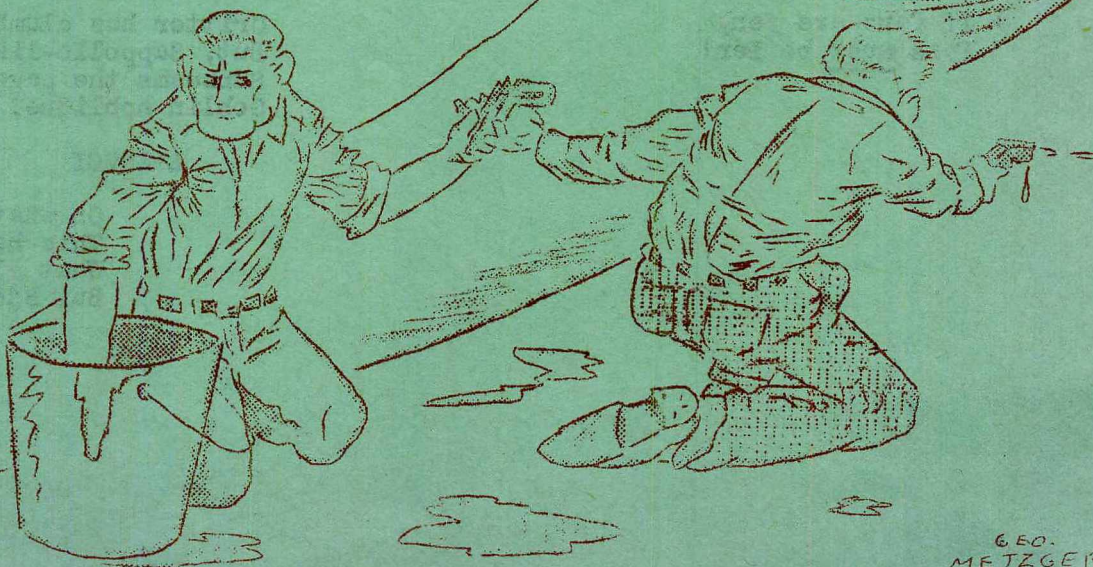


BETE NOIRE



GEO.
METZGER

From comic page
Of yesteryore;
Remember Jeep?
Reconjure Toar?

Wrought of Sea Hags
And hamburgery;
This Never-Die Wine
Of Blizzardry --

Replete with Goon
And mum Sweet'pea;
Panel-caged men-
ageSegarie?

(Thou dost recall?
Ah, moi aussi.
Bless that golden
Segargony!)

Now, of such host
Of nib-limned Pen *
(From gardened grave
And eased-gated den)

Shambles from out
Bjosalem,
A shaggy shook,
A bem pro tem...

Till known! Then Beast
Is Black Beauty;
Fenovolent
As mad dog's knee.

Nay, Trimble not,
MoSegarthy;
Thy barbered Breen
Would Segar glee.

Couchant, cradling
Famsel serene,
This Pet Noire graces
The new Boggszine...

Not from Tussaud's
Chamber, nor yet
A dark-gemmed Car-
vern this non-Set

* If fans are fen,
Fans must be Pen!

Critter has clumb --
But, Sappollo-like
Sunbeams the page,
Goblin hoblique!

L'ENVOI

On what foods feeds
This hair-sooted dream?
What else, my loves,
But Bjos and cream?

LINES SMIT
ON FIRST ENCOUNTERING
THE BLACK BJO BEAST
IN BOGGS' BETE NOIRE

by Bill Blackbeard



Number 6

Redd Boggs, editor

Autumn 1963

"Improve every opportunity to express yourself in writing, as if it were your last." -- Thoreau, Journal, 17 December 1851.

Ingvi is a Republican.

That Orgy at Edco's; or, What Hath Me?

"You'll come with me," said the beautiful blonde, slipping her supple arm around my waist and laying her head affectionately on my shoulder. "Won't you?"

I looked from the half-assembled copy of Outstanding, the LA FAPA one-shot for summer 1963, to the lovely lavender eyes of the girl hugging me. "I can't come with you, Tondelaya, my love," I said simply, for my duty was clear. I felt as virtuous as William S. Hart and if there had been a horse within five miles of me I would have rushed over and kissed it. "I'm busy collating and stapling this one-shot. We've got to get this fanzine out for FAPA!"

"FAPA schmappa!" the blonde told me reasonably. "Let's go over to the apartment across the hall."

