vaid~~, HERE'S MR. EXCITEMENT HIMSELF- JOHN D. BERRY!

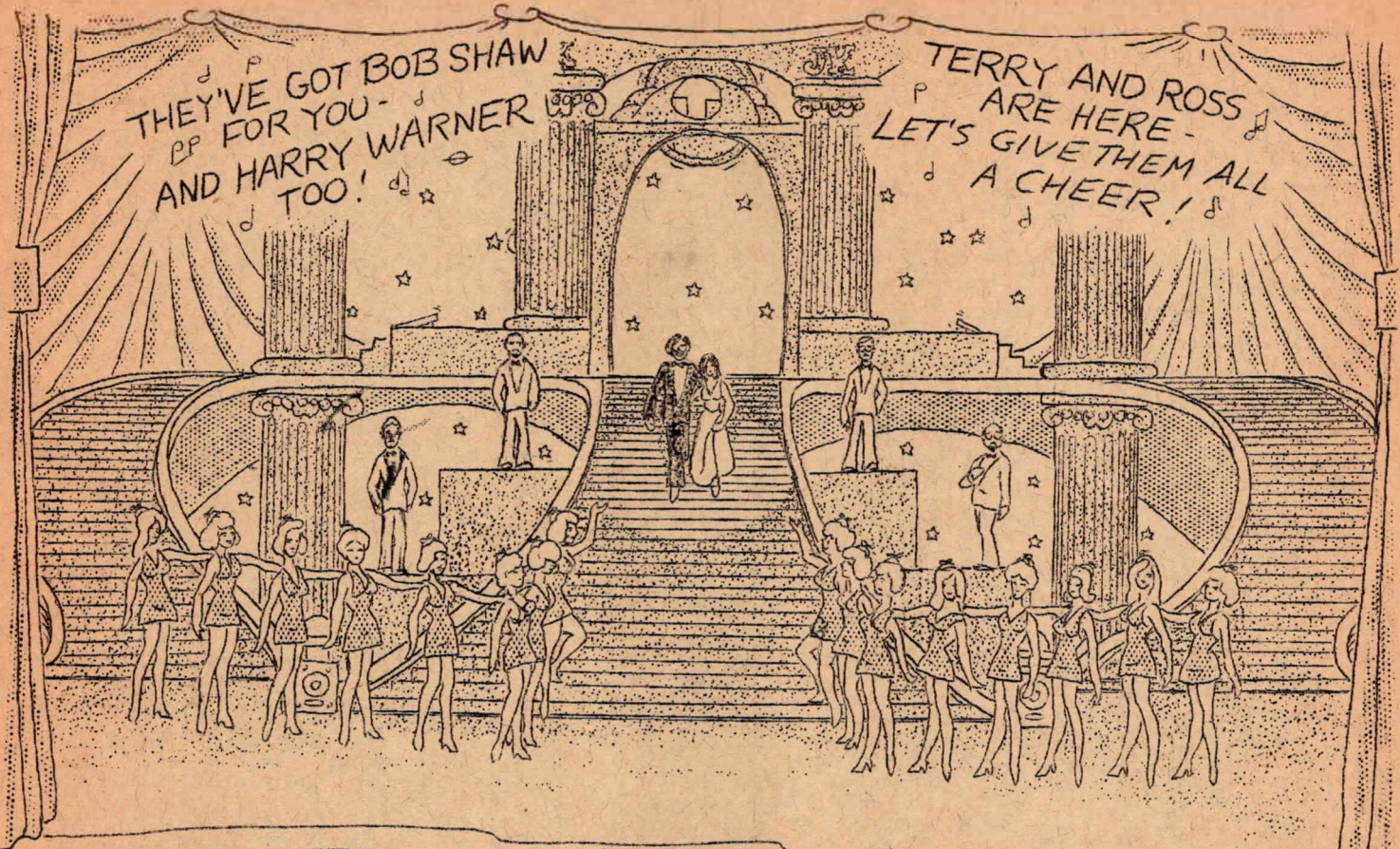
I'M REALLY LOOKING FORWARD TO THIS, Q! ANY TIME YOU GET A PRODUCTION WITH A COUPLE OF BIG WHEELS LIKE JOYCE AND ARNIE, IT'S A REAL HAPPENING!

THANK YOU, JOHNNY! AND NOW WE'D BETTER GO IN- THE CURTAIN IS ABOUT TO RISE!



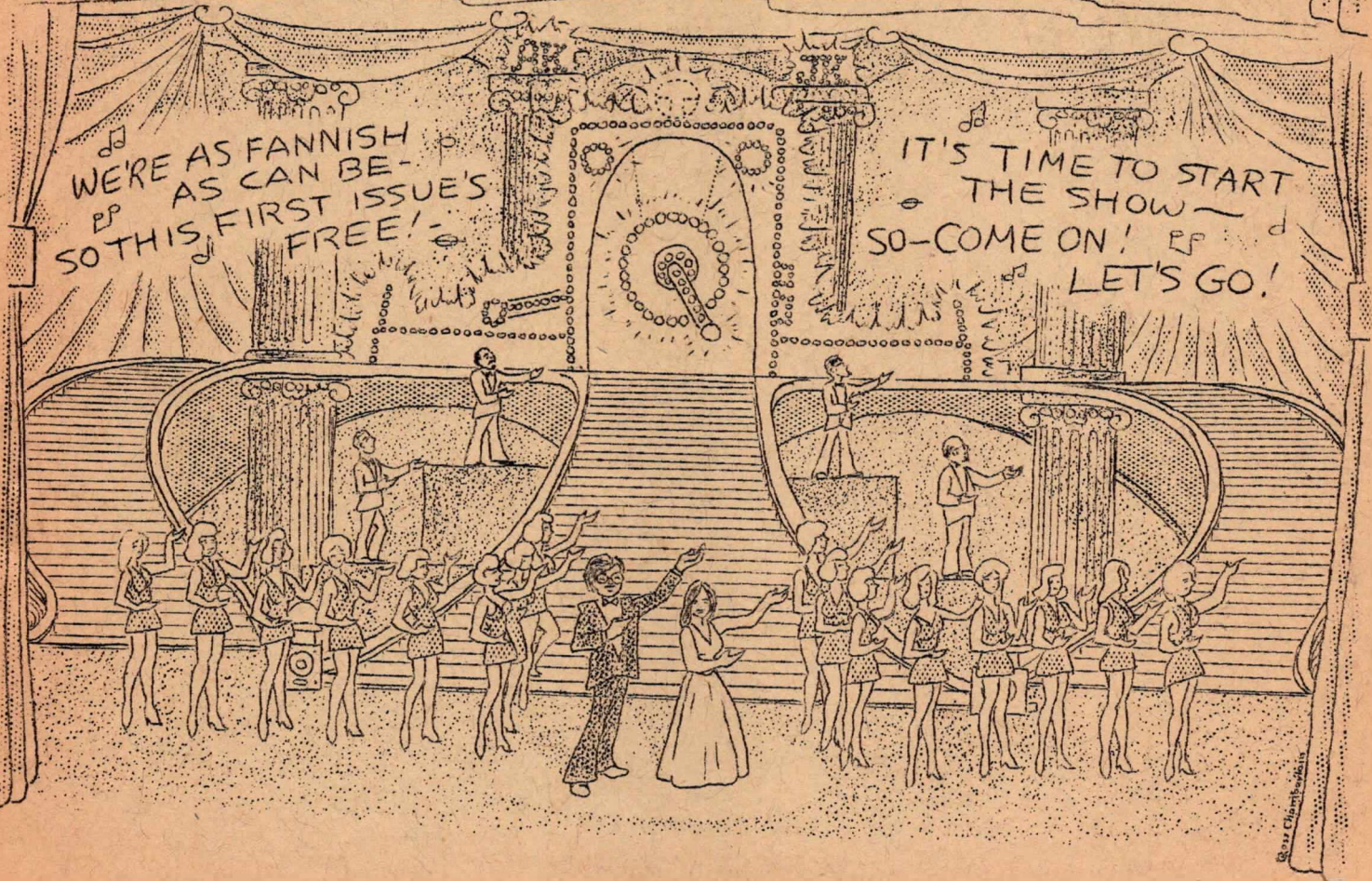
HERE COME THE TWINS-
AND NOW THE FUN BEGINS!
THEIR REPARTEE IS SLICK-
(TOO BAD THEIR MINDS ARE SICK.)





THEY'VE GOT BOB SHAW
FOR YOU -
AND HARRY WARNER
TOO!

TERRY AND ROSS
ARE HERE -
LET'S GIVE THEM ALL
A CHEER!



WE'RE AS FANNISH
AS CAN BE -
SO THIS FIRST ISSUE'S
FREE!

IT'S TIME TO START
THE SHOW -
SO-COME ON!
LET'S GO!

TANDEM I

CONTENTS

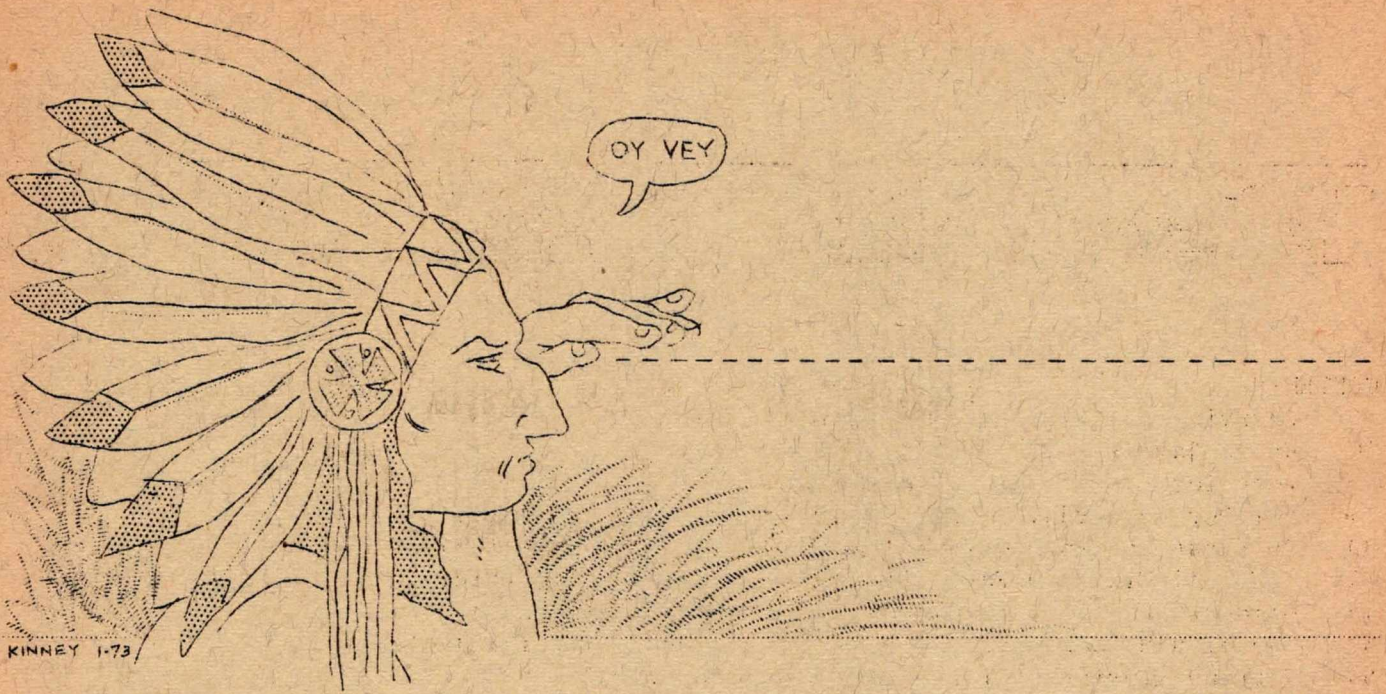
- 6 Carrying On Joyce Katz (editorial)
10 Katzenjammer Arnie Katz (editorial)
20 Bosh Tosh Bob Shaw (column)
24 All Our Yesterdays Harry Warner, Jr. (fanhistory)
30 The Last Fan In New York Arnie Katz (faan fiction)
34 O Foecal Flambeau Farewell! Grant Canfield (article)
42 Golden Bagels Arnie Katz (FAPA mailing comments)
50 Conspicuous Consumption Susan Glicksohn (article)
53 Entropy Reprints Terry Carr (fan history)
54 A Fabulous Burbee-Like Character F. Towner Laney (fan classic)
58 Showing Lesleigh Sydney John Alderson (article)
62 Rear Wheel Arnie Katz (editorial)

ART CREDITS

- John Berry: 46 (bottom)
Grant Canfield: 34, 37, 38
Ross Chamberlain: 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 17, 18
Ken Fletcher: 25, 52
Tom Foster: 39
C. Lee Healy: 22
Jay Kinney: 6, 7, 24, 30, 32
Tim Kirk: 42
Bill Kunkel: 20, 21, 44 (2), 45, 48 (top), 61, bacover
Doug Lovenstein: 26, 49
Bill Rotsler: 28, 29, 31, 41, 47, 56, 64
James Shull: 8, 63
Dan Steffan: 9, 62
ATom: 46 (top), 48 (bottom), 58, 60
Jim Young: 51, 52

Front Cover by Ross Chamberlain

TANDEM #1 is edited and published by Joyce and Arnie Katz, 59 Livingston St., Apt. 6-B, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201, on a quarterly schedule for the enjoyment of fandom, including the cabal over at FAPA. It is available for letter of comment, trade (no monsterzines or trekzines, please), contribution of art or writing, and at our whim. A sample copy of TANDEM may be obtained for a request accompanied by a self-addressed mailing label. There are no subscriptions of any kind currently available. This is a bona fide new insurgent publication.

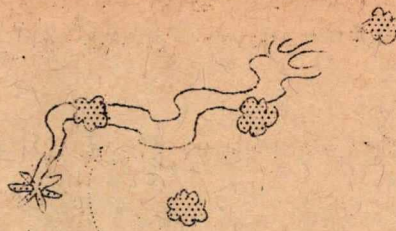
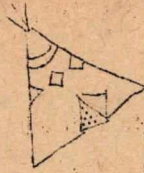


This seems an especially auspicious time for me to participate in the birth of a new fanzine, coming as it does on the heels of many other favorable changes in my life. Things have been going uncommonly well for me in the past few months, and it's only appropriate that the changes that have contrived to cause this Glow of Well-Being should also cause the commencement of a new fanzine, as if in Celebration of my own good fortunes. -- A new year, and a new fanzine, designed for a new (to me) apa... how cozily comfortable it all sounds.

Oh, not everything has been rosy since I wrote last for fandom. Arnie and I have both experienced a fair amount of illness during the last few months. The trip to Missouri, late last summer, left us both weary; quite probably it was that which caused the Fall to get off to such a bad start, and resulted in our having more than our shares of colds and flu. But, having once given token acknowledgement of these small miseries, there's not left much about which I can complain.

The single most important thing that's contributing to my good mood is my new job. In mid-November, I changed jobs, and professionally it's turned out to be a really good move. I really like it... it's enough more difficult than my old one to be a real challenge, but still within my capabilities so I'm not crushed by feelings of incompetence. And, though it's immodest of me to say it, I really feel proud of myself over it. This is the first job I've had where I really felt I could say I was a professional insurance woman, instead of just a fancified clerk. All of a sudden, it seems I've worked my way up to a Career. -- Don't get me wrong; I haven't died and gone to heaven, nor have I completely escaped all elements of sexism. But, I'm more free of that than I've been before. The pay is good; the surroundings are nice; the people I work with are, although ultra-straight and non-fannish, very pleasant. And I'm just as happy as a lark about it all.

It was a rather casual circumstance that caused me, eleven years ago, to accept my



→ CARRYING ON

AN EDITORIAL BY JOYCE KATZ

first insurance-office job; I needed a job, a friend suggested American National Ins. Co., I was hired, and that was that. But, having now allowed circumstance to provide me with eleven years experience in the same field, I suppose it's inevitable that I'll continue to be a member of that industry for my working years. Right now, I'm in a dual-position; I'm acting as secretary to the General Agent (for New England Life Ins. Co., in case you're curious) and am also manager of the New Business Department of the agency. This is the first time I've ever been a Manager, and it's really a pretty nifty feeling... I expect I could grow to like it a lot. Someday I look forward to seeing the secretarial position split off from the New Business office; being able to forget my shorthand is one of my prime ambitions.

But, although I'm good at insurance, there are a few things I've discovered I'm very bad about. One of these is gardening; I'm cursed by a total lack of luck with anything that's green. My mother... who had a genuine case of green thumb... and all my (two) brothers and (one) sister have had fantastic luck with gardening... but, alas, not shared by me. Even a sweet potatoe plant will lie in the water and rot if I'm the one who cares for it.

When I started working at my last job (Berkshire Life Ins. Co., in case you're curious...) I was assigned the chore of caring for the office house-plants. There were three potted vines... ugly and gnarled, but nonetheless luxuriantly green... and three plants that were nothing more than cuttings in a pot of water.

Frankly, I hated the task: I mean, after thirty-three years of watching plants die from my ministrations, I've developed a bit of a trauma about it, and feel it's some kind of Vegetarian Comment on my worth. Nevertheless, week after week, I dutifully watered the damn things, usually muttering all the while. Finally I decided to do a bit of experimenting: while continuing to minister to its plantly needs,

and carefully treating it no different than the rest, I developed the habit of standing over one of the plants for a few minutes each week, alternately hating it and telling it to drop dead.

The fact that I killed three of them is not really the reason I decided to leave Berkshire.

* * *

Arnie and I were walking down Montague Street last Sunday afternoon, on our way to the Brooklyn Heights Cinema. As is our wont, we chanced onto the subject of fandom where all wisdom does reside, and specifically to "The Incomplete Burbee" which we acquired at the Great Mike McInerney Fanzine Sale at Noreascon. I've been reading Burbee, and was eager to advance my newfound theories as to his placement among the fannish greats.



"That Burbee", I said, shifting my bag of candy from one hand to another, (we always snack a lot at the movies) "he sure could write."

"No joke!" exclaimed Arnie. "You're putting me on..."

"No, really," I said, unwrapping a tootsie roll. "He was good," I chewed for a moment as we trudged on down the street, then: "He was kinda cutting in his humor, tho."

"Cutting?!" exclaimed Arnie incredulously. "Why, Burbee was a veritable sweetheart compared to Laney."

"Yeah...and I don't like Laney as well for just that reason. But I noticed Burbee could be fairly sharp, too...for example, when he was writing about Evans being the new LASFS director..."

"As was only right and proper," testified Arnie. "Evans deserved it. I mean, try to imagine someone like Al Schuster who would stop everything now and then, to prate about Brotherhood. Burbee just had to write about him..."

"Well, maybe." I was fairly doubtful about the real necessity. "I've noticed you're being influenced a lot by Laney."

"Who me?" Arnie looked around to see if someone else had joined us. "Not me. I'm a regular old softee. I'm modeling my fanwriting on Burbee, with a song in my heart and a smile on my lips for all fans everywhere. It's John Berry who's to be the Laney of this generation."

"You mean you no longer write scathing attacks against stupidity? You no longer villify wrong-doers in fandom? You no longer seek out fuggheadedness wherever it may lie, to denounce it?"

"No," said Arnie, a beatific look on his face. "I am gentle in my comments to other fans. I am kind to neos, friendly to fuggheads, patient with pro-chasers. I am good humored as befits a disciple of Charles Burbee."

"Oh," I said, understanding beginning to dawn. "You mean John Berry is the one who must be like Laney."

"Yes, yes," cried Arnie happily. "Let them hate Berry."

"Then it's John Berry who's supposed to do the blood-letting."

"Yes. And I sure do wish he'd get on with it."

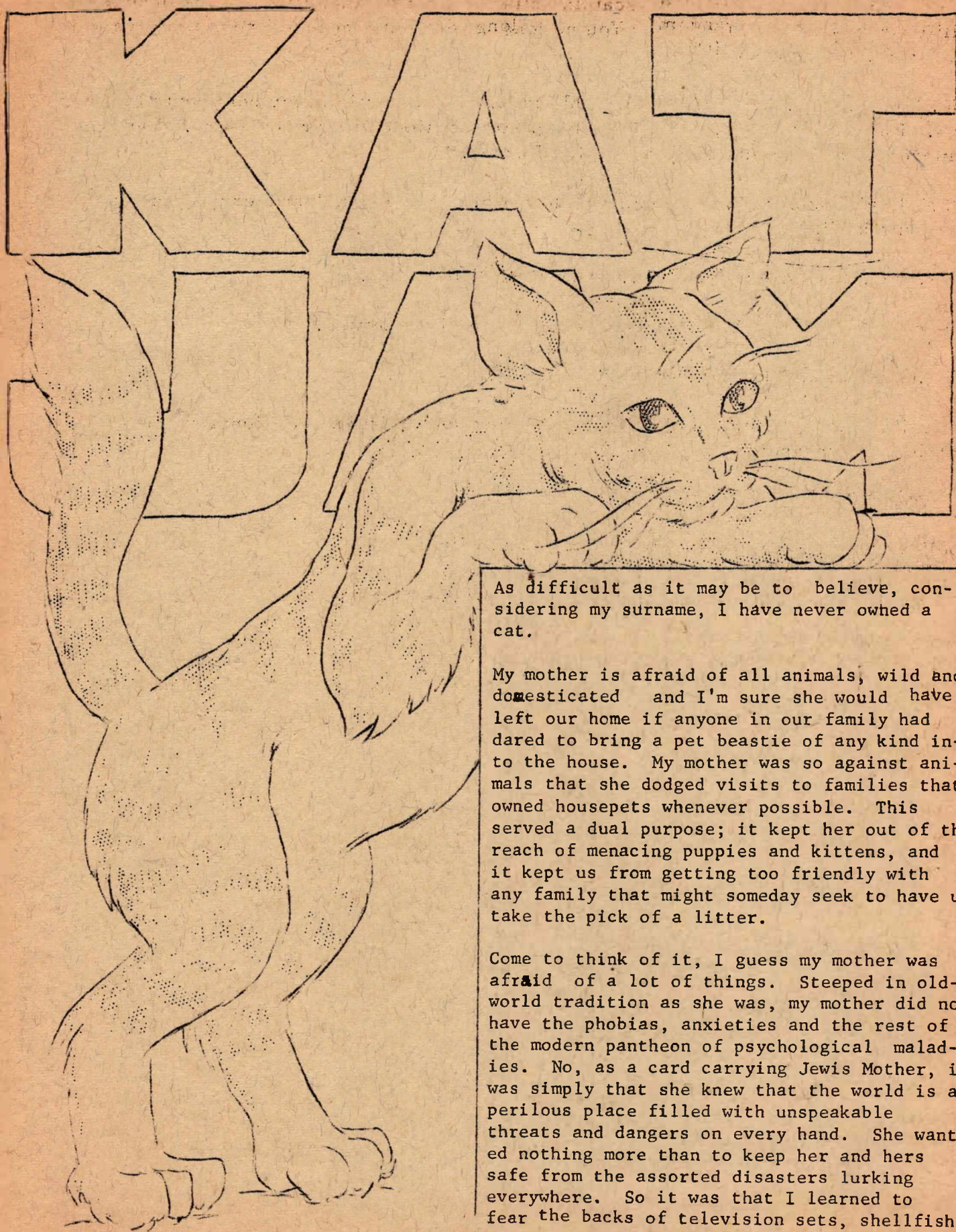
We walked on to the movies in silence punctuated only by an occasional rustle of a tootsie roll wrapper.

