



boonfark seven

Boonfark

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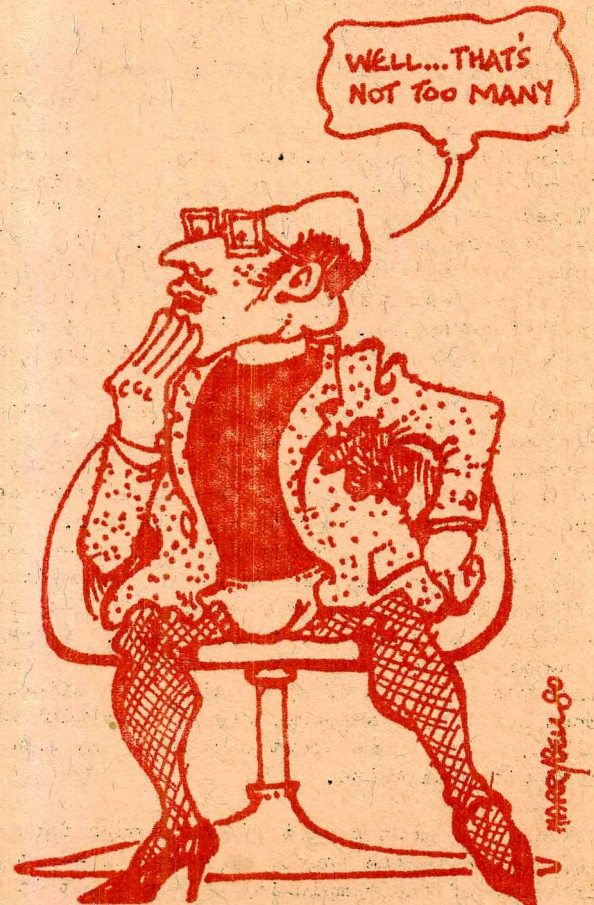
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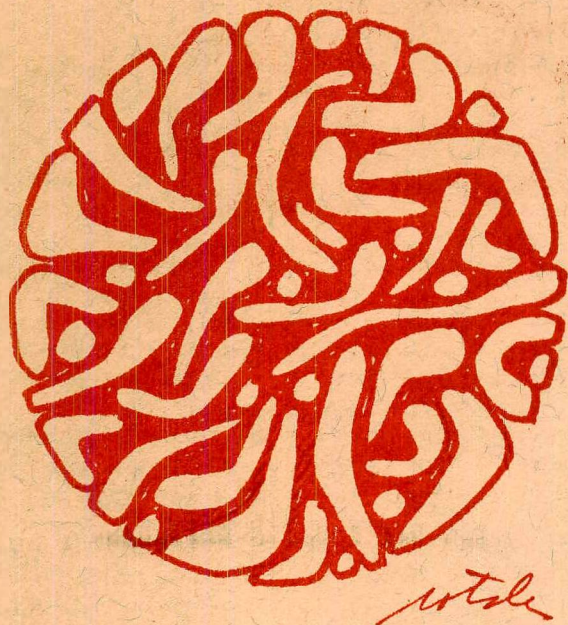
Dedicated to Charles Burbee and Terry Hughes!

NUMBER SEVEN

Fall 1982

the fanzine that's getting
too big for its britches





ZEN VAUDEVILLE

"Neurotics build castles in the air --
but psychotics live in them."

I FOUND MY JOB THROUGH FANDOM: Several years ago the New York Times ran an ad campaign to boost the sales of their classified advertisements. The campaign featured a series of photographs of typical employed New Yorkers, and the headline: "I found my job through the New York Times." The point being that the right person could be found for the right task through the classified section in that newspaper. Well, I'm here to tell you that the same applies to science fiction fandom.

That's right. I Found My Job Through Fandom. Meaning, I guess, that if you look around you in fandom, you'll probably find just about anybody to do anything for you -- from small town movie projectionist to big city art director. I know this isn't really news to most of you -- especially the old timers and Brits who have lived off skills developed in fandom for a long time -- or for that matter, to me either. I have done professional work on a number of occasions that was a result of my Fannish Connections. Most notably, I suppose, was my year with HEAVY METAL, which came about because of my association with Ted White.

However, my most recent "job through fandom" has got to be the topper of them all -- at least in terms of the complexity of how I got it in the first place. Usually these jobs come about

when one of your fannish friends or contacts decides to give you a piece of work that he has realized is suited to your talents. A kind of one-to-one proposition. This job came to me after filtering through three other layers of Fannish Contacts. Not only that, but this job was at the same time funneled through three different strata of fannish generations. We're talking about a maze of fannish generations here, and it was all as confusing to me as it is to you now.

I should explain, before I go any further, that I have recently finished illustrating a Physics text-book called, The Cosmic Dancers -- Exploring the Physics of SF, by Amit Goswami. The book is scheduled to be published this fall by Harper and Row, and utilizes many excerpts from famous sf stories that feature examples of the Physics theories being discussed by the author. My job was to execute approximately 70 illustrations and diagrams of those theories to accompany the text. Wherever possible, I tried to interpret some humorous cartoons into the work -- something that would be a little more unique and would say something about my ability to make jest of anything. It was hard work -- with an incredibly short deadline -- but I managed to turn in work that pleased the author a great deal. Which I am sure was a relief for him, since he'd never heard of me two months earlier.

Just how he heard of me is where things start to look like something out of The Illuminatus trilogy.

Earlier this year when Goswami was finishing his manuscript, he realized that he would be needing a lot of illustrations for the book, but didn't know where to get them done. In an effort to find out, he called his friend Damon Knight (strata one) to ask for suggestions about where to find a competent illustrator. Goswami apparently was unaware that Damon had once been an illustrator, but realized that he was well plugged in to certain art circles, and decided that Damon was the place to start.

He filled Damon in on what he needed for the book, and accepted Damon's offer to investigate. Damon, in turn, called California and Bill Rotsler (strata two). He knew Bill could recommend somebody who was capable. Rotsler considered the necessary qualifications and gave Damon the phone number of Grant Canfield (strata three).

According to Grant, he was sitting at home -- watching TV and getting high, no doubt -- when the phone rang. It was, of course, Mr. Knight continuing his investigation. (I visualized Grant going nearly into shock when the voice on the phone said, "This is Damon Knight calling.") Damon explained to the poor stupified Canfield what had transpired and what was needed by his friend, Amit Goswami, for his Physics book. Grant said that he thought he could do it, and Damon told

him that he would have Amit call him to sort out the details.

Things were looking all sown up for that Canfield boy, until he got his phone call from Amit Goswami. Grant, as you should know, lives in San Francisco, and Goswami was living in Columbia Maryland (where he was teaching for the summer, though his home is in Oregon) -- about an hour from Falls Church -- and it turned out that Amit was very reluctant to work through the mail from that great distance. After discussing it further with Grant, Goswami decided to try someone else. Someone closer to him. Grant recommended me.

The next evening I received a phone call from Grant telling me about all of this, giving me Goswami's number, and recommending I contact him. I was very hesitant about it. After all, doing diagrams for a Physics books seemed a little out of my league. I thanked Grant, but decided not to persue it.

But about two weeks later Goswami called me and asked about my qualifications and whether I would meet with him and his wife for lunch to discuss the matter. I did. I went in scared about how I would be received and about whether I'd make a total asshole of myself as I tried to communicate with this man and his thick accent. But my worries were typically paranoid, and I walked out of the restaurant an hour later with a commission and a free lunch.

The whole experience just proved to me that I am usually too cautious for my own good, and that I was capable of things I wouldn't have imagined previously. It felt good, and it paid pretty good, too.

So with the money made in that transaction I paid for my trip to Chicago for the Worldcon and the production of this incredibly bloated fmz. I thought that was karmically correct. Fandom had generated the work in the first place, so I put the money back into it. I figure that this way, I can still expect little presents and surprises from fandom.

In fact, next I'm gonna ask fandom for a car!

CANFIELD FOR TAFF Listen, you gotta help me.

You see, I got this friend who used to be well known in fandom and used to do lots and lots of cartoons and he even published a pretty damn fine fanzine. In fact, he was even nominated seven times for that worthless pile of shit, the Hugo Award. You may have heard of him, his name is Grant Canfield. (Yes, he of strata three.)

Anyway, Grant is running for TAFF in 1983. He is running against some pretty stiff competition, like Avedon Carol, Taral, and Larry Carmady. Now, where I need your help is right here. Despite his former greatness ("How great was he?"), Grant has

slipped a little in recent fannish memory, and I want all of you to simply try and remember how talented a writer and artist he is, and to remember to fill in his name on your TAFF ballot. Just imagine what a witty and funny and cartoony his TAFF report will be. And remember this, because Grant has already been somewhat gafiated in recent years, he'll experience no change of status after his trip. Terry Hughes may come and go, but Canfield is already gone...

I strongly recommend to my readers that they go right out and have his name tattooed on your forehead (in reverse, of course), so that each and every morning when you look in that mirror, you'll remember to vote for Canfield for TAFF.

And hell, it will make a fine conversation piece for years to come -- which is only fitting.

HOW TO GET FANZINES Last night I saw an item AFTER THE BOMB DROPS: on the news about a report that was given before Congress by the US Postal Authority. The report concerned itself with a multi-million dollar contingency plan for the distribution of mail after a nuclear war.

The Postal Representative that was testifying said that in their scenario for Atomic War there could conceivably be as many as 15 thousand survivors. He went on to say that while these "survivors" would probably suffer terrible lives, and eventually die, they would still want to receive their mail. It was the Postal Authority's task to figure out a suitable plan of action to assure that those brave Americans who would be out there dying of radiation sickness could be secure in the knowledge that they were still going to get these "Get Well Soon" cards delivered to their door -- or hole -- no matter what.

First among these contingency plans is a process by which the Post Office is assuring that they will continue to have employees after the holocaust. Since money will be worthless after the bomb -- not to mention the fact that the banks will have all melted -- the Post Office is planning to begin paying their employees now for work they will be doing after the war. Somehow, they expect to begin inserting small pay hikes into the average Postal Employee's wages, thereby giving the employees the incentive to continue their sorting and handling after the bombs have dropped. The extra money insures loyalty, plus it gives the employee something extra to help make ends meet. Keeping that money for the employees until after the bomb didn't make sense to the Post Office because there wouldn't be anything to buy, anyway.

Next, they have made provisions for the Post Office to get priority over whatever vehicles may be left un-atomized after the offensive. With these vehicles they will be able to continue their rounds,

--continued on page 71 --

that had lost its skin and stuffing, a bundle of broken wooden venetian blind slats, and a suitcase full of mixed loose 16mm movie film and feathers. During my high school days I discovered a "voodoo cemetary" and lugged home assorted broken crockery stolen from the grave goods. While working in my father's store, I acquired a box of especially interesting broken glass. I couldn't help myself!

When I left Savannah I had to dispose of a large part of my trash collection and once I was gone my mother -- a compulsive house cleaner -- chucked most of the rest of it. But once I settled in New York I discovered, via Steve Stiles, the delights available in Manhattan's construction excavation sites -- also known as Dig-We's (from Con-Ed's "Dig We Must For A Growing New York" campaign). There was a large, deep one in Fulton Street where an 18th Century ship slip had been filled in with trash to make additional land. (Most of lower Manhattan is built directly on a foundation of trash,) From this site I garnered boxes of busted dishes, broken bottle bottoms, bits of clay pipestems and blackened soup bones. In no time at all, I had amassed another fine trash collection.

Eventually I moved again, and had to discard much of my treasured trash once more. But soon I lucked into a prime new source. During my first few years in Port Charlotte, a man came to the door once a week delivering free trash. I got cartons of non-functioning kitchen appliances, lamp parts, obsolete radios and flayed furniture. This was a whole new field of trash for me. I never had it so good. My house is largely furnished with -- literally -- rummage store rejects. All of my living room chairs were intercepted on their way to the dump. (My dinette set came off a trash heap in N.Y.C..) My best floor lamp arrived here in pieces, over a period of time. My toaster, electric canopener, etc., etc., were assembled from odds and ends of trash. For a time I was so overrun with toasters and canopeners that I was forcing one or another or both on every guest who came by car and stayed overnight. (Sort of a static Johnny Appleseed of appliances, sending my trash out into the world.)

I filled up the garage with trash. I filled up the bone room with trash, I stuffed trash into closets and under beds. I hid it behind the books on the shelves. I buried layer upon layer of trash under yet more trash. Then the Trash Man retired and my weekly deliveries stopped. I was again reduced to beachcombing nuts and bolts and scraps of wire and things that fell off trucks from the streets. (Just in time, too. The house would not have accomodated many more of those free deliveries.)

I've long since lost control of my trash. This is the same thing as losing control of one's library -- you know, the day when you realize that you can no longer lay hand on any and every title you own with your eyes closed, but must begin to search for the book you want. And then comes the day when you know you've got it, but you can't find it at all. Recently I realized that not only had this happened to my personal library and my trash collection, but to my mind as well.

It is not tangible trash alone that I have been accumulating over the years. What with cheap books off the last-chance tables in front of bookstores, decades of radio, fanzines, comic books, the backyards of old magazines, reprints of Monkey Ward's catalogs, conversations, eavesdroppings, etc., and then the Information Explosion; I have crammed my brain with a wealth of useless information.

Now TV makes daily deliveries of trash: sitcoms, old movies, PBS documentaries, college-at-home classes, local news features, etc. This stuff has been flowing helter skelter into my skull until I've lost control of what's in there. Like the bone room and the garage, my mind is so piled with accumulation of years that only the surface layers are accessible. Every now and then, in my search for something in particular, I scramble the heaps and something long buried surfaces, but it is seldom what I was searching for in the first place.

TOTEM POLE RICH BROWN

AIR FORCE TIMES I was briefly an Air Force Times editor -- and someday might go into detail about it. I got the job because I'd been in the USAF and had an impressive editorial background. I held it "bridfly" because I was fired for taking an anti-sexist stand -- and while writing about it might make an interesting anecdote with which to impress feminist friends, it's the Air Force and the time I spent there I really want to talk about.

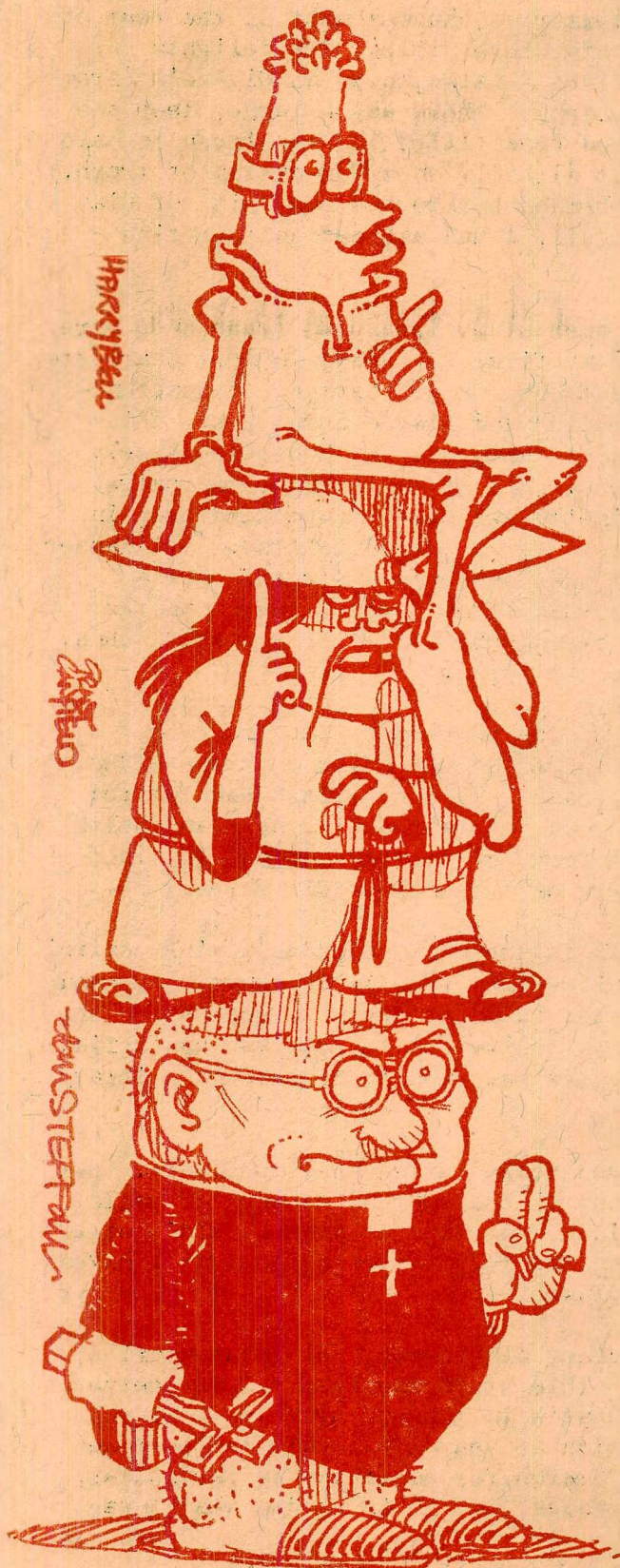
My reasons are a bit complex. I made passing reference to my enlistment in the "Totem Pole" I wrote about Ted Johnstone/Dave McDaniel -- how I was in Florida and Germany when the Coventry shit hit the fans in L.A., so my knowledge of what went on was second- or third-hand.

I reread that column several times. I read my own pieces several times anyway (doesn't everyone?), partly from sheer egoism but also because I can see ways to improve what I've written (even, or perhaps especially, if it's too late to do anything about it) -- but in this case I had added impetus; people said nice things about it and I wanted to see if I could understand why.

I still don't know if I understand why. But that "passing Reference" stood out in these rereadings and got me thinking about how easily I might be misunderstood. If someone says they've been in the Marines, after all, the mental image conjured up is of a gung-ho, flag waving redneck -- unless they also mention having chained themselves to the Washington Monument to protest the Vietnam war. While the Air Force isn't the Marine Corps, I decided to write this piece to avoid the potential for such misunderstandings.

First, though, a little necessary background.

I was a precocious kid. My parents taught me to read before I entered kindergarten. School bored me. I skipped a grade but probably should've skipped two or three -- I soon passed everyone else and was bored again. The school's decision-makers may have thought skipping more than one might present me with too many social



and/or psychological problems. Whatever the reason, I did not skip another grade and so was dripping with ennui by the time I reached junior high school, which made me ripe for fandom. Having learned in mundania that intelligence is not always appreciated, at first I affected a style in fandom which, to be charitable to myself, might be described as "zany." (At the time, there were many less charitable descriptions -- but we won't go into that.) However, largely due to the good advice I received in fandom -- essentially, "Be Yourself" -- I opened up, became more natural which, in general, is a Good Thing for people to do.

In this instance it may not have been the wisest thing I could have done. I didn't know my mother was monitoring my fanac -- until she confronted me, three weeks before high school graduation, with a Cultzine in which I said I was an atheist. My parents were fundamentalists. My mother tore up the fanzine, said my father would punish me and sent me to my room to contemplate my follies.

While not upset by the threat of punishment, I was angry over the destruction of a fanzine which contained something I'd written (I was egocentric even then). I went to my room but walked out the back door -- and did not return until I graduated high school. I lived with a friend until I graduated -- my parents never thought to look for me at school -- and returned with permission forms in hand to allow me to join the Navy. Yes, the Navy.

My mother felt (although she didn't say) she'd not raised her boy to be a sailor. A soldier, perhaps, but not a sailor. So she had my rich uncle, the garbage disposal king of Southern California, take me out on the ocean in his cabin cruiser in rough weather.

Her plan worked. Quite frankly, I've never been so sick and hope I'm never ever that sick again. But I decided the Navy was not for me.

I had few valid reasons to enlist. I'd been told I had a "military obligation" and never questioned it. But a choice seemed sensible -- I thought the USAF or Navy preferable to, say, the Marine Corps or Army. I had no skills to earn a living and my parents couldn't afford to send me to college -- or, had they been able, might have been unwilling to do so unless I recanted my views -- but I could take college courses cheaply while in the service, perhaps learn something useful. I would be on my own, able to do and say -- at least in fanzines -- what I wanted. And the recruiter assured me with my test scores, I'd have no problem getting into journalism school. (Many enlistees came to hate their recruiters, who told them any number of lies to get them to join. I might have been among them had I not recalled a joke about a railroad station-master who, asked if a train were running on time, replied in the affirmative; when it pulled in two hours late and the person who'd asked confronted him about it, he replied, "Sir, I'm not paid to knock the railroad.")

These "reasons" were sufficient to make me eager to get in.

I failed my physical (I was 20 lbs. underweight), so went home for a three-week banana-eating binge -- bananas for breakfast, lunch, dinner, snacks. Bananas aren't fattening; they just stop you up. ("No shit?" you say. "Exactly," I reply.) I put on 18 lbs. in three weeks -- still under their minimum. But even then, when Vietnam was an obscure place to which we were at most sending "military advisors," people were anxious to stay out of the service -- so my recruiters must've realized they had a Live One in me. They fudged my weight and let me join; of course, I lost the weight when I went on a, shall we say, looser diet.

I enlisted in late 1958 and went in a few days after attending the Solacon.

I didn't know what to expect of basic training. In my family only an uncle had

ever enlisted, so my perceptions about the service were mostly fannish ("all knowledge is contained in fanzines" -- Charles Burbee). That same year Kent Moomaw, a well-known young fan, slit his wrists in a Cincinnati park when told he was 1-A; Bill Courval, editor of MANA, put a bullet through his head after Army basic. Before I finished my first weeks at Lackland AFB, outside San Antonio, Texas, I felt I understood something of their reasoning. By which I don't mean I was near suicide, only that I quickly came to realize how Joining Up Had Been A Big Mistake. (Actually, I reached this conclusion after my first week but couldn't think of a way to rectify it --although the idea of just walking away had a certain hard-to-resist appeal. Suicide was not a serious option because too much of what was going down was bizarre and/or funny.)

Being precocious and somewhat spoiled meant my experience in life told me I could have my own way if I applied myself. As when they wouldn't let me put "Atheist" on my dog-tags: "But I don't believe in god," I argued. "Never mind that," the sergeant making the tags replied, "what were you before you were an atheist?" "An iconoclast," I said. He asked me to spell it. I obliged.

At the end of my third week I got lucky, although at first I didn't see it that way because what I actually got was sick -- a case of pneumonia. By the time I recovered, the people I'd entered with were weeks ahead in the 12-week cycle -- and rather than put me in a new group, it was decided my qualifications could best be put to use if I became a supply specialist. This was taught at Amarillo AFB, Texas, along with the last eight weeks of "basic." I had completed three; they excused me from the fourth and sent me off.

I thought them generous until I started the school, at which point I realized how thoroughly I'd been screwed. A supply specialist is someone who looks up stock numbers in a catalog. It's a cushy job for those who make the service a career but has no civilian application -- and I'd joined in the hope of getting something useful out of my enlistment.

But then I was suckered into feeling comradeship for the people with me -- there being few things more likely to instill such feelings than wading through crap together. We drank beer (many for the first time), went to movies and complained about our miserable treatment, yet had to admit we had it better than the unfortunates back at Lackland. We got weekend passes and, after our first week, were allowed to wear civilian clothes to town. Of course, what the USAF could give, the USAF could take away -- but if we Pulled Together Like A Team, why, we could keep what they had "given" us. There were enlistees rowdier than I ever was -- and this served to keep most of them in line.

One night after we'd all seen a live magic/hypnotism act, I demonstrated how I could hypnotize people. This may have saved me from what could have been the consequences of my first real dispute with the Air Force. A barracks inspection was held while we were off attending school and some fanzines, neatly stacked in my drawer, were confiscated. As I've said, I left home because I was a little touchy about what was done to and with things (like fanzines) I considered my own. While we were not supposed to leave our barracks without permission, when I found out what had happened I stomped across the quadrangle and into the First Sergeant's office. Without prefacing or ending my remarks with the obligatory "Sir," I told him I'd heard some of my magazines had been taken.

"That's right," he said, looking up from his desk.

"I want them back," I said. At first he looked at me incredulously. I thought he might yell -- something sergeants are known for (they all go to Yell School) -- but he paused, seemed to think better of it, looked down at his desk.

"I don't know--" he started.

To do what I'd done, I'd made myself Get Worked Up About It -- consequences be damned. I found myself thinking if I wasn't going to get what I wanted from my enlistment, for all I cared they could kick me out. "I want them back now," I said. "I don't want arguments or explanations, I want them back right this minute." I shook a fist at him. I was trembling with anger and fear but I don't think he noticed. He paused, then pulled the fanzines out of his drawer and gave them back; he did not look at me or say a word. Non-plussed, I returned to barracks and put them where I'd kept them before. They were not taken again nor was anything said of the incident -- although for a few weeks I had nightmares about being hauled out of bed and marched before a firing squad.

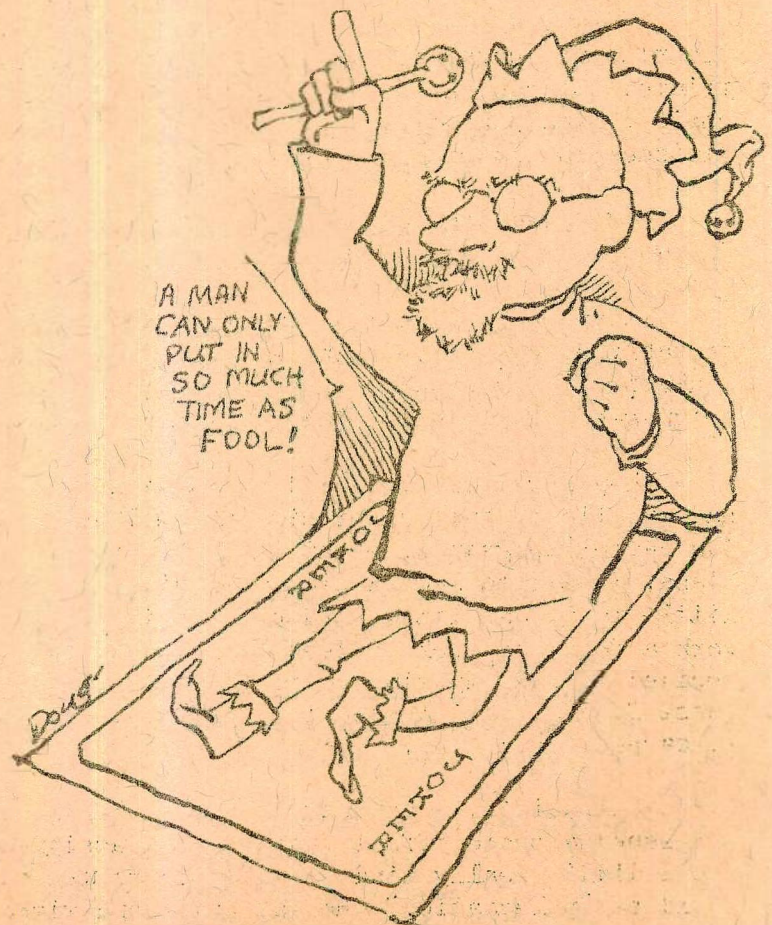
I cannot say precisely why nothing happened; the only hypothesis I ever came up with was that he'd heard about my hypnosis demonstration. If so, he was either afraid I'd hypnotize him against his will (which isn't possible) or convinced that, since I'd demonstrated I could hypnotize someone, he couldn't say no to my "suggestion" (which is barely possible). I suppose I'll never know.

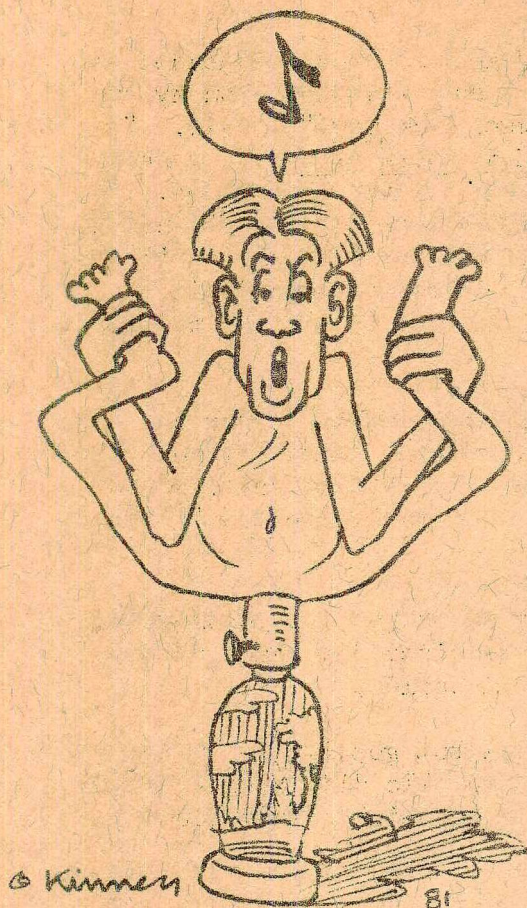
A short while later I did something which almost got me out on a psychological discharge. (The idea had actually come to mind, only to be discarded, each time I reminded myself my training would do me no good in the Real World.)

We were supposed to finish basic while going to school but got little in the way of drill. It was a cold winter and the flat land around Amarillo did nothing to impede the wind. (Sometimes, marching to classes, airmen in my weight class found themselves straggling because they couldn't march against the wind -- it was that strong.) And one day, having made it to the relative warmth of the classroom, while our instructor droned on about USAF and general stock numbers, I fell asleep.

This happened to trainees so frequently that instructors had a standard operating procedure for dealing with it: They would get behind you, their mouth near the back of your neck, and shout you to attention; when you jumped to your feet, they had you "hit a brace" and read you the Riot Act. This is what my instructor started to do to me.

I don't claim to be Superman -- it would have worked but I came awake as he was walking behind me, so I knew what was coming. Dimly, I realized if that back-of-my-mind "plan" would ever work, it would work here -- and this dim realization, rather than a conscious decision, triggered it. When the instructor followed form, I didn't. I raised my head off my arm, got slowly to my feet, turned toward him so I was looking him in the eye -- destroying his psychological advantage, which





was simply that he could not be seen while shouting insults and abuse ("Get your head out of your ass!" seemed to be a favorite). I put my hand on his shoulder and said, "You do not even begin to apprehend your danger when you dare speak to me in that fashion. I am Lord Jommar Lynn, Lord Leader of Lynn, Lord Protector of Mongloidia-Kentonia, Bishop of Southfarthing, Patron Cleric of the Civilized Man and Number Two of the Upper Twelve of Coventry! I warn you, sir, if you use that tone with me again, I shall be forced to deal with you most harshly."

This was apparently not as outre to him as it may sound to all of you. He calmly said a man would like to discuss the matter with me -- and had me escorted to the psychologist's office. Once there, I explained how my enemies on Coventry had conspired to place my mind in this body in the unwarranted belief I would not dare reveal myself. However, I confided, there were pressing matters requiring attention which made it mandatory for me to return. The psychologist allowed as how he might be able to help me get back as far as California...

He may have intended to administer tests. Had he done so, he might have trapped me -- or I might have convinced him. This is another thing I'll never know -- after I thought it over, I decided I couldn't go through with it. A pity. I Admitted All at my next interview and told him what had

prompted my outburst. While he could have kicked me out, he was sympathetic -- even pointed out how, after I'd been in for a year, I could retrain in a specialty of my choice, even journalism school if that was what I wanted. It seemed reasonable; I finished the course and was assigned to Tyndall AFB, near Panama City, Florida.

I've often thought I might have been better off if I'd gone ahead with Plan A. But not for any reason you might suspect.

It had been my belief regular AF life would be nothing like basic. It would probably be more like being a bus driver -- you'd wear a uniform to work but that would be it. Oh, sure, there would be KP and similar duty chores, but they wouldn't be gung-ho about them. And, generally speaking, I was correct.

When I got to Tyndall I was assigned to a small supply unit run by a major who had two lieutenants under him, as well as a warrant officer, chief master sergeant, two master sergeants, eight tech sergeants, 12 staff sergeants, 15 airmen first class, 25 airmen second class, 40 airmen third class and two airmen basics. We had little to do and little space to do it in; we had so many people it was necessary to work a four-day week to keep from falling over each other. This being the case, I decided to bide my time until my first year crawled to a close. When it did, my request for journalism school was denied. The reason: There were not enough people in my career field. Ho. Ho.

Fortunately, I no longer cared. In the interim Norm Metcalf, a sercon fan who published a photo-offset fanzine, was assigned to Tyndall. But Norm wasn't the reason I didn't really mind -- if I had to use one word to describe him I suppose it would be "phlegmatic." He was quiet and without much energy -- although he had a sense of humor he seldom displayed in fandom. Anyway, Norm got a pocksarcd from

Redd Boggs suggesting he look up Shelby Vick. ShelVy, Redd told him, was an old-time fan who had lived in Lynnvillle, somewhere near Panama City. Although it was quite near, we didn't have to find it. Norm was in town, saw a sign which read, "Vick's Mimeograph Service" and, believing it too good a clue to ignore, discovered it was indeed the enterprise of one Shelby Vick, former CONFUSION editor and mastermind of the WaW With The Crew in '52 campaign.

So it was meeting and getting to know the Vicks which initially helped improve the quality of my life at Tyndall and allowed me to laugh off the fact that the Air Force would always be a dead-end for me.

