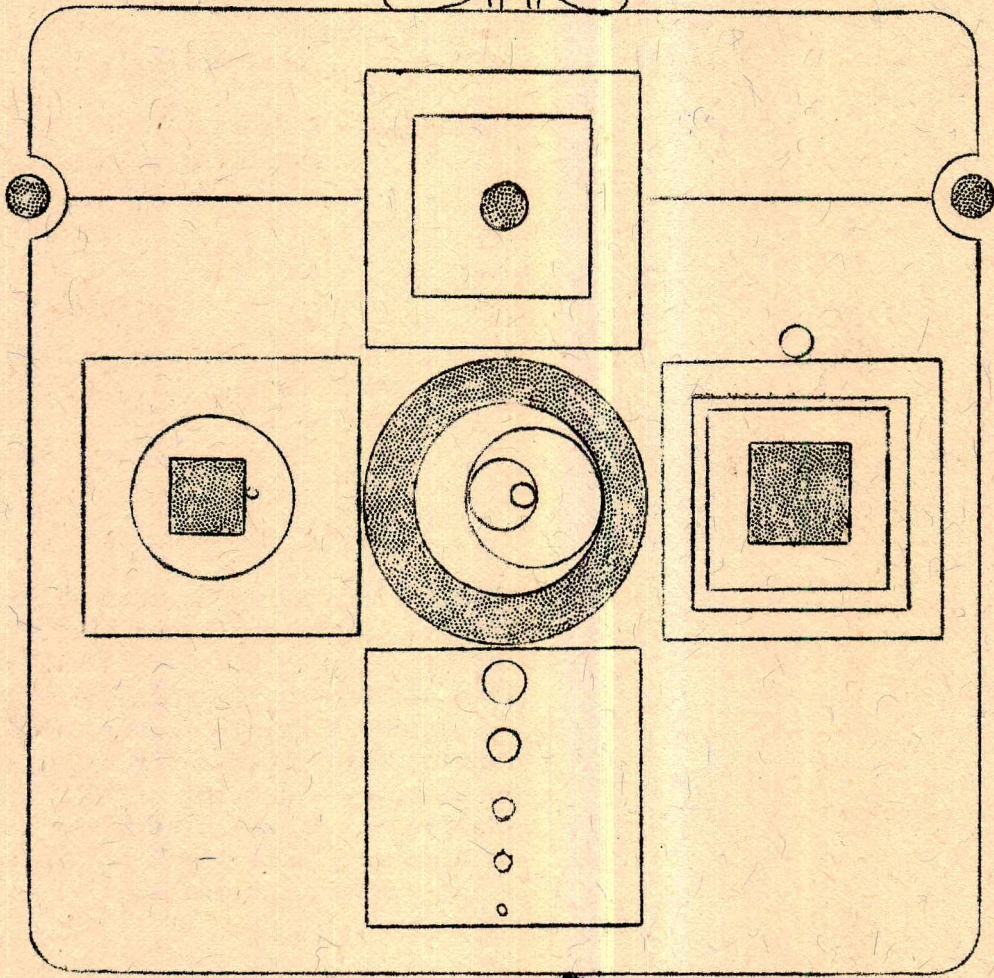
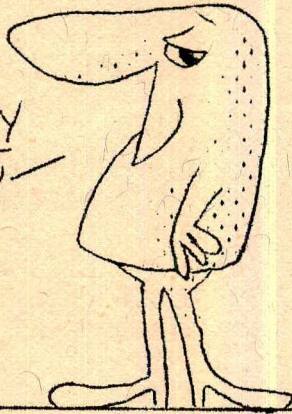


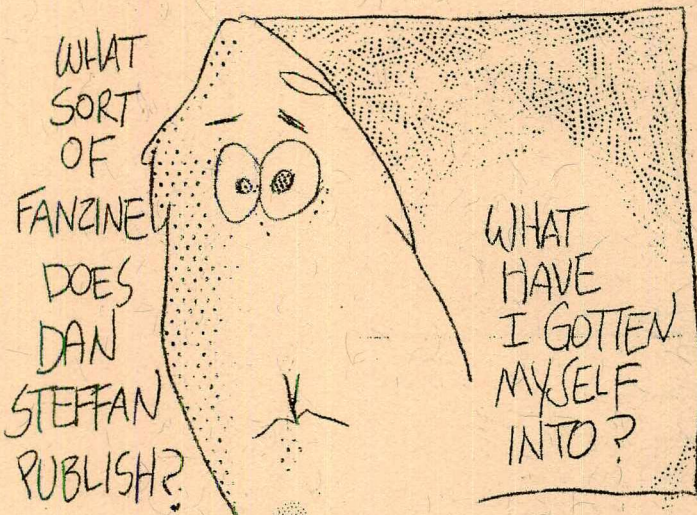
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# BOONFARK two



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artists....

ROTSLER.....STILES  
CANFIELD.....KINNEY  
STEFFAN.....

FEBRUARY 1977

BOONFARK (formerly Science Fiction Two Yearly) is published very infrequently by DAN STEFFAN who lives at 866 N. Frederick Street, Arlington, Virginia, 22205. This fanzine is available for a letter, an article, a drawing or \*Old Fanzines\*. If all else fails it is also available for 25¢. This is a Scale Press Publication.

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Tim Kirk won his 5th Hugo at the MidAmerican. Later he told me that he had done exactly 3 pieces of fan-art last year, all of which were for Locus. I'm afraid that I must protest. I protest as both an artist and as a fan.

Now, I have a lot of respect for Tim as an artist. He's talented and innovative. He was one of the first to really perfect the little creatures that are so common in fanart today. His free and easy styling has enabled him to do serious work as well as the humorous. But I don't think he deserves 5 Hugoes.

Frankly, I don't think anybody deserves 5 Hugoes. Especially not when there are others who are at least as deserving, waiting thier chance.

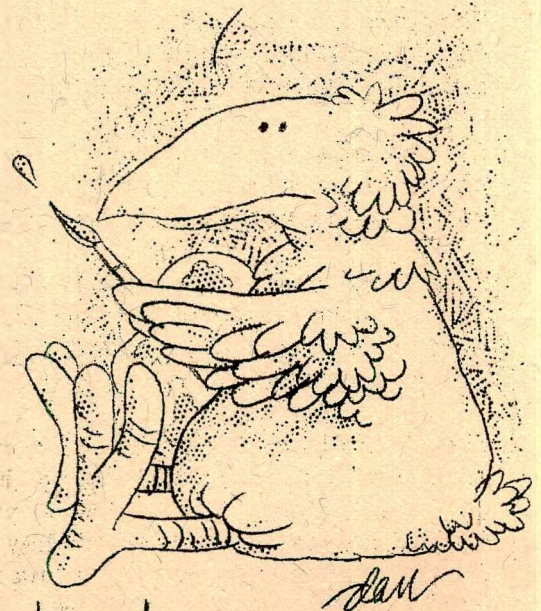
Before I go on any further, let me make a disclaimer. I am not writing this for my own interest. I doubt I'll ever be nominated for a Hugo, and I don't much care. What I am doing in this peice is voicing my opinions as an observer and as an artist. I am also a fanArtist fan and say the things I do because I have a lot of respect for these artists and their works. I truly feel, with only a few exceptions, that fanart has only come into its heyday in the past 10 years. With increasing reproduction facilities more and more talented artists have come into the field. It is unfortunate that these artists are not getting the recognition that they deserve.

