

# NEW CAT SAND

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I had been sick for a couple of days and was lying in my bed hallucinating when the telephone rang. I groped around for it on the floor and couldn't find it. "I can't find the telephone, should I answer it?" I said to Wilma. "It's on the floor," she said, hallucinating too for lack of sleep.

I finally found it, after putting my hand in several unsavory messes. (We have two cats with Liberal Attitudes.) "Hello," I said. "Hello. Hello."

"Hello, Calvin," said a distant voice. "This is Don Fitch."

Good Lord! Don Fitch, my old friend from "fandom!" Who never calls me up unless a BNF has died or....or (something crystallized in my jewel-like mind) or unless the FAPA deadline is approaching....

"Hello, Don, how are you?" I called merrily, hoping for the best.

"Did you know that the FAPA deadline is Saturday and that you owe two pages and three dollars in dues?" This was Thursday night.

"Oh, no. Who's the treasurer? Where do I send the stuff?"

We got all that straightened out, and exchanged a few pleasantries, and then Mr. Fitch revealed that he was at a LASFS meeting (of course! the LASFS having met weekly on Thursday nights for over two hundred years) and was calling at the suggestion of Len Bailes, the Associate Editor of QUIP (which you should all read and enjoy, for 35¢). I talked to Len briefly.

"I was sitting at a table with Bruce Pelz out at UCLA today, and he told me he'd gotten the treasurer's report from Bill Evans and that you hadn't paid your dues. 'Demmon's going to be dropped,' he told me, with a gleam in his eye. So we called to foil Bruce Pelz."

After thanking Don and Len, I fell back on my pillow. "Who was that?" asked Wilma. "That was my annual phone call from 'fandom,'" I said. "Oh, yes," she said, my little Wilma, who is not a fan and would not know "Science-Fiction" if it came up and bit her in her good leg, "you need two pages for FAPA, don't you?"

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ANDY MAIN came by to see us a few weeks ago. He was in L.A. with Barbara (his wife) and Govinda (his monkey) to see about buying a VW bus to drive around in and maybe live in. Wilma and I both knew

Andy & Barbara were coming, but we thought they would stay longer than they did, so Wilma (who works nights, same as me, and sleeps during the day) didn't even get up to see them, thinking to do all that later.

(You don't really begin to appreciate sleep until you have to go for weeks and months without enough. We both go to school during the day-- I've got 15 units, Wilma has 12--and have to fit in our errands and our pitiful social life (pitiful because we are off on different nights) around that, besides trying to get some sleep. I have always operated best on about eight or nine hours of sleep per day, but usually now get only four or five, and sometimes none, except on my days off or when I break down and get sick. Well, but, it gets so you'll lie and cheat and steal and kill your best friends just so you can get some sleep, and all this is an apology stuck in here for Wilma, Andy & Barbara, who was sorry she misunderstood. She was asleep, having a beautiful dream about being asleep.)

It was raining. Govinda ate some of one banana left over from the ten pounds I had bought to see if smoking the insides of the peels really gets you high. (It didn't, and the house smelled of the drying process for weeks--neither of us can stand bananas even to this day--and the garbage disposal got clogged up with leftover peeled bananas. So much for the goddam "hippies.") Andy & Barbara ate a picnic lunch in the kitchen, and left some good pickles behind which I consumed later before Wilma woke up. We went outside and I showed them the genuine fallout shelter off the driveway which had been built when fallout shelters were all the rage. Then we went across the street, in the rain, to visit my friend Phillip Jackson, the photographer and school-teacher (and reporter for the "Los Angeles Free Press," one of those goddam hippie newspapers that says you can get "high" by smoking bananas), but Phill wasn't home; however, Suzanne Jackson talked to us for a while until we bored her silly. Then it was time for Andy and Barbara to go and pick up their new bus, which (I think) they are planning to drive to the convention in New York this year (or maybe not, but they assured me that they would be there.)

There's really not much point to this, except that it was good to see Andy and Barbara again, and any other fan who visits us is likely to get written up in our "fanzine" too, just because it's nice to see fans once in a while. (Not all the time, for pity's sake.) Call in advance for reservations.

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"Feed a cold, starve a fool." -- Wilma Demmon

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MAILING COMMENTS: I genuinely intend to begin doing Mailing Comments in this FAPazine Real Soon Now. I have never done them before, or at least have never been very good at them. There's really not much point to this announcement either.

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My old high-school English teacher, Miss Maureen O'Leary (Aguirre), called me up the other day in response to a form I'd sent her to fill out to recommend me for a student loan. She was also the teacher of Bob Lichtman, Jerry Knight, Don Durward, and Arvid Underman (although who remembers Arvid Underman?). She could not believe that Bob Lichtman was working for Dun & Bradstreet. This is a \*Press\* Publication.