Shelby's wife of less than a year, Suzanne, was pregnant when Norm and I met them. Shelby and Suzy were bright, intelligent, witty, fun-to-be-with people; Suzy was interested in fandom (she'd been a friend of both Felice Rolfe and Dave Van Arnam before she met Shelby) and Shelby wanted to get reinvolved. To this end they wrote for my SAPSzine and were participants in the expanded Carbon Reproduced Amateur Press. And for a while they put out a weekly fanzine, TIRED FEET, for which I wrote a short column entitled "Linament -- Or, Something For TIRED FEET." (The title was the best thing about it.) TF was mostly one and occasionally three to five pages long -- with the mailing wrapper making it appear mostly two and occasionally four to six pages in length, if you follow me.

From my experiences in LA, I already knew fandom could be an extended or self-adopted family. And Shelby and Suzy were incredibly easy people to like. So I did not feel awkward when I first met them; the feeling of immediate friendship which sprang up seemed, if anything, the most natural thing in the world. Their home in Lynnvillle and office in Panama City soon became a home-away-from-home for both Norm and myself. I learned to operate the Gestetner 360 and wrote the first draft of my Great American Kgnovel (or "GAK" for short) in their office, shared food and fellowship in their home. And, thanks to the good times we had, I was able to see the USAF as perhaps a dead-end but also a way to make a little money and occupy my "mundane" time -- yet hardly to be bothered with and only to be endured. The evenings and weekends spent with Shelby, Suzy and Norm were what mattered -- a timeless time when wit could flow like wine as we worked on fanzines, went places and did things together.

It was Shelby who first gave me a line I've often used in describing myself (under the generally accepted principle that The Old Lines Are The Best). I was then the self-described Angry Young Man of SAPS; I often engaged in heated arguments. Shelby and Suzy, as noted, wrote things for my SAPSzine and helped me run it off. After reading one of my diatribes, Shelby smiled wryly, looked at me with a twinkle in his eye and said quietly, "Well, rich, I certainly have to hand it to you -- you rush right in where even angels fear to tread."

I was incredibly slow on the uptake -- so I took it as a compliment; a testament, if you will, to my forthright and fearless manner. A few days later, when the real meaning dawned on me, I fell off my bed in a heap of laughter.

They got me into a writer's group and involved in the local community theatre, so it wasn't "just" fannishness -- although in truth I developed my appreciation for Sixth Fandom reading ShelVy's files of OOPSLA!, CONFUSION and QUANDRY.

It was a blissful, care-free, fun-filled time, with lots of dry wit, good natured humor and terrible puns, and I thought it would probably go on forever -- or at least for a long, long time.

But then:

Things happen so fast. Friday Suzy saw the doctor and he said to keep in

touch with him. Monday morning she had to go back, and he told her to go to bed. The world turned a bit, and that night I took Suzy to the hospital. At 1:22, Laura Jane Vick was born; at 2:22, Lisa Carol Vick was born. The mother was doing fine, and was returned to her room. At three, the father left to go home for his first sleep in 30 hours or so. At five, the mother woke up, and the world was still turning. At 6:30, the hospital called -- and the world paused in its way. The twins were failing. They were, of course, premature; one weighed 2 pounds 2 ounces, one 1 pound and fifteen ounces. I got to the hospital before seven. The first twin died a few minutes after that, and the second one died at 7:30. This was Tuesday, July 19th; the day the world stood still...

The doctors explained it to us; there had been a placenta seperage; somehow, it had come loose, a thing it shouldn't do until after birth. That cuts off the blood to the baby -- in this case, babies -- and, of course, they can't live. Actually, the doctor had told us ahead of time that he thought they would be dead at birth (only he thought it would only be one). They tell us that it's little less than a miracle that they lived at all. But it was just a short-term miracle...

Everyone has been wonderful. My ex-secretary, Glenna, came in and ran the office for me. All sorts of people send flowers. Yesterday, when Suzy needed someone with her all the time, just to keep from dwelling on it too long, there were all sorts of people continuously coming and going; thoughtful, considerate people. The florist who fixed the spray of flowers for the little casket sent a spray much more costly than the one I had paid for. And other people did things that could never be valued in money.

So now, slowly, sluggishly, the world begins to move again. There's a small, numb place in our hearts that will never be the same -- but otherwise we're all right. Eventually, the world will again be spinning almost as usual, with only a very tiny wobble...

This isn't really an issue of TF; this is just a letter to a lot of people who we know are interested, people who should be written to -- but I can't do the writing. TF, possibly, won't come out again. I don't know. But in any case, no one will be hearing from us for a while.

Thank you. Pardon me if I don't fill the rest of the page.

That was ShelVy in the next-to-last issue of TIRED FEET. The final issue was a "thank you" to people who expressed sympathies.

I was working at the supply shack when I got the news; the Officer of the Day called me. "You know some folks named Vick?" he asked. "Sure," I said. "Well," he said, "she went into the hospital, had twins." "Hey, great!" I said. He said, "Yeah, well, the twins died."

I dropped the receiver. Then I picked it back up by the chord and smashed it against a nearby wall. (I had to pay for it later.)

That was my initial reaction. My ultimate reaction, while somewhat less violent, was without question more destructive. I, sensitive fannish soul that I was, complicated ShelVy and Suzy's sad tragedy inexcusably.

I fell in love with Suzy Vick.

I still ask myself how I could've done that. To this day I don't know. How could I? I loved Shelby, too.

One can't excuse the inexcusable, but in truth I hadn't known it was happening. There had been, as you might expect in a group of three males and one female (even though the female was married to one of the males), a little flirting -- harmless stuff, it seemed, an expression of affection one could not otherwise express. I thought myself a romantic, but looking back I see someone not out of his emotional adolescence. Well, I suffered the pangs of Lancelot -- or thought I did -- but never won Gueneviere. There was no "love affair." There were stolen kisses -- and if, like Gueneviere, she kept this secret from Arthur for a while, it was not (like Gueneviere) because she reciprocated my feelings but because she felt guilty for having caused them. (I learned this later, in correspondence, when she told me the flirting had only amused her until I said I was afraid, if the joke ever turned real, I would hurt them both. Unfortunately, due to the fact that initially they found it next to impossible to talk to each other about the tragedy, the timing of my revelation was such that neither Suzy or I could cope with it when it ever-so-briefly turned real).

Suzy eventually told Shelby. We talked it over, decided we should not see each other for a while. Or Shelby decided. I have no doubt Suzy felt the same way by that time. I simply acquiesced. What the hell, I was a romantic 18-year-old Airman Third Class with nothing to offer anyone.

I drank a lot, wallowed in the Big D, enacted Cheltenham tragedies -- not always to myself -- and quit fandom, oh, several times.

Through no fault of my own, I was promoted. I put in a request for a transfer -- anywhere -- and made new friends, one even getting involved in fandom. Not that I find any pride in this, for Mike McQuown is best known for having invited himself along to a meal at Chicon with Willis and Bloch at which he constantly interrupted Bloch, possibly prompted (as Willis reported it) by Bloch's well-known inability to say anything worth hearing. Others will remember with equal distaste Mike's pestering of several femmefans. Still, we had talked of putting out a "How Now Brown-McQuown Fanzine." Like my TF column title, this may have been the best thing about it.

Several months after the decision not to see each other for a while, I got a part in a Panama City Players play and thereby found myself reinvolved with the Vicks. They had volunteered their services on the production side of the play -- and while I hadn't known about this, I probably should have suspected it. We made the best we could of it. It was at this point that McQuown, also in the play, won my undying enmity -- long before he won fandom's.

I probably should have told him nothing. Instead, I told him I had personal reasons for wanting to stay clear of Shelby and Suzy; he chose not to honor my wish to keep those reasons private and braced them both attempting to find out what they were. He lied to me when I confronted him about it and lied again to get me to attend a party by assuring me they would be elsewhere (since he knew I wanted to avoid them) although he was certain they would attend. He seemed genuinely surprised when, as a result of this, I refused to speak to him again for the duration of my stay at Tyndall. You can perhaps imagine my feelings when, years later, I heard how he had gone to Chicon and assured people there he was a friend of mine. Nothing, I felt, could be further from the truth.

Some antics with someone who was a friend of mine -- Arthur David Estes -- who never did get involved with fandom, came close, once again, to shortening my Air Force stay.

I no longer worked at the supply shack and therefore no longer worked four on/three off. I had it better: I worked night shift flight line tool supply alone, three "days" on/off. I would show up around 5:00 on appropriate evenings; by 9:00 I usually closed the doors to get down to serious work -- my GAK. Sometimes people would knock as late as 10:00 p.m. and more than once they did so at 1:00 a.m., but this was the exception rather than the rule. Most nights, around midnight, I'd call Dave, who worked the same day/hours I did in medical supply, and arrange to meet at "midnight chow" -- the best meal to be had on base. Available to night workers, it was plentiful, individually prepared and could be either a breakfast or dinner. We would hang out a "Gone to Lunch" sign and meet to discuss plans for the next day, since we had (without authorization) moved onto the economy together -- we shared a three-room house and split the \$40/month rental. After midnight chow, I would return to tool supply, wheel a dolly up to the closed doors and drop on a pile of packing material for a bed. I usually woke by 6:00, bright and refreshed, to be relieved by 7:00. I would then go to town, carp that old diem (sometimes with, sometimes without Arthur David Estes) until it was time to go back to work. I did much the same on days off, including the midnight chow, although of course excluding the work.

Dave was a prankster; one night he thought it amusing to phone every half hour or so after 1:00 a.m. to keep me awake. I was going great guns on my GAK and so didn't really mind an occasional "break" -- but then, about 3:00 a.m., when it seemed he'd given up, I decided to get some rest. At 4:30 the phone rang.

I answered it not with, "Flight Line Supply, Airman Brown speaking," but, "You asshole, what the fuck do you mean by calling at this time of the morning?" An unfamiliar voice sputtered, "What...what...do you realize who you're talking to?" "No," I said nervously. "This is General Delshaw!" (the base commander) came the reply. "Well, do you know who you're talking to?" I shot back. "No," he admitted. "Good," I said and hung up.

I've told this anecdote many times and always ended it there -- to demonstrate the victory of quick thinking over assinine authority. But in thruth it "ended" there only by luck and I could've been in big trouble -- the duty roster listed me as the only person in the building. Fortunately, there was no investigation.

My request for transfer came through and I went off to Bitburg AB, Germany, for my (believe it or not) most bizarre tangle with the USAF.

My transfer involved me with people I will always consider friends. One was Pete Williamson, the other, Wesley Burton Fisher. We believed -- together with one Ronnie Rose -- we formed Bitburg's artistic elite. Pete was a poet. Wes was a classical guitarist. I was a writer. Ronnie was a painter. Ronnie was also gay and trying to keep it a secret -- but failed and was eventually discharged. (I hasten to add he would still be my friend had he not dropped out of sight after his discharge.) His AF job was as a sign painter; because of this, he had a large room to himself -- where he both worked and slept -- which we used as our gathering spot. Ronnie had an excellent stereo system and we kept his refrigerator stocked with good Mosel wine and cheeses.

Pete was Group Translator -- he spoke eight languages -- and Wes, like me, was in supply, although in a different unit. (I was in housing supply, which was no easy chore; we stored/moved major items of furniture -- divans, refrigerators, ranges, etc. Heavy furniture.) The four of us spent a lot of time together, in Ronnie Rose's room and elsewhere. Pete, Wes and I were also all smitten with the same lady -- Wes first, me second, Pete third. Pete -- after having been confidant/advisor to both Wes and myself -- eventually married her.

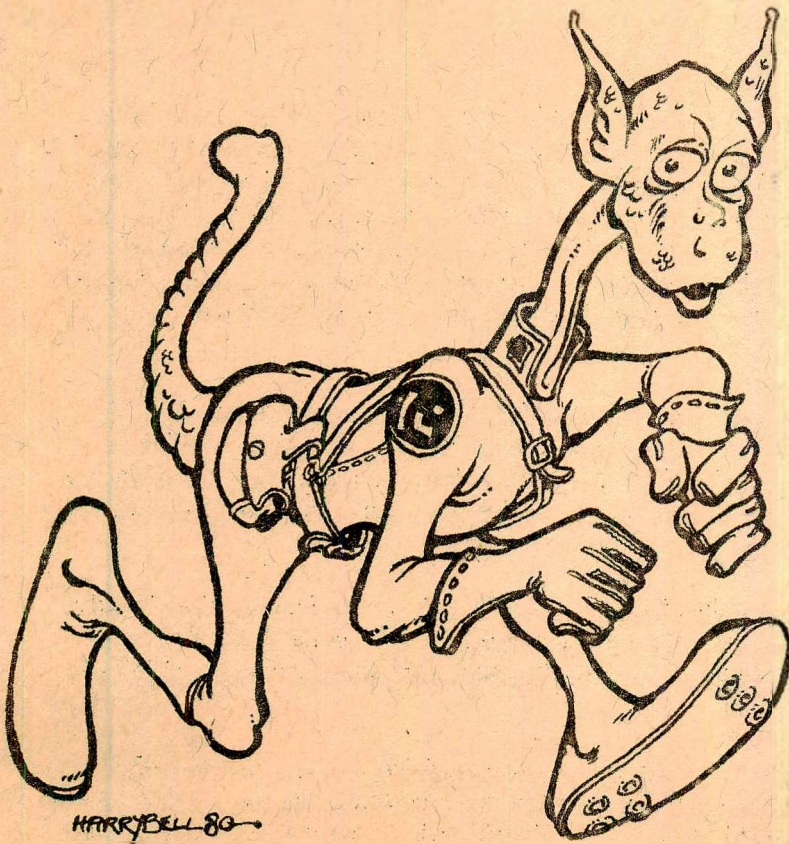
Since Bitburg was in Europe it was more gung-ho about military things than Tyndall had been. About once a month we could count on being awakened at 2:00 a.m. or so to rush out into the snow (of which there was considerable) to the Air Police barracks where we would be armed with rifles (sans ammunition) to guard aircraft in mock exercises called "Base Alerts." On the other hand, KP, the bane of all enlisteds below Airman First Class, was at a minimum; except for the officer's mess on the flight line, where a security badge was required, KP services were provided by German Nationals. This meant you might pull it twice in an 18-month tour, while at most Stateside bases you could pull it much more frequently -- in some cases, once a month.

I went into the Bitburg hospital to pass a kidney stone; I was out of pain after the first night but had nothing to do but sit and watch TV, so I asked Wes to pick me up a book at the library -- "Fiction, any kind, the biggest book you see." He brought me the 1284pp Atlas Shrugged. (Whenever I talk about this, I describe it as my "Ayn Rand Fanatic" period. For several years I was an objectivist. I didn't know it, but many of my Bitburg friends (and subsequently many of my friends in NYC) put up with this while seldom agreeing with the absurd things I said. In NYC, this had precedence in Dave Van Arnam, who had been a Nixon Republican. It was a foible, but friends -- almost by definition -- overlook each other's foibles.) While I still subscribe to some objectivist tenets, I no longer defend Rand's views (many of which are somewhat to the right of Adolf Hitler's) or call myself an objectivist.

Be all this as it may, I came out of the hospital an objectivist -- or, to be precise, an objectivist who already had (and found no reason to drop) some radical views which I'm sure Rand would have disliked. I expressed myself when and where I felt like it -- with Pete, Wes and Ronnie during our "intellectual" conversations, with people in my barracks (who had nicknamed me "The Professor") whenever we got into bull sessions. We were, you know, very much like college kids in the way we solved the world's problems over cups of coffee in the wee hours of the morning. ("Well, so much for world hunger -- now to the threat of atomic doom.") And one day, filling out

housing supply forms, I got into what I thought was such a discussion with my NCOIC (NCO In Charge), M/Sgt James Withrow. He'd gone on about how the U.S. had won WWII and I suggested maybe we didn't "win" it. I misremember the thrust of my argument, but it had to do with the incorporation of fascist/nazi ideas into the American mainstream; I cited what I considered examples and asked if, in the real sense of the word, we could be said to have "defeated" fascism and naziism. He didn't reply, so I assumed I'd made my point and didn't think any more about it -- until it showed up on my next performance report as a case of "insubordination!"

That performance report was the worst I ever received; besides being insubordinate, I was dirty (moving furniture wasn't clean work), incompetant (I'd "wasted" time returning furniture to the warehouse because the person who was to sign



boonfark seven :: page 16

for it hadn't been where he was supposed to be), high-handed (I'd reported a civilian without going through Withrow, for trying to bribe me to give him a refrigerator), disrespectful, a radical, etc., &c.

I was shown this report and told that, if I wished, I could respond to it.

Did the Angry Young Man of SAPS wish? Does the Pope play in the woods? Is the bear a Catholic?

People who recall my fanac of the period should begin to giggle as they begin this paragraph: In a mere seven pages, I polished off the insubordination, dirtiness, incompetence, high-handedness and disrespect. In the next half dozen, I took on Withrow; he'd maligned me, so I told all the dirt I knew about him -- including bribes he'd taken from enlisted men to give them officers' furniture, which, I opined, may have been what irked him so about my reporting that civilian, since it deprived him of the opportunity of taking yet another. (His response was to initiate court martial proceedings against me. Perhaps fortunately for me -- but definitely unfortunately for him -- he had a heart attack and died before the papers could be processed. Just keep that in mind, all you who are thinking of Doing Bad Things to The Kid.) I then told them what was wrong with supply on base. Then what was wrong with the base. And with the United States. And the U.S. government. As for being a radical, well, sure, by the 20th page I was willing to admit I was an anarchist. "Thomas Jefferson said the government which governs least is the government that governs best," I wrote, "so it follows that the best possible government is the government that governs not at all -- or, in a word, anachy.

While Withrow died before he could have me court martialed, my response caused the powers-that-were to have me put on the control roster and take away my security badge.

I can't begin to tell you how much pain this caused me.

Well, maybe I can.

A control roster is a squadron's list of People Being Watched. It's their way of telling you to Shape Up or Ship Out. By implication, if you don't shape up, they'll give you a "bad" discharge -- maybe not dishonorable but at least one which will be "at the convenience of the service." When this was made known to me, I reported to my squadron commander, told him I understood what being placed on the roster meant but had no intention of changing and so was quite ready to accept the consequences, whatever they might be. I saluted sloppily, turned and left before he could formulate a reply.

The First Sergeant cornered me the next day to ask if I really understood. I told him a bad discharge didn't frighten me. "Why should I care?" I said. "I'm a writer -- most of my friends are writers. They'll laugh at it or consider it a badge of honor. I won't need a regular job when I get out, so if you want to let me out six months early that's fine with me."

Amasingly and even amazingly enough, I believed what I said. Perhaps that's why my bluff was never called. What this really was was a case of Br'er Rabbit and the Briar Patch in reverse -- telling them I wanted to be thrown out made them decide not to do it.

What's more than a little disturbing is that I so thoroughly convinced myself a bad discharge wouldn't matter, I began a concerted effort to provoke them. I refused to show up for mandatory drills and inspections. The First Shirt cornered me on that,

too: "Didn't see you at inspection today, Brown," he said. "No sir, you didn't," I said and walked away.

I started giving "classes in anarchy" for the benefit of anyone assigned to spy on me and handed out a "subversive document" -- the Declaration of Independence in modern form ("When historical trends make it necessary...").

When we had our next Base Alert, the First Sergeant was angry when he found me in my bunk -- but even he laughed when I pointed out I could hardly be expected to participate without a security badge. "You won't be getting that back soon," he said. "I guess I'll just have to suffer," I replied. I ate at the snack bar (the mess halls were closed), spent the morning at the library and afternoon at supply where, there being no business to conduct while the Alert was in progress, I continued to work on my book. I followed this procedure during Base Alerts throughout the rest of my stay at Bitburg.

A few days after that first Base Alert, my name appeared on the KP roster.

I reported to the First Sergeant. "Sir," I said, "being an admitted anarchist, I do not have a security badge and so cannot pull KP on the flight line."

He thought he was ready for me; he smiled. "Don't worry about that, Brown -- just go over there and we'll vouch you in."

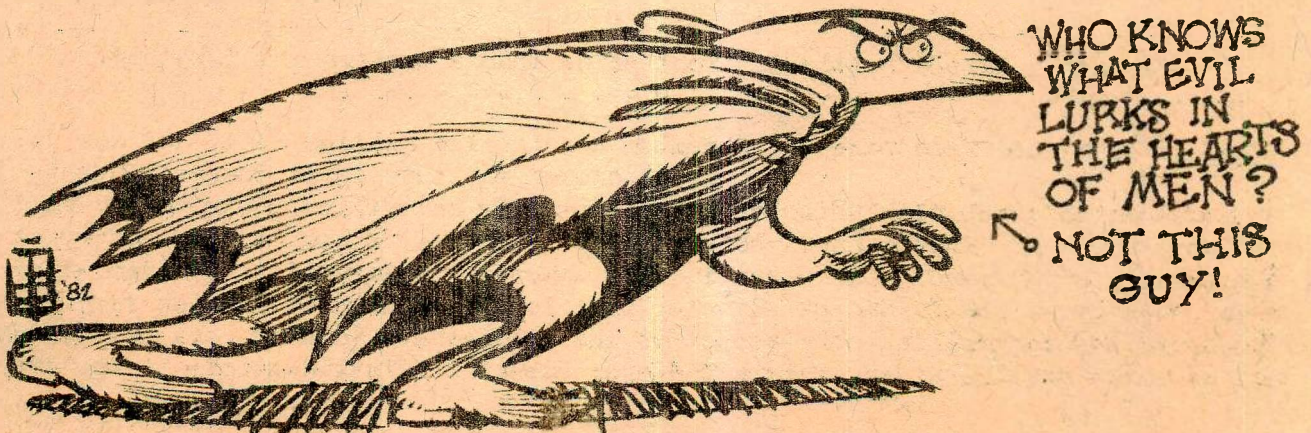
"If you do that, sir," I said, "I'll blow up you airplanes."

The next day my name was not on the KP roster.

There were other battles, but I don't recall the details anymore. Not that they were all successful: When I was told I was "government property," I wrote the IRS demanding a refund on my taxes -- pointing out that government property cannot be taxed. The IRS ignored me.

It scares me a little to realize my vulnerability -- but at the time my attitude was, if the Air Force was going to take on rich brown, the Air Force was going to lose. Delusions of grandeur, perhaps. Or someone with self-destructive tendencies, for another possibility. Probably a bit of both.

I do remember one other thing which struck me as funny at the time: A few months after I began trying to provoke them, I got my first and only medal. A Good Conduct medal. Well, I thought it was funny.



The refused to throw me out and eventually my tour of duty ended. I came back to the states to be discharged -- with the wrong Richard W. Brown's records, causing me to stay in 15 days longer than necessary. Altogether I spent four years (my term of enlistment), two months (a necessary extension so I could go to Bitburg) and 15 days (waiting for the real rich brown's records) in the USAF. Some of it was bitter: Shelby subsequently visited me in NYC when he could have avoided it at no expense to my feelings -- since he "popped up" without warning -- so maybe he really understood me better than I understood myself. But what I learned at Tyndall was that I was not always destined to be the hero in the book of my life. Yet some of it -- particularly the tour at Bitburg -- had been fun, and if I was not heroic I was at least fearless (the two are often confused) in rushing in where even an angel might fear to tread. Yet I also think perhaps I used the Bitburg experience to try to feel better after what I'd learned about myself at Tyndall.

The battle was briefly rejoined in civilian life when I expressed my intention of ignoring my Reserve obligation because, "If you give a war, I will not come -- particularly not an illegal war, as in Vietnam." I was tried in absentia in Colorado, but still didn't get a "bad" discharge. They simply decided I wasn't worth the bother.

That was okay with me. I had long since reached the same conclusion about them.

-- rich brown

"Automation will never replace the snake. Snakes do everything no hands." --Steve Stiles

If our remnants of civilization are to be saved we will need more people like... my brother James who at this moment is in a barracks in West Germany awaiting his court martial for turning himself into a symbol of sanity. On December 18, 1981/ the AP ran this story over its wires: "A U.S. Army military policeman from Vermont has been charged with participating in a public demonstration in Germany while wearing his uniform, an Army spokesman said. James E. Bergeron of Newport, Vermont, has been charged with participating in a peace demonstration December 5 in the nearby city of Heilbronn. The spokesman said Bergeron, who is assigned to the 300th Military Police Co. in Ludwigsburg, was seen by West German police wearing his uniform and singing during the rally. The rally was called to protest planned deployment of new NATO nuclear missiles in Western Europe." I spoke to James on the phone the other day -- he's well and well pleased with what is happening and concerned his message will penetrate the media and be heard in the councils of power, ie, by the people, you and me, who have forgotten that power drives from us.

James has not accepted that we are lost.

-- Richard Bergeron in PONG #30

I'd rather have a bottle in front of me than a pre-frontal lobotomy.

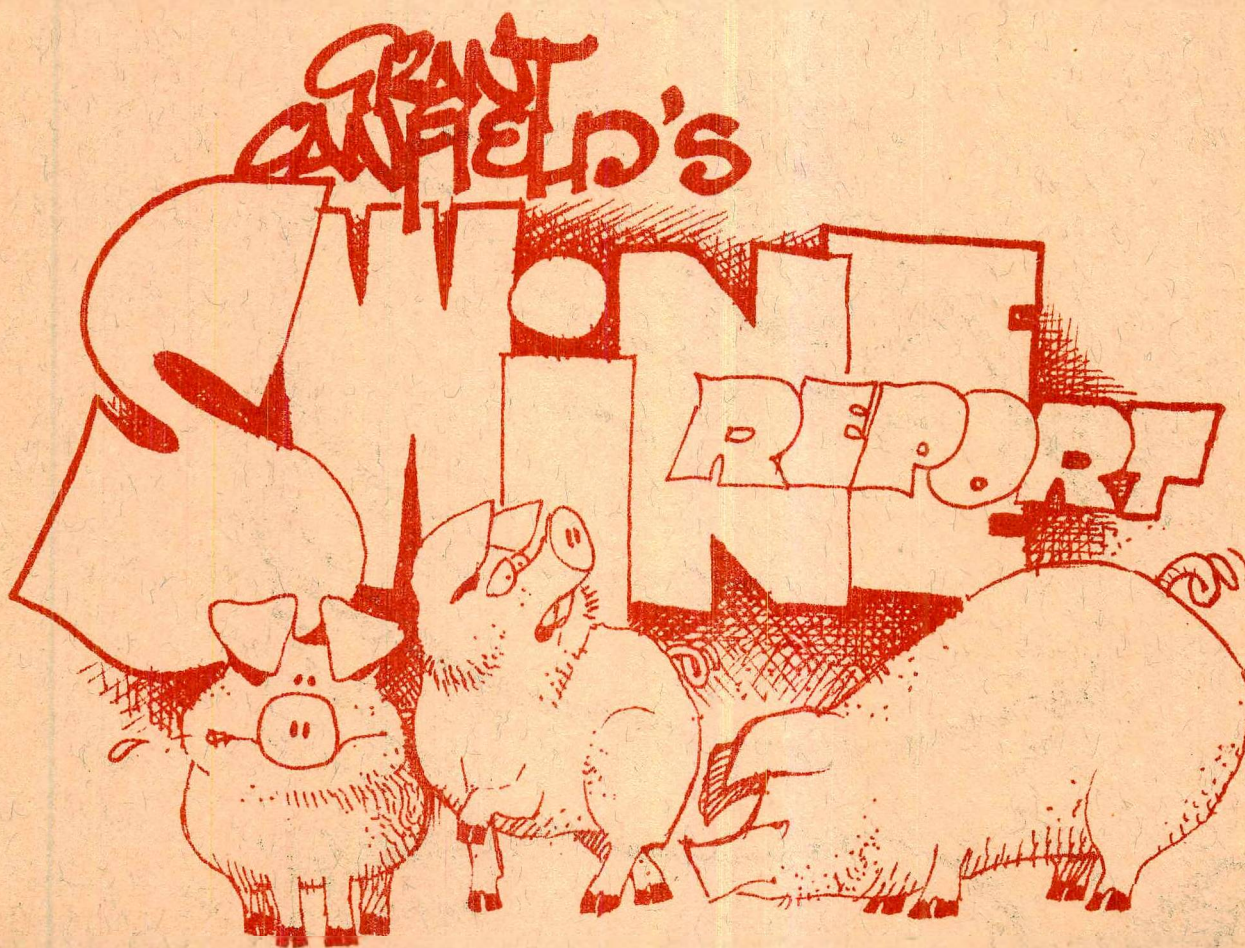
TRASH :: continued from page 5: Remember how Langley Collier went? He was crawling through one of the tunnels in the ceiling-high heaps of accumulated trash with which he and his brother had filled their house, when it collapsed on him. That's how I hope to go. I can see it now, my Ego scurrying through the tunnels of my memory banks hunting for some particular tidbit of information, when suddenly -- WHAM! Smothered under that long lost heap of fannish recollections. The conscious controlling-self-aspect of the mind gone. Nothing left but the shell. Not an empty shell, but an overstuffed one, babbling interlineations to the end.

