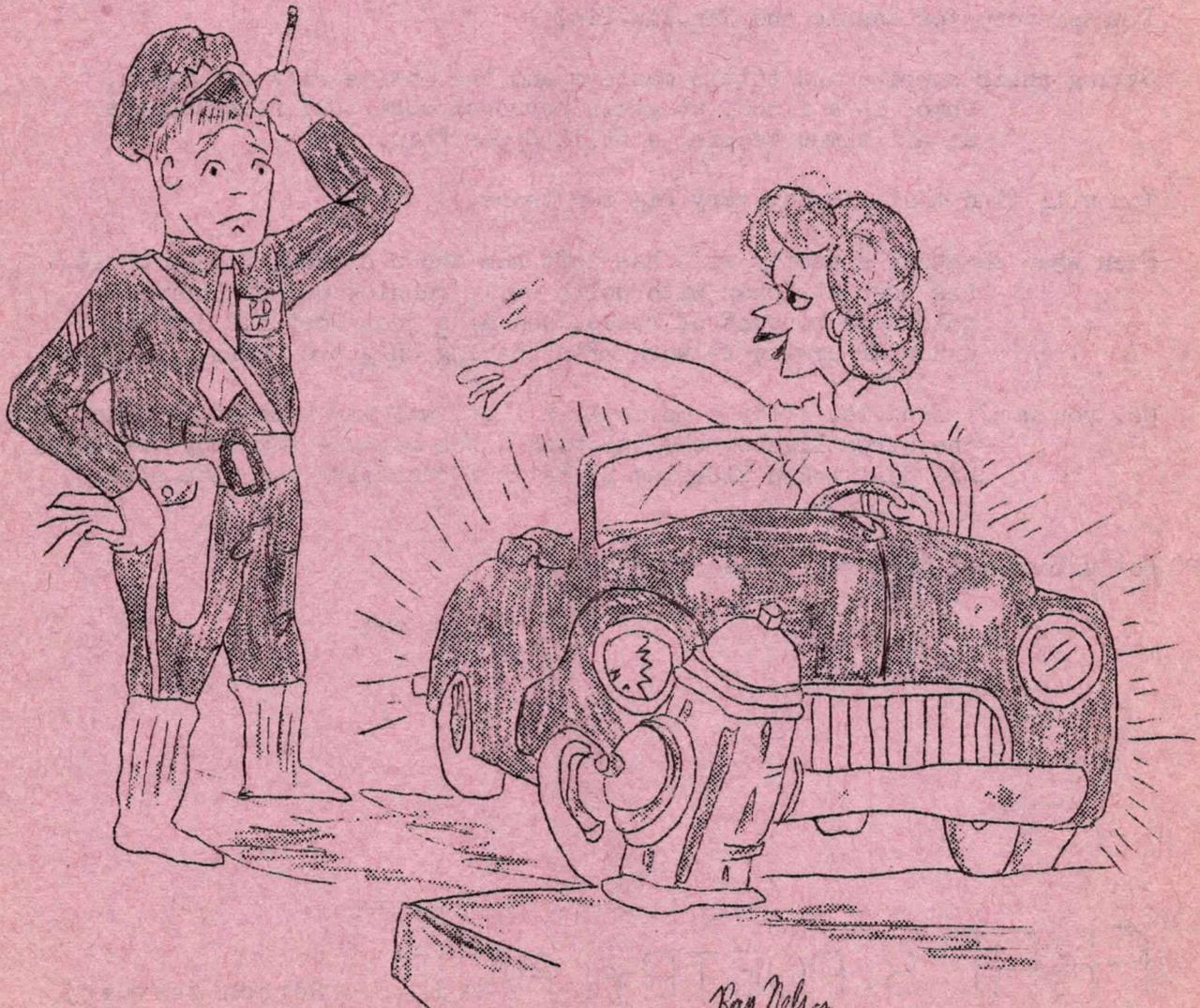


# FRAP



*Ray Nelson*  
I JUST WASHED MY CAR, OFFICER, AND I CAN'T DO A THING WITH IT.

CALVIN DEMMON

# ON "MOVIES FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY"

I do not like playful white kittens with blue ribbons in their hair and  
an Incurable Disease.

Such things make me feel very ill-at-ease.

I do not cry when Boy Loses Girl,

Even if During the War, and she has a drunken aunt and he himself is dying  
of Old Gunshot Wounds and so is his sister Pearl.

I never weep for Lassie and Rin-Tin-Tin,

Saving their puppies and little masters and the entire city of Dayton,  
Ohio, in a flood, at great personal cost, but nevertheless  
at all times keeping a Stiff Upper Chin.

You will find that I'm not very big for tears,

Even when somebody's pretty wife has left him and his sweet blonde child  
has been stricken with polio while running out of Church,  
holding a bouquet of roses, and he's just lost his job be-  
cause of coming to work after having only two beers.

No, you won't find me, after a movie like that, walking home sadly under  
the streetlights, choking back a sob because somebody Beautiful  
has just taken sleeping pills in Technicolor and wide-screen,  
an overdose,

Not unless you look real close.

-- cwd

FRAP'S POETRY PAGE (Sercon Feature)

# FRAP

## NUMBER TWO

FRAP #2: Edited by Bob Lichtman, 6137 South Croft Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90056. FRAP appears bimonthly and is available for accepted contributions of suitable nature, publishable letters, trades, or 25¢ per issue (5/\$1). It is hoped that subs will be a last-resort move on your part, for we are far more interested in those other things even if we haven't known you for four years. Cover this issue by Ray Nelson, interiors by Ray Nelson and Bill Rotsler. This is FRAP's November-December 1963 issue, published on the Half-Folio Press, Covina, California. (S72)

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There's more Wonder in a leaf than in the whole goddamn' universe.  
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OUR FIRST SUBSCRIPTION comes from an Alexandria (Virginia) fan whom we haven't even heard of before, much less known for four years. He writes: (sic)

Dere m r L<sup>i</sup>chtmann,

Please kep s ending me yoeur "fan zine".

Science<sup>r</sup>ely y<sup>o</sup>urs,  
R. E<sup>y</sup>

We are sending this issue of FRAP to Mr. Eney against our better judgment, because he paid for it, and for his benefit wish to present a public statement regarding FRAP and its place in present-day fandom. Mr. Eney, you should be aware from the outset that FRAP represents but a small and perhaps insignificant part of the great expanses of 1963's fandom.

Present day fandom is not reflected accurately in the pages of FRAP to any great extent, because FRAP pays but lip-service to the main streams of contemporary fannish thought, which are Serious Discussion and Comic Books. May we suggest in all earnestness that you widen your fannish contacts, if you have not already done so, to include the more worthwhile aspects of both main streams?

Serious discussion is perhaps most readily available in easily digested form in the pages of a magazine called KIPPLE, which is published by a Mr. Ted Pauls at 1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore, Maryland. A large part of KIPPLE is consumed by Mr. Pauls' perceptive and often witty commentary on the contemporary scene in the world around us, things that affect us every day, and the rest of his magazine is taken up largely with quotations from the Baltimore Sun, one of our nation's leading newspapers. I am sure that you will find KIPPLE a satisfying and cogent commentary on world affairs, and Mr. Pauls will be more than glad to furnish you with subscription information.