Now, at the Hugo Awards this year I sat next to Grant Canfield. I truly expected Grant to win the award this year; it didn't seem possible to me that anyone else could. When Tucker announced Kirk's name, I was stunned. Grant has been knocking around the fan scene since 1970, and has been turning out a high volume of polished material ever since. Grant's style is graphic and bold, and I don't think there is any other fanartist who can match his technique. It baffles me how he has managed to lose for the past 4 years. I mean, its not like he hasn't tried...

I don't think there is anyone else out there who is as high on the list of deserving folk as Grant. But there are many others who rank a close second.

Steve Stiles is an excellent example. Steve has been drawing for fanzines since the early sixties. Steve is an original. He is consistently my favorite cartoonist in fandom. There are very few things ever produced by fan artists that can match up

YES—BUT  
CAN HE DO  
THE HUSTLE?!



ZEN VAUDVILLE



with Steve's brilliant "Taff Terror Tales". Steve has not won a Hugo.

Jay Kinney, fandom's leading dadaist, is another fine example of a cartoonist who has never gotten a Hugo nomination. Jay is a stylist and a designer of top quality. Not to mention the fact that he is a little weird. He's been doing fanart since 1966.

How about Ross Chamberlain, Harry Bell, Derek Carter, Arthur Thompson, Dany Frolich, Ken Fletcher, Reed Waller, Tom Foster---my ghod, the list is enormous. Since the FanArtist Hugo was created in 1967 there has been 10 awards. These have gone to Jack Gaughan, George Barr, Vaughn Bode, Alicia Austin and William Rotsler, all of whom are very deserving artists. The remaining 5 of course, were presented to Tim Kirk. In 1970 I applauded along with everyone else as Tim won the award. I would venture to say that he probably deserved it in 1972 as well, but 5 times!?? Think of all the artists listed above who could have been honored as well.

There are cartoonists and illustrators out there who can't seem to get any recognition from thier audience. The only response they seem to know is to give Tim Kirk another Hugo.

The Hugoes have been turned into meaningless bullshit. How much worth is an award when the people voting on it don't know what they are doing. I feel quite certain that Bill Rotsler would never have won his much deserved Hugo if the worldcon hadn't been in Austrailia.

What damn good is an award if a candidate openly campaigns for it. I saw one nominee's name and artwork on buttons that people were wearing at the convention. This particular artist is fairly new to fandom, I wouldn't be surprised if he's been active less than two years, and yet he was nominated for the award. Normally I would be behind any artist who could make it into the nominations in two years, if his work warranted it. I feel his doesn't. Yet, anyway.

He is at the beginning of his career as an artist and likly to go through considerable change before he settles into his styling and technique. Quite frankly, any of the artists mentioned earlier could draw circles around him, yet they don't get nominated. I believe the last artist to make it into the Hugo nominations with two years participation was Vaughn Bode. There is no comparison between these two artists. They are at opposite ends of the spectrum from each other. The difference between day and night. I just feel like a FanArtist Hugo should be won for artistic achievement, not a good PR campaign.

It has long been a problem for fan artists to get feedback. It is rather like tossing all your work into a void. Bill Rotsler used to write about this in the late sixties, but I guess he finally gave up.

Sometimes there are faneds like Terry Hughes who take the time and bother to send out little snipets from letters and such concerning your work. He calls it "the Egoboo Express". Egoboo is essential to any creative being, and when you get it, it's like Manna from heaven. But, unfortunately, artists don't get much egoboo.

Whenever this discussion is raised in the fan press, the fans respond by saying that they don't feel qualified to judge art, that they are basically word oriented, and don't know what to do with a picture. They say that they don't know how to comment. Could the problem be that they never bother to look at the pictures anyway? I imagine it is sort of a peripheral awareness of the presence of an illustration, but people don't seem to focus on them. But isn't that what an illo is for? Aren't they to give a focal point to a page? Illustrations are supposed to compliment the text--not be obscured by it.



My only suggestion to these people is to stop and look at the illustrations in your fanzines. Be aware of how the illo hits you, form an opinion. Then state it. Art criticism is essentially a transcription of emotions; how does a drawing effect you? Do you like it? Or does it make you feel like you want to toss your cookies? Both the good and the bad criticism is needed. Artists have fragile egos and all that shit, but bad comments are better than no comments at all. Besides, if an artist has got any confidence at all he'll decide that the bad comments are the work of morons anyway.

The fan audience should be more aware of the fanart in their fanzines and the artists who produce it. Instead of putting down Tim Kirk's name when they don't know of any other fanartists, they should go and look at their goddamn fanzines and see who impresses them.

People should look at Grant Canfield's work and at Steve Stiles' cartoons and realize how fortunate we are to have such fine talents drawing for our enjoyment. Fanartists don't get a cent for all their work--the least fandom could do is pat 'em on the back once in a while.

Open your eyes you assholes and realize that you are sitting on a goldmine.

But then, the Hugo Awards are very much like this year's election. There was a lot of attention being paid to promotional campaigns and popularity contests rather than qualifications. Frankly, I wouldn't have been surprised if on November 2nd we had elected Tim Kirk as president.

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"You cannot have Peace and Freedom."--Robert A. Heinlein, 9/5/76

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"We now have Peace and Freedom." --Gerald R. Ford, 10/22/76

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It has been exactly two years since the first issue of BOONFARK. I hadn't planned to wait quite this long between issues, but it seems to have worked out that way doesn't it. I'm going to attempt to put out this fanzine more frequently than once every two years from now on. But I can't promise anything, I'll just try.

I truly enjoy publishing fanzines, I stayed away from it as long as I could, but now it is time for another fix. Putting together a fanzine is a lot like doing a piece of artwork, it is a creative release that I can't seem to do without. No matter how I try, I eventually come crawling back to those waxy stencils and toxic corflu. Let's face it, I'm hopelessly addicted. So, I hope you enjoy my habit.