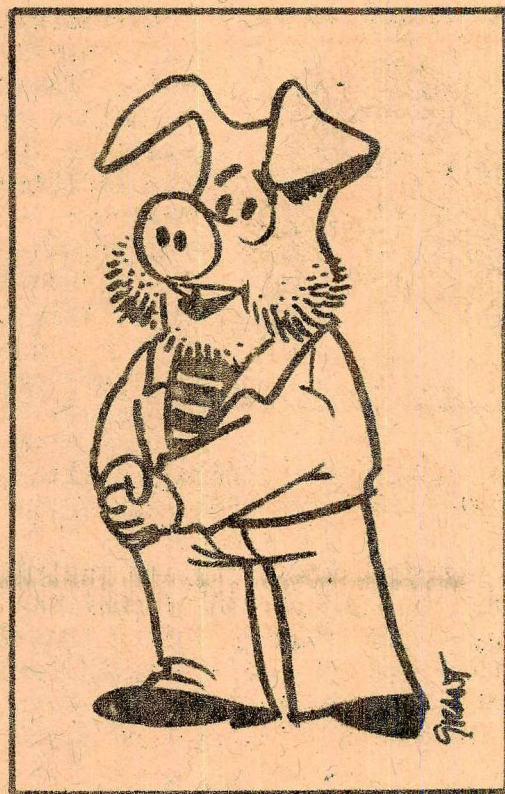
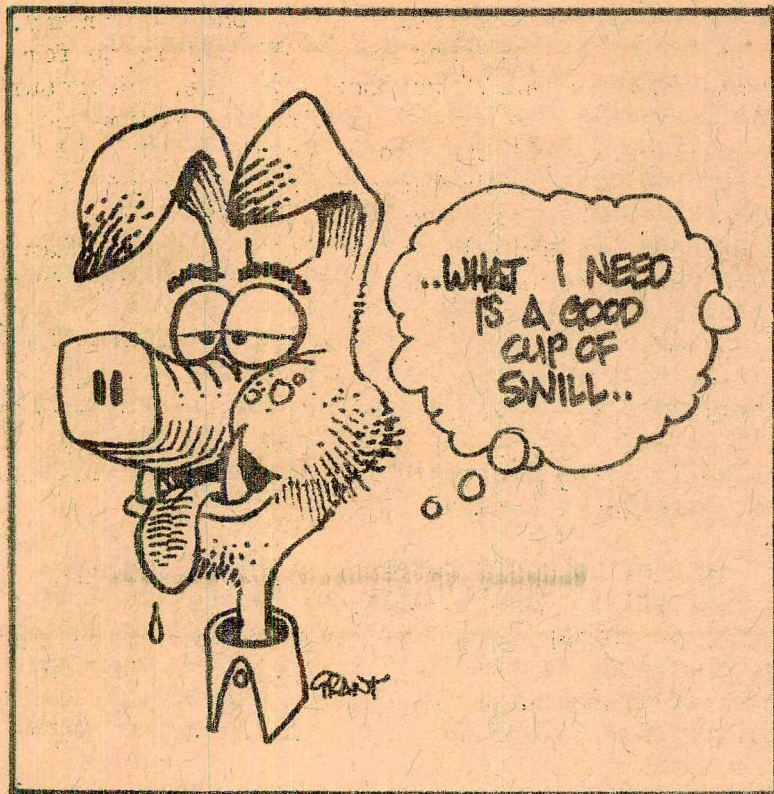
-- Lee Hoffman

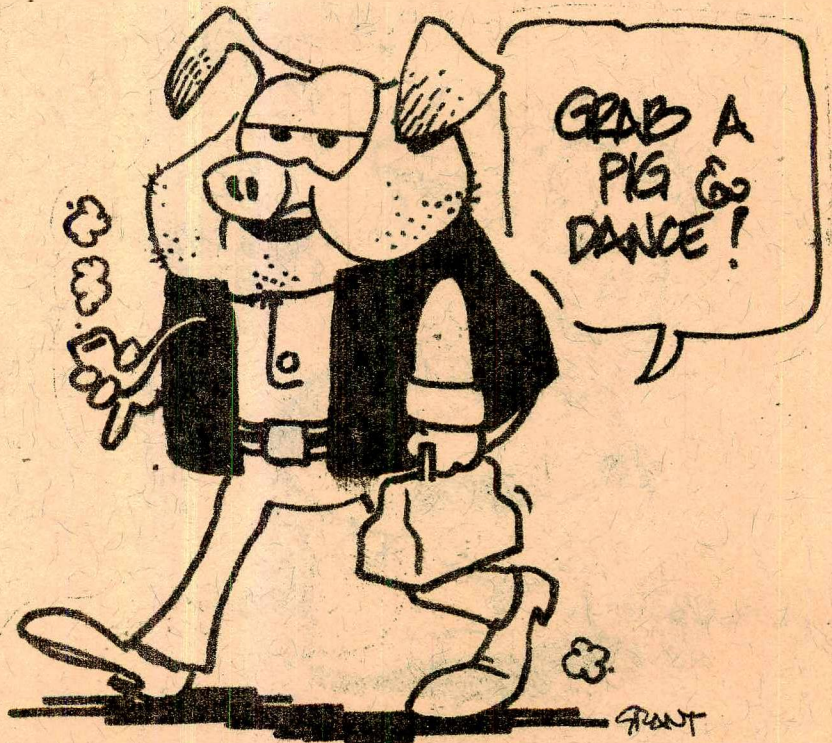
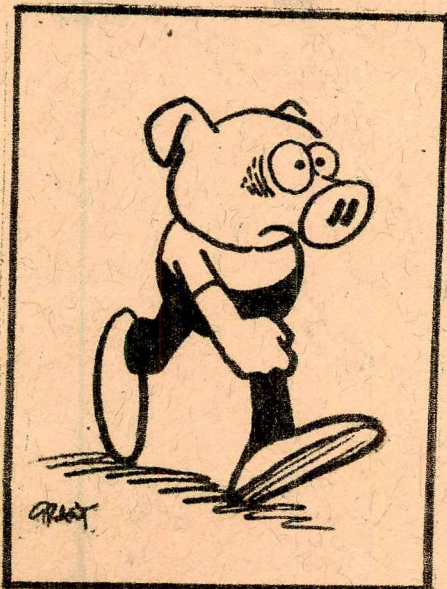
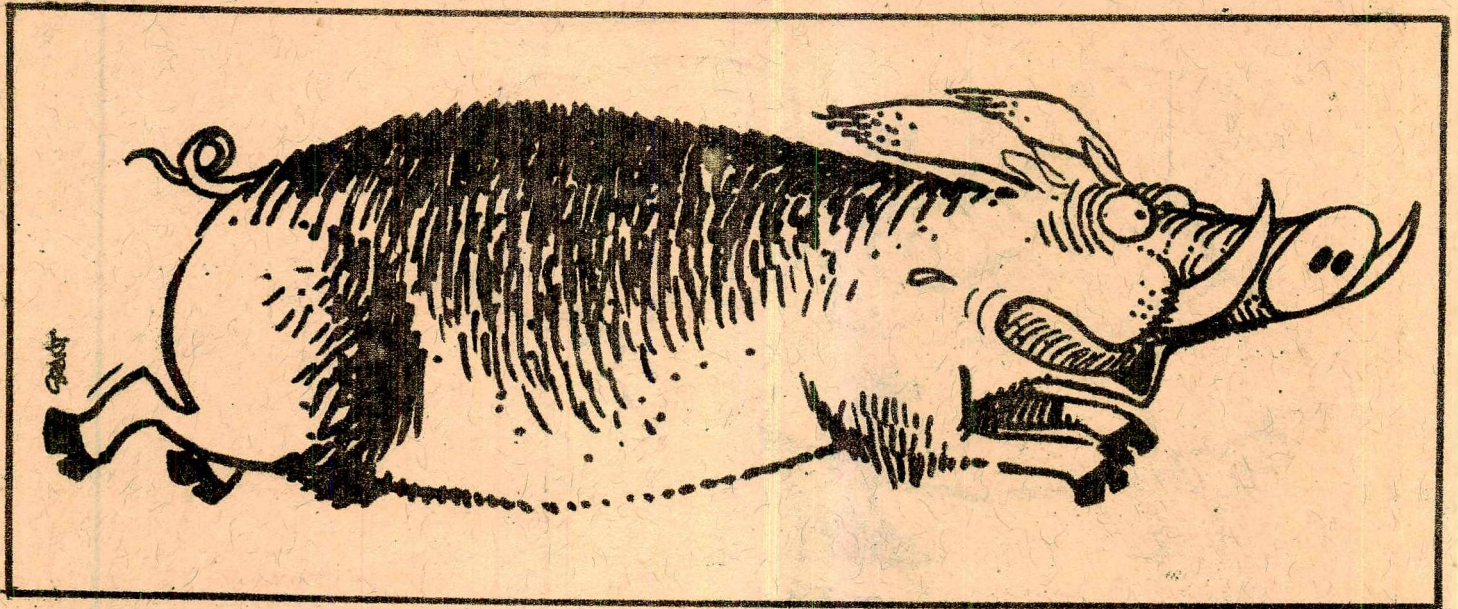


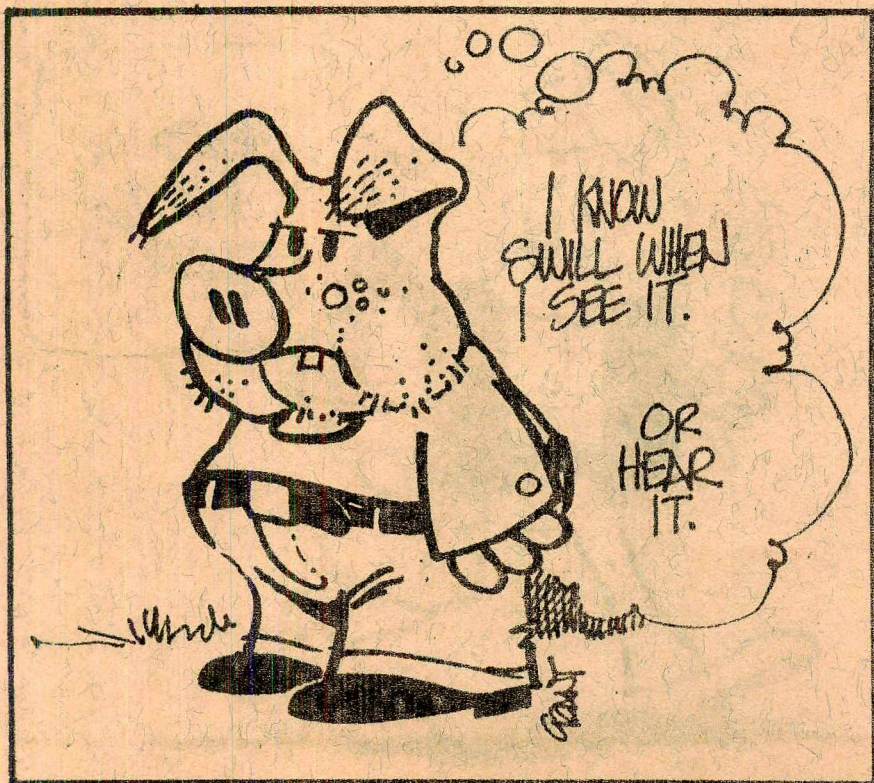
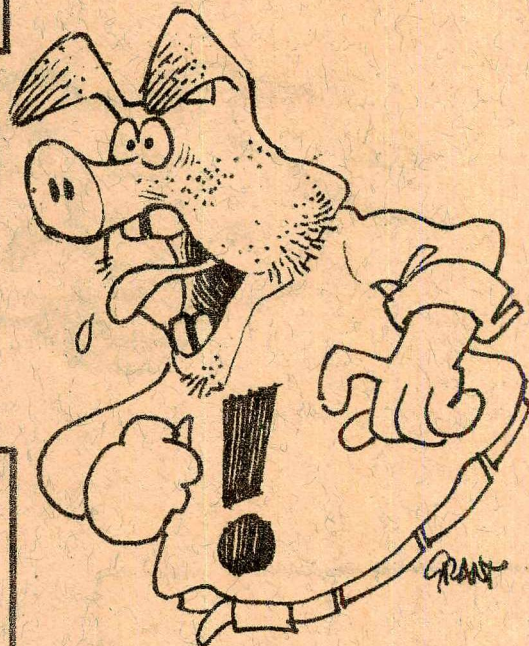
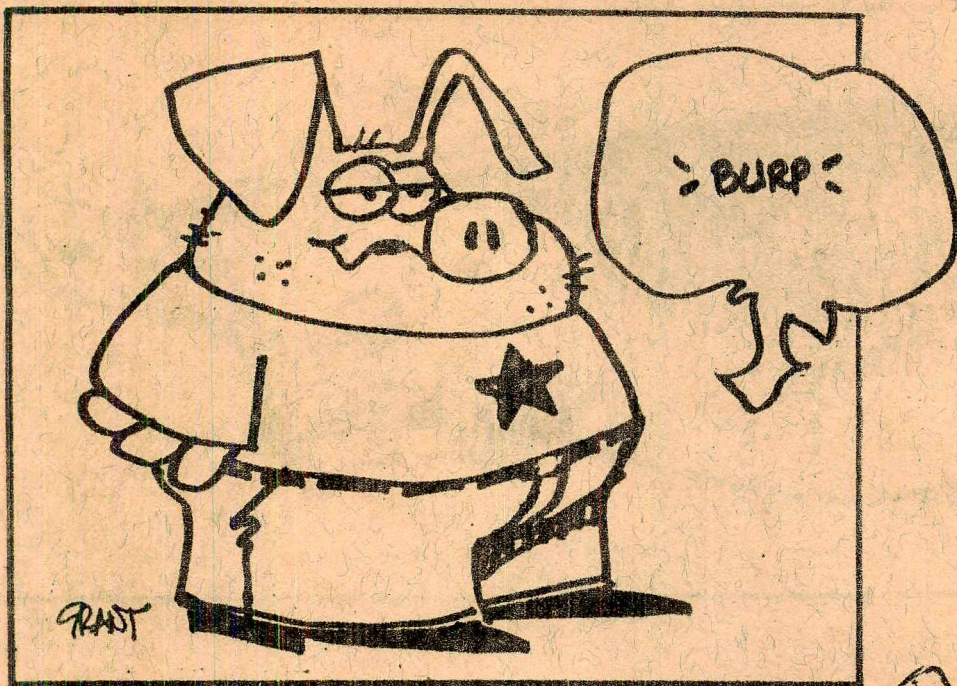
I was talking to my friend Grant Canfield on the phone recently, and I asked him if he was still running as a TAFF candidate for 1983. "Are you gonna run for TAFF?" was how I put it. He assured me that he was still intending to, and we reminisced about the origin of his TAFF candidacy. It came about on the train ride back to Virginia after the Boston Worldcon in 1980. Grant was coming to visit with Lynn and I, as were Harry Bell and Jim Barker, and in the process of drinking a bottle of whiskey that Jim had brought from 'over there', it was decided that Grant should run. "Grant, you should run," was about the way we put it. And Grant -- no longer having any free will of his own -- had to agree. So right then and there we formed the Cartoonist Party of TAFF Nominators which included Jim, Harry, and me -- and later, to fill out the ticket, Bill Rotsler and Alexis Gilliland. We knew we were a party to be reckoned with -- especially if we kept drinking Jim's booze -- and by the time we reached Washington's Union Station we had our plans all decided.

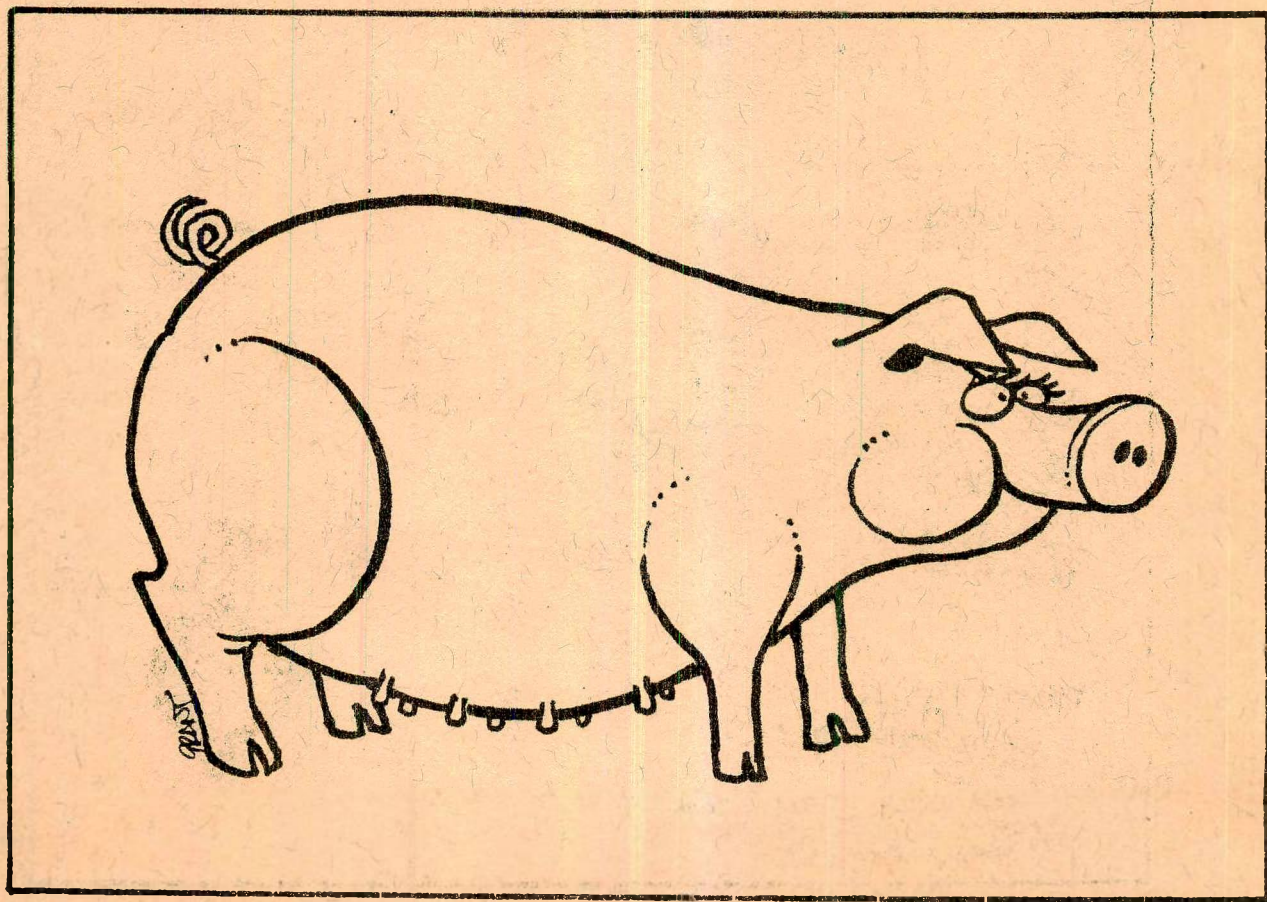
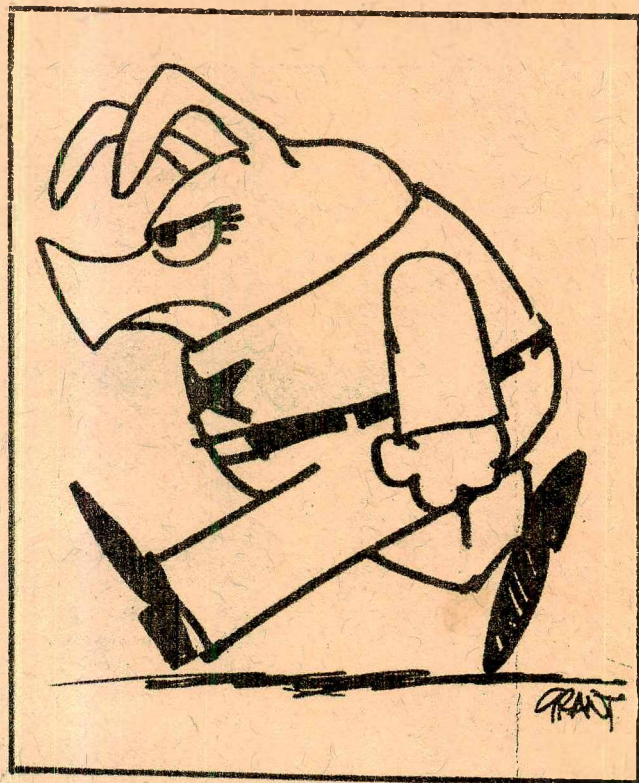
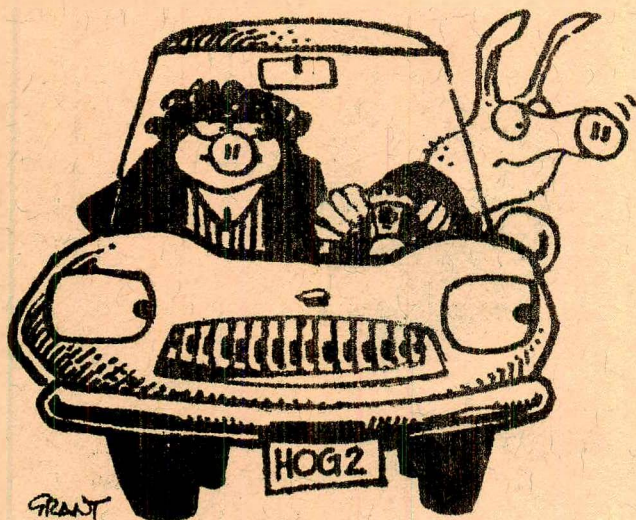
Unfortunately, by the next morning, none of us could remember a thing. We did manage to remember that Grant was gonna run, but it wasn't until our hang-overs went away -- about March 1981 -- that we remembered which year. So, in an effort to remind fandom just who this gaffiated fanartist, pretender to the TAFF throne, and a mean guy with a frisbee is, we at the Cartoonist Party present the following portfolio of some of Mr. Canfield's (pictured above) ex-girlfriends. Vote for Grant Canfield for TAFF!

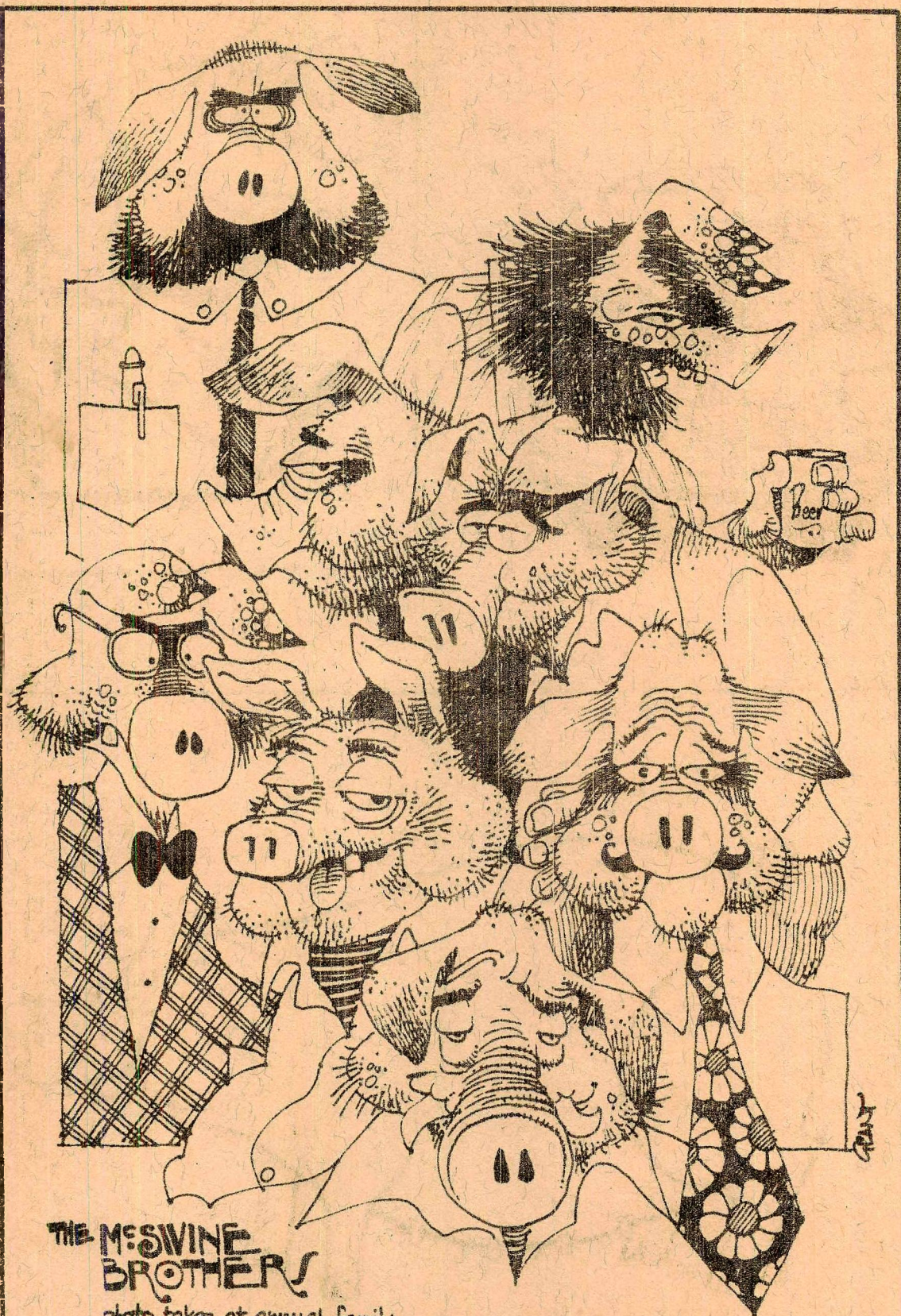












THE MESSVINE BROTHERS

photo taken at annual family picnic, May 28, 1972, in Keokuk, Iowa.

In an article on evolution in a Feminist magazine I ran across the following statement: 'It is difficult to think of any good reason for the natural evolution of monogamous pair bonding. What possible advantage could one mother/father pair offer their offspring that a matrilineal clan...could not?'

Now I found no difficulty thinking of reasons for such an evolution; why did the author? From the article, I would infer that she feels that sexism is related to pair-bonding, and if pair-bonding is the result of Evolution, then so is sexism, and that sexism is somehow validated. Which happens not to be the case. As it happens, Evolution is full of odd and useless things that are the unintended result of design changes. The colors on the inside of a bivalve shell, for instance. Or lower back pain. In order to walk upright, humanity saddled itself with lower back pain forever. Is lower back pain thereby validated by Evolution? No, but humanity has that weakness, a design weakness...the result of a compromise made with the ideal... and you have to remember to lift your legs.

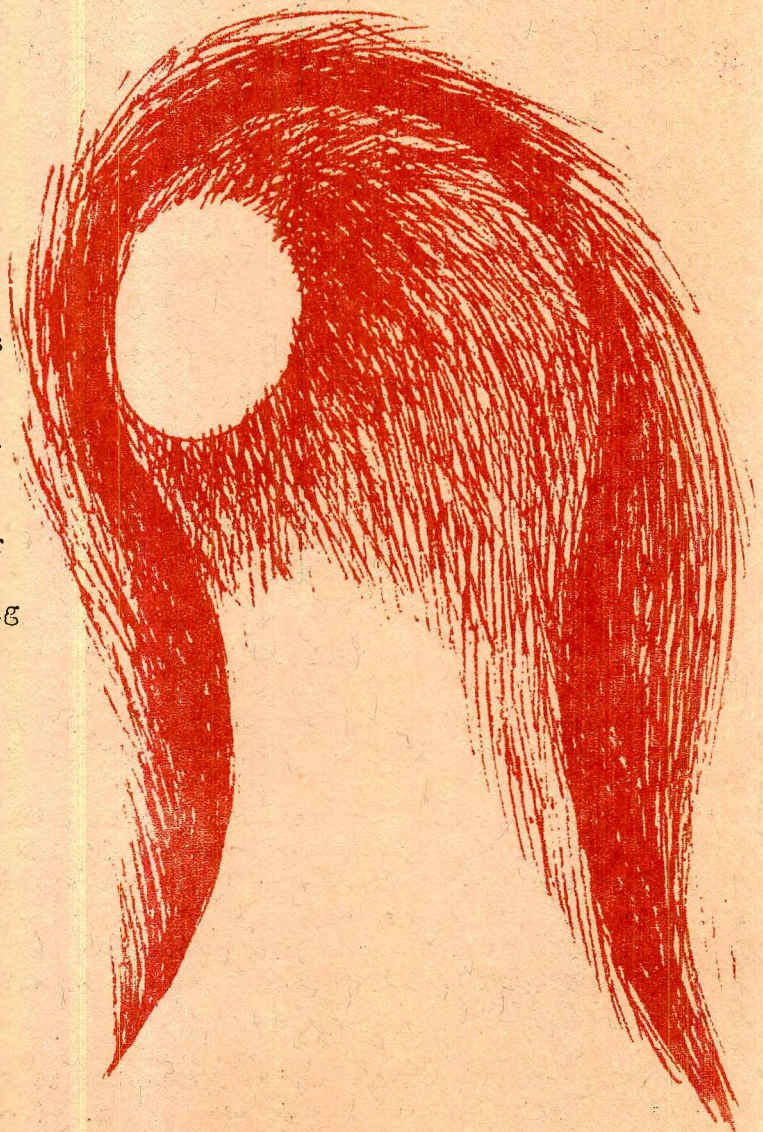
Nevertheless, the rhetorical question is very interesting. Hard times being understood, the immediate answer is that an offspring will survive better with a mother and a father and a clan. There is no question of either/or. Pair-bonding and matrilineal clans are not mutually exclusive. And in hard times the amount of support a non-paired mother will get from friends and relatives -- who have children of their own -- is going to be minimal. How much support a paired father will contribute may be open to question, quantitatively, but qualitatively it is a lot better than no bread.

If we rephrase the question as: 'Would pair-bonding evolve in a matrilineal clan?' we find that we have opened a remarkable can of worms. Given that the males and females can act in either pair-bonding or non-pair-bonding ways, how can we maximize reproductive success for both the individuals and the clan?

The behavior of homogeneous clans --

EVOLUTION VS FEMINISM

ALEXIS GILLILAND



pair-bonding (Pb) in one case, non-pair-bonding (Npb) in the other -- will depend on the behavior of the individual clan members. The critical aspect of behavior we want to examine is how hard the individuals work to support their offspring. Again, this is most critical in hard times. In good times a single female could probably raise several children successfully.

How do the females behave? Pb or Npb, there would seem to be little difference. In either case the female will work as hard as she can to support her own children.

How do the males behave? Unlike the females, they lack the knowledge of their paternity. The Pb males, however, at least have reason to believe that their children they are supporting are their own. It follows that they will work as hard as they need to. The Npb males lack both knowledge and belief, and will provide less support in consequence. Npb males, in fact, will eat more, rest more, and have more interest in sex than Pb males for those very reasons. On the down side, their reproductive success is reduced by the higher infant mortality rate that results from less paternal support.

Wait, says a Feminist, might not the Npb male work just as hard as the Pb male and share the fruits of his labors with the clan? This sounds very much like the 'Socialist New Man' that we heard about in the thirties. He didn't materialize then, and if he ever existed in the past -- in some hypothetical Npb clan -- he would have less reproductive success than his self-indulgent Npb competitors. Why? Because he would be knocking himself out to support their children as well as his own. They would outbreed him, and in time his genetic contribution would vanish from the clan.

Given the behavior we have specified, how would a Pb Clan compare with an Npb Clan -- assuming one ever existed? In good times, the two clans would stay about even. In bad times, however, more children would die in the Npb Clan, so that in time it would be displaced from its territory by the burgeoning Pb Clan. In less desirable territory, hard times would be still more frequent, and eventually the Npb Clan would break up.

Assuming that the survivors joined the Pb Clan, could they turn it around? No. The Npb females would find it difficult to hold a mate. The Npb males would find themselves involved in fights with Pb males who resented them fooling around with their women. This could result in the loss of fitness and even an early death. Even the occasional reproductive success achieved at the expense of others will not offset the lower over-all rate of Npb reproduction. In time, the Npb genes will disappear from the clan's gene pool.

The conclusion -- no big deal -- is that pair-bonding is the superior reproductive strategy for humans, and that it is thereby sanctioned by Evolution.

So what? says the Feminist. The fact that pair-bonding could have arisen in a matrilineal clan does not necessarily mean that it did.

That is true. We have assumed that the clan was passive and took no role in regulating the reproductive behavior of its members. The most casual inspection of anthropology, however, shows that regulating the reproductive behavior of its members is what a clan is all about. Ultimately, all this regulation is intended to ensure the fitness of the clan, and the bottom line is that pair-bonding behavior is promoted, because the clan recognizes -- consciously or not -- that pair-bonding equals survival.

What we have is a social mechanism to force the Npb fraction of the clan to act against their natural instincts. This, of course, preserves them from the consequences

of those instincts. The result is that we have a pseudo-Pb Clan in which the Pb and Npb genes coexist in equilibrium. Over time -- however many generations it takes -- what will happen?

The question is pure rhetoric. We know what happened. Henry Adams kept a notebook by his bedside to record flashes of nocturnal inspiration. He gave it up after recording a particularly brilliant flash one evening, only to read next day: 'Higamous Hogamous, woman's monogamous, Hogamous Higamous, man is polygamous.' The idea was not new, even then.

Why did it happen? The basic element which the clan demands is that the father support his children.

Absent the proof of paternity, however, all that clan can do is require that the husband support his wife's children, a very different thing. The quid pro quo for this support is that the wife be faithful, i.e. pair-bonding. Infidelity, if it occurs, must be discreet. Flagrant infidelity results in a significant reduction in reproductive success, as the clan is obligated to take note of the fact. The result is that most of the clan's females are Pb, and the ones that aren't can fake it.

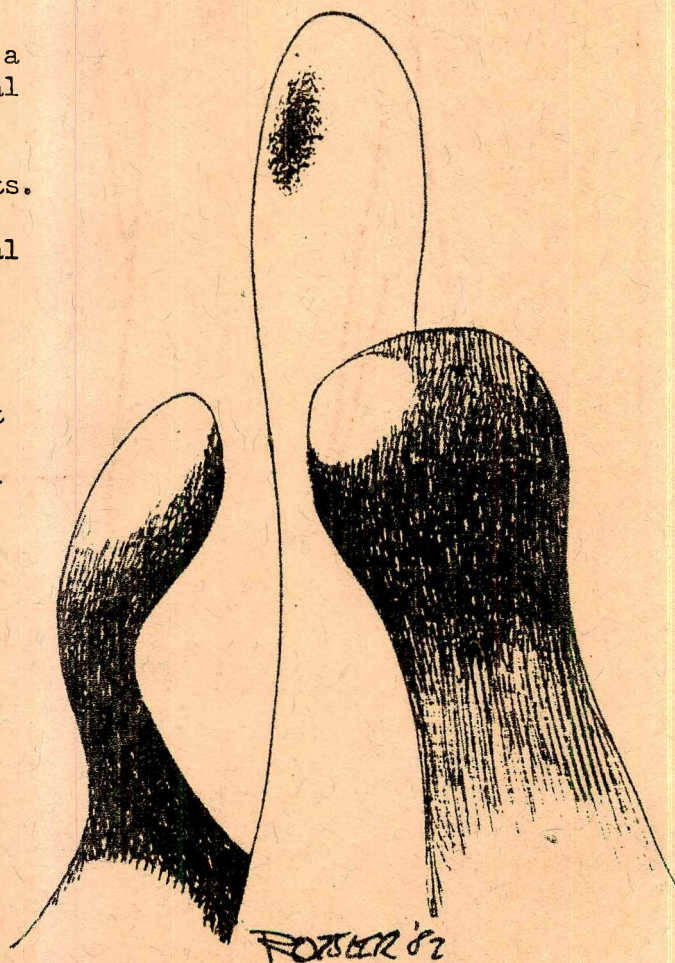
The male, as per usual, is a different case. Once the needs of his own family have been met, food sharing is encouraged by the clan. If the male is able to trade some of the surplus food he has gathered for sexual favors, it is clear that Npb males will be more strongly motivated to bring in surplus food than will the Pb males. With the happy outcome that both they, and the clan, will have better reproductive success. The result is that most of the clan's males are Npb, and the ones that aren't wish they were.

