





# F&P 23\* FAMILY PERIOD.

-- GINA CLARKE

It was a customs official who revived my interest in fapa.

"I'm going to have to charge you duty on this," he told me.

"But this is obviously a worthless pile of...mimeographed paper," I cried.

"Oh I don't know," he replied, leafing through a zine and stopping to inspect a Rotsler girl.

We'd got this postcard summoning us to the customs office. I had to detour on my way to work, which put me in an ill humor to start with. It was a dull detour and a cold day.

I'd gone through the empty post office and up some echoing marble stairs to the room where the parcels cover in their cages waiting to be claimed, guarded meanwhile by officials in grey uniforms.

"I've been getting these...uh...(fapa bundles? mailings? fapines?)...for over ten years now and I never had to pay duty on them."

"Just because you got away with something for 10 years doesn't mean you'll continue to get away with it," the customs man told me, glowering through his eyebrows as he looked up from the sheaf of forms he was filling out.

"But how can you fix a value on something like this?"

"Don't worry," he assured me. "I'll think of something."

He tossed the bundle onto a scale. "Hmm. At 25¢ a pound, that would come to..."

"What?!" I shrieked, stamping my feet, flailing my arms, gnawing at the edge of the counter. "You mean you're just going to slap some arbitrary value on this...this pile of paper?"

"That's right," he said, permitting himself a smirk. "In fact," he warned, "I'm thinking of making it 25¢ an item."

"What's your name and serial number?! I'LL APPEAL IT TO THE EXCHEQUER COURT! I'LL PICKET THE REVENUE MINISTER!"

I was enjoying myself. I'd sleepwalked out of the house and onto the bus, on my way to another day of typing out legal memos. Now, suddenly, I was jarred wide awake, adrenalin coursing through my veins, my brain going click-click.



The official was enjoying himself too. It was obviously a slow day. The office was empty; the other officials were dozing in corners with cobwebs in their hair. He welcomed the diversion.

I raged for a while, then I wheedled. He sneered and rejected.

"Look," I said finally, "this whole deal is sort of like letters, only in 65 copies..."

"Doesn't look like letters to me. Obviously comes under the heading of printed matter."

He flipped a booklet of regulations up onto the counter, licked his thumb and leafed through. "Aha. Here we are. Printed Matter. Blah..blah...blah...et cetera, et cetera, et cetera." He droned on, reading out the whole dreary list. "Blah...blah...blah...excepting periodicals which are published four times a year or fewer..."

"HEY! THAT'S IT! This...mailing...is more a periodical than anything else," I declared. "And it comes out four times a year."

Perhaps the official, like me, was tiring of the game. At any rate he gave me a long look and then said, "Okay. You show me where it says this stuff is published four times a year and I'll let it go."

Wouldn't you know? This time there was no constitution in the FA. But I showed the roster which showed people having pages due in May, Nov., Aug. and Feb.

"Well...." he said. "Since it's a borderline case, I'll forget it. This time." And he tore up the forms.

I grabbed the mailing and pored over it on the bus and in spare moments at work. After all, it almost cost 25¢ per zine. And look. I'm even contributing my own 25¢ zine for next mailing.

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MODERN WEAPONRY DEPARTMENT - Is there no end - in any direction to man's ingenuity? Out of the Viet Nam war have come some remarkable weapons. The screaming bedbug, for one. I quote from the Ottawa Citizen: "The experiments rest on the bedbugs' lust for human blood and its habit of letting out a yowl of excitement once it smells a victim at distances up to 200 yards. Military scientists now are working on methods to amplify the bug's cry so that it becomes audible to human ears."

# OUT OF MY LIFE AND MIND

-- Norm Clarke

## How To Kick The Gafia Habit

It's easy, really. Just get rid of your mimeo. That's what we did, and look at us: publishing a Fapazine when we don't even have to.. And the funny thing is, it's being run off on our very own ABDick. Only it isn't ours any more: we gave it away. We hated it.