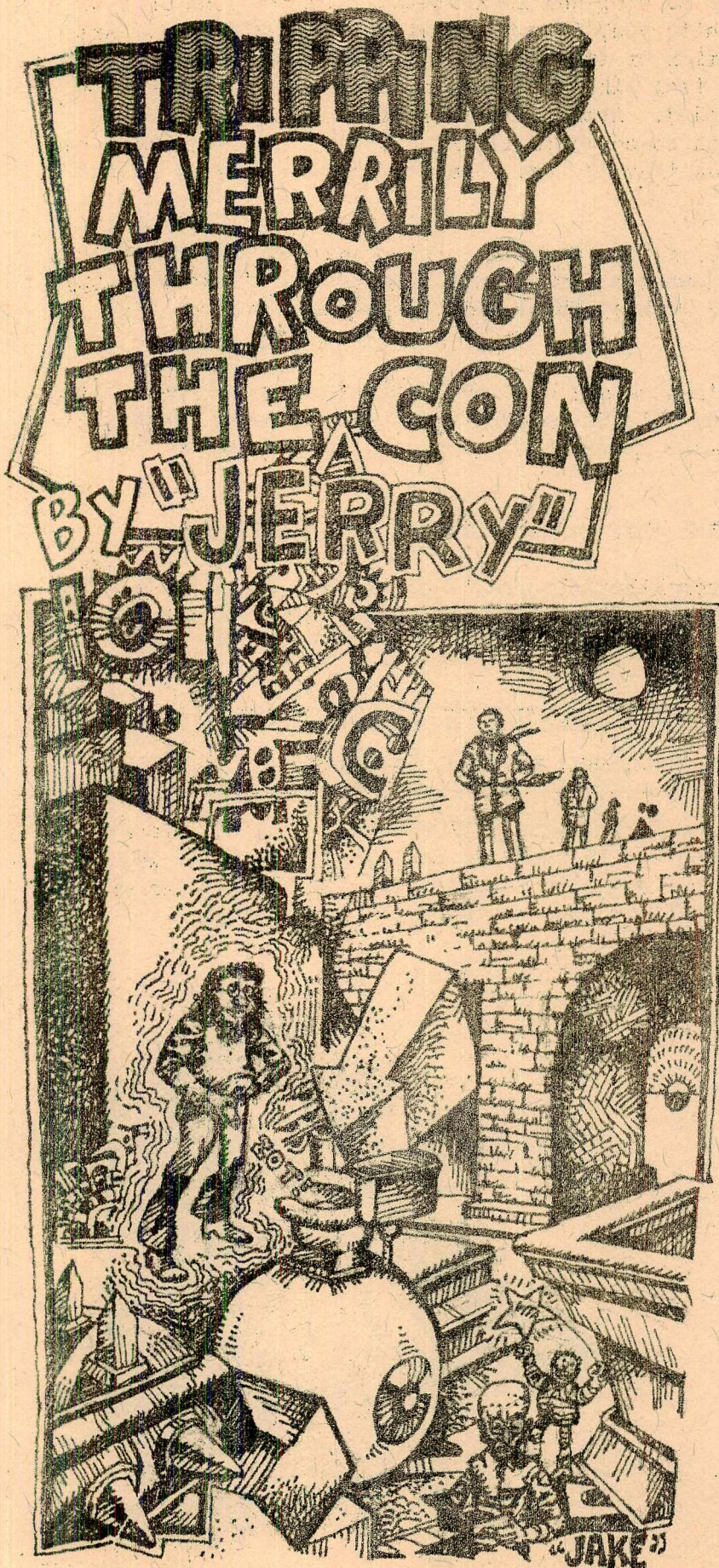
I'm looking forward to letters of comment pouring into my mailbox. Of course if they don't, I could always do next issue's editorial about letter hacks. hehehe

Thank to Ted White for his column and for running this turkey off. And mea culpas to "Jerry" for holding his spiffy article for so long. Tata.

--dan







I realized too late that going into the motel to go to the john was a big mistake. As soon as I got inside, things began looking strange. The carpet was oozing and crawling. The wallpaper was flashing like a gridwork of neon signs. The walls themselves were constantly changing angle and perspective. I didn't quite remember where I was. There were all these straight mundanes around in formal dress; it was all I could do to keep from laughing out loud and embarrassing myself.

By the time I got to the men's room, it was even worse. I couldn't remember exactly why I had come here, but I figured that anything I had to do could be done in the toilet stall, so I went in there. I managed to get my jeans and bathing suit off and sit down, but I got distracted by the way the tile walls were slithering around, undulating in sine waves and making the door warp. The rest of the bathroom was filled with mundanes. I wondered if I was ever going to get out again.

Somehow I did, after a cosmic flash comparing the toilet paper to skulls; I followed the trail I had made coming in, so many years ago, and eventually found myself back at the pool, where I was greeted with laughter by 'Fred' and 'Sid'. They were tripping, too. In fact, 'Fred' had supplied the windowpane we had dropped that afternoon.

"Boy, you were gone a long time," said 'Fred'. He laughed.

"Sure were," said 'Sid'. He was laughing too.

I didn't say anything. I was convulsed with giggling and couldn't say a word. So we all laughed. For quite a while we just sat and talked to each other and to 'Harv' and 'Alice',



who had driven down from Wisconsin for the con. The five of us laughed a lot.

Then at one point, 'Fred' stood up and announced, "Well, I think it's about time."

'Sid' looked over and said, wittily, "Huh?"

"Time to go in the water, of course."

"Oh. Oh yeah." He got up.

"Come on, 'Jerry'. Let's go in the pool."

Humorous images of my scrambled mind trying to operate my body and not being able to keep my head above water. "NO!" I said, hoping that syllable was intelligible around my giggling.

"Aw, come on, man," said 'Sid'. "It'll be a lot of fun."

"No," I gasped, shaking my head, giggling.

"Why not?"

"Look, 'Sid'," I said in a moment of rare lucidity. "I am completely and utterly incapacitated. I am barely able to function. I really absolutely do not want to go in the pool."

"Oh, okay, if that's..."

So they went swimming, and I wandered around to the other side of the pool-- which was in itself not an easy trick. This being Sunday afternoon at the 1975 Midwestcon, there were plenty of fans around; I sat down at a table where several fans I knew were sitting. It felt very secure there, so I stayed there for a few hours, listening to Tucker and Mike Glicksohn and other people, feeling unthreatened, enjoying the beautiful weather, and occasionally contributing to the conversation. I was having a highly enjoyable afternoon.

Most of the con was highly enjoyable. The first couple of days were much like the previous year's "STONEDcon", which I had written up for SKIFFLE. The 14-hour drive to the con with other fans, running into 'Fred' and 'Sid' in the evening, smoking lotsa dope, lazing by the pool Saturday, ogling the lifeguards, going swimming stoned--even playing with the exact same day-glo green beach ball. We introduced a new water game: a variation on "keep away" which involved us handing the ball to each other over the heads of the other team. --Have a ball, 'Fred'--Thank you. 'Sid'? --Don't mind if I do. Here, 'Jerry' --Oh, how nice.--

Aside from the usual funtimes, there were a few extra things this year. For one thing, I was standing outside a room party Friday night and this very sercon guy named 'Brad' came up to me and started talking to me all about this heavy stuff like how he had changed since last year, and his relation to fandom, and other people's image of him, and so forth. Now, I had met 'Brad' a few times, but he was never more than an acquaintance. But he stood there and laid this rap on me, and all I could do was nod and say "um hum" a lot. Finally he seemed to exhaust his subject. "Well," he said after a short pause, "that's basically what I wanted to say. Now I'm going back inside to get another potato chip." And he walked away.

But hanging around with 'Brad' had its advantages. Being a local fan, he knew where all the good eating places and night spots were. He also had contacts with the local entertainment scene, so that he was going around inviting select people to a private press screening of a new British comedy film. 'Sid' and 'Fred' pooped out, but I went along,





as did a couple of other fans. The film was rather funny and sufficiently bizarre for my tastes, but the audience was just as good as the show. Beforehand, we had all stood out in the lobby watching them, filling our glasses with champagne that was literally flowing from fountains. No shit. Several people were trying to look odd (outrageous clothes and all that), but except for the couple who brought a chimpanzee in a baby stroller, most of them weren't even as strange as most fans. An interesting glimpse of another kind of life, nonetheless.

In contrast to last year. I went out to eat Saturday evening, instead of going to the banquet. I ended up with 'Fréd', 'Sid' and 'Brad' at a German restaurant that 'Brad' had once worked at and recommended. It was about the next best thing to Napoleon's, but we'd have to be at Disclave for that. Good food, good conversation, good atmosphere, all made even better by our being nicely stoned. And every once in a while, a really beautiful woman would walk by, and we'd all drool.

We did a good deal of shameless girl-watching that weekend. Lifeguards, townies, femmefans, Doug Carroll's sister..... There seemed to be a preponderance of good looking women around in bathing suits. It was enough to give an old fan heart failure. I'm surprised Tucker didn't keel over. He did look like he was enjoying things, tho.

It was pleasant to sit and watch and listen to Tucker and the others conversing. I was still flashing heavily, tho the visuals had died down for the most part -- no undulating surfaces or such -- very little hallucinating this trip. But sitting by the pool with fans was just the perfect environment for my state of mind. I knew I was accepted, even if I didn't say anything for long periods of time. I knew I didn't have to go anywhere or do anything at any set time, so I could give up all my responsibilities for the present and devote myself to appreciating and enjoying.

