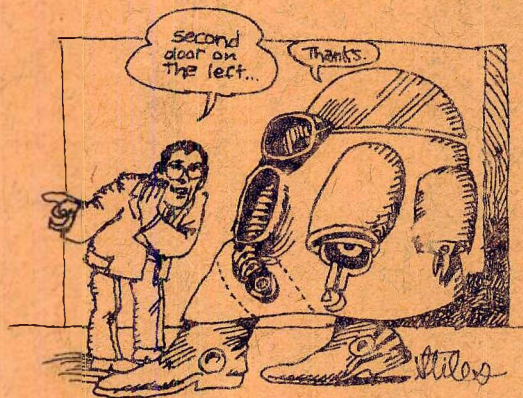


BOONFARK



Boonfark



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BOONFARK is published every two months by DAN STEFFAN who is at the present living at 1014 N. Tuckahoe St. Falls Church, Va. 22046. And is available for a letter, an article, a drawing or as a last resort 25¢. This is a Scale Press Publication for the month of October 1974...do dah..

BULLSHIT ARTIST

DJS

In your slimey little hands you hold my first Fanzine effort in a couple of years. I decided that it was time to publish once again about six months ago, and it has taken me this long (this is being typed on September 16th) to get around to it. Oh I could offer all manner of excuses like the fact that I spent most of last year employed in the wilds of Illinois (a state that caused even Bob Tucker to stop publishing). Or that in January of this year I once again tried a stint at higher (ha) education and lost. Or I could even tell the tail ---er--- tale of my moving down here to Falls Church and what living with old Gafiates like Ted White & rich brown can do to any sense of fannish ambition one might have. But I shall spare you all those excuses and let you take this issue for what its worth and leave it at that.

When you pulled out the staple you should have seen a beautiful Bill Rotsler cover that he did at my request, but you didn't. For you see I came down here to Virginia (ghod's country) with but a pack on my back and a song in my heart and these stencils which you are now reading. So, what I am trying to say is that Bill's original is up in Syracuse and this fanzine and I are down here, and...thaa...um... well, just be ready to have your minds blown next issue by Bill's cover, its beautiful, I mean, would I lie to you?

I like to dedicate my fanzines to people who mean a lot to me, and this fanzine will be no different. So it is with great pride that I dedicate this first issue to WILLIAM ROTSLER & STEVE STILES who are damn fine artists as well as old men. Fellowsmen thank you for the enjoyment you have given to me.

"It is impossible to experience one's own death abjectively and still carry a tune." --- Woody Allen

I often wish I could write like Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon. Things just seem to fall into place for him. In the days when he and John D. Berry (better known as 'heself') were publishing HOT SHIT he would just ramble on to no end about such silly things as bigots and piledrivers, and made his humor seem like it was as easy as flicking the ash off the end of a joint. And he also wrote about his children. Calvin would relate little tales about and quotes by them that were so fantastic that you couldn't help but laugh.

Well, now I have my chance to write like Mr. Demmon. I haven't got two sons, but I do have two younger brothers (both under half my age). The younger of the two is Tim, who is nine years old and just hell on wheels. It wasn't rare a few years ago for him to verbally refuse to cry after my father had given him a spanking, just to get under the old man's skin. Like I said he's a little devil.

Well, it seems that about a year ago the family was sitting around the dinner table eating supper and listening to the news. While they ate Cronkite or one of his contemporaries was commenting on the release of J. Paul Getty's grandson and the fact that the 'nappers had cut off his ear. My father turned to my ten year old brother Brian and asked:

"What do you think of this whole thing, Brian?"

"I think it's absolutely terrible." he answered.

He then proceeded to ask the same question of Tim, who momentarily stopped hiding his green beans under the table, and then said thoughtfully.

"Gee, he'd be in an awful lot of trouble if he had to wear glasses."

Yok! Yok! Yok! What a sense of humor. Do you folks realize that you have just witnessed a new comic genius at work. What style, whattiming...I must say I certainly am proud of my brother. Well Calvin, you know what they say..."imitation is the sincerest form of flattery." Yes sir, hehehe....Calvin? Calvin?

A strange thing sometimes happens to me when I hear of someone's death. But it usually only happens when I hear of the death of someone I admire, rather than someone I actually knew.

What I'm talking about is a tingle that fills my body when learning of someone's death--sort of a shock, and then a depression--not a deep one mind you, but a sort of a sigh on the inside of my head. I have never felt this feeling at the death of a relative. But I did feel it today.

Generally I'm not the sort who reads newspapers--but I do pick up the news magazines like TIME and NEWSWEEK quite regularly. In fact I picked them up today and when I began to read I came to an item that gave me that tingle--I was standing in the drug store and read the words: "Died: Walt Kelly, 60, satirical cartoonist who populated the Okefenokee swamp with the innocent opossum POGO and his furry companions."

"Shit!" I said out loud, much to the dismay of an elderly lady who was leafing thru BETTER HOMES & GARDENS.