As for Comic Books, may I suggest a magazine that is published in the same city as FRAP by a gentleman of my acquaintance? May I suggest MENACE OF THE LASFS, published by Mr. Bruce Pelz at Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza, Los Angeles 24, California? If you should enter a subscription to this thought-provoking, entertaining and frequent publication, you will possibly learn more about comic books and comic book fandom than you may really care to know.

This section has been presented as a Public Service.

SINCE THIS IS the Christmas season, I have of course been toying with the idea of writing a Christmas fan parody story for FRAP, based on that creaky old seasonal classic, Dickens' Christmas Carol, with the Ghosts of Fandom Past, Present and Future being Highly Representational of present day fandom as outlined in my editorial last issue.

All this will be revealed to a middle-aged discussion fandom BNF who lives in a small town in the Great American Midwest and employs a downtrodden but still essentially proud faanish fan, "Dean" Crachitt, to stencil and duplicate his focal point fanzine of discussion fandom. ("See this article by me on nuclear disarmament, Crachitt?" "Yes, sir." "Words to live by, Crachitt!") He is a paragon of discussion fandom, sort of a "Red" Boggs. It is to him that lesser fans look for their opinions, and whenever he changes his mind on a basic stand regarding some Grave Issue, all discussion fandom is plunged immediately into war. Non-violent war, of course.

Well, one night after putting out the latest issue of his fanzine, our middle-aged discussion fan retires to his bedroom and falls asleep (by the expedient of counting Negro voters in Selma, Alabama, in his head until he doses off). After a time, he is awakened by the sound of a mimeograph machine being operated in an echo chamber. On come the Ghosts.

In sequence, the Ghost of Fandom Past will hark back to the days of 1958 and 1959, when people mouthed their cigars like long lost friends, when VOID was coming out monthly, when Bob Lichtman hadn't known any fans for four years or more, and all that. Then the Ghost of Fandom Present will come on and cast an aura over the discussion and comic book phenomena, presenting pictures of fans dressed up like Superman and Donald Duck (the latter being daringly authentic by not wearing any pants), of discussion fans picketing stf conventions the committees of which have refused to take any political stands, of close-up scenes of people arguing over what fantasy world character they will dress up as this week, and of groups of people talking with each sentence ending in an exclamation point. The Ghost of Fandom Future will come on finally and will reveal a Novum Fandum in which Koning has ceased to be self-conscious about faanish fandom, Deindorfer has returned to his former cutting writing style, and there are monthly VOIDS and FRAPs, and an A BAS every year with each Derogation better than all its predecessors.

In the meantime, we are presented scenes of "Dean" Crachitt, and his wife, who is a femmefan, laboriously typing out master units for a faanish fanzine they manage to get out every two years or so, while their two young sons, Calvin and Andy Crachitt, slowly turn out pages from these typed masters on an hektograph made of an old cookie pan. In the end, of course, the discussion fan is so moved by the three Ghosts of Fandom that he immediately becomes apolitical, folds his fanzine without refunding any money to the many subscribers, and, borrowing copies of A BAS, GRUE, FRAP and VOID for inspiration, turns into a faanish fan and writes heaps of choice material which Crachitt publishes on his newly monthly faanish fanzine, now mimeographed on the ex-discussion fan's mimeo.

Well, as I say, this idea ocured to me, and I thought I might write it up to put the readership of FRAP in the proper festive holiday mood, but then I decided not to, because this sort of thing is worth talking about at a party but not writing down.

(I'd like to wish you an essentially happy holiday season, nonetheless.)

A FUNNY THING, as they say, happened to me on the freeway the other morning. Here I was, driving along in no particular hurry on my way to school, listening to the rock and the roll on the early morning car radio, when on comes this swinging music and on comes this swinging voice, singing: "Alber's flapjacks...flappity-flappity-flappity-flappity-flap-flap-jack-jack-jack... mmm, man, they're sooo good..." and so on in that vein.

Well, I am not ordinarily a fan of flapjacks. There is something basically subversive about flapjacks. I prefer a good, old-fashioned American pancake, heavy-laden with whipped butter and thick syrup and mouth-watering

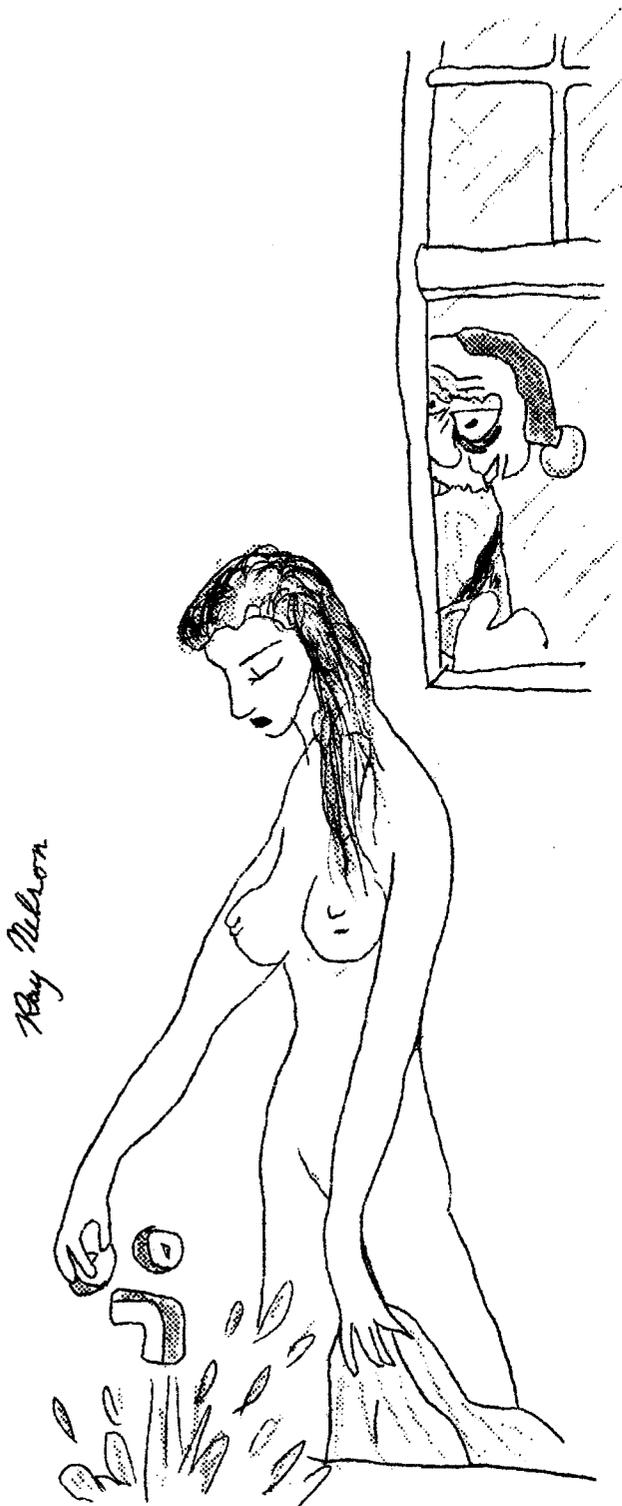
imagery. But, I am a fan of this sort of musical patter, even when it is in the form of a commercial, and so I listened, enraptured, for perhaps a minute more as it went on.