Yes, Circe stood right in the middle of Ed and Anne Cox's living-room and said that. Stood there surrounded by stacks of unassembled pages of a dazzling one-shot John Trimble had just run off on the LASFS Rex and uttered those words. The one-shot contained thousands of words by Edco, JT, Ron Parker, Lee Jacobs, and myself, words that practically launched to be read by fapans in Berkeley, Brooklyn, and Bradford 2. It was nearly midnight of Saturday, 27 July 1963, a date that nearly became as significant in fandom as 455 A.D. in the history of Rome. Termites were merrily gnawing away in the cellar, and the pillars were groaning.

"The apartment across the hall?" I echoed innocently. "Are there any bottles of corflu over there, pungent and blue? Any quires of mimeo stencils, fresh and pristine? Any cans of fragrant Rex ink? Any neatly packed reams of white mimeo bond?" I looked down at her eagerly. Her soft red lips were parted, showing her white teeth, white as mimeo bond.

"God, I hope not!" Circe shuddered. "That obscenity duplicating machine of yours nearly drove me batty. Why did John What's-his-name have to run that damn mimeograph while we were trying to twist to those wonderful Chubby Checkers' records?"

"Got to get this fanzine out for FAPA," I explained patiently. "The deadline approaches. Dick Eney is pacing the floor back in Alexandria, Virginia, like an expectant father, awaiting the arrival of this very fanzine. Harry Warner is snickering already. Dean A. Grennell may be chuckling to himself. Bob Tucker probably has allowed himself a small smile of anticipation. Marion Z.... Well, anyway. Look, ma'am, I'll tell you the facts of life."

"The birds and the bees?" she said eagerly. Her breasts jutted out pleasantly, as if she had secreted two cans of Rex ink under her nylon blouse.

"No, the faps and the saps," I said. "Fans are above sex."

"Really? Are you a fan?" She looked at me skeptically. I guess I wasn't wearing my propellor beanie. She shoved herself against me, firmly, roundly.

"We-e-e-l-l..." I said. Instinctively I clutched her, as I felt the pillars of fandom tremble. I dropped the half-assembled fapazine on the floor and tread on it clumsily (hoping at the same time, though very distantly, that it wasn't Sam Moskowitz' copy). The woman was solid, substantial, even more real than a spaceship in an Arthur C. Clarke novel, and almost as beautiful.

"Fans," she quoted, breathing with difficulty, "are above sex."

"What the hell is a fan?" I said. "Lead the way, doll." Circe led the way. Straight across the room. Knocking over stacks of pages for the one-shot with each sway of her ample hips, kicking aside copies of Out of the Silence and Last Men in London with her red-nailed, zoried feet. John Trimble, Lee Jacobs, Ron Parker, and Ed Cox looked up from their discussion of R. F. Starzl and blank amazement spread across their sensitive fannish faces. Lynn Parker and Anne Cox collapsed in each other's arms, weeping bitterly, as comprehension dawned on them.

All around me I fancied I could hear the pillars of fandom tottering. "Sic transit gloria mundi." Somebody pronounced this valedictory as the door to Ed and Anne's apartment closed behind us. I think it was the cat.

In the next apartment, into which Circe led me, a scene of mad revelry smote my astonished eyeballs. Sheree West, whose apartment it was, huddled in the corner crocheting a doily. Larry, Circe's boy friend, sprawled on the sofa, snoring lustily. I had met these people shortly before, when they had been over at Edco's, dancing the twist and trying to seduce us fans from our duty: namely, completing the one-shot. Aha, I thought to myself, virtue triumphs in the end. Their sinful dissipation has exhausted these people, while I, exhilarated by my participation in a significant creative effort, to wit, a FAPA one-shot session, am clear-eyed, alert, and full of devilment.

Sheree stumbled to her feet, and headed for the kitchen, muttering something about cooking up a plate of scrambled eggs. Circe collapsed in the chair she had vacated. Her eyelashes drooped. They looked good that way.

"Well," I said brightly, "how are the Dodgers doing?" I was eager for an intellectual discussion. "The Dodgers, the artful Dodgers?"

"Wha'?" said the blonde, prying her eyes open for a moment. "Are they above se-e-e-e...?" Her query ended in a soft snore.

Behind me I could hear the thump of a stapler as the loyal crew of fans in Ed and Anne's apartment finished up the one-shot. I stood in the middle of the room and considered. I could stay here and help create a scene out of Wynken, Blynken, and Nod, or I could go back and help assemble the one-shot. What would Towner do? In situations like this, I always ask myself that question. But this time the answer was tentative and ambiguous. It would depend, I decided, on whether ftl was sleepy and was, moreover, famished for scrambled eggs.

As I re-entered Edco's apartment, I heard Lee Jacobs say, "You can talk all you want about 'Out of the Sub-Universe,' JOHN TRIMBLE, but it is obvious to any trufan that 'Hornets of Space' is R. F. Starzl's masterpiece." He emphasized this statement by bashing two staples through the freshly assembled copy of Outstanding he was holding.