We say Night of the Living Dead.

I believe the Burbee of the Seventies was chuckling.

-- Joyce Katz

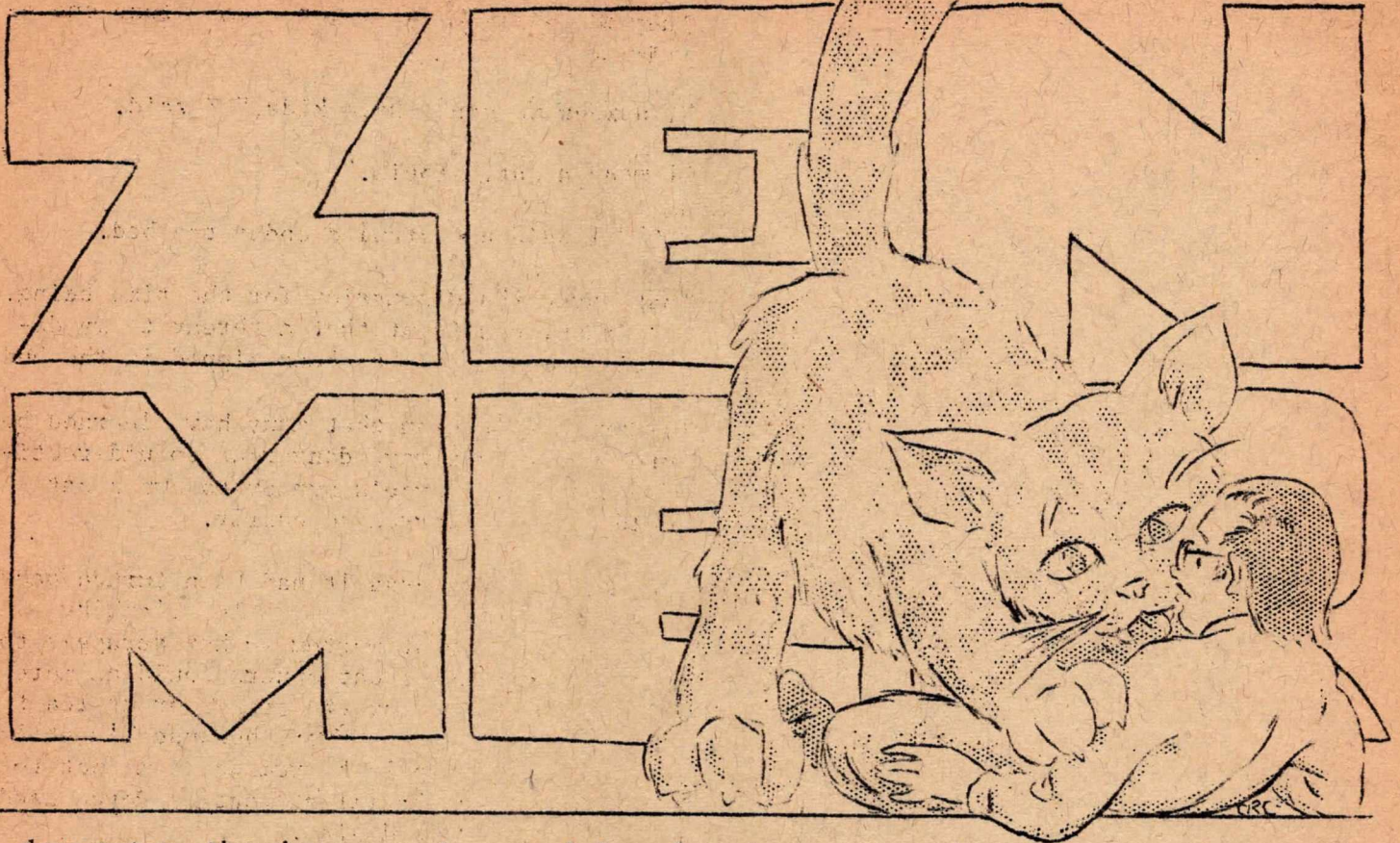




As difficult as it may be to believe, considering my surname, I have never owned a cat.

My mother is afraid of all animals, wild and domesticated and I'm sure she would have left our home if anyone in our family had dared to bring a pet beastie of any kind into the house. My mother was so against animals that she dodged visits to families that owned housepets whenever possible. This served a dual purpose; it kept her out of the reach of menacing puppies and kittens, and it kept us from getting too friendly with any family that might someday seek to have us take the pick of a litter.

Come to think of it, I guess my mother was afraid of a lot of things. Steeped in old-world tradition as she was, my mother did not have the phobias, anxieties and the rest of the modern pantheon of psychological maladies. No, as a card carrying Jewis Mother, it was simply that she knew that the world is a perilous place filled with unspeakable threats and dangers on every hand. She wanted nothing more than to keep her and hers safe from the assorted disasters lurking everywhere. So it was that I learned to fear the backs of television sets, shellfish,



deep water, the cheese on pizza, and four-footed creatures of every description.

It pleases me to believe, smug in the confidence of my 26 years, that I have crawled out from under the day-bed of life, but the lessons learned in early years are not so easily ignored. I've made my peace with seafood and I love pizzas with plenty of cheese, but on the other hand, I never did learn to swim. I continue to heed mom's advice about the back of the television set and, until now, have managed to get along very satisfactorily without a pet.

Not that I haven't been exposed to critturs canine and feline. Several of my friends have had dogs of various degrees of size and ferocity and, when I became active in the microcosm, I found that cats were ubiquitous in New York fandom. Every two weeks at Fanoclast meetings, I would be exposed to Ted and Robin White's army of cats. Proud and haughty creatures they were, going where they wished and scarcely deigning to notice any of the visitors. On those occasions when I did come under the eye of Sinbad or one of the others, I generally sat stock still, rigid as a board, or gave them whatever it was they seemed to want from me.

Before Joyce and I joined forces to spread sloth and hedonism through the borough of Brooklyn, I was dimly aware that she, too, was a cat owner. I saw this as a flaw in her otherwise sterling character, though fortunately it was, I believed, one which had little impact on my personal life.

When she moved to New York City and, after some preliminary dating, we decided to move in together, the question of whether or not we should have a cat was always lurking in the background. It was never spoken of openly between us until we were actually married and settled into our current apartment.

"Wouldn't you like to have the pitterpatter of little footsteps around the house?" Joyce

asked me coyly when we were home alone one evening.

"You know we can't have kids," I said.

"I mean a cat, stupid."

"Oh," I said and crawled under the bed.

That ended the discussion for the time being. I relaxed, confident that a threat to my domestic tranquility had been nipped in the bud.

I learned a lesson that many have learned before me; it is always dangerous to underestimate a woman. Joyce's hunger to own a cat could not be thwarted so easily.

Once her frontal assault had been turned back, Joyce embarked on a more subtle flanking movement. The post mortem on her struggle to rejoin the ranks of cat owners would be more properly delivered by the winner or at least an expert neutral observer, because I'm still baffled, but it would be remiss of me not to cite some of the brilliant tactics Joyce used to get her heart's desire.

Joyce began stopping along the streets of Brooklyn Heights to talk to roving cats. "Pretty kitty," she would coo at every bedraggled stray that crossed her path.

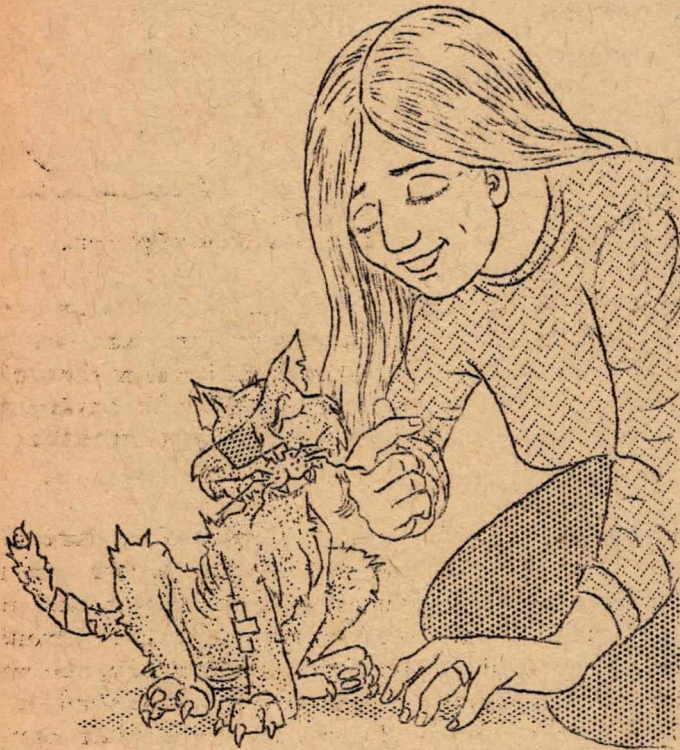
"How can you say that to that mangy animal?" I would ask her whenever she was lavishing her affection on some particularly disreputable-looking specimen.

"It doesn't know it's ugly," she would explain each time. "I don't want to hurt its feelings." Whereupon she would return to flirting with the alley cat in question.

At first I thought it was best to ignore this eccentricity. After all, Joyce is a fan -- a BNF in fact -- and fans are a pretty strange breed. Like all diseases left untreated, however, this one grew worse and worse. It wasn't long before Joyce developed the habit of dashing down side streets any time she caught so much as a glimpse of a cat. We'd be walking arm-and-arm down Court Street, exchanging profound thoughts on the subject of numbered fandoms, and ten seconds later she'd be four blocks away earnestly talking to some cat.

I was determined to be strong and keep our apartment undefiled by pets, so Joyce escalated the battle. Instead of merely talking to the animals, she started trying to seduce one into coming home with her.

"Hello there, kitty," she would say as she sidled up to some feline contentedly curled up



by the side of a building. "Wouldn't you like to come home with Joyce? It'll be very nice there, kitty. You can have all the 9-Lives cat food you can eat." Usually the object of her ardor would bestir himself to walk (or sometimes to run) to safety. This didn't deter Joyce and she would soon be trying again with another cat. She was always trying to find Mr. Right of the cat world, some kitty that would heed her pleas and follow her home to a life of bliss and all the cat toys it could stand.

I hate to admit it right here in TANDEM, but Joyce really got forward about the whole thing. She took to hanging around the local food markets, trying to attract the attention of the store cats with negligible success.

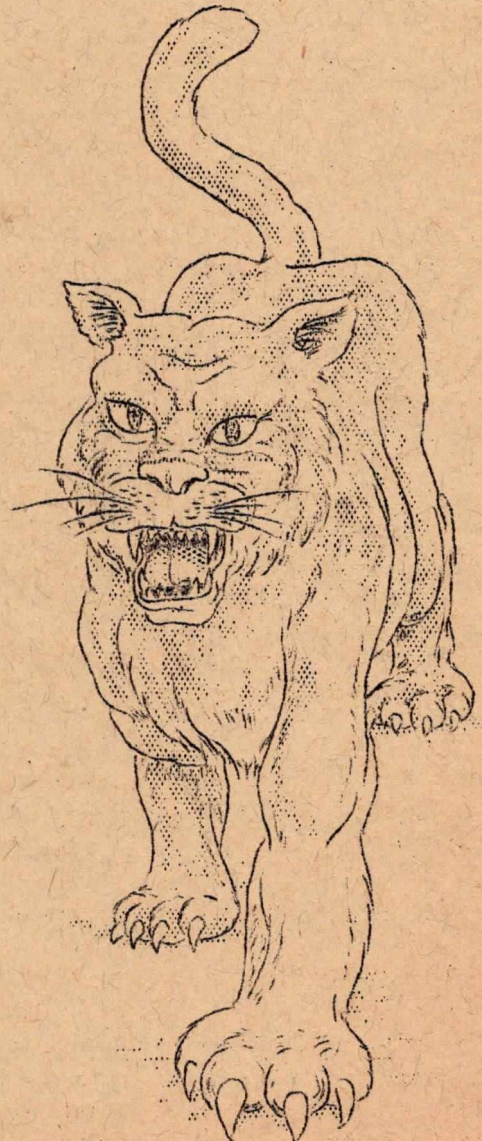
Her unorthodox behavior did not go entirely unnoticed by the rest of the world. Occasionally, she would be drawn into long conversations with crazy old ladies she met while they were both trying to ingratiate themselves with the same cat. Weird dialogues they were, full of mysticism and generalized craziness. I honestly can't reproduce them here, since my reply to this gambit was to make believe I was a lamp post.

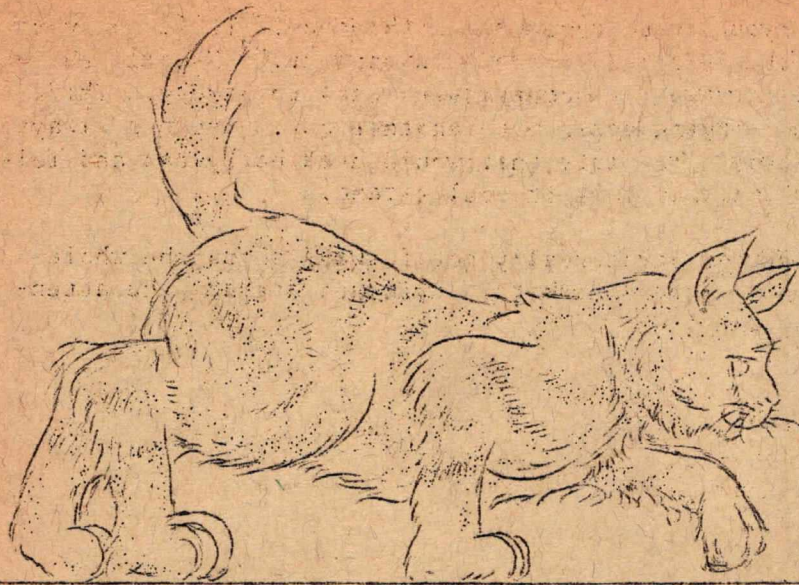
The waiters and waitresses at the restaurant, Piccadeli, also noticed Joyce's obsession with cats. The eatery had two large ones, and Joyce usually spent the first half of every meal trying to entice whichever one was handy to sit beside her.

Unfortunately, one of Piccadeli's prime mousers was the promiscuous type. One sooner had she birthed one litter than she was ballooning with another. They were going to have the cat Fixed, the waitress-in-charge-of-cats told Joyce, but meanwhile the restaurant was scouting for potential cat owners.

If I may digress, I find the argot of cat fanciers fascinating. I'm amazed by the way the cat owner's vocabulary is designed to deny the fact that their little darlings are animals and do all the stuff that animals usually do. When you hear a cat owner say that he is going to have his pet "fixed", it sounds as though he's going to do the beast a great favor. Fixing implies that the cat was damaged or possibly defective before the miraculous operation, but after that, he will be Fixed. You seldom hear a cat owner say, "We're going to take our cat Morris to the vet and have his balls cut off." No, you just don't hear that.

Bill Kunkel and I, ever alert to ripe busi-





ness opportunities, have decided to form a company which will remove this whole unpleasant aspect from the lives of cat owners. Unicat will sell what we, with what I feel is the utmost delicacy, term "enhanced " cats. Our company slogan is, "It doesn't matter what it was, it's not that any more."

When Joyce heard about the pregnant cat at Piccadeli, her yearning knew no bounds. She increased the tempo of her campaign which had, at that particular time, the stated objective of getting me to request that we get a cat. That is hard to believe, I realize, but that was her goal, and she would accept nothing less than my total submission.

"If you want a cat that badly," I said to her one day at Piccadeli when the expectant mother cat walked past our table, "I guess you can have one."

"But I want you to want one," she replied.

"Look, Joyce, I've never had a cat and I don't especially miss having one." Her smile faded. "If you want one, though, I can't see why we can't get one."

"But you have to want it."

"But I don't want a cat now," I insisted.

"Now?" she asked.

"No, not yet."

"How 'bout now?" she persisted.

"No, not now." The conversation continued in this vein for another fifteen minutes, by which time Joyce had tired of repeating her question every ten seconds.

I've beaten back another challenge, I mused inwardly.

Little Did I know

Time passed, as it often does, and still we had no cat and no firm plans for getting one. Joyce pretended that she was still hoping I would spontaneously ask for a cat, and she asked me if I wanted one just often enough to keep my suspicions lulled. As I rolled along serenely, she constructed a secret plan, bit by laborious bit, that was her final,

all-or-nothing attempt to bring me around to wanting, nay, needing , a pet cat.

"We have a mouse," Joyce said brightly one day. I remarked that I hadn't seen it, though conceding that with my bad eyes, this was no proof. "I saw it in the kitchen yesterday," she explained.

"If there's a mouse, then we'll have to set a mouse trap." That's me, always right there with the solution.

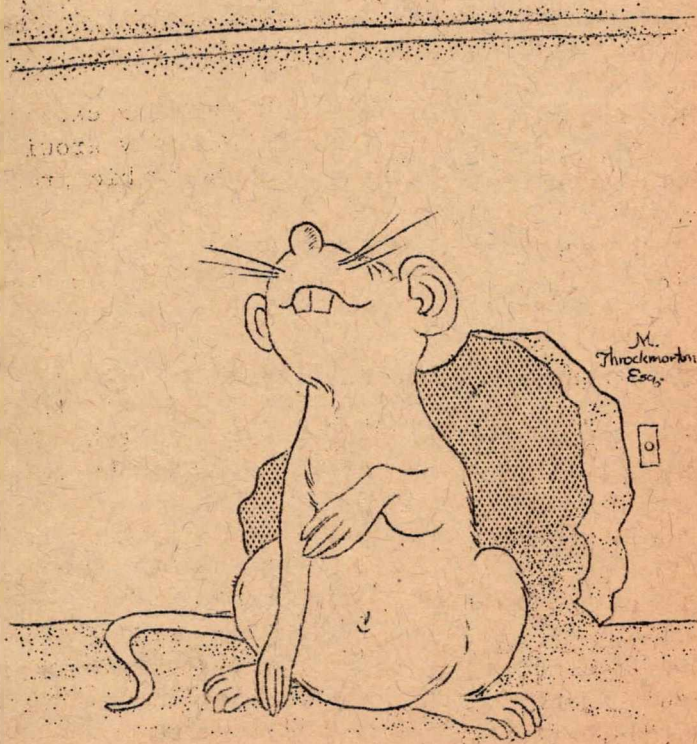
"Fine, and you can empty the trap when we catch our little mouse."

"Me?! You saw him, you catch him." Joyce gave me a very graphic description of what shape a mouse is in after the jaws of a mouse trap close upon it. I'm not exactly squeamish, but it wasn't a very pretty story the way she told it.

"We've got a mouse," Joyce repeated smugly and then went back to reading her comic book. A little later, I heard that dread rustling in the kitchen, investigated and found that we did, indeed, have a mouse. I with my penchant for naming everything that comes within my ken, dubbed him Throckmorton. He was a busy creature for such a tiny thing, and we had to throw out some food he'd sampled in one of our cabinets.

"See, Arnie, I told you we had a mouse."

"Well, you're right all right," I said, "we sure do have a mouse."



"Now we'll have to get a cat," Joyce said triumphantly.

I hung my head. I knew in my heart that I had been beaten fair and square. "Yes, I guess we'll have to tell them to save us one down at the restaurant."

"Can it be a white kitty," Joyce asked, pressing her advantage.

"They show dirt a lot, don't they?" I asked. "I mean, a gray one would be easier to keep clean. Look, we'll see what colors they come in when the litter is ready for giving away."

"I'm going to have a cat," Joyce bubbled, "I'm going to have a little kitty." She walked over to the cabinet. "Watch out, Throckmorton, I'm going to have a little kitty."

I wouldn't want to categorically state that Joyce had anything to do with the arrival of our mouse, but she later told me that she had adopted a mouse in St. Louis at one time. I would hate to think that she had imported Throckmorton from some other apartment (or even some other building, we don't have mice around here, much) for the express purpose of stampeding me into getting a cat. We will look away from this aspect of the proceedings. It is not seemly to distrust one's spouse right out in print in a fanzine.

The restaurant cat had her litter at the beginning of September, and I knew that my prayers had been denied. My fate was sealed. Bit by bit, I was dragged into the world of cat-owners in preparation for the day when I would become one of their number.

My exposure to inner-circle cat-owner talk always left me dumbfounded. The imagination expended to clothe what is a not-especially-bright animal in an aura of almost supernatural intelligence and perception would provide the spark for a year's worth of Ace doubles, if it were properly channeled. I have heard intelligent, even brilliant, people talk for hours on the theme that their pet was an emissary from Beyond the Stars, sent to Earth to observe Man.

I don't know if this is true of others, but I've always found it unsettling to have to look forward to something unpleasant scheduled for a fixed time in the future. If I am ever to have a tooth or a kidney removed, let it be done right on the spot with no preamble.

As the weeks before we were to get our cat flew by, and September scurried away to be replaced by October, I saw the black day growing ever larger on my life's horizon. The Day of Reckoning began to take on mythic proportions.

Joyce whistled through the weeks, her joy at getting a cat mounting day by day. I took to doing things I didn't like, to make the time pass more slowly and built nightmare visions of what the addition of a cat to our happy household would do to my life.

Etched in the exaggerated lines of dream, I saw gut-wrenching confrontations between Joyce and me in which she told me she was throwing me over to live in riotous debauch with her pet cat. I watched myself eat kernels of day-old cat food in a dirty corner of a dingy room while the cat sat before the television set watching UFO and eating cheeseburgers.

The cats in my fantasies began to assume monstrous proportions. Kittens as big as tigers loomed over me, Tyrannizing me. I imagined the cat, greedy and insolent, taking the food off my plate and daring me to stop it. I envisioned myself laid out flat, pressed down by the weight of a titanic, slavering cat sitting on my chest and playing cat-and-mouse games with my head. In these dreams, Joyce was always a half-interested bystander, remaining aloof from my struggle with the cat, except to occasionally murmur, "Pretty kitty," or some other such endearment.

I gained a short reprieve when it took the painters a little longer than expected to finish doing our apartment, but I could see that it was just a matter of time until the Katz household became a threesome.

One day, when I realized it could be put off no longer, we went down to Piccadeli and collected our kitten. It's a yellow, striped tom we named Foo Manchu, primarily because we had already expended "Towner" on our glass swan.

I was relieved to find that owning a cat, like so many other distasteful activities, is not as bad as expected once you're actually caught up in it. The kitten made some vague attempts to Tyrannize me, but since I am bigger and stronger at this point, it wasn't too successful. Foo's early defeats have generally served to keep the little brute in line.

I even unbent enough from my anti-pet stance to try to teach Foo Manchu a Trick. What good is an animal that cannot do a Trick, I reasoned. I intuitively felt that I could never teach the kitten to fetch the paper, because the newsstand is so far and he doesn't have pockets for the change, but I figured he could at least learn to do something as simple as rolling over.



I worked and worked with the new arrival at 59 Livingston, rolling him over manually and then praising him lavishly for his grand accomplishment. Finally, when Foo was willing to roll over about one out of every three times I commanded him to do so, I decided that it was time to show Joyce.

"Joyce, Foo knows a Trick," I said to her.