When it was all over, my mind commenced to wandering, as minds will do, until the announcer said, offhandedly, "That was Slim Gaillard." It took a minute for this to sink in, but I know my Kerouac catechism nearly as well as J. G. Newkom so after a while I croggled, made a mental note of it, and went on to think about other matters, like the traffic jam just ahead of me.

But the idea of a character from a beat generation novel doing singing commercials kept coming back to me with insistent regularity. This was an entirely new concept to me, and as one will do when one is on the way to school and in no particular hurry, I began to consider it and to elaborate on it.

Just imagine what might happen if beatniks and characters in beat literature took over the singing commercial industry. I can see it now. (Actually, I cannot imagine such an occurrence, but I can employ stock devices with the best of them, although I am no Burbee, nor even a Benford.) I do not mean to imply that soon we might be hearing commercial for "POT, THE INTERNATIONAL JOY SMOKE," for there is no extensive market for this particular type of euphoric in the Land of the Free.

But think of it. Think of William Burroughs being somehow persuaded to do a commercial for an adding machine company. Imagine Dad Deform, Shiva,



or Scratch Vatic lauding the merits of the American Express credit card plan. Carl Solomon boosting tranquilizers. Dean Moriarty extolling the virtues of the Sealy mattress. Allen Ginsberg staunchly defending Mother's Cookies with a love that is more than love. ("You can say anything about me that you like, but don't you say nothing against my Mother's.") The possibilities are almost endless.

"Buf, shiffuh," I said to myself after the fashion of our Canadian Friends, "it is never likely to happen. The beat generation is passe, Corso is getting married to a missionary's daughter, Burroughs is in Tangiers I don't think he's coming back it's sinister, and anyway advertising executives wouldn't want a bunch of unwashed beatniks tracking up their red-carpeted offices and preaching to them about the evils of thought-control."

And so I drove on to school, lingering sadly in the realization that I would never get to hear a singing commercial for Skippy's Peanut Butter performed by Ray Nelson.

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To Slim Gaillard, the world was one big flapjack.  
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UNTIL NOT TOO LONG AGO, I had a pretty big fanzine collection which took up all available space on some twenty shelf feet of storage area I have out in the garage where I do my fanning and which threatened imminently to topple over onto the floor. It was a magnificently huge collection, but of course there were things in it that were of relatively little use to me such as three years of SAPS mailings, complete runs of crudzines, and so forth, which I would never conceivably want to read ever again, but which were there just because, goshwow, they were Complete, By Ghod.

Well, obviously something like this cannot go on forever unless you are Forrest J. Ackerman and have unlimited space for expansion in the form of an entire house plus garage. So, since I thought that I was going to be moving out of town pretty soon, I periodically went about weeding out my collection each time I straightened it out. At first this process consisted only of removing complete runs of magazines like YANDRO and SPACE CAGE, magazines which are of passing interest when they come out but which assume all the significance of last week's copy of TIME magazine when you have read them and used them up. This practice put a considerable dent in my collection. However, since at the earlier stages of this weeding-out process I tended to regard complete apa mailings as being, somehow, sacrosanct and inviolable holy writings, the process was short-circuited.

But soon it came to pass that I needed a lot of that 20 feet of shelf space for some books that had been piling up on the bookshelves in my room, and one evening the whole pile of apa mailings got torn apart. I went through about eight feet or so of the combined output of five different apas, kept perhaps a foot of it, and carted the rest of it away. It is some sort of commentary on the quality of apa mailings that I kept approximately 10%.

Doubtless at this point the Collecting Fan has raised the hackles on his hack (whatever they are) and screamed, "Mighod, did he throw away that stuff?!" The answer is, of course not. I sold most of it. Some of the earlier stacks of stuff I gave away, because I didn't feel like making any Big Deal of its disposal, but the later stacks and stacks of it, by far the bulk of it, I sold at pretty good prices. A complete set of that non-

pareil discussionzine, KIPPLE, went for \$3.00. A copy of Why Is A Fan? in good condition went for \$1.50 and one in not-good condition for 75¢. My complete set of XERO netted \$10.00, almost complete profit. (I heard that at Washington some fan paid \$28.00 for a similar set. These comic book fans! Where do they get the money?) I made about \$40.00 on the used fanzine market in one hell of a great big hurry and used it up mostly at the Westercon. If I hadn't sold all those fanzines, I still would have gone to the Westercon, but I wouldn't have had as much fun. It is amazing the number of dinners and drinks you can net from a pile of junk SAPSzines.

As they say in medical books, elimination is a recurrent and continuing process. I plan now to break down the remaining magazines into groups by publishers and file them in filing boxes. Future build-up of crud is being circumvented at the time of entry into my sphere of critical influence, and by the time I eventually leave this area of the country, I hope to have the collection pared down to the point where it will extend over no more than three shelf feet, neatly boxed.

This has been an essay on Selective Completism, of the gentle art of throwing out fanzines for fun and profit. Next Issue: Fandom's Three Foot Shelf.

-- Bob Lichtman



♪ -and you'll be too when you've been through  
♪ five weeks in a balloon- ♪



HAPPY  
BENFORD  
CHATTER

VICTORY  
WINGED

LAST WEEK a number of us were sitting around in La Jolla and Mr. Lichtman asked about my column for this issue. (Perhaps I should mention that because my article last issue was labelled Happy Benford Chatter does not mean that I have transferred my material from VOID. It just means that I use that label on most of my stuff.) I was about to marshal an intricate and fantastically complicated argument which would prove beyond any shadow of a doubt that I was unable to write anything for him, when an idea occurred to me.

"Well, I could write about last month's LASFS meeting," I said.

This provoked no reaction, so I described it. There were the usual people standing around talking, setting up folding chairs, and trying to collect dues. Bruce Pelz and Fred Patten were flitting in and out. It was all a scene of hyperactivity, certainly indicative of why Redd Boggs moved 2000 miles to this place. Phil Castora came in with the latest JUSTICE LEAGUE OF AMERICA comics. He'd bought up a lot of them because they were going to be real fine items to have in five or ten years, and were not so bad now, either. Some people bought his extra copies. About this time several fans came in with costumes. I couldn't tell what they were supposed to represent, because I'm not too up on Coventry or comic characters (except that I can identify Hawkman, who is Jack Harness). I was talking to Redd Boggs at the time.

"You know," I said, "I think I know what it is that's happening to some of the people in LASFS."

"Yes?" said Redd Boggs.

"I have just now evolved a theory of dynamic history, Toynbee-like in

its scope. These people may be the first example of retrograde evolution. How does the normal human being learn about reading? He works up from Dick and Jane, through more advanced children's books, through comic books and into mainstream literature of higher and higher degrees. When he's about eleven or twelve he probably reads something like King Arthur and His Knights, and later maybe some Jules Verne or H G Wells. If he likes that sort of stuff he eventually works through juvenile stf to magazine fiction and the better stf novelists. It's all a matter of development."

