



Number 21

Redd Boggs, editor

Autumn 1970

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

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Everybody talks about the New Wave -- but nobody does anything about it.

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My Thirty Years in Fandom -- and How They Flew

1. Some Notes for My Memoirs

[This item is reprinted in full from Hurkle, Vol. I, No. 3, autumn 1950 mailing of the Spectator Amateur Press society, because it is one of the few accounts of my fan career that I have ever written. I believe it may have been inspired by something Jack Speer had written some years earlier in FAPA about his own fan doings.]

1941 - Saw Startling's review of Scienti-Comics, contacted Phil Bronson...Subbed to Fantasite, Spaceways, Leprechaun, Southern Star, etc....Began to write all the pro editors regularly...First fan-article "Fantasy on the Air" published in Spaceways...First MFS meeting -- met Simak, Saari, Bronson, Chapman, and other Big Names.

1942 - Wrote for Space Tales; yarn of mine beat one of W. L. Hamling's in readerpoll...Stepped up fan writing...Hit various fanzines with articles, stories, poems...Adopted the penname Don Gualtario for poetry...Fantasite accepted my "Alas, Poor Yorick!"...Drafted into AAF...Various fanzines received under Warner-Tucker fanzines-for-servicemen project...Spaceways folded...I fell away from fandom.

1943-1945 - Stopped reading the pros after buying some of them while home on furlough in 1943...Thought often of stf and fandom, made elaborate plans for fanzines I would edit after the war.

1946 - Began buying the prozines again...Undertook a long-range project to fill up 1943-45 pro files...Sent for Star Rover, corresponded with Van Splawn...Contacted Coswal, wrote voluminously for NFFF MSSBu...Subbed to Vampire, Shaggy, Stellarite, Cygni, etc....Heard all about



Shaverism from Elsnier...Articles published by Scientifictionist, Star Rover, etc....Discovered Ember...Stein wrote me.

1947 - Extensive correspondence with Stein. Cut first fan-stencil for Astronaut #1, which I co-edited...Bought \$19.75 mimeo. Published my first fanzine, the one-shot Caprice...Tympani launched...Visit to Milwaukee, Stein, Brazier, Schumann...Spacewarp and then Rapp came over my horizon...Joined SAPS and FAPA.

1948 - MFS revived...SkHk launched and Tym folded...Torcon trip...Preoccupation with writing for Warp and Dream Quest...File 13 begun...Chronoscope #1 issued...Tight-rope through Graham-Ackerman feud...New mimeo...Corresponded with Laney and Burb...FAPA treasec.

1949 - Much crud writ for Warp...The summer of the Fantasy Annual...Inaugurated column for Tucker's newsie...Coswal in Minneapolis...Reunion with Stein in Chicago...Cinvention...Gafia siege...The rental of wirecorder to hear Burb-ftl-Condra spool...Rejoined SAPS...FAPA prexy.

1950 - SkHk missed first FAPA mailing since its beginning...First Hurkle issued...Began Futurist...Korshak and Saari at "Death of a Salesman"...Bought wirecorder... "Feud" with Manly Bannister...Dianetics...Second ann-ish of SkHk issued -- seven months late... Warp folded... And 1950's not over yet!

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What's one whiffy-zut more or less between friends?

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They'll Kill Us All: 1

(from the Oakland Tribune, 6 July 1970, page 11)

"The U. S. Geological survey is...planning to drop sea bed drifters into the radioactive dump site 12 miles west of the Farallon Island chain/about 30 miles offshore but within the boundaries of San Francisco/ to see if the currents would carry any leaking material onto nearby beaches or into the Bay.

"The Atomic Energy commission said there are 44,563 barrels of radioactive waste in this ocean dump, but an AEC study completed in 1962 showed no apparent leakage of radioactive waste from the metal drums."

So far, so good; only 1038 years more to chew our fingernails.

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Nixon era censorship threats: Must we again call fuckheads fuggheads?

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Smokey the Bear is a Piker

My file of Focal Point seems to stack up incredibly high on my desk for a mere newszine. In the brief time since editors Arnie Katz and rich brown revived the title last spring, they have published around 190 pages (exclusive of the Special BoSh issue), which outbulks recent FAPA



mailings even if it isn't quite as thick as a single issue of Beabohema. FP's bulk is largely the result of its publishing "views and reviews" in addition to news: such items as occasional instalments of Terry Carr's column, "The Infinite Beanie," Harry Warner's "All Our Yesterdays," and Steve Stiles' "Harrison Country," as well as stray pieces such as a reprint, "The Mind of Chow," by Charles Burbee.