"That's nice," she said without much enthusiasm. "He can find his cat box by himself, right?" Despite the fact that Joyce will argue for hours that cats are the world's smartest creatures, she doesn't really have a great deal of faith in their ability to do anything very practical.

"No, Joyce, I tell you I've taught our little kitty a genuine Trick."

"You're kidding."

"No, really, Joyce, I taught him to roll over." I beamed proudly.

"No, no no," she said. "You can't teach cats to do tricks. They're too smart to perform on command."

"Oh?" I don't know much about cats, and I consider Joyce something of an expert on the subject.

"You can't make a cat do tricks, Arnie," she said with total finality.

I was crushed. I asked the cat to roll over a couple of times, and he obliged once, but the fun had gone out of it. Foo seemed to sense my half-heartedness and soon lost his interest in our little game.

A few weeks after this, Joyce told me she'd been reading a book about cats that had come her way in the hopes that it would make her a more perfect owner. "This book I'm reading says that you can teach cats tricks. Didn't you say you'd taught Foo to do something or other?"

"I taught him to roll over."

"Roll over? That's great, that's really great." She ran to get the cat.

"Roll over, Foo, roll over," she said. Nothing. "Come on, Foo, just roll over once for Joyce."

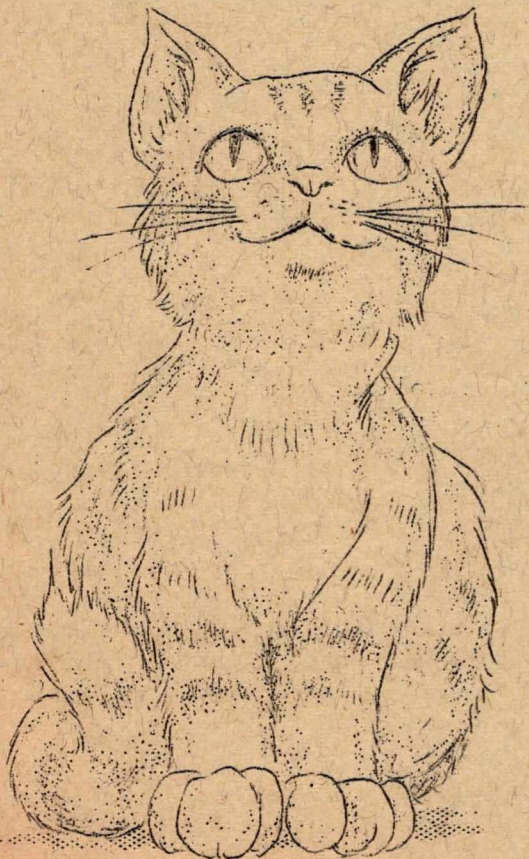
Nothing.

"Let me try, Joyce." I got down on the ground close to the cat. "Roll over, Foo," I said, clapping my hands for emphasis. "Roll over."

I flopped down onto my side and neatly rolled over, sort of to remind the cat of what it was supposed to do.

It was no good. The cat had plainly forgotten its one great talent, and there was nothing to do.

There's only been one hangover from those long sessions I had with Foo Manchu trying to teach it to roll over. When it is especially anxious to ingratiate itself with me, at meal time, for instance, it now flops over onto its side and lays there looking piquant. I think it



still dimly remembers how much it pleased me to have it lay on its side preparatory to rolling over.

Joyce and I have been tagged unfairly with the allegation that we're anti-science fiction. I have even read this in the fanzine of one of this issue's contributors. Despite the fact that it rarely, if ever, comes in for mention in our fanzines, I assure you that it is not true. Science fiction forms a rich and vital part of our lives and helps make us better human beings in today's modern world. Really.

Just the other day, something very science fictional happened to us. I walked into our bedroom and found Joyce sprawled across the bed, smiling beatifically as she often does when she's gotten into her perfume.

"Ah," I said, "it's good to see you lying there, beaming like that."

"Yes, she said lazily, "I'm beaming."

"Are they moonbeams or sunbeams?" I queried. She paused in her beaming to consider the question.

"I'm the sun," she decided. I began whirling around and around and, using what we veteran players of Simon Says call umbrella steps, described an arc around our bed.

"I'm a planet!" I shouted. "I'm a planet!" Foo, dimly aware that something interesting was happening in the bedroom, raced through the doorway, jumped to the bed, circled Joyce's reclining form at top speed, and bolted from the room as quickly as it had entered.

"Foo is a comet," Joyce pronounced from her vantage point at the center of the Katzian solar system.

I stopped spinning on my axis and paused in my orbit, just like an Edmund Hamilton story, except that I lived it.

"How do you know he's a comet?" I asked.

"He went around me in a parabolic orbit," said the sun. "Besides, I distinctly saw its tail!"

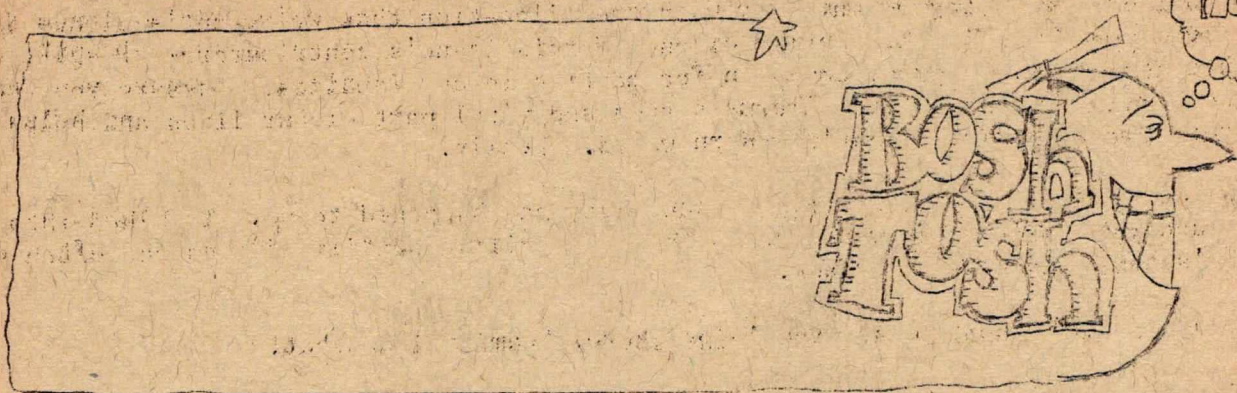
-- Arnie Katz

Hedonistic to the Hilt!

In line with our constant desire to rake in scads of money, "The Incomplete Terry Carr", an anthology of some of his best work is currently available from Joyce and I for the sum of \$1. Included in the collection are highlights from his famed CRY and INNUENDO columns, "My Fair Femmefan", "Egoboo for Algernon" and lots of other fantastic articles and stories.

Our edition of "The Enchanted Duplicator" has sold out, except for a few copies I will keep to show young neofen in years to come, and we're returning all money sent us by late-comers. We may reprint our edition since we have most, if not all the stencils, but meanwhile, please don't order it any more.

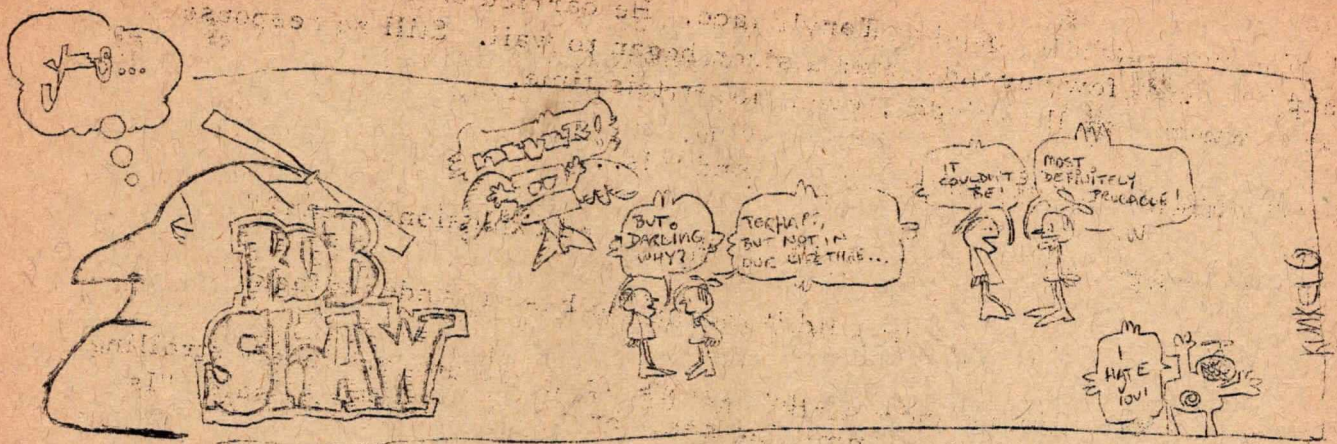
In answer to several queries, we have no back issues of any of our fanzines for sale. Those smart enough to get on our good side might have some luck, but we just don't have enough extras to start taking orders for them.



One of the things which always surprises me, though I'm a fairly regular air traveller, is the way in which the first aerial glimpse of a famous place corresponds so exactly to my mental image of it. Last November, for instance, I was lying dozing across three seats of a Gulf Aviation VC.10 at 3:30 a.m. when the announcement came that we were soon to land at Bahrain. All I knew about Bahrain was that it was a big oil producer, so I looked out of a window -- and there was a Dantean panorama of burn-off flares stretching from horizon to horizon. Each flare presented a double image -- a sharp orange point on the ground and a fuzzy orange glow reflected from the layer of mist above it. In contrast to the warm appearance of the oilwells, the occasional townships shone with an ice-green light. The mist they illuminated locally provided them with tenuous bodies which were filled with nodes of cold brilliance. They were like an alien spawn, creatures composed of a sprawling malevolent jelly oozing their way across a dark planet.

Christ, I thought, I must use this in a science fiction story. Nodding with satisfaction, I put a description into my notebook and found myself almost looking forward to the rest of the trip. The reason for it was that the Sultan of Oman operates a fleet of Skyvan aircraft made by my firm, and in my capacity as Press Officer I had been asked to spend some time with them in the desert then produce a story or two for aviation journals. The Skyvan Area Manager, Mike -- a former Battle of Britain pilot, who was with me, had assured me I would be kept well away from Communist fire, so my only concern was the temperature. It gets to 130F in the Oman and I'm a heavy, warm-blooded creature who finds 70F almost unbearable. The only time I really feel alive and well is on a sharp frosty morning. However, it looked as though I might be able to fill a notebook with valuable impressions, and I had been told it was a dry heat. (It's amazing how much faith people put in dryness as a protection against extremes of temperature -- the death of Captain Scott notwithstanding.)

Anyway, armed with notebook and promises of aridity I stepped off the VC.10 in Bahrain.



It was like walking into a pressure cooker. This was at 4:00 a.m., yet the temperature was 80F and the air was so humid that you could actually taste the water in it. My clothes were stuck to me, tight, like wet bandages, before I had reached the immigration shed. And our luggage -- which had been in an unheated baggage compartment at 30,000 feet -- was streaming with condensing moisture. Even though I understood the process, it was uncanny to see ordinary suitcases manufacturing water by the pint.

Bahrain was the first stopping-off point. Bill, the company chief photographer, and I stayed there three days while we got some material on oil companies who use Skyvans. Then we flew several hundred miles further south to Muscat on a Gulf Aviation Fokker. This was as far as the airlines went -- and our final destination was Salalah, 600 miles further down into the tropics, where until recently the punishment for being seen smoking a cigarette or having an alcoholic drink was five years in a dungeon, and where until three years ago the penalty for stealing was the public lopping off of one's right hand.

The ruler himself, Sultan Qaboos, was very rarely seen by anybody -- he spent most of his time in his palace beyond the mountains of the southernmost province. When I learned his name I felt a renewed flicker of interest in the assignment until I remembered he was strongly anti-Communist.

That meant I couldn't get by with calling my article "There's A Little Red Qaboos Behind the Terrain."

We did the last stage of the journey on a Viscount of the Sultan's Air Force, arriving in the baking heat of Salalah in the early afternoon. Now Bill and I were only 70 miles from the border of the Yemen and Communist rebels were observing us from the mountains only five miles from the airfield. I seemed to feel their binoculars on me as we were shown around the base by a Skyvan pilot officer called Tony. He was brown and dried out by the sun, but immaculate in tropical kit, very English. Most of the SOAF officers were British -- either seconded from the Royal Air Force or on three year contracts which paid a generous tax-free bounty. We had been walking perhaps five minutes when -- loud, close-by and unmistakable -- came

the pam! of a mortar shell. I looked at Tony's face. He carried on chatting as though nothing had happened. A few seconds later a siren began to wail. Still no response from Tony, then another shell exploded, even closer this time.

"This is the officer's mess," he was saying. "And this..."

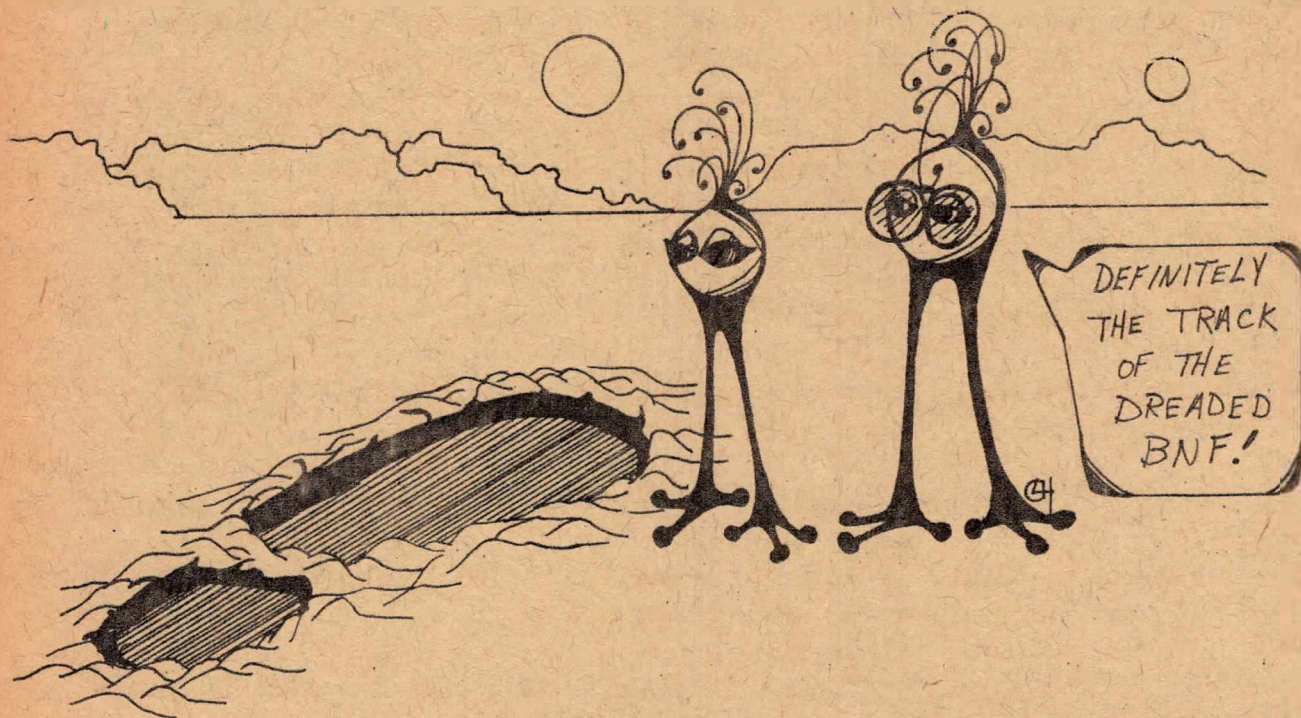
"Excuse me, Tony," I put in, "what do all these sirens and explosions mean?"

He looked faintly embarrassed. "I'm afraid it means the base is under attack."

I looked around at the officers and maintenance crews who were unconcernedly strolling about in shorts. Wondering if I was committing some breach of etiquette, I said, "Is there not somewhere we could go? Some kind of... shelter?"

"Ah...there's one just across the patio. You could sit in there if you want."

The photographer's eyes met mine and we nodded. "We aren't proud," I explained to Tony as we left him and dived under ground. Down in the shelter we found one mechanic who gave the impression he had only dropped in for a quiet smoke.



"We expected the rebels to put on a bit of a show today," he told us. "Because of the Sultan's birthday."

"But that's not till tomorrow," said Bill, who has a good memory for things like that.

"I know, but the Commies always get these things wrong."

The all-clear sounded a few minutes later.

That evening, while I was changing for dinner, the rebels returned and their first

shell sounded louder than ever because of the end-of-day stillness. I had been advised by the C.O. to lie down under my bed if there was another attack, but I had just finished showering and if I obeyed instructions would have to start all over again. Strange how quickly you adapt. Living in Belfast I accept a certain amount of risk from I. R. A. bombs because that is my own war, but the idea of sustaining even a slight injury in somebody else's war just to promote Skyvan sales absolutely appalled me. And yet I wasn't prepared to crawl in the dust under the bed.

I looked out of the window, saw men standing smoking in the patio and went out to join them. Two Strikemaster jets took off behind us and were over the mountains in seconds. Their rockets scribed dark lines against the sunset sky. The thuds of the rocket strikes followed. A tiny colourless lizard darted across my feet. More rocket strikes, more belated thuds. The admin officer hurried up to me and I waited to be told to go indoors like a good civilian,

"Do you like crayfish?" he said to me. "I caught some beauties this afternoon. We'll have them with our beer afterwards."

Another day Bill and I were on top of an 8,000 ft mountain fifty miles from base. We had flown there by helicopter and had photographed a Skyvan doing difficult landings and take-offs on the tiny strip. The Skyvan had left and the helicopter pilot was attending to some business in a cluster of native huts about a mile away. The air was actually cold, and Bill and I walked a fair distance savouring the moment of peace. We sat down to have a smoke. Because of the curvature of the ground we were out of sight of the copter, and it was quite a moment to find ourselves alone on an alien plateau in fading light surrounded by the ancient peaks of Araby.

"This is the life," Bill said.

"Yep." My gaze fell on a 15 lb. rock which appeared to have a fossil in it. I thought of John Berry back in Belfast who is a keen fossil hunter.

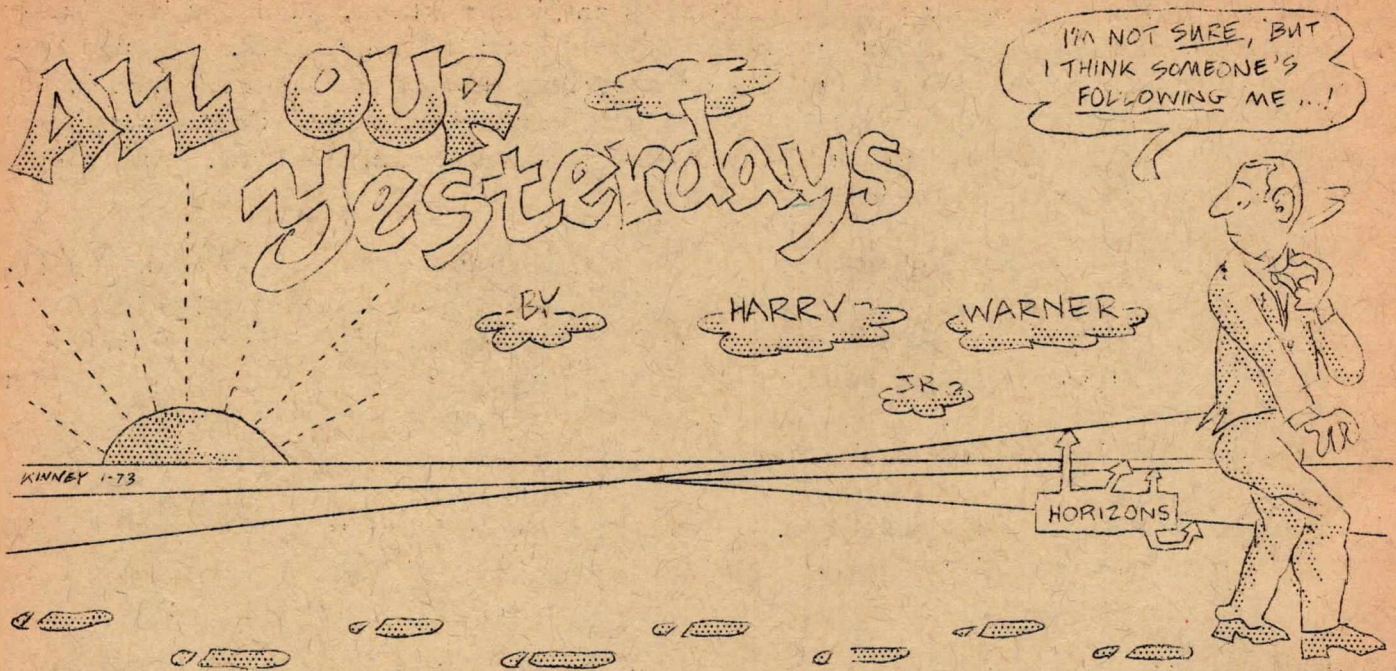
"I could stay here forever," Bill said.

"Me too." I picked up the rock and discovered it was practically made of fossils -- every face of it was a mass of leggy or worm-like shapes, many varieties. There was more good stuff in there than you could find in ten years in Ireland. I decided immediately that in spite of its weight and other difficulties I was going to bring the rock home with me as a present for John.

"I hate the thought of going back to the rat race," Bill said.

"Me too." I held the rock out for him to see. "Have a..."

At that instant there came the sound of the helicopter starting up. Bill and I looked at each other, aghast, thinking the same thought. The copter pilot had assumed we had left on the Skyvan! We might be stranded overnight in this miserable, God-forsaken hell-hole!



Hagerstown's summer resembles this year the sunward side of Mercury. I feel not the slightest impulse to go into the sizzling attic and burrow through stacks of redhot fanzines, excavating molten ore as subject matter for this instalment of this column. Moreover, people who do odd things under the influence of exceptional circumstances like a prolonged heat wave are less severely chastised for those indiscretions. So, if I can avoid a trip to the stifling attic and simultaneously if I can risk attenuated denunciation for blowing my own horn, why shouldn't I devote the column just this once to one of my own fanzines?

There's another reason for this egocentric procedure. I was greatly flattered by the showing Horizons made in the Focal Point poll and I've received since the Fannual was distributed several plaintive inquiries from people who didn't know that such a fanzine exists. The most recent book about fan history barely mentions Horizons, many fans prefer not even to think about it, and maybe the time has come when some of the facts about it should be narrated in one convenient assemblage.

I had begun publishing Spaceways in the fall of 1938 as a general purpose fanzine which ran all sorts of fiction and non-fiction, poetry, columns, and advertisements. When it was six months or so old, I thought I had acquired the fannish knowhow to cope with any fanzine situation. But a fat envelope from a woman somewhere up in the Great Plains States provided me with a real puzzler. She sent a couple of science fiction stories. They weren't good but they were better than some of the fiction I'd been publishing in Spaceways, I hadn't reached the stage yet of rejecting anything submitted for publication, and those stories were much too long for Spaceways if its issues were to continue to offer the variety readers seemed to like. What's more, I'd been thinking for some time about the deprived fannish condition in which I labored, lacking the experiences almost all other fans liked to discuss: in other words, I'd never owned and used a hectograph. So I decided to start a second fanzine, smaller in size and circulation, which would emphasize fiction and would run stories too long for my mimeographed fanzine.