Most of that afternoon was just that, aside from one or two trips to the room. At one point, 'Mark' handed me a postcard full of gibberish; I spent a good half hour on that one. Another time, 'Itch' noticed me smoking dope with 'Fred' and invited me up to his room to "turn on". I didn't have the heart to tell him how high I was already so I went. Now, 'Itch' is a very strange guy. He was acting like it was five or ten years ago as far as dope was concerned. I mean, he made a big thing about his fountain pen which cleverly (ho ho) concealed a joint inside. I almost expected him to call it a reefer. He went on in this fashion, but I just listened and smoked. It was nice tasting stuff. Well-rolled, too. He said there was hash oil on it, but I honestly couldn't tell. Certainly didn't hurt, tho. After I got back to the pool, I nearly couldn't believe what had just happened. 'Fred' and 'Sid' didn't.

Eventually the con boiled down to one group --the one I had been sitting with all afternoon. Night fell. The evening breeze was as pleasant as the afternoon sun.

My stomach growled. "Hey. I'm hungry."



"You bastard," said 'Fred'. "I've been asking for hours if anybody wanted to go eat."

"I wasn't hungry then. Besides it would have meant leaving this good party."

"Where do you want to eat?"

My eyes lit up. "Pizza!"

The four of us --me, 'Fred', 'Sid', and 'Brad' --set off for Papa Sorrento's, a fine little place we had discovered last year. They have good pizza and a dynamite juke box that boasted a Yes single, some Hendrix, Dylan, Led Zep, old Beatles and Airplane. We never figured out why it had such a good selection when the place is obviously a neighborhood dive, complete with pool table and hangers-out. We polished off a pizza and ordered another; finished that and sat talking and listening to the songs we'd played.

On the way back, we stopped for gas at a station just past a White Castle where we had noticed a lot of seedy-looking locals hanging out. While we were waiting, a couple of girls came over. We'd heard them trying to get air put in their tires. They saw our out-of-state plates and asked what we were doing so far from home.

"You wouldn't believe us if we told you," I said. I've long since given up explaining fandom to mundanes.

"We came for a weekend party," 'Fred' enlightened them.

"What kind of party?" the short brunette drawled.

"What kind of party do you like?"

"Wild parties."

In the back seat, 'Brad' began silently freaking out. I couldn't blame him. I was having trouble believing this was all happening, too. But my curiosity was getting stronger and stronger. So, apparently, was 'Fred's'.

"Up parties," the blonde was saying. "Y'all got any ups?"

"What did you have in mind?" inquired 'Fred'.

"Ups, acid, grass, anything to get high," said one.

"Yeah, we're kinda desperate," mumbled the other.

The four of us guys held a frantic whispered conference while the girls went to see about their tires.

"Well, what do you think we should do?"

"I don't know. What do you guys want to do?"

"Do you think we can trust 'em?"

"How old do you think they are?"

"What do you expect to happen? Do you think you'll get laid?"

"We might get busted for giving them drugs."



"No, they're just kids out looking for a wild time."

"This is fantastic. I've never picked up girls before."

"Neither have I."

"Neither have I."

"No!" This was 'Brad'. "How can you guys even consider it? They're trash, they're slugs, they're the bottom of the ladder."

"No, I want to see what'll happen, I missed out on this when I was a teenager and I never knew what it was like."

"Shhh! They're coming back! Shhhhhh!"

The brunette leaned on the windowsill and said, "Y'all going to a party?"

"We are a party." / "We carry our own party around with us."

"We'd sure like to get high."

"That can be arranged."

"'Fred'," I said, "are you agreeable to turning these young women on?"

"Sure."

"Then let's go. Let's take them back to the motel."

It was sometime around here that 'Sid' had clammed up. He was looking perturbed. We ignored him and pressed on.

"Y'all got any acid?" said the blonde.

"Have we-- Ho,ho." Indeed, we were still somewhat wired.

"Yeah, I can give you some acid."

"Follow us."

"It ain't far is it? We ain't got much gas."

"Say," --it had just dawned on me-- "I'd like to hear some music. Either of you got a stereo?"

"Yeah."

"What kind of music you into?" / "Got any Yes? King Crimson?"

"Yeah, I got Closer to th' Edge."

"All right. That clinches it. Follow us."

"Okay." / "Okay."

So we pulled out down the road. They ran back to their car and followed us. All the way back, 'Sid' kept saying, "I still think it's a bad idea."

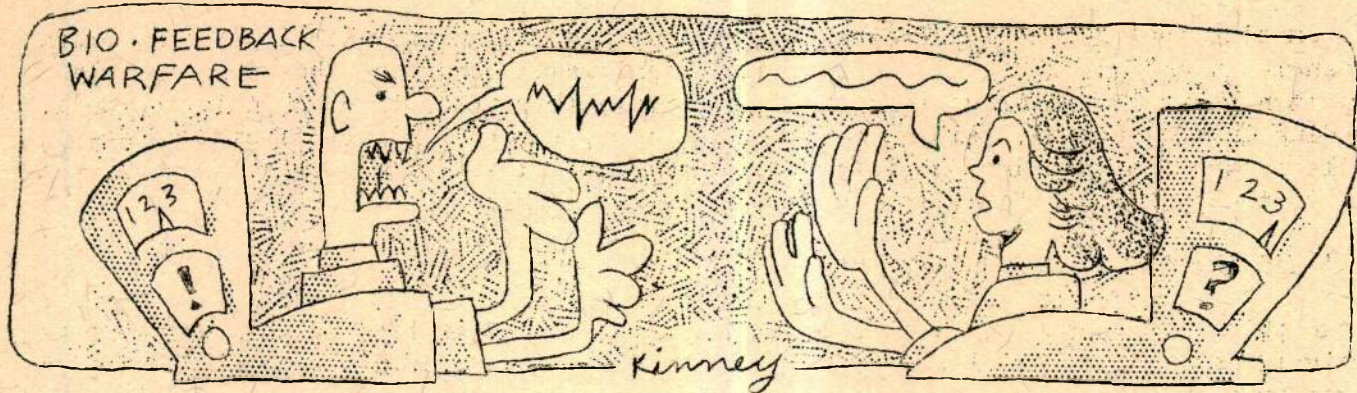
"How, exactly, do you think it's a bad idea?"

"Oh, I just got this feeling you're getting in over your heads."

"What-- d'ya think they'll bust us?"

"I don't know, man, you never can tell."





"Shit, I just wanna listen to some music."

"I don't. I want to get laid."

"Fuck you guys. You could get in a lot of trouble."

"How?"

"I dunno. But I still think it's a bad idea."

'Brad' stuck up for 'Sid'. I think in his case, his taste was offended. After all his talk about picking up girls, I thought it ironic that he was willing to back out on us. We pulled up in the motel parking lot. 'Sid' and 'Brad' set out together for parts unknown. 'Fred' and I took the girls up to the room.

'Fred' gave them each half a hit of blotter, which seemed like the right amount for what they were used to. They freaked out over our shower and asked if they could take showers. The hot water in their apartment was on the blink and they had to heat bath water on the stove. They were roommates; they each had an infant child. They lived on welfare. One was divorced and the other had never married. They had left their kids with the first one's ex-old-man, and were out on the town. 'Fred' could dig that. We talked to each in turn as the other was showering. When both were through we all went down by the pool.