Dave Johnstone is a teacher of classical guitar; and he is also a good friend. It is true that he reads a lot of science fiction, but we humor him. He and his wife Marne have shown some interest in fanzines ( if largely Descants and Honques); and they drink, you know. Once or twice Dave has asked if he could use our ~~wretched inky messy screwed-up~~ mimeo to run off some guitar lessons for his ~~students~~ -- or, rather, if we would run them off. "Ugh, okay," we said. (You may be asking, "Why didn't the Clarkes get their mimeo cleaned and fixed?" The answer is "Mind your goddam business.")

So one day -- or, more likely, one evening -- Dave mentioned the mimeo again. He wanted to run off a guitar fanzine or something (for he has lately founded an Ottawa Guita Society that is sercon as hell, for it hasn't sponsored any Loud Jazz or Rock concerts yet). "Tell you what, Dave," I said magnanimously, "why don't you take this ol' ABDick with you? A little work on 'er and she'll run like a dream."

"Gee, thanks," said Dave, "That's mighty ~~liberal~~ liberal of you. Thanks. I'll get the guitar society to foot the bill for repairs."

A couple of weeks passed. The phone rang. "Hi, this is Dave," said Dave, "I just got back from the ABDick company."

"Oh? Oh ...yeah," I remembered, "Didja needa getta new drum, or what?"

"Oh wow, lemme tell you!" And tell me he did, indeed, of all the Neat Stuff this salesman had given him: "... and two lettering guides, and a stylus, and two reams of paper, an' ... an' ..."

Recognize the signs, weary old Fapans? Remember? Ah-hah! Gotcha!

"Well, that sounds just great, Dave," I said with enthusiasm, "Next thing you know, you'll be, ah, 'pubbing' a, um, 'zine,' haha." There was a sound of heavy breathing in my ear, as though this were an obscene phonecall, which, come to think of it, it was. "As a matter of fact," I went on, "I was thinking of Doing Something myself, one of these days. I'd like to see how that machine is working since I ... gave it to you. Absolutely free of charge, as you recall."

"I'll bring you some stencils, I'll bring you some stencils," Dave cried.

This, ladies and gentlemen of FAPA, is your introduction, then, to the impeccable work of Dave Johnstone, Neofan. That is, it had better be impeccable, just like that of Phil Harrell, Paul Wyszowski, Boyd Raeburn and Dick Lupoff, former printners to the Clarkes. We don't want our image spoiled.

Must lend Dave our copy of The Enchanted Duplicator.



### What's New, Artwise, Around Here

Our house has been sadly lacking in, among lots of other stuff, whatcha call objets d'art. Well, isn't that what you call them? It is true that we have an oval-framed painting of Gloom At Twilight hanging over the fireplace. And we have a reproduction (ripped from a calendar) of some sort of Native Woman (she has blue skin) holding a dove, or some kind of white bird anyway. And then there are the posters, of course: a gaudy "Sergeant Pepper," a stark "Procol Harum, a magazine tearout of Aretha Franklin. And, too, there is the poster of Me Myself, in orange and purple: it was posted all over town last year, advertising the CEC's "Summer Festival" of free concerts (I was not hired to play at any of them).

Gina and I had been getting a bit tired of our livingroom's decor, though (even though it might seem to you that you would love to have your drab rooms decorated by stuff such as I have described above). So you can imagine how we felt when we discovered an actual artist, in his actual studio, with actual paintings for sale. Well, maybe you can't imagine how we felt; you may be a dullard for all I know.

The artist's name is Virgo. Quite likely that isn't his real name, but it's his professional one, you know. He has this little studio -- a garage, actually -- at the bottom of the street where my parents live. Strangely, my parents had never mentioned Virgo or his studio; so Gina and I discovered them all by ourselves.