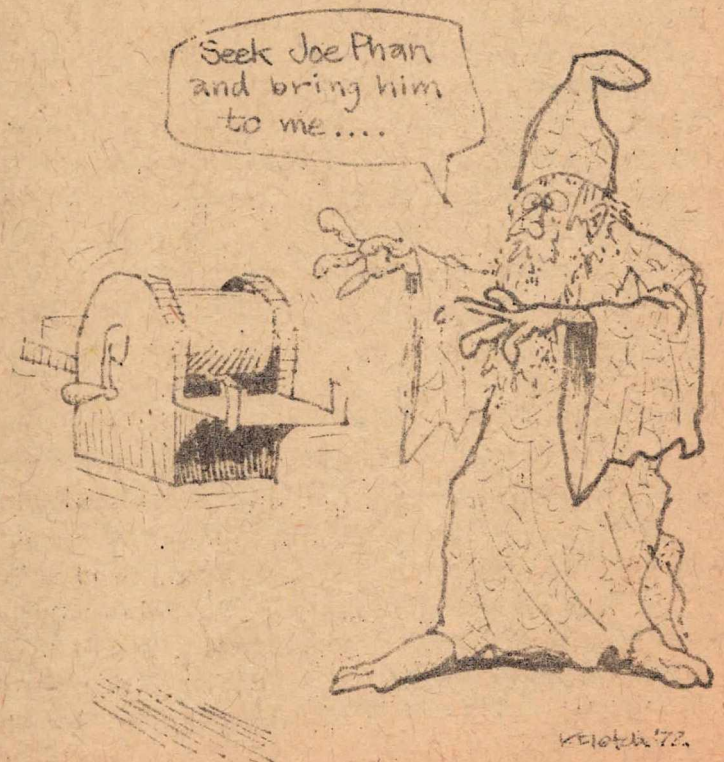
Everything I'd read about the hectograph turned out to be true. It made the western part of Hagerstown purple, it decayed in the middle of reproducing a page, it produced barely legible copies, and a twelve-page Horizons turned out to be much more trouble than Spaceways which averaged twice its page count and drew ten times as much comment from readers.

But the lady who wrote those stories was happy to have a magazine created for her fiction, even though she never did anything else in particular in fandom. I also had the satisfaction of learning how bad I was as a writer of science fiction, by reading the comments on several stories I wrote for those early issues of Horizons. Moreover, there was one undiluted good thing about the fanzine's first few issues: covers by Walter Earl Marconette. He's forgotten today as an early fanzine artist, and his art wouldn't win much favor if displayed amid the creations of the powerhouses who are turning out pictures for fanzines today. But Marconette's drawings were smoothly executed, they weren't jumbles of excess detail, they exercised some taste in the use of multi-colored hecto pencils, and I still contend that they were the best-looking series of covers, taken all in all, that any hectographed fanzine ever had.

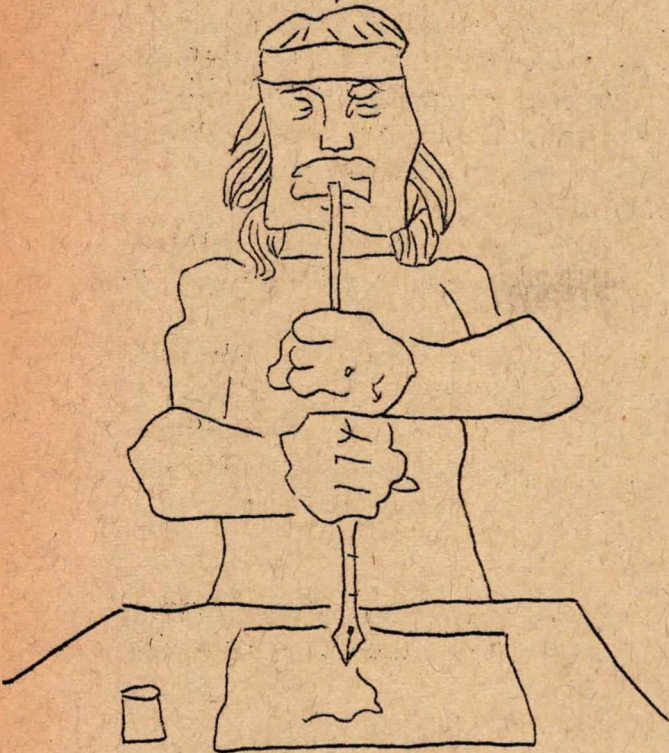
The first issue of Horizons was dated October, 1939. I tried to maintain a quarterly schedule, deviated several times in the first few years, and missed an issue altogether when intestinal flu knocked me out completely late in 1943. Maybe someday I'll get around to publishing that missing December, 1943, issue, because I haven't missed an issue since then and I hate to think of a three-issue volume five of a fanzine which has four issues in every other volume for a third of a century.

But I'm getting ahead of my story. After perhaps a half-dozen issues Horizons underwent a considerable change. I'd joined FAPA early in my fannish career, but hadn't done much publishing for it in that era when it really didn't matter if a member contributed his eight pages, because there was no waiting list and the person who was dropped for lack of activity could rejoin without missing a mailing. But after several years as a deadwood member, I must have felt a bit nagged by a bad conscience, and I was dissatisfied with the reaction that the fiction-slanted Horizons was getting. I decided to convert it to a FAPA publication, some time in 1941, I believe. I began to shift emphasis to FAPA-type material, and by the fall of 1942, two great things happened. I stopped publishing Spaceways and consigned the hectograph to the tender mercies of the devil who had created it, switching Horizons to mimeography.

Very little has happened to Horizons since 1942, otherwise. About a dozen



I LOOK LIKE A
KINNEY JUST BECAUSE
I HAVEN'T BEEN
ABLE TO LOOSEN
U.P.



years later, I was prosperous enough to double its size to 24 pages. Before that occasion, I'd reached such financial heights that I stopped using yellow second sheets on which Horizons had been published during financially critical years. There were occasional issues with cover illustrations, but not often; ten years ago, Jean Young Rose did a series of cover illustrations for me that I considered a good mimeograph equivalent of the tasteful and simple drawings Marconnette had provided in the hectographed era. About a dozen years ago, I did something which I still feel remorse about. I stopped cranking a mimeograph. A deadline was approaching, I was overwhelmed with non-fannish affairs, mechanical difficulties with the mimeograph were too much for me, so I bundled up a quire of stencils, some of them very inky, and sent them off to Ted White who not only ran them off beautifully but somehow managed to type his Qwertyuiop Press imprint on one of the most saturated stencils. Ted, Dick Eney, and the Coulsons have successively been my mimeographers since then, and without them I never would have managed to retain the 28-year-old record of hitting every FAPA mailing.

It's presumptuous enough to write so much about my own fanzine, and I have no intention of making things worse by quoting extracts from various issues the way this column normally does, because Horizons has been mostly self-written after those first few issues. There has been an occasional outside contribution. Ackerman bared his fannish soul once, revealing many fascinating things about his early years in fandom. Walter Breen contributed a scholarly essay on Shakespeare's sonnet mystery. And, of course, there has been a department entitled The Worst of Martin in every issue for the past decade. This baffles people who came in late and needs some explaining.

Early in the 1960's, FAPA dropped a member named Edgar Allan Martin on the grounds that material which he'd published for activity credits was not original. This ignited a fuss that lasted years. The material was a group of short stories which Martin had written, based on ancient jokes. In the end, everyone admitted that they were original material and that Martin had been dropped as a result of a mistake, but officialdom ruled that Martin had not adopted the proper procedure to have the mistake rectified and so couldn't retain his membership. I don't normally hold grudges but I did in this case, since the incident destroyed much of the pleasure I'd formerly found in FAPA. I decided that Martin would be represented in every mailing of FAPA as long as the membership roster contained anyone who had opposed his reinstatement. I began to reprint the poorest examples of his writings I could find, in and out of fandom,

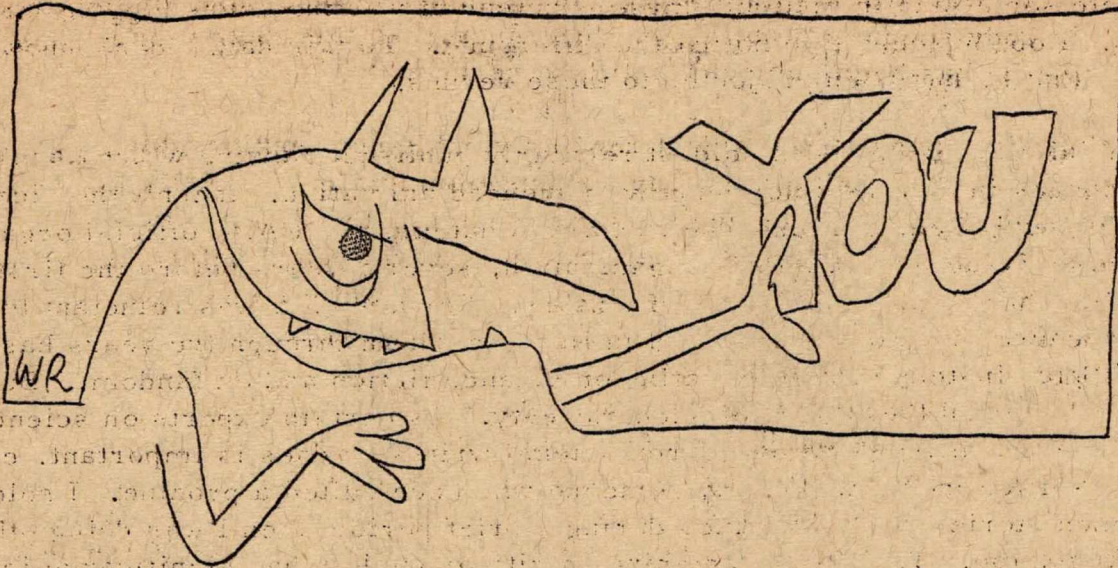
usually filling one or two pages per issue with them. Occasionally I got pressed for time and wrote some Martin material myself instead of wasting hours digging through old mailings. Nobody seemed to notice the difference. To this day, I don't know if Martin knows that he has been subjected to these reruns.

I think I can claim Horizons as the oldest regularly published fanzine which hasn't undergone changes in editorship or lengthy suspended animation. It isn't the oldest title still being published, because The Fantasy Amateur, the FAPA official organ, hasn't missed an issue since FAPA's organization, several years before the first Horizons. But The FA has had dozens of editors. For a while I was reluctant to make this claim, because much of the material in Horizons down through the years has been on mundane topics instead of concentrating on science fiction and on fandom. But then just recently I realized the fallacy of such modesty. As certain experts on science fiction have proved, anything which a professional writes or does is important, even if it's an inter-office memo written by someone who once edited a prozine. I sold perhaps a dozen stories to the prozines during a brief period when I was doing other irrational things, too. Therefore, anything I write or publish has significance in the world of science fiction letters, because it emanates from one of the sacred congregation of the select few who have accepted money for science fiction stories.

Material in Horizons has taken several forms down through the years. During the early FAPA years, I wrote a lot of reviews of science fiction. Later, I began to publish some of my own fiction again, sometimes straight science fiction or fantasy fiction, on other occasions faan fiction, once a chapter from a novel which was to be published until a magazine folded and then I couldn't get the manuscript back from my agent until I became ashamed of the story. That chapter, incidentally, was the only thing I've ever published in Horizons after trying to sell it. Articles about events and people in Hagerstown have grown more prominent in recent years, mainly because I can write them with less forethought and fewer halts to contemplate what should come next. Mailing comments have always been prominent in Horizons: they've led off most issues for thirty years, except on a few occasions when I couldn't get a mailing read in time.

Of course, sheer luck is responsible for this feat of not missing an issue since World War Two. I'd stenciled a new issue just a few days before the Christmas Eve fall in 1960 which busted a hip and prevented all forms of fanac for nearly three months. A six-week sentence to the hospital and convalescent home a couple years later also came at the proper time between mailing deadlines. I had just enough time between orders to have an operation and entering the hospital in early 1971 to stencil an issue which I probably couldn't have written in time during convalescence. Similar good fortune or extra devotion to duty has characterized the people who have been doing the mimeography, and whatever its other deficiencies, the post office system has been consistent about delivering stencils and completed copies.

There's a persistent legend in fandom to the effect that I dummy each issue and revise a first draft of all the material. This erroneous belief apparently comes from the fact that each item in Horizons ends at the bottom of a page. Everything I write for Horizons is done without previous first drafting on paper and things come out even because I've had a lot of practice writing to space requirements for the newspaper. The Martin material fits because I cut it or choose items of approximately the right length.



The most embarrassing thing about Horizons is the thirty copies which are left over after FAPA's requirements are met. I never know how to give them out. I owe obligations to perhaps three hundred people in fandom that I'd like to meet with exchange fanzines. But I consider Horizons principally a FAPA magazine; much of its material has meaning only in relationship to previous issues or other magazines in the mailing, and I don't want to order lots of additional copies, then feel impelled to change its nature because of the wider distribution. For nearly two years, I've solved the dilemma by doing nothing. Once every month I tell myself that I've got to send out to someone all those back issues that are piling up and every week or two I get a request from someone to go on the mailing list. The best procedure, I suppose, would be to ask various fanzines to reprint the things in Horizons that might have general appeal. Bruce Gillespie did this with one long article and has another lengthy one in the works. Over the years, material has been reprinted occasionally, and I believe one little story about fans got published in three or four different publications at one time or another. Occasionally I get the urge to dig out lots of back issues of Horizons, select from them whatever seems worth salvaging, rewrite them to make some improvements, and send them to people who ask me for stories and articles. A half-hour walk in the nearby town park usually gets such impulses under complete control.

Some people apparently collect Horizons. One almost complete thirty-year run of issues recently was advertised for sale, and I understand someone actually bought it. I hope collectors won't be too attentive, because some things about Horizons have always been lamentably slapdash. Its pagination is wrong, for instance. I never put numbers on the pages until one of my mimeographers found it impossible to figure out what should come after which, so I just made a quick guess at the approximate number of pages that might have published until that issue and started numbering from that estimated point. Bill Evans claims that there is a mistake somewhere along the line in the volume and whole number calculations. Writing in the stick causes me to omit the things I'd wanted most to put into a mailing comment or an essay and I'm getting increasingly careless about proofreading. The inconsistency of quality that goes into Horizons can be proven by the outcome of the Egoboo Poll, which showed it to be tied for 20th place as best all-time fanzine, but only in 21st place among currently published fanzines.

-- Harry Warner, Jr.

BOSH TOSH, continued...

I hurled the rock away and, bleating with panic, we ran towards the crest. At 8,000 feet you tire pretty quickly and by the time we'd gone a couple of hundred yards we were almost on our hands and knees. The copter soared up into view, flicked its tail, and slanted away down into the valleys and wadis. In a few seconds the sound of its engines and rotors had completely faded. We were on our own, out of the rat race.

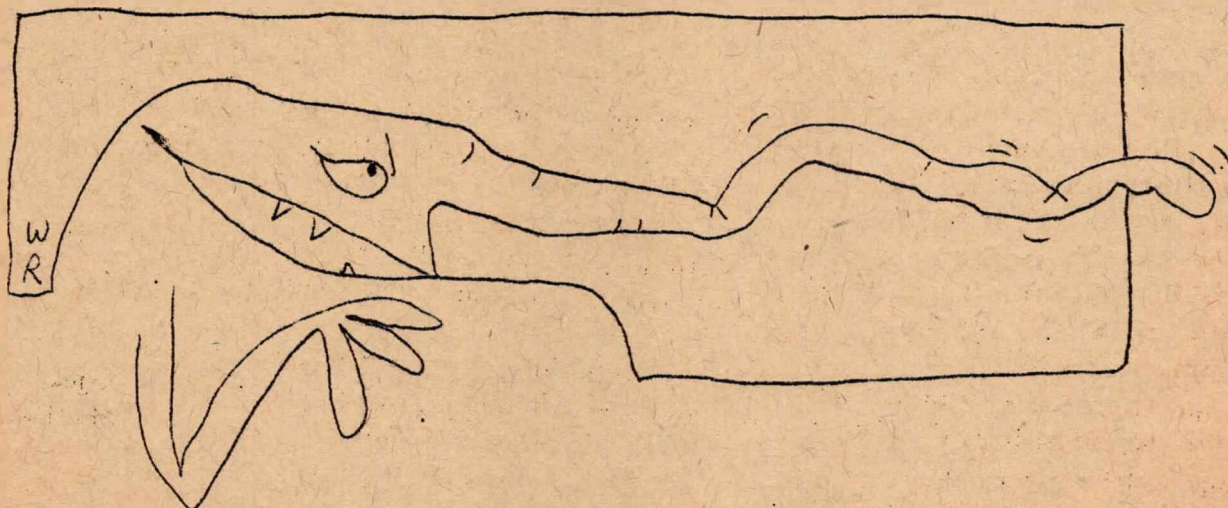
"What are we going to do?" Bill panted. "I'm not staying down there for the night."

I looked down at the huts which housed an assortment of villainous-looking militia whose clothing consisted largely of daggers, elderly rifles and ammunition belts, and who probably lived on curdled goat's milk. Suddenly the mystic peaks of ancient Araby looked forbidding.

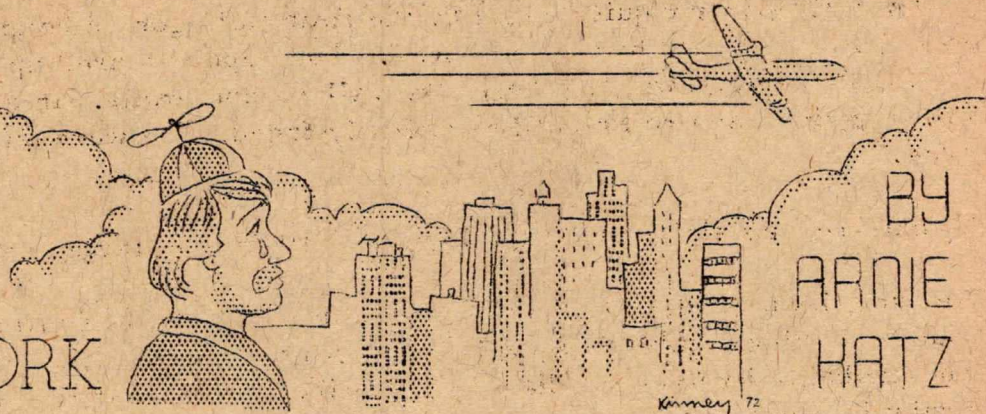
I was shaking my head, trying to regain breath, when we heard the helicopter coming back. The pilot had checked with the Skyvan by radio, and had come back for us. To our eyes he looked benign and God-like as he got out of the copter, like Raymond Massey emerging from his flying machine in "The Shape of Things To Come."

Final note. My assessment of the danger at Salalah was, strangely enough, better than those of the men stationed there. Having a couple of shells lobbed into their airfield every day for a long period without anyone being injured had given them the feeling that nobody ever would be hurt. But, during a raid a few weeks after my visit, a shell did land squarely in the patio where we had stood smoking and watching the free show over the mountains. The shell was imperfect, and instead of its fragments flying outwards in the proper spherical pattern, they flew low and parallel to the ground. Nobody was killed, but several men lost legs.

-- Bob Shaw



THE
LAST
FAN
IN
NEW YORK



BY
ARNIE
KATZ

"I guess your flight will be ready for boarding soon," said Bob Goldberg. He looked around the waiting room and studied the passengers busily gathering up their cases and satchels.

"Guess so," replied Willie Greene. He picked up his only carry-on luggage, a copy of Fancyclopedia III, and strolled in the general direction of the boarding tunnel.

"Hope you keep in better touch than the other Reston fans," said Bob. "They aren't much for letter writing," he added wistfully.

"I remember when people used to say that about New York fans." Willie shook his head. "John Berry used to show up at Insurgent meetings all the time and say that about New York fans."

"Oh, yeah, yeah," said Bob, letting the old movie play through his head. "He'd settle himself in the big chair after dinner, knock the dust of far off places from his boots, and say, 'the trouble with New York fans is that they don't write letters.'"

"Now there aren't even any New York fans to not write letters, eh Bob?"

"Except me."

"Right. Except you." He paused, hesitating to mention a sensitive subject yet again. "Are you sure you don't want me to scout around Reston for you? There are lots of jobs down there, you know?"

"No, guess I'll stay right here." He sighed. "Fandom'll make a comeback in New York, you'll see." His words sounded like wishful thinking even to him.

The loudspeaker announced the imminent departure of United Airlines flight 436 to Reston, Va. Willie walked to the mouth of the boarding tunnel that would inject him into the waiting jet. Bob walked with him as far as they let him, then watched as Willie disappeared into the plane.

"I'm the last fan in New York," Bob mused, as he watched the Virginia-bound jet with the erstwhile second-to-last fan in New York taxi to the runway. "The last damn one." He turned from the window before the plane took off.

Where had they all gone, he wondered. There had been a time when there were a dozen active fan clubs in New York City. They met two or three on the same night sometimes. "Ah, the good old days," he thought. "All you had to do was walk out on the street on a Saturday or Sunday and you were bound to run into some fan you'd hated for years." He wished he could call back any of those hated fans of yesteryear. Even the worst of them would provide a modicum of fannish company. He longed for a Lunarians meeting or a Queensborough Community College meeting to attend. But there weren't any more meetings. There weren't any more New York fans. Except Bob Goldberg.

He recalled how it had all begun, back in 1970 and 71. That was when the first wave of people left. The Carrs and Silverbergs and Charlie Browns and Jay Kinney moved to the Barea, Ted and Robin took over the house in Falls Church, Alex and Cory were down on the farm, and Chris Couch had gone to Columbia, Mo., to fulfill his destiny as a dishwasher.

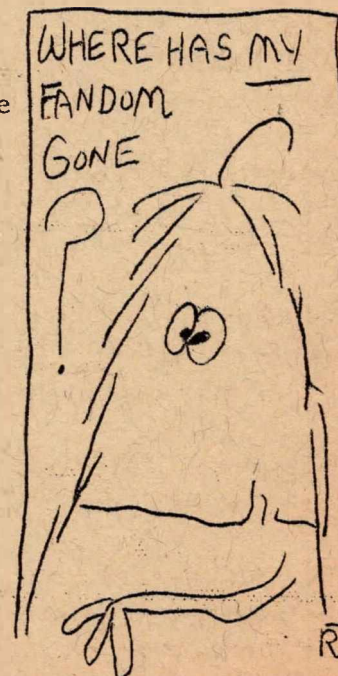
"Just one of those periodic migrations," Arnie Katz had said. "Happened in the late 1950's." Right, Mr. Smartass Fan-historian.

It was a couple of years more before people realized how many fans had left. Oh, there were reports about a decrease in mental illness in New York, but no one particularly connected the two events at the time. The fuggheads, psychotics, moochers, sercons, fringe fans, and other non-superstars slipped out of the city one by one, bound for who-knows-where without even a squib in a fan newszine to mark their passing from the city.