It was very quiet down there. We sat on one side, with most of the con on the other side; I spied 'Sid' and 'Brad' with a couple other fans at the far end of the pool.

I went over and said, "It's cool, really. It's okay."

'Sid' replied with a chuckle: "It maybe, ha ha, but it's your trip now."

I stood around and talked with them until six or eight fans came trooping by and somebody made a tasteless comment about the alleged morals of the two women 'Fred' was talking with; I got disgusted and left. I talked with the women and 'Fred' for a while, and we eventually decided to go swimming. The motel pool was closed, and the management was uptight enough that we didn't want to make trouble; the girls said they knew of a pool in an apartment complex that we could use if we were quiet. We got up and left.

The rest of this escapade will be left mostly untold, however. Suffice it to say that we did not get into any trouble, and that 'Fred' and I both thought the whole thing had been a worthwhile adventure.

By the time we got back, the party had dwindled and was entirely inside, in the con suite. We talked for a while more, as it dwindled even further. The last of it was about a half dozen fans in the motel lobby, trying to get up the energy to call it a night. At that point the trip had also dwindled to a mere trickle of electricity in my bloodstream.

It was a good trip. It had made a pleasant afternoon into a thoroughly delightful one. I had mellowed out and enjoyed myself immensely, basking in the glow of the sun and of the fannish company.



It's amazing that so much can happen from such a minor event as sticking a tiny brown rectangle in one's mouth. It was such an insignificant occurrence that I had nearly forgotten about it, until we left the room shortly thereafter to go down to the pool. Standing in the hallway, waiting for the elevators, I felt it start to come on --- little flashes at the edge of vision, feeling hyper and a little stoned. Once we got down to the pool I was feeling very stoned. I got giggly.

'Sid' and 'Fred' were laughing.

At one point I thought they were laughing at me. I couldn't look at them and keep a straight face. Sometimes I was giggling so hard I almost couldn't breathe. I needed to get away.

"Fuck you guys." I stood up. "I'm going to take a piss." I walked away, left the poolside, and went into the motel to go to the john.

---'jerry'

+++++

SEGUE FROM NEW ORLEANS TO WASHINGTON continued from page 13

And furthermore, one which I didn't much like.

So I made up my own words to it. Which puts me one up on Woody Guthrie, if I may be so bold. For Woodie Guthrie, as you all know, was in the habit of putting his own words to old tunes. And here I've gone and done the same thing...only I did it with a song I never heard before!

Which I think is some kind of remarkable.

--- Grant Carrington

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## TO BE OVER

this issue is dedicated  
to the memory of

BARRY  
SMOTROFF

lyrics by Jon Anderson  
and YES

We go sailing down the calming streams  
Drifting endlessly by the bridge  
To be over  
We will see  
To be over  
Do not suffer through the game of  
chance that: plays  
Always doors to lock away your dreams  
Think it over  
Time will heal your fear  
Think it over  
Balance the thoughts that release within you

Childlike soul dreamer one journey  
One to seek and see in every light do open  
True pathways away

Carrying closer go gently  
Holding doors will open everyway  
You wander true pathways away

After all your soul will still surrender  
After all don't doubt your part  
Be ready to be loved



# SEGUÉ FROM NEW ORLEANS TO WASHINGTON BY GRANT CARRINGTON

I left New Orleans about two years ago. The first place I hit after leaving New Orleans was the thriving metropolis of Micanopy, Florida. I went to Micanopy, Florida, to see my old friend John Johnson, who lives across the road from Lake Micanopy...the road being U.S. Highway Route 441, popularly known as the L.B. Skeet Thrasher Highway. So if you want to thrash some skeet, now you know where to go: U.S. Highway Route 441 in the great state of Florida.

I met John Johnson back in the old days of the Bent Card Coffee House in Gainesville, Florida, when we used to sit in the back room, swapping tales and stories and songs and lies, and drinking performer's coffee. Performer's coffee looks very weak, sort of like weak tea or sometimes colorless, and it comes readymade in a bottle. Performers drink it to help them relax before they perform. I've seen performers so relaxed they never got on stage.

When I left Gainesville three years ago, I discovered that I had accumulated, in the two years I had lived there, a large collection of objects...popularly known as belongings. Far more than I could possibly carry in the little car I owned at the time. So I borrowed a packing crate and sent some of them up to my sainted mother in Connecticut. But I still had far more than I could possibly put in my car. So I sold some of them and I gave a lot of them away.

And one of the things that I gave away was my old Black Beauty Gittar, which I gave to John Johnson. Now, Black Beauty was the first gittar that I ever owned. I picked her up in nineteen-ought-fifty-nine for fifteen dollars from a fellow who was going to make a planter out of her. He had painted her all up black with shiny white curlicues. Well, after I'd had Black Beauty for about a year, her neck and body had some kind of quarrel and parted company somewhat, so that you could pretty near shoot an arrow with her...what guitar players call "high action." Why, the action on Black Beauty was so high you could pretty near drive a Mack truck under her.



So it don't sound like I gave John Johnson one hell of a lot when I gave him Black Beauty.

Now I should interpolate here that John Johnson's real name is not John. It's something like Newmar Winston Johnson. But everybody calls him John. He has a little brother whose real name is John. But we all call him Jay. So as not to get the two of them confused.

Anyway, at this time in his life, Newmar Winston "John" Johnson was in the process of learning how to repair guitars. Which was why I gave him Black Beauty. I figured if he made any mistakes on Black Beauty, nobody would get all hot and bothered about it like they would if he screwed up on their three-hundred-dollar Martin.

So when I got to Micanopy, Florida, after leaving New Orleans, Newmar Winston "John" Johnson had patched up the quarrel between Black Beauty's neck and body, he had sanded off all of the white paint and most of the black paint, so that all that was left was a couple of smudges on the sides, and he'd shellacked and varnished it up (or whatever it is you do to gittars to make them look pretty), and she was a right nice little gittar. Not a great gittar, but for fifteen dollars, you couldn't do much better.

In the year since I'd last seen John Johnson, he'd also acquired himself a 12-string guitar. Which was some kind of coincidence, because the night before, my last night in New Orleans, while I was playing guitar for nickels and dimes at Andy's on Bourbon Street, this chick walked in carrying a 12-string guitar. Name of Evie Green. (That was the name of the chick, not the guitar.)

So me and Evie Green was sitting at the bar, with our guitars making out under the counter between us, when Steve Richardson walked in and insinuated himself between us.

"Watch out, Steve," I said. "Don't disturb our guitars. They're mating."

So we got into a discussion of what would happen if you crossed a 12-string Gibson with a 6-string Martin. I opined you might get a 9-string National. But I never did find out, 'cause I left New Orleans the next day and I haven't seen or heard from Evie Green since.

So it was some kind of coincidence when I got to Micanopy and found out that Newmar Winston "John" Johnson had acquired himself a 12-string guitar. I was sitting there in his front room, pecking away at it, when I come across this interesting melody, that sounded awful familiar and awful pretty. But, for the life of me, I couldn't figure out what it was.