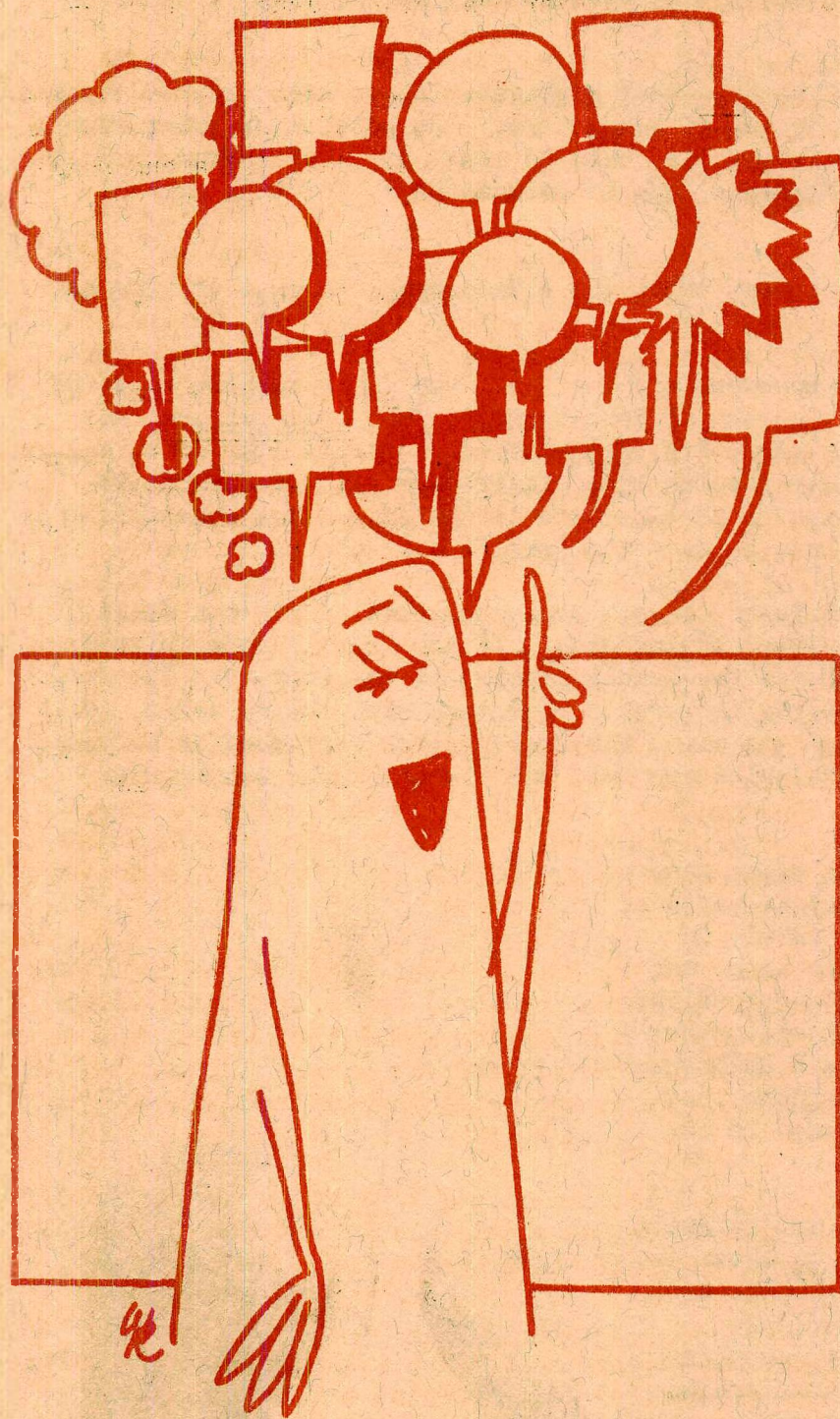
One genetic characteristic that might have a bearing on the problem is that sustained physical exertion increases the testosterone level in males. This increases the ability to work, the sex drive, and the disposition to get into fights. The biker who said that a man, who would rather make it with a woman than fight, was a homosexual might have been imprecise in his language, but he knew a lower testosterone level when he saw one.

Whether or not this is related to the drift towards Npb males is unclear. What is clear is, that for coping with hard times, a genetic mechanism has evolved to accentuate masculinity. Perhaps this activates the latent Npb in males in hard times, when the clan needs more shared food. And is willing to put up with the aggravation to get it.

In good times, when hard work is not demanded, the males take it easy, the level of testosterone is lower, and they behave in the pair-bonding way that the clan prefers. If times are too good, too long, they let themselves go fat and soft, and the women say: 'Who needs them?'

There is an inverse relationship between





WHEREVER BURBEE
WENT I WAS
SURE TO FOLLOW

WILLIAM ROTSLER

"Hot dog," I said to myself, as I went up Bixel Street -- "The fannish center of the universe." (That may not be exactly what I said in 1947 or so, but it's close.) I was on my way to my first real meeting of the Los Angeles Science Fiction Society.

I'd been there before in 1944, when I was drafted and had met my Very First Fan, the Famous-Even-Then Forry Ackerman. But this was my first real meeting -- we had "won" World War II and I had gone through a year of college and was then in art school. The LASFS meeting room was down a few steps from the street in a dark and rather dingy room about 8'x15', if memory serves. A window on Bixel had the club's name and the rather pompous crest which they use even to this day. There were benches along each long wall and some mismatched chairs.

I sat down and watched the people drift in. Some I knew and some I didn't, and none looked at all like what their fanzine "faces" had seemed to me. The Secretary began to read some interminable minutes, or maybe it was a motion, and I began hearing, "Amazing!" and "Fantastic!" from someone down at the other end of the bench, someone I couldn't see, but knew right off to be Burbee. Charles Burbee, The Charles Burbee.

There were several ripples of distaste from a few of the members each time he said, "Astounding!" or "Thrilling Wonder!" to some comment or clause in the minutes. But there were a few smiles, too. After the meeting broke up it becomes all a kind of haze. I do not truly remember how I actually met Burbee, but from that evening on there I was, a kid fresh from the country -- maybe 20 or 21 -- going over to Burbee's house far too many nights a week.

Why? Because I went home every time with, quite literally, a sore

throat from laughing. Charles Burbee is one of the two funniest men I have ever known -- the other being my childhood chum, Gerald C. Fitzgerald.

Burb was in his early thirties then, but to me, he was a grown-up person with a wife and three kids. And in retrospect, I know I overstayed my welcome dozens of times. But it was so difficult to tear myself away. It was just so much fun. I had never had anyone to talk to like that before, and in turn, Burb had a fresh audience to tell all his old stories to, and someone to try out the new ones on.

Night after night I would drop by, sometimes for dinner and sometimes not, but always to talk and laugh and do fan stuff. Burbee was the editor of the LASFS house organ then, SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRS, and ushere' it into its greatest era. Usually all he did was a one-page editorial, but that was enough to make it one of the leading fanzines of the day.

I started my own fannish activity then; although I had been contributing drawings to fanzines since 1944, when I got my first fanzine, Walt Liebscher's CHANTICLEER, in the same mail with my draft notice. I published NEOPHYTE, a lithoed one-shot, and then started MASQUE which earned the nickname, "The Gaudy Fanzine." It was called this because during the time it was published I eventually used every reproduction method then known: mimeo, ditto, heckto, rubber stamps, stickers, linoleum blocks, airbrushed art, silk-screen, actual stone litho tip-ins -- the works. I don't believe there was any crayon used, though.

The pages of MASQUE were filled with stories and articles by and for Burbee, Al Ashley, Francis Towner Laney, and others. I often heard these stories -- usually about when Al Ashley said something spectacularly dumb or Laney had made some memorable remark -- from Burbee at the end of a day's work. We'd sit around Burb's house and he'd tell me these stories and I'd urge him to write them up. It was a great way to get fanzine material.

I can still remember sitting in Burb's living room, or out by my car -- he'd walk me to my car and we'd talk for another one to three (or more) hours, which must have badly affected his sleep, as he got up early -- and hearing about the kid who fell in the ditch, or the Mexican kid who defecated off the oilwell, or Ashley's latest belief, or what Laney had said to his wife, or the guys at work when they showed porn movies on the wall during lunch.

I don't really remember the first time I met Laney, but I think it was also the first and only time he took me to his house. He was a tall, lanky man with rather bulging eyes, a wide mouth, shallow skin, and hair which seemed to be both lank and wildly bushy at the same time.

His home was just west of downtown Los Angeles then, inaa 1920s style house. Upon arrival, the first thing Laney did was get excited about playing a record for me, "Muskrat Ramble," I believe. He made a big deal of putting on this old 78, obviously played so many times the surface was gray. He was using cactus needles, I think. Anyway, he put it on and turned it up, and all I heard was surface noise. A lot of surface noise. A Niagara of surface noise!

Despite this, Laney was diddlybopping around, humming and reacting to a piece of music he was obviously hearing. I stretched my senses but at no time did I hear even a trace of music. Not a toot, whistle, plunk, or boom did I perceive.

LASFS was rather stodgy then, with quite a few pompous and self-important members who constantly made statements that either Burb or Laney would demolish with a one-liner. Consequently, over the next few years, we became known as The Disturbing

Element. The sad part was, however, that these people never understood that they had been "had." They knew they were being insulted or opposed or whatever, but since most of them seemed to have little or no sense of humor, most of what was being said went over their heads.

Eventually there was a big rift and Laney and Burbee resigned from the club. I never bothered to resign -- I just went wherever the fun was, and since it certainly wasn't at LASFS, neither was I. The fun was being with Burbee and Laney (not attending meetings), especially Burb, and I went to a number of parties at his house over the years. I felt quite close to Burb in those days, but after I got out of art school I was pretty busy being a sculptor, and then I got married and eventually moved back to our family ranch, and naturally saw less and less of him.

In 1958 I got divorced, took up marathon fornication, and the Solacon came along and I became interested in fandom again for a while. I still didn't see Burb all that much, as I was more interested in this strange new life I was leading -- photographing nude women, partying, and screwing. But I still went to Burb's parties for a while until one time I stopped a fraction short of putting Howard Miller through one of Isabel Burbee's breakfast room windows.

Over the years I had brought a few women to the Burbee's, always intelligent and attractive women, but fandom seemed to treat them all as some kind of common property, as if I had thrown their apartment keys in a pile. Miller just hadn't taken either the lady's warning signal, nor mine, to heart, and from that day on I did not often take a woman to any of those parties. (The lady at the time, I believe, was Gloria Saunders, who about 10-12 years before had been the Dragon Lady in Terry and the Pirates on TV.)

In the days when we were raising hell as The Disturbing Element (we even published a one-shot with that title) we published a number of fanzines called, WILD HAIR. To drive collectors crazy we published only the odd numbered issues, but sometimes referred to articles or events chronicled in the non-existent even numbers.

We also published a lot of one-shots. One time Burb and I did a one-sheet one-shot, carefully pointing out that one side of the sheet was a separate fanzine -- ASP, I think -- and that the other side of the sheet was two separate fanzines: HALF-ASP and BROWNOSE.

In these fanzines I did a lot of cartoons about fandom, mostly LASFS fandom, in what was then my proto-cartoon style, which was pretty primitive. I remember doing several rather vicious cartoons about E. Everett Evans, some of which were written by Burb and Laney. Which is why, during Ackerman's reading of just who inspired the Big Heart Award, one time, I thought: "That's one award I'll never get." And which made my winning the award, in 1978, such a truly traumatic shock to me. (That, and the telepathic effect which swept over me like a tidal wave...) I thought fandom never forgot.

I grew up in the fandom of the 40s and 50s, but was totally oriented from the Burbee Point Of View. He had (and still does) such a precious and wonderful gift of applying logic or the sense of irony or the ridiculous to fannish situations that watching/reading/hearing him at work was always very special to me, and always will be.

It was a special time for me. In fact, there are really only two other big "special times" for me: One was when Sharman DiVono and I fell in love and started living together. The other was from 1964 to 1970 or '71, when it was sex & parties & LSD & great houses & liberty & making movies & parties & sex & falling in love & sex & parties & photographing nekkid ladies & Paul Turner & Steve Langley & Michele Saroyan & Louise Rausa & the harem tent living rooms & one or two other things. Special times and special people.

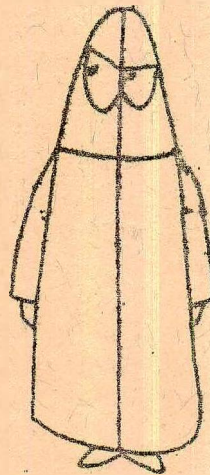
-- William Rotsler

WILD & HAIR

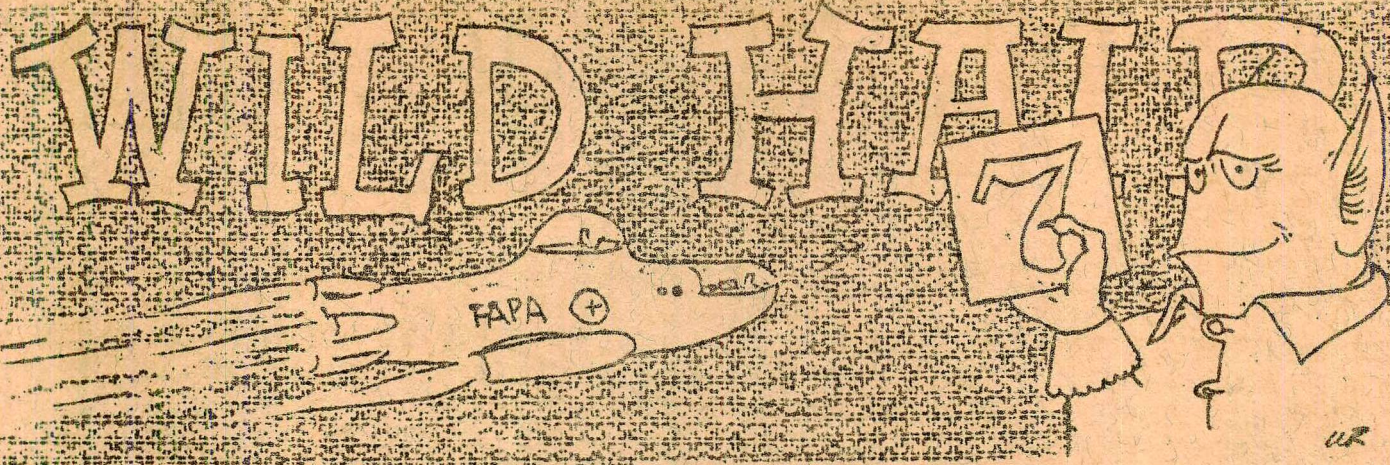
CERTAINLY I'M A RUGGED INDIVIDUALIST. WHAT ARE YOU, CHUM?--IT SHOWS IN HIS FACE.---BUT I CAN'T TURN OFF MY FINE MIND!---I'M ALWAYS PREPARED TO FALL DOWN.---CITIZENS OF TOMORROW IN THE WORLD OF TODAY.---YOU DON'T KNOW IF I'M MARRIED OR NOT, DO YOU?---WE ARE DUCKS, QUACKING!---HE'S NOT VERY CLEAN, AND NOT VERY GOOD.---YOU ARE SPEAKING TO A MEMBER OF YOUR OWN SEX, MY DEAR.---I HAVE MUCH FASTER REACTIONS THAN MOST PEOPLE.---THE DEEPER SIGNIFICANCE OF SCIENCE FICTION.---I HAVE NEVER ENCOUNTERED A SITUATION I COULD NOT COPE WITH ADEQUATELY.---CAN A MAN FALL IN LOVE WITH METAL? MY GOD! I HAVE!---THAT'S A MATTER OF OPINION I SHOULD HAVE BEEN BORN ON MARS. THERE'S NOTHING HERE ON EARTH FOR ME. WHAT'S THE MATTER, BURBEE DON'T YOU LIKE MILK?---THIS IN THE FINAL ANALYSIS IS THE SECOND ISSUE OF MOE.---IT'S GOOD TO BE HOME AGAIN.---I CALL THEM FLYING TYPEWRITER SPOOLS BECAUSE I AM MORE INTELLIGENT THAN THE REPORTERS WHO DUBBED THEM FLYING SAUCERS.---I JUST WANT TO WRITE GOOD STORIES.---THEY WERE REMOVED.---"PUT ON ALL SHUTTERS, AND KEEP PLENTY OF COOLING DRINKS ON HAND," HE COMMANDED THROUGH THE INTERCOM.---I HAVE ALSO INVENTED A MACHINE TO HELP PEOPLE LEARN TO THINK FASTER.---IF THEY WERE SLANS THEY'D UNDERSTAND IT.---THIS IS GOD!---EVER DAYDREAM ABOUT BEING THE CAPTAIN OF A SPACESHIP???---LY LOVES HER.---EVEN THOUGH THIS UNIQUE 64-YR-OLD MAN WAS OLD ENOUGH TO BE MY FATHER. I FELT AS IF MY LITTLE BOY HAD DIED.---WAS CENSORSHIP IMPOSED?---YOU'RE JUST A SURFACE THINKER.---THE CHRISTIAN STEFAN.---THAT FIGURES.---MY FATHER DIED HONORABLY IN WORLD WAR I.---I'LL UNDERCUT YOU IN WAYS YOU NEVER DREAMED OF.---IS YOUR NEIGHBOR A FLYING SAUCER MAN? NO! NOT LA! HOLLYWOOD!---I HAVE AN EIDETIC MEMORY.---FADE OUT OF THE PICTURE.---FANDOM IS NOT A THING BUT A STATE OF MIND.---I CAN CARRY ON A LIGHT INTELLECTUAL CONVERSATION ON ANY SUBJECT.---A SINCERE ACOLYTE OF H.P. LOVECRAFT.---MGM OFFERED ME \$25,000 FOR THE TITLE ALONE.---READ IT TODAY; LIVE IT TOMORROW.---MY BIGGEST REGRET IS THAT I AM PHYSIOLOGICALLY INCAPABLE OF BEING A LESBIAN.---SLOWLY AND PAINFULLY HE LEAPED TO HIS FEET.---WHY HE'S THE DIRECTOR OF THE LASFS: **A REASONABLY NULL-A NUCLEAR PHYSICIST.---HE'S NOT AS FAR ALONG AS WE ARE; HE'S RED.---I'M SMARTER THAN MOST PEOPLE ABOUT SPENDING MONEY.---A LITTLE PROUD AND ARROGANT...---BUT SKEET IS SUCH A SINCERE FAN.---SHAKE HANDS WITH AN IMMORTAL MAN.---I DON'T HAVE TO PROVE ANYTHING TO MYSELF.---YES, WE ARE OLDER THAN WT.---DE PROFUNDIS AD ASTRA.---WILL THAT THING CUT METAL GO OD?---YOU HAVE MADE A BASIC MISASSUMPTION.---FANS ARE SLANS.---N.F.F.F

the babble that

is fandom



BUT HE PUBLISHED ONE OF THE FIRST FANZINES THAT EVER WAS.---MOST PEOPLE ARE DULL EYES, BUT SOME OF US ARE BRIGHT EYES.---THE ANGELS GREW LONELY, AND TOOK YOU TO SING FOR THEM ONLY. WE'RE LONELY TOO, JOLEY BOY!!---LOOK AT ME! I'M PERFECTLY NORMAL!!---DID YOU DRINK YOUR DINNER DALE DID YOU DRINK YOUR DINNER DALE DID YOU DRINK YOUR DINNER DALE??---REMEMBER, BLUEBIRDY HOW EASILY YOU TAKE COLD.---BURBEE, I SAY TO YOU IN ALL SERIOUSNESS I'M GOING TO BE RICH.---IT'S GOOD FOR A CHILD TO KNOW THAT SOMEONE OUTSIDE HER OWN FAM-



W I L D H A I R number seven. Editors: Charles Burbee, F. Towner Laney, William Rotsler and our guest editor this session: John Van Couvering. Published 30 June 1951 at the (newly) ancestral manse of Charles Burbee, 7628 South Pioneer Boulevard, Whittier, California. No price listed; published every 14 months.

CHARLES BURBEE: Yes, every 14 months we get together, the Insurgent Element, and put out some kind of a fanzine. They're usually larger than this tiny effusion, but this time we used up a lot of time making spools of wire for strictly limited circulation. No, Jacobs, we will not send you a spool, not while you are Frenching it. This time our guest is John Van Couvering, who very deliberately did not walk through our glass shower door.

WILLIAM ROTSLER: And I thought Alhambra was a long way out! Whittier, I think even Burbee will agree, just about stretches Southern California to its practical limits. But that's strange from someone so recently removed from far-off Camarillo. But all in all it was worth it. We had both light Pilsener and intellectual-type banter, Dixieland instead of a Beethoven quartet and a wire recorder for an electronic Boswell. Plus excellent food by Mrs Burb; many, many fine unprintable stories about Big and Medium Name Fans; and Laney's revelation of his new spaceship landing cradle blueprints.

JOHN VAN COUVERING: I am aware that this is an honor extended to few fans, or anti-fans, or anyone. I listened with gaping ear to the gay anecdotes of the seamier side of the old days, to Laney shouting, "We are ducks, quacking!", to Bill Rotsler striving to make the step from an arty feller to a fabulous Burbee-like character, the sardonic Burbee himself flashing darkly in esoteric and vital conversations. To the terrifically interesting talk we owe the short (but undeniably meaty) character of this publication, which would be much longer if we had printed Burbee's hilarious "Four Letters to Victory" or FTL's libelous "I Talked to Van Couvering on the Phone Last Night." So much is wasted, alas, and so much is talked out until the urge is gone. The story (or stories) behind the punch-lines on the cover would be beyond our financial reach, both for publishing costs and the claims assessed upon us later for defamation and slander. But the wire hears all, and this dynamite is merely preserved, not dead.

FRANCIS LANEY: This has not been the sort of WILD HAIR session I had anticipated. None of them ever are.

The next one may be different.

All I can say is that in August 1952 WILD HAIR, the only biseptemensual in the world will again go to press. Even if I have to do it all by myself which I want.

Edith is now talking about pants that I cannot wear, so I'm going to go make wire for Boggs to transcribe.

.. Thank god here's the bottom. See you in 14 months.

I MEET A BIG NAME FAN

BY JOHN VAN COUVERING

Claude Williamson Degler came to my house one nippy evening in the infant days of 1951. Up until that time, what I had heard of Degler could be loosely classed under the heading of hearsay; his name, or so I was given to understand, was the butt of jokes and a proper object of derision. Degler, like Burban, was a legend in the flesh and one of the seven Wonders of Ancient Fandom of pre-1945 glory.

Then the doorbell rang. I opened the door and stood looking at this apparition. "Is John Van Couvring here?" it asked. I said I was, and asked him in.

The wonder of him expanded rather than shrank under the light. He was wearing a muggy blue chalkstripe suit that fit his bony frame like a skin he was in the process of shedding. The shoes he wore were of the featureless black type that imitate style in a hopeless manner, and his socks fell listlessly upon his insteps to reveal thin pasty-fleshed ankles.

He introduced himself as Don Rogers, a Portland fan who in cooperation with another Portland fan put out a Portland fanzine. Since the names he used were unfamiliar to me, I have since forgotten them.

I noticed that he had with him a paper market bag stuffed full of magazines, mostly Ziff-Davis publications. I had the impression that he was perhaps coming from a book store raid, and said so. He sadly put me aright, and told me no, it was his luggage. "I am hitch-hiking," he murmured bravely.

"My God!" I said, "all the way to Portland?"

"Well," he said, "I was down in San Diego trying to find my uncle. He promised me a job when I came down...radio; I left a pretty good business up in Portland. But I couldn't find the address he gave me, and then I found out from my mother that my brother had died while I was on my way down...the letter must have passed me on the way, but I didn't call for any mail until after I couldn't find my uncle..."

This monologue was delivered in one of the most unusual styles of speaking that I have ever heard. It was not his tone or his choice of words, but more the attitude of jumbled rehashing of an old, old story...like a man with mike fright blowing a poorly-written script.

My hormones churned madly, and I began to feel like a wise old uncle. I would have felt like a mother, but not even a mother...



I tried to straighten out his yarn. I prodded and guided his story like an interlocutor and finally arrived at two concrete conclusions: he wanted to keep on traveling and he had no plans as to how to do so. Feeling very glowing and generous, I offered to give him a ride to the J & R line in South Gate to help him on his way.

He thanked me kindly, and off we drove. During the ride, I found that he had gotten my name from one of the letter sections in the prozines (though I gave up letterhacking over two years ago) and that he planned to visit several San Francisco fans whose names and addresses he had obtained in the same manner.

"Rogers" continually retold the causes of his unfortunate situation as we drove down Firestone boulevard. His dark features took on a pallor that glowed through the darkened interior of the car as he went on and on, back and forth, about his uncle and the letter that must have passed him and the way he had used the last of his money to ship his trunk back to Portland. His state of affairs was so pitiable that I pressed all the money I had on me upon his grateful and admonishing person...a matter of 50 cents. The conversation, as he got out of the car (it took him five minutes to close the door) went like this:

'Degler: I guess I have enough to get through Los Angeles.

Van C: Don't you have any more than that? How much do you have, anyway?

D: Oh, I have some money. I spent most of it on doughnuts in Laguna Beach, I think.

V: Well.. say, I have a little here that you might eat on in case you don't get a ride right away. After you get going, the guys who pick you up will probably buy you coffee and stuff.... you can kiss 'em up a little.

D: I guess so. One fellow bought me some shrimp in Oceanside. He took me all the way to Santa Ana.

V: Say, I just had an ideal. Rick Sneary lives over here in South Gate... I'm sure he'd be glad of the chance to meet an out-of-town fan. He'll probably fix you up a couple of sandwiches..

D: Oh, no, no, I wouldn't want to bother him.

V: Oh, come on, I'm sure he'd like to meet you. He's the gregarious type; he always likes to have a nice friendly gab with other fans..

D: Oh, no, I really wouldn't want to bother him. It's too late to drop in, anyway.

V: Hell, Rick never goes to bed until late. I'm sure he wouldn't mind..

D: No, I really have to be getting along. I'll write him later.

V: Oh, well, if you insist..

I thought that he was being rather inconsistent, since he had not hesitated to drop in on me half an hour earlier, and must certainly have had to

have his current benefactor drop him off in Downey, since that bit of suburbia is not the type of town that people usually end their travels in. He also stated his intention of visiting all the fans he knew of on the way.

If I had been up on my Fencyclopedia, I would have known that Don Rogers was Claude Degler's pet alias; but I fell hook, line and sucker for the trapped-by-circumstance attitude and the pitiful air of shabby-upper-middle-class that clung to him. Degler's brother did actually die around that time, but in Indiana, not Portland. Some of the more eager gossipers put out that Clod himself had pushed off, but these rumors were almost immediately found to be baseless when the one and original master of the Cosmic Circle was identified in L.A. shortly after I entertained "Don Rogers" in Downey.

His visits through the City of the Angels, as far as I have been able to discover, fell upon the newer members of "active" fandom and avoided any contact with those who would know him.

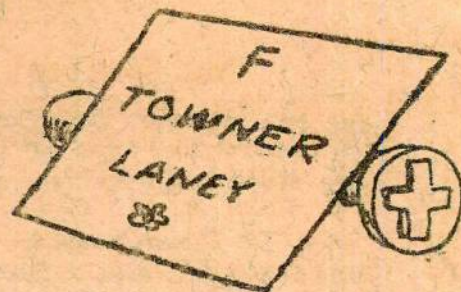
His first stop, that same evening, was at the house where Dennis Lynch, one of the downtown group's bright hopes, and his charming mother lived. They came home together to find that same shopping bag on the front porch and its owner nowhere to be seen. A few minutes later he knocked and introduced himself, again as Don Rogers. The Lynches, who are gentle and gracious people who think fans, individually and collectively, are wonderful, invited him in as a matter of course, although it was getting around 10:30 p.m. After some talk, he was asked if he given to eat, and food was produced. The action which followed was fast and furious, ending in a bare cupboard at the Lynch home and three helpings for Claude. (He probably still carried my four bit piece in his pocket, the hound!) He departed soon afterwards, without asking to spend the night on the living room rug.

The next day he made two more tries, one at the residence of Freddie Hershey and the other at the working place of Anna Sinclair, now Moffatt. Freddie, who had seen and heard of him on his previous visits, told him to get the hell out of there. Anna, of a more gentle nature, merely asked the good doctor for whom she worked to tell Mr. Degler she was not at home. In both cases (it being a new day) he used his real name, and made his attentions to unattached and fairly little-known fannes. Where he got their addresses is a mystery, since the ex-Mrs. Hershey had but recently returned from parts abroad and Anna Sinclair lived quietly in a wholly undistinguished part of town.

This example of what can happen to any fan then vanished as unheralded as he came...perhaps for San Francisco, perhaps for San Diego...the story he gave the Lynches was essentially the same as the one he gave me, save that he said he had been in Portland when he had heard of his mother's death and was heading for San Diego. Perhaps he meant to return to the hinterlands of Indiana and begin the great work of breeding the super race, with or without the benefit of dianetic training. Like Halley's Comet, Claude Degler had reappeared for a brief moment and then returned to the unknown regions from whence he had come; and it had fallen upon me, an unknown and amateur observer, to be the first to observe his mysterious volations. I have met and talked to Claude Degler; I have walked through a glass door; what more can life hold for me?



DO WE WANT CENSORSHIP?



WILD HAIR does not usually carry "straight" articles. This one is not a satire, a take-off, slapstick, or anything else but a serious, straight-from-the-shoulder essay. I make this stupid statement merely as a bow to the well-known lack of humor among our collective readers, who have been told that WILD HAIR is a humorzine and accordingly laugh themselves sick over everything in every issue.

But this thing I am going to talk about is anything but a laughing matter.

Immediately after the last FAPA mailing came out, an individual who shall remain nameless did some all-out top-blowing about the purportedly dirty and obscene stuff in BURLINGS and FAN-DANCO, especially the latter. The threat was made to turn BURLINGS, FAN-DANCO, and the FANTASY AMATEUR over to the postal authorities. The complaining member finally agreed to take the matter up in the mailing instead, a compromise engineered by Redd Boggs.

Well, now.

I wonder if everyone realizes what a narrow squeak this was not only for FAPA, but for other fan and amateur publishing.

It is a very easy thing for someone in a fit of vexation to set a postal inspector on someone else's neck. But has it occurred to everyone that neither FAPA nor fandom generally could stand a full-fledged investigation?

And I'm not thinking especially about the angle of obscenity, either, though an inspector would no doubt find some grist for his mill if he looked very hard for it. I don't consider that either FANDANGO or BURLINGS were unmailable on the basis of obscenity—else neither of them would have been submitted to the mailing. But in the same mailing was a magazine entitled ORGASM which consisted largely of off-color anecdotes and liquor recipes. How would a puritanical inspector have liked that one? FANDANGO at least, though in poor taste, was not primarily dedicated to skirting the line, as one would naturally assume about a magazine named questionably. Or how would this inspector have liked Crutch's Anglo-Saxon comment of a few months back? Or if the investigation spread, how would the last issue of FANVARIETY have fared? Obscenity is largely a matter of personal definition. The wrong inspector could find it almost anywhere.

We are living in an age of pressure groups, of investigations, of perse-prose/cution of minorities of all sorts. Some of these investigations are long since overdue, it is true—but the net effect is a gradual lessening of personal liberty. We are becoming more and more of a police state.

A thorough investigation of FAPA would prove that it was founded by active members of the Communist Party. The fact that none of these founders have been with us for some years would carry far less weight than the fact that FAPA has frequently carried articles of a definite reddish hue, particularly to an outside reader who is attuned to such things and reads them with his own bias. Such a reader would not realize that these were but adolescently idealistic musings from some teenager, and to be dismissed

accordingly.

The constant attacks on homosexuality some of us have leveled during the past few years would very likely lead to an investigation. Several of these "people" would be found not to have registered with their local police, as such people are supposed to, and would get pailed for this misdemeanor violation. It would not surprise me to find a draft evader or two among fandom's serried ranks. And of my own knowledge, during my membership in the LASFS, the clubroom was used as a hideout by two different truants from high school. And so on.

There is the further disturbing prospect of trying to explain fandom, FAPA, and all the rest of it--with its hundreds of esoteric aspects and phrases, to an inimical outsider. Who wants to try this?

I realise some of this may sound a bit far-fetched. Any investigation might well be shut off at once by the inspector's deciding it wasn't worth bothering about or that it wasn't obscene or something similar. Or it might well be more or less localised. But inspectors have plenty of time to investigate; we might have the ill-luck to draw one who was petty enough to try to make something big for himself. After all, we are an ideal minority group to investigate--we have no influence whatever, and the fact that we are so insignificant and harmless might well be overlooked by someone who wanted headlines for himself.

Even in the more probable event that any turn-in would result in a mere routine investigation, it would still be a hell of a lot of trouble and inconvenience for anyone involved, an annoyance that would go far to make the investigee say to the devil with a hobby that caused him so much grief. The loss of some of our better members would not help FAPA a bit.

On a more exalted plane, the entire idea of informing should be highly repugnant to all of us. The imposition of some form of dictatorship or censorship or other coercive force would probably result in much faster action for the person who initiated it. This fast action, on the other hand, would be entirely undemocratic, another tiny step towards the police state.

It is totally unsporting, selfish, autocratic, and a few other things to turn in or threaten to turn in any of us for anything which we may have in our magazines.

After all, there are democratic ways of attaining the end of making the mailings more to someone's liking.

In the first place, our constitution specifically directs the official editor to censor anything questionable. He may consult with the other officers at his option, but if he himself feels unsafe in mailing it, he is not expected to run the risk.

If some member feels stuff is getting into the mailings that shouldn't, he can take it up with the OE. If the OE does not respond to his satisfaction, he can initiate action either to remove the OE or force him to comply with any given course of procedure. This might necessitate a special election.

Furthermore, we are all, presumably, writers and publishers. It is certainly not only within bounds but the best possible procedure for us to write and publish our own views on any of these controversial matters, rather than yell for outside help. If our views are such that the rest of the members can be gotten to go along with them, we will see them put into practice--democratically.

Quite a few million people have died to set up and maintain the democracy and freedom which all of us enjoy today. Who are we to spurn a democratic approach to our hobby group?

A VIGNETTE OF THE L.A.S.F.S.

by William Rotsler

Way back in the dim recesses of time, far back in mist-shrouded 1948 when I was younger and a bit more dither I was a member of - whisper that name! - the LassPass. It was here that I met Burbee, Laney and Al Ashley. It was there that in small room that I first saw EElvans, Oy Gonda and one or two others of the star-begotten.

A few months later a Deputy Sheriff from Los Angeles came all the way out to the next county, to Camarillo where I was living at the time and told my folks that Biscailuz - LA sheriff - had seen my name on a list of members of the LASFS that his vice squad men had brought in to him. They had some sort of "undercover" man casing this Citadel of Tomorrow's Thought for various illegal - though fascinating, I'm sure - activities of a bedroomish nature.