"Well, yes," said Redd Boggs.

"But have you noticed what has been happening in Los Angeles? A few years ago Coventry started getting popular. People began getting roles in it so they could act out their own parts. Bruce Pelz wore all-black clothes. And then everybody became interested in comic books. XERO came out. Comic book collections flourished. Fans started wearing comic book costumes. We had a panel discussion here on comic books not long ago, a whole meeting of it.

"These people are working backwards. They're starting at the top of literate development and backing down the slope, a little faster than they came up it."

"Perhaps so, perhaps so," said Redd Boggs, nodding his head.

"But don't you see what this means? We can take advantage of all this. These people pay money for their comic book collections--they'll go to any extent to get what they want, And now we know what they'll want next. We know which way they'll jump. All we have to do is go around the old bookshops and buy up first editions of the Hardy Boys and Freddy the Pig books. They'll be heavily in demand soon. And if we really want to exploit the situation, we can buy some old beat-up farm outside L.A. and fix it up to resemble the original farm in Freddy the Pig. (Freddy the Pig is about animals who can talk and run a farm, putting out newspapers and wearing clothes and so forth.) We can charge admission, and provide places for the public to play as if they're really animals acting like people. It will provide a welcome change for Bruce -- there'll be a place where he really can flip over into Freddy-the-Pig-Land; maybe as Freddy himself."

"Yes, that fits," said Redd Boggs.

But at about this point the meeting started and I didn't get a chance to say any more.

Well, I told Mr. Lichtman about this, but it did not strike him as a good idea. "How could I publish something like that?" he said. That's all quite true, but it's also Essentially Cruel. Of course, we hate to see all that energy and talent wasted on trivial material, but this is too much. Don Fitch would frown on saying these things about such a large group of comparatively harmless people. It's only a certain number in LASFS who are Coventry and comic book types, and they're all comparatively recent arrivals, but they might take offense. If we can't love them for their sores, let's leave them alone."

There was more, but that's all I can remember. They were pretty strong arguments, all of them reasonable and logical to the core. There was nothing I could say to refute any of them.

"You're right, Meyer," I said.

- redd boggs -

# log of the honeybee

"FIFTY CENTS! Sh--shucks! I can phone New York for only a dollar." This was my comment upon learning from the operator that the toll charge on a phone call to Garden Grove is 50¢ for the first three minutes. "In fact, I could drive all the way to Garden Grove for a buck and talk to Bjo vis-a vis."

"Yes, sir," said the operator, her tone clearly implying, "You do that, you schlub, and stop bugging me."

I brooded about the matter for a few days. Sunday dawned bright and sparkling, as it sometimes does even in smog-bound southern California. My spirits brightened with the sunshine. I said to Bill Blackbeard, "I have business to discuss with Bjo and I feel like driving out there this afternoon. Why don't you come along and go halves on the gas? In that way it will cost us only the equivalent of a three-minute phone call to Garden Grove."

"I'd like to go," wailed Bill Blackbeard, "but my spare time is so limited, and today I have things to do, things to write...."

"This lovely day is no day to spend in a hot, stuffy apartment, writing," I told him, "while the sun shines warm and the Babe leaps up on his mother's arm...."

"I have things to do, things to write," Blackbeard said coldly.

"Besides, I am going to invite a luscious morsel of femininity to accompany us. Namely, Edith Ogutsch...."

"When do we leave?" said Blackbeard faunchingly.

I phoned Edith to discover this vital information. She said she couldn't go at all. "I'd like to go," she wailed, "but my spare time is so limited, and today I have things to do, things to write...."

"This is your opportunity," I told her, to cut things short, "to go on an excursion with two handsome, witty hunks of manhood. Namely, Bill Blackbeard and myself."

"I have things to do, things to write," Edith said coldly.

"Besides, this is no day to spend in a hot, stuffy apartment, writing," I told her, "while the sun shines warm and the Babe leaps up on his mother's arm...."

"When do we leave?" said Edith faunchingly.

We didn't leave quite as promptly as we planned. After picking Edith up at her apartment, we discovered that the Honeybee's front door on the passenger side wouldn't latch properly, and we wheeled into the nearest service station to have it repaired. Visions of the freeway strewn with Ogutsch haunted us. This was while we still cared what happened to her.

The station attendant repaired the car door and poured some gas in the tank and charged only for the gas. Buoyed up by this unexpected display of altruism, we sailed happily toward Garden Grove on the Harbor/San Diego/Long Beach freeway. We had no trouble until we arrived within three blocks of Bjohn's. At that point we found ourselves hopelessly lost in the mazes of Eastgate. Blackbeard and I had been to 5571 Belgrave only once, the very day the Trimbles moved out here, and all the twisting streets looked alike to us.

We blundered around and suddenly found ourselves in front of 5571 Belgrave just as if we had planned it. But the house looked deserted on this glorious Sunday afternoon. There was no VW in the driveway, and tacked to the front door of the house was a note addressed to somebody named Laura. Blackbeard knocked without hope, then borrowed a pencil from me and a blank card from Edith to compose a note to Bjohn to tack on the door along with the note to the mysterious Laura.

While Bill scribbled the note, Edith said to me, "Did you notice that street back there named Wild Goose? The Trimbles ought to live on Wild Goose if you're going to drive out here very often. If you had any wit, you'd have written or phoned in advance."

I cringed down in the corner of the car. "You talk just like a woman," I told her.

"But I am a woman," she said.

I uncovered my eyes and looked at her in surprise. "By God, I think you're right," I told her.

To prevent the trip from being a total loss, we decided to stop in Long Beach at Perlou's ice cream parlor, Blackbeard and I manfully ordered seven-scoop masterpieces, a banana split and a tub respectively (\$1.15 apiece), while The Ogutsch, fretting about her waistline, modestly asked for a two-scoop dish. She ordered chocolate and maplenut, but when it came, it turned out to be chocolate and peppermint. She doesn't like peppermint, but instead of registering a complaint, she viewed it as an act of God that would further enhance the neat expanse of her waistline and pushed the scoop of peppermint onto me. In partial recompense, she sampled several flavors in the rococo masterpiece of ice cream they set before me, but by the time I had consumed everything in sight, I felt slightly bloated.

"Imagine! A thousand bars are open in town, and we go to an ice cream parlor," marveled Blackbeard.

"It seems like the fannish thing to do," I said.

We staggered back to the car and calculated the shortest way to the freeway. As we glanced at the street map, I calculated that we were in the very neighborhood of Paul and Ellie Turner's, where the Noncon party was

held over the Labor Day weekend. "I propose to visit them," I told Edith and Bill. "I faunch for the sight of sensitive fannish faces this splendid afternoon." They both wailed something about having things to do, things to write, but I was at the wheel of the Honeybee, and turned in the direction of the Turners.