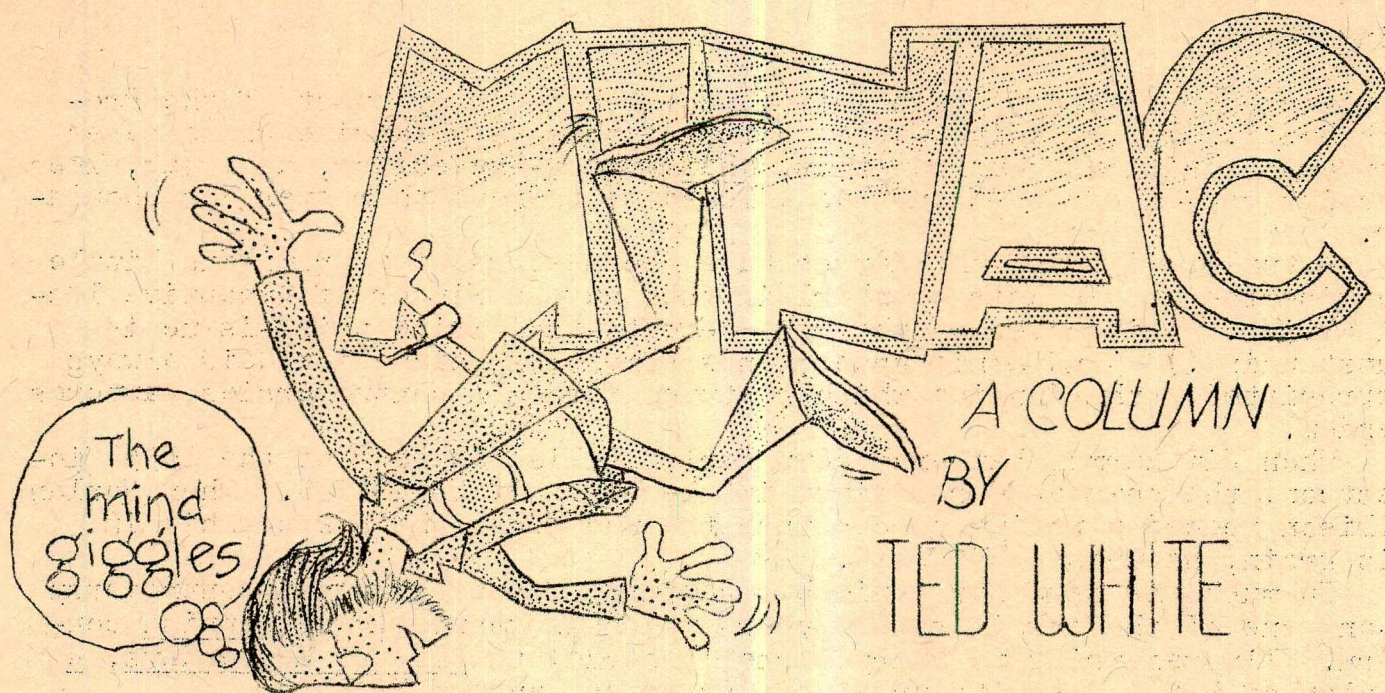
So I said to Newmar Winston "John" Johnson, I said, "Hey, there, Newmar Winston "John" Johnson, listen to this: it's awful pretty and awful familiar. Might you happen to know what it might be?"

And he listened and he said, "Yes, it is awful pretty, and, you know, it is kind of familiar, but I haven't the slightest idea in the world what it might be."

So I come up to Washington, D.C., and I sat down in Bob Clayton's basement apartment and I picked up his guitar, and I said, "Bob, listen to this: it's awful pretty and it's awful familiar. Might you happen to know what it might be?"

And he listened and he said, "I don't think that's so pretty but it is familiar, and yes, I do happen to know what it is." And then he went and played for me a song which I never heard before.





HOW MANY YEARS WAS THAT? It occurs to me that it has been some time since I last contributed a "fannish" piece to a "fannish" magazine. It almost happened a few years ago when Lane Lambert asked me if he could reprint an item of mine from one of those secret in-group apas. I said he could, which may help to explain why Lane Lambert is no longer putting out fanzines these days.

Oh, others have asked me for "fannish" contributions to their fanzines. I admit that. And I really tried on at least two occasions to write something "fannish"--both times for Mike Gorra. (And where is he today, I ask you?)

But I am inspired to write this column for Dan Steffan and his fine "fan magazine," BOONFARK, for two reasons. The first is that Dan is not one of your hyper-active younger fans. He's no Terry Hughes. I know I can count on him not to, ah, "Pub an ish" too often. In fact, I'm wondering if I can count on him to publish this issue, since it's one he's been working on...and off...now for at least two years. Well, that's a schedule I can be comfortable with. I know this column will meet its deadlines.

I mentioned two reasons for this column. The other reason is the renaissance "fannish" fandom is enjoying. I received a note recently from Lee Hoffman, reminding me that another issue of SCIENCE-FICTION FIVE-YEARLY would be coming out this fall, and saying something about deadlines. (It seems like only yesterday I was trying to come up with something for the previous issue...but you know LeeH: she's very punctual about schedules, and every five years, no matter what other projects you might have on fire at the moment, she expects you to meet that deadline.)

Well, that wasn't what I intended to talk about here.

I was talking about the New Wave of "fannishness" going about, these days. FANHISTORICA showed up here recently and all but drenched me in waves of nostalgia. Terry Hughes has been putting out a MOTA every time I turn my back on him for five minutes, and decorating its pages with some of the best writing I've read in years (I'm referring primarily to James White's piece but it's hardly stood alone among MOTA's contributions). Of course Terry was doing this simply to keep things alive until SWOON could return to us, and is now planning to drop MOTA and enter a Trappist monastery.

I mentioned SWOON. I don't receive this fanzine, myself; to the



Brooklyn Insurgents, I have left fandom behind in my quest of the Pro-ish Grail. But my editor--the editor of this very fanzine whose pages you are holding as you read this, that editor--my editor, as I say, does receive copies of SWOON and has allowed me to read them over his shoulder.

Actually, I think the Katzes have the makings of a promising little fanzine there. In Ross Chamberlain they have a winner of a captive local artist. (His cover on the most recent--as I write this--issue is outstanding.) And Arnie understands something which Dick Geis always appreciated: the fanzine which captures fandom's controversies captures fandom.

When Jim Harmon battered down Harlan Ellison's door at the 1955 Midwestcon, the news appeared first in the pages of PSYCHOTIC. When Harlan Ellison needed a podium to denounce the mad dogs who'd kneed him in his groin, he chose PSYCHOTIC.

In much the same way Arnie has captured fandom's newest controversy--and one of the few in recent years which is genuinely of fannish concern. I'm referring to Harry Warner's sequel to All Our Yesterdays, A Wealth of Fable, and its treatment by Advent and/or Ed Wood.

Ah yes, Ed Wood.

I think I'm roughly a contemporary of Ed's in fandom, and I've watched him do this sort of thing for many years now. Ed was never in the mainstream of fanzine fandom--which explains his inability to understand Harry's entire orientation--but from time to time he lent his name to a fanzine contribution which in overall tone has never varied much. His reply to Harry in the latest (as I write this) issue of SWOON is typical.

I hope you have a copy of SWOON handy, and can turn to "There Is Another Side, Harry," by Edward Wood. Because frankly, although it fascinates me considerably, I don't want to retype it out here for you. Tell you what: I'll just indulge in an occasional quote. How's that?

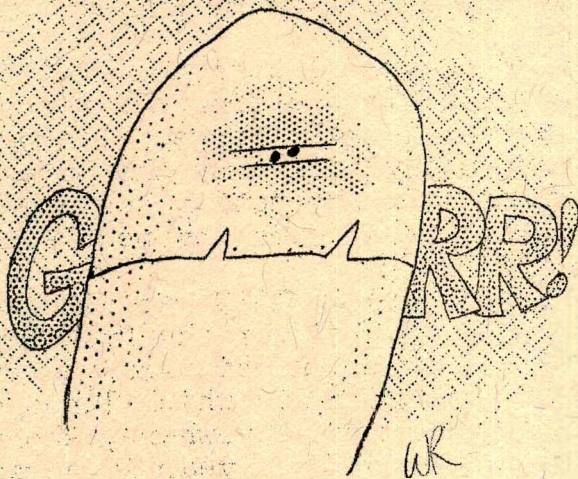
Ed's opening salvo has to do with editorial duties. "I think an editor should endeavor by selection, criticism, ordering, etc., etc. to transform a good book into an excellent book, to improve an author's work where and when possible and if that author is willing to work with this attitude in mind."