We peered in the window of the garage one Sunday afternoon. We couldn't see much, but suddenly a door was flung open by the resident artist himself, and, "Enter!" he cried. So enter we did into the world of the Rebellious, Misunderstood, Spat-Upon Artist. There was the easel of Virgo, upon which rested a half-finished picture of some dead ducks on a table. "I'm thinking of putting in a dog or a cat," Virgo confided, "I can't decide which." I felt sure his Muse would tell him. I looked around. On one wall was a Manifesto: written by Virgo, it explained in violent words the difference between the Artist and the mere Painter. The Artist, it appeared, has this tremendous urge to create, create, CREATE! The Painter, on the other hand, just sort of shits on a canvas and gets paid a lot of money. There was a mimeographed sheet tacked to another wall: it announced an exhibition of Erotic Art by Virgo ( I vaguely recalled reading about a police raid).

Gina and I examined a lot of the paintings, with a great deal of interest; and we knew that we just had to have one or more of them. Well, Gina knew that: I was more interested in the secondhand books for sale (from the Virgo collection). Virgo was apparently an avid reader of doctor/nurse pb novels -- oh, and of books about Great Artists.

We finally -- after much deliberation -- bought three paintings by Virgo. The largest of them was priced at \$1800. That's a lot of money to spend on a painting by a relatively unknown artist, I know. But we were fortunate: this particular painting had been marked down to one dollar, as had the other two we bought. In fact, I guess every painting we looked at was priced at a buck (Special Today).

I'd like to describe these paintings to you; but words -- especially my poor words -- cannot do justice to these objets d'art. I must say, though, that I consider the money they cost us to have been well spent.

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### I Heard Dick Lupoff On The Radio

Yes I did, actually and literally. It was on the afternoon of Monday, April 13 (1970, to be sure -- the same day, in fact, when Apollo XIII developed a "problem"; but that was yet to happen). It was a beautifully warm and sunny day: the afternoon was so fine, indeed, that it was sheerest chance that I happened to be in the house for a few moments and was passing through the livingroom when I heard the voice of CBC Radio say, "...Dick Lupoff, whose book, All In Color For A Dime, will soon be released by the Nostalgia Book Club, talks to Les Nirenberg ..."

Lupoff talking to Nirenberg! Right here in my livingroom! Why, that was fantastic! (It's always something of a shock, to me, to hear friends on radio, or to see them on television -- with the exception of musician friends, say, who are just Doing Their Job.)

It turned out to be a fairly brief conversation -- actually mostly Dick talking, for Les is a good Interviewer -- but it was a good one: it held my attention, and I don't give a goddam about old comicbooks, or new ones for that matter. Dick said a few ear-raising things, such as that the early comicbooks were "written by kids for kids, whereas now the comics are turned out by guys in their forties or fifties who tend to 'write down' to the kids." I hadn't thought of that (as indicated a sentence or two back, I don't dwell on the subject much), but it's probably true enough. (Incidentally, when Dick spoke of "kids" as having written and drawn the early comicbook strips, he meant -- as he explained -- young guys in their late teens or early twenties: "High school dropouts," as Dick said.)

Lupoff also pointed out, or at least opined, that the peaks of popularity of the "Costumed Adventurers" (Dick's term) appeared to coincide with three particular periods: the '40s, the early '50s, the mid-'60s. That is, according to Dick, the Superheroes were most popular during the times of WWII, the Korean "police action," and Viet Nam. Nirenberg said, "Hmmm, do you suppose that means that the kids identify political leaders with Superheroes?" They both broke up with laughter for a few moments, but then Dick told of a kiddy TV program that was seen during the Johnson Era: it was called SuperPresident; and it was about a President of the USA who doffed his business suit when the occasion warranted and went forth, becaped etc., to do battle with Evil and Danger and (for all I know) Communists. Lupoff noted that the program went off the air when Nixon took office.

Well, it was an enjoyable few minutes; I'm glad I was listening. (Say, Dick, when was this taped? While you were visiting Montreal, or did Les make a special Expense Account trip to P'Kipsie?) Anyway, that little interview should help in selling a few more copies of AICFAD to those Serious-Minded Canadians who listen to CBC-AM radio on beautiful spring afternoons. I'd probably buy a copy myself, except that I doubt that the book contains any detailed information about my favorite comicbook hero of the early '40s.