First the tingle, and then the down--shit is right, one of the most brilliant, creative cartoonists to ever live is gone. Died before I ever got the chance to let him know how important he and his creations were to me...selfish as it may sound, that is what struck me.

I thot about the magic in his hands--the wit and genius that was housed in his sixty-year old frame, and now I would never be able to tell him how great he was.

When I stop and think about the influences on my artistic senses (something I haven't really done until now), I think of Bode, and Wally Wood, Steve Ditko, Mort Drucker, Jules Feiffer Gil Kane, a little Hannes Bok, even a bit of Grant Canfield and of course Walt Kelly. And Kelly's influences are probably the most subliminal of them all.

I mean you can't really see his influence in my work like you can Bode's, but it is there. Walt Kelly above all the rest of them, influenced my brain. I think it was his dry wit or perhaps it was his complex sense of humor. He taught me that you can say anything about anybody and do it in a way that never loses it's laugh to opinion. Admittedly, my humor ois far from perfected. Dare I say it is barely into it's adolescence, with perhaps a pimple or a pubic hair her and there. But what ever it is far from it's adulthood. But I know what I do wrong and I work at it and someday it'll all click, and I'll owe that to Walt Kelly.

I believe that when an artist reaches the spot in his career clicks, an artist can be more at home with his work, and probably do a better job. Pressure, worries and drive can make a fledgling artist do things to satisfy wants and needs and to obtain recognition, (it's hardly a field to jump into for quick money) and these things he does can be good and they can be funny--but not until the initial sweat and push has gotten him the syndicated strip he wants or the comic book he wants will he ever be truly good.

Walt Kelly was truly good. He was a master of an imperfect art, an art that he helped make a little less imperfect. Walt Kelly inspired, he amused, he warned and he chastized the world that he worked for. And that is really who a good cartoonist works for, not himself or the syndicate, but for the world.

I just pray to god that Hall Syndicate isn't crazy enough to think they could possibly find another artist/writer to take Kelly's place on POGO. If they are smart, they will let the strip sleep with it's creator.

Good night, Mr. Kelly.

(written 10-25-73)

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The above essay was written within hours of my reading of Kelly's death, it was published in a private apa. This essay may not be well written, but it is spontaneous and straight from the gut, POGO is now being done by Kelly's wife and son.

"Speed will turn you into your parents." --Frank Zappa

I have a parakete. His name is Bebe Robozo. I named him that because I think it is one of the funniest most absurd names I've ever heard of.

When I was preparing to spend the 4 months following Torcon in Illinois I knew it would be impossible for me to take him with me while I was away, so I asked my roommate if he would mind taking care of him for me while I worked in the midwest. He didn't mind and took care of him...sorta.

Upon returning to Syracuse for Christmas I found out that David had indeed taken care of the bird. He watered him and fed him and covered him at night, but he refused to clean the cage. So when I got home for the holidays I discovered a 4 inch column like pile of shit in the bottom of the cage. It came right up to the perch and obviously right up to his asshole, cuz he had already started a second such piece of sculpture right next to it.

It was really quite amazing. It was obvious that the bird had purposely shit in the same place over and over again. It was his monument to the animal kingdom. It was Bebe's own personal Hugo. David and I sat for hours marveling at this feat that must easily rival Mt. Rushmore. David thot we should save it and perhaps send it to the Smithsonian or the Audobon Society. But I ended up throwing it out the window because I thought there was already too much shit in Washington, and besides, they've already got the Washington Monument.

"If you think the United States has stood still, built the largest shopping center in the world?" ---Richard M Nixon

Merely for the purpose of filling up this page I would like to apologize to my contributors for the length of time it has taken for their material to see print. Especially to Dave Locke, I would like to extend my sincerest apology. For it is both of our opinions that his piece in this issue is perhaps one of his very best, and he did it for me almost a year and a half ago, and I just screwed around and didn't get it published until now, I appreciate your patience, Dave, and wouldn't be at all suprised if you never sent me another item as long as I live...but I hope you do.

To Jim Rhoda and Neal Goldfarb I also extend my thanks and apology, and I hope to see more of the same from you.

Now I know it is a cardinal rule in fanzine publishing not to apologize for things like this, but I owe my contributors at least that much, so don't get tied in knots...just write letters.

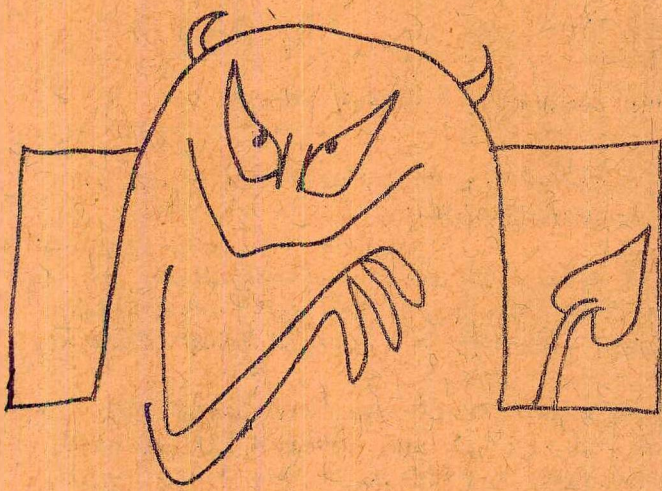
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Next issue will have a letter column (only if you write of course) and Bill Rotsler's legendary cover. Plus an article from Grant Carrington, an interview with god by Calvin Demmon (a reprint) and perhaps material from John Berry, Arnie Katz and all the rest of the people in fandom ~~who/who/who/who~~ that reply to my pleading letters. So send in your sticky quarters and hold your breath.