It wasn't only the LNF's who moved away, though. Andy Porter now toiled in Toronto, and Arnie and Joyce Katz munched chocolate bars in Hershey, Pa., where Arnie worked for the National Frozen Food Association. Bill and Charlene Kunkel lived in Boulder, Colorado and pretended it was victorian England. The Pittsburgh fans went back to Pittsburgh, including Jerry Kaufman, who'd never been there in the first place.

Those were dark days, indeed.

Things got a little better in 1974, when New York Fandom began



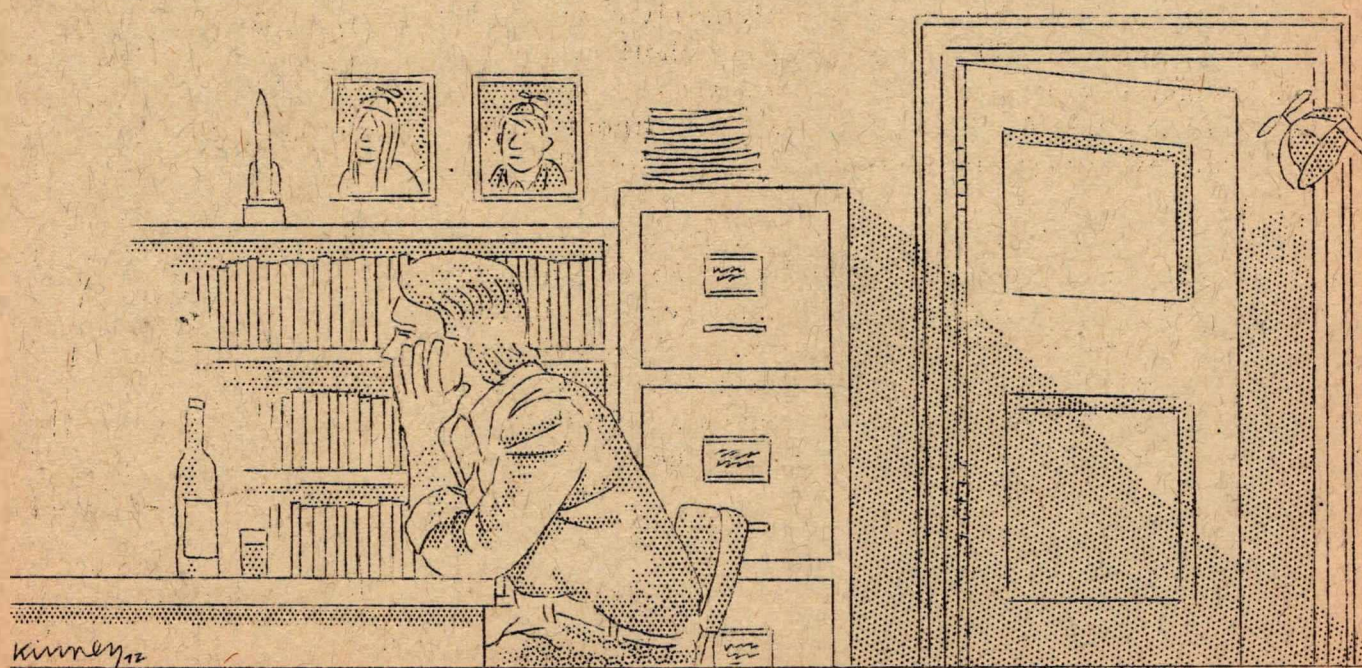
offering scholarships to local universities to lure promising young neofen to the area, either as freshmen or transfers. It worked for awhile, but eventually the decline in the fan population resumed. The freshmen all gafiated under the pressure of college work, and the transfer students got their degrees and skipped out of town.

Bob winced as he remembered how the last seven New York fans had gotten together last year to take The Pledge. The seven of them, Willie Greene, Frank Haller, Milt Schmitt, Joe Dorann, Dave Kline, Bruce Rossburg, and he had taken the oath together. It had been moving in a half-assed way, he admitted, all of them standing there in the livingroom swearing they'd never move out of New York City, come what may.

It hadn't been long before Dave Kline developed severe asthma and had been forced to desert for Arizona. You couldn't blame him. You couldn't blame Bruce Rossburg much, either. Bruce had been killed by a knife-wielding, drug-crazed mugger. Bob was sure he'd have stayed in New York if he'd lived. Frank was gunned down by a cop who arrived on the scene a little too late to help Bruce but a little too early to help Frank. "Well that shows you," Joe Dorann had said of the incident. "I told you it was a mistake to add Frank to our group just so we could say we had seven instead of six. After all, how much of a fan does it make someone just because he once sold copies of ALGOL in a dirty bookstore?"

Of course, Joe was too busy packing for his move to Seattle to gloat very much about his correct evaluation of the late Frank Haller. It seems he met this femmefan at the worldcon, and since she wouldn't move to a nowhere fannish town like New York...

That left only him and Willie Greene and Milt Schmitt in New York, and since Milt was only his pet cat, that meant there were only two. They'd carried on a nice two-man fandom for about six months. Bob helped with Willie's fanzine, WILLIE GREENE'S FLYING MACHINE, and Willie had done a regular column for his monthly fanzine ISOTOPE.



Bob guessed that things might've gone along fine with their little two-man fandom, except that Willie's company decided to relocate in Reston. A lot of companies were doing that these days, coming to the "new city" from all over the country. Willie liked what he was doing, and there was no question of holding him to the pledge.

Bob was going to miss Willie, he knew, even more than he already missed Milt Schmitt, who had tangled with a sanitation truck only the previous week. Bob figured Milt had been one of the most loyal New York fans in history, and the departed feline wasn't too far down the list in intelligence, either.

"I'm the last damn fan in New York," Bob said to no one in particular, since there was no one in his apartment to hear anyway. "What the hell am I going to do without other fans around?" Visions of alternate lifestyles flashed into his mind. Here, he was Bob Goldberg, Swinging Single and there, Bob Goldberg, dedicated worker for the cause of Truth, Justice and the Liberal-Radical Party. They were all right, those other lives, but they weren't him. He couldn't do those things because, after all, he was a fan. Besides, he'd been doing crifanac so long he was almost incapable of holding a conversation with a non-fan, no less making small talk with Strange Women. He preferred fan girls, actually. They already knew who he was before he came on to them, and most of them didn't need much coaxing anyway. Joining some cause was out, too. Why be someone else's follower, when you can lead the parade in fandom without having to toe some kind of dogmatic line. No, fandom was best for him, all right.

What to do now that he was the last fan in New York.

Well, being the last fan was certainly enough of an occasion, in a twisted sort of way, to merit a nice frosty pepsi. He got his pepsi.

The Last Fan in New York, with capital letters, yet. That merited a glass of wine.

Take two, they're small, he said.

The Last Fan in New York.

17 glasses of wine, that's not too many.

The Last Fan in New York.

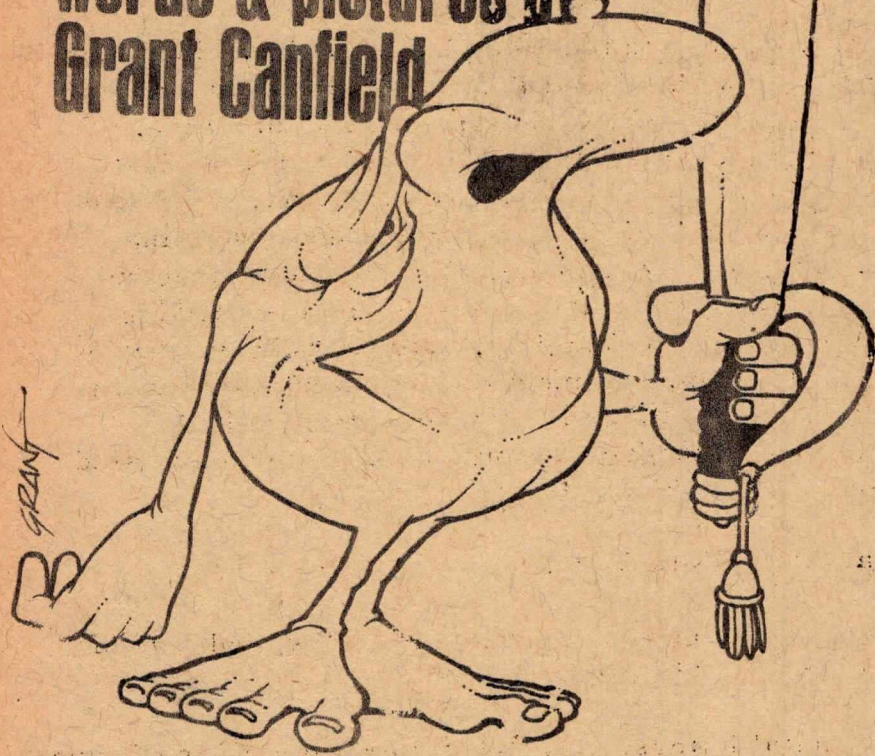
"If this were a fan fiction piece, I guess I'd be about to committ suicide right now," Bob mused. He put his hands around his throat, gave a few half-hearted squeezes, and stopped. "Dumb fan, can't even do anything right."

He was alone. There was no one to call. There was no one to visit. There was no one to do a one shot fanzine with, even if he liked one shot fanzines, which he didn't.

Alone. The last fan in New York.

The last fan in New York sat at his desk in his fenden. He heard a duper cranking.

**O FOECAL FLAMBEAU...
FAREWELL!
words & pictures by
Grant Canfield**



What can you say about a 20-issue old fanzine that died?

That she was loved by those "select few" fortunate enough to be included on her mailing list? That she appeared on a faithful weekly schedule for over six months, without ever skipping an issue, hardly? That she lived her short life in the shadow of the Jack Tar Hotel? That she reproduced Xerographically? That she loved Phillip Marlowe and cable cars, Wyatt Earp and dope? That she was a source of inspiration and spiritual uplift to all who read her?

That she was loved?

Veneration of Hyphen and Grue and Oopsla! is to be expected of all true fen, of course, but can it be seemly to wax nostalgic over a fanzine that has been departed from this mortal coil for less than a year?

John D. Berry is a tall, bearded young Stanford graduate. In the Fall of 1971 he came to live in San Francisco, and discovered that a famous fan artist lived only a few blocks away. He looked me up, but I wasn't home, so he left a message in my mailbox written on a streetcar transfer.

This was not unusual for Mr. Berry, as it happens. He always wrote his notes on streetcar transfers, even his notes to himself. It was kind of like a fixation.

Eventually we got together. That first evening he said, "Have you ever met Calvin Demmon? He lives in San Francisco too. He and I have these vague plans to publish a weekly fanzine."

I had never heard of such a thing as a weekly fanzine. "Won't that be terribly expensive?" I asked.

"Well, that's what's holding us back, as a matter of fact. Of course, we only plan a Mailing List of around 50, and each issue would only be 4 pages long, but still, what with paper and inks and mimeo stencils and all..."

At that point my wife Cathy spoke up. Cathy has always shown a refreshing distain for fannish activities, so I was croggled to hear her say, "I have access to this Xerox machine at work, the biggest one they make. I could run off your fanzine for you that way."

"Well, that's nice of you, I'm sure," John said, "but it would be such a hassle for you, and I wouldn't want you to get into any trouble at the office or anything..."

"No trouble at all," she said, "and it would be free."

Thus, Hot Shit was born.

It is here, in this mighty bulk of prose, that all of importance is said. This is what counts. This is what will get us more egoboo five years from now than it does today. This is where it's all at. This is it.

-- John D. Berry, Hot Shit #3

The next week, John appeared at our front door with the first issue of Hot Shit ready to be Xeroxed. "I've got somebody I'd like you to meet," he said. "Calvin!"

I heard a sort of shuffling and scraping sound coming from behind the potted fern on the porch, and a mumbled, "I don't wanna." John was persistent, however, and an aged man was finally coaxed into hobbling from his hiding place. And for the first time, we met Calvin W. Demmon.

Calvin was dressed in ragged jeans and a sweat shirt. His black hair showed streaks of white at the temples. He was sporting what looked like a six-day stubble of beard, but we later learned that he had shaved just six minutes previously.

To say he was shy would be like saying a 10:1 martini is dry.

In my desperate attempt to get a better job, I have been taking examinations right and left. A month ago I took the Federal Service Entrance Examination. Today I got my

results. There were 60 "verbal ability" questions and 35 "quantitative reasoning ability" questions. I got all 60 of the verbal ability questions right (which should be no surprise to regular readers of HS). I only got 24 of the others right. I scored "97.3%" overall. I think this means I am eligible to become a Federal Narcotics Inspector, but I can only arrest one person at a time.

-- Calvin Demmon, Hot Shit #12

Conversation was sparse that first evening.

As we came to know Mr. Demmon and Mr. Berry a bit better in the ensuing months, we learned that there were many things about both of them that were deceptive:

Mr. Berry's size, for example. Although he appears to be over six feet tall, we discovered that in actuality he is a midget living in Keokuk, Iowa.

His beard deceptively appears to be regular human hair, but it is in fact pink angora wrapped around a high school class ring, only one of this strange man's bizarre fixations.

Similarly, Mr. Demmon's shyness turned out to be a sham. He was really a "cut-up" of the first order. Once he remarked, "People who meet me in person are always saying that I'm not as funny in person as I am in print." I'm here to testify that no one who has ever seen Mr. Demmon play "Swanee River" on a nose-harp while simultaneously rolling his eyeballs in different directions could ever think that. Mr. Demmon is a very funny person in person.

"Tell us the watermelon story!" we would cry, and he would say, "That's Bur-bee, not meeee," in that funny way of his, and we'd all just about die laughing.

Oh, I tell you. Tears come to my eyes even now just thinking about it.

One thing Calvin could not disguise about himself, though, was his age. During those early months, he was a sprightly, healthy lad of 29. But soon he hit the **big** three-oh, and was never the same again.

He was never the same before, for that matter.

I'm not as Young and Cute as I used to be, but I want to write in the same old **way**. The last time I was into publishing a weekly fanzine each week meant New Adventures and New Friends. Now, well -- the big news in my life today, for example, is that the company is undergoing its annual audit by the State.

-- Calvin W. Demmon, Hot Shit #1

Every Monday night Mr. Demmon and Mr. Berry would get together and write Hot Shit over beers and coffee cake. This generated a lot of friction.

"I hate coffee cake," John remarked to me in an aside one time, "but he always has it, so what can I do but eat it?"

"I hate beer," Calvin said to me once, "but he always brings it over with him, so what can I do but drink it?"

After the fresh HOT SHIT was finished, they'd get into Calvin's sporty Dodge Dart and drive over to the Canfield house. As they sobered up on Cathy's coffee, I would read the Hot Shit, chuckling at the good parts and wincing at the embarrassing parts. "He's wincing more than he's chuckling," John would say, and Calvin would say, "Well, the fourth issue of any fanzine is always the worst."

They called me their Instant Grant-O-Meter, the big lugs.

And we'd talk about Wyatt Earp and Phillip Marlowe and what fans were sleeping with what other fans and so on long into the night, sometimes for as much as an hour or more. Oh, those were wild times.

Last week I went over to visit Grant and Cathy Canfield, who live a few blocks away, and they were their usual friendly, happy selves. They gave me milk and cookies and cope, not necessarily in that order. Why did milk & cookies get a reputation as little old lady food? Maybe little old ladies are on to something we don't know about.

-- John D. Berry, Hot Shit #8

Cathy would Xerox off the 60 copies at her office on Tuesday or Wednesday, and then we'd see either John or Calvin again for an evening, depending on which one had the mailing chores for that week. If it were John, the issue would get mailed right away, but if it were Calvin it would have to wait until Calvin could scrape up enough spare change panhandling in the Tenderloin to pay for stamps. Calvin had been certified as Officially Poor by the United States Government.

This is the way Hot Shit appeared week after week for six months. Nothing very exciting ever happened, really. What could be more boring than two grown men sitting around on a Monday evening typing together.

A lot of our other friends thought that made these two very strange, but they were wrong. It wasn't that which made them strange.

The enclosed material is being returned to you because of insufficient karmic content.

-- Jim Benford, Hot Shit #14



HOT SHIT fostered a lot of reader interest. Bill Rotsler was first under the wire with a letter to be printed in the second issue, but others quickly followed. Hot Shit never lacked for material from the readership, with a Mailing List specially selected for its insipient insanity.

Some readers were even moved to report in person, eventually culminating in the infamous Hot Shit parties. One of these was Gregg Calkins, who read a piece Calvin wrote in Hot Shit about a piledriver falling through a bus on Market Street. (I'll bet it takes them a week to clean the shit off the driver's seat," Calvin reported saying to his boss.) Calvin and I enjoyed a fannish lunch with Calkins one day, with results I reported in an article for Terry Hughes' fanzine MOTA. ("The White-Dot Habit", by Grant Canfield, MOTA #6).

One of the mainstays of the Hot Shit Mailing List became Columbia, Missouri's own Terry Hughes. After the first couple of issues, Terry had a zany letter appearing in every single issue of Hot Shit. Soon his words began to assume a sort of magical, mystical quality in the eyes of co-editors Demmon and Berry. They began running Terry's letters as a "Regular Advice Column," called "Terry Hughes Sez".

TERRY HUGHES SEZ: "Gee, if Calvin and Wilma are up to their ears in cabbage, they could walk around naked and no one would ever know."

-- Terry Hughes, Hot Shit #8

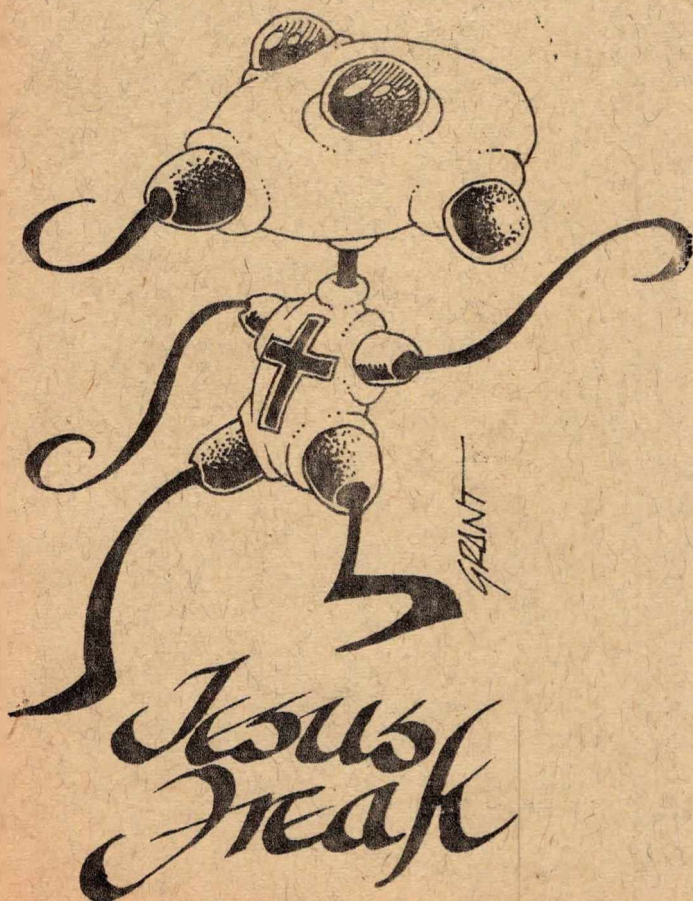
Other items grew into regular repeating features in Hot Shit as well. Calvin's two young sons, Peter and Casson, were and are precocious kids, so much of the clever and cute things they said or did was chronicled in Calvin's pages. As I occasionally remarked to Calvin, their stuff was often the best material in the issue.

Peter and Casson went on a Field Trip yesterday with the Nursery School. As it was Casson's first big trip away from home without one of us along (after all he's only 23 months old), Wilma gave Peter instructions on how to take care of him. "Be sure to hold Casson's hand, Peter. Otherwise he might get lost."

"Yes," Peter said, "he might go in the street and get hit by a car."

"That's right," Wilma said, "and then you wouldn't have a little brother anymore."

"Then we'd have to get a new little brother," Peter said.



"No," Wilma said, "we wouldn't be able to get a new one."

"Then," Peter said, "we would have to go out in the street and get Casson."

-- Calvin W. Demmon, Hot Shit #18

John Berry was fond of hanging out in the North Beach section of the city. In this area are restaurants: Basque, Italian, Chinese, Japanese, whatever you want, as well as espresso coffeehouses, hot dog stands, and an Orange Julius. John Berry, you see, is a Famous Food Freak (a Delaware corporation).

Also to be found in North Beach are head shops, book stores, hippie hangouts, little theaters, dope dealers, art houses, and row upon row of topless/bottomless dives. The Condor, with Totally Nude Carol Doda! The Jacks or Better, with Totally Nude College Coeds! The Garden of Eden, with Totally Nude Acts of Love Between Consenting Adults! Finocchio's, with Totally Clothed Female Impersonators! North Beach is a Hot Spot, just the place for an impressionable young man feeling his oats.

Thus it was that Mr. Berry's regular "North Beach Nights", a travelogue of his adventures in this sexual and social wonderland, became one of the most popular features in HOT SHIT.

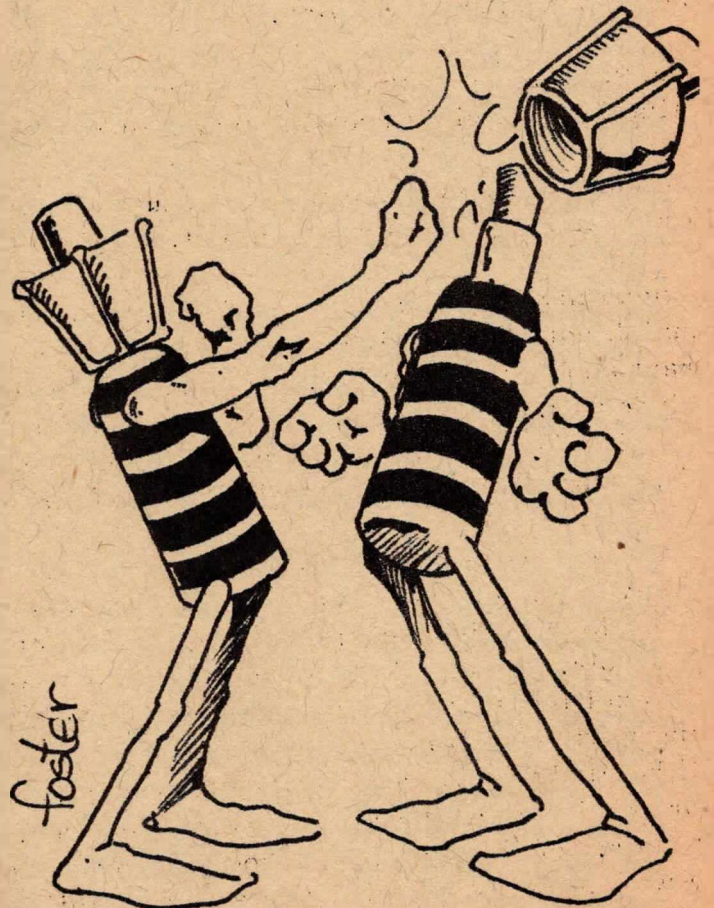
As a matter of fact, it was in "North Beach Nights" that John first revealed the astonishing success of his famous Naked Worm Dance, which he performed on the corner of Columbus and Grant at 11:30 on the night of March 4, and then again in the back room of the 14th Precinct at 12:27 on the morning of March 5.