How many references to Sooper Dooper are there, Dick?

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### Light Up and Listen

Sorry, but there'll be no penetrating analyses of recent TV shows, in this issue; because both audio and video went fzzz about a month after we'd bought our brand-new secondhand set. . But that was okay: I hadn't yet made the first payment. I kept waiting for Reno TV to send me a notice with PAYMENT PAST DUE stamped on it in bright red ink. Finally I went to the shop myself. Fortunately, it was crowded with customers (or, even better, potential customers). I walked up to the proprietor, who smiled at me. "You don't send your bills out promptly," I smiled back. "Why, what do you mean?" he continued to smile, albeit now with some puzzlement. The folks standing around listened with interest. "Well, I was waiting for you to tell me that I hadn't made any payments on the TV yet, and then I was going to reply, 'YOU MUST BE KIDDING!'" He stopped smiling. "How many times," I continued, as a little crowd gathered round, "did I come here to the shop, right after buying the set, to tell you that it wasn't working properly, and how many times did you promise to come and see to it?" "Oh ... well, yes, quite a few ..." "Yeah, well, that was just for starters. Now I haven't had any picture or sound for the past month." "Oh, my ... tsk, tsk ... I'll be over this evening for sure." That was several months ago. He hasn't shown up yet. But every now and then I get a bill from Reno TV saying, "PAYMENT DEMANDED NOW!" Sure, Mister Reno.

Of course, I've thought more than once of attempting to find out what's wrong with the set, and then replacing the dead tube, or whatever, myself; but I am far from expert in such matters. However, I did surprise myself by "repairing" a radio that hadn't worked in years. Our table model radio got broken, see. Well, what happened was: I was lying in bed one evening, about 3 a.m., listening to some Underground Rock; and Gina asked me if I'd mind turning it down a bit. So I threw the radio out the bedroom door, then went and kicked it downstairs. It broke. I regretted that, next day, for now there was not only nothing to watch, but nothing to listen to either. Then I thought of the old HiFi/Radio combination, which would hum when turned on (as I sometimes do) but nothing else. "If it hums, it can't be all dead," I reasoned, switching the radio on and lying on my back on the floor to peer up into the innards. Sure enough, there was an unlit tube, which I hauled out. It was a 6BA6 type tube, I noted. "6BA6, hmmm," I said, technically. We have a few other dead radios lying around the house (not all of them had been kicked downstairs), so I went looking for a workable 6BA6. There was not one in any of those radios, but there were any number of 12BA6s. Well, what the hell: that seemed close enough, so I took a 12 and stuck it in where the dead 6 had been, made the Sign of the Cross, and turned on the radio. It worked. And it still works, after a fashion: the only thing is, you have to tiptoe around. Any little jar in the vicinity of the radio, and the sound level drops to a whisper. Then you have to jump up and down till it snaps back. There's probably a damned interesting explanation for that.

So we're listening to a lot of radio these days. One evening, for example, I noticed that the kids were sitting absolutely still on the sofa, most unusual for them. When they noticed I was watching them, they glanced at each other self-consciously, then looked quickly away at the ceiling or the wall. "Something guilty about that," I thought, "What's going on there?" "Hey, what are you two doing?" I bellowed. "We're crying," Jenny said. I walked over; bighod, they were, too. "It's so beautiful," Laurie sobbed. "We're thinking about things," Jenny sniffled. Then it struck me that the radio was playing a Chopin nocturne. "Oh ... well, I guess that's okay," I said.



Yeah, we're listening to a lot of radio lately; and the radio that I have been listening to almost exclusively is The People's Network -- that is, the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation (Radio-Canada, bilingually). I think it must be unique in North America; at least I have not heard anything like its counterpart in the many hours I have spent twiddling the dial to find farflung (that's a fine typo, but I meant:) farflung US stations. In TV, the differences are not so marked: much of the stuff carried by CBC-TV is imported from the US, and the "Canadian Content" programming (of which a certain percentage is required by law) consists largely of hockey games and news/public affairs programs (although "The Galloping Gourmet" qualifies as Canadian Content).