A knock at the door of 541-A East Pacific Coast Highway brought better results than we'd experienced at 5571 Belgrave. A startled-looking Ellie Turner peered out at us. One could drive miles farther and never behold a more sensitive fannish face. She immediately began to apologize. Her house, she said, was "in a mess" -- actually, aside from a few toys scattered around, it looked fine to me -- and she had been digging in the garden and she was "a mess," too. Of course it's impossible for Ellie Turner to look a mess, so we disregarded her apologies and followed her out into the cool and shady backyard.

Paul Puckett showed up while we chattered, adding another sensitive fannish face to the gathering. He inquired after Paul Turner, and we learned that the bearded director of the LASFS was buzzing around the mountains in his sportscar. Puckett and Ellie fell to discussing math, especially something called set theory. Edith looked to me for an explanation, realizing, no doubt, that I am a universal genius (cf Bloch's "A Way Of Life"). "Set," I told her, "was the ancient Egyptian god of evil." That seemed to satisfy the trusting young lady.

The Turner kids roused from their afternoon nap and came rushing into the backyard. Susie climbed on her tricycle, and young Mark climbed on his mother, and the sun shone warm and the Babe leaped up on his mother's arm. After watching the kids rom a while, Edith reminded me that she wanted to get home in time to watch a movie on TV called "Love in the Afternoon" and we better get started.

We pulled up in front of Edith's apartment just at dusk. "We made it," I said triumphantly. "The Honeybee has successfully completed another mission!" Edith and Bill looked at me and said nothing. "It was a lovely day," I said. "Wasn't it?"

"Was is right," said Edith. "The day is lost, wasted."

"I have things to do, things to write," snarled Bill Blackbeard.

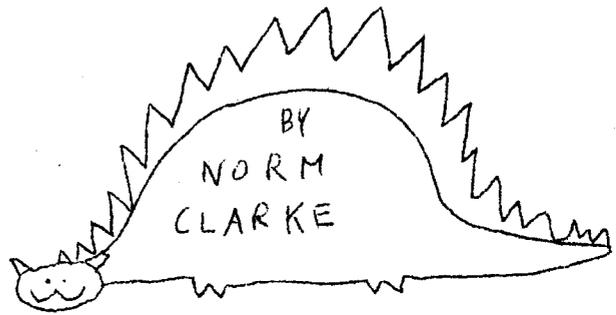
I cringed down in the corner of the car. A tiny wisp of compassion stirred in the stone heart of The Ogutsch. She handed me a small lace hanky to dry my tears, and said charitably, "Don't worry. It's not your fault that your plans turn out so badly. You do quite well for a man without brains."

I felt better right away. I may be stupid, but I knew that I had been right in spiring Edith and Bill out of their apartments on this splendid afternoon. For after all, it had been a lovely day.

-- Redd Boggs

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I wonder if I should have typed that with justified margins?  
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WHATEVER HAPPENED  
TO  
GEORGINA ELLIS?



SOME OF YOU may have thought that this (see title) is no longer a burning question in and around Science Fiction Fandom. I wouldn't have thought so myself; but Bob Lichtman -- who is, after all, the editor of this fanzine -- apparently does, for he has suggested that I write an article that may help to answer that question. God knows why he has this extraordinary interest in the mysterious fate of the legendary Miss Ellis; perhaps it is because he was among that legion of hot-eyed young fans who hungrily pawed through the titillating pages of those Ellis fanzines -- Mimi, Wendigo, Grunt, Moon-calf -- of such long and so many years ago. One can hardly blame him, if such is the case; for those fanzines were eminently pawable, as was Miss Ellis herself. Many were the sotto-voce long-distance telephone calls Georgina Ellis received in those days, from debonair, sophisticated fans (who invariably informed her that they were standing naked at the telephone, hoping, in their Science-Fictional way, that teleportation would momentarily prove to be a True Fact). Many were the perfervid letters that found their way into her jasmine-scented boudoir at 1428 - 15th St., E., Calgary, Alberta (Canada). Rife were the rumors (as Henry Luce's fanzine might say) that Georgina "Dutch" Ellis was an Expensive Concubine (if a falsie-wearing one). Little did Georgina Ellis care, as she went her heedless way, breaking fannish hearts (not to mention rules of grammar) and idly dreaming of the day when some Lochinvar would sweep from the east (or "somewhere") and carry her off to his split-level slanshack and a life of indolent gafiation.

But let us backtrack a bit, here; for it is shockingly but unquestionably true that some of the newer fans ("Them Newer Fans," as I call them) do not remember Georgina Ellis -- may, indeed, have never heard of her. Alas! Such is the ephemeral nature of ~~Shov Bizz~~ Fandom. Don't talk to me about "timebinding"! Don't even mention it! Some of you may think that the publication of a few issues of a fanzine -- even a fabulous fannish fanzine -- is a guarantee of immortality. It isn't! Who among us now remembers such once-famous fanzines as Quandry, Oopsla!, Skyhook? And yet there was a time when these were all nearly as well-known as Mimi, Wendigo and the rest of the fanzines that once poured from the amazingly fecund Ellis mimeograph ("fecund," in fact, is the most apt word to use in describing Miss Ellis.) But who, today, votes for Georgina Ellis, or her publications, in a Fanac poll? Do you remember seeing her name recently in a Fanac (poll or not)? No, you don't. And why don't you? (And it's no use asking Walter Breen, for he hasn't a ready answer, either.)

Do you want to know what happened to Georgina Ellis? I'll tell you what happened to Georgina Ellis; and it should serve as a warning to all of you -- especially the Femmefans, or "Lady Authors," as I call them -- of the pitfalls, frustrations and futility of Science Fiction Fandom. You think

that just because Terry Carr gave you a "6" in his fanzine review column, you will therefore be able to bask henceforth in the Golden Aura (Gold = Au) of BNFdom? You think that just because Joe Gibson has offered to trade G2 for your fanzine, and to write LOCs besides, that you really do own the Enchanted Duplicator? You think that, just because you've been invited to join Apex without even a vote being taken, you are a Fabulous Burbee-Like Character? Well, I'm afraid you're wrong about all that. Ask Georgina Ellis: Georgina Ellis -- once a name on every Trufan's drooping lip, once the fabulous Duchess of Canadian Fandom, once a major character in a novel by Wilson "Uncle Mike" Tucker. Ask Georgina "Dutch" "Duchess" "Biff" Ellis where all that fabulous fannish fame has gone. Ask her what she thinks, now, of "egoboo" and FIAWOL and Sensitive Fannish Fanies. Go on; ask her what she'd doing now. (She won't tell you, but I will: she's doing the dishes.)

"Whatever happened to Georgina Ellis?"

Don't ask.

-- Norm Clarke, Sept. 1963

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First toilet training, then scatological humor.  
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JAZZ, SPORTSCARS, AND MACE CANS DEPARTMENT:

(from the London Daily Express, May 16, 1959)

Seven women and two men who are chronic drunkards through drinking nothing but water have baffled the doctors at St. Thomas Hospital, London.

After testing them for every likely ailment Dr. Erasmus Barlow and Dr. Hugh de Wordener have decided that they must simply be "compulsive water drinkers."

They are suffering from nothing more than the kind of psychological upset which causes other people to become chronic alcoholics.