See you all in two months (ha).


---dan steffan

9/16/74



ELMO

AND OTHER ANIMAL STORIES

dave locke

They just don't make characters like they used to when I was a teenager. Today's inspired youth (hereafter referred to as kids) still do such things as throwing rocks, tipping over cars, and setting fires to buildings, but they do it with a Purpose or a Cause in mind. No one does it for the hell of it, anymore.

Violence? When I was a kid we had true violence. None of this organized stuff. We did it at the spur of the moment. And our leaders were real animals.

Let me tell you about one of them. His name was Elmo. Crazy Elmo.

Snobbery was Elmo's pet peeve. It drove him right up walls. Elmo was about six feet tall, weighed about two-fifty or sixty, and had arms that would put Raquel Welch's chest measurement to shame. I recall one teacher who had the rather commonly found infuriating habit, when someone approached his desk, of continuing with his paperwork for a minute or so before finally acknowledging your presence with a "yes, what do you want?" You'll find people like that everywhere; this person, however, always stretched it a bit thin.

This always irked Elmo much more than it irked any of the rest of us. Elmo was a very hard person to ignore when he stood at this teacher's desk with his bare face hanging out, shuffling his feet; so consequently he got ignored more than the rest of us did. Today's students probably wouldn't put up with this crap; they would get outrageously indignant and probably do something about it. Most of us just sort of regarded it all in quiet amusement, but not all of us. One day, with Elmo standing at his desk, this teacher continued to fiddle with his paperwork and after an agonizing interim he uttered the infuriating "yes?" without looking up. He got no reply. Finally he looked up, looked at Elmo, and said "what do you want?" Elmo balled up a fist the size of a small watermelon, answered "this", and decked the poor old guy.

Elmo was the only guy I've known who'd go into a Christian Science Reading Room looking for girls.

I went out on a double date with Elmo and his girl. The four of us went bowling, and afterwards we asked them if they had anything in particular they wanted to do. That was a mistake. Elmo said: "Yeah, let's drink beer". I tooled my car down to the nearest package store and managed to pick up a six-pak just before closing. It was getting dark then. People were afraid to go out in the dark in that upstate New York town, and there wasn't anybody on the street except the three I had left in the car. I made my way back to the car, swinging the six-pak in time with the music which was drifting down from my

car's radio. Climbing into the car, I discovered that my date was colder than the beer which I had brought. She sat there rather frozen-looking, staring straight ahead.

"What's wrong?" I asked. I got no reply.

Then I realized that I hadn't seen our double daters when I had gotten in. I looked across the back of my seat, but still didn't see them. I did, however, hear them. Whoom-pa, whoom-pa, whoom-pa, whoom-pa.

"Oh boy," I mumbled, and leaned over toward the back seat. "Hey, Elmo," I said, "I thought you wanted to drink beer."