Another amazing feature of my apartment is its cockroach. There appears to be only one of him. He comes around every couple of weeks or so. When I see him, I let him crawl onto a piece of paper and I throw him out the window. It takes him a couple of weeks to climb back up again.

-- John D. Berry, Hot Shit #15

Mr. Berry lived in view of the revolving sign atop the Jack Tar Hotel, an architectural miscarriage on Van Ness. Calvin thought this was one of the funniest things he had ever seen, so "Jack Tar Hotel" became a running Hot Shit gag. Then I told John that the Jack Tar Hotel sponsored a weekly Hot Pants party on Friday nights.

"Oh?" said bachelor Berry.



The following Monday he showed up at Calvin's house as usual. "I don't think we should use the Jack Tar Hotel as a running joke anymore," he told Calvin.

"Whatever you say," Calvin said. "Now introduce me to the leggy young lady who is hanging on your shoulder.

And he did. And the rest is history.

But this romance didn't last. None of John's romances were ever anything more than casual flirtations, for he was smitten with another, deeper love--the love of the open road. John's wanderlust almost sent Hot Shit to an early grave. When he was back on the East Coast for the holidays, the logistics of putting out a dual-editor weekly fanzine over transcontinental distances was almost too much for the fragile fanzine.

But John came back to the Bay Area in the nick of time. We couldn't hold him here, though. One night, on the spur of the moment, he decided to take a driveaway car to Connecticut. Why Connecticut? I don't know.

Calvin called that Monday. Cathy answered the phone. I could only hear her part of the conversation. "Hi!...Did you see on the news about Wallace getting shot?...I think it means he'll never fuck again...Oh, didn't you know? He's in Connecticut... Connecticut... Yes, Connecticut...Okay. Bye!"

Governor Wallace wasn't in Connecticut at the time, as far as I know, so I presume she was talking about John.

Eventually, Hot Shit began to grow old and started to die of her own steam. She was biting into Calvin's professional writing time, and into John's professional sleeping time.

The decision was made to discontinue publication, but a flood of letters came pouring in in response to this announcement, so Hot Shit was kept alive a little longer.

Monday nights became party nights. Hot Shit was written in the company of such fannish notables as Greg and Suzy Shaw, Terry and Carol Carr, Dick and Pat Ellington, Grant and Cathy Canfield, Buz and Elinor Busby, Robert and Barbara Silverberg, Gary Deindorfer, Len Bailes, and the voice of Terry Hughes, who called on the phone in a pathetic effort to attend the party of his heroes. As a result, the "party issues" of Hot Shit, which were among the last ones to appear, were possibly the craziest of the series.

We have had several visitors to our Monday night HS parties. We currently meet every Monday night at 8:00 at Mr. Demmon's house. Any fan is welcome to drop in; this is Mr. Demmon's only free night anyway, so he might as well live it up. It's not very exciting sitting around watching John and me type, but you will have the sense of being a witness to history. Also some cheap wine. And at that time Mr. Berry and I will be glad to give you metaphysical advice. Or you can tiptoe up to the kid's bedroom door and listen to their amusing snores, and you can pet our cat & attempt to reason with her. (Wilma goes to school on Monday nights, but if you hang around long enough she will come home, give you a warm smile, & toss you out on your ear.) & we're saving up for a Whoopee Cushion.

-- Calvin W. Demmon, Hot Shit #16

Nothing, they say, can last forever. The Gala 20th Issue of Hot Shit was the last. Twice as large as previous issues, and with riders from Gary Deindorfer, Ray Nelson, Greg Benford, and myself, and including farewells from the two coeditors, this last effort marked a sad point for us all.

Hot Shit was dead. Long live Hot Shit.

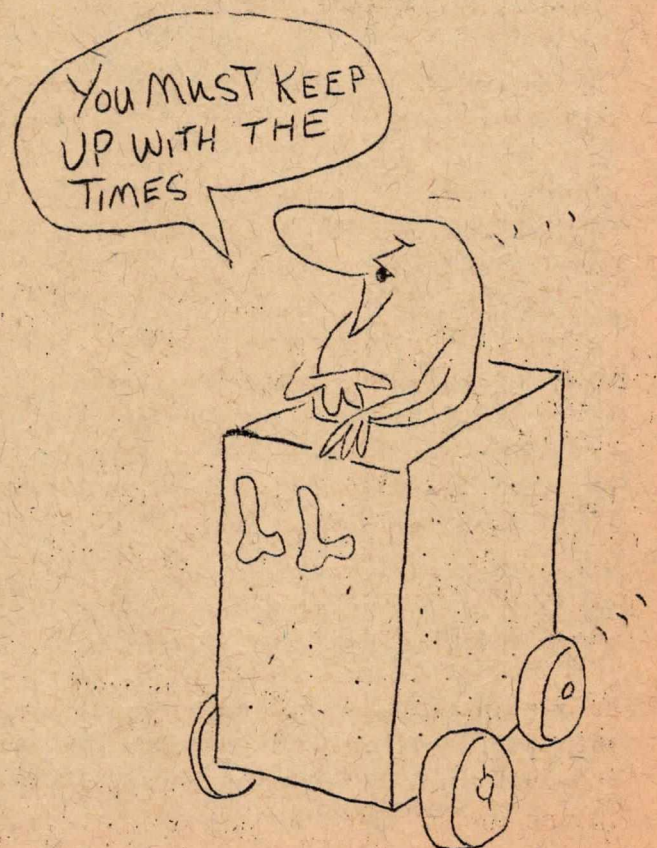
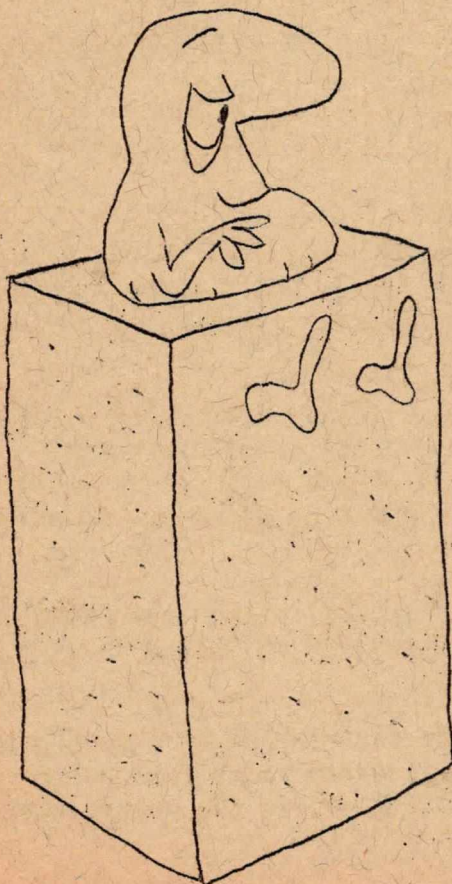
In her wake, she left a new fannish tradition, or the rebirth of an old one: the frequent fanzine. Terry Hughes and Chris Couch began publishing High Time. Seth McEvoy and Jay Cornell, Jr., tried their luck with Amoeboid Scunge. I went on to publish my own 7-issue Waste Paper.

Hot Shit enriched some lives with good cheer, and brightened some gloomy days with humor. She had provided her co-editors with a healthy outlet for certain spontaneous whimsical aspects of their creative drives. In short, she helped make a lot of people a little happier.

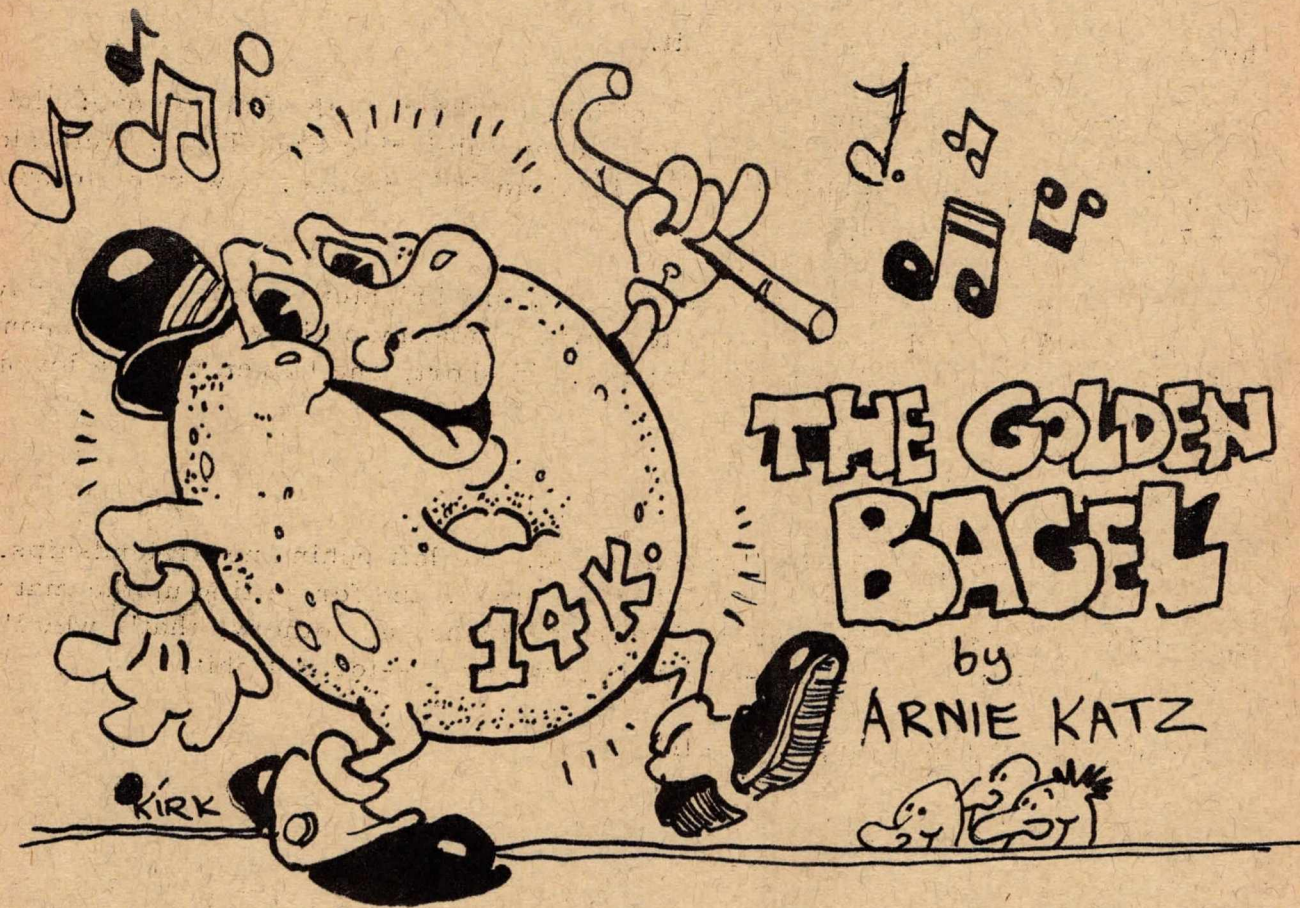
And that's good.

But most important, as far as I'm concerned, she left behind new friendships. For introducing me to John Berry and Calvin Demmon, and for setting up the matrix whereby I established friendships with Terry Hughes and others, that's why I'll always have a warm spot in my heart--or maybe my bowels--for Hot Shit.

Farewell, foecal flambeau, farewell!



MR



Love is supposed to be lovelier the second time around, so perhaps my second tour with FAPA will be more auspicious than my first stint as a member. Well, maybe member is too strong a word for one who stayed three mailings and was dropped without having contributed to the mailings.

I had big plans for that first FAPA membership of mine, I really did. Rich brown and I were going to do an ornate FAPazine called RIPOSTE and double-handedly bring back the good old days of FAPA. We were going to clean up on the Egoboo Poll, let me tell you. I promised rich that we'd both be riding high in the top ten on the wings of our marvelous FAPA contribution.

I'm still not exactly sure how I failed, but we never did publish even one issue of that mighty FAPazine RIPOSTE. I dropped out of the organization and on this past year's Egoboo Poll, rich soared all the way to 30th place.

The strangest thing about the speed with which I dropped out of FAPA is that I waited so very long to get into the group. I contracted FAPA Fever early in my fan career when Dick Eney sold me "Sense of FAPA" at the Discon in 1963. I got on the waitlist right after the convention.

COMMENTS ON

fapa mlq 141

ARNIE KATZ

Today's short waitlist would've looked like heaven in 1963, when it was nearly double the length. Some things never change, however, Bill Evans is still secretary-treasurer and principal guardian of Those Who Wait.

Ghu works his providence in strange ways. When Joyce moved to New York City after her divorce, I knew that an opportunity to return to the elysian fields of FAPA was at hand. She wasn't a member then, of course, just a lowly wler like Charles Burbee, but I knew I could last the wait of a year or two somehow.

After I was sure I had Joyce firmly hooked, I told her of my plans for our FAPA membership.

"What do you mean 'our' FAPA membership, white eyes?" she asked. Well, friends, I begged and I wheedled and I got down on my knees to get Joyce to share her precious FAPA membership with me. After suffering through six months of my pestering, Joyce finally concented to allow me to partake with her of the multiple joys that are only available to the elite of FAPA.

And that's how I got here.....

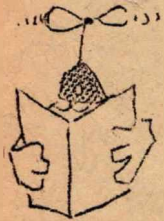
FANTASY AMATEUR

Gregg Calkins

Let me be approximately the 34th person to comment favorably on the excellent job you've been doing with the FANTASY AMATEUR, Gregg. Being the OE of an apa is pretty much a thankless job in the best of circumstances and in FAPA, where the OE doesn't have the sweeping powers the mailing officer has in most other groups, it can be particularly unrewarding. You're doing a class job, Mr. Calkins.

Exposure to your good vibes seems to be doing wonders for FAPA. The waitlist is again growing toward an imposing length, the last few mailings have been pleasingly plump, and I believe there's a current of enthusiasm about FAPA building up strength. Perhaps FAPA is heading for some good times, again. Joyce and I will do what we can; our plans are to circulate TANDREM through the mailings, unless the zine suffers too much from the fact that our favorite writers and artists are mostly going to be getting it free.

If I am not mistaken, this is the mailing in which the poll is distributed and in which it is possible to vote someone to the top of the wl or vote someone off the list. Leaving George Senda to the tender mercies of the FAPate, allow me to say a few words in praise of a man who actually doesn't need it from me, Charles Burbee. If the rule had been designed expressly to return Burbee to his rightful place in FAPA, it couldn't be more applicable. He would be a tremendous asset to FAPA, but only if he gains membership before his interest is allowed to wane. We seem to have regained his attention -- for Ghu knows what reason -- and I think the time to strike now. Bring Burbee Back!



Vote early and often.

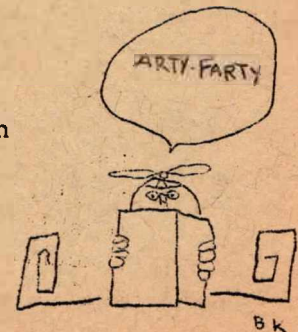
SYNAPSE

Jack Speer

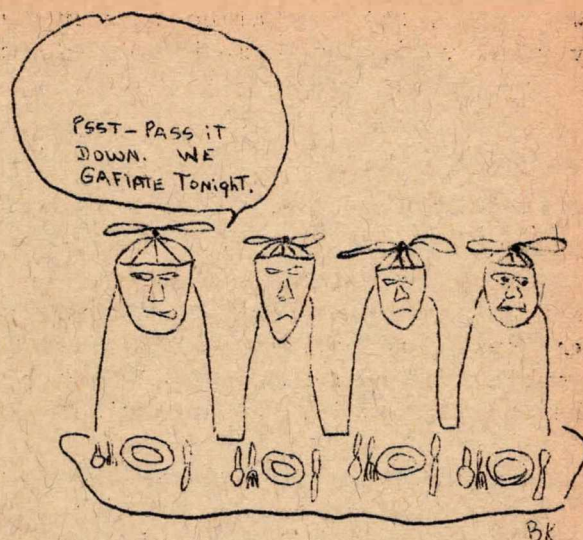
This looks quite playable and interesting, and I hope to give it a try in the near future when I can find a suitable opponent. Have you played any of the Avalon Hill war games? I've played them off and on for many years, though its mostly been "off" the last few, due to a dearth of local enthusiasts. A variety of famous battles, including Gettysburg, is available, and you would find them challenging, assuming you haven't discovered them for yourself before I mentioned them.

I was very involved in games-playing and -designing in the period just prior to my first contact with fandom. As a result of voluminous correspondence between the Avalon Hill Company and me, I eventually became a member of their consumer test panel. Periodically, I received a prototype copy of a game they wanted tested and, with the help of my friends, I would play a series of games and write up my findings in detail. One game which I tested under the name Eastern Front has since been released, with sweeping changes I suggested, under the name Stalingrad.

One of my Chanukah presents from Joyce was a foreign-made game



called 4000 A.D., a space war game. Its outstanding feature is that all movement is made using hyperspace travel rather than direct point-to-point movement. The operating theory used in the game is that all points in regular space are a given time interval away through hyperspace rather than a given distance in a specific direction. In other words, a ship entering hyperspace at point A and staying in hyperspace for three time units can reenter normal space at points B, C, D, or E so long as they are the same distance from the point of origin (point A), direction in real space notwithstanding. Got that? Right. Maybe I should have written about Le Mans, which is a much easier game to describe.



Have you designed any other games? At the risk of forever alienating our gallant OE and his trusty band of collators, I would very much like to see them, or at least hear about them.

SYNAPSE

Jack Speer

I realize that there have been others here before me saying this to you, Jack, ~~but~~ I find your conception of the American dialect of the English language a very strange one, indeed. Many of your comments appear to procede from the assumption that our dialect reached perfection at some indefinite time in the past and should now be preserved in this form until the end of time. Yet this would seem to contract with the peculiarities of your own writing, most notably the lower case "i" when used as a pronoun.

Creath Thorne's use of "bummer" and "lay on" is simply an example of the way new vocabulary is constantly being created, just as your use of the word "hissy" exemplifies the fact that words are also constantly falling out of common usage.

When a word expresses, connotatively or denotatively, something that people want to say or says something more succinctly than an existing word or phrase, the new word will pass into popular usgae. The invention of new words is honestly not a conspiracy against you, Jack, and to many of us the words Creath used have more meaning, or more appropriate meaning, than the substitutes you suggested. Perhaps you aren't away of the connotative differences between "giving" someone something and "laying something on" someone. When you lay something on someone there is the connotation that the one receiving does not have much of a choice in the matter and may or may not be happy about whatever is being laid on him by the other person.

I doubt that your friend Gordon Benson would actually become an educated man through the act of reading an entire voluminous collection of science fiction. The half-educated insularity of those who make science fiction their reading matter to the exclusion of other times of literature would seem to argue against it. I'm not knocking science fiction, which is a wonderful kind of writing, but even though I love steak, I don't think I would enjoy having filet mignon three times a day, every day of my life.

Jack, can I ask you a kind of personal question which you're free not to answer? You're a highly successful person in the real world, being a judge at the moment, and I was wonder-

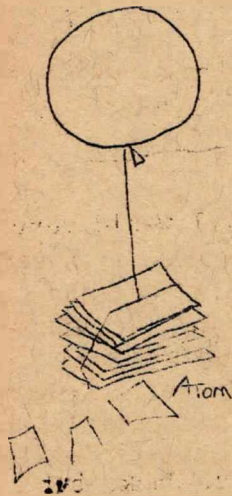
ing how you feel this has affected your attitude toward fans and fandom? I mean, obviously you haven't got as much time as formerly to participate, but has your basic attitude changed any?

OF CABBAGES

Peggy Pavlat

I've gotten some egoboo from my writing in the last quarter, too. Jenos's, the frozen pizza and snack manufacturer, recently paid QUICK FROZEN FOODS Real Money for a 2,000-copy reprint of a four-page article I did, "Frozen Pizza Talks Back to Its Critics," for distribution to retailers and distributors around the country.

Consumer Reports, which is generally a sound publication, did a hatchet job on the frozen pizza industry which even I, a non-scientist, could tell was full of holes. So I did some interviews, cadged some lab-time at a few testing places, talked to a bunch of noted scientists, and came up with what turned out to be a pretty solid refutation of the Consumer Report story. I hated to show up CU, because they do such a fine job in so many areas, but their piece on pizza was tragic. I even talked to representatives of food testing organizations that do work for CU, and they were embarrassed to have the pizza article appear in the magazine. Businessmen are often so antagonistic toward consumerism in the first place that it hurt me to give them some real ammunition, but by the same token, I think CU owes it to its readers to be right when it gives its readers advice, and nine correct articles don't entitle Consumer Reports to print one half-baked one without anyone calling their bluff.



Of course, I see my Name in Print pretty regularly these days. When SaMoskowitz left the editorship of QUICK FROZEN FOODS, he was replaced by an editor who is primarily an administrator rather than the top writer on the book. He can write, and pretty well, too, but he generally doesn't. As a result, I'm getting the lion's share of the really juicy plums, such as they are at QFF.

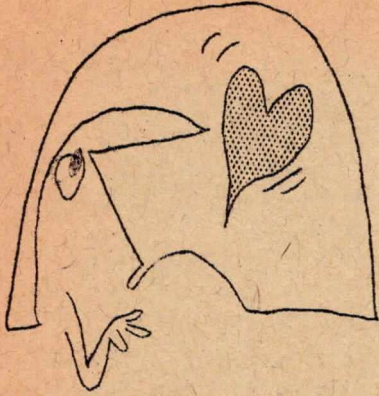
DYNATRON

Roy Tackett

Your mention of Fred Patten and F.M. Busby dropping out of FAPA reminds me of a theory of fandom which Joyce is in the process of developing. It isn't fully worked out yet, you understand, but the central idea is that, from time to time, fandom has a mass exodus from activity. This mass gaffiation is distinct from, but in some cases related to, the short-term fanhistorical trends called fandoms and transitions. The most recent example is actually in the process of happening right now, though it began several years ago; most members of Lilapa have withdrawn from general fandom and even other apas in some cases to confine their activity to the sub-fandom encompassed by that group.

An earlier example is the way the QUANDRY circle pulled in its horns so completely at the end of sixth fandom, and an even better one than that would be the way the death of SPACEWARP took a whole mob of fans out of activity at the same time. Don't ask me what it all means, though, since Joyce hasn't gotten that far in her speculations, yet.





I know what you mean about the study of anthropology having a dampening effect on one's religious ardor. That's how it was for me. Of course, I was already pretty well settled in my agnosticism by the time I did any detailed study of religions such as Mythraism.

Of course, a religious person would probably claim that anthropology offers a powerful argument in favor of religion. The believer might say that the fact that there are similarities among the religions which developed in widely separated parts of the world proves that there is some underlying force or reality or whatever that all these various people are tapping into when they found their cults. The believer would

say that this force is God, whose presence they claim is all-purvasive. You and I might cite common factors in the psychology of man which prompts people to found religions to fill certain needs. Since these needs are common to all men, it is not so unusual that there are similarities among various world religions.