But CBC Radio is a different matter. These days, the first thing I do after getting up and stumbling downstairs is turn on the radio. No matter which local private station I dial, the same thing is going on. There is a dumb phone-in "show" going on. Ten minutes of listening to this appalling drivel is enough to make one faunch for an immediate thermonuclear war, a total and thoroughly destructive one. And, after those Happy Listening hours are over, one can hop, skip and leap from station to dumb-ass station in order to hear the same clutch of pallid, woeful, or sprightly "tunes" being played over and over by the Housewives' Friends: "Here's one by Tom Jones, here's Herbie Alpert, here's Bobby Goldsboro, here's our contest winner on GREAT 58, the BIG SOUND of Ottawa Radio ...."

Turn away from all this. Turn, gratefully, to that Socialist Communist Godless Publicly-Owned Crown Corporation, the bureaucratic homosexual-controlled Separatist-infiltrated CBC Radio, bless it. The first thing I hear is Juliette. Juliette! You Americans don't know her, of course, but she used to be a CBC-TV Superstar, or as close to one as is allowed in Canada. Juliette is a buxom (well, kind of fat) blonde singer, affectionately known as "Our Pet" by many faithful fans for 15 years or so, until she finally got bounced from her weekly TV show. But, wow, here she is on radio! And it's a good show: the "star" sings only one song per program, just before closing. The rest of the hour features Guests, who sing or do whatever they do, and then sit around and talk with Julie and her friends. It's like an audio Johnny Carson, except that it's no big deal, and I think it's better: for one thing, there are no commercials. As the day goes on, there are such things as a children's show; and it is one that adults could well listen to. It has no particular format, and any old subject might be handled in any way from playlet to song to panel discussion. In the late afternoon/early evening, there's a program called "Now -- Just Listen." And I do. Bits of music, good conversation (with three or four co-hosts and whoever happens to be visiting, or phoning in) and a carefree, let's-wing-it atmosphere. And in the evening -- between 8 p.m. and 1 a.m. -- CBC radio really lives. Monday night might be devoted almost entirely to classical music. Tuesday (say) features music by, and talk about (and with), rock performers. Maybe the big feature on Wednesday is some heavy drama, or some light comedy. And so on, and so on.

And almost none of it is dull. That is, CBC radio is not like a deadly serious Educational Network sort of thing. As noted above, much of it is extremely casual (if un-selfconsciously Witty and Educated). Mighod, what have I been doing all these years, gawping at TV with my head blunked out, when I could have been washing the radio (...Lennon)?

# FIRE (WHEN READY) ON LUNA

-- NORM

NORMAN, BORN SIGN OF PISCES, had been drinking like a fish when the news came to him that Mailer was a candidate for the mayoralty of New York City. He has been laughing ever since. Laughter was loose. Laughter was in the air. Into the silence hiccups would explode. It was conceivable -- what an immaculate conception! -- that Man, or at least Norman (this Norman, or, as he now prefers to call himself, Pisces), was ready to share the mirth of the Lord. Are we all poised for this?

But, oh gentle reader, calculate for yourself the gasps and guffaws that convulsed Pisces when he learned that no less a publication than big Life magazine itself was reputed to be paying that magnificent loser ("he came fourth in a field of five") hundreds of thousands of dollars to write a book -- or one of his "things," whatever -- about the flight of Apollo 11 to the moon. Pisces imagined, in the depths of his giddy cups, pages and pages of such marvelous symbolism as that of, say, the avenging phallus of cuckolded America spurning its seed into the cold white womb of the dead Selene in a last monstrous act of necrophilism. Yes, Pisces let his fancy go, and he laughed and lushed into the night.

Yet Pisces was a not unadmiring student and observer of Mailer the man, the boy, the naked and/or dead white Negro, self-employed adman, hoodlum and prizefighter manqué, colorful TV personality right up there with all the Mervs, Johnnies, Joeys, seasoned and sauced political campaigner. Pisces, finally, was not unreservedly displeased that such a monstrously Melvillean confidence-man should be selected by the picturebook of the late Luce's opinion-molding brace to bring to a baffled America his convoluted olfactory impressions -- for of course the man is blind as his weekend bats -- of what is surely one of the more momentous events in American history since Mailer and Breslin teamed up to go into vaudeville.

