

new CAT SAND #1

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Good intentions die easy. When, after a five-year crawl up the waiting-list, I was finally invited to join FAPA, I said to my new self (scarcely remembering the punk kid who'd sent a postcard to somebody back then), "Well, sir, we will make every mailing here."

Nope.

Had we but known back in 1960 that it would all come to this. Ed Martin has been kicked out of the FAPA, Charles Burbee has dropped out, and a mess has been made in Berkeley fandom and several other places. President Kennedy has been shot in the back of the neck (or maybe the front), Ernest Hemingway, William Faulkner, James Thurber, T. S. Eliot, e. e. cummings, Albert Schweitzer, Edward R. Murrow, Aldous Huxley, Robert Frost, and Walt Disney have died; Ian Fleming has flashed into prominence and it has killed him; the Beatles have flashed into prominence, transformed a whole generation, made huge fortunes, and retired to "find themselves;" J. D. Salinger has fallen from grace. The United States has been busy freeing children from the bonds of atheistic communism by melting their faces down into their necks. ## On a much happier note, we have gotten married: on February 4, 1967, in San Francisco, to Wilma, nee Alexander, whom we courted for two years (and Dick Ellington married us). We are one semester away from our B.A. in English and plan to jump right into Law School in the Fall. Wilma will get her B.A. in Psychology soon and jump right into the Ph.D. program. We have two cats, good appetites, and a view of Glendale. We (Mr. Demmon here resumes speaking for himself) very much miss "fandom" and "correspondence" and "getting fanzines," but expect to be even more busy in Law School than we are now, so all that will have to wait until we are an old man.

FANZINE REVIEW :& Silly Old Bear! #1, from Warren Brick, c/o Bob Lichtman, San Francisco, California.

Warren Brick has been gafia for the past two years--tumultuous years for fandom--during which he has been busy sharpening up his already keen wit. Warren's new fanzine consists entirely of letters written by him during these two years to his girlfriend, Norma Dell Harbage. And fascinating letters they are, too. Warren reveals sensitivities unsuspected in his character, as when he writes, "Hullo Norma! How's your mother? & how are you?!!!" There is more in the same vein. Rich, heady stuff, well worth the price. More, Warren, more!

And now, by Popular Request, THE POETRY PAGE. Poems and Verses from this year's Bumper Crop, and maybe Last Year's. By the Editor.

TO A FLATWORM

Prithee, liver fluke or "flatworm,"
Aren't you glad that you are that worm,
Which, to two worms, evidently,
Grows, if separated gently.
(If I cut you with a knife,
I can make your tail your wife.)
Oh what wondrous strange alliance!
Liver fluke, and man of Science!

HOW COME HE WALKS AROUND WITH HIS EYES ALL BLUNKED OUT

Little Woman, Little Wilma,
I should make a little film a-
bout your eyes and gap-toothed
smile,
And about the way you dial
Me up (collect) and make me under-
stand what Love is,
Make me wonder,
How I got along without,
Having you to think about.
No one else is quite so femin-
ine as Wilma,

Love,

Cal Demmon.

I BOUGHT A GUN

I bought a gun and then (oh, bother!)
Ran right home and shot my father.
Turning 'round, I saw my brother,
Take a knife and stab my mother.
We faced each other, weapons drawn,
And talked and laughed 'till break of dawn.

THE FACES IN THE SUBWAY

The faces in the subway,
Were wrinkled-up and grey,
Until we got to Lexington,
And then they went away.

During the past semester I have been grading papers for four "dumbbell English" classes at Los Angeles City College. The students, you are to remember, are all at least 18 years old and have presumably finished high school. While some of them are foreign-born, or have learned English only recently, most of them are just good run-of-the-mill California Youth who have just never learned to read or write. One assignment, on "What I Expect To Find In A Husband (or Wife)," produced the following: "The qualities that I would like to find in my wife are, a good cook, a good personality, and to know how to raise a family." And, "She must like to travel, winter sports, and outdoor living." And, "I expect little of my wife, intelligent, personality, and understanding." And, "Qualities I hope to find in my future wife are liking of children, of middle intelligence and she must be an extrovert." One of my favorites, from an assignment on "extremist" groups, was "CORE is a group which wants to help people of different races get along together." But my very favorite, which I reproduce in its entirety below, was a review of "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf," for an assignment on Movies.

The most interesting movie I have seen. was who is afraid of the virginia wolf.

This movie was interesting to me. How this professor came to teach at a small town college. And late on married the Dean daughter. In his early years of his teaching career he had great ideas about teaching and advancing to a higher positions by the influence of the Dean daughter. After a period of years teaching the same position. They began to drank alots. He and his wife lived in their own world of make beleived, where they were consistently trying to prove each other incompetent.

In the fall semester a young couple came to this college to teach. After they met the other couple. They realize the real problem between them. was themself. And the other couple had similar problems as their own. They realized the virginia wolf was themself.

