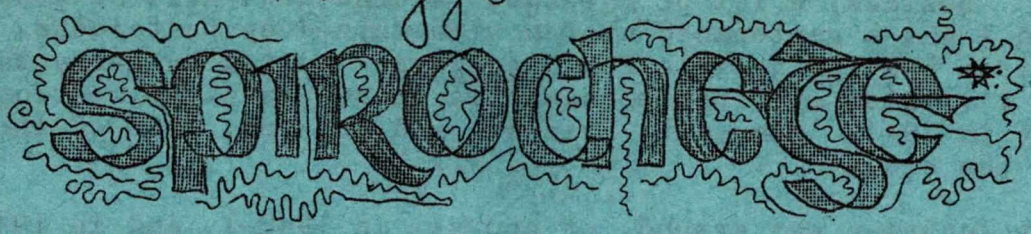


Redd Boggs'



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# HENRY STINE,

alone, save for an echo imp,  
knocked at the door at last.  
"I knock at the door at last,"  
he said. "It's April first."

"I'm here, you stupid people, Henry Stine!"  
"I'm here, you stupid... Henry Stine!"  
"I knock at the door at last."  
And only the devilish echo mocked.

"Will good men loose the fight?"  
Be quiet, echo. Will good men loose?  
He knocked at the door -- Henry Stine!  
Then noiselessly the door, the door

flew open with a thud. The echo  
died, like good men loose --  
"I'm here, you stupid people, Henry Stine!"  
I thump my wide forehead,

I knock at the door at last.  
Will good men loose? It's April first."  
Be quiet, echo. The noiseless door  
of mind thuds in on utter madness.

## DAYS OF PEPSI-COLA AND PETUNIAS

"How long have you been in fandom, Redd Boggs?" Miriam Knight asked me the other day.

"Well, let me see -- it's about 25 years, I guess," I said, figuring furiously.

"Good heavens, Redd Boggs," Miriam Knight said. "You were in fandom long before most of the fans of today were even born."

I tried to disregard that estimate because it made me feel old, and I'm not quite so ancient as it makes me sound. I was just a barefoot boy when I got into fandom, playing mumbelty-peg, whirling around on my

velocipede, and composing erudite articles on R. F. Starzl with equal facility. Besides, a lot of the fans around now were already around then, when I was a gapped-toothed neofan with turned-up pantaloons. I wrote my very first fanzine article for Spaceways, edited by Harry Warner Jr. The night I visited my first Minneapolis Fantasy society meeting, sometime early in 1941, Samuel D. Russell was present, one of the leading lights of the club.

Forry Ackerman was around, of course, in 1940-1, and in 1947, when I belatedly started publishing for myself, he was the mainstay of Tympani, the newszine co-edited by Bob Stein and me. Bob Tucker was already a famous fan, too, and was widely printed in fanzines everywhere, as well as in his own publication, Le Zombie. My old dad, Len J. Mofatt, was a fan back in Pennsylvania, but hadn't even heard of Bell Gardens, California. Elmer Perdue, Walt Daugherty, Jack Speer, Sam Moskowitz, Roy Tackett, and a few others were around 25 years ago, too, but what ever happened to people like Joe Gilbert, Joe J. Fortier, Lynn Bridges, Donn Brazier, Bob Jones, Tom Wright, and Bob Bloch, who were around 25 years ago but have been forgotten by today's fans?

The fandom of 25 years ago, if you can imagine it, was a fandom that had never heard of Walt Willis, Ted White, Bjo Trimble, not to mention John, Lee Hoffman, Norm Clarke, Tom Perry, Bruce Pelz, Marion Z. Bradley, Rick Sneary, Ruth Berman, Bob Lichtman, Richard Bergeron, Gregg Calkins, Charles Burbee, F. Towner Laney, Terry Carr, Dean A. Grennell, Ethel Lindsay, Avram Davidson, or even Miriam Knight.

That was a long time ago, and a very deprived age. I'll never forget how we used to hitch up old Nellie, our grey mare, load up the old Sharps, in case we ran into a skulking redskin, and go dusting down the long road to the little crossroads store that also served as the village post office, to pick up the mail and the latest issue of Famous Fantastic Mysteries once a month, every time the accomodation train chugged in to the little town of Minneapolis. And the wonderful evenings I spent pouring over the latest R. F. Starzl or the latest Hoy Ping Pong, by the flickering light of a whale-oil lamp.... Eheu! fugaces labuntur anni!

#### LISPING IN NUMBERS

Designations such as "Salamander Press no. 94," "IncuNebulous Publication #357," and "Jøtun Publication 87" fill me with considerable envy because I long ago lost track of the publications that have issued from Gafia press (which, by the way, is a house name that dates back to around 1948 or '49). I don't even have file copies of most Gafia press publications to hand, and while I remember that there were 25 issues of Skyhook, I've forgotten how many there were of other publications such as Tympani, Gafia Poetry Leaflets, Hurkle, and others. And there must be dozens of one-shots and nonce publications I've forgotten entirely.

Back in Minneapolis there is a catalog of the Gafia press releases prior to about 1951, but that doesn't do me much good, buried as it is in the attic. And determining what I have issued since then would be a big job. However -- and all the above was a mere preface to this world-shaking announcement -- I have decided to keep a running catalog of the Gafia press, perhaps in these pages, lest what I have published becomes more and more obscure to me as the years and decades pass.