And so it was that Pisces forced his wife (he stabbed her, in fact, with a goose-quill or a retractable ballpoint pen or a pepperoni or something equally phallic) to scamper to the newsstand and acquire for him that issue of Life containing Part the First of Mailer's venture into the field of science fiction, hoping (but being disappointed) that it would be entitled, "Why Are We On The Moon?"

## NASAL NAZI NASA FACTORY

Pisces had grown up with Mailer. He understood (he thought) that pugnacious wiry little guy, but he had been careful not to understand him too quickly. Indeed, he was about halfway towards comprehending that first novel, the one whose success had stunned the literary Establishment, who gasped at the sudden fame of an unknown writer demonstrably incapable of spelling the simplest one-syllable word correctly. All of that, however, was lightmonths and more away (recognize that it is space not time I refer to, for it is only space that divides all things, finally, especially the inner space where time ticks loudly for us all). When it was time, low and beholden, Pisces would



comprehend. Lord Nose he would comprehend.

He held Life to his nose (situated somewhere beneath and between his pouchy and reddening eyes). It was a magazine without odor, unmistakably Wasp. Pisces sniffed it again. It was not funky, not funky at all: he could not even whiff the hint of a fishy aquarium. Like a real American news-zum-pictures magazine it smelled ... helpful, ready always to give polite, courteous, generous information to, by and about real Americans and an occasional ethnic pop singer or greatest journalist. But it always talked in code, neither knowing nor caring that no-one possessed the key, no not even Pisces nor yet the one man in America who, finally, had been judged by Life (if not yet Time) to be the biggest cipher to be bought and sold right there in their arcane (but plenty pictures!) pages. Blowing his big red nose -- the windows of his sniffy soul -- Pisces riffled the glossy pages, while the nostrilless walls of his closet, insensate of his effluvia, seemed to whisper, "Something is happening here, but I don't know what it is. Do you, Mr. Pisces?"

#### PREPARE FOR A SHORT ARM

Let us take the tour. In novels and plays and Village Voice columns and Realist fantasies, Mailer has beaten and been beaten (if mostly by himself: Mailer beats it!) and even Beat, all around the bush, spectacular, uninhibited, a man who is a politician never sat upon by an arse except his own. Yet this owl-lit, ravaged largemouth bassard is here to give us -- well, you anyway -- a first clue to Life. Think on it! Life! To Pisces the early history of the Space Age is contained in those empty posturings and those fulsome color photos, now as isolated and insane as Ezra Pound himself who howled of usury CONTRA NATURAM while von Braun assailed the stars by way of London, Eng.

Once inside Mailer or Life, though, really into them, they were conceivably among the most grotesque artifacts on earth. Erected -- erected! -- to give room to as many and as huge explosions of color and meaningless impressiveness as had been witnessed before by a colorblind and unimpressible race, they were yet open enough to recognize in each other a study of the dimensions of the fear of depths. Splendor! Grandeur! Colors and more proliferations of colors; boxes full of electrical shocks and wiring leading onward to the question, ever the question, and then to say, in the next letter-column or sequel, "That is not what I meant at all."

But it was probably the sight of these two monoliths (surely not made of black cube brick, as Walter Bryan has observed) finally copulating -- though who was to say which was the fuckee? -- that encouraged Pisces to release the string of his attention and float off into the inner space of his drunk dreamland. Tomorrow (was his last woozy thought) I'll probably read some of that stuff.

(( To be continued at great length and in many instalments. ))

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I sampled one of those Nikoban anti-smoking lozenges, and decided then and there that I would quit. Would quit smacking lozenges. They leave in your mouth a taste faintly reminiscent of old wolverine, jellied sock, and Death Valley.

-- Dave Locke; Loki 12

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