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Redd Boggs, editor

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

Dr Millmoss, I just caught a dolphin staring lustfully at Miss Sigafos!

I Was Standing Outside the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel

I was standing outside the Beverly-Wilshire hotel --
that's where I live,
outside the Beverly-Wilshire hotel --
when a cab pulled up and John Barrymore got out.
I said, "Hi-ya, John!"
And he said, "Uh. Oh. Hi-ya."
Imagine that!
John Barrymore talked to
me.

-- Charles Burbee

I always try to treat women just like people.

Oh -- Oh -- Oh -- What!

Five-year-old Susie Turner came clumping across the kitchen at 7 a.m., 5 July 1964, and approached me where I huddled in the corner of the Turner living-room, communing with a chill can of Coors. I don't usually drink beer at 7 o'clock in the morning, but I had been up all night at the Turners' LASFS party, and I needed that beer.

"Where's my Mommy?" Susie demanded, surveying the party, which consisted at the moment of several hardcore Brag players around a table and a number of less hardy fans flaked out on the sofas and the floor. I looked around, but decided that if her clear eyes couldn't discern Ellie Turner anywhere, my bleary eyes certainly couldn't. I said I didn't know, but she was around somewhere.

"Button my dress," said Susie. I realized that the child had just gotten up and had gotten into her clothes all by herself, but couldn't manage the buttons up the back. I never figured out how any female can. I complied fearfully, uncomfortably aware that the Pacificon committee might well have spies in this very room.

Susie struggled awhile with the straps of her shoes, but couldn't quite manage them, either. She put her foot in my lap, and as I struggled with the buckles, I said, "Did you get dressed all by yourself?" I meant as far as she'd gotten when she came out of her bedroom, but Susie may have misinterpreted my query.

At any rate, she shook her head, and held up her right index finger very close to my face. I stared at it crosseyed till I noticed the tiny Band-aid plastered to it. "I hurt my finger last night," Susie said. "I burned it on a sparkler."

"Oh, that's why you can't dress yourself?" I said. "Gee, does it hurt bad?"

Susie nodded, then said darkly, "I'm going to tell my Daddy not to let me play with sparklers anymore so I won't get hurt."

I pondered this innocent child-like remark a while and then took a long long swallow of cold beer. I needed that beer.

"She was a friend I didn't particularly like." -- D.P.

Here Blather the Stars

(Tolerance in Overalls Division)

"(Walter Brennan is) an outspoken Goldwater Republican who despises men who will not say what they stand for, but he is also an ardent believer in the right of men to think as they please. Above all, he is an American in the ancient God-fearing tradition -- and proud of it.

"'Patriotism to me,' he said, 'is like prayer. I don't care whether a man's a Catholic or Protestant or Jew or whatever, if he's got the belief in God, I'm for him. And I don't care if a man's a Republican or Democrat or what he is, if he loves his country, I'm for him.'"

-- TV Times, 7 June 1964

Indeed? And how about a man who is a Communist and who loves his country, Russia?

But what issue of Astounding was "The Fellowship of the Ring" in?

Notice: "Lives and Times of a Schmugian Guk" was scheduled for re-printing in this issue till I suddenly asked myself the question: What is "Lives and Times of a Schmugian Guk"? Beats me.

Hindsight

ROY A. SQUIRES
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Bro. Bill's "Transient Thoughts from Tendril Towers," thou hast written of Paul Gordon -- Good Olde Paul Gordon! -- as "a somewhat more obscure fan, now almost forgotten." B'gorra, Boggs, I boggle! Somewhat more obscure than the other fans sharing your sentence (assorted Coxes), he may be; but now almost forgotten? Good Olde Paul Gordon?

Now, I may not think of GOPG every day, but I misdoubt that the day ever ends whenin no one thinks of him. Yesterday, coincidentally, was my Think-of-GOPG Day. I even spoke of him. My exact words were, I believe, "Wonder what ever became of Good Olde Paul Gordon...?" The only response was not an answer. Wherefore I continued to wonder for a period indefinitely long but surely of sufficient duration to give the lie to "now almost forgotten."