All this is pleasant lagniappe, but sometimes the editors print a slightly less than perfect item, and one of these was John D. Berry's "Smokey the Bear is a Trufan" in V.2 N.11. Even for a piece of offhand whimsy this was an inadequate performance. Its effectiveness depends on validating the proposition that "the whole ecological furor" is "a fan-nish movement after all." The only evidence that John discovers for this rather striking statement is that fans often reuse 9x12 envelopes by crossing out the former address and writing a new address alongside or on the back. He admits, "I'll be damned if I can think of any other instance of such conservation among fans."

Which merely proves that John is a fakefan, or at least still a neofan, and that he must be a veritable plutocrat to boot, if in publishing his fanzine Egoboo he himself hasn't indulged in many other frugalities besides the single one he mentions. I should think that John has at least reused an occasional paperclip during his fannish career, but apparently he tosses them out after a single use. Seriously, I can think of half a dozen or more instances of "conservation among fans" just offhand:

(1) Many fans, myself included, haven't even thrown away 9x12 envelopes that have been reused so often that front and back are all completely marked up. They carefully slice open the envelope at the seams, turn it inside-out, and reglue it. This makes a bright, new-looking envelope that can be used again many more times.

(2) At least one fan I remember from the 1950s would reuse the ordinary lettersize envelopes he received. He would slit them open at the seams and lay them out flat, presenting an irregularly-shaped inner surface on which he would type out his reply to the letter.

(3) John forgets Jiffy bags, some of which have crossed the Atlantic four or five times, and are patched up with brown paper tape and used once again.

(4) Many a fan has saved the pliofilm tops from stencils and used them with stencils which aren't so equipped (and are therefore cheaper). A good quality pliofilm can be reused numerous times.

(5) Stencils on which you make an error so flagrant that it can't be mended with obliterine can be, and often are, reused by thrifty fans. They have many uses, such as being utilized for windowing and insertion of Gestefaxed material, or making a cover where only a portion of the stencil is needed and the botched area can be masked off. I have some stencils from 1957 that I will get around to using one day.

(6) One of the commonest "ecological" phenomena in fandom is the use of crudsheets and overruns for slipsheets. A year or two ago I sent



Ed Cox a slipsheet that had floated in my slipsheet stack since about 1948 or 1949. Dimly visible through 20 years of offset was a book review Ed had written for one of the early issues of Sky Hook.

(7) Many fans salvage stamps on mail that somehow escaped cancellation. Such stamps can be soaked off in a jiffy in a glass of water, and then dried upon a piece of Kleenex before being glued to outgoing mail. One poverty-stricken fan I recall from years ago was also on the lookout for stamps on the mail he received that were cancelled either too high or too low, leaving one-half of the stamp untouched. These he would soak off the envelope, then snip off the pristine half and put it away in a drawer. Soon he would accumulate a supply of half-stamps, some the upper and others the lower portion. Then he would match the halves of stamps of the same issue and neatly paste them on a fresh envelope so that the split was hardly noticeable. Apparently he was never detected in this ruse -- which is lucky, because I imagine that this is an illegal recycling procedure.

As a fanzine publisher and collector, I hate to mention one last ecological manifestation in fandom. Better that one more tree is chopped down for pulp than this custom be revived (Burbee and Laney used to do it in the 1940s and '50s): Using sheets from destapled crudzines for slipsheeting. May this indignity never be laid upon John's Egoboo!

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"Home Spun Rag" is a way of life!

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Well, Uh, department

(from "r.i.p. offs" in Gay Sunshine, August-September 1970)

"Hassled -- Konstantin Berlandt, hitching home at 5 a.m. from San Francisco Gay Liberation dance, taken into police station for ID check. 'What crime am I suspected of?' Officer: 'I think you might be an escapee from a mental hospital. I'd suspect anyone who has a beard and is wearing a dress.'"

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"The Wizard of Oz is a dirty old man!" -- Tom Lehrer.

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Why Call Them Baxter Instead of Bach?

These are the names of all the characters -- and of people mentioned but not seen -- in Clifford D. Simak's sf novel, Why Call Them Back from Heaven? (Ace Special):

Franklin Chapman, Ann (also spelled "Anne") Harrison, Amanda Hackett, Daniel Frost, Marcus Appleton, Ogden Russell, Peter Lane, Carson Lewis, Chauncey Hilton, Mona Campbell, Howard Barnes, Anson Graves, Joe Gibbons, Nicolas Knight, Nestor Belton, Amos Hicklin, Godfrey Cartwright, Harris Hastings, George Sutton -- plus a few that have first or last names only (all conventional names, of course). These names look



like they've been selected from the phone book of a small, provincial English town, don't they? All are Anglo-Saxon, aside from "Campbell" and maybe one or two others, which are Celtic.