Let it be loudly proclaimed that damned few authors do in fact have a willingness "to work with this attitude in mind." The exceptions are those cases where the author perceives the editor's suggestions to be valid ones with which he can work. These occur rarely. What Wood seems to have wanted were considerable changes in not only the material but the attitude of the book Harry had written. He seems unaware of this, however.

Had Wood stuck to simple errors, such as the one he mentions concerning the frequency with which LeZOMBIE appeared in the fifties, he would have been doing Harry a genuine favor. Harry was not, after all, very active in fandom in the fifties, most of his activity having been confined to FAPA. I wonder whether other errors, less easily caught, might not also be found.

But Ed did not remain within this area. He says he wanted changes. His first change was to add a section on "Decline of the Fan Presses & the Emergence of Advent." When he says "Fan Press" he does not mean your fifteen year old fan with a mimeograph in his basement. No, he is referring to fan-owned commercial presses. Shasta Books. Fantasy Press. Gnome. FPCI. Etc. The owners of these "Fan Presses" were undoubtedly fans--most of them--to begin with, but as owners of commercial presses they were soon indistinguishable from the non-fan owners of commercial





presses. Ask any author he published about Marty Greenberg, some time.

Advent adopted a strikingly different policy in this regard, it is true. And an interesting study could undoubtedly be done comparing and contrasting Advent and the earlier presses. But within the purview of a history of fan-  
dom?

Ed's second suggestion: "Addition to the Section on Chicago Fandom to Mention Earl Kemp in a Meaningful Way." Ed points out, to bolster this change, that "this fannish legend he means Earl Kemp, whose songs are seldom sung round campfires I've attended lately/": (a) started Advent:Publishers, did 95% of the firm's work 1956-64; (b) started Chicago science fiction organization independent of U of Chicago

club; (c) editor of fan magazine DESTINY; (d) member of SAPS; (e) winner of Hugo for "WHO KILLED SCIENCE FICTION"; (f) headed and ran 1962 Worldcon, CHICON III; (g) edited CHICON III PROCEEDINGS; (h) member of FAPA for one year."

Who is Ed kidding? Is he making sport of Kemp? A "member of FAPA for one year"? (It wasn't during the fifties--Warner's specific focus--either.) By these standards Harry should have devoted a Section on Washington & NYC Fandom to Mentioning Me in a Meaningful Way. I mean, I (a) started QWERTYUIOPress and during the years 1954-64 published some of the best fanzines around: Vernon McCain's BIRDSMITH, John Magnus' VARIOSO, Harry Warner's HORIZONS, to mention only a few, plus my own STELLAR, VOID and MINAC; (b) started a New York science fiction organization independent of the then existing clubs--the Fanoclasts; (c) was editor of fan magazine GAMBIT; (d) the only regularly contributing non-member of SAPS from 1956-62; (e) winner of Hugo for Best Fan Writer; (f) headed and ran 1967 Worldcon, NyCon3; (g) edited NYCON COMICS; (h) was member of FAPA for 21 years.

In the fifties I had not done a great many of these Wonderful Things, of course, but I think I can say I was active in fandom then, perhaps even more so than was Earl Kemp. I wonder that Ed Wood cannot see that changes puffing Advent and its founder would be inappropriate in a book of fanhistory published by Advent.

It's Ed's third change which initially provoked me into considering a response to his piece, however. In this one he abuses my name: "Addition of a Section of Pittsburgh Fandom. Harry mentions Pittsburgh only with regard to that city having aced Ted White's 1960 Worldcon bid at Detention in 1959. It was a stunning political victory of convention fandom over fanzine fandom. Ted had fought his campaign in the fan magazines while Dirce Archer of Pittsburgh planned and directed the winning bid at Detention."

Let's get one thing straight: the 1960 Washington, D.C. bid was not "Ted White's 1960 Worldcon bid." In fact, I lived in Baltimore during most of the time D.C. was bidding and I moved to New York City a month before the Detention. I was not chairman of the D.C. committee, and in fact I don't believe I was ever more than simply a member of the commit-



tee; the leader of which was Bob Pavlat. At the presentation of the D.C. bid, at Detention, I was not even part of the nominating procedure, sitting in the audience like most other fans. (My first wife, Sylvia, presented the nomination, but she was in no way acting as my puppet, having been asked by the committee.)

Ed probably associates the bid with me because I designed most of the ads for the bid. But these ads were presented in the progress reports and program book of the Detention, not in fanzines at large. (The ads caused a bit of a controversy: I was personally billed by the Detention Committee for the D.C. ads, although paying them was not my responsibility. I refused, of course, and was called lots of names by people perhaps close to Ed Wood.)

In any case, my association with the D.C. bid in 1959 was almost peripheral. I have made only one worldcon bid: the bid for the NyCon3 in 1967. I won it, in part by appreciating the means in which successful campaigns for Worldcons then functioned. One such bid which I noted with interest was Dirce Archer's. It came from out of nowhere, shortly before the 1959 Detention (con sites were picked only a year in advance then); D.C. had thought Philadelphia their real competition. Ed notes that "Harry also states that it was rumored that Pittsburgh had spent \$500 or more in winning. .... Many fans who know nothing of Dirce and the Pittsburgh group should be informed that the rustling you hear is Dirce turning over in her grave. She was the type of woman who demanded a receipt if you wanted reimbursement for a telephone call." A genuine non-sequiteur refutation, that.

Actually, the rumor was that the Pittsburgh hotel had spent \$500 on the bid--mostly on entertainment at Detention, where Pittsburgh had a lavish suite and liquor flowed endlessly. I find that rumor believable when I consider the money we spent a few years later on liquor and softer stuffs for campaign-partying.

The actual nomination was the kicker, though. The entire bidding session at the Detention was rigged, behind the scenes, to give the nomination to Pittsburgh and Dirce. First, for example, several out-of-rotation bids were presented, in flagrant violation of the nominating rules. One such bid was from Earl Kemp, for Chicago. Remember him? The fannish legend? These frivolous bids were presented as regular bids, preceding D.C.'s. D.C.'s bid had two or three seconding speakers. Then came Pittsburgh. Pittsburgh had dozens of seconders--nearly every major-name pro in the house, for example, and even such luminaries among fans as Ed Wood. Then the frivolous bids were withdrawn and their support thrown to Pittsburgh. Earl Kemp stood up and announced that he didn't think D.C. (Pittsburgh's only surviving competition, now) was "ready" for a Worldcon (and never mind the fact that D.C. had been bidding for a Worldcon since the late forties), so he was withdrawing Chicago's bid in favor of Pittsburgh. "I'm throwing all our support to Pittsburgh," Earl Kemp, fannish legend, said. And so it went: Pittsburgh won the bid. D.C. fans felt as if they'd been steamrollered: Dirce Archer had introduced a new element of high-pressure campaigning into the picture. You can be sure some of us took notice of that and made a few notes on technique and strategy.