A side-light on this is that one of my grandfathers got Biscailuz his first job many years ago and has been something of an infrequent friend of the family ever since. Whether this is to be considered favorable is for future generations to decide.

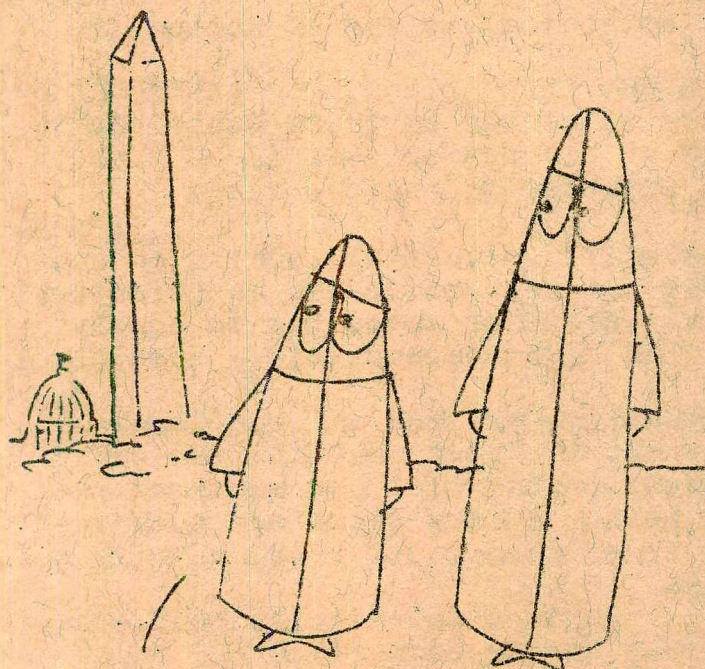
So I kept away. It was not a hard decision.

Then I forgot about it until a few weeks ago when Sheriff Biscailuz called about an accident my mother had. In the course of the conversation he mentioned the matter. My mother asked what had happened.

"Oh, we dropped the whole thing," he said. "They were just a bunch of harmless crackpots."



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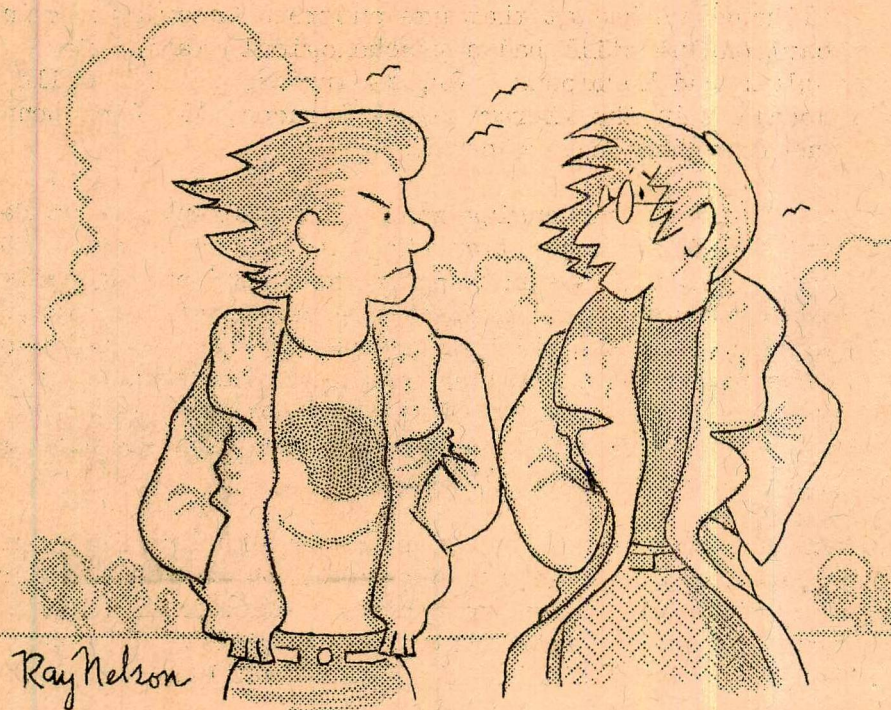


...ANOTHER GLORIOUS SPOOL...

There is now in existence another glorious spool of wire. It explains the stories behind the punchlines on the cover. Most of the talking was done by F Towner Laney and S Charles Burbee, with crowd noises by C William Rotsler and F John Van Couvering. This priceless wire will be sent to such fine people as Redd Boggs and...uh...uh... well, there must be other fine people with wire-recorders.

Most of you will never hear the wire, I guess. And none of you will get to read the two Burbee articles which he rejected before publication (with an eye to the Post Office).

DO YOU THINK IT HAS ANYTHING TO DO WITH HIS BEING THE FATHER OF OUR COUNTRY?



pepper gets his lumps by eric mayer

The day Pepper got his lumps I was crossing the Susquehanna with Grytsko. We had just reconnoitered the dollar album sale at King's Department Store finding, much to our disgust, nothing but old Little Rascals records, and were sauntering back across the Market Street Bridge, olive drab army surplus jackets open to the early April sunshine.

"If we don't hurry," I said, "We'll miss philosophy."

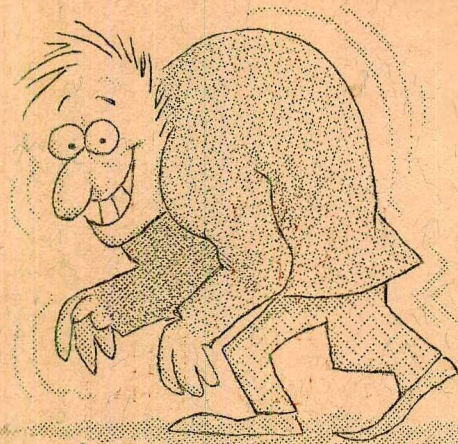
We continued on at a liesurely pace. Grytsko and I cut a lot of classes together during my first sophomore year. We made quite a team. I thought he was a rebel because he drank Gibbons by the six-pack and had snuck into the exit at the Valley Drive-In seven times to see Gimme Shelter. He considered me an artist because I'd recieved an autographed rejection note from an editor at THE NATIONAL LAMPOON who never did buy anything and eventually fell over a cliff in California. We would have been the sort of naive couple to marry and divorce the same week had we not been of the same gender, but as we were, we got on fine, until the day Pepper got his lumps.

It happened in the middle of the bridge where the eagle surmounted arches loom up against the Wilkes-Barre skyline, a skyline of such impoverished proportions that an empty Stegmaier bottle sitting on the bridge railing might accurately be said to loom against it. One iconoclastic evening Grytsko had spray painted on the arches the name of a mythical band I had invented. I was admiring how the day-glo orange of the bold lettering matched the color of the sludge on the riverbanks below when Grytsko gave my arm a theatrical nudge.

"There's Pepper," he exclaimed, his angular face lighting up with amusement under its nimbus of blonde hair. Pepper was an easily recognizable figure. Most knockneed, potbellied, limping hunchbacks are. I followed Grytsko's gesticulating arm and saw him moving at a fast clip along the opposite sidewalk. Despite his crab-like gait he had managed to overtake us.

"Look at that sonuvabitch go," said Grytsko in admiration.

My friend had assumed a special interest in cripples after reading how they had been brought backstage at early Beatle's concerts. It seems cruel, in retrospect, but



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although we had at that age outgrown Saturday morning cartoons we still had a psychological craving for Splats and Kerblooms. Or, as Grytsko put it, while doodling in the library one afternoon, "If John Lennon can draw hookmen, so can I."

We were exchanging some witty comments about Pepper's mode of locomotion when he decided to cross the road. I could see nothing to recommend one sidewalk over the other out there in the center of the span, but Pepper, like the chicken, presumably had his reasons. He scuttled over the curb, regained his balance, and started across. As he did so the traffic signal at the end of the bridge gave the green light to fate in the guise of a blue Plymouth.

At first there seemed no reason for concern. Aside from the Plymouth the four lanes were deserted at 11:00 in the morning. Everyone who had to be in Wilkes-Barre had gotten in early to get it over with. The skies were clear. Visibility limited only by the curvature of the earth. There was ample room for maneuvering. Pepper transversed the first lane while the Plymouth climbed the gentle incline leading unto the span.

Pepper passed the center stripe, head bobbing like one of those spring-necked dolls you see on dashboards. The Plymouth bumped across the unpatched section of pavement where the road crews from Wilkes-Barre and Kingston had been carrying on their annual spring squabble over the location of the border between those two sovereignties. As it did, it slowed. I could hear the pistons banging under the hood like dice in a metal cup. I could make out the face of the middle aged woman behind the wheel.

It was apparent suddenly, even to someone who had flunked Advanced Math 101 twice, that Pepper and the Plymouth were on intersecting courses. Pepper, of course, had never had the opportunity to flunk Advanced Math 101 even once. He did not take evasive action.

He appeared to be staring his doom in the headlights but the spindly legs kept gimping along as if the neurons had stuck the wrong zip code on the message. The Plymouth slowed to a crawl but did not stop. The driver was staring at Pepper in bemused fascination. Surely he will turn aside, she must have been thinking. A mere step was all it would take, the slightest deviation from course.

And so they drew toward one another in slow motion like lovers floating across the meadows. A zephyr stirred the feathers perched on the concrete eagles atop the arches.

"My God," said Grytsko. "They're going to hit."

They hit. The corner of the bumper kissed Pepper and threw him into the air like one of those rag dummies tossed into the Tokyo skies by Godzilla. Then he came down, on the curb, on his head and flopped back limply, feet against the arch, under the sign that said "Plastic Squatters" in day-glo orange.

Pedestrians were already gathering around the supine figure. Lying motionless, Pepper was not so obviously deformed. He looked to me to be dead, although I had never seen anybody dead in the street before for comparison. The driver had her head down on the steering wheel as we went past.

"This really cuts it," Grytsko said lamely. "We can't go to philosophy after this."

We fled up River Street, past the old vine covered mansions of the Wilkes College campus, like a couple of fugitives. We were ashamed.

It had been funny. Up until the last second we had been laughing. Even the ludicrous, cartoon somersault after the impact had been hilarious until the instant Pepper's head hit the curb with the sound of a ripe cantaloupe.

"I guess when you laugh at cripples you get what you deserve," I observed philosophically. It wasn't apparent at that point just what we'd gotten, aside from a case of bad conscience.

We sulked to our accustomed table in the back of the library and tossed down the few books we carried.

"The sunuvabitch walked right into it," Grytsko said wonderingly. "Poor fucker. He really got his lumps." He let his lanky frame slump back into the plastic chair.

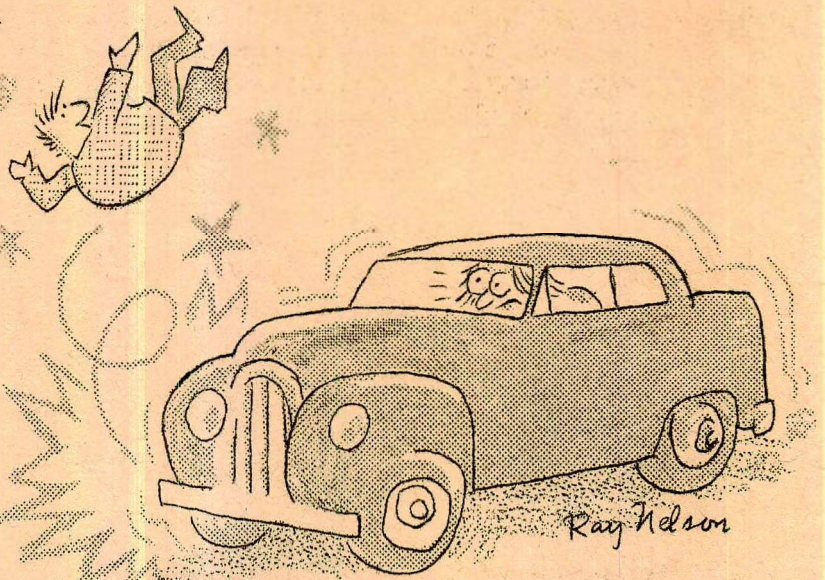
I opened the spiral bound notebook that had "Philosophy 101" embossed, optimistically, in ballpoint across the green cover. Inside were five pages of ethics notes, the last dated January 25, backed by a few blank sheets. The rest had been torn out. I tore out another page, bent over it, brushing a dark strand of hair away from my wirerims in a gesture that was automatic in those days, and set to work.

I sketched in six crude frames then a spindly legged figure wobbling across a road. I was soon engrossed. I might have been scribbling comics furtively during arithmetic class in fifth grade. A frizzy haired Grytsko blew a bubble that said, "My God, they're going to hit." The frame holding the collision was filled with stars and a big KERBOOM! In the penultimate panel Pepper was sitting, rather than lying against the arch. In the cartoon visualization his eyes were wide open and he was saying "Gzork", which, for some abstruse reason, is what Grytsko's hookmen always said.

I could almost feel Grytsko's fingers getting itchy as I worked, but he contained himself until I finished and handed the sheet across the table. "Its not a good likeness," I apologized.

He chugged the cartoon down and I could see the life returning to him. "Holy shit," he said. "Its a dead ringer. The Village Idiot of Larksville in the flesh." He started slapping at the page with his big knuckles, chortling louder and louder. "This is it." Slap. "This is the way it was." Slap slap. "This is THE fucking Truth!"

The actual thruth was that it had all



stopped being funny. The cartoon however kept getting funnier the more we thought about it and we kept laughing harder until we began to feed off of each others hysteria. Some football players moved away from an adjacent table, throwing sidelong glances at the furiously giggling longhairs.



Ray Nelson

ing notebooks and ledgers were arranged in the bottom of the case along with a couple of cassettes.

Grytsko's hand shot out like a lizard's tongue. Foster slammed the cover shut but Grytsko was already reading the carefully typed labels on the cassettes. "'The Best of Tommy Rowe and the Yardbirds,'" he read, "'An FDR Production.'" 'The Archies and the Stones -- Love Songs. An FDR Production.'"

Foster reddened. "Heh, Come on, Grits. Those are personal. Just some selections I picked for myself." He was a sort of prehistoric Stars on 45, possessed of an apparantly limitless budget and no apparant taste. He reputedly had an index card file rating every track he owned.

"What does a big producer like you think of the new Stones album?" Grytsko asked, giving me a wink.

"I wouldn't have put those tight pants on the jacket," Foster replied quite seriously. "The zipper sticks."

"The songs, Foster. How about the songs?"

"Brown Sugar's an okay song but its two seconds longer than the label says it is."

Grytsko rolled his eyes upward. "Listen to this," he groaned, apparently addressing god or the recessed light fixture in the ceiling. He stuck a finger under my cartoon which he had left face down on the table and flipped it at Foster. "Take a look. Pepper gets his lumps."

We had reached the point of abdominal cramping when an imposing black attache case crashed down into the middle of the table. The handle was attached to a moist, pudgy hand which was in turn attached to Foster D. Ritchie. We were brought abruptly to our senses.

"Hi fellows," said Foster. "Seitz called on you in philosophy. You weren't there."

Grytsko glared. "I have some news for you, too," he said. "While you were busy philosophizing, old Pepper was getting himself run over. Squashed like a bug."

Foster draped his overcoat over the back of his chair and sat down. "So I heard. He's perfectly fine, you know. He only hit his head. The driver is in shock however."

He took a key out of his plaid sports jacket and inserted it into the miniature padlock on the attache case. The cover sprang open. On the underside, neatly stencilled in white, were the initials "FDR". Some account-

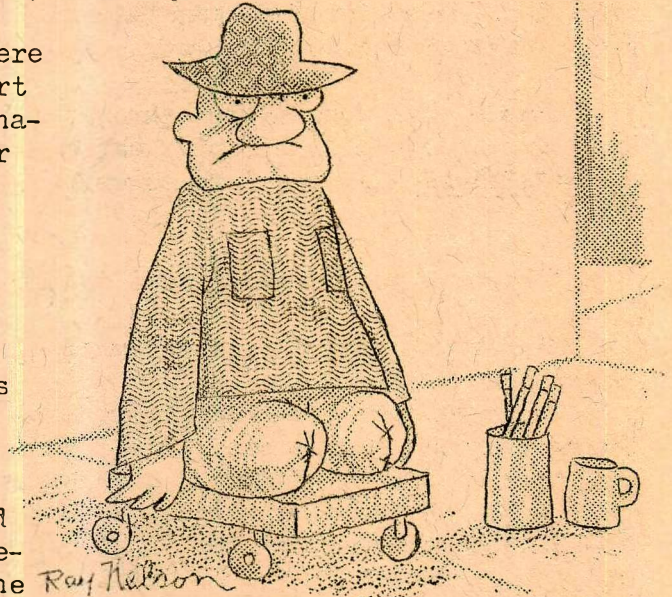
Foster picked it up warily, as if expecting a dog turd to magically appear underneath. When he saw the drawing was mine rather than one of Grytsko's usual obscenities, he relaxed. "Doesn't look much like him," he observed truthfully.

"You're shitting me. Its the spitting image."

"Well, for only being a cartoon..."

"Only a cartoon? Its a fucking work of genius. Its the Sistine Chapel of cartoons. We're going to spray paint it on the ceiling of Weckesser Hall. You just have no appreciation for Art." Grytsko curled his lip and spit the capital 'A' at Foster. "You know what," he added. "That cartoon is so good it has inspired me. I'm ready for a caper. What do you say, Foster. You're with us, aren't you?"

That was a poser. My friend's 'capers' were unpredictable. Sometimes they involved the sort of creative endeavors dismissed by the unimaginative as petty vandalism. The most recent caper had been of a more subtle variety. Grytsko proudly referred to it as "The Secret of the Legless Pencil Man," making it sound like some sort of bizarre Hardy Boys mystery.



The Pencil Man, like Pepper, was another of Wilkes-Barre's recognizable figures. He was as much a fixture on South Main Street as the revolving door to the Boston Store which he sat in front of, on his wooden cart, rain or shine, with his coffee tin of cheap pencils and his metal cup full of change. "Where does someone like that go at night," Grytsko wondered one cold day in February. To find out we stood shivering and stamping our feet under the striped awning of the Planters Peanut Shop across the street. It was sleeting and to get our minds off the elements we discussed whether the Pencil Man, in his condition, had the same awareness of the cold as we did, or whether, like the lower orders, he was lacking in sensation. After several hours, when the rush hour traffic had tapered off and the street was dark as the bottom of a mine shaft, a Lincoln Continental pulled up, a well dressed business couple got out, slung the Pencil Man bodily into the back-seat and drove off. Grytsko was ecstatic for weeks. "The truth is stranger than fiction," he kept telling Foster and me.

"I don't know," Foster had replied. "They say 2001 is pretty strange."

He was less enthusiastic about capers than I. At the very mention he relocked his attache case. "Sorry, Grits. I can't miss accounting. It is my major."

Grytsko performed the trick that made his eyes seem to bug out of their boney sockets. "Don't give me that bottom line shit, Foster. What good did that philosophy class do you? We're talking about life and death here. What are you going to do with your life? Go to work with a piece of striped cloth tied around your neck? Sit behind a desk like a clown, adding up other people's money? Pepper got his, today. And what do you intend to do about it? Go to accounting?"

Foster remained absolutely silent, trying no doubt to add this diatribe up. "You don't have to say anything," I told him. "It was a rhetorical question."

In the end we all headed out to Grytsko's car which he had left double parked on

the curving drive behind the theater arts building. There was a new ticket on top of the old ticket he kept on the windshield. He tore them both off with a display of contempt appropriate to one embarked on a great quest who cannot be bothered with trivialities. Foster, who was already regretting his decision to be one of the boys for a day, muttered something about the long arm of the law and computerized records before wedging himself and his attache case into the back of the tiny red car. It was, Grytsko had explained, a British Ford. All I remember is the tinkertoy spool he'd stuck to the stick shift to replace the missing handgrip.

I climbed into the front, sweeping the seat clean of aftershave, mouthwash and Vivarin. The miniature bottles, of the sort you get in sale bins at cut-rate stores, joined the empty Gibbons cans on the floor. After some debate, Foster parted with what cash he had -- after all I had inspired the caper, Grytsko had conceived it, and the least Foster could do was finance it -- and we hit the highway, the clunker gagging along on 50¢ worth of Red Head.

When we had accelerated through all the yellow lights between Arby's and Carol's Hamburgers and were halfway up Market Street, Grytsko announced, "I have to have Sticky Fingers. Foster here bought it two weeks ago and he doesn't even appreciate Art."

"You said you needed a half dollar for gas," Foster said nervously.

Grytsko smirked into the rearview mirror.

We drove away from the river, into the hills. Weather-beaten coal breakers leaned over the narrow road, great rusted gears and conveyer belts visible through the ranks of broken windows. Culm banks spilled ash over the verge of the macadam. After narrowly avoiding several loaded coal trucks on blind curves we saw a sign in the shape of an enormous red "A" looming against the black, volcanic hills. "Arlen's has lousy security," Grytsko said.

He parked at the far corner of the empty lot. The store itself was nothing but a windowless, painted box. Some entrepreneur had levelled a culm bank or filled a strip mine pit, or both, to throw it together in that desolate spot. At the edge of the lot the ground dropped away. You could see all of Wilkes-Barre, rows of double-blocks marching down the valley, covered with the red shingles that I had never realized were supposed to represent bricks until someone pointed it out to me during a visit, years after I had left the area.

Grytsko eyed the long overcoat Foster was wearing. "Okay sweetheart," he said, putting on his Bogart imitation. "Let's have the coat."

Foster recoiled to the far side of the Ford, which was not far enough to avoid Grytsko's groping hand. "Hey, come on Grits. What do you need my coat for. You've got your own coat."

Grytsko shot a thin wrist out the sleeve of his ill-fitting jacket. "I can't fit an album under this jacket now can I?"

"Wait a minute," Foster wailed. "I'm studying to be an accountant. If I'm an accessory to a crime I can't be certified." Grytsko debated this proposition with a maximum of emotion and a minimum of vocabulary, but even the eye bugging routine could not dissuade Foster from his career plans. He steadfastly insisted he had to be certified and we finally agreed he ought to be.

"So that's that," Grytsko said. "A great caper, down the toilet."

I should have noted the relief in my friend's voice and kept my mouth shut. Instead I said, "And I was going to write it up. immortalize it. Send it to THE NATIONAL LAMPOON."

"You hear that, Foster," Grytsko said. "You're standing in the way of Art. We'll do it without you." Grytsko told us how we would do it. I would wait inside the glass doors at the entrance until, as he put it, "the objective has been attained," then I would signal Foster to get the balky Ford started. Foster was not pleased with even this limited role but he had to concede that since Grytsko was going through with it in any case, it would be in Foster's own best interests as a prospective CPA to expedite our getaway.

Grytsko and I got out of the car and started across the windswept lot. The snow which had been piled up at the edges of the lot during the winter plowings had shrunk into a few granular, sooty mounds. We passed a terminal moraine of Carol's Hamburg wrappers.

The interior of Arlen's was vast and daunting. The tables, piled with sneakers, batteries and tinned sardines, between the entrance and the record department at the rear of the store were waist high and offered no concealment. A few old women in babushkas and brown coats, with faces like the last potatoes in the bag, shuffled their golashes across the linoleum under the glare of the fluorescents.

"I'll have to make my approach through the clothes racks, break cover and cut across to the records," Grytsko said. We pretended to study the prizes in the gumball machines while he monkeyed with his impossibly tight jacket, zipping it halfway, unzipping it, attempting to find some configuration that would leave room to conceal a record album.

"Great artists always find a way," I said encouragingly.

Grytsko bent double. His jacket hung forward, creating a cavity easily large enough to accomodate an album for a short time. "That's the solution. I'll be Pepper. No one pays attention to cripples."

It was, I thought, a perfect, literary symmetry. Grytsko waddled about convincingly, smirking. "Feet down below my knees," he said, bowing his legs grotesquely. "You're the spitting image," I said.

He vanished into the winter coat closeout and I waited, feeling conspicuous. I wondered how fast I could run in a pair of floppy bellbottoms. Looking back through the doors I could barely make out the pale smudge of Foster's face pressed against the side window of the Ford. One of the miniature cameras I'd coveted as a child was sitting in the bottom of the nearest gumball machine, just waiting for the next kid with a quarter. It had no lens aperature. I wondered why I hadn't noticed that the cameras were fakes years ago. Had they been working models back then?

I was pondering this when Grytsko emerged from between racks of \$3 flannel night-dresses, head bobbing, and scuttling toward the record department. He limped around the record tables. His expression was suitably vacuous but there was an alertness to the quick movements of his head. Seeing that the coast was clear, he bellied up to the "R" section. I could detect nothing, but he must have latched onto his prize because he whiled and headed straight toward me.

My stomach dropped into my sneakers. He should have headed for cover. Something was terribly wrong. A moment before he had been Pepper, but something had transmogrified him into a Quasimodo, or worse, His chin hung floorward, pistoning up and down

to avoid his knees. His right arm was twisted up into his jacket, seemingly paralytic. There was panic in his face.

I learned afterwards, from Foster, that as Grytsko shoved the album under his jacket, the notorious zipper had torn through the shrink wrap and snagged in the threadbare lining. Poor Grytsko could neither push the album up out of sight, or free it. In his confusion he had simply headed for the doors.

It was not the ending I'd imagined. As my friend came lurching toward me I noticed another figure, a man, dressed inconspicuously in a yellow windbreaker. He was a burly fellow and it puzzled me that he should be striding so purposefully toward the women's lingerie section until I realized that he would reach the full figure support girdles at the same instant as Grytsko.

I'm sure if we had spoken about it later, Grytsko would have assured me that it would have been futile to call out a warning. But he didn't speak about it. I didn't see him often after that day. I guess we both got serious about our schoolwork. During the summer my first issue of OUTWORLDS arrived and I discovered there was a place where you could maintain a paper persona without fear of mishap.

Years later, while we were living in Brooklyn and I was attending law school, Kathy and I returned to Wilkes-Barre for a visit. We were browsing through the Gallery of Sound at the Wyoming Valley Mall, on old haunt, when I spotted a familiar figure behind the cash register. At first I didn't recognize him because of the incongruous beard, and the uncharacteristic open neck sports shirt. He had a gold chain around his neck.

"Foster," I said.

I asked about Grytsko. Foster told me he had grown a mustache, married a blonde and moved to West Virginia. I tried to imagine Grytsko running rats, or whatever it is Psychology majors do for a living, in West Virginia. I wondered if he wore a tie.

"And what are you doing here, Foster?" I asked.

"I'm the assistant manager," he said, reddening modestly.

"What about accounting?"

"I quit that," he said. "Music is where its at, man. Just look at what's happening these days." To my astonishment he gestured toward the wall behind him where someone had tacked up punk rock singles, just like they did in Bleeker Bob's in the Village. "Music has never been better," he told me, bubbling with enthusiasm. "Look at this." He pulled down X-Ray Specs and slid the 45 out for my inspection. "A fantastic single," he exclaimed. "Look at it. Day-glo orange vinyl. And they use white. Clear vinyl, too. Picture discs. The Kinks put a square single out. Can you imagine?"

I had forgotten these incidents until a few weeks ago. I was leafing through the new SPORTING NEWS as I always do on Fridays, when the name "Larksville" stuck in my eye like a cinder. I had never associated anything with that sleepy coal mining town except Pepper and my immediate, illogical thought, was to wonder how Pepper had made the SPORTING NEWS. In fact, the story told how that same native populace that had given rise to Pepper had elected as mayor the captain of the Wilkes College football team. But once my memory had been jogged I decide to write that article I had promised Grytsko way back when we figured all the world's lumps were reserved for its Peppers. I wonder what he'd think.

-- Eric Mayer



MINAC

BY TED WHITE

TRIPPING DOWN MEMORY LANE
or an Introduction of Sorts

After my column last issue about the fan movement of the fifties which called itself Seventh Fandom, I decided that, having revealed Harlan Ellison in his most egregious fannish folly, I owed it to both him and the readers of BOONFARK to show his better side -- his fanzine, SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN/DIMENSIONS.

Toward that end I pulled from my files a blue folder which contained the copies I possessed of the fanzine, issue #s 11 through 15. These are the significant issues, as I'll explain.

The earliest, #11, is dated December 1952 and actually appeared around February or March of 1953. The final issue, #15, is dated August-October 1954 and came out sometime in the first half of 1955. I got into fandom in late 1951, put out my first fanzine in 1953, and in 1955 I was 17 and a junior in high school.

I decided I could not go on general memory and a few quick references; I had not actually reread these fanzines since originally receiving and reading them. I began to reread them, page by page, issue by issue. I kept notes.

Rereading the over 350 pages in those five fanzines took the better part of a full waking day -- actually split between two days. In the night that intervened I dreamed incessantly about Harlan Ellison and the fandom of 1953-55.

I had a lot to deal with. For starters, there was the entire restimulation of memories and forgotten feelings dating from that period in my life -- my adolescence. These existed on several levels, one of which was the way I then related to life, and another one of which was the way I then regarded fandom.

Awe: I was in awe of fandom. I became a fan when I was 13 and virtually everyone in fandom was older, wiser, more experienced and more evidently talented than I. I was still a kid; they, even those only 16 or 17 years old, were Older, probably Grown Ups.

Then there was the conflict between the way I remembered specific aspects of SFB/DIMENSIONS -- the way they struck me then -- and the way they looked to me now. I remembered Marion Zimmer Bradley's fanzine review column, "Cryin' in the Sink," as a decent column of its type. Now I think it was amazingly ill-informed claptrap: Marion detested what hindsight has revealed to us (and most contemporaries also understood) to be the best writers and fanzines of the time, and she loved some absolute dogs. She seemed to be swayed entirely by inchoate prejudices and rarely exercised any critical judgment. How disillusioning.

And then there was a moment of blinding insight which had me walking around room to room mumbling to myself for long moments after it occurred. I read "The Fingerbone of Accusation," a critical attack on GALAXY's editor, H.L. Gold, by Richard Elsberry and it dawned on me at last where my roots as a fanwriter lie.

Richard Elsberry was, I'd always known, a member of that pantheon of BNF fan-writers which also included Redd Boggs and Vernon McCain and would later include Gregg Calkins: writers better known for serious essays than light humor. Elsberry had written an extensive conreport on the 1952 Chicon II which occupied the entirety of an issue of Max Keasler's OPUS (#20). I have an incomplete copy. He contributed to a variety of other fanzines, but was dropping out of fandom as I became more active in it, and I can't recall reading much by him. By contrast, I've read a great deal more by Boggs, McCain, and Calkins, and have corresponded with all three and met all but McCain (who died in 1958, the news reaching me when I was six pages into a letter to him that I never finished). Elsberry was always a more shadowy figure to me.

I must have read his "Fingerbone" in SFB #12 when I originally got it, but it was entirely fresh to me when I reread it; I had no prior memories about it. I wasn't impressed by the piece's opening lines but as I read further I began to get a strange and at first incomprehensible feeling that was akin but not deja vu. There was something about the tone, the style of the writing, even the basic (somewhat beligerant) stance Elsberry had assumed. As I continued to read I had a feeling identical to that which I'd had when, a few months back, I reread the column I'd written in mid-1968 for Dick Geis that set off what appears to be a lifetime feud with Harry Harrison: I could see where the points were fairly and logically argued and I could see where the author had gone off the deep end with sarcasm or invective that misfired. Ghoddamn, I said to myself, in 1952 Richard Elsberry was writing exactly the way I was writing sixteen years later!

How strange, I thought. For years I'd wanted to write like Vernon McCain (whose calm commonsense stance too often eluded me) and while I'd been flattered when people started comparing me, around 1960, with F. Tower Laney, I'd never actually felt myself capable of filling his shoes. To find out that it was Elsberry whom I most resembled during the period I'd won a Hugo for Best Fanwriter was startling, thrilling, and astounding. I got to my feet and stumbled out to the kitchen where I aimlessly rinsed dishes and stacked them in the dishwasher. "Elsberry, mumble-mumble," I muttered to myself. "Good Ghod."

Then there is Harlan Himself. I accepted Harlan uncritically in 1953 and 1954. If he blew his trumpet incessantly in SFB/DIMENSIONS, I did not hold it against him: I believed him. (This trumpet-blowing is something I'll return to later.) When I met Harlan in 1955 I was in awe of him. I stammered when he asked me direct questions. I had never met someone with his charisma, his dynamicism, his sheer energy. Harlan

sent off sparks. Harlan was only a few years older than me -- when I was 17 and met him for the first time, he was 21 -- but separated from me by a wide gulf of experience and self-confidence.

My initial acquaintanceship with Harlan grew, gradually, over the years, until in 1960 Harlan stayed in my apartment for several weeks and then moved into an apartment only three doors up the street, a period during which we were quite close. My awe of Harlan was tempered by greater contact with him, but my respect did not decrease as our friendship grew. I saw much in Harlan then which I admired. He could be impulsively generous and often was. (In GAMBIT 56 I published the story of how he got me a book contract -- my first -- so my wife and I could afford to attend the 1961 Worldcon in Seattle. He also got me my first assignment from ROGUE Magazine editor Frank Robinson, and gave me a suit of Italian silk which I wore for years thereafter.) He was also very talented, albeit sometimes (I thought) too facile, and on those occasions when there was no outside audience but just he and me (and perhaps my wife Sylvia) he would let down his defenses, relax and reveal a pensive, thoughtful, vulnerable side which became that aspect of Harlan I valued the most, the no-hype warm human being.