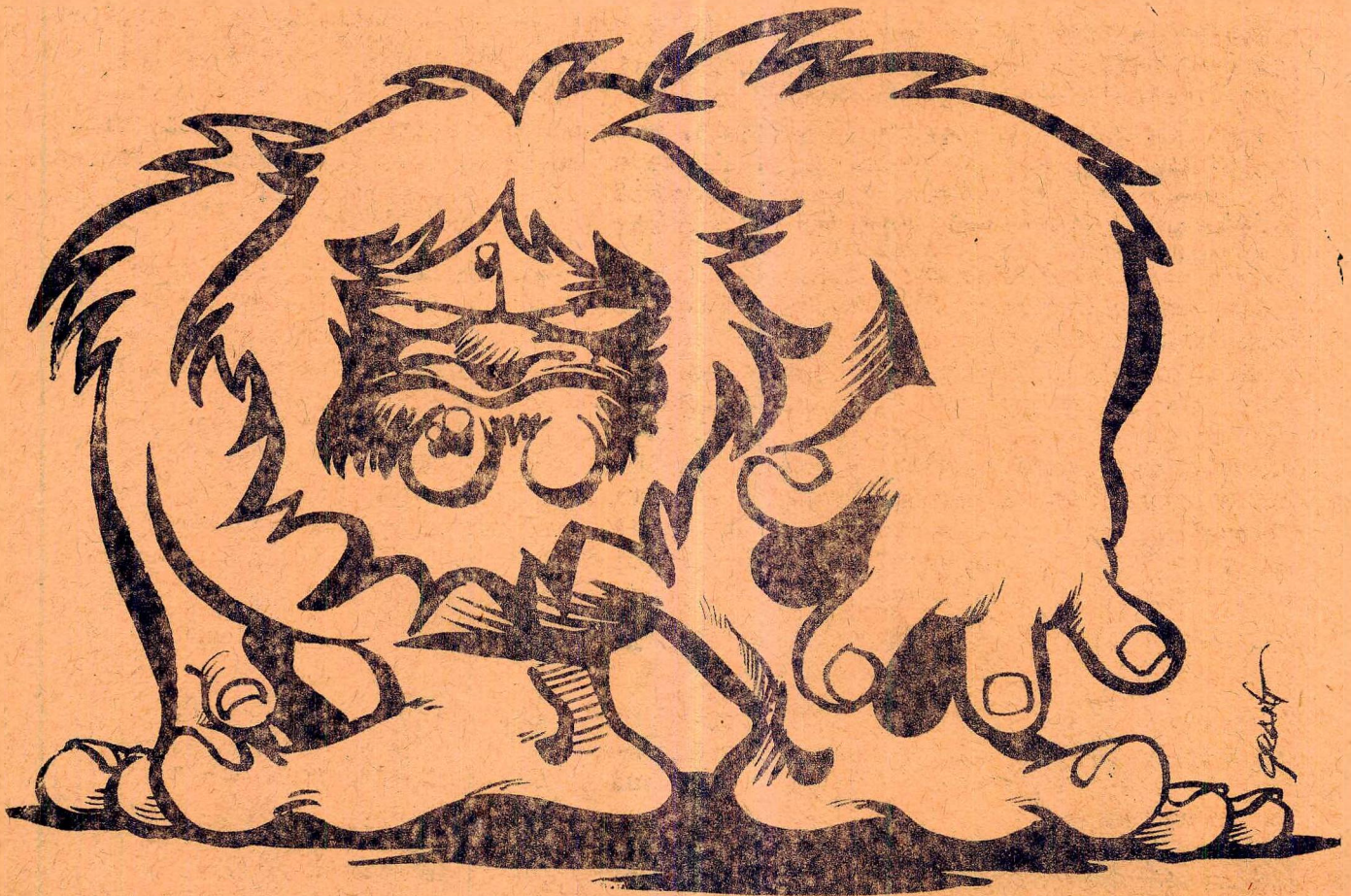
Elmo looked up at me, not breaking rythem, Whoom-pa, whoom-pa, whoom-pa. "Well christ," he said, extending his arm toward me, "give it here". Whoom-pa, whoom-pa, whoom-pa.

I gave him the beer. "You animal," I said.

Elmo's older sister had married a black man. The only one in town. That didn't bother Elmo any, as long as the guy wasn't a snob. Elmo would always greet him with: "Hi. How are you and your white wife and your grey kids?"

We all thought that was cool.

I really went out drinking with Elmo only one time. I mean really drinking. When he drank, he got mean. Elmo had just bought a new suit for school graduation, and decided he'd wear it out to go out drinking with the snobs. We went out of town to drink because Elmo wasn't too popular in any of the local bars.



By the time we hit the third place, Elmo was getting cronked out of his mind. Despite his size, he just couldn't drink. When he went to order his third, the bartender told him he was cut-off. Elmo sat there and thought about that for a moment, then reached over the bar and, grabbing the bartender with one hand, lifted him over to the floor on our side of the bar. Then Elmo leapt behind the bar and made his own drink. Every time the bartender would try to get at the phone behind the bar. Elmo would push him away. Finally Elmo got tired of this new fun, and decided we should leave.

On the way out the door we passed by a pool table where two guys were playing. Elmo, having tired of a dull evening, hit one guy with his shoulder just as the fellow was trying to sink the 14-ball in the corner pocket. The guy landed spread-eagled across the table with his nose in the corner pocket.

At that point, the fellow's girl came out of nowhere and leapt onto Elmo's back, beating him about the ears. He picked her off and threw her onto the same pool table, thereby foiling the attempt of the guy who was trying to get off it. Then Elmo left. I watched while seven guys followed him out into the parking lot. Then I went out into the parking lot, being crazy in those days.

Before I could do something foolish, I realized that Elmo had already dispatched three of the fellows, and two others were hanging onto his legs while he pounded together the heads of the remaining two. I just watched.

Finally with six bodies sprawling around the parking lot, and one body running the three-minute mile down the road, Elmo came to me and said: "Say, that was fun, we'll have to come here more often."

His pants were ripped all to hell, so he went to get an estimate on a remedial frenchweave. That cost too much, so he had the suit-pants made into a pair of shorts. Which he then wore to the graduation exercises.

You just don't find characters like that nowadays. Todays kids are only violent when organized, like the Mafia. When organized they fight against violence.

But if you do find a character like that, don't wire collect. I'm not a kid anymore, and I don't need that kind of friend.