One woman who started hitting the water bottle when her husband died has been drinking up to 35 points of water a day. Another 30-pint-a-day woman took to neat water in a fit of depression.

When the water drinkers are "loaded" they get symptoms like an alcoholic's. Because of the dilution of their blood their speech is slurred, they feel giddy, and get feelings of being in a different world.

Some become bad tempered and suffer from hangover headaches. If they have one too many they become sick.

Like whiskey drinkers, chronic "hydrolics" may go on the wagon for months or even years. Then suddenly and unaccountably they go on a bender which sets them off drinking again.

Most of the water quaffers started drinking heavily after they were 50 but one woman admitted to water for 20 years.

When Dr. Barlow withheld water from the St. Thomas's patients to try to curb their drinking, they obtained it surrepticiously.

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A dirty old man is just a dirty young man who has become ineffectual.  
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# HOMERUN IN THE 3RD QUARTER

— Elmer Perdue

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a baseball team, called the Mets. The way I hear it, the Mets are one lousy team. Game after game they lost in the quest to stop being low man on the totem pole. But one day, when ol' Casey Stengel was grieving his eyes out after losing to the Green Bay Packers, a wire came to him from one of his talent scouts: "Cheer up, Case, I've got the greatest prospect that ever came up for the big time!"

Casey was desperate. He laid down his battledore and shuttlecock, and took the next train to Kankakee. The talent scout met him and took him to the playing field, where a parochial school team was playing the Atheist Alumni organization from Cornell.

And the scout was right! The parochial school player, Horace Shelley, was playing rings around the opponents. Not only did he hit into a grand-slam homer, but he made the one-point conversion over the goal posts single-handed.

"Well, scout, looks like you're right. Offer him a contract immediately."

"I tried, Casey, but the mother superior objects. She has pointed out to Horace Shelley that a high-school graduate makes about \$50,000 more over his lifetime than a drop out. She insists that he get his schooling over with first."

Stengel went home a disappointed and unhappy man. But the future didn't look gloomy any more. And when a game later, when the Mets were behind two goals in the second chukker and the Green Bay Packers had possession of the puck on the ten-yard line, he couldn't help but chuckle.

"Well, Casey, and what the hell are you laughing at?"

"OK, buster, you're ahead now. But you just wait until next year. Wait till the nun signs Shelley."

-- e b perdue

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Copper Kettle!  
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FILLER STUFF: So Boyd Raeburn was in town recently and he started showing around his Canadian money, explaining in his English accent all about the decorator colors in which the bills are printed. And someone brought up how Canadian money is worth less than U.S. money again, and then someone else held up a Canadian \$5.00 bill and said, "Yes, the Canadians have just the bill here for a United States month-end sale. This is the \$3.95-plus-tax bill here."

--BL

# letter column

MADELEINE WILLIS Thank you for your real cool (frappé) and striking (frapping) fanzine. Fanning Remains A Pleasure when I receive such a fannishly slanted zine, though I, from my immense seniority, smile wryly at your lofty dismissal of 14 year old fanzine publishers.

Greg Benford's Winged Victory pleased me. It brought back some of the things I had forgotten about our stay in Los Angeles. The description of the LASFS meeting was especially well done. But I do not agree with him that Dian Girard looks like MZBradley. They seem to me to be opposites in every way. I did like the picture he drew of Ron Ellik--it was very true to life, and the Dave Rike reminiscence was lovely. But his statement that all female fans seem alike to him absolutely flabbergasts me. He doesn't feel the same way about negroes and chinese, I hope?

I was very interested in Ray Nelson's autobiography. I read it in a mixture of awe at such an alien way of life, and shocked fascination. ((Why were you shocked?))

I'm glad you haven't asked me for a contribution as I dislike writing intensely. Here is one instance of what I mean. One evening I told Walter that I simply had to get something written that night, but first I had to finish the ironing. I got to the bottom of the pile--the first time I had managed to do so in weeks--and found some things I had almost forgotten I possessed. We all needed a cup of coffee then, it must have been all of two hours since tea-time, and then I had to wash up. Then I read over the other instalments ((of "The DistAWF Side," appearing in Bruce Pelz's SAPSzine)), just to refresh my memory, you understand, and--then it was almost bed-time and rather too late to start.

But since then I have had treatment for this condition on a do-it-yourself basis. Our garden was rapidly encroaching on the front porch. When we let the kittens out at bed-time they had two different techniques for dealing with the problem of reaching the next-door flower-beds--the nearest expanse of bare earth. Jackie would lower his head like a swimmer in a race and weave his way sinuously through the waving grasses, every now and then jumping up a little to check his bearings. Nikki, on the other hand, would leap panther-like from one spot to another. It wasn't until the postman began leaving our mail next door, having mistaken the vacant house for the one that was still occupied, that we decided that something would have to be done. We cut the grass, then I started on the hedges with our electric hedge trimmer. It was getting dark, and Walter kept coming out to tell me that it was too dark to see properly, he would finish it next day, and besides it was too dangerous to feel about with electric gadgets at this time of the night. I shrugged, and continued, hoping he wouldn't notice the slight bend in the clippers where I had tried to cut through a piece of metal sticking out of the ground. He went inside, and sat beside the electric switch, ready to turn it off at the first sign of danger--he is pessimistic. I finished the bit I was working on, it was getting a bit dark, and started to coil up the rubber cable. It had snagged on the accumulation of hedge clippings. I pulled harder. It came more freely. Then I felt a bolt of energy run through my arm and across my chest. I screamed. Walter switched off the current and came running out to help me in. I collapsed on the sofa, shaking and gasping for breath.

The cause of the near-accident had been the snagging of the bandage of

insulation tape where Walter had very cleverly contrived to cut the cable the first evening he had used it. My pulling on the cable had caused the tape to unwrap sufficiently for me to handle the bare wire. Our voltage is 250, by the way.

You know, shock therapy is good for fans. Even though the garden is rapidly reverting to jungle again, I have told Walter that I will help him with it just as soon as I have written a few letters, cut some stencils for Hyphen, and written another instalment of my trip report. /170 Upper N'ards Road, Belfast 4, Northern Ireland/

GREG BENFORD Stiles cover fine. He is doing better and better work as time goes on. Offhand, I'd say he and Nelson are the best cartoonists operating today, and their work certainly is among the finest ever done in any era of fandom.

Speaking of eras, Meyer, I was thinking the other day that if 6th fandom died with the Chicon, in 1952, I would call the period up to mid-1957 7th fandom (characterized by a number of essentially fannish zines which failed to garner the attention of all fandom, but were still excellent), the fannish era started by FANAC and White/Carr/Ellick 8th fandom, and perhaps the recent fragmentation into Coventry-, comicbook-, and discussionzine-fandoms as 9th fandom, since all of these groups represent a decided break with the orientation of all fanzines over the last decade. Perhaps with the demise of XERO, the ridicule of Coventry types, and the steady lowering of quality of discussionzines (I think they're finally running out of things to say), all this will be finished. I hope so. I personally don't care for numbered fandoms, but it does help to pick out trends in the last decade. ((I agree with your designation of the last phenomenon you mentioned as a separate fandom, but I'd like to point out that the discussionzine part of it, at least, is of course not all that much a clean break with fanzines over the past decade. In the apas, fandom has been concerned with politics and that sort of kipple for a long, long time. You are right, though, that this concern is something new for general circulation fanzines. Personally, I agree with Deindorfer in the recent DAFOE that these discussion types are causing a breach in fandom-as-we-have-known-it that will probably remain with us. I mean, there's always a certain number of people who will want to talk about Current Events in fanzines, including me, sometimes.))