Then he moved away again and after a few years made his successful assault on Hollywood. Unlike the debt-ridden, perpetually-broke and hustling Harlan I'd seen so often, the Harlan Ellison of the late sixties and seventies seemed to disappear from my view behind the veil of success. He solicited a story from me for Dangerous Visions but rejected everything I showed him, with explanations I found unconvincing (especially in light of the subsequent reception those stories got: "Sixteen and Vanilla" was published in VERTEX, reprinted by the French UNIVERSE, and ultimately appeared in a graphic version by Val Lakey in HEAVY METAL). We saw each other seldom and usually when Harlan had an audience. I found myself approaching Harlan as I had in the fifties, with deference and maybe a little of the old awe, but it was tinged by contempt: contempt for the persona I felt he had assumed (especially when he was on television talk shows) which was Sammy-Glick-like, an exaggeration of what I considered his worst traits -- and contempt for myself and the way I behaved toward him, as if I was a lackey, an old retainer, or worse.

The simple fact of the matter was that I had never gotten over one essential thing: I wanted Harlan to respect me and I felt inadequate to inspire it. It was a hangover from our very first actual contact.

In 1953 Harlan Ellison wrote to me. Joel Nydahl had suggested he use me as an artist in SFB; I had done a cover for Joel's VEGA (an early issue, before he acquired better artists). Harlan sent me a story to illustrate; in the vagueness of my memory I believe it was by Fred Chappell. It was a space story. Harlan wanted three or four illos for it -- done in black ink.

As a fifteen-year-old I was more than a year away from teaching myself commercial art techniques like scratchboard, craftint, or zipatone. In 1953 my "art" was largely confined to pencil drawing in my school notebooks. In the course of doodling I often came up, largely by accident, with some decently designed drawings. But that was without any pressure and with a success rate of maybe 25%.

Harlan's assignment was totally different. The story had very specific scenes, I couldn't just doodle until something approximating those scenes materialized. (Besides which it was summer and I wasn't in class doodling in my notebooks anyway.) I worked out pencil drawings and inked them in with a pennib and India ink. The nib was too big for any finesse in the linework, and the thick lines obliterated what subtlety existed in the pencils. The illustrations, when I had finished them, were embarrassingly amateur even to my eye. I turned them in to Harlan and he never pub-

lished them or asked me to illustrate anything else for his fanzine.

I think that for a great many years after that I tried to compensate for that early failure -- but somehow never did. When Harlan rejected all the stories I sent him for Dangerous Visions it was simply a replay of the sad events of the summer of 1953. I still didn't seem to measure up.

But those stories weren't embarrassments -- unlike my early illustrations. And it bothered me that Harlan seemed to be reacting to them as though they had been. That may have been my imagination, but there were other little signs which my paranoia had no difficulty identifying: I'd had Harlan sent a copy of my first hardcover book, Secret of the Marauder Satellite, but he wouldn't read it (or, consequently, tell me what he thought of it). I had beaten him to the punch -- my first hardcover had come out before his. And Harlan had started taking credit (privately, to me) for my triumphs, like my Hugo (he claimed in a phone conversation that he'd withdrawn from contention in that category -- being in several other professional categories on that year's Hugo ballot anyway -- and had told the con committee to count the votes for him as votes for me; although they of course did not do this, Harlan more than once thereafter referred to my Hugo as an example of his generosity to me, which rankled).

While I was editing HEAVY METAL in 1980 (another triumph for which Harlan implied he was responsible -- but I knew very well that it was Dave Hartwell who had recommended me for the job, a point publicly acknowledged by publisher Leonard Mogel in the November, 1980 HM) Harlan came by the erroneous information that I had slandered his agent. He wrote me a letter which blistered with invective and it took the mediation of a third party to get that one sorted out. (When I received Harlan's letter I heard the "slander" for the first time; subsequently I was told it was true and soon Harlan changed agents.)

It was easy under the circumstances to become soured on Harlan (ghod knows there are those who would ask what took me so long), but for some reason it was still important to me to have his respect: I wanted to measure up in his eyes. What hurt the most about his vicious letter was that he had thought me capable of and likely to do the things he'd accused me of.

After all, Harlan has not become any less generous a friend to those whom he values. People have told me of private acts of Harlan's which no one could help but admire, but done quietly and without grandstanding and therefore all the more obviously genuine and admirable. Harlan has gone on helping and supporting people he respects and believes in -- and I suppose it hurt that he seemed to have turned his back on me. To the extent that I wanted to gain his respect I disliked myself because I could not be certain I was not simply fawning after his favors.

Dan sent Harlan a copy of BOONFARK #6 with my column on Seventh Fandom. Harlan responded with a letter which was not for publication. In it he largely dismissed me and my motives for writing the piece, with a vague contempt. He referred to the piece as "humorless" and unperceptive. I believe he sees me as someone who always aspired to his kind of success and failed to achieve it, and I think he believes me to be motivated by petty spite and jealous envy.

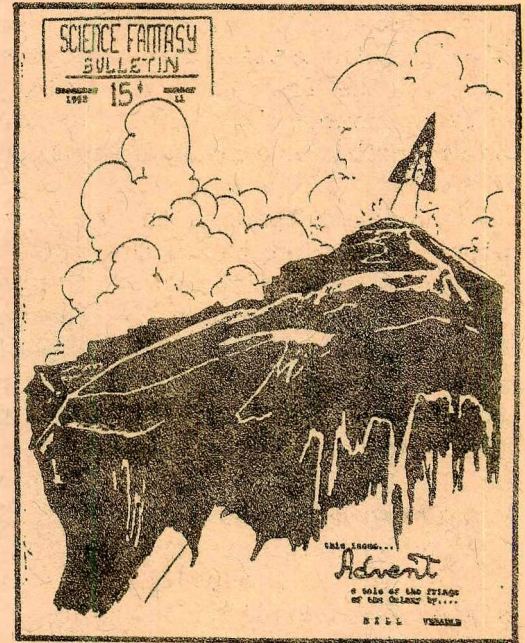
It was the last straw. Why should I care, I asked myself, what this man thinks of me? It is twenty-nine years since I first tried and failed to satisfy his expectations of me. I am no longer 15; I am 44. Things have changed. I have changed. No doubt Harlan too has changed. It's time, I decided, to give up these lingering feelings of adolescent inadequacy.

And it was thus that I approached SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN/DIMENSIONS.

THE MAGAZINE ITSELF started its life around the beginning of 1952 as the monthly BULLETIN of the Cleveland Science Fantasy Society. Although I once had the opportunity to to briefly browse the early issues of the (Cleveland) SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN, few impressions remain: the earliest issues may or may not have been edited by Harlan but they were much closer to a typical clubzine. The issues were thinner, running only a dozen to perhaps twenty pages, and featured mostly local Cleveland writing. They probably came out monthly; the 11th issue is dated December 1952 and claims monthly publication, although by this issue, which featured 58 pages, the schedule was slipping.

Some specifics:

SFB #11, at 58 pages, and dated December 1952, actually came out no earlier than February 1953. #12 was promised to appear "in two weeks." It was 42 pages (plus a single sheet insert) and actually appeared in March or April 1953, although dated "January."



SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN #11
December 1952

By #13 Harlan was admitting to a "temporary" bimonthly schedule; the 92 (!) page issue was dated "March" and actually appeared at some point that summer, perhaps in July.

With #14 the name was changed to DIMENSIONS and the schedule was officially claimed to be "quarterly." But #14, dated "May-July 1954" appeared late in the fall or early in the winter of 1954 -- more than a year after #13. DIMENSIONS #14 runs only 70 pages.

The final issue (although not by intention) was #15, which had 94 pages, was dated "August-October 1954" and actually appeared some time after January 1955 (the latest internal reference in the issue). Harlan had the covers printed and most of the stencils cut for #16, but it never came out. The covers he gave to Lee Hoffman and her then-husband Larry Shaw, who used it for a FAPazine they called DIMENSIONS 16 #1. Ron Smith of INSIDE got first pick of the material, both that stencilled for the issue and the even greater quantity Harlan had in inventory for future issues. My memory does not inform me of who had second pick over what became known as "The DIMENSIONS file," but the third pick went to George Spencer for his fanzine OUTRE. He passed the majority of the remaining material on to me, and in 1956 Harlan gave me what he still had, plus the subscriber's list, and asked me to do what none of the previous vultures who had picked over DIMENSIONS' bones had been willing to do: honor the outstanding subs. This I did with my fanzine STELLAR, which I combined with its thirteenth issue with DIMENSIONS.

When the file reached me it still contained my wretched illustrations; the story they'd gone with had never been used (and still hasn't been, for that matter; it wasn't very good). I destroyed my illos.

There is a considerable growth of maturity visible in these five issues and it is obvious that this mirrored a similar growth in Harlan himself, who was at that time leaving his teens.

Equally visible in those issues was Harlan's almost inexhaustible energy, which

leaps at one from nearly every page.

Issue #11, for example, begins with a photo-offset cover by Bill Veneble (dated "'52") illustrating his own story, "Advent," blurbed on the cover (by Harlan) as "a tale of the fringe of the Galaxy." It's an effective cover (with good art) marred only by someone's attempt to trace in ink the SFB logo which was made up of two lettering guide styles and was rendered rather shakily.

Nothing appears on the inside cover, but on the first inside sheet, the frontispiece, we encounter the words "Science Fantasy Bulletin" lettering-guided in old-English across the top of the page, like a logo. Immediately below is the subhead, "the LIFE magazine of the fan world," and a blurb directly continues, "which introduces the first, in SFBULLETIN, appearance of BOB SILVERBERG: whose initial introduction is made with THE CONSISTENT PROZINE an article of unusual timeliness." Below this is the admonition, "SEE PAGE FOUR NOW!" (Page four, as we'll see shortly, is devoted to the scheduled items in the next issue.) These headings and blurbs appear above and on the right side of a large piece of art which occupies the largest part of the page. A caption below it identifies it as "WITCHCRAFT ON MARS one of a group of specially prepared frontispieces done for SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN by MRS. MARGARET M. DOMINICK (DEA), of New Brunswick, New Jersey." The piece is typical of the work Mrs. Dominick signed DEA and distributed to virtually every faned who asked for some (myself included). It is primitive but has a bizarre charm which is still quite evident.

The (unnumbered) back of the frontispiece is the contents page. The typing on this page runs from the absolute top (the lettering-guided logo is actually clipped a bit, running over the top) to the very bottom. Listed are:

- Two stories
- One "satire-article"
- Two pieces of verse
- Six columns (one of them, "Burbblings," by Harlan himself)
- Two "features" (one is a guest-editorial by Henry Moskowitz who, as Henry Morrison, is presently a major agent)
- Ten departments (including an advertising section, the editorials, book reviews, and a letter column)
- Covers (front and back, titled and credited)
- The Frontispiece (again titled and credited)
- Artwork (by 18 artists, including Bergeron, Rotsler, and Ellison, and concluding with "all page layouts by Ellison")
- The Staff (Ellison as editor and publisher, Honey Wood as managing editor, Sally Durn & Noreen Falasca as "sheet shufflers," and six artists as staff artists)
- The Colophon ran in a narrow column down the left side of the page.

If you bothered to count you'd find that 23 items (exclusive of the covers and frontispiece) were listed as contents of SFB #11, and these were jammed into a total of 58 pages. But Harlan's layouts were although sometimes a bit busy not without their art and attractiveness. What is too often forgotten about Harlan is that he was himself an artist of sorts (basically a cartoonist) and he had an artist's eye for fanzine layout as well as considerable talent for hand-stencilling art by a wide variety of artists. (In #15 he remarks in passing, in the letter column, "I cut that Venable illo from a pen-and-ink sketch, and it was hell-with-stylii. Must have spent two and a half hours on it...." Harlan obviously took the time and effort, both with styli and shading plates, to stencil the art for his fanzine as well as he could, which was quite well indeed.) Harlan has long prided himself, with justification, on his eye for good art and good artists.

Facing the contents page was "page one" -- the point at which the pages began

being numbered. Here the editorials (two by Harlan) begin. And here also one first notices that Harlan's typing has justified right-hand margins. A second look may provoke the suspicion that Harlan had a unique method for justifying his right-hand margins -- a method he used in private correspondence as well -- which did not require any dummyping or retyping. Harlan simply typed a normal line until he was within an inch or a little more of his right-hand margin. Then he either threw in a few extra spaces between words or even s t r e t c h e d out whole words, if that was needed, or, conversely, he might jam the letters in the final word or two of that line closer together. This gave the last inch of typing on the right side of each page a vaguely peculiar look, one in which rivers of spaces might tumble down the page or, oppositely, the type would get denser and darker. I suspect that Harlan might also have done a little rewriting of the material as he stencilled it to fit it in better, picking longer or shorter synonyms as needed.

Harlan's first editorial, "Sensational?", addressed itself to the practice he had of trumpeting the material in SFB (as in the quotes I've already given, from the cover and frontispiece): "...they feel that yours truly is too blatantly sensational in the manner of presentation of his magazine."

"Fandom," Harlan said more than twenty-five years ago, "has an insidious habit of making fanzines conform to the 'standards' they hold dearest. But SFB ain't gonna conform. When Ellison runs a blurb on the front cover, he's not trying to draw sales (even though SFB is sold on some of the stands in Cleveland), he's putting down a few lines that PLEASE HIM. Thus, Next Text, Crystal-Balling, Story Recommendations, etc., are all self-pleasers. They are intended (naturally) for the entertainment, and possibly enlightenment, of you readers; but they are primarily to please your editor. If however, you are too displeased with any one thing, that will in turn displease me, and I'll regulate the situation accordingly. I don't think that's a crime. There is little enough pleasure from a fanzine; that the editor derives a little more from inclusion of certain things does not lessen the readability or worth of the magazine."

So far so good: Harlan was on the right track when he justified the things he'd done with SFB because they gave him pleasure. But he was unwilling to leave it at that, taking the criticism that he was overdoing his horn-blowing as an attempt to make him give up his originality and force him to copy other accepted "standards": "I don't mooch someone else's ideas...I don't mooch their layouts...I don't mooch their subscribers...and I'll be doubly turned in effigy before I'll swipe their editorial policy. That's the way it is. If you don't like it...move on to some other magazine that suits you better. SFB will improve, I sincerely trust, with age, but it will be with better artists, better stories, more intricate and original innovations, and not...you hear me, NOT with pilfered editorial fancies as employed by someone else. That's the way the land lies, take it or leave it. SFB stays SFB." (All ellipses are Harlan's.) Thus he refused to do what no one had asked of him in the first place.

Harlan's second, shorter, editorial, "The Negroes Place in S-F," ends with these words: "Don't let prejudice waste and deprive fandom and science fiction of these valuable viewpoints. I've seen negroes at the conventions...now let's see them in fandom itself -- working side by side with their brothers." There were at that time few if any known blacks in fandom, especially fanzine fandom (although if a fan conducted his or her fanac by mail there was hardly any way to know unless the information was volunteered) and very few racist bigots either (the few who were obvious about their prejudices were not kindly treated by most fan; George Wetzel was a good example), leaving me wondering to whom Harlan was addressing his editorial. But since Harlan had himself been the victim of anti-Semitic prejudice as a boy I'm sure his editorial was sincere albeit perhaps misplaced.

Page three is a full-page "Citation" -- a regular honor bestowed upon those Harlan regarded as deserving ("The CITATION is the highest honor we are able to bestow; it is a show of our gratitude to persons furthering this specialized field.") -- and Citation #11 went to "RAY BRADBURY, the John Steinbeck of modern science fiction writing." In addition to a full-page recital of his achievements, Bradbury received "a subscription for a full year to SFB."

Page four was wholly devoted to the "Crystal-Balling" department in which the next issue was blurbed. Harlan pulled out all stops here, because the next issue was to be THE GALAXY SCIENCE FICTION APPRECIATION ISSUE, with a cover by ("don't faint!!") Ed Emsh. Harlan concluded his blurbs with this admonition:

"...and if this isn't enough to warrent your being around, then brother, you'd better lie down...I've got news for you:

"YOU'RE DEAD!

"----humbly, your editor, Harlan Ellison"

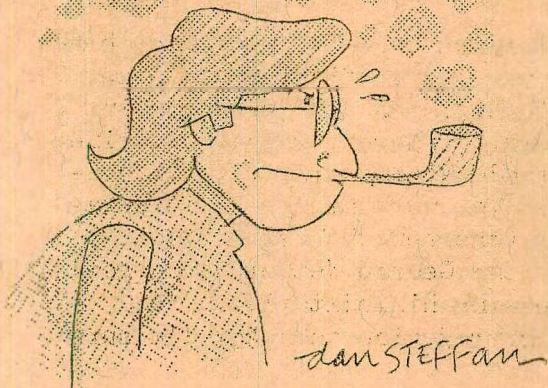
On page five Henry Moskowitz (whose name was changed to "Morrison" by Scott Meredith when he worked for Scott, sticking him professionally and ultimately legally with the Anglaised name, but who was active in fandom in the fifties under his original name) editorialised on the subject of Philip Jose Farmer's "The Lovers," which had been a burst of fresh air for sf in 1952. His piece carries over to the top half of page six; the bottom half contains "Judgment Day," the readers' rating of the material in the last issue. I see a Raymond L. Clancy story came in first.

Bill Venable's story "Advent," begins on page seven with a fullpage Venable illo and the story title plus "an SFBULLETIN BULLSEYE no. 5." The title is repeated overleaf on page eight and the story is prefaced by a half-page "A Few Words By The Editor," in which Harlan makes this remarkable statement: "SFB has seen the emergence of a number of fine writers in its twelve-issue life." (This was SFB #11, remember.) I'm left wondering if that was a simple error or if there had been an "#0" before SFB #1. I tried to read "Advent," but found it too much like slushpile rejects I've been forced to wade through in years gone by: characters who made no impression on me. Ellison, in late 1952 or very early 1953, found it "a powerful story," however. It ends on page thirteen and the bottom third of the page is occupied by the first half of "SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN'S Story Recommendations," a listing of sf stories (and the magazines they appeared in) which Harlan had recently read and liked.

Pages fourteen, fifteen and most of sixteen are taken up with Dave English's column, "Lint From a Stefan's Belly-Button," a minor assemblage of whimsies by a fan better known as an artist. Fortunately, his column is profusely decorated with his drawings. Dave English is, some people tell me, an acquired taste -- but I loved his surreal art (and its whimsical captions) the first time I saw it and I ran portfolios of his best early-fifties work in a number of VOIDS under the title "The dave english Anthology." English's column in SFB/DIMENSIONS was one I remembered with great fondness but on rereading I don't think it holds up nearly so well as I thought it did then. Harlan's "Story Recommendations" finish out page sixteen.

Nick Falasca's "satire-article," "Diarethics, The New Seance of the Mind," takes off on L. Ron Hubbard for four pages -- 17 through 20. It has its clever moments but overstayes itself. One or two pages was all it needed to make all its points.

Page twenty-one offers Barclay Johnson's "Predictions" about fandom to come. Some of his pre-



dictions turned out to be valid in principle if not in specifics. He accurately predicted (in late 1952, soon after San Francisco lost its bid for the 1953 Worldcon to the suddenly galvanized Philadelphia group -- a minor scandal at the time among some fan, "The 1954 Convention will be held in San Francisco, even if a probable one-third of those who attended the Chicon go to the Phillycon to vote on it." He accurately predicted that Lee Hoffman's QUANDRY "will go quarterly within the next six months, in fact if not in schedule. Lee Hoffman will, chances are, get tired of publishing in that time, but will find it hard to give up her 'tradition.'" and that "A new group of young fans, centered around Joel Nydahl's new fanzine VEGA ... will do some of the introducing of young fans which has been so overdiscussed in various circles." (Even then there were "Whither Fandom?" articles abounding.) Unfortunately, he also saw the trend toward larger conventions ending (which it appeared to do for a few years), and the N3F becoming a major force in fandom, which it never did and probably never will do.

On page twenty-two the book reviews began. These were by a variety of Cleveland area fans, including the soon to become well-known author, Andre Norton. Ms. Norton was a regular contributor of book reviews to SFB/DIMENSIONS. The reviews conclude on page twenty-seven, and are followed on that page by "The Boot," a regular department "of deserved reprimands." This issue The Boot went to Hugo Gernsback for his new prozine, SCIENCE FICTION PLUS, "which is guaranteed to set SF back, at a conservative estimate, ten years." Following "The Boot" at the bottom of the page, is a "DEDICATION" -- the issue is dedicated to Hubert Gibson (father of artist Ray Gibson), who died on February 7, 1953 (thus giving one of the few clues to when the issue was actually prepared), and also to Noreen and Nick Falasca on the occasions of their first wedding anniversary (they co-chaired the 1955 Cleveland Worldcon and separated a few years later, Noreen to marry Larry Shaw in 1959), and Honey and Donald Wood on the occasion of their third wedding anniversary (Honey soon thereafter left Don to marry Roger Phillips Graham).

On page twenty-eight Harlan presents his own column, "Burlblings," which is in the tradition of newspaper gossip columns with breathless news items separated by ellipses. Later Harlan changed the name of the column when it was pointed out that Charles Burbee had been using it in FAPA for years. (In #13, under the new title "Voice from the Styx," he complained that "the title 'Burlblings' is, in some sketchy and, to me, totally incomprehensible manner, the sole property of a lout name of Charles Burbee who claims to have invented Lewis Carroll. Too many of the readers of this august column wrote in, screaming loudly that I was a foul plagerist, so I quickly ran and hid my crimson countenance 'neath the above title. Happy now?")

Page thirty contains both poems in the issue.

Gregg Calkin's column, "Jabberwocky," appears on pages 31, 32, and a bit of 35. Uniquely, it is double-columned. In it Gregg talked convention politics. This was before the debut of the rotation system, the need for which was already very evident. Calkins also questioned the selection of Calvin Thomas Beck as a columnist on fandom for the prozine SCIENCE FICTION QUARTERLY. Beck was even then (1952) not well thought of in fandom. (later I would write "A Day With Calvin Thos. Beck" for VOID and reveal the facts behind the myths which had grown up around Beck and had reduced him for the most part to being a fannish laughingstock.)

On page thirty-three a very short (half-page) story by Thomas Finn is presented with an editorial introduction almost half the story's length. The story describes a robot programmed to take parts from two lockers in Grand Central Station and put them together, setting off an atomic explosion. It is functionally written, but its only real virtue is its brevity. A page-bottom notice informs us that there are no back issues available.

Marion Zimmer Bradley's fanzine-review column, "Cryin' in the Sink," runs from page thirty-four through page thirty-eight, and reviews fifteen fanzines plus a booklet. The reviews are short, about one paragraph in length, and illustrated with Ray Nelson's Globbly heads, which express a wide range of emotions and evidently reflect Harlan's view of the zines reviewed more than Marion's.

Hal Shapiro, who was something of an enfant terrible himself in those days, had a column called "Halo" ("the column that's over your head") which is introduced by a full-page illo on page thirty-nine; the actual column occupied pages forty and forty-one, and, like Harlan's, is made up of a lot of separate short items -- a style which has pretty much vanished from fanzines.

Page forty-two is a full-page cartoon-feature, "Birdbaths," by Lynn Hickman under his cartooning pseudonym, Plato Jones. It's dated "'53," another clue of sorts; despite the pretense that it's sf (the door to the shop says "Luna Spaceman's Shop") it's really just a mundane clothing store joke, albeit professionally drawn.

Pages 43-47 are the advertising section. \$1.00 bought a full page. The circulation is claimed to be "over 300 -- in 46 of the 48 states and seven foreign countries." Having inherited the sub-list, I can vouch for the truth of that claim.

There are five pages of letters, beginning on page 48. These are interspersed with one or two pieces of filler art on each page; the letter column is pretty lightweight.

Page fifty-three is the back cover (although it faces inward toward page 52), "a belated New Year's cover." The actual bacover is a mailing wrapper, its blank spaces filled with additional blurbs, one of which reads, "NEXT ISSUE DUE IN APPROXIMATELY TWO WEEKS."

As can be seen, this was hardly a blockbuster issue (and Silverberg, so heavily ballyhooed on the frontispiece, unmentioned on page four's "Crystal-Balling," had to wait until #13 to appear with his "The Consistent Prozine," a bibliographical review of FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES magazine, one of a number of similar pieces he did for other fanzines of that period). It was in fact a typical "monthly" issue: full of the latest fannish gossip and politics, side by side with commentary on current science fiction, and largely written by fans.

The balance began to shift with the very next issue, the GALAXY Appreciation Issue, which was much more sf-oriented and less fan-oriented. By the final issue, DIMENSIONS 15, pro writers and pro-sf gossip and politics had significantly replaced the fan writers and fannish topics -- although Harlan had by no means abandoned the fannish side of his fanzine: He had copped a piece by Willis at long last (and by dint of several extraordinarily arm-twisting trans-Atlantic phone calls) and had it stencilled for DIMENSIONS 16. (It ultimately ended up in VOID.)

-- Concluded next issue --

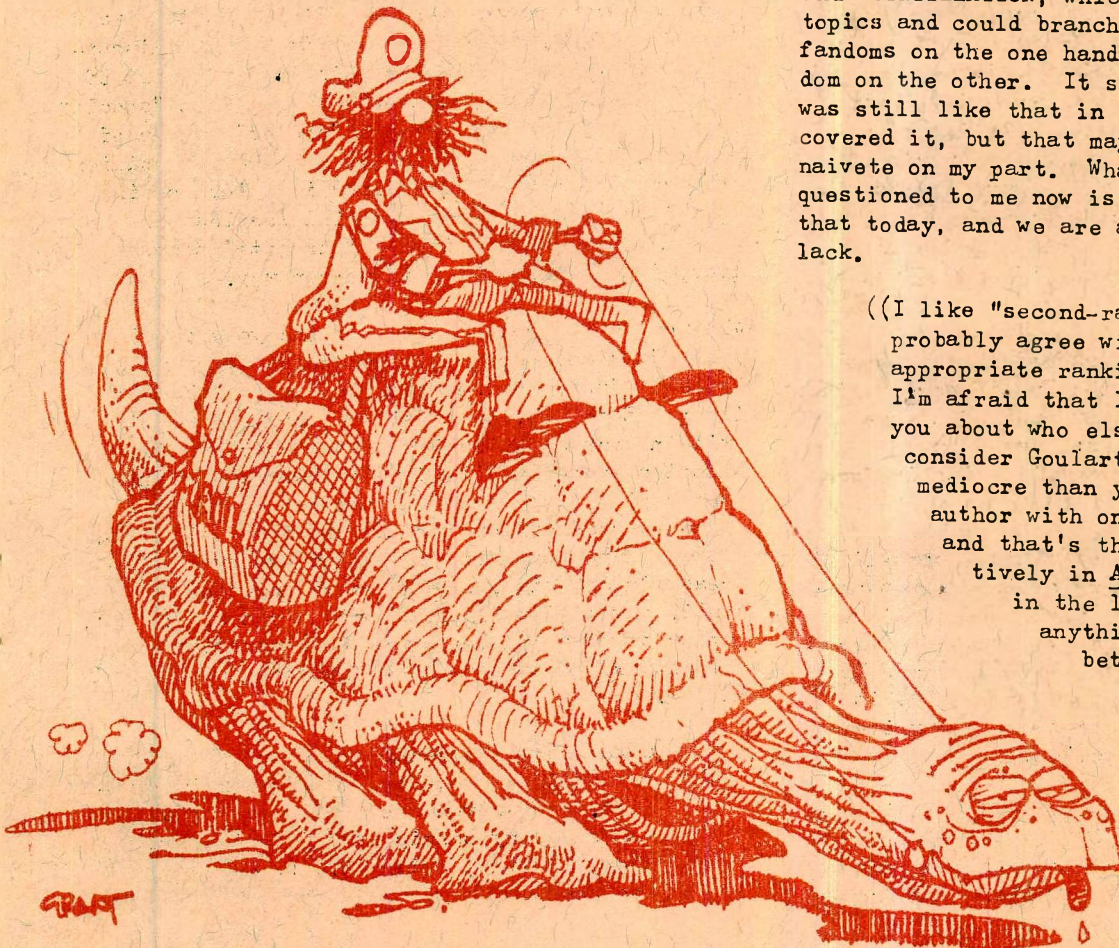
"Time doesn't hurry for any man, either." -- Alexis Gilliland

PSSST! HEY JOE, YOU GOT FANZINES? As always, I am hunting for old, interesting, and hard (for me) to find fanzines. In particular I am interested in obtaining: A BAS #2,4,&5; SLANT #1-4,&6; HYPHEN #1-30; MARHOON #1-5, 7,8,10,&12; INNUENDO #1-10; GRUE #1-22,24,26,32-36,38,&39; LIGHTHOUSE #1,2,8,13; VOID #1-12,14,16,18,23; OOPSLA! #1,2,5,6,8-10,12-14,16-27; FRAP #2&4; EGOBOO #7-9; QUIF #1-5,9,10,13. I am also looking for just about any issue of: QUANDRY, XERO, HABAKUK, SKYHOOK, and RETRIBUTION. I have limited trades available, or can be persuaded to fork over the cash. I am also interested in Vaughn Bode's works -- write if you can help.

ARTHUR D. HLAIVATY Your editorial confirms
819 W. Markham Ave. my impression that my
Durham, NC 27701 reference to Willis as
"a second-rate humorist"
caused enough of a reaction among his admirers
to obscure the message I was trying to communi-
cate, and I am glad to see that you were able
to find more in my remarks than that.

As I've said elsewhere, I might have gotten my
message across more clearly had I described
Willis as a second-rank humorist, to avoid the
overly pejorative connotations many people have
for the phrase "second-rate." For I meant
second out of many levels, not out of two. In
my grading system, there is a first rank of
humorists I idolize (Lenny Bruce, Joseph Heller,
and John Sladek, among others). Below that is
a group of admirably competent writers like
Willis, Goulart, and Buchwald. A few levels
below that comes mediocrity, and still further
down the actually bad writers.

group
Sainthood
LETTERS



I did not mean to condemn Willis; if I was after
anyone, it was those who put him on a pedestal
as an untouchable ghed, and maintain that no
"mundane" writer was ever anywhere near him.

So I wouldn't have said the dumb things I said
about Willis if I'd had the benefit of hindsight;
I'd have said something you'd probably consider
less dumb. I think that my moderate level of
enthusiasm for Willis is reasonable. There is,
after all, a subjective element to humor and
one's appreciation of it. In this very issue
Rich Coad, in his diatribe against HOLIER THAN
THOU, quotes what he considers four Horrible
Examples of unfunny jokes. I find two of them
amusing. That doesn't necessarily mean that
Rich is a humorectomy patient, just that reason-
able people can disagree on what is funny.

I'm glad to see that much of my message got
across despite the disagreement about Willis.
The concept of "participatory fandom" is, among
other things, an attempt to have a subtler
classification system than (1) Trufans and (2)
Noisy Assholes Who Dress Funny. I'm beginning
to think that there may be nothing more than
participatory fandoms. In my view, a truly
central fandom would have a sense of fannish his-
tory and certainly would know who Willis was, but
would not confine itself to being about fandom.
It would center on *gasp* science fiction and
the ideas that science fiction discusses, and it
would feature zines like MYTHOLOGIES, KHATRU,
and SCINTILLATION, which would discuss such
topics and could branch off into single-author
fandoms on the one hand and fannish fanzine fan-
dom on the other. It seems to me that fandom
was still like that in the mid-70s when I dis-
covered it, but that may have been starry-eyed
naivete on my part. What seems obvious and un-
questioned to me now is that fandom is not like
that today, and we are all the poorer for that
lack.

((I like "second-rank" a lot better, and I
probably agree with you that that is an
appropriate ranking for Walt's work. But
I'm afraid that I still must argue with
you about who else is in that ranking. I
consider Goulart to be considerably more
mediocre than you do -- I think he's an
author with only one string in his bow,
and that's the one he used so effec-
tively in After Things Fell Apart,
in the late 60s. Has he written
anything since that is any
better? :: I thought that
SCINTILLATION was one of

the better fanzines of its day. SCIN's editor, Carl Bennett, was a very talented editor and graphic artist, but I always felt that the fanzine excelled because Carl had a great sense of humor (after all, the fanzine was originally called DORK PIZZLE) and never took the sercon aspects of his fanzine too seriously. Of course, I think he was effective also because he tended not to settle for the ordinarily dull type of material that appeared in most of his contemporaries, like MYTHOLOGIES. Frankly, I much prefer the sort of serious approach to a fanzine that was used by Terry Carr in the later issues of LIGHTHOUSE. That fanzine had all the warmth and friendliness of a fannish zine, while still featuring Big Names and Big Ideas, but then, it was a big fanzine.))

BERNADETTE BOSKY Arthur's copy of BOONFARK
819 W. Markham Ave. 6 arrived at our household
Durham, NC 27701 today, and I read it --
 especially the editorial --
with much interest. I thought you raised
several good points; and that you came to a
better understanding yourself, in (re-)writing
the editorial, that one group (in fandom or
anywhere else) being different from another does
not make one necessarily better and the other
necessarily worse.

I've had to make myself understand and appreciate
that point fully too. As you may or may not
know, I am, besides a fan (Arthur and I met in
FAPA), a grad student/teaching assistant in
English lit at Duke. So when you talk about
caring about writing which you feel is under-
valued, which in your enthusiasm you would like
to share with others, and which you feel is im-
portant to an historical understanding of cur-
rent writing many of those others profess in-
terest in -- all I can say is, "I know what you
mean."