--Dave Locke



WEIRD WELSH WIZARD



Jim rhoda

YOU'RE A GOOD MAN,
PHILIP JOSE FARMER.

At first, most new science fiction fans look at fandom as a hobby. Many are content to remain at this level and save science fiction for their non-working hours. But a few of the more talented (or mercenary) soon begin to look for a way to use science fiction for their income. Many succeed as writers, artists, editors, publishers, agents, hucksters, or convention managers. However, the more imaginative (or lazy) fan will look to see how he can increase the income from his present job with science fiction.

I owe it all to Philip Jose Farmer. Starting around 1968, he and other authors such as Hank Stine and Dick Geis were experimenting with a merger of science fiction and erotica. Essex House had started a line of "quality" pornography, in which the plot was more than just a framework for the sex. Many fanzines and some prozines published rather favorable reviews which caught my interest. But where could I get them? At that time many bookstores didn't sell pornos. Those dealers who did weren't much help.

"Do you have A Feast Unknown by Philip Jose Farmer?"

"No, but I have a book just as good. It's about a hunchback, an albino nymphomaniac and a Rhode Island Red."

"Uh, no thanks."

Other, less intelligent dealers simply gave me a look which made me feel like I had discovered a new perversion. So, I sent for them by mail and they arrived in due time in a plain brown wrapper. I read them all and enjoyed most of them immensely. Generally, I considered them good additions to my collection.

Several weeks later, I recieved three letters in one day from North Hollywood, California. I easily deduced they were advertisements and debated whether to dispose of them unopened. But, it had been a dull day, and I decided I didn't want to miss that which might be the-buy-of-a-lifetime. So I opened them. I glanced at the contents. I looked again at the address on the front of the envelope. I sat down. In those envelopes were advertisements for enough sex books, magazines, films, and apparatus to gladden the heart of the Marquis de Sade. I looked at them again and then put them in an empty drawer until I decided what to do with them.

Over the next few weeks, I recieved countless offers from North Hollywood (Porno Capital of the USA). Essex House had peddled my name and address to everyone! One was from a Danish pornography firm with an unusual gimmick. You send a check to a numbered Swiss bank account. They smuggle the merchandise into this country. You recieved it in the mail from one of scores of fictitious addresses. 007, anyone? My drawer was soon filled to bulging. What was I to do with all this material? I couldn't offend the trash collectors by throwing it out. I couldn't pollute the air by burning it. I couldn't bury it because the neighbor's dog might dig it up, and she's underage. Fortunately, the profitable answer came in the form of my boss.

I work in the Quality Control department of a plastics firm. My immediate supervisor at the time was a grand dirty old man. He would buy me a cup of coffee and regale me with stories of the night before which he had spent in those parts of Atlantic City which Miss America never sees. Or else he would invite me to join him and some friends to see some stag movies. Bring-your-own six-pak.

A plan began to form in my mind. I love working weekend overtime. It not only brings my income up to a decent level. It also gives me time to get much reading done since I work with a skeleton crew. On Wednesday, the boss makes out the overtime schedule. So one Wednesday, I brought him a couple of the grosser items. His eyes lit up; his face flushed; his breathing grew heavier.

"Where did you get these?"

"Oh, they came in the mail."

"Do you have any more at home?"

"Sure. You want them"

That put him in a most grateful mood.

"Hell, yes! Which shifts do you want to work?"

"Uh, that one and that one will do."

It lasted for a year while the mail offers grew fewer and fewer since I made no further purchases. I figure I recieved about \$1000 more in overtime pay than usual that year. It was nice while it lasted.

Examine your own job and see what turns up! --Jim Rhoda

the INTREPID FOX neal goldfarb



I wonder about fandom sometimes.

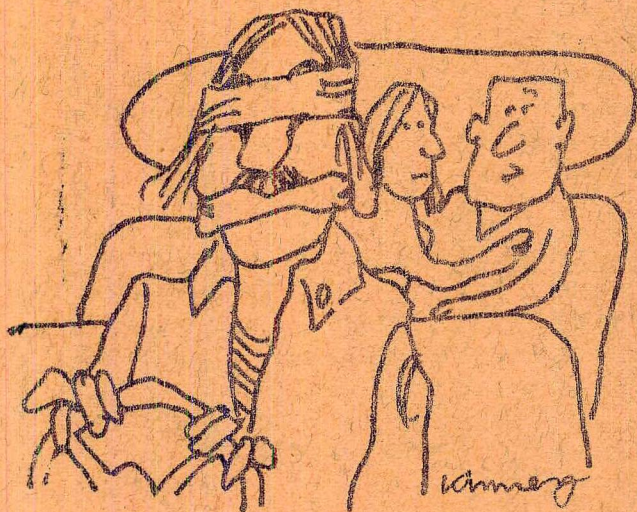
One of the things I wonder is the simple question of what is going on within it. In the six years that have elapsed since I discovered fandom at the NyCon, while many of my fannish contemporaries, people such as Linda Bushyager, Mike Glicksohn, and Jerry Lapidus, have reached great heights of something or other, I seem to have gone from adolescent neo-fan to burned out gafiote without ever hitting any peak of activity. I think I must have been asleep when my turn came to write prolifically and publish a frequent genzine.