My first car was a good, solid 1953 Oldsmobile, dark blue, with automatic transmission and noisy U-joints which I later replaced with the help of Lowell Moore in Berkeley. I bought it for \$200 in 1961 from the father of a beautiful girl from whom I desperately wanted love, affection, and sweet nights of perversion. Instead, I got a good, solid 1953 Oldsmobile, dark blue, with automatic transmission and noisy U-joints. I packed my words and goods into the car and drove to Berkeley one day with Jerry & Miriam Knight, who had flown down to L.A. to rescue me. I grew to love Berkeley, the Knights, and the car, but sold the latter for \$200 when I left them all a couple of years later for New York.

Nobody needs a car in New York except Ted White.

When I got back to U.S.A. in 1964 I went carless for about six weeks, until I could stand it no longer. Everybody needs a car in Los Angeles. Everything is two freeways away from everything else. I bought a 1950 Ford, dark blue, standard shift, with an orange front fender, from my brother Bob for \$100. It was a fine

car; I drove it all over two counties and finally totalled it one night on the Freeway coming back from the Midnight Movies in the rain with no windshield wipers. In the meantime, I had purchased a brand-new 1964 Mustang Motorcycle, which I own even yet--it sits rusting in my mother's garage, having been burned out by a friend who is now in jail on a Possession With Intent To Sell charge. I intend to fix it, all the time I intend to fix it.

But when you are young and in love and in Los Angeles you need a car, and I was now in love with Wilma, so I bought my mother's 1959 Rambler Sedan, which looked solid but was actually all rusted out underneath because of the salty winter roads in Wisconsin. It lasted for four months--I drove it all over, and down to San Diego to see the Beatles--but, though I desperately replaced the clutch (\$60), it finally gave out one night in La Puente. Crankshaft. Sold the car for \$50 to my mechanic, who has put a small fortune into it trying to make a loan car out of it, and who now says he will have to junk it. I still see it every once in a while, loaned to somebody in the neighborhood.

But had to have a car. \$30 bought me, from my friend Al Pogrud, a 1957 Ford Fairlane 500 V-8, which smoked for 30 days and on the 31st got me a traffic ticket (excessive smoke) which cost \$21. Ridiculous to have the car fixed; it was shot: rings, valves, bearings, transmission, rear-end (magic words which I have come to know and fear over the years), so paid the ticket and gave the car to Wilma, who got \$50 on it for a trade-in on a VW which was shortly afterwards totalled out by a friend.

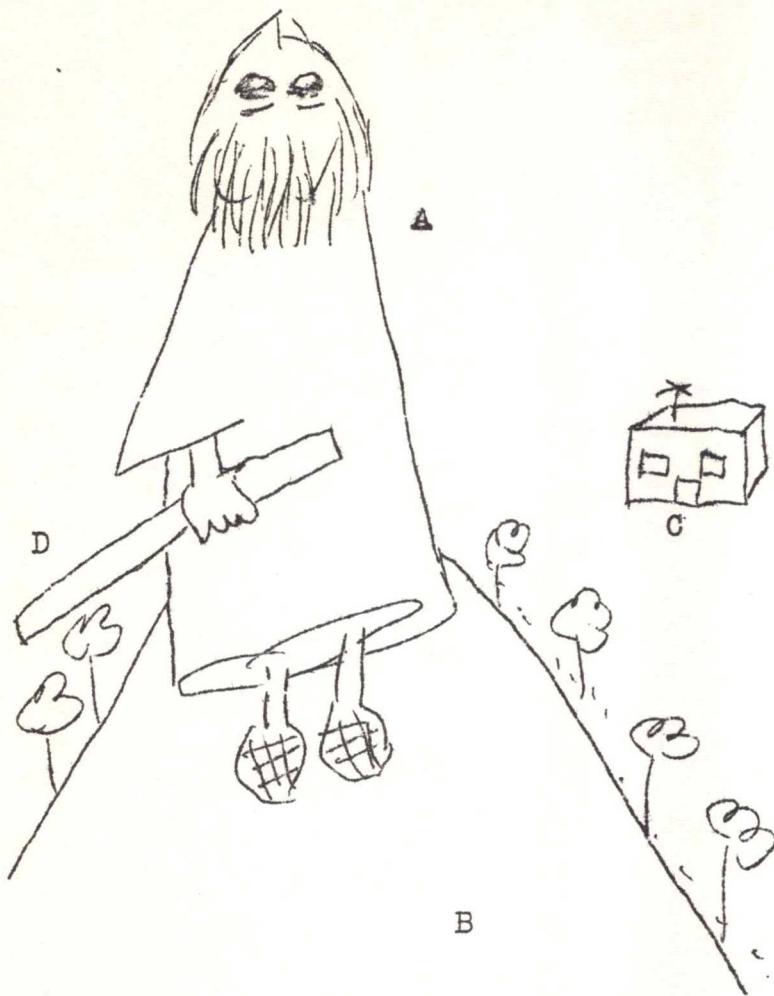
\$75 bought me a 1955 Rambler, white, with a loose rear wheel (\$40) and a perpetually loose front end (about \$40, altogether, over the months), four bad tires, three of which were shortly to blow in rapid succession, always in isolated places (like downtown Los Angeles) where I had to buy a brand-new tire to get out (for I am always on my way to something Important & Urgent when my car breaks down).