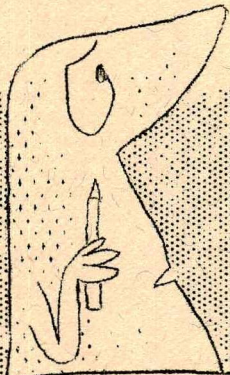
In any case, it does seem peculiar to me that the changes Ed Wood wanted (those three are the ones he mentioned) relate exclusively to activities in which he himself had a personal hand and concerning individuals whose mark on fandom he overestimates due to his own friendship with them.

I think we can be grateful Advent didn't publish this one.

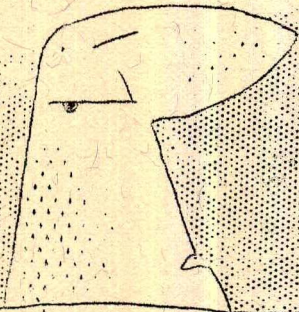
--Ted White



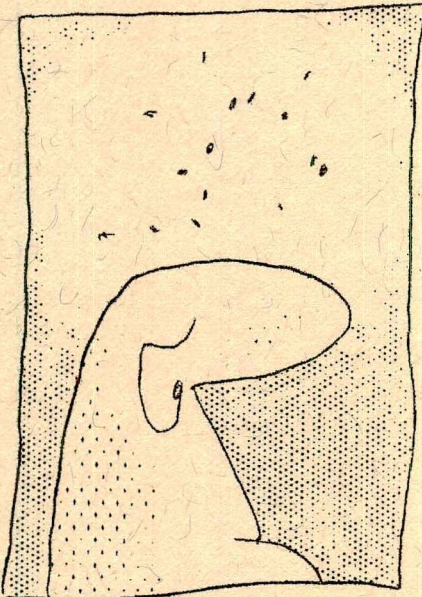
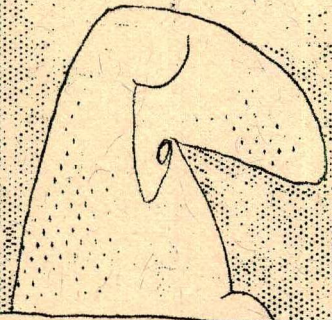
WHAT TO DRAW?  
WHAT TO SAY?



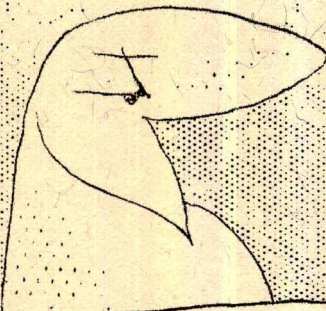
ALL MY FANS  
WAITING, HOPING  
FOR "THE BIG  
ONE"



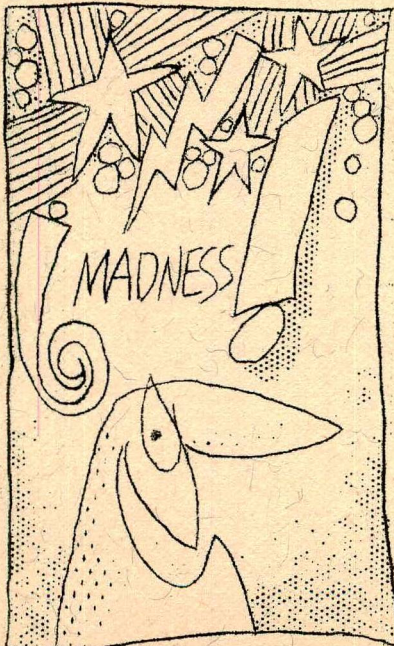
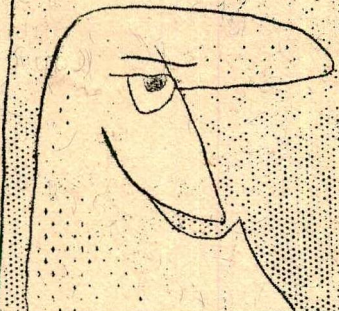
CAN I  
DISAPPOINT  
THEM?



FUCK 'EM—  
THEY DON'T  
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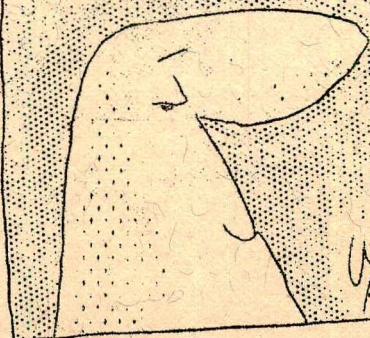


I'LL DRAW  
ANY DAMN THING  
I WANT



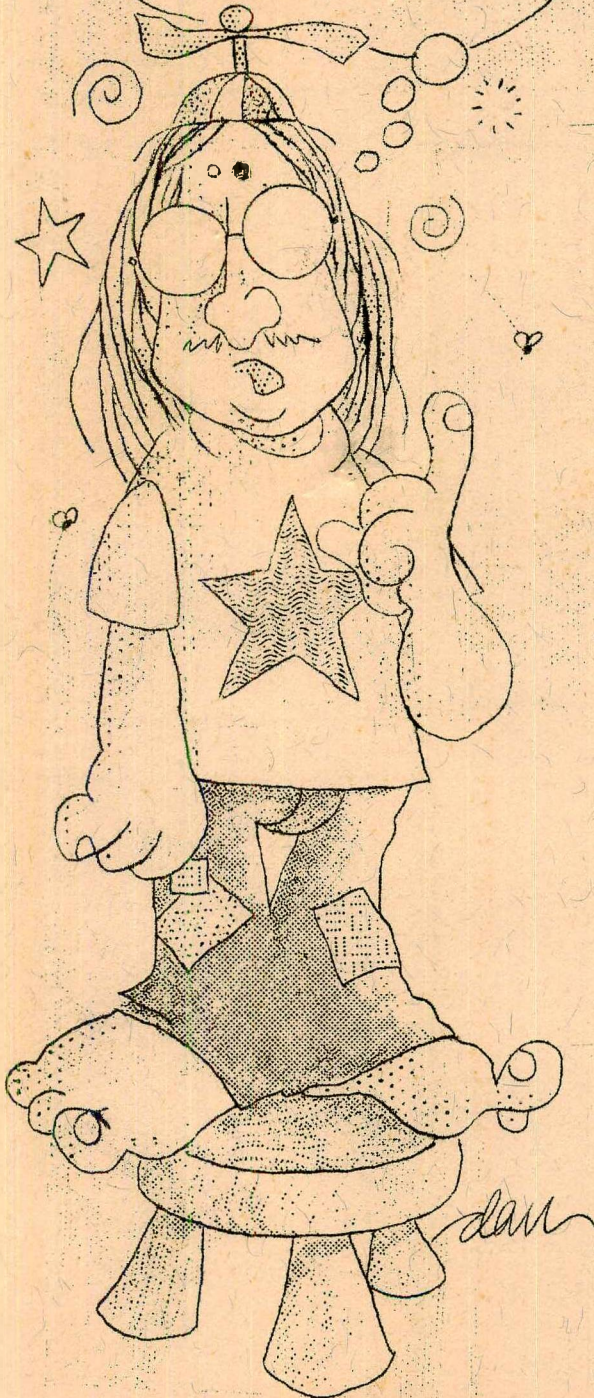
OR NOTHING.

SEE— I'M NOT  
EVEN FOR  
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I KNOW! A  
TOWER TO THE  
MOON MADE  
ENTIRELY OF  
EMPTY BAGGIES!  
...um... ROACH CLIPS?  
how about rolled up  
dollar bills?



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