Unwept tears burned in my eyes. I knew then that I was home again, home to stay. No beautiful blondes, 38-26-36, 31 years old, unmarried, who own a white Ferrari and a vault full of stock in Pacific Telephone, can possibly seduce loyal FAPA members from a one-shot session. For our hearts are too pure, our sense of duty too strong.

Fandom's pillars reared solid and enduring against the rising moon. Fandom was saved again.

"Certainly I'm a rugged individualist. What are you, chum?"

Department of Persnickety Editorial Objections

(From "Special Note from the Editors" in The Mentor Book of Major American Poets, edited by Oscar Williams and Edwin Honig, Mentor Book MQ 436)

"The reader of this volume will undoubtedly wonder why certain poets, such as...Gene Derwood, who are quoted or mentioned so favorably in Edwin Honig's introduction, are not, after all, represented in this anthology....The Editor of New American Library, while he admired the work of Gene Derwood, prohibited the use of her poems in this anthology on the basis that she was not yet considered a major poet."

(Incidentally, the only mention of Miss Derwood in Edwin Honig's introduction ran like this: "There is indignation...in the poems of...Gene Derwood...")

Cig-Goulart

Of course I'm slightly behind on my science fiction reading, and it is stories like "Uncle Arly" by Ron Goulart (F&SF, July 1962) that make me reluctant to advance any farther. In "Uncle Arly" Max Kearny celebrated the three-hundred-fiftieth anniversary of tobacco like this:

"Lighting a fresh cigarette Max looked down at the bright screen."
-- page 119.

"Max lit a new cigarette from the old one." -- page 120.

"Max brushed his crew cut down and reached for his cigarettes."
-- page 120.

"Max crumpled his empty cigarette pack." /Hooray!/? -- page 121.

"'She's got herself under control,' Max said, getting out his cigarettes." /Oh hell!/? -- page 122.

"'Remember now,' said Horning, 'no smoking.'" /Hooray!/? -- page 122

"...said Max, stepping into an apartment doorway to light a cigarette." /Oh hell!/? -- page 123.

"Lighting his corncob pipe Pedway came halfway down the ladder."
-- page 124.

"Max lit a fresh cigarette..." -- page 124.

"Max took a cigarette." -- page 125.

"Max lit a cigarette and moved into the room." -- page 126.

"'Sure,' said Max, shaking out a cigarette..." -- page 127.

When you start choking on tobacco smoke, you can always observe the routine with glasses of bourbon and of "dark beer," which is carried on almost as relentlessly. If his doctor ever forbids him to smoke and drink, poor Max won't know what to do with his hands.

"I drink to make other people interesting." -- G. J. N.

My Dream -- and Welcome to It

I seldom dream, but if I think about it I can predict unerringly when I am going to dream or I can even stimulate a dream. These are the highly colored fantastic dreams whose wisps remain in my head after I have wakened in a sweat. Those psychologists may be right who say that we dream incessantly every night and then forget the visions; on this speculative subject I can only report that the dreams I remember are nearly always dreams I dream when I am not very deeply asleep.

I nearly always dream for record, I have found, if I am ill and/or uncomfortable. If I have a raw throat or a throbbing boil or a sour stomach, if I am running a slight fever and am thrashing about all night and forever turning the pillow over to the cool side, I will dream. I can induce dreams deliberately by making myself uncomfortable. Were I to don a pair of long-johns and climb under a horseblanket with a hot-water bottle under my feet on a warm night in July, I would have nightmares, hallucinations, and fantasmagorias more vivid and alarming than those from opium and peyote.

I dream also if I play the sluggard and roll over for another 40 winks after partly wakening at my usual rising hour. Such a dream occurred on the morning of Monday, 19 August 1963. This dream immediately impressed me as soon as I opened my eyes again as an unusually colorful and amusing dream, and I quickly rolled out of bed and sat down at the typewriter to write as complete an account of it as I could before it faded away. Of course the vision dimmed and altered with the very act of analyzing it, and only the last part of it remained clear enough to put into verbal form, except for one vivid moment involving sweeping the snow off -- appropriately enough -- a parapet at Bjohn's: for the scene was presumably their former residence, Parapet Plunge, Long Beach.

The characters in my dream were all people I had seen a few nights previously at the LASFS or at Kal's afterward. The plot of my dream involved Bob Lichtman's borrowing my Gestetner, as he had done some weeks before, although in my dream it didn't turn out to be a Gestetner after all. At any rate I was pacing around, fretting whether Bob was going to show up with the machine, when Bjo suggested that I go out and look for him, if I was so worried. I decided to do this, and Gail Knuth decided to accompany me.