I put 20,000 miles on the Rambler in four months, and also put in two water pumps at \$20 a shot (gotta have water!) and a new radiator at \$50 (in a hurry, see, always have to have the car right now!). But it traumatized me. Never know if I was going to get anywhere. It threw bolts out on the freeway, leaving me stranded in the fast lane. It rattled. It blew tires as fast as I could put them on.

In June I finally paid off the Courts and Records Federal Credit Union for the money I'd borrowed to take care of my Ford Accident, Uninsured. This sudden addition of \$85 a month to my take-home paycheck left my morals ruptured. For over a year I had been thinking of buying a Car, one which was new or fairly new and which would get me There without death. And I had become a Morgan lover. And went to the Morgan Agency in Los Angeles and mortgaged myself into a 1964 Morgan Plus-Four Drophead Coupe, black, formerly maroon, once an exhibit in the 1964 Auto Show in London.

Goes fast.

"Why should the pleasures of folly be reserved
for fools?" -- Ray Nelson



GIVEN a Giant Holy Man (A) walking along a road (B) towards you:

At what point (P) will he reach you?

Will you run into house (C) for safety or under a tree (not assigned letter)?

If you do not run, what are the chances that he will hit you with his stick (D)?

What are the chances that he will not even notice you?

What are the chances that you will not notice him?

Why doesn't he go back where he came from (E, not shown)?

What if you can't run fast enough, or he smashes the house and trees?

What if he is looking for you so he can give you a magic Kiss? If you run you will miss it, but remember, he might hit you.

What if you will die without the magic Kiss, but you do not know it?

But what if the magic Kiss will kill you?

What if all you have to go on for information about the Giant Holy Man is a letter from your grandfather, who was once given a magic Kiss? How do you know your grandfather isn't a liar?

What if your wife runs off with the Giant Holy Man?

What if the sheriff comes and hides and shoots the Giant Holy Man in the foot? Will the Giant Holy Man think you did it? If he does, will he smash you with his stick although he had wanted to give you a magic Kiss?

What if the Giant Holy Man is hungry and likes to eat people?

What if your dog is hungry and likes to eat the Giant Holy Man?

Note: These questions may seem simple at first, until you reflect that we do not know very much about Giant Holy Men.

TWO STORIES

A MAN NAMED JESUS

A man named Jesus walked into a Toilet Store.

"My name is Jesus," he said.

"Oh, Jesus, you've come!" cried a lady in a red dress.

"One hopes you'll stay and chat with us," said a student.

"I must go and tell others," said a customer.

"Do you want to buy a toilet?" said the manager.

HARRY, A VERY SMART SCIENTIST

Harry, a very smart scientist, abolished death
with a white pill.

Powdered, it was added to the drinking water of
all major cities.

Ten years later bottled spring water sold for
twenty dollars a gallon

And only the poor were immortal.

EXCERPT FROM A LETTER FROM WARREN BRICK:

"Marlin Frenzel, whom Greg Benford immortalized in a fanzine a long time ago, was here a couple of weeks ago; he is a nice guy, but very quiet and shy; he has written a couple of funny things and is a good friend. Marlin is from Texas, but has spent the last six years in New York, in and out of New York fandom. He stayed at my house for a week, going out only to buy candy bars and cans of beans (I never eat here). He would be asleep on the living-room floor when I would get home from work in the morning, and he would stay inside all day and I would wake up and go over to Norma's and he would be asleep on the floor again when I got home from work the next morning. A couple of times I took him out with me--once to Phil Jackson's, where he got drunk, climbed out the window onto a tree limb, and broke it off, falling 8 feet or so and skinning his arms. The next day he went out and bought some bandages and first-aid cream, and wore them on his wrists for the rest of the week, looking like an attempted suicide. One night I was over at Norma's and got to thinking about Marlin here all by himself--with the whole city outside the door--and called him up and directed him to my nearly-forgotten stash: 2 joints. When I stopped by the house on my way to work nearly 7 hours later I found Marlin hallucinating on the floor; he had smoked one of the joints. He claimed that New York pot wasn't that strong, and was afraid I had soaked it in LSD. One morning when I got home Marlin was gone, leaving his glasses-case, a pair of black Levi's, and a note for me to forward his mail to General Delivery, Mason, Texas. There hasn't been any mail."