There is no room in a Simak novel for a character with an alien name like Simak.

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WAW with the crew in '72!

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### Department of Sneaky Previews

(from a direct-mail ad of the Shaz press, New York)

"You are invited to join the most exclusive group of men and women in the world today: the sexual elite....

"It doesn't matter how old you are, or how experienced. Or what your physical size may be. Over the past 20 years, we have helped hundreds of men and women find lasting sexual fulfillment through the techniques revealed in our film, INSTANT SEXUAL AROUSAL....

"INSTANT SEXUAL AROUSAL is delightfully instructive. Visual instruction has long been recognized as the most effective means of training. By imitating the expertly photographed motions of hands, lips, tongues and sexual organs in INSTANT SEXUAL AROUSAL, by following the careful timing, you learn true sexual arousal....

"INSTANT SEXUAL AROUSAL is clinically proven. Before releasing this, our first public film, we insisted on testing a preview audience for increases in such factors as rigidity and depth of penetration, for vaginal lubrication and rise in temperature...."

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The Backwardness of Lana Esruo Cretni

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### Figs and Thistles

I missed the speech on the Berkeley campus of Dr George Wald, Harvard biologist and Nobel laureate, this past spring, and I was particularly sorry when I read in the newspaper that he had said things like the following: "About 400 years ago, a group of molecules organized themselves into Shakespeare and wrote 'Hamlet.' I say that sort of thing not to disparage man, but to exalt the molecule." # I guess I'll not get around to writing my piece on the Dallas in '73 insanities, and may as well read into the record the opening line: "There I was in my Dallascon sweatshirt, the envy of all my friends, and the target of every little monster who wanted me to buy his comicbook fanzine chockful of material by such great pros as Ross Andru, Jack Kirby, Carmine Infantino, Buddy Saunders, and others I had never heard of." # Here's a note that tells me that the son of Paul Getty Jr is named Tara Gabriel Galaxy Gramophone Getty. I'm sure I didn't dream that up. And lest John W. Campbell be jealous of the kid's third name, here's another note that tells me that a new synthetic bacon, made of soy and wheat protein and corn oil, which is being marketed in South Bend, Indiana, and Tacoma



Park, near Washington D. C., is called Bacon Analog. # As long as I am clearing away notes, here is one marked for using as an interlineation in the "Spring 1955 issue" (presumably of Skyhook): "Willie's the greatest Giant since Baseball Joe." Was that worth waiting 15 years for? # I may as well note here, and get rid of, the red and blue wrapping from something called Mrs. Redd's Pies that somebody sent or gave me a long time ago -- was it you, Bill Blackbeard? These "delicious treats" (I'll bet!) are made by Mrs. Redd's Pie Co., Inc., of Colton, California. # At a "workshop session" for English teachers at the Hilton hotel in San Francisco, Sister Mary Alma of the University of San Francisco recommended science fiction as an "apt subject" for teachers because "unless you read science fiction you won't understand what's going on in the world." She said solemnly, "Everything that's going to happen in the universe already has been projected in science fiction." There's a true Gernsbackian vision for you. Sister Alma is a neofan!

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Whatever happened to the Nixxxies?

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#### Five Heretical Propositions

1. Someone in the CIA writes many of the current rock songs.
  2. The FBI connived to help Eldridge Cleaver and Tim Leary to escape to Algiers successfully.
  3. Pot is distributed to the major hippy centers by HEW.
  4. Marshall McLuhan is subsidized by Billy Graham.
  5. The departments of Ethnic Studies at the leading universities are being set up specifically to keep down minority groups by fostering racial rivalry (the "divide and conquer" principle).
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"Mencken, Laney and Boggs" -- TEW (1968)

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BETE NOIRE (formerly Cockatrice) is edited and published occasionally for the Fantasy Amateur Press association by Redd Boggs, Post Office Box 1111, Berkeley, California, 94701. This issue, number 21, is intended for circulation with FAPA mailing #133, autumn 1970. An "extravaganza" produced at Worrell's Olympic theater in San Francisco early in 1865 was called "Trips to the Moon from San Francisco in 1965." The text of this issue was cut on Speed-O-Print stencils bought at the B.B.B., and Gestetnered on Tru-Ray lemon from King Paper. WR:TAFF:'72. The Gafia press.

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"...tumbling into the red bogs..." -- J. M. Synge

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THIS ISSUE of Bete Noire is dedicated to DAVE RIKE, who gave me a new silkscreen for my venerable Gestetner 120 -- which never before has had a new silkscreen in all these 13 years.