At this point the thought of doing something like typing stencils or standing in front of a mimeograph, cranking out an ish seems so ridiculous that I find it hard to remember that I once did such things. The last issue of Warm Heart Pastry appeared over six months ago, and in that time I've surely written no more than five fan-oriented letters. Quite understandably, I don't receive many fanzines any more. Most of the few that I do get seem to be from Australia; for this the blame (or credit) lies with the mails. A year ago, you see, I began the biggest burst of energy in my career as a fan: in a six month period I published three issues, the largest of which was ten pages long.

I suspect that due to the delay in mail between this country and Australia, the Australian faneds who have been sending me their publications have not yet caught on to the fact that my burst of activity ended in mid-winter, and that I've barely done a thing since. If they have realized this, and cut me from their mailing lists, I haven't yet felt the pinch, again due to the time lag involved.

I think the only American fanzine I've been receiving regularly--and now it has thankfully folded--is Amoeboïd Scunge/Bweek. If anything depressed me more than the low quality of that fanzine (Although in all fairness I must say that Seth did attain a steady level of mediocrity toward the end.), it was the widespread favorable response it got. Nevertheless, it did function as a newszine of sorts, the only one I was getting. Never mind the fact that I had never heard of most of the people mentioned.

As for the rest of fandom, I occasionally hear rumors that it still exists, but I'm never quite sure whether or not to believe them. They tell me FAPA is doing well these days, but being only a lowly waitlister I wouldn't know about such



I DON'T KNOW IF I HAVE MUCH
FAITH IN THIS CABBIE...

cosmic dealings. (I'm reminded of SHADOW-FAPA, an attempt to form an apa among people on the FAPA waiting list who couldn't wait to get into the big league to start publishing. I'm considering reviving it, but with a slightly different premise. It would be for people who can't wait to get into FAPA before they stop publishing.) I've been getting fanzines of late from whatcha call yer, uh, "fannish fandom," but I quickly dispose of such filth so that young children can't get at it.

June 9: Andy and Ed came over, ostensibly to go and play tennis, but with them was Mike W-----, who I hadn't seen in at least a year. Our plans for tennis, which weren't all that strong to begin with, were short circuited when Mike suggested we go swimming at a rock quarry in Bedford, NY that he knew of.

It's about a thirty minute drive from my house to Bedford, and on the way Mike told us about his trip to Mexico with Bill F-----, who is now in Germany to apprentice himself as a baker. Mike had made the trip down with thirty hits of acid in his possession, and as they approached the border Bill started getting paranoid. Mike, however didn't want to throw it away. What to do?

Yes, they did, So with God knows how much LSD inside them they pulled up to the border station, only to be stopped because Mike's hair was too long. Bill cut it on the spot with a pocket knife.

They only stayed in Mexico one day. "It takes two months to get Mexed-out. It happened to us in twenty-four hours."

The old rock quarry was pretty easy to find. We parked at the end of a dead end street and began our trek through the woods. The path wound past a few slimy ponds and up a long steep hill. "You have to go up if you want to come down," Mike said cryptically. We found out what he was talking about when we reached the top of the hill. What we saw looked like a Norwegian Fjord. Steep, rocky cliffs dropped off as much as forty or fifty feet to the water. A path ran around the edge of the quarry, which had been abandoned some years ago, and there were three or four spots that were perfect to jump from.

I took it easy for my first jump--I climbed down to a lower ledge--but then made two jumps from the higher places. I don't know how deep the water was; neither I nor any of the other people there came near the bottom. The water was stagnant and foul and smelled like shit, but what the hell. Where else around Stanford can you jump off forty foot cliffs into the water?

Just as we got back to my house it started pouring--one of those lightheaded-quick summer downpours. The zipper on the back window of the car had broken, and the window could not be closed. This necessitated putting the car in the garage lest it become a travelling swimming pool, but first we had to juggle around my parent's cars, during the process of which we got thoroughly

drenched. We were all filthy from swimming in the quarry, so we took off our clothes and soaped up in the backyard. "Feel rainwater fresh with new "Home Grown" shampoo (made by Dupont, Inc.)"

June 16: I went up to Zan's tonight. We smoked dope and he taped some of my bootleg Greatful Dead tapes. After we had dubbed one side he played me the demo tape he had made of himself with the aim of going around to various record companies to try to get a recording contract (Although now he's dropped that plan; he's going to school instead.). The tape is pretty nice. He could do with someone else doing the producing, and some professional equipment rather than the jury-rigged set up that he used to record the tape, but all in all it sounded pretty good. Good enough to get a recording contract is another matter.

I was reading through Zan's collection of Guitar Player magazine, which consists maily of guitar shoptalk, something I have a fair interest in, and Zan was telling me about a course he took in New York last winter, a course in recording studio techniques; all of a sudden I started getting off tremendously on the idea of becoming a record producer, or something of that sort.