We walked rather than drove, and approaching the first corner near Bjohn's we harkened to the distant strains of music. We recognized the incongruous selection of the Christmas tune that goes "Ho-ho-ho, who wouldn't go? Up on the housetop, click, click, click! Down through the chimney with Good St Nick!" as we approached. Gail looked at me questioningly, but I knew what it was. "There's Bob now," I said.

Before we quite reached the corner, the tune segwayed into something else. A Good Humor truck was passing, and the other music -- which seemed to be electronic organ music under full amplification -- chimed in on whatever jingle the truck was emitting. But the tune was churning out too fast for the more deliberate resources of the organ, and as we came up to Lichtman, he yelled "Rats!" and swung into still another tune.

Bob was sitting somewhere -- I'm not sure where, but it seems as if it might have been on the hood, or pardon me, the bonnet -- of an old automobile parked near the intersection of (perhaps) Parapet and Woodruff. The car was obviously the vintage Rolls Royce that is often seen at the curb in front of Dawson Book shop, 550 South Figueroa, but the sort of musical instrument Bob was playing is harder to identify. I think it was a barrel organ or hurdy-gurdy, but for this last tune there was a choral accompaniment. Perhaps it was provided by the crowd that the performance had attracted; I don't remember.

As I typed out the original account of this dream, I could still remember how the tune went and many of the words. So far as I could ascertain, both words and music were original, though the song fell into the grand tradition of the gay nineties popular hit, suitable for harmonizing by barbershop quartet or college glee club: songs like "Side-walks of New York" and "A Bicycle Built for Two."

The song -- whatever it was -- seemed to be in praise of Frisco, or as the natives call it, San Francisco. To hear these sentiments boast-

ful of the beauties of the Bay Area and the virtues of its citizens ringing out in a southern California street was amusing, and Gail and I exchanged smiles. Part of the lyrics ran:

"We don't like beer -- and that's the truth!
We like our wine to be vermouth!"

But what set me off into chortles of delight -- in my dream -- was the San Franciscans' final modest claim for themselves:

"And we are loved -- by all L. A.!"

The girl with me appeared not to understand my merriment; she looked up at me with a frown. I bent to shout an explanation over the roar of barrel organ and chorus, putting my lips close to her face. She misunderstood, and prettily presented a smooth warm cheek for a kiss. But somehow, sometime in my dream the girl accompanying me had become Marla Green, my little pseudoniece, five years old.

"Redd Boggs stopped at the liquor store to get something for breakfast."

Figs and Thistles

No! No! A thousand times no! Bete Noire will not reprint "Lives and Times of a Schmugian Guk" under any circumstances whatsoever. # Bete Noire, the seminal fanzine. Material written and intended for this issue has been adapted and adopted for use in the current (I hope) issues of the following first rate fanzines: Frap, Shangri-L'Affaires, Different, and QAR. Especially QAR. However, I have plenty of material in the files, and only lack of time prevents my inflicting another 18-page issue on you. I am unhappy about postponing poetry by Fred Chappell, Edith Ogutsch, and Virginia Blish, and artwork by Bill Rotsler, not to mention letters from Alva Rogers, Arthur Jean Cox, and William Blackbeard, but all this will be paraded before your eyes three months from now. You'll wait, won't you?

"She's proud and snooty / But she's my cutie."

BETE NOIRE (formerly Cockatrice) is edited and published occasionally for the Fantasy Amateur Press association by Redd Boggs, 270 South Bonnie Brae, Los Angeles, California 90057. This issue, number six, is intended for circulation with FAPA mailing #105, autumn 1963. A few copies are available to nonfapans at 10¢ each. An early work by George Ade was called Pink Marsh. The Bete Noire heading was drawn and stenciled by Bjo Trimble. The cover illustrations are by George Metzger. I am not sure of his present whereabouts. The text was cut on Polychrome stencils from Mar-Lee and was Gestetnered on Tru-Ray lime from the Self-Help Paper company by the Gafia Duplicating service. The Gafia press.

Hominem planto.

CHAGROLS

How huffs the Hooperdinck Dahlem,
The Gillic Swathe, the Fenric Clyde,
Or rumbles west the gauche Shulkem
To mat the feek, and grip the Snide?

Why, so whoops the luncheon Haggie
On the hutch, the roe, the nilcham,
Till juffles out the gleengaggle,
The husking hoons and seeming swarn.

Now lopes the lithe, lean Logasmunk;
Why grins and stacks he little smolls?
Ah, swassles thus the tassled Thunk,
Till lo, encascared come the Olls!

They chort and chackle, long and lewd,
Lorn of lute, tigarithmetic hew'd,
And, welkinsward, outwig the woon
To ither all swelt gossaroon!

-- Bill Blackbeard



METZGER