What can one say about a fanzine that's more or less overrun with his own material? It's like commenting on your own mag. Nelson was good, tho not as funny as I'd expected. Your editorial was pretty good, really. "Space artwork with feeling" sounds like a Burbee line. /9344 Redwood Drive, Apt. H, La Jolla, Calif. 92038/

NORM CLARKE Gina handed me Frap the other day (she goes out to pick up the mail while I'm still sleeping), saying, "Ghod! What a fabulous fannish fanzine this is!" "Really?" I said, "Gimme. That's a pretty uncharacteristic comment for you to make." "I wasn't commenting. I was quoting," she said. "You know I can't stand fanzines...except maybe Kipple. What's so great about fannish fanzines anyway? There are so many serious and sober topics that could be discussed. Now, in the latest Kipple, for instance..." "Mm-hm...yes, baby...uh-huh..." I remarked at intervals, occasionally glancing up from Frap and nodding enthusiastically, as Gina went on listing all the possible serious subjects for discussion. There certainly are a lot of them. However, I'm happy to see that not one of them is even mentioned in Frap #1. Some people, perhaps, might consider Ray Nelson a serious subject for discussion; but it seems that Ray himself is not among them: his autobiography managed to be informative, amusing and (no doubt) True

without becoming ponderous or self-conscious--although I suppose one has to be a bit self-conscious when writing an autobiography. Anyway, this article did not even come close to telling me More Than I Really Care To Know about Ray Nelson, but it told me quite a bit more about him than I'd known previously, and for that I'm thankful. I enjoyed Ray's cartoons, too, of course.

I've been glancing at Gina out of the corner of my eye, and thinking about Greg Benford's theory concerning (in part) "the transcendent nature of fan marriages." Well... And speaking of Greg, his Happy Chatter about "Reading, Massachusetts" was pretty funny, and his line "like a character in a play by Socrates" seems like a natural for interlineating.

I presume Angle (or, rather, the remarks about it) is a hoax, since I can't imagine anyone publishing a fanzine with material by Grennell, Laney, Raeburn, Burbee, etc., and then mailing it to only "about 20 people" (including contributors.) Unless, of course, you've joined another Secret Apa. ((Those remarks about Angle made in the last FRAP were entirely true.))

Are the letters, or part of a word, on the apron of Stiles' shopkeeper Fraught With Significance? If so, it's lost on me; but I liked the cover anyway. /Box 911, Aylmer East, Quebec, Canada/

GUY TERWILLEGER There was far too little of Lichtman in the zine. I hope this isn't the way it is always going to be. As I remember, back in my own glorious day, PSI PHI presented you in much greater detail and let you be known to the reader. Here you are in the background, which is not a good thing in my estimation. ((Editorials in FRAP will be long if I have material to use up; otherwise, they will be short or nonexistent. I am not of the school that believes in filling up a certain amount of every issue with editorial stuff just to "balance" things, no matter what the level of content. OK?))

Both you and Benford hit the nail right on the head. What good is the average apazine. From what I saw of them, in the apas I belonged to, and in the samples I received from other apas, they soon grew tiresome. I began to read only those parts which directly concerned me and my own zine. I'd quickly scan the paragraphs, and if I saw my name in some form, I'd go back and read carefully. Thus, even the MCs themselves became of little value. ((This sure is true, since most apas tend to instill a sort of deadline-lazy activity, where one waits until the last minute and then fills up page after page with solid black mailing comments. In FAPA, this is less so, because the long waitlist tends to sift out all those but the most determined, who often turn out to be the best talent in fandom; however, sometimes this doesn't work quite right and we get people like Norm Metcalf, whose mailing comments take on all the interesting characteristics of the stock exchange closing figures in the New York Times. Nobody wins all the time.))

The Nelson biog was okay. Actually, I enjoyed it since he is one fan I know little about. I will disagree on his view of European vs. American girls, but that is a question that has no universal answer. It lies answered solely in the mind of the individual man as to which he prefers. Any one would be a fool to get into a heated argument on the subject as it is much a moot point within each of us. ((Brief argument: I have theorized that the Victorian age and all its hang-ups started in America and is indeed our contribution to English culture, and that it has not ended in America yet. The Victorian mind is highly involved in work, particularly useful work, as the highest means of expression of mankind. This tends to carry over in our modern society to marriage. European girls, not raised in this milieu, are more willing to be good wives and good housekeepers, mothers, etc. American women are career-conscious. Which one should you marry? True, it does lie

in the minds of individual men, the answer to this question. The question boils down to whether or not you marry for love or for a business partner. Personally, I think that modern business practices are inimical to the bedroom. This is a simplification; what do you think?)) /Route 3, S. Maple Grove Road, Boise, Idaho 83705/

HARRY WARNER The specialized-interest fanzines haven't crowded out the generalized publications quite as thoroughly as you seem to think. But there is a definite scarcity of faanish general purpose fanzines just now. The non-specialist publications are definitely tending to more concentration on stf and fantasy and less devotion to faans.

I was pleased to read Greg Benford's narrative of his arrival in Los Angeles fandom. Old legends die hard and I keep expecting to read some day a really sensational and controversial article on what a newcomer found in the LASFS, simply because of the image that was created first by the Ackerman-type Shangri-LA fannish utopia and then by the Laney description of a fannish hell out there. But I assume that the articles on how this or that fan found the Los Angeles fans to be are quite accurate and they aren't strikingly different from fans elsewhere, aside from being a bit more numerous and hyperactive. I can't follow Greg's argument about fanzine-oriented fans at the bottom of page 6 and the top of page 7. His own fan history is proof of the fact that a fanzine fan can be prominent without putting a whole lot of time into the field after his first burst of activity. Maybe he's simply trying to say that the informal way in which fanzines get folded cause fanzine fans to think it's just as easy to fold a marriage to another fan. I doubt that any fans except a few nuts who haven't been married feel that way.

It was also pleasing to read all the poop about Ray Nelson in one sitting. Most of this information has been published here or there in fragmentary form and some of it in greater detail, but I hadn't seen a few of the facts in this autobiography. This still leaves me wondering about a few things. Where, for instance, did Ray fit into this hectic career the experiences he described in some British fanzine, in which he lived absolutely alone and with the greatest abstention from all the amenities of life for those long weeks? And I still haven't seen a plain, definite answer to my frequently repeated question about the authorship of some very bad and primitive science fiction and fantasy stories that have shown up in fanzines under the name of Ray Nelson. Is there another Ray Nelson or was he trying to help out a struggling neofan by writing down to the level he thought that fan would prefer or were these juvenilia that he had somehow saved from all those youthful wanderings? ((My guess would be that these are stories that have been passed on from fan editor to fan editor since the late 40s; back when I put out PSI PHI as a subzine, I used to get occasional bunches of incredibly aged manuscripts from other fan editors who thought as little of them as I did.)) He and I feel pretty much the same in our dissatisfaction with the way society tolerates cokes and cigarettes, but I don't feel that this wrong justifies the wrong that consists of the use of other drugs now proscribed.