The more I think about it, the more it appears that some sort of job in music or radio would be ideal when I get through with school. I can't see myself getting too deeply involved in *The Music Biz*, any more than I can see making a life long career out of anything. I'm also repelled by the Nashville concept of making music, (which is not at all limited to that city): everyone works within a strictly defined framework of union rules and the like, routinely turning out whatever type of musical product happens to sell records at the time. They've managed to take the musician, who was once held in rather low repute, as were all artists, and make him a respectable nine-to-five man. I looked through one book on making a career in music--sort of like making a career in washing machine repair--that had a little checklist to see if you were ready for the rigors of working as a studio musician in Nashville; "If you can honestly answer "yes" to at least twenty of the following questions, you might well be on your way to an exciting career..." It was like something out of Reader's Digest. Ten steps to a more colorful vocabulary. Or maybe "I Am Joe's Flatpick."

(Later:) An old Frank Sinatra movie--I don't know the name--is on Channel 5. I've been watching it with the sound off while writing this and listening to John Sebastian and now Poco. The best scene was when about thirty-five naked natives were running around madly, chasing after a little black and white piglet.

Sri Chinmoy, guru to John McLaughlin and Carlos Santana, did the sermonette before the station signed off for the night. I've heard of equal time, but...

* * * * *

Vroom.

Vroom. That's what I sound like these days. I'm not sick or anything, and there's nothing wrong with my throat. I have a new car.

It's a 1973 Toyota Corolla, and it currently has something under eight hundred miles on it. This is quite a change from my old car, a '63 Chevy with almost 98,000 miles on it. This car served me faithfully through the school year. Maybe it did take twenty minutes to warm up in the winter, and perhaps there was a hole in the top that leaked in a heavy rain. But so what? Who cares if there was a hole in the floor under the front seat, or if the body was slowly but surely rusting away? It drove well, it was just a little bit, er, funky, that's all. And there's nothing wrong with that.

Whenever a car gets up near the magical age of 100,000 miles you begin to develop an attachment to it; you get involved in its efforts to reach this milestone. I remember that one day when I was in seventh or eighth grade my school bus turned 100,000. Everybody crowded up to the front of the bus, craning to see the odometer, and when the big change came we all cheered.

It's understandable, then, that you might be a bit upset if you leave your car at the railroad station while you go into New York overnight, and come back to find that your car, your trusted companion, was stolen.

The car was taken late the night of Friday, July 13 (or else early in the morning of the fourteenth, but that does not make as good a story.). By Monday the police found the car, but it was mortally wounded. The (new) tires were gone, as was the battery and the alternator. The (new) top had been slashed and the back seat ripped out. What was left of the motor had been beaten senseless with a sledgehammer. They found the car on a dirt road next to a cemetery, which seems rather appropriate.

Seeing as how we only got \$125 from the insurance, and this was only a fourth of what it would cost to fix the Chevy up--with no guarantee that it wouldn't die of old age the next day--we gave in.

The Toyota is a neat little car, and it can do all sorts of wonderful things that the Chevy couldn't, such as maneuvering in small spaces and getting better than 25 miles to the gallon.

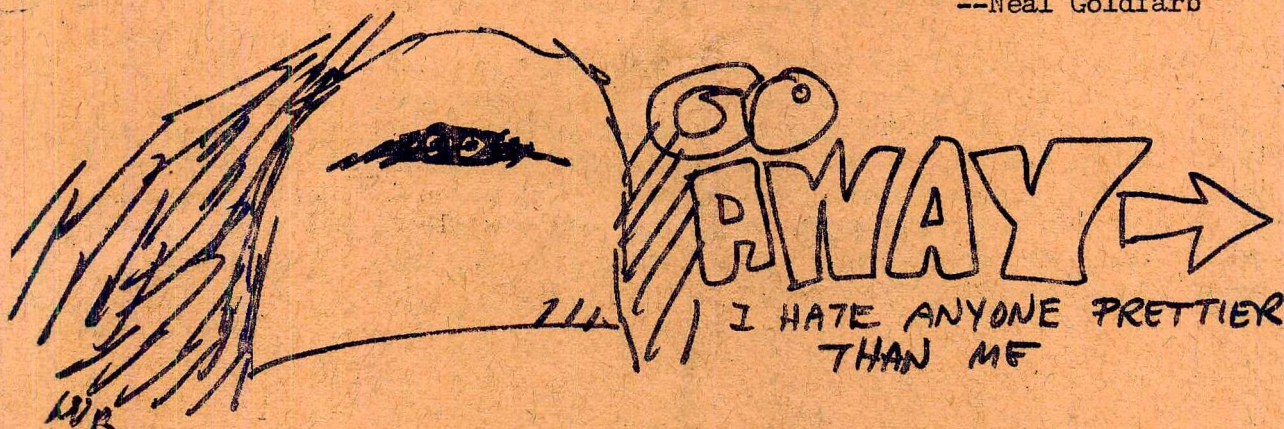
The first thing I did with my new car was to drive it down to Falls church to visit all the Fabulously Fannish Folks that live there. Unbeknownst to me at the time was the fact that Frank Lunney and Dan Steffan--yes, that Dan Steffan-- had the same idea that I did, so I got to see them too. One afternoon we were sitting on the White's front porch reading various things. Dan looked us from a copy of an old EGOBOO and said to me, "You know, we oughta do something like this. Why don't you do something and send it to me and I'll publish it." This certainly sounded better than me publishing what I write, so I agreed.