And later in the day, at our Kal's Kaffee-Klatsch, I came very close to thinking of GOPG yet again. Bjo was telling me about her model of The Ship That Sailed to Mars. Steve Schultheis was with us at the table. I once gave Steve a copy of the book The Ship That Sailed to Mars -- he'd won it in a contest, by getting for a fanzine I published the largest number of new subscribers. The winner of the second prize in that contest, 16 cash dollars, as I recall, was none other than GOPG. Ah, and how easily, how almost inevitably, I might then even again have savored my memories of Good Olde PG! (The winner of the third prize was a Mr Ackerman, to whom my thoughts had turned more than once that evening. So even if I did muff this opportunity for PG-thought, I did have him bracketed.)

So, Good Olde Paul Gordon, wherever you are, if it should come to your notice that "Transient Thoughts" thinks you transient, be not disconsolate. I, at least, whenever I feel the lack of \$16 -- or even \$15.95 -- (which is, alas, more often than seldom) will be reminded of the \$16 that once was mine and be prompted to wonder of its -- and your -- fate. # # #

CAROL NELSON
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Thank you for the piles of goodies [surplus fanzines] you sent. I like Bete Noire the best of the lot. It's easier to understand than a lot of the others, too. Discussions of discussions of articles I didn't read don't show me much. But I guess it's not their fault I came late to the party.

Still haven't made it to the Silverlake playground. I have two little imps (disguised as children) who leave me too tired at night to do anything. But one of these years....

P. S.: I showed The Lovecraftsman #2 to my husband. Bill Blackbeard's letter bruised his ego terribly; he's always considered himself pretty punny. But not in Blackbeard's league. # # #

G. BARBE NOIRE
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The latest number of Boggs Rogue (the TTfTT-Poo issue) raised my blood pressure to such a degree that I had to sever both wrists to calm down.

Having scrapped the first intemperate draft of this letter (and

cleaned up the sticky keyboard) I find myself wondering what all the excitement was about.

I'm not a Republican (is it really necessary to capitalize the word?), so your remarkable interlineation on page one ("Cheer up! Things could be worse: You could be a Republican") couldn't have roused me to ire, or gop-head hatred.

I am not a Dear Abyss fan, so your savage satire on personal inquiry columns didn't move me. (Besides, what could any post-West comment add to the indictment by Miss Lonelyhearts? Only Dear Ab, drear annenda)

The Benchley quote ("The surest way to make a monkey of a man is to quote him") merely intrigues me: As a Beaumont and Fletcher man from way back, I simply suggest that this statement be put to the test by turning someone loose on the works of that arrant upstart, Bill Shagsper.

Nor have I aught but applause for your own remark that "It is a proud and lovely thing to be a woman," save that I would add, "It is a prouder and lovelier thing to make one." I speak theologically, of course.

My rage, I conclude, could only have been fired by your references to Bill Blackbeard in your lead article. References to this fellow seem to turn up everywhere these days. Who is he? What does he want? I have it on the word of Bjo Trimble and Ellie Turner that his poetry is incomprehensible and that otherwise he is a dastardly proseur. I have it on the word of the Concom that he is a propellor - blower for the Breenie brigade and should be sent up for statutory gripe. I have it on the word of readers of QAR that instead of selling it by the page, he should be vending it by the roll. What a rogue and petty slob must he be. Please see to it that he does not disfigure your pink leaves again -- if the new civil rights law permits you to retain that privilege, of course.

But my fury has subsided. I trust it will not be forced to the top of the retort again. With pale fingers -- mere remnants of the hands I loved beside the Shalimar -- I close.

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"He'll sign anything for \$25."

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Terry for TAFF!

"Cynicism is merely the art of seeing things as they are instead of as they ought to be."

-- Oscar Wilde