Long before I read this happy Benford chatter, I'd learned the lesson that it's best to write things down on paper and hand the paper to the other person whenever misunderstandings are undesirable. I do this all the time at the office with any instructions more complicated than a simple and routine action. There is also the advantage that a written note is less likely to be forgotten than an oral remark. ((And also less likely to be misinterpreted as the person receiving the instructions carries them out. This reminds me of one place I worked at that had instruction forms around the office

which were used sometimes, but not consistently. It got to be a pretty standard gambit, when someone started giving another person complicated vocal instructions, for the person being given instructions to wave his hands around in mid-air and exclaim over and over again, "Avoid Misunderstandings. Avoid Vocal Orders. Write It Down," after the heading on the instruction pads.))

The pictures all are just fine, although I'm not certain that I fully understand the meaning of the front cover. I hate to admit to such stupidity so I won't ask to have the joke explained to me. ((Mr. Warner, meet Mr. Clarke, above.)) /423 Summit Drive, Hagerstown, Md. 21740/

ELMER PERDUE Many thanks for sending me a copy of your FRAP, Volume one number one. As a rather notorious publisher of the most famous volume one number one whole number one magazine in the country, I should like to congratulate you on its quality.

Mr. Benford's article about the ever-loving LASFS was truthful and well-written. The cabality of leadership and intercliquial comity is not, Mr. Benford, such that it impinges upon the conscious until several meetings...

It is much to be regretted that Mr. Nelson's haute histoire had not appeared at the time I met the gentleman. This is an invitation to the Nelsons to be my house guest next time they see fit to visit smogdad-by-the-freeway. By then I should have made my fix for the Mexican mushrooms, readily available in Malibu. Would also like to have some sympathetic understanding person handy to tie me down when I give LSD a minimal trial.

Reading, Massachusetts, by Mr. Benford: that's one of the fringe benefits to my job, interlibrary loans to the City Library. Any book in any library, nationwide, is available to me without cost so long as it is on City business. And hell! One Sunday about six years ago, I was driving by Disneyland, talked my way inside, got the work done, toured the park for a couple hours -- and put in for two hours time-and-a-half City business and got paid for it. /2125 Baxter Street, Los Angeles, Calif. 90039/

ARCHIE MERCER I'm particularly glad to see Jim and Greg Benford getting back into the fannish mainstream again. Texas (not to mention that little block of territory to its immediate north) has far too many distractions to allow for the practice of a decent standard of fannish living--ask Ellis Mills if you don't believe me. I wish it was "Needless, California"--somehow the idea of a place called Needless, whether California or anywhere else, appeals to me. As it's simply Needles, I suggest that it twin-towns itself with Juan les Pins.

I'm not quite sure whether "Reading, Massachusetts" is supposed to be strictly factual or fictional, but I suspect the latter. It reads like an inferior hyperbole, anyway. It was the only thing in the issue I didn't care for--both the personal narrations, although maybe not exactly cosmic in their significance, were full of interest throughout. /70 Worrall Road, Bristol 8, England/

STEVE STILES You are a little wrong (unless you were kidding, which may be quite possible) when you say that fanzines are pretty similar; besides discussion zines and comicbook zines (all one or two of them) there are also these strange things called (note this) sercon zines, apa zines, and faanish zines. I don't even know if I should mention personality zines. And there are different kinds of discussion zines, as witness the difference between Pointing Vector and Kipple--and Habakkuk, which kind of started the ball rolling in this area, is far removed from these two. But I think you were kidding when you say that all fanzines you get are pretty

similar. ((Let us say I was Exaggerating for Effect. For one thing, I don't count apa zines, as they are a Breed Apart that don't come under ordinary consideration by the general fan. But you are right that there are other types of fanzines. The thing is, today the discussionzines in particular--the comiczines have largely run their course or have gone completely outside my range--are the ones that are making the most noise, tend to be the largest, and like that. The general fanzines, faanish or general in nature, are just too few and are somewhat ineffectual, most of them, in making themselves noted and notable. For every DOUBLE BILL there are two POINTING VECTORS, or so it seems in terms of noise level.))

Benford's stuff is interesting and all, but leaves me little to say except for "Hey, wish I was there," or, maybe, "Certainly glad I'm not there." But, his account of this particular LASFS meeting makes the LASFS sound not quite as dead-headed as you, Bob, make it sound in one of your letters to me. In fact, in my first skimming reading, read ten minutes before departing for school, I was under the impression that I was reading a Westercon report or something. But I see that this LASFS meeting was a special kind of an affair with an auction, which is kind of hard for me to visualize being a relaxed Fanoclast type and all... The closest we've ever come to auction is when Lin Carter gives out his surplus reviewer-copy books for free. He wraps them up in little paper bundles with pink ribbons and, blushing, presents them to people at random with "Here--this is for you!" while shyly scraping his feet along the ground.

Ray Nelson's autobiography also comes under the category of "interesting," and I liked reading it, although I was filled with discomfort at the thought that here is a guy who has done so much, and gone so many places, while I am a lazy bum who sits around in the same old digs, the same old digs I've been sitting around in for 20 years (I'm 20 years old now.). ((Why don't you go up to Poughkeepsie once in a while, for a change of scene?)) /1809 Second Avenue, NYC 10028/

WALT WILLIS I thought Winged Victory was the best thing I'd read in fmz this year until I read Nelson's autobiography. And the other Benford bit was a joy, too, just to prove it wasn't just a plash in the fan. Boy, that's some material you've got there. Wow! ((And that's Unadulterated Egoboo for our contributors for this issue.))

-oOo-

As they say in all the better fanzines, WE ALSO HEARD FROM:

LEN MOFFATT, who sent us a big long interesting letter about fanzine quality and adds that "FRAP is PARF spelled backwards." Mr. Moffatt wrote this letter during the heatwave here in Los Angeles a month or so ago, so we are forgiving him for this just this once.

CALVIN DEMMON, who told us all sorts of things about FRAP but concluded with "if you print this I'll kill you." Having been killed by Mr. Demmon some few times in the past, we have no desire to repeat this essentially painful experience. And that's heartbreaks for this issue.

ROB WILLIAMS, who saw Ted White's putdown of FRAP in a recent issue of MINAC and so of course sent us a quarter to try it out. Mr. Williams writes a pretty good letter of comment, and a fanzine sent to 420 S. 4th St., Elkhart, Indiana (46514) would not be wasted in my estimation.

And GARY DEINDORFER, who postcarded that FRAP "holds promise of better stuff to come."

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I offered him my body, but he wanted my comic books.  
-----

BOB LICHTMAN  
6137 S. CROFT AVE.  
LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90056

printed matter

TO:

return requested