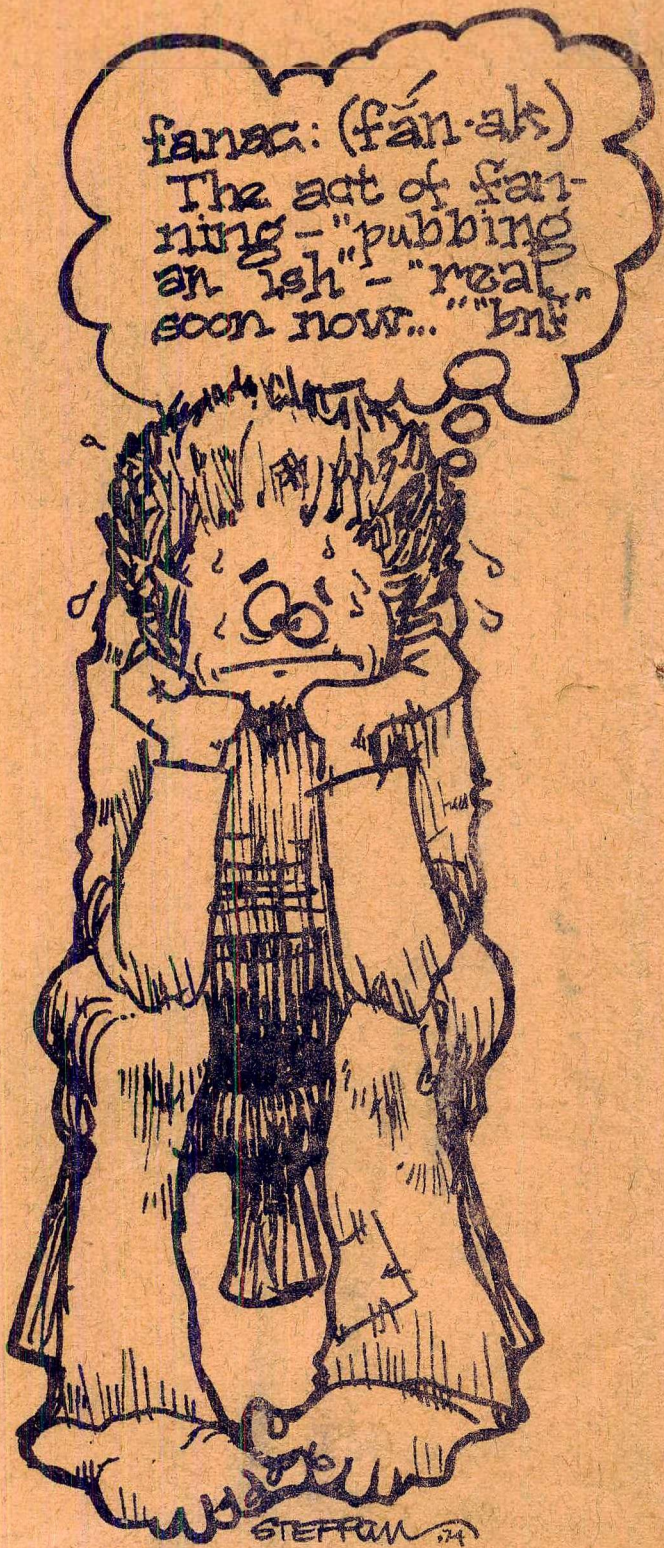
Which brings me to another of the things I wonder about fandom: how can people type outlong fanzines with all sorts of articles and columns by other people? Do people actually like typing, mimeo crank turning, collating and everything else involved in producing a fanzine enough to go through all that for something they didn't even write? I'm amazed that people can have such dedication to...what--the quest for egoboo? The greater glory of fandom?

But I suppose I shouldn't complain. Because thanks to Dan's willingness to shoulder the entire burden of shitwork I've managed to get myself printed in this fanzine without having to dirty my hands with the details of production. Maybe by this time Dan has gotten wise to the fact that I'm freeloading, accumulating good karma at his expense.

If he has though, it's too late.

--Neal Goldfarb





fanac: (fán·ak)
The act of fan-
ning - "pubbing
an ish" - "real
soon now..." "bnt"

dan steffan

~~1014 N. Tuckahoe St.~~

~~Falls Church, Va~~

~~22040~~

1210 n. kenilworth st. #2
arlington, va. 22205

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