DAY BY DAY

Jerry Lapidus

I wish you'd get off this tack of explaining everything that happens in fandom in terms of a power struggle. Sometimes this leads you to make requests of people that don't make complete sense. I know that the will to power is a strong motivating force for some of the success-starved people parading through fandom, but I don't think it is a central motivating force in the circles of fandom with which I have the greatest contact. To encourage someone to publish a newszine because fandom could use a zine that concentrated on relaying the news of fandom without a lot of pretentious bullshit is one thing, but saying that someone ought to go to all the work of doing such a fanzine because there ought to be a counter-force to Charlie Brown strikes me as a little silly.

PATELLA

Hank & Lesleigh Luttrell

Your tale of moving to Madison reminded me of my own move from my parents' home to the apartment on Pineapple Street I shared with Andy Porter. I came to the conclusion that I couldn't begin to organize all the kipple I had accumulated in just one bedroom in New Hyde Park, so I hit on a novel way of transferring my belongings to Brooklyn.

I took each pile of papers, books, magazines, school notebooks, and fanzines and put it in its own carton. I labeled each carton and put its location on a map of my room. Thus, when I transferred my stuff to Brooklyn I was able to open carton "A" and replace the unsightly pile of junk inside at the foot of the bed next to my desk, just as it had been in New Hyde Park!

I left the bulk of my sf (and mundane) magazine collection in the basement of my parents home, and I am just now calming down from the effects of being alerted that I would have to take possession of all that stuff because my parents were contemplating a move to Phoenix. The deal fell through, so my stuff still has a home, but I'm wondering what I am going to do with it all when they eventually do sell their house.

When the day comes that my parents do relocate, I just don't know what I'm going to do with that extra increment of collected material. Despite the fact that our apartment is a large one, Joyce and I constantly find that we are short of storage space for our books, magazines, comics and fanzines. The arrival of more packages of free books at 59 Livingston will probably result in our having to actually start weeding the weaker science fiction titles out of our collection. We've managed to avoid this by periodically culling gothics, westerns, some mysteries, war novels and other genres neither of us likes out of our collection. At the present time, we have books stacked two-deep on some of our shelves.

I gave quite a lot of thought to the question of whether or not marrying a fan was important to me before Joyce came to New York, we got together and the whole question became accademic.

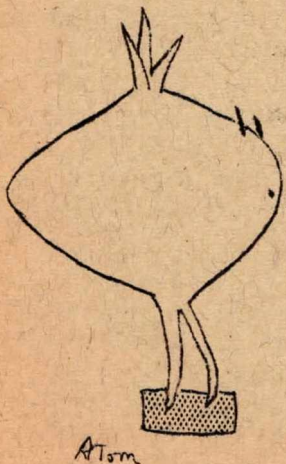
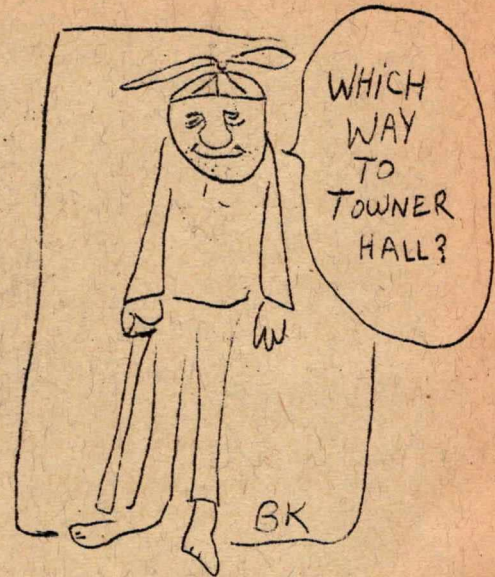
When I was a neofan in 1963-64, I looked around at the femmefans of the time and swore that I would never marry a fan. Even when the quality of the single femmefans improved as their numbers grew in the mid-1960's, I imagined that marrying another fan would be Unwise, like incest.

My outlook had changed considerably by the time I got out of college, as I really began to realize just how much time and energy, how much devotion, it takes to be an actifan. I came to the conclusion that it would be bad for my marriage (not necessarily all marriages) if such an important aspect of my life didn't lie outside the interests of my future wife. It was a hard decision, but I came to feel that if I fell in love with a girl who was not a fan and if she gave fandom a reasonable trial and just could not find any joy in it, I would cut out or at least greatly curtail my fanac. I would reduce fandom to a hobby that I could handle in two or three days a month and persue interests both of us could follow with pleasure.

As things happened, the woman with whom I fell in love is a four-square trufan and a fanzine publisher of the first magnitude. The press of other activities, including an editing career which takes more and more of my time, has slowed the pace of my fanac in the last year or two, but I find it difficult to imagine a situation in which Joyce and I would cease activity.. When the fannish interest of one of us lags, it usually isn't too long before the other one gets anxious to do some fanac. Take, for example, This Very Fanzine. I was in the fannish doldrums for awhile, but Joyce got itchy to do some fanac. I suggested TANDEM and, right now, I'm probably slightly more fannishly interested than she is, mainly due to the fact that I've pretty much broken my fannish writing block, while she hasn't yet.

I hope you change your mind and run STARLING through FAPA. The apa appears to be on an upswing currently, and the addition of another solid genzine would be a step in the right direction.

I don't think the advantage would be all on FAPA's side, either. I know you haven't always been happy with the response you've drawn on STARLING, and I'd think that the extra egoboo you'd get from 20 or 30 mailing comments from the calibre of person who's in FAPA these days would add a good bit of quality feedback to what you get now.



FAPA PSYCHOTIC

Richard E. Geis

I think it's a mistake to write off "maude" as just "All in the Family" flipped around and aimed at the liberals. Maude's trendy, wishy-washy liberalism is satirized, but I believe there's more to the show than that. "Maude" doesn't depend as heavily for its humor on Maude's political beliefs as "All in the Family" does on Archie's. Some of the best episodes have dealt with things like Walter reaching his 50th birthday and Maude's grandson getting caught playing doctor with one of the little neighborhood girls.

I'm glad to see you start a mailing comments fanzine for FAPA, Dick, and I hope you'll find the time and enthusiasm to expand it past its current length. Please don't take this amiss, but I have found you an extremely difficult person with whom to hold a conversation through the medium of fanzines. You're a rather shy guy, possibly a little defensive, and when you get that "alter ego" of yours cranked up, it becomes very hard to hold a direct conversation with you through all the confusion of the multiple personality. With the advent of FAPA PSYCHOTIC, I'm looking forward to the opportunity of exchanging views with you more directly.



Have you been watching "An American Family"? There've been three episodes shown at this writing, and I wouldn't miss a chapter for the world. In case you haven't caught it, the show is a 12-part documentary of the life of an American family. They got permission to follow each member of the family around with a camera. The crew logged about 300 hundred hours of film in a seven-month period, which was then edited down to 12 hours for the show. The most powerful installment so far was the one in which Pat, the mother, goes to New York City to visit her son Lance, who has joined the counter-culture (the gay-transvestite counter-culture). The inability of the two to communicate and Pat Loud's cultural shock make it one of the most intense things I've ever seen on television. I found myself wishing she would go home, get away from the scene which was making her so pathetically up tight, but it seemed to go on and on.

HORIZONS

Harry Warner

Fortunately, I don't think FAPA is really headed for the day when mailing assembly sessions are held at Leisure Villiage and the articles in Modern Maturity magazine are the organization's major idea input. As some FAPAns journey the twisty road to senility, there are always young fans, supremely confident in their youth, to take the torch from their failing grasp

No doubt as the turnover in membership continues its stately, though inexorable, turnover, FAPAns lost in the mists of That Wonderful Year, 1937, will be superceded by a new contingent drifting in the clouds of the summer of 1969. FAPA Forever!

SUSAN GLICKSOHN

*conspicuous
consumption*

I was sitting reading POTLATCH #7 when the door burst open. A briefcase flew toward one side of the room, a suit jacket toward the other, closely followed by a matching pair of trousers, and my sweetie began his daily metamorphosis from Mr. Glicksohn, Superteacher, to Mike Glicksohn, Boy Wonder of Canadian fandom.

"Hello, dear," I called as the dust settled behind him.

Setting his fannish hat on his curls with reverent care, he reappeared in quest of mail and egoboo. "Thirty seconds to change today," he announced, "and boy is it good to get back into my jeans!"

"Hello, dear," I repeated.

"Get down! Bad Puppy!" he yelled, swatting the cat who was clawing at his fallen tie. The cat, diving for cover beneath my chair, glared at me reproachfully for letting this nasty person into his apartment and nipped my ankle in passing.

"Ouch!" I yelped.

"Oh, hello, dear!" said Michael.

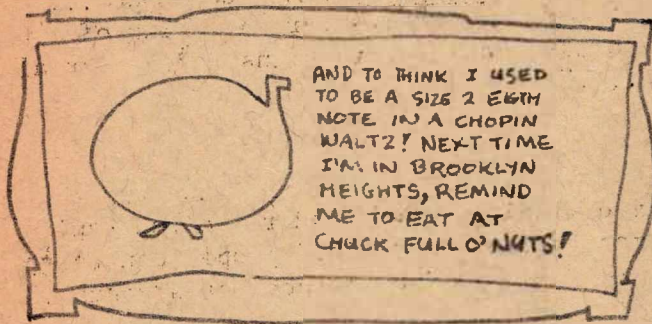
"Grumph!"

"'Grumph'? What's the matter?"

"My cat doesn't love me. You don't love me. Nobody loves me! Harry Warner thinks I'm your 'extreme Geisian alter-ego' All that mail for ENERGUMEN is addressed just to you -- and watch, someone will insist you only printed 'My 2¢ Worth' because I nagged at you. And don't you dare agree! I had the perfect chance for Fannish Fame by telling the world about the disaster of slipsheeting a la Bob Shaw -- and you wrote it up in a LoC already! My letter to POTLATCH didn't even make the WAHFs...." I was working up to a good, satisfying Wail.

"POTLATCH? POTLATCH!" Snatch, grab and Michael disappeared into the Richard Labonte Memorial Revolutionary Mimeo Room to be faanish.

Ten minutes later he reappeared and made coffee. Five minutes later, he sculpted a substantial sandwich of Canadian cheddar and dill pickles on rye. Fifteen minutes later, he



AND TO THINK I USED
TO BE A SIZE 2 EGM
NOTE IN A CHOPIN
WALTZ! NEXT TIME
I'M IN BROOKLYN
HEIGHTS, REMIND
ME TO EAT AT
CHUCK FULL O'NUTS!

JAN 72

was back in the kitchen, whimpering pathetically for dinner. Oh, it was sad! A grown Boy Wonder, begging for mince tarts and toad-in-the-hole....

"Dear, you're not really hungry," I argued. "You have.....Foodfanitis!"

"I have?"

"Yes. And Katz said the word, and what was the word? Let's eat!"

"And ghodawmighty, I'm hungry," Michael agreed. "But what's that got to do with the Katzes?"

"Well, you've just been reading POTLATCH, right? And you're hungry. I was reading POTLATCH, and I got hungry. Same with FOCAL POINT talking about all that food. Listen: 'The main dish was fried chicken, but ravioli was co-featured. There were also gefilte fish, two cheeses, two potato salads, mashed potatoes, rolls and biscuits, tomatoes, corn, peas, carrots...' Good thing they eat carrots, they'll strengthen their eyes to proofread that damn microelite type."

"Chicken? Ravioli? Toad-in-the-hole?" Michael whispered.

Every second day after that, or so it seemed, another microelite account of merry fan-nish dinners chez Katz would arrive to titillate our trufannish souls and tastebuds. By the time FOCAL POINT 3:4 arrived, no overt restatement of the Feasting and Fanac ritual was necessary. Just a simple quip on the Ross Chamberlain cover about Bill Kunkel eating the FP stencils was enough to recall the Fabulous Eating Contest mythos. I began to get worried.

"Boy Wonder, dear," I said, snatching the zine from one hand and the sandwich from the other to gain his attention. "It's bad enough our food bills go up every time a New York fanzine arrives; it's bad enough we're putting on weight; what will all this eating do to fandom as a Whole? What did you say, dear?"

"Nothing, it was just my stomach rumbling," Michael replied, snatching back his sandwich. "You're right, though. Food has become a Way of Life. Huge communal meals are the Accepted Fannish Norm. I can see it now, Torcon II, the first banquetcon!"

"Blech!"

"Hush, dear, we're going to get good banquet food." He began to hum "The Impossible Dream".

"Seriously, though, dear... no, don't leave, I meant faanishly, dear, come back... should we warn the Royal York to reinforce their beds and chairs for an influx of 300-lb. fans? Should we scrap the fan Hugos and give eating prizes instead? Best all-around eater, best Chinese banqueter, best cook...."

"Best IPA drinker?"

"Why not? They'd be so fannish, too. Once you disqualify chefs and restaurant-guide writers and QUICK FROZEN FOODS employees, how many professional food people can there be? Eating you do for enjoyment, not profit. Why, we could call the awards 'Pongs'!"

"My little trufan tweet-ie," Michael beamed, giving me a bite of his sandwich. "What are we going to do, though?"

"Us? Tonight?" I mumbled around a mouthful of FOCAL POINT. "Have dinner, I guess, and then run a few stencils."

"Exactly! And soon we'll have people in to collate ENERGUMEN. They won't be satisfied any more with a mere cake, a pint or two of Baskin-Robbins, a few bheers. We have a fan reputation to keep up, after all. We have a responsibility as the focal point of Canadian fanzine publishing. Get in that kitchen, woman, and make like a Canadian Joyce Katz! And another thing -- read those fanzines over. Do you see anywhere where it says, 'Arnie and Bill and Chris did the dishes'? Well, do you?"

"Oppressor!" I shrieked. "Share the work or I won't help de-slipsheet! I won't have time to make you mince tarts, either!"

"Mince tarts? Yes! Shortbread cookies and Jamoca Almond Fudge Ice Cream and pizza and meatballs and BHEER and radio dinners!"

"That's all very well, but I'm going to need help. Sure I've cooked dinners for ten people before, but not for Fabulous Fannish Foodfreaks. What if I'm not up to fannish standards? Dear, we'd better visit New York for one of those legendary Friday meals, or maybe invite Arnie and Joyce here to start us on the Right Path."

"Yeah, that's the best part of living in Toronto," said Michael, "you can always order direct from New York."

-- Susan Glicksohn



(THIS OFFER VOID OUTSIDE CONTINENTAL LIMITS OF BROOKLYN)

ENTROPY REPRINT

Joyce is a fan of Burbee, Laney and the rest of the LASFS Insurgents of the late forties, and when she asks me for reprints for this series her standard addenda is, "Maybe something by Burbee or Laney?" In the past I've tried to fob her off with lesser lights like Bob Leman or Claude Degler, but her pleas continue and this time I bow to her editorial direction: A FABULOUS BURBEE-LIKE CHARACTER by F. Towner Laney, from Burb's Fapazine BURBLINGS, May 1951, is one of the mainstays of Insurgent literature and deserves to see print again.

For late-comers who may be a little vague on just what Insurgentism is all about, a brief historical note: Charles Burbee got into fandom in the early forties, joined the local fanclub -- LASFS -- and took on the job of editing the club official organ, SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES, which was then a run-of-the-mill gossip sheet with occasional articles by club members. Burbee made no basic changes in that format except one: in each issue he wrote a one-page editorial about doings around LASFS in the Burbee anecdotal style of bemused satire, and these editorials quickly became the top feature of the magazine. Though selections from the LASFS minutes were always featured, as well as a regular column of club gossip by Forry Ackerman, it was Burbee's editorials that made the denizens of LASFS emerge as distinct and amusing personalities. The Burbee style caught on and was imitated by Gus Willmorth, G. Gordon Dewey and others, most notably a serious Lovecraft scholar who moved to Los Angeles about then, Francis Towner Laney.

Laney was then publishing THE ACOLYTE, the #1 fanzine of the day, a terribly serious (and pretty good) journal devoted to Lovecraftiana; he'd begun this magazine before moving to L. A. and actually meeting many fans, and the impact of his new knowledge of fans in person was such that his serious-constructivism rapidly faded and a more cynical, satiric mood crept into his fan writings. He and Burbee became close friends, they laughed together at the antics of fans and pingponged ideas for fan articles with each other. When Laney, becoming disgusted at last with LASFS, wrote a couple of articles for SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES in which he claimed that the club was infested with homosexuals, the club fired Burbee for publishing them (despite the fact that he'd made Shaggy one of the most popular fanzines around.) Burbee resigned from LASFS; so did Laney, and a number of others. The "Insurgents", as they termed themselves, continued to meet together frequently, but simply as friends having a good time; it wasn't a club. Laney had by this time discontinued THE ACOLYTE: he concentrated on his Fapazine FAN-DANGO, Burbee really got swinging with BURBLINGS, and when the other Insurgents joined them they published an excellent series of oneshots under the title WILD HAIR.

TERRY CARR

They transformed disillusionment and disgust with fandom into a detached style of gadflyism that produced some of the sharpest satirical writing about fandom ever done. There were harsh moments in the Insurgents' writings, but there was also a warmth that came from the real friendships among the Insurgents themselves, and I think their best pieces were those they wrote about each other. A FABULOUS BURBEE-LIKE CHARACTER is one of these: Laney poking good-natured fun at Burbee, feeding overfulsome praise to a friend he knew loved egoboo. In the process he tells a number of lovely Burbee anecdotes with taglines you're likely to see alluded to in neo-Insurgent writings for many years to come.

(And by the way, seeing how Laney in this article loved to work in Latin plural forms, as in "anecdota" and "antennae" rather than their more natural English forms, I myself am tempted to rise and call out to the Laney ghost, "Big! Big! Big! Big!")

A FABULOUS BURBEE-LIKE CHARACTER

F TOWNER LANEY

I received not too long ago a letter from one John van Couvering in which he referred to someone or other as "a fabulous, Burbee-like character."

What a thing to say about anyone! Fabulous! Burbee-like! Why, this man Charles Burbee, whom I see and work with almost daily, is to some people a myth. It is hard for me to think of this lank, lean, swarthy, irreverent, witty, obscene, companionable man as a living legend. I think of him rather as Burb, or Brub, or occasionally Meyer or Sammy -- yet I can see how he has become a living legend.

There was a time when the Burbee household was as full of fans as a septic tank is of sewage -- an amazingly apt simile even though I have never thought of the Burbee home as a septic tank. This was when Burbee lived at 1057 South Normandie, a location distressingly easy for fans to reach. A list of the visitors at that address reads like a roster of fandom itself.

In those days, of course, Burbee was anything but a legend. Fans could see, hear, smell, taste and touch -- and many of them tried very hard to taste and touch him. You know how fans are.

Now that Burbee lives on the outskirts of nowhere, his life is pleasantly fanless.

Since, due to the permanence of science fiction as a great Cultural Influence, the roster of fandom changes by 75% each year, Brub's two or three year absence from the center of town has led to his being in a fandom which has never seen him.

And a Burbee mythos grows apace!

Since Charles Burbee is beyond peradventure the most utterly fabulous, completely Burbee-like character in the world today, I thought I would tell you about him. Maybe you too can be fabulous and Burbee-like.

"Semmy," I said to him in my best pseudo-Yid accent, "vat meks you zo febulous and Burbee-like?"

"Do you think I'm One?" he quoted. "Well, you'll just have to prove it if you do."

"No, seriously. I thought I'd do an article for BURBLINGS about how to be a fabulous, Burbee-like character. How can I write it if I don't know what makes you so fabulous and Burbee-like?"

"That's what's so fabulous about me," he said. "I don't try to be fabulous like everybody else."

A pensive look came over him. "You'd better leave the stenciling to me, Towner," he added. "I might think of some more things that ought to be said about me."

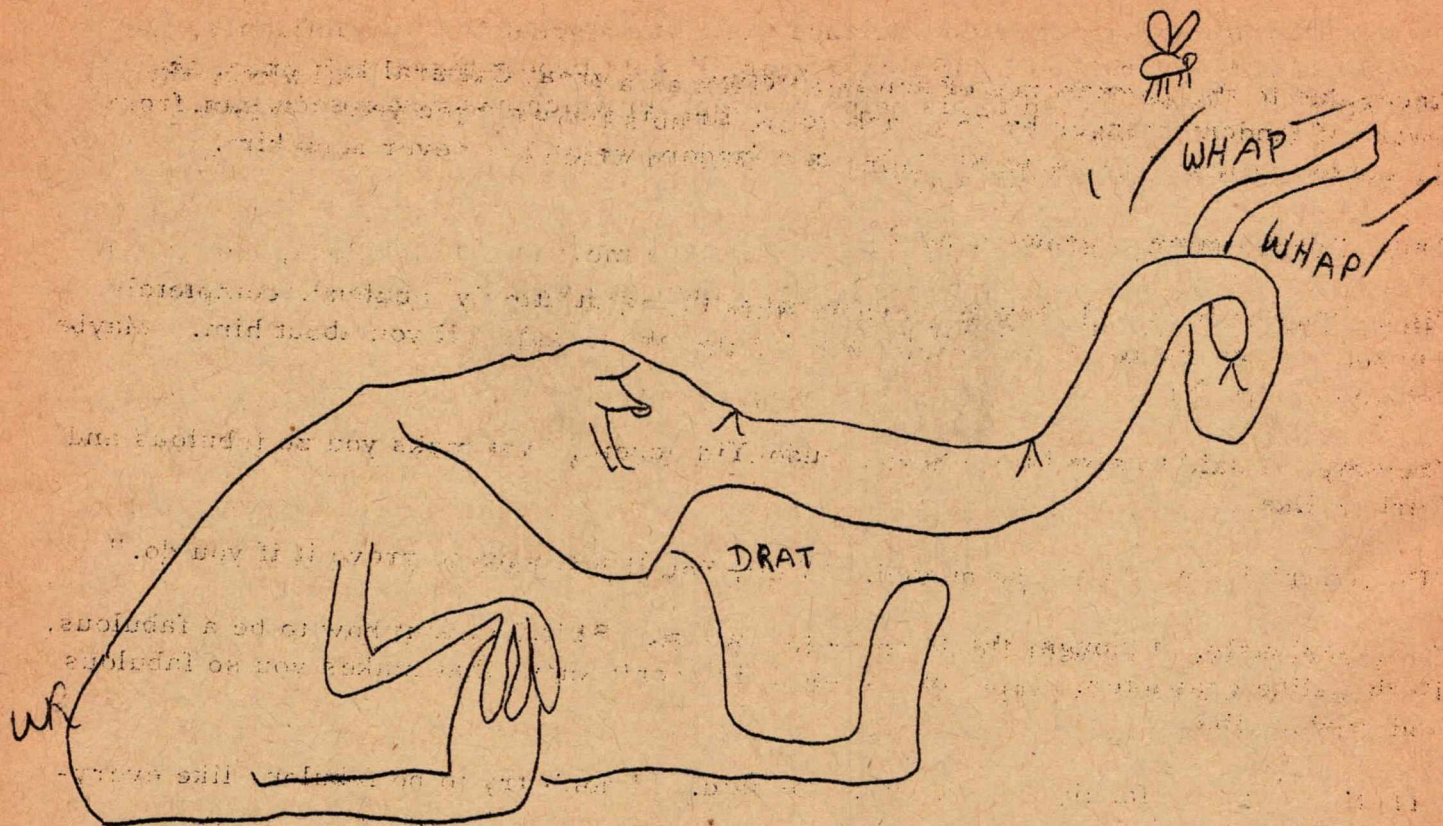
Perhaps a few Burbee anecdota would be a good start towards hinting at the stigmata of the archetypical fabulous Burbee-like character.