So you can imagine how it cracked me up when I
read Willis, on The Enchanted Duplicator, saying,
"The idea of a moral allegory must of course have
come from Pilgrim's Progress: none of us had read
the book, but we were all familiar with it from
English class at school."

Is it necessary to have read Willis, know all the
names of the old fans, and recognize more than a
smattering of fan in-jokes to be a good writer of
contemporary fanzines? Clearly not -- no more
than it is necessary to have read Pilgrim's Pro-
gress and know more than the smattering of it
one gets in English class, to be a good writer
of contemporary moral allegories.

Despite the interest you or I have in digging up
the past, and the profit ((??)) and enjoyment
we both gain by it, the fact is that the best
writing always has, and always will, come from

personal and present concerns, not consideration
of the past. Willis wrote about his world as
he experienced it, and so did Bunyan. It's nice
to know Willis' work -- aside from the sheer en-
joyment, it enriches our appreciation of the
present to know the past it's built on. It's
nice to know Bunyan's work, and for exactly the
same reasons. But to my mind, saying that some-
one would be more of a Willis fan "if he was
properly educated" is the same thing we fans all
rebelled against when our high school teachers
told us we wouldn't waste our time on that space
opera stuff if we were properly educated about
"real" literature. I've heard that line from
my colleagues in both fannish and academic circles,
and it seems equally invalid from both.

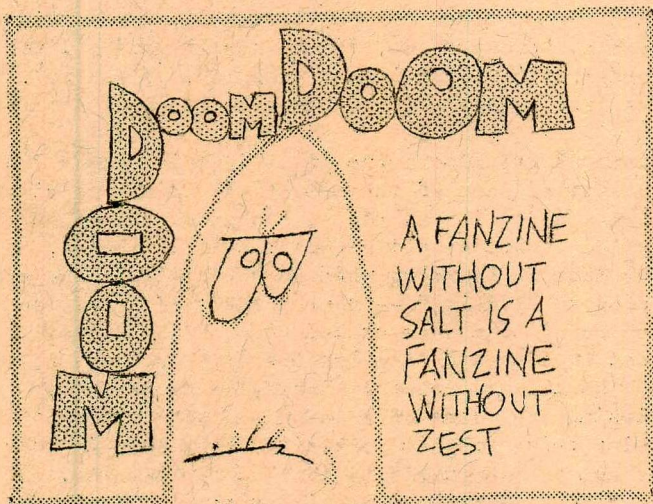
((You're actually saying two things here:
one right and one wrong. You are right
about the old high school teachers, but
they only said the things that they did
in an effort to get the students to
pay attention to the already-figured-out
teaching curriculums. That they frowned
upon SF says only that they didn't know
enough to realize that some of the stuff
could pass for literature. Despite this,
I still maintain that somebody will be
"more of a Willis fan 'if he is properly
educated'" in the works of Willis -- it
just makes dumb sense to me.))

But then, in general I believe that speaking
about a group as if it were a real entity rather
than simply a collection of individuals is always
invalid and sometimes can lead to serious miscon-
ceptions -- and I think that is at least part of
what's going on in judgements of what one "should"
read (or do, or say) to be a "proper" member of
a group. It seemed to me (in my arrogant opinion)
that much of the ground gained in tolerance in
the first part of your editorial was lost in the
second part; and I think that unstated concept of
group identity is the main reason why.

Why would you feel obliged to send your fanzine to
every "trufan," or treat someone as you would a
relative just because he is in a group that is
important to you, or consider the presence of a
twit in your organization to be a personal re-
flection on you? All of these assume that group
membership is a demand for conviviality, rather
than an occasion for it. My experience is that,
rather than being driven to genzines by the in-
crease in apa size, people start (or seek out)
small, invitational, even semi-secret apae; that,
rather than having less choice in associations,
a large group gives one more freedom to pick and
choose.

((The group or organization you speak of
is nothing but a figment of your imagina-
tion, unless you are talking about those
who share my cosmic state of mind, and
know what to do with it. :: As someone
who spent many years in one of those secret

apas, I understand what you are saying, but I think it is a 1970s fannish world-view. It was a relief to retreat into small apas in the 70s because it was so much easier to deal with than general publishing. But those apas can become something of a dead end for one's fanac after a while. You still feel like you are spending a lot of time on fannish writing, etc., but because it is for such a narrow audience very little of that writing gets seen outside the apa and before you know it, fandom at large is referring to you in the past tense. If you are like me, you eventually realize that that same energy could be applied to a genzine that can accomplish a lot more. Where the apas really become disorienting is when fans spend their whole fannish careers in apas and are not generally known to outside fandom. Then, years later, you begin reading references to this person's talents, perceptions, whatever and wonder why you'd never heard of him or read his writing. At least with a genzine and other forms of generally available publishing there is a public record of everyone who passed through its pages -- making it a lot easier for curious fans who might want to learn about their past -- for the information of future generations.))



MARTY CANTOR
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Since my late teens I have been an individualist -- I have always done what I want to do for my own reasons rather than basing my activities on the footing of cul-

tural approval of my role or how a person in my niche should act or think. I still behave in this fashion. If that which I am doing follows the patterns set by others, that is mostly coincidence and is all well and good. If what I am doing (or the way in which I am doing it) runs contrary to the same thing done by others (or is, in fact, something not done at all by others), I do not find that the disparity 'twixt me and

everybody else bothers me overmuch. Most of the time. In the 1950s I was a bearded beatnik barely distinguishable from most of the other bearded beatniks -- at the time my style was more or less identical from my chosen peers. In recent years I have changed my dress to a style of satorial splendour as good as my finances permit. Despite the fact that most other managers of small retail establishments in Southern California do not wear ties (as I do) and most of my chosen peers (fandom) dress in a casual manner that I find ill fits me. My thoughts and opinions have been as similarly in or out of synchronisation with current "fashion" as my clothing -- fashion can follow me if it cares to. I really do not give too much of a damn.

In many ways I am a live-and-let-live type of person; until, that is, somebody does something which annoys me more than somewhat. If somebody decides that what I am doing is not for them, that does not bother me. If what I am doing is described as "bad" (or whatever negative) I then begin to feel perturbed as I deny the right of anybody to cast moral judgments on me. That which really gets me going, though, is when that which I am doing is either misinterpreted or not properly understood -- and then denigrated. I am especially peeved when the person denigrating what I am doing would be expected to be capable of greater discernment. As you no doubt expected when you published Rich Coad's fanzine review column, his view of HOLIER THAN THOU has left me less than pleased. Not, however, for the reasons you may have presumed.

I do not mind that he does not like HTT (although he seems to like it well enough to be willing to continue trading for it) -- I do not even mind that he considers it a "bad" fanzine (an opinion possibly not shared by many of those on my constantly growing mailing list). What really bothers me is that he does not seem to be able to distinguish between opinion and fact (which is a common failing in humans) -- and the "facts" which he cites to prove the inferiority of HTT are either not as he writes them or are misinterpretations of those same "facts." Let me get right to the examples.

Starting with his statement that I am a grown adult and that I have been in fandom for quite some time and therefore my eleventh issue should have been better than it was. OK, I am a grown adult if he says so -- I guess that being 47 qualifies me as that; yet, my experience of genzine fandom is comparatively brief. I discovered fandom in 1975, soon getting into APAs. I did not find genzines until about 1978 with the first issue of HTT appearing in 1979. I do not consider my 31/2 years of genzine production enough to make me the most experienced of fanzine fans even though that experience has given me some definite ideas about fanzines. What Rich really seems to be saying here is that my experience in fandom has not resulted in the production of the

kind of fanzine that he likes and considers good. I may rant on about some aspects of that later in this LoC. I will wait, though, until after I get to other parts of his review which I believe indicate the type of fanzine that he likes (and my reaction to the type of thinking implied in this). For the nonce, though, I will say that HTT reflects more than my experiences in fandom; it reflects, if you will, the kind of free-thinking basis on which I base my life. I am less concerned that somebody does not like it than I am bothered by the fact that it seems more to be measured by some sort of standard foreign to my ethos -- remember, I am an individualist, doing things my own way, and HTT is designed to be a reflection of that viewpoint.

"Marty Cantor seems to equate editing with collecting, humor with pap and art with space filler." I could accept a statement such as, "Marty Cantor does not edit well, and his choice of both written material and artwork is not up to quality fanzine standards. His sense of humor is not congruent with mine." Instead of what he could have written (accurate from his viewpoint, maybe, and without apparent rancor), he opted to use an emotionally loaded statement to denigrate both me and my contributors. (Do not get me wrong on this, though -- I enjoy "killer reviews" -- I just hope that I am given the same right of reply to same as I give to anybody attacked within the pages of HTT. I believe in fairness (and I am not implying that you, Dan, are not fair).)

"Nowhere is the editing, or lack of it, more obvious in any zine than in the loc column. HTT prints 23 locs, using twenty-five pages, and only twelve WAHFs. This seems to me to show either a lack of judgment or a laziness that is inexcusable." On my part I consider Rich's lack of perceptiveness inexcusable. I expect better from fans as I prefer to consider most fans to be perceptive people (especially most fanzine fans). Rich has been receiving HTT long enough to be aware of my repeated statements that the letter column is the heart of HTT, a section of the zine with a vigorous give and take 'twixt me and the loccers. At least a third of each letter column is my responses to the LoCs, which means that it is a column of LoCs and responses, not just LoCs (and that means that the 25 pages of LoCs in HTT #11 were 25 pages of fannish interaction, a lettercol more responsive than many (or even most) lettercols). I handle the letter column as if it were a multi-dialogue, and that means that fairness dictates that I allow the loccers enough room to have their full and proper say before I respond to their LoCs. As it currently works, more than half of the words in the letters that I receive are edited out -- and that is not easy editing when I want to give the loccers room to properly state their positions. Anyway, editing, typing, responding to the letters that I get, and hand-cranking all of those pages on the mimeo is certainly not the hallmarks of

laziness. A lazy editor would not have a letter-column -- a lazy editor would just WAHF all letters. Hell, a lazy editor would not put out a 60-70 page fanzine thrice yearly. It is only finances which forced me to drop the quarterly schedule which I had during the first two years of HTT.

"It isn't that the printed letters are bad, it's just that they're not good." Huh? "Most fall into that category of 'I read with interest what A said and I just wanted to agree/disagree with him.'" And then go on to explain the reasons in the way that most good LoCs do. There are several ongoing discussions in my lettercol and I see nothing wrong with that. Anyway, such discussions are the major component of all letter columns, both good and bad, and it seems to me to be a non-issue for Rich to fault the fact that I pub a lettercol of this type. Anybody who wants a short lettercol is not going to find it in HTT. Considering the fact that Rich later admits that long lettercols are "only my pet peeve," it is unfair of him to use his pet peeve and my long lettercol as one of his slams at HTT. The fact that he considers it unedited (in which charge, by the way, he is not quite alone -- a few other have stated the same incorrect charge) shows that he does not understand its purpose as a dialogue. A major purpose of fanzines is communication 'twixt fans and I feel that dialogues in lettercols are a responsive part of that communication -- much better, to me than a fanzine with just a token (or no) lettercol, such a zine seeming to say to me, "Look, here I am, am I not wonderful?" (first issues excepted, of course). Needless to say, HTT #1 had a lettercol.

I am not going to argue ~~with~~ with Rich about the quality of some of the artwork as he may be right that some of it may not be too good (I have never called myself an art expert); I will, though, say that he is wrong when he calls all of the art "poor to middling" -- some artists of knowledge and reputation have called some of the artwork good (and some of the loccers have praised certain of the illos). Again, though, he seems to be missing the point of some of the artwork, that point being graphic putridity to either illustrate or add to the putridity content of the zine. If an illo is putrid enough it is not necessary for it to be an art masterpiece -- at least not for my putrid purposes. Much of HTT is a grand experience in putridity, an experience where both the written word and the illos combine to create a gestalt of putridity, as it were. As for his charge that "The artwork is obviously picked at random as the stencils are being typed" I plead guilty, but only some of the time and much, much less than most faneds. Perhaps some of the correspondence 'twixt the text and the nearby illo is too subtle for him (such as, for example, placing one of Bob Lee's big-bosomed naked lady illos next to a LoC by Anne Laurie Logan where she is castigating Bob Lee). I could, but will not, go on with other examples. I will point out though

that many people have pointed out that one of the reasons why they like HTT is I match illos to text more than most fanzines. I keep in stock a few hundred illos at all times and plan out which illos to use with which articles before I start typing the stencils -- I usually select more illos per article than I actually use so that I can use the space better.

To one charge I will plead guilty on all counts -- layout is far from my strongest suit. I have improved the layout of HTT as I have learned some things from experience -- a look through a complete run of HTT would show that. I admit, though, that whilst HTT has improved from its earliest days, it will probably not get much better in layout, as I do not have the requisite talent to improve much in that department. However, with its generally good repro, the layout should not be all that detracting when it is read. Um, let me also state that I am aware of the fact that illos have a secondary purpose and are not just an end in themselves, said secondary purpose being to break up large blocks of type and to help the zine be more readable. I realize that I will fall down at times when using illos for this secondary purpose -- blame it on my defective layout sense. After saying that, let me quote Rich: "...otherwise you end up with debacles like running Taral's one-two combination cartoon on back to back pages instead of facing pages, where the effect would be much greater." Well, Taral has a reputation as a fanartist of no mean talent -- and I used exactly the layout for his one-two combination cartoon exactly as he recommended that I use it/them. Let him argue with Taral rather than me over that one -- and not use it as a club on HTT. I should also point out that my "fancy genzine style" is not in any sense a copy of either SPANISH INQUISITION or GRANFALLOON. This style developed in HTT all on its own, its natural development having developed before I saw any copies of those zines and others like them.

Next we have Rich putting me down for having only an obligatory editorial in HTT #11. Granted, it was just an obligatory editorial. Some of my issues have had obligatory editorials, some have had editorials of longer length. One even used a Mike Glicksohn LoC (and my response to it) as an editorial. That to which Rich is seeming to point (and complain about) is to a lack of editorial presence in HTT. This is absolutely the first time that I have heard that charge leveled against me. To the contrary, the most that I hear about this is that I sometimes intrude too much in my zine. Given the fact of my large presence in the lettercol I sometimes feel that my presence suffuses the zine enough and having a large editorial is a superfluity. Considering my ongoing presence in each issue of HTT (LoC responses and sometimes article intros) I feel that is shooting at me with a blank on this one -- HTT has a very strong editorial presence in each issue -- enough of an editorial presence so that the

readers will know my stands on many issues without the formality of an editorial. And I should point out that HTT #12 had an editorial of four pages -- HTT #13 had absolutely no editorial (but 10 pages of LoCs and responses to the editorial in #12). In this sense it is my zine and I will do with it as I please.

Now we get to a basic point of disagreement that has Rich on the side of many people -- my sense of humor and the types of articles and such that this sense of humor leads me to print. On this I realize that my sense of humor is not all like that of many (and maybe (in fact, probably) not like that of most people.) For that I realize that appreciation of HTT in all its putrid glory is a pleasure reserved for just a few. I accept that and will not attempt to change it. Far better for a reviewer to accept the fact that my appreciation of putridity and grossness for its own sake is reserved for those who appreciate this type of humor, than to rail and rant against it as such an attitude is merely bringing forth ill will without effecting any changes in either HTT or myself. In this respect HTT is for a select few and not others -- and it is the responsibility of the reviewer to let his readers know of the proclivities of HTT and its editor. Emotional putdowns do not help this procedure. Especially when the reviewer says "virtually every article is made up of a series of one line jokes that aren't funny." and then proceeds to give a sample of out of context lines. Firstly, whilst there are one-liners in HTT, it is far indeed from the truth to say that virtually every article is made up of them. Quoting some out of context lines does not give at all the feeling of the articles being so emasculated. Let me use an example here. Rich quoted the following from Paul Skelton's "The Gentle Fan's Guide to Sports: Swimming:" "Untold eons ago our ancestors crawled out of the water. Only a fool would get back in now." There is no way that I can convey the feeling of the whole article without reprinting the whole thing. Basically, though, it can be construed as either a fannish reaction to sports in general or as a reaction to that reaction. Parts of it are a gentle ribbing and parts of it are more than gentle. In all, though, it points out a basic absurdity in the mindlessness (and sometimes the brutality) of many sports activities from the viewpoint of a British fan who many consider one of Fandom's premier writers and humorists. Skel does not deserve the sort of treatment that he gets at the hands of Rich -- had Rich used Skel's name when he referred to the excerpt which he printed I would consider Rich's remark to be derogatory. As it is, Rich would have served everyone better if he had said that he did not find the articles to be funny. Putting down people because their senses of humor are different from one's own accomplishes no useful purpose.

This LoC is more than long enough so I think I will spare everybody a long disquisition on the same topic as my response to Mike Glicksohn in

HTT #13, said topic being more or less my feeling that HTT gets more positive response from those who do not seem to be blinded by a worshipful feeling towards Sixth Fandom than it does from those who seem to think that the only things good in fandom since Sixth Fandom are those zines and fans who are always bowing down to that Golden Age. I do not begrudge Sixth Fandom its magnificent accomplishments; it is just that I feel that this type of attitude is out of touch with much of that which is happening in current fanzine fandom. HTT, in its own eccentric way, is wholly a product of the 1980s and should be judged solely on its own weird terms. It copies nobody and no-one else's zines. It is its own type of giant genzine and will probably always be outside anybody's definition of mainstream fanzine fandom. I would not have it any other way -- HTT, like myself, follows its own star.

((It should be mentioned here that this letter from Marty was prefaced by a phone call, whose purpose was to make sure I would allow the above rebuttal to Rich Coad's review of HTT #11. The earnestness of the call convinced me to not only allow Marty his day in court -- but to use the entirety of his letter, so as not to chance giving a false representation of what Marty had needed to say. That said, I am tempted to reply at equal length -- but that would be absurd. Let me say, however, that I think you, Marty, are taking this review of HTT much too personally. Rich did not attack you, but your fanzine -- granted, his prose style is a lot feistier than your ideal reviewer, but that's why I asked him to write the column in the first place. I sent Rich a xerox of your letter and he had no reply to it, preferring to stand by his review of HTT -- to which I must add that my personal feelings echo Rich's almost exactly. No matter how much you try and justify what you do in HTT, the fact remains that literate fans find very little of interest in your fanzine. And I hardly think Skel needs you to defend him... He is usually the star of the issues he appears in because he has something to say and some ability to say it -- but he is hardly one of fandom's premier writers, as I'm sure he would tell you himself. I'll refrain from going in to this any further because it would obviously be like pouring salt in your wounds, but consider stepping back and looking at HTT with a less defensive outlook and you might see what so many people are talking about. Oh, and if I were you, I'd never use the word "twixt" again for as long as I lived....))

HARRY J.N. ANDRUSCHAK Really, Rich Coad is too much. He complains that Post Office Box 606 my first column was more an La Canada-Flintridge introduction than a column. CA 91011

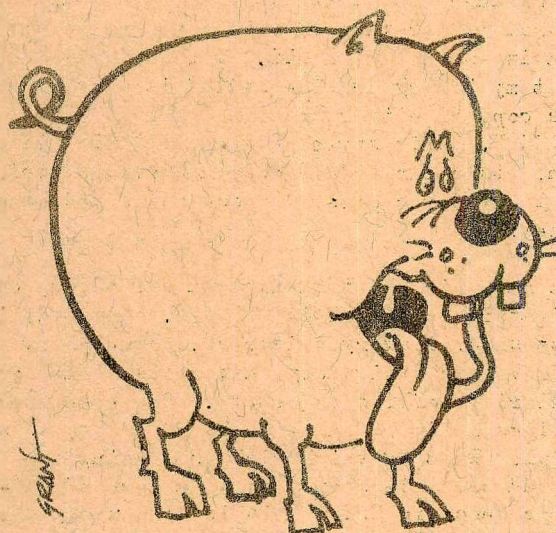
One of the first things I did was go to the dictionary and see if the definitions of "column" and "introduction" have changed in the last year or so.

Next I checked to make sure that Marty Cantor had said this first part of the column was an introduction. He had. I made the point in the actual column that this was an introduction, with more info to follow as the years rolled by. We do have until 1986, after all. ((And here it is 1982 already...))

So why is Rich Coad all afire with the information that this part of the column is an introduction?

The column.....Say, just what is Rich's idea of a column? I wish we could at least get the ground terms defined. I think I'll leave off until Rich can be bothered to explain just what he is talking about.

((You'll have to bare with Rich for a while -- last issue's column was his introduction to fanzine reviewing, after all. As for what Mr. Coad considers a column; I gather it is not what you've been writing.))



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There is no question in my mind that fanzine fandom is a participatory fandom, as are all aspects of fandom (as you know). You are right in that fanzine fandom is the mother hen, but that simple fact does not mean all the other little chicks cannot be active entities in their own right. Whether or not they are unaware of their roots is unimportant; I think that fanzine

fandom (as we know it) today should be aware of its own beginnings. (I think I lost my metaphor somewhere in that last clause. *sigh* So much for what I learned in Intermediate Composition.) Fanzines such as BOONFARK, WARHOON, MAINSTREAM, TELOS, and GAMBIT serve this purpose well. Reprinting stuff from the 50s helps, too. I discovered fandom in 1973 and didn't really become a fanzine fan until 1976-77. Now that my only fanao is fanzine fandom, I want those labors of love that print Willis and/or "The Cacher of the Rye." They are informative tomes and, more importantly, great entertainment. Most fanzines pubbed nowadays lack this entertainment value. I think that is exactly what I like the most about fanwriting from the 50s and early 60s -- there was good, well-written, and fun material being pubbed.

No, I don't think we should attempt to educate The Hoard. If any of its members wish to become fanzine fans, all we could possibly do is say, "This educational-type shit is available here" and leave it up to the ex-Hoardie to shell out the bucks for the WASH, "Cacher" or a subscription to WARHOON. Since fanzine fandom is such an individual and participatory fandom, this is really the only way to educate the damn barbarians. And that is only if we really want to try.

Ted's column was informative, which may mark me as a potential winner of the Fannish Understatement Of The Year Award. I have heard of Ellison's oft-quoted "Mad Dogs have kneed us in the groin," and wondered why (and where) he said it. Ted provides a good, objective summary of the events of 7th Fandom, and I'm glad he did. I had heard so many different versions from some reliable and unreliable sources that I thought the origins of the quote were from something else entirely. Now I know what appears to be a fairly accurate summary of that era and what spurred Ellison to say such a thing. Thanks, Ted. I appreciate it.

((Your reaction is exactly the one that Ted and I hoped for when we presented his column last time. But it might be worth mentioning that Harlan felt that Ted totally missed the point and feeling of 7th Fandom. Oh well.))

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As a member of the Denvention committee, I can assure you not only that there were, indeed, some of us who were and are aware of the existence of Willis (and Burbee, and Perdue, etc., etc.) but also that a few of us were somewhat surprised that the people who counted nominations had not. After all, those are the very people who should be maximally aware of the entire field, right?

...well, so, what can I say? I'm a committee denmother. I don't get to count nominations, and Hugo people do not come to me and ask, "Who is this Willis person, anyway?" In fact, I found out about it by receiving an anguished phone call from Seattle. Anyway, I think I go along with at least part of your thesis. On the other hand, I have a counterpoint.

Ghu forgive me, I cannot recall who pointed this out, but many of the people in the other parts of the universe of fandom (e.g., media fen) are not quite the misfits we were. Some of them are not as interested in written material as we are. Most of them are every bit as xenophobic as most of us, and, like most of us, they have found a niche into which they fit.

What all of this adds up to, in my head, at least, is that you can show these people any damn thing you want to, and only a few of them are likely to get excited about it. Even fewer are going to want or even be willing to go delving into fan history to find out where it all came from. The net result is that even if some soul or group gets the old missionary zeal and tries to convert the heathen, the results will be relatively unimpressive.

Chit, mang, dese guys, jyou want to turn dem into fangzeeng fangs, mang, jyou first got to get dem to READ for 2 hours a day, mang, now what jyou tink jyour chances are, mang, huh? (Excuse the ethnicism, if you would. I get excited sometimes.)

No sooner does Brown regain the use of his hand and lose the use of his doctor, than I run straight into brown, who is defining fandom. Gee, I like it, except that I'd really rather have a term which says 'Megapei-the-city' instead of just 'Megapei', on the grounds that the real meaning of your communication is on the grounds that the real meaning of your communication is the response you get, and just saying 'fandom' usually gets you 'Megapei-the-planet' in most of the instances I've been a party to. (Singer gets fractious in his old age.)

I can't speak much to the book, except to note that if any one of 'us' think that we are immune to that kind of parochial insularity, that kind of know-nothingness, that they should have their heads examined. (As should I for having written that sentence...)

((Indeed!))

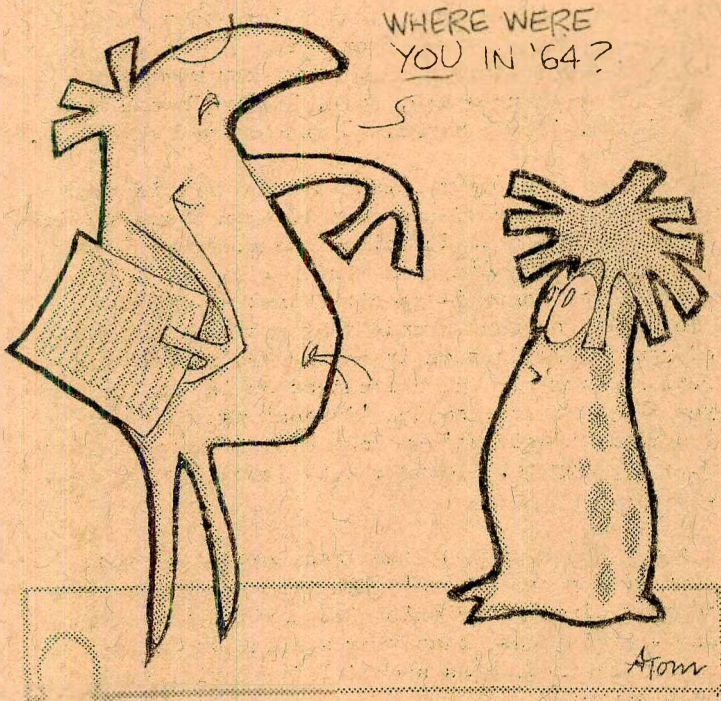
JEFF FORD
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Milwaukee, WI
53204

I've got to agree with your remarks on the need for educating trufans. My own knowledge of the true and terrible history of fandom begins with Ted White's revival of "The Clubhouse," Harry Warner's stuff, and ends with whatever I find in PONG or this

BOONFARK. (I'll shortly have WARHOON 28 and the Carl Brandon stuff as well; still, there are lacunae, e.g., whatthehell was the 1964 Boondoggle, exactly? And by the way, thanks for the news of WARHOON 28 availability. I had assumed it was o.p. shortly before Denvention.) This information has a lot of survival value and I'm grateful to "The Clubhouse" for the awareness that when I found fandom I'd find things of interest to any normal adult. Now, if only I'd been warned of the horrors of fan fiction, and other frontier perils....

((The '64 Boondoggle was a nasty virus that split fandom into pieces. It involved the attempt by several persons on the '64 Pacificon Worldcon committee to exclude a certain well known fan from attending 'their' worldcon. The charges were never substantiated, but the rifts that it created over the matter were very strongly felt throughout fandom. And in some regard, still are to this day. It is an event that stands as an object lesson for all of fandom about power games and tolerance among fans.))

.....



JERRY KAUFMAN
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In regard to your editorial, my feeling is that "active fanzine fandom" will probably be no larger than it is now at any time in the future. I do think that there are thousands more potential fanzine fans in the world, but what happens (as far as I can see) is that either they replace current fmz fans who gafiate, or they contact us and start their own fanzine fandoms. We know there is an active (and extensive) Star Trek fandom, and that it has its own long-running fanzines,

active writers and artists, and enthusiasms. It isn't much like our fandom, I suppose, but the people in it are just as interested in publishing as we. I will not suppose (as many fans seem to) that it is of necessity less literate or talented than our fandom. I will suppose, however, that there are other such highly active fanzine fandoms, organized around other special interests or affinities (like amateur fiction, punk rock, comics, poetry, etc.) and that all of these have some natural limit to their size (limited by economic factors, or energy levels, or time factors).

((It is interesting to consider, though, that our fandom did spawn all these other fanzine fandoms. Certainly people like Devra Langsam and Juanita Coulson and Bjo Trimble were instrumental in the creation of Star Trek fanzines. And Greg Shaw and Paul Williams spawned the Rock fanzines. And Ted White and Dick Lupoff were more or less responsible for the comic fanzine. I guess that only the fiction and poetry fanzines predate the SF fanzine. I understand that there are some people who consider William Blake's pamphlets as some of the earliest fanzine-type publications.))

"Infinite Jest" is the best extended writing Rich has done. He knows he doesn't have to list the contents of fanzines (though in the end he comes close), but he does say enough to give us some idea of the zine's material. He knows it's more useful (and more challenging) to try to convey the zine's feel, the atmosphere and impression of each zine. (To make a good impression, use a roller with no dents. I thought that one up with one lobe tied behind my cerebellum.) Let's argue a bit, though.

"Unlike say, a Pickersgill zine, there is not the sense of an overwhelming strong personality giving an editorial direction to the zine. In his editorial Malcolm appears chatty, amiable, witty and, most of all, relaxed. -- hardly the voice of a man constantly harassing contributors and insisting upon rewrites." I don't think that we should hear the voice described in the latter part of that sentence. I think that the fanzine reads as though the editor got rewrites, but Malcolm's art is to hide this effort and give us pure pleasure. And I think that being witty and relaxed establishes a strong personality, if by that you mean (as I do) that we get a strong sense of Malcolm Edwards being himself and chatting with us. I do think this is the source of TAPPEN's individuality (and from it comes the continuing features, and semi-regular writers, of the first three issues). Greg Pickersgill has a strong personality, of course; and reading six issues of STOP BREAKING DOWN give me an impression of non-stop forceful Greg. But you don't have to be Greg or be constantly punchy to be an individual writer. (I recog-

nize that Rich likes Malcolm's writing and fanzine, but his analysis comes off like damning with faint praise.) ((Hmm, you have a point.))

I've got to laugh in public at the remarks about HOLIER THAN THOU's imitation of THE SPANISH INQUISITION. I've found SPANINQ mentioned before in this light: influential fancy genzine. Please, let me pass the mantle to ENERGUMEN or OUTWORLDS both of which ran more artwork and had better printing. I always thought SPANINQ was a pretty good fanzine; I was never ashamed of it (except for the time we misjudged the length of an article so badly that we jumped its continuation to later pages twice and to an earlier page once). The Hugo nomination we got was only because of our live issue at Balticon.

I learned my (minimal) layout sense from Arnie Katz, indirectly. Actually, he once sat Linda Bushyager down (in 1968 or '69) and explained two-page layouts and balance and all that. And Suzle may have been there, too, but in any case she learned from Linda, and me from her. (And Arnie may have learned from Ted White in his turn, or from some other arcane source.) And every time I look at a Katz zine, I am pleased. Maybe it's time to remember some of those Katzian fanzines...SWOON, FOCAL POINT (with rich brown, I know), QUIP (with Len Bailes and Lon Atkins), the one-shot TANDEM, with Joyce, and Joyce's own POTLATCH. Arnie was guilty of being More Fannish Than Thou, but I think he put together some very good fanzines.

((I agree. Arnie was responsible for many things in fandom.))

"Minac" was pretty interesting, too. Oddly enough, just a few weeks before BNF arrived, I was over at Gary Farber's house, leafing through some Xeroxes of fan articles for possible material for Gary's reprint feature for MAINSTREAM. One was the complete 7th Fandom article that Ted quotes from, the Harlan-Ellison-accuses-the-world one. I started reading it aloud to Lucy Huntzinger (I am terrible: I read things aloud). Lucy, being new to this fannish madness, but finding it interesting, sat through the whole thing, even when I was too choked with laughter to read for a minute. That thing is outrageous! I wonder if your audience can imagine the hyperbole or illogic or bad writing of Harlan's scree? "Of course," said Gary, "you couldn't reprint that." Fandom is still unworthy of Harlan, but I notice that he will be Guest of Honor at the Australian National Convention next year, and I've just heard that he will be Guest of Honor at Westercon in 1984.

((As Harlan said in his letter of response to last issue, he is no longer interested in fandom and fanzines, so those commitments must date from the late 60s because everybody knows he gave up cons at the St. Louis worldcon in 1969.))

BRIAN EARL BROWN Hlavaty is right about fandom 20101 W. Chicago being a participatory activity Apt. #201 and that it has always been one. Detroit, MI 48228 The fragmentation of fandom into splinter groups isn't new either. Wasn't one of F. Towner Laney's complaints in AH, SWEET IDIOCY! that people weren't sufficiently interested in his sercon zine and wanted more "fannish" material? ((Yes, but FTL wrote most of his fannish material after the publication of ASI.)) Wasn't Ed Wood's complaint about fandom that it was too frivolous and didn't devote enough time to serious and constructive activities like he was doing? ((Yes, and to this day he brags about throwing away his copies of HYPHEN unopened. Watta joik!)) This is as much a split in fandom as between "us" and Trekkies. At least in principle.

Your comments that if active fannish fandom ever got over 1000 participants it would become a mob and go to hell, is very true, and, I think, has happened. Something happened to fanzine fandom in the US during the mid-70s that has not yet reversed itself. And I think what it was, was more than 1000 active fans floating around as one fandom. The result was two-fold; people went away (either into gafiation or apas) or went into narrow interest sub-fandoms. And I think this is happening again with you and Ted, Richard Bergeron and others.

I first launched this theory in a letter to NABU 13 which probably won't get published because it is hand-written. It was a response to Phil Palmer's fanzine reviews, which on the basis of a reading of WARHOON 29, BNF and PONG had some negative things to say about American fandom. (Personally I think British fans are picking on American fandom to avoid looking at their own moribund state.) My reply was that there were many more fanzines in the US, fanzines that were as good and quite differently oriented. I mentioned zines like HOLIER THAN THOU (which you don't like) and MAINSTREAM (which I'm sure you do) and GENRE PLAT (which, when it gets published, is very good) and concluded by saying that WRHN, BNF, and PONG form the nucleus of "6th fandom" fandom. Characteristic of this sub-fandom is a veneration of Walt Willis, and of WARHOON 28 (which from my observation has disappeared from fandom without a trace except inside 6th fandom fandom), and a deep interest in the people who made up 6th fandom and the events of that era. In my letter to NABU I went so far as to call it a religion, which is a bit too much.

((It sure as hell is. This 6th fandom fandom bullshit of yours is totally absurd. True, I do enjoy and appreciate the writers and writings of that fannish era, but I think you are blowing my appreciation all out of proportion. What I do venerate is quality talent and the display of that talent for my entertainment. Willis is very good at this, and I respect him for it, but

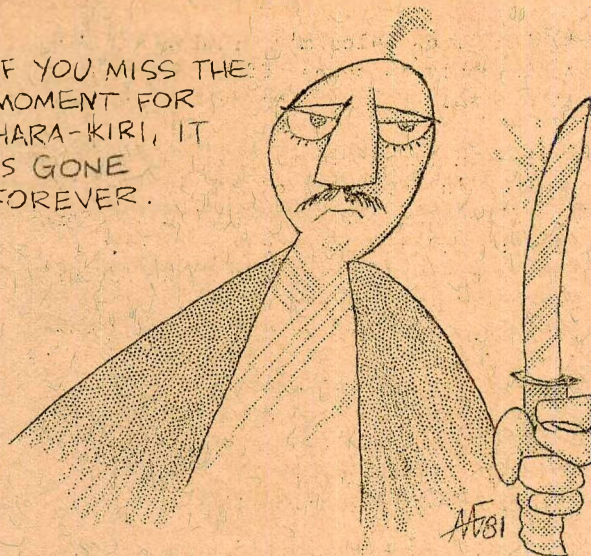
I really don't venerate either him or 6th Fandom. I think all this focus on Willis as a deity stems from the publication of WARHOON 28, which, just happens to be about WAW. If that issue/book had been about and by Burbee I'm quite certain people like you would be saying that I worship Burb. It is standards and achievements I delight in, and if that means that I can pick up the WASH or THE INCOMPLETE BURBEE and get off on things written 30 and 40 years ago, that's fine with me.))

I don't consider 6F a bad thing. I really enjoy reading Ted's column in this issue about phoney 7th fandom, and Vin's reminiscing letter in the lettercol. I do find 6th fandom interesting because it does represent a high-point in fannish civilization. (It might be interesting to see a revisionist history of the 50s trying to disprove this point. The only people who write about the 50s today are all part of 6F fandom and therefore biased towards that era's accomplishments.) ((Oh yeah? Meet Martin Morse Wooster -- I'll bet his history of fandom will prove how really dull 6th fandom really was.))

It's just that the impression one gets from 6F fandom fanzines is that one must devote one's energies to defending and promoting 6th fandom to be deemed a Good Zine. ((Bah!)) Both MAINSTREAM and GENRE FLAT prove that it is possible to publish excellent fanzines without dreaming of the past, that there are good writers around today. It's a pity that they can't get published more often than once every couple years. Even HOLIER THAN THOU doesn't deserve quite the knocking that Rich Coad gave it in his fanzine reviews (Though, as I recall, my comments on HTT #11 was that 22 pages between funny bits was a trifle too long.) HTT is both big and regular with an active letter column that actually has people interested in writing in to it. Today that is an accomplishment in itself! ((Exactly. Fans are writing to HTT because there isn't anything better available at this time. That doesn't make the fanzine good and Marty's methods correct, either.)) To be sure, the contents of HTT is varied and often very bad (I can't believe that anyone would want to publish Darrell Schweitzer's drawings.), but I would call it a good second-string fanzine. And the only fanzine besides PONG that appears more than once a year (speaking of American fanzines, only).

((You don't make a very convincing defender of HTT. I think it is typical of that fanzine that the more you say about it, the worse it begins to sound. As for GENRE FLAT and MAINSTREAM, both have featured material about fanhistory.))

IF YOU MISS THE
MOMENT FOR
HARA-KIRI, IT
IS GONE
FOREVER.



ROBERT BLOCH
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If there's one thing a neo can learn from BNF's pages devoted to Numbered Fandoms it's to beware of putting words on paper for fannish publication in article or letter form -- twenty or thirty years from now, some other neo of that era will dig up the material and republish it for all the world to see. Moral: If a Mad Dog knees you in the groin, keep your mouth shut and a stiff upper something-or-other.

((You betcha, Bob.))

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BOONFARK #6 strikes me as a helluva good fanzine even if the rubberstamped title on the cover is crooked. That's a nice collage you did there. Um, have you ever seen some of the vaguely similar work of a Third World artist named Bergeron? ((Who?))

Steve Brown's piece made good reading and I look forward to more about his circus experiences. I've been wondering when he'd get around to writing about that subject; it seemed like such a natural. Not too many fun and games in this installment, of course, but I'm sure he'll "clown it up" (haha) next time. ...Steve's accident in nearly losing his left hand was harrowing -- the more so for being well described -- and reminded me inevitably of the fact that my father lost his right hand in a similar accident while working on a dredge. He was in his thirties at the time (I was about four), and he had been right handed. As a manual laborer, he was definitely handicapped for the rest of his life, but he continued to work as a lathe operator, was a very good driver, and never once mentioned having heard Deros speak to him from his lathe. He cursed a lot whenever he had to sign his name to any official document, though. He once tried to use one of the early forms of prosthesis, a plastic hand that buckled onto his wrist, but decided it wasn't as weildy as just using his stump, protected by a heavy leather "glove," and was

Canfield FOR TAFF!

actually more dangerous, since with no feeling in the plastic hand he could've gotten it caught in machinery and hurt himself further.

rich brown's column was good too, though it seemed to take too long to get to the point... all that stuff about "What is fandom?" really had little to do with the review. But the book sounds wonderfully fuggheaded and I only wish he'd given in to the temptation of quoting more of it. I firmly believe that Ghod put fuggheads on this earth for the amusement of the star-begotten. ...Of course, they're rather sad too, and one can't help empathizing with these women who turned to Trekdom as a way out of their dull housewifely lives. But it's wasted empathy: a truly sensible and/or talented woman could find much better things to do with her time, and I don't mean just fannish fandom.

Ted White's piece on Seventh Fandom was a valuable contribution; it's good to see the actual quotations from the movers and shapers of that brouhaha. Ted could have taken it further in its usefulness by quoting from other sources, though. For instance, checking the list of fans Bob Silverberg named as the probable "vanguard of Seventh Fandom" in his article that inadvertently set things off, I notice the lack of Norman G. Browne's name or even Harlan Ellison's. Instead, Bob mentioned such fans as Dave Ish and Gregg Calkins, both of whom seem to me in retrospect to have been purely Sixth Fandom fans (OOPS! it was certainly a Sixth Fandom fanzine, though it continued for several years thereafter, and Ish's SOL featured columns by Lee Hoffman and Shelby Vick and published one of the Willishes that helped gather funds for the WAW With the Crew in '52 campaign). Most of the fans named by Browne and Ellison as Seventh Fandomites weren't on Bob's list... which means they were even more self-appointed than Ted suggests.

I was never part of it myself, though I was recruited by Harlan or Browne or somebody; I declined with heavy teenage scorn. Despite the predominantly Midwest "membership" of Seventh Fandom, its leaders did try to get fans from elsewhere into the group, especially when they were starting Seventh Fandom APA. As I recall, Boob Stewart joined for a while and may even have contributed something to one of the mailings; I think LA fan Larry Balint was another west coaster who joined, or at least didn't protest when his name was put on the roster. But for the most part, Seventh Fandom was a distant silliness to the fans in the Bay Area (Stewart quit soon, if he'd ever "joined"); we had our adolescent fan projects to keep us busy, and we went merrily ahead making our own mistakes and learning from them, but at least we were building on past fandoms' achievements, not trying to supplant them. (This does not mean that the fanzines we published in the early 50s

were better than those of the Seventh Fandomites, or even as good.)

I think Ted's a bit rougher on Harlan than he needed to be. Yes, once Harlan started on the 7th Fandom thing he kept digging a hole for himself that got pretty deep, but he did at least produce some fanzines with material of lasting interest (the later issues of SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN, followed by DIMENSIONS), ((See Ted's column on that very subject, beginning on page 47)) and he wrote some remarkable articles for others. I have always thought that his confessional article for Browne's VANATIONS about how he'd been caught stealing a Shorty Rogers EP was courageous, and his piece in PSYCHOTIC about the Midwescon Incident of the Door was pretty funny, as I recall.

((I read the article about the Door at the same time I read through the 7th Fandom stuff, and agree with you that it was a funny piece of writing. It was not our intention to deride Harlan's obvious talent --or for that matter, we didn't set out to dish Harlan himself, either -- but his major role in the whole 7th Fandom thing brought him out as their spokesman, and in that role he shaped the perceptions of 7th Fandom for the rest of fandom, then and now. Quite frankly, we could have quoted a lot more of Harlan's stuff than we did, but even Ted and I realize that there are limits.))

I'm glad I chided you for the way you were using the microelite typer in the letter column, since it evidently moved you to change to this much better-looking format. Never mind that it now looks like SF REVIEW; Dick Geis's practices ain't all bad.

Vinç Clarke's letter was a delight, and not just because it's good to see him getting active in fandom again; his remarks are interesting and well-written as always. I do kind of regret that his letter seems to have led you into the old theory that fanzine fans come from the ranks of social misfits who find "a sense of family and acceptance" among people who can't see the pimples on their faces or hear their lame, stuttering attempts at conversation in person. (The Jack Speer Handicap Theory of Fandom.) Some of the fannish fans I've known have been social misfits, some were stutterers, but most have been fairly ordinary people whose handicap, if you want to call it that, was that they were precocious, too intelligent to have all their social desires satisfied by the conversation of their typical teenaged schoolmates. And some, like Peter Vorzimer or Gary Gurto, ((or Mike Gorra)) were genuine big-men-on-campus types who were presidents of their senior classes or whatever. Seems to me that an actual "benefit" of the invasion of media freaks into fandom is that the worst social misfits and

crazies gravitate to costumery and Shatner-worshipping, leaving the rest of us beautiful, level-headed fannish fans to gather together and get ripped. (Thereby reducing ourselves to making incoherent dumb jokes.)

((Yes, but did you ever notice that those EMOC-types never hang around fandom for very long? They come, they see, they publish, they leave. For anyone other than a misfit, fandom would lose its magic glow after a couple of years. But seriously, when I joined fandom, I loved it for all those reasons you describe...))

.....



GREGG CALKINS Box 508 Jackson, CA 95642

First, I will be the bad guy and say I didn't care much for your cover. It just doesn't seem to fit the contents, to me, and I've felt the same way about a lot of Bergeron's covers which strike me as being similar. Purely personal, like my feeling that true fanzines should be mimeographed...and I'm really not happy with my own THE RAMBLING FAP because it is not. On that score you score well, indeed; your layout, design, and repro are impeccable, a joy to behold. I particularly dig the micro-elite double-column letter section. If I were ever to publish a genzine again, the appearance of BOONFARK would be my goal just as in my early days I saw QUANERY and attempted to attain as

much resemblance as I could.

I have been on the fringes of fandom for so long, and then all that I do see are FAPA and the fannish fanzines (my definition), but all I can say about your editorial is that as I recall, all sorts of fringe fandoms have always been with us and fandom has always represented something different to fanzine fans than to other fans. As far as I'm concerned, I realize, fandom consists of the active fanzine fans, producers and readers, and everyone else is a fringe fan. People who only go to conventions, or Trekkies, or filksingers, or whatever, aren't really in fandom, in my mind, only associated with it. The difference I perceive between now and "my time" is that fandom is so much larger and the fringe fans have so many different focal points now than were available back then -- Trekkies for instance, couldn't exist then because Star Trek did not exist. Fringe fans then did not know of Willis or Hoy Ping Pong, either, but I don't know if we felt any more urge to enlighten them than we did the general public about science fiction. It was a proud and lonely thing to be a fan, and outsiders had to find their way in because they wanted in, not because we were looking for them.

My first convention was the Chicon II and even then there was a vast difference between convention fans and fanzine fans, although the difference could be bridged easier on an individual basis because there were considerably fewer individuals to interrelate. Still, the twain met only at conventions, fandom was us and we were sharing the convention with those other guys because we had some mutual interest in science fiction. (It was a topic of some discussion whether or not you had to read science fiction to consider yourself a fan...er, member of fandom. I always maintained that you should, but the general underlying humor had it that trufans never touched the stuff although presumably they had at one time.)

So even at that time conventions were not truly satisfying for we fanzine fans and some of the awards, etc, were strange and unacceptable to many of us. Perhaps that is why the Invention was such a successful hoax...most of us (you always know who "we" are, don't you?) thought it was a hell of a good idea, a convention composed only of fandom, and the big uproar came because we as individuals didn't get the invitations we were sure that we as members of fandom deserved. The uproar from the left-outers only subsided when we red-facedly found out that we had all been left out because it was only a hoax.

However, I still think it is a hell of a good idea.

"Minac" brings me to shamefacedly point out that according to Silverberg I was a member of 7th Fandom (groan) but I didn't think he was right at the time and I've never really forgiven him for that.

I never did understand why Ellison said that I was a guy who couldn't stand to see new faces prevail, but then, I never did understand a lot of what Ellison said. Anyhow, I just wanted to say that I thoroughly enjoyed this column by Ted even if I found it somewhat hard to follow. Merely setting things off with quotation marks is not sufficient for clarity and I couldn't help but wish that this had been typed on something with multiple type-faces available, or you had used the microelite or even just indented.

((I discussed using one of the formats you mentioned above for last issue, but ~~DA~~ preferred that it appear the way it did, and I deferred to his judgment on the matter.))

F.M. BUSBY What automatically protects
2852 14th Ave. W. Fannish Fanzine Fandom from
Seattle, WA 98112 uncontrolled expansion is
 that FFFans will not up
circulation to accomodate thousands of new
people, because it's too much work. So the
new people will only *join up* in moderate
numbers, as usual. Not to worry.

"Circus Hand" is shuddery. Power tools scare me more than guns do, probably because I learned to handle guns safely at age ten so that it's second nature, whereas power tools came along much later. I know the shock/survival reaction Steve describes, and also the adrenalin time-stretch (which, when I used it in a book, Barry Malzberg called "a comic-strip contrivance," proving that Barry has led an enviably sheltered life).

Ted's reprise of 7F is nostalgically interesting, but isn't it a bit cruel to quote a 19-year-old Harlan at such length? I mean, you could have said like: "In PSY #11 Harlan made an immoderate counter-attack which no doubt he would like to erase from the Cosmic All," and then quoted maybe two or three lines, only. It would have been the Kindly Thing To Do. (And on the other hand, maybe that way wouldn't have made the point so well. I give up...)

((It is my impression that Mr. Ellison still stands by what he said in "7th Fandom Speaks!"))

The story of the '64 Worldcon committee cooking the books to dump Ray N's piece from Hugo consideration is new to me. Are you sure? I'm not doubting you, here, but are you certain of the accuracy of your source? Because I can't see how, assuming this all happened as you relate, the word would get out, at all. I mean, the Hugo ballot count for Seacor '61 occurred in our back yard, and the winner of one category wouldn't have made the ballot except that two Committee members threatened to quit if we didn't extend the cutoff point (which we had

kept rather flexible, but not totally so) enough to include it. And I'll bet that this is the first that you or anyone else (who wasn't there) ever heard of the hassle. So someone on Pacificon II was a blabbermouth? Sigh. (Both for the leakage and, if it's all true, for the breach of integrity.) Because, dammit, a ConCom has the obligation to give a Straight Count. I didn't even like allowing seven rather than five (or whatever it was) candidates on the ballot in the one category -- but at least we weren't depriving anyone, and God knows that four of us couldn't have handled the Con without the other two people, so between a rock and a hard place was where it was at.

((Ted maintains that the story is true, and that he believes the authenticity of it because he was told it by one of the committee members who had been in on it, and later regretted it. (Four "it"s in one sentence, that's not too many...))

JEANNE GOMOLL
2018 Jenifer St.
Madison, WI
53704

Steve Brown's "Circus Hand" is the story that, if you'll pardon the expression, struck me. Though his experience is many hundreds of degrees more serious than mine, I too have had scary experiences with extremely sharp metal edges and hands. In fact, I can't remember the last time I raised my hands and spread them out in front of me and couldn't count one or two wounds. One would think that I support myself with a hazardous profession, and indeed, a generally strange person and professed palm reader recently examined some of those wounds (and the callouses on my palms) and confidently proclaimed that I could not be an office worker. She may have said something like "clumsy", too, but I couldn't hear her over my own laughter.

The fact is that I am an office worker -- a graphic artist as they call it. The callouses are from pumping iron. (But that's another story. I don't use knives in the gym.) The first time I botched my chances of becoming a professional TV commercial hand model was in high school in the pottery lab. I was working on a tall cylinder-shaped piece on the wheel and reached in the water bucket near-by to get a needle with which to trim the lip. It's necessary to keep the surface of the clay and one's hands very wet when working on the wheel (though not under water as did the supposed "master" of pottery in the TV version of Marco Polo), and what with the frequent dipping of hand into the water bucket, the water gets pretty muddy and definitely non-transparent. For this reason, it's not a good idea to keep sharp objects in the water bucket -- sharp objects like needles, which are pottery making tools fashioned out of wooden dowels with extremely sharp embroidery needles sticking out of one end. The thing about muddy water is that the extremely sharp embroidery needles tend to get lost until it gets

imbedded all the way under one's left thumbnail. At least that's what I discovered.

Later in the day, after a trip to the nurse's office and the application of a piece of gauze and tape around my thumb, my hand got caught in the elastic bands stretching the surface of a trampoline to its frame as we folded it up after gym class. The spring and elastic band tore the bandage off along with my thumb nail and a splash of color was added to the monotone trampoline. That was quite a day for sure. But to this day whenever I puncture that thumbnail, the whole thumbnail remembers, recoils, and voluntarily evacuates my thumb in anticipation of a more violent eviction. In fact, I've been without a thumbnail for a couple of months now because I speared that nail with an exacto blade earlier in the Spring. It grows back very slowly.

Exacto blades are my current favorite choice for injuring my hands. Usually I'm engrossed with a map when it happens. I'm holding a french curve and using a technical pen to complete a road line. Then putting those aside I unroll a piece of cart pak tape and start a hiking trail and then reach over and grab the exacto blade to cut the tape. Unfortunately, I forget that I left the tool blade-side up and my fumbling hand finds it by imbedding it in a finger or wrist. But I'm versatile. I've dropped exacto blades on my hand (never, yet, on my foot). I've pressed it into my palm when I forgot I was holding it. And once, when I was using a large-size exacto blade (or utility or mat-cutting blade) to prepare a mat at home, I sliced off the side of my left index finger.

Steve's description of the initial second of realization after his accident is what struck me and prompted all of these reminiscences, because it was very much the same for me: first, not even the realization that anything particularly bad had happened. I saw a chunk of white plasticky looking stuff on the illustration board I was cutting and puzzled over what it could be. Like it did for Steve, time slowed to molasses speed for me too when I realized it was part of my finger, and then the "computer" took over. There the similarity ends though, I suppose because the danger wasn't nearly as great for me as it had been in Steve's case. But for me, the computer's immediate concern was to keep the illustration board clean. It was the only piece I had and if I was going to give my mother the birthday present she wanted it would have to stay clean. So, very quickly, the right hand was sent on an urgent mission to cup itself beneath the now-spurting left hand as the whole body spun away from the worktable. I saved the illustration board. At that point the computer started considering the problem of saving the rug on which I stood and we ran into the bathroom to get a towel with which to wrap the finger. I have a neat computer.

Realizing that I would have to go to the hospital

my computer decided that I'd better finish mating the picture before that in case I didn't have time later to mat my mother's birthday present. I don't recall exactly how I managed it, but the picture got matted. Then I called a friend up, interrupting him -- it turned out -- in the middle of his meal. Not wanting to alarm him I asked him if there were any good movies on television that night and then asked, "What would you do if you cut off part of your finger, Dick?" In fact, I was still making jokes when he arrived at my apartment with his car to pick me up, and laughing continuously until they'd finally stitched the wound closed (and told me that I really shouldn't have thrown that chunk of finger away) and given me a tetanus shot. At that point my computer suddenly stopped making the whole incident seem like a screwball comedy, my finger started really hurting and I fainted.

Currently, my hand's most visible wounds (not counting the missing thumb nail just beginning to grow back again), are three gashes on my right hand knuckles where I scrapped my hand getting mail from the post office box on the sharp metal inner frame.

I never did want to be a professional hand model for TV commercials, anyway.

((Remember, somebody has to model gloves, too. There may be hope for you yet.))

.....
GARY HUBBARD My choice for best article in
4622 Green Acre BNF #6 is a toss-up between
Kalamazoo, MI "Circus Hand" and "Totem Pole."
49009 I was astonished by the matter-
of-fact way Steve Brown described his accident. I believe that if I had cut my hand off and then sat down to write about it, I would have gone in for a very exaggerated telling of the events and tried to get as much grisly humor out of the situation as I could. I think Steve's straightforward style was far more effective.

rich brown's article about the two rogue den mothers was an insightful, "know your enemy" type of piece. One thing, however, what does the K-nut in Karen K-nut's name stand for? It sounds a lot like cunt.

.....
I.A.H.F.: Bruce Townley, Dick Bergeron, Patrick Nielsen-Hayden, Mike Glicksahn, Lee Hoffman, Mike Horvat, Jim Meadows III, Creath Thorne, Eric Mayer, Harlan Ellison, Rob Hansen, Moshe Feder, Rich Coad, Elmer Perdue, Rick Sneary, Jay Kinney, Grant Canfield (For T.A.F.F.), Bruce D. Arthurs, Harry Bell, and Art Widner. Thanks to everybody that wrote, keep it up. And remember -- next issue will be out at the beginning of December -- so get those cards and letters in, Ghoddamnit. Lastly, as Gary Deindorfer says, "A Clean Pool is a Happy Pool!" -- dan

EVOLUTION VS FEMINISM continued from page 27 sexism and prosperity. The less prosperity the more sexism. The poorer the society, the harder the people have to work, the more sexist it is.

Does sexism have its roots in Evolution or in Society? The answer is: yes! What are the consequences for Feminism? First, Feminism would appear to appeal mainly to NpbFs...non-pair-bonding females, a distinct minority. Second, Feminism appeals mainly to affluent males. Men who have never had to work hard, physically, and who enjoy a lower testosterone level in consequence. Third, sexism is an anachronism only when society has moved from hard times into prosperity without changing its mores. If hard times return, the Feminist reforms will be dropped far more quickly than they were adopted. If Feminism is truly to be the wave of an androgynous future, a means must be devised to eliminate hard times forever. Technology may be up to it, a not unambiguously delightful thought. Humanity evolved as a bad weather animal, and we have an enormous capacity for creating our own bad weather.

The potential for sexism is permanent, like the potential for lower back pain. There is no law, no panacea, no major surgery that will solve the problem once and for all. Feminists must learn to lift with their legs. Indeed, it might not be inappropriate to induce a man to do the lifting for them.

-- Alexis Gilliland

 "Conversation take the monopoly outta talking." -- Popeye

ZEN VAUDEVILLE editorial and the mail would continued from page 3: get through. However, they made no mention of how they would deal with the lack of gasoline, -- storage tanks in the Ozarks, perhaps? -- or for that matter, roads, after a nuclear war. Nor did they mention how the Postal employees that do survive will be able to find out if their home Post Office is still standing.

This notwithstanding, if they do manage to find their Post Office intact, who is to say that their neighborhood mailbox will still be in the same spot it was before the bombs were dropped -- or the same shape?

The last, and by far the most cunning of the Postal Authority's plans, has to do with the relocation of the surviving humanoids. The Post Office figures that it is likely that a lot of f8lks won't be staying in their old dwellings too long after the Destruction Of Civilization As We Know It, probably preferring to move to other digs that are less harmful to their health -- and don't glow in the dark. These moves will probably cause a good deal of confusion for those dedicated pre-paid post-holocaust postmasters of the future. To this end, the United States Post Office has prepared a post-nuclear war Change Of Address card.

With this document, all a survivor need do is: grasp a charred piece of wood between the stumps of his fingers, scrawl his old, pre-holocaust address on the top of the card, and follow that with the location of the crater or sewer in which he is currently residing. If survivors are unable to find any standing road signs or recogniz-

able landmarks to use as points of reference, they will be encouraged to stop a passing Postal Official or employee and make an inquiry -- providing, of course, that they can catch them. Then, John Q. Survivor just drops his CoA card into the nearest Postal Receptacle -- no postage needed, this one's on them -- and collapse, secure in the knowledge that the Post Office knows their address.

The representatives of the Postal Authority that testified before Congress did, however, say that in a post-nuclear war world, they would have to ammend their famous Postal slogan somewhat. After the bomb it will read: "Not rain, nor sleet, nor gloom of night will keep this courier from his appointed rounds -- but radiation may slow him down a bit."

But the Postal Representative pointed out, "We don't expect it to be too noticeable."

It certainly is reassuring to me to know that despite the horrors of Atomic War, we can still count on the Post Office to maintain their high standards of excellence. Will we be able to say the same about you?

 ABOUT THIS ISSUE Well, BOONFARK is back again, and in record time, too. And record size. Whew, it has been a lot of work, but of course it has been worth it.

This issue features the reintroduction of color inside the magazine. Heavy kudos to Ted White and his amazing mimeos for all the long, hard work. Hopefully, the color will be a regular from now on.

I find that it adds another level of interest to the artwork and decoration of the issue -- my ideal is somewhere mimeoed art like SKYHOOK and LIGHTHOUSE and Offset and electro-stencilled art like WARHOON or ODD. This color gives me a new challenge.

Speaking of challenges, there is the back cover on this issue, which is credited to The Cartoonist Party on the contents page. It is actually the work of four fanartists: Grant Canfield, Harry Bell, Jim Barker and myself. It was a piece that came about at a party when we all tried to draw in the same style. For those who are dying to find out which is which, I am announcing a contest. Tell me the correct order of which cartoonist drew which lumberjack, and you will win the original drawing. Now that's a pretty cheap way to get a neat drawing to hang on your wall, ain't it? Enter Now! (Void to those who were at the party and those who already know the answer...)

The first bit in this issue is an article by Lee Hoffman. Lee, as you should know, is the Guest of Honor at the Chicon this year, and I am pleased to feature her in these pages before that event. Now I can spend the whole con referring to myself as Lee Hoffman's Publisher.

Rich Brown is back again with his wonderful column. After last issue's rest away from Heavy Topics Rich now writes about the time he laughingly calls his "Tour of Doody;" his hitch in the Air Force. I've known Rich for eight years, and I was really surprised by some of what he writes about. I hope this pleases those of you who thought he was wasting his time last issue.

Alexis Gilliland's article this issue will surprise some of you because it isn't what you expect from a fannish-fanhistorical-weirdo fanzine like BOONFARK. It is going to infuriate some of you, and I want to assure you here and now that I am open to responses to this. BNF is a place to hash out things like this, but I must warn you, Alexis is very good with a knife. This one will make you use what few brain cells you have left.

William Rotsler's article this time is our latest Eulogy for the Living to appear in this fanzine that wallows in the past. I was very happy to get Bill to write this for me, as he has a viewpoint about the LASFS/Burbee-Laney-1940s-LA period in fandom that hasn't been exploited before. Bill is usually too busy with what he is doing now to spend all his time in the past -- like Ted and I -- and actually getting him to write this was a big accomplishment.

To compliment Bill's article, directly following it in fact, is a facsimile of an issue of one of the fanzines that Bill wrote about, WILD HAIR. I got this copy from Ted's collection and thank him for its use. I think you should enjoy this and get a little feeling for what Rotsler was

writing about. It was reprinted without permission, so if you want to Burb, you can write me an article all about my terrible breach of ethics. I'll illustrate it myself!

Everybody knows that fanzines like BNF don't publish anything by new writers. A fanzine like this couldn't possibly be hip to writers like Eric Mayer. For those of you who believe this rubbish, don't read the article that starts on page 39. I wouldn't want to confuse you...

The often mentioned Ted White's column this issue is once again about Harlan Ellison. Some of you thought that in telling the story of Seventh Fandom we came down a little hard on the neck of Mr. Ellison. Tsk. As stated last issue, we had no interest in doing anything to Harlan, but the very fact that he was so involved in the whole Seventh Fandom thing made him a victim nonetheless. So this issue Ted tries to show you another, more positive side of Harlan's fan career -- his editorship of SFB/DIMENSIONS. However, this was a task of such epic proportion that Ted's manuscript ran nearly 20 pages. So, the column had to be split into two parts -- the second to appear next issue -- but you'll still find it fascinating. (You too, Harlan.)

There is no installment of T.E.D. this time, because of the mundane art job that is mentioned at the beginning of this editorial. It will be back next time, for sure. (I've also added Harry Bell and Rob Hansen to my list of collaborators.) But copies of the first two chapters can be had from me for 50¢ (in stamps) per chapter.

Rich Coad will also return next issue with his fanzine commentary column. His recent return to the academic life created a demand for his time that left BNF out in the cold. But a promise has been obtained for next issue. And if he doesn't cough up a column I just may not give him back his guitar.

SPEAKING OF NEXT ISSUE: Already on hand for the next issue of BOONFARK are a number of fine articles. I've been totally overwhelmed by the generosity of all those who have decided I was worthy of their good works. I've never had to contend with having more material on hand than I can possibly publish in even a 76 page fanzine like this one.

On hand are: "Younger in New York," by Steve Stiles; "The Real Story of VOID," by Jim Benford; a new installment of "The Cracked Eye," by Gary Hubbard. Promised for the future are things from Bob Shaw, Dave Langford, Gary Deindorfer, Dave Locke, Bruce Townley, Steve Brown, and Ghod knows who else. Be there or be square.

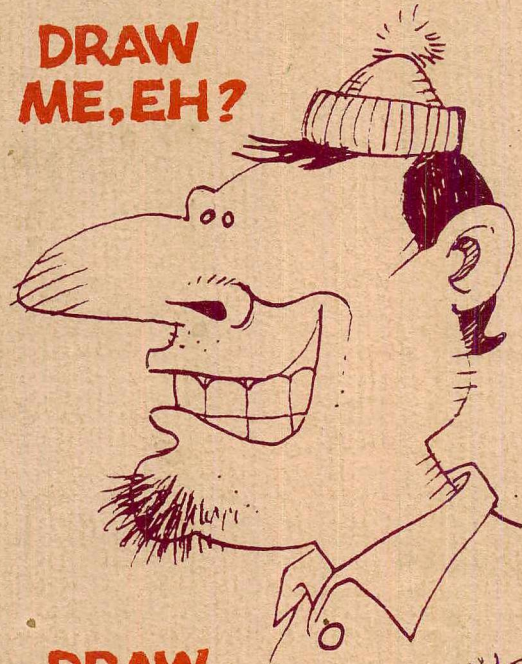
CREDITS: The mailing list is managed by Lynn Steffan (who is the secret power behind BNF), electro-stencils by Brian Earl Brown, Rich Brown does overseas mailing. --dan steffan 8/30/82

CAN YOU DRAW THESE Canadians?

DRAW
ME, EH?



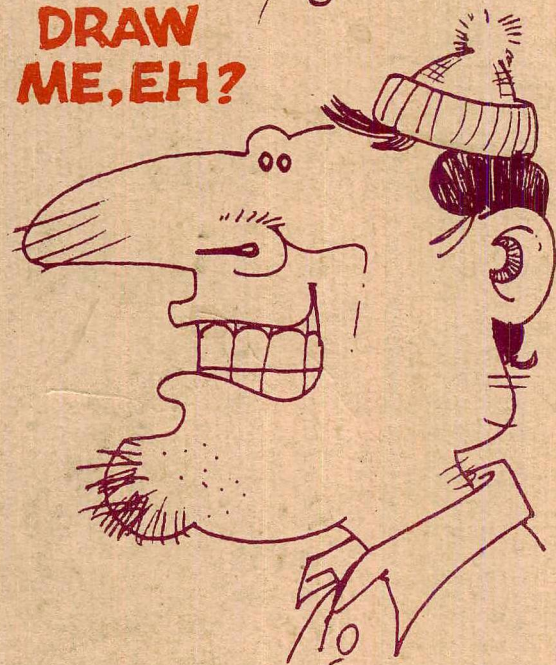
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