There was once a kindly, middle-aged head of a family, who, within five minutes of having met Burbee for the first time, was compelled to throw himself back in his chair, mouth his cigar sensuously, and grate in a hoarse voice, "Mr. Burbee! I am not a cocksucker!" And as Burbee himself has since pointed out many times, he never again went out of his way to meet this man.

There was a very edible looking young lady working at LaMoree's for several years, who became on non-speaking terms with Burbee over some cause celebre which neither of them could remember when I tried to find out about it. But though they could not speak, they kept up an indefatigable written correspondence in Spanish which consumed dozens of blank time tickets a week, and kept some of the rest of us quite busy trotting back and forth with little notes.

This same man will go into gales of laughter over the frequent repetition of such esoteric lines as: "He's not very clean, and he's not very good." "It's picnic time again." "Little Mutt. Little Mutt." "He's the best all-round mah in the shop." "Feeelix!" "They were removed!" "Can a man fall in love with metal? My God! I have!" "Give me eat! Where is eat?" "You are speaking to a member of your own sex, my dear." "We are ducks... quacking!" etc., etc. (This is also a criterion of being fabulous and Laney-like.)

This same man once referred to himself in print as having an "electronic soul". He



Manifests this by having a non-transportable portable wire-recorder, by playing records "too goddam loud" (the only way they should be played, incidentally), and by constantly looking up crossover networks so his friends can build twin speaker systems.

This same man is hipped on deep-sea fishing, and for some reason looks askance at my contention that the only sensible way to deep-sea fish is with a war surplus sub chaser and plenty of depth charges.

This same man... but I could go on for pages. Pages of fabulous Burbee anecdota revealing fabulous facets of the fabulous Burbee-like character. Helpless in the face of such a wealth of material, I think I'll try to fill out a personality inventory.

PHYSICAL. I could speak of olive skin, leonine heads, flashing dark eyes, and all sorts of stuff. But instead I'll quote the exact words of a young lady I know who once met Burbee. "There is something about the set of his head that promises exquisite sexual delights to all women." What more does one need in the way of physique? By god, I wish I too were fabulous and Burbee-like.

MENTAL. The outstanding feature of the Burbee mind is a cosmic impatience with mediocrity and sham. (This is why he was such close friends for so many years with certain individuals whom I'll not name!)

He is constantly infuriating the panel of self-claimed experts down where we work -- experts on sports, politics, women, economics, sociology, science, everything -- by interrupting their deliberations with a loud: "I'm just an ordinary guy working for a living in a cheap shop."

(This recently led old C. D. LaMoree himself to explain very vehemently to our die-maker that by god this was not a cheap shop!)

Another allied trait is a sudden outbreak of shouting, "Big! Big! Big! Big!" over and over in response to the words or actions of some of his fellows -- particularly actions in which they are putting antennae on radio-less cars and similar bits of camouflage.

TEMPERAMENTAL. The true fabulous and Burbee-like character is relaxed in a high-strung sort of way and is constantly getting mixed up with weird happenings and people due to a mixture of easy-goingness and amusement at the antics of non-Burbee-like people. Burbee is almost as big an incident-prone as George Gordon Dewey. He is the only person I have ever known who has watched someone defecating from the top of an oil-well derrick. (This is what made it possible for him to take the LASFS in stride.) He has also composed and given public performances of a calypso about a well-known pro author who had his falsies stolen by one of his more besotted admirers who in turn gave them to another fan to use at the Pacificon and never saw them again.

If you were to gear your temperament thusly, and collect Max Brand, Albert and Pogo, Bach, and New Orleans jazz -- you might be fabulous, but you wouldn't be Burbee-like unless you used up all the non-Insurgent Element fanzines you got as crud sheets.

For an ordinary person to try to be fabulous and Burbee-like is vaguely analogous to an attempt at a chemical analysis of protoplasm. As soon as you start analyzing, the protoplasm dies and then it isn't protoplasm anymore. Just like Bill Rotsler, who has spent half a decade trying to be fabulous and Burbee-like and has only succeeded in making himself an "arty feller".

-- F. Towner Laney

..Aside from that Daugherty, how'd you like "Ah, Sweet Idiocy"?

Some years ago, Al Ashley accused Burbee of making everybody talk dirty. No one, so went the pitch, ever talked dirty anywhere until Burbee got around them with his foul mouth. Particularly, no one ever used the Anglo-Saxon term for the ventral end of the digestive tract until exposed to Burbee who is supposed to be obsessed or have a fixation or something. (This merely proves that Burbee, deny it as he may, knew Al Ashley -- because nearly everyone Al ever meets sooner or later turns out to be obsessed or have a fixation or something of the sort dealing with the anus. I don't know why this should be.)

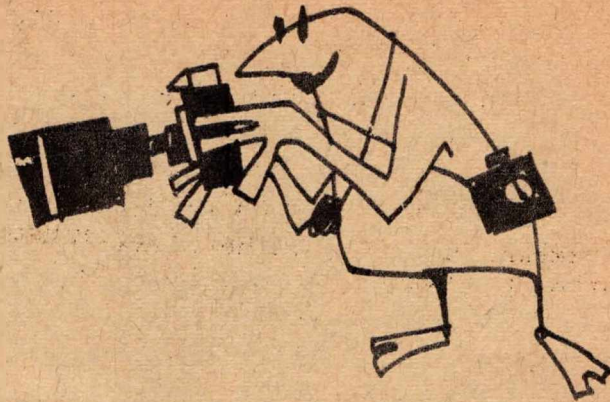
Some weeks ago, I was reminding Burbee of all this (in line with our policy of forgetting all about Al Ashley) and in the course of it I accused him of inventing the anus and setting it up in the image of a rugged individualist for everyone to worship.

"I did not," said Charles Burbee, "invent or create the anus. I merely discovered it to the Western World."

-- F. T. Laney.

FANDANGO #26

SHOWING LESLEIGH SYDNEY



Being of an inately suspicious turn of mind, I reasoned that the moment Lesleigh Luttrell landed in Sydney on her DUFF trip, the local fans would lead her up a gum-tree. By misadventure -- that is, I forgot -- I spent the day Lesleigh arrived studying bower birds and wrecked cars in the bush in the fastnesses of Falconbridge in the Blue Mountains, the haunts of Eric Lindsay. That day Ron Clark, editor of MENTOR, showed Lesleigh some of Sydney, principally The Bridge and The Opera House Now, speaking without bias as an honest, bluff Victorian, these things aren't really up to much.

Arriving in Sydney early the next morning, I rang up Shayne McCormack, getting her out of bed at the unghodly hour of half past eight. Oh, how those cityites curse us farmers!

She forgave me, or said that she did, and explained that she would have had to get up anyway, because she was to meet Lesleigh and show her the rest of Sydney. (Shayne, who has inflated ideas about Sydney, did not put it quite thus.)

Pointing out the Lesleigh was interested in Anthropology and that I, being a student of the field, had the keys to open such doors, Shayne invited me to accompany them. She gave me instructions to get to the Squire Inn where Lesleigh was staying and the Syncon was to be held. Knowing that Shayne would have to pass Central Station where I was, I was hoping for a lift, but Shayne, with that ikeyness that is her nature, thought of the extra petrol my weight would burn and caused me to spend 20 cents getting out there.

JOHN J. ALDERSON

I asked for Lesleigh in the foyer of the hotel. They gave me her room number and asked if I'd like to phone her. I did, and she said, "Come up and wait for Shayne."

"Is that allowed?" I asked the girl at the foyer. It was, so I went up and Lesleigh unchained the door!! (Here let me add that Sydney is the only place in the world I know where they have door chains, but they are very Victorian there.)

I have read quite a few Larry Kent books, so I knew all about American women and their antics once they get you into their room. I carefully sat right on the edge of the sofa next to the window, but either my precautions were quite successful or unnecessary, because I was quite safe.

After a little discussion of this and that, including some words on anthropology and the police, I thought I had better confide my fears to Lesleigh. "Different parts of Australia are different," I began. She nodded. Nice, friendly girl, Lesleigh. "You have to take what some of them say with a pinch of salt.

"So I gather," she said in that rather quaint tongue they speak in Missouri.

I dropped my voice for effect. Besides, the walls may have ears and I had none of those debugging whatyoumaycallms with which science fiction characters are invariably equipped. "You have to be careful of these Sydneyites. They'll take you for a ride." I was going to add that they were descended from convicts when I remembered that so are the Americans and that I knew nothing of Lesleigh's family tree. I went on to explain that blokes from some of the other states weren't too hot, either. "We Victorians are decent, honest sort of fellas. You can trust us." Lesleigh thanked me for putting her on her guard.

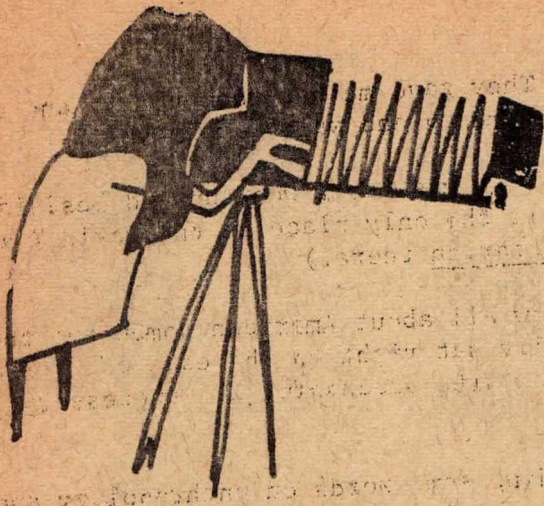
Here I may add, as a wanderer of wide renown, that I had feared the worst about Lesleigh. To be quite candid, I have not found the American exports of napalm, F-111's or women as inspiring confidence. The image of the sex-starved, underdeveloped, undernourished, buck-toothed, strident-voiced blonde with ropey hair that has never felt a brush was pretty firmly etched in my mind. Heaven knows why they are not drowned at birth, for they do more than enough to get America despised wherever they go. Lesleigh was anything but that and a credit to any country. Brunette, softly spoken with a musical tone to her voice, and, as we say here, comfortably built, is Lesleigh. Of this I'll say no more, lest Hank send me a letter-bomb.

So enters Shayne McCormack, the scourge of Sydney fandom. When I first met Shayne four years ago, she was 17 and was a well-built lass with long, golden hair. She still has the golden hair, but has geown ~~put~~ up. "You're looking very prosperous," I said, digging her in the ribs.

"Don't be rude," she retorted.

Lesleigh and Shayne, having so much in common, took to each other like old friends. Shayne had hardly finished offically welcoming Lesleigh when she said what I had forboded. "Don't take any notice of these Victorians," she added to other, similar words. "They're so stodgy, so victorian." This from a girl who does not smoke, drink, swear, take drugs, participate in demonstrations or have men friends. Lesleigh did not say what she thought of this advice when she met more of the Sydney fans, most of whom are non-smoking, non-drinking, suit-wearing (and conservative, at that) men with short hair and shaven chins. Nor do I know what she thought when she met the long-haired, bewhiskered, hard-drinking Victorians with their casual dress and lurid language. For the record, I confess to being one of the more saintly types among the Victorians.

Into Shayne's VW, with Lesleigh's luggage piled in the back. Shayne held the seat forward and glared at me, as though I might have expected to sit in the front seat. All the



same, I wish she would read some of those Larry Kent books...in them the girl always lets the man drive her car. Awed by the weight of numbers, I kept silent as we drove along.

"Lesleigh will want to see the street where Premier Askin told President Johnson to 'run over the bastards!'."

"John," gasped Shayne as though there were two ladies present, "please don't swear."

We went first to the National Museum, one of seven or eight we have in Australia. The section relating to the Australian Aborigines was closed, and the rest was as I saw it ??? years ago. My suggestion that we go to the University was ignored, though I am happy to say that we did not go inspect

Myers or Woolworths.

"Let's go to Manly," decided Shayne for us all. Off we went, over the Bridge, that way there being no toll, which appeals to the mean streak in Shayne's nature, though being a gentleman, I would have insisted on paying it. However, I kept that information under my hat.

In consequence, we wove through the most excruciating streets lined with traffic lights that are off two minutes and on ten seconds, a circumstance that has slowed Sydney traffic to a crawl.

A few miles out, Shayne said, "let's go to the zoo!" Fear of having to walk back kept Lesleigh and I silent. Not that I would have been silent if I had known they robbed a man of one dollar twenty to get in. That's each, mind you.

Why an overseas visitor should be interested in a zoo I don't know. I would have thought they were the same everywhere. Perhaps they are not, for Lesleigh seemed genuinely delighted, particularly with the koalas. I pronounced them to be quite good eating when roasted, and received a short lecture on the conservation of wildlife and Lesleigh got another on the iniquities of killing kangaroos.

In the aquarium section we came to some blackfish which were odd things. "These," I said loftily, "are not blackfish. Everyone knows blackfish are that long," I demonstrated, "and live in the Deep Creek and you don't have to scale them, and they are wonderful eating."

"They are blackfish," retorted Shayne, "and I have caught them that long." She spread her arms expansively. Under the burning gaze of a fisherman, she wilted a little. "Well, my father does."

Outsides the aquarium is the jetty where the Manly ferry once berthed. It and the equally famous Bondi tram are no more. What has Sydney left now, except memories? Shayne waved her hand at a low island between us and the Bridge. "That's Ft. Denison."

"Pinchgut," I added.

"Fort Denison," said Shayne, firmly.

"Pinchgut."

"Fort Denison!" with a baneful look. I thought she was going to stamp her foot.

"They used to put convicts there on short rations," I told Lesleigh.

"He's just like his fanzine," Shayne said.

"Oh, yes," replied Lesleigh.

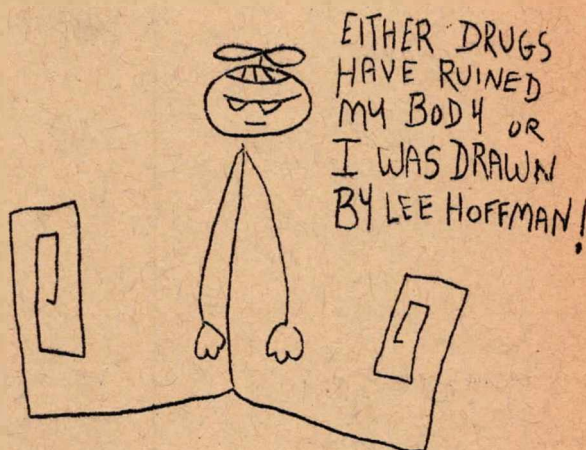
"I am going to write an article about Sydney," I announced.

Shayne regarded me with the greatest suspicion. The poor girl has a crush on the wretched place. I indicated a closed off portion of the stall and the notice there. I'm going to call it 'This Section Closed'."

Shayne dropped me on the North Side, not having the petrol, she explained, to go over the bridge. Actually, she was going around to save the toll. (It was, by the way, during the Australian petrol strike, and while you could get petrol outside of Sydney, it was unobtainable within.) She gave me meticulous directions for catching the underground -- this to an old globe-trotter, mind you -- and drove off.

They took Lesleigh to see Manly Beach a day or so later, the first beach she had ever seen. It was hard for Shayne to realize, as she herself confessed, that Lesleigh was a country girl. I was 18 myself before I saw the sea.

What Lesleigh thought of us, I don't know, but she promised to lie like anything and say that we were quite a decent mob.



If fanatic be the food of gods, type on!

Al, I said, didn't you ever have a childhood?

Well, in a sense yes, I suppose, said Al Ashley. But then I have always been much different from most people. Older--more poised--you might say wiser. Yes, that is the word. Wiser. Yes, Laney, I have always had a great intellectual depth and very broad mental horizons. I am sure even you can understand that to a person like myself the little things of childhood, so many of which you still cherish, could never have meant much. No electric trains? No tick-tack-toe? No spitwads? No coaster wagons? Al, you've missed so much.

He shrugged again. I have always been too mature for such folderol.

No toys of any kind, Al?

Well, he said shyly, I did have a rag doll once. Such a lovely rag doll. I used to carry it with me everywhere I went. It had a gray moustache and it taught me how to think.

-- F. T. Laney
FANDANGO #16
Early 1948

REAR
WHEEL

MORE EDITORIAL
BY ARNIE KATZ



When a president or governor is elected, he is usually obliged to go before some body which theoretically represents the people, and deliver himself of a speech entitled "State of the Nation", "State of the State" or "State of" whatever geopolitical body he will be mismanaging for the next time period. The elected official, voice a little husky from his two years on the campaign trail, makes a series of increasingly grandiose promises concerning the miracles he will work during his term of office.

Since the coeditorship of TANDEM is not an elective office, you probably didn't expect to be on the receiving end of such a pronouncement. You were wrong.

If you will imagine me standing at a rostrum before the assembled readership of TANDEM, wind rippling through my stylishly long hair and the golden sun shining upon my sensitive fan-nish face, I will tell you more than everything you want to know about TANDEM.

When last we met across a sheaf of mimeographed pages, I was editing FOCAL POINT, Joyce was producing POTLATCH and we were collaborating on FIAWOL. Looking back, I find it almost unbelievable that we were energetic enough to produce two monthlies and a biweekly simultaneously, including handling the details of three separate subscription lists.

Joyce and I decided to take a little rest from this hectic schedule, once we found publishing three fanzines too much for us. This worked for a while, but soon we found that not publishing our three zines caused as much strain as actually doing them.

You don't know what it's like, waking up every morning to be confronted by the fact that you haven't produced two monthlies and a biweekly. You can't imagine the agony of seeing those stacks of unopened mail (not your letter, of course, but those others...) knowing that there are hundreds (well, dozens) of sticky dollars waiting to be turned into fanzine subscriptions.

So Joyce and I decided that we had to rearrange our fanac so that we wouldn't have to endure the mental torment of not publishing all those fanzines.

We folded all three zines.

Right away we reaped an advantage from this bold stroke; we no longer had to field questions at Insurgent meetings concerning when the next issue of FOCAL POINT/POTLATCH/FIAWOL would be appearing.

Recently I have gained an insight into an observation I have heard made many times, that the onset of one's 40th birthday is often the occasion for unsettling thoughts. Since I'm only 26, that particular Day of Reckoning is still comfortably in the future but I've now had a foretaste of what it might be like in fourteen years.

Joyce and I have been inducted into FAPA.

At one time, an invitation to join FAPA was the signal for a fan to roll over and play dead. It meant that it was time to withdraw from the hurly-burly of general fandom and retire to the pastoral quiet of FAPA.

Times are changing in fandom. A fan is no longer middle-aged when he hits puberty. Today, thanks to wonders of modern science, people in their twenties and even thirties are living full lives, doing productive meaningful fanac.

Though getting into FAPA is Ghu's way of telling us to slow down, Joyce and I feel that we've still got golden years left in general fandom, if we eat right, get lots of egoboo, and lay off complicated subscription lists.

Joyce and I have combined forces to produce one quarterly fanzine combining the best



aspects of our former publications with some new ideas we've had. I hope TANDEM will be able to retain such popular FP & POTLATCH regulars as Terry Carr, Harry Warner, Bob Shaw, Bob Tucker and Bill Kunkel.

"What will this TANDEM be like, anyhow?" you ask, because Jerry Lapidus hasn't had a chance to write a column Explaining it to you. We feel we have some exciting new directions in dynamic fanzine publishing, you betcha.

The reams of articles and hurricanes of talk about art and layout have not left us unmoved. At a tempestuous editorial conference, we agreed to have them both in every single issue of TANDEM.

We had a difference of opinion over whether TANDEM should have the simple, clean lines of a fanzine with justified margins, or whether the type should be allowed to wander hither and yon across the page as it will, in blissful freedom.

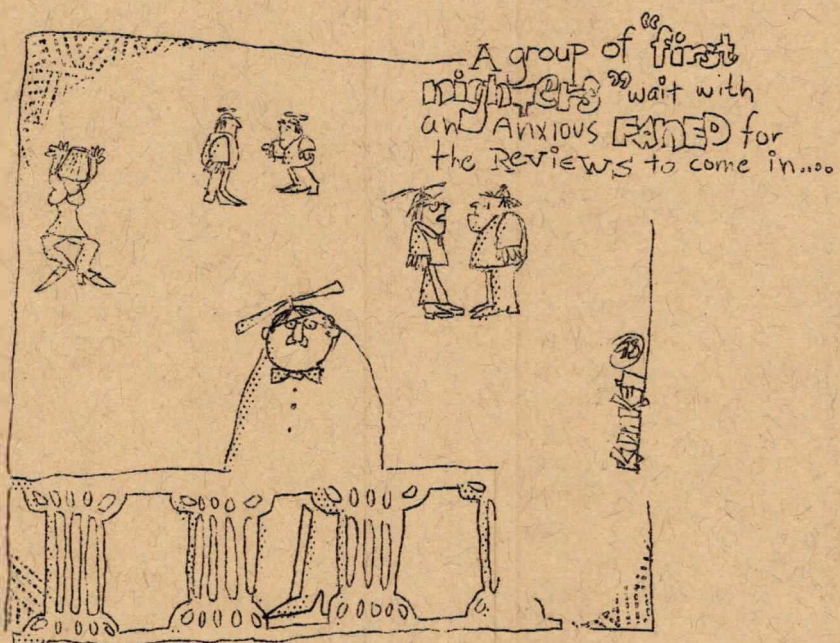
Like every effective editorial team, we compromised. In TANDEM, the left hand margin will represent the classic solidity of justification, while the text will zig and zag on the right, unencumbered by the stolid conventions of the dismal, pedestrian past.

As I indicated, Joyce and I aren't very interested in doing the clerical work associated with a subscription fanzine at the moment. I think its good for fandom to have a faanish fanzine available on a cash basis, but we've done our stint, so not it's someone else's turn to render this particular service.

Struck with admittedly uncharacteristic pangs of conscience, Joyce and I have been wrestling with the problem of what to do about outstanding subscriptions to our fanzines. We have already mailed refunds to all FIAWOL subbers, and have returned most orders for FP & POTLATCH received as a result of reviews in Amazing and other places. We're going to fill FOCAL POINT and POTLATCH subscriptions with TANDEM at the rate of one issue of TANDEM for every two issues of the defunct zines, any fraction rounded off in favor of the reader. We're also in the process of refunding multi-year subscriptions beginning with the longest ones first. Our informal goal is to have no outstanding subscriptions by the publication of TANDEM #4. Look to your label to see the number of the last issue you'll receive.

TANDEM is available for trade, written or artistic contribution, or substantial letter of comment. Contributions are fervently desired, since our backlog is negligible. I hope you'll enjoy TANDEM enough to respond and secure a place on our mailing list. I love freeloaders, moochers and all-around deadwood myself, but Joyce chortles everytime she gets to cut people off the mailing list. Friends shanghai'd to marathon collating sessions aren't very pleased by our current circulation of over 300 and have petitioned us to cut it drastically, or else. You wouldn't want us to lack for Chamberlain covers, right?





A group of "first
nighters" wait with
an ANXIOUS EARED for
the REVIEWS to come in...