

TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT #17

I've
Well, this is the first fanzine/written and produced at 207 W. 80th,
and isn't that a pants-wetter?

I moved Sunday afternoon, despite my fears that the miserable weather would delay me another week. Helping angels were Ted White, rich brown and Andy Porter (with, of course, the help of John Benson, my roommate). Later Jon White came over as my very first house-guest (I've made it a point to hardly ever invite people over to 1809 because of the lack of privacy).

Suprisingly, it was a rather easy job moving. The item that I thought would give us the most difficulty--my filing cabinet-- was easy going, and Ted's bus almost seemed made to carry my stuff as it all fitted in in one load. We finished, I believe, within an hour and then I treated the gang to a feed in a zany-staffed restaurant. I was sort of unable to believe that I had actually moved when I hit the sack.

I share a four room apartment with all the comforts of home: hot & cold running water, heat, a television set, a record-player, and the best bathtub I've ever taken a bath in (you can stretch out in it and it's deep and the water always seems to be just right). I'm pretty happy with my own room, which is roomier, has big closets, holds the possibility of two big bookcases with a wall left over for many paintings. Unlike my old room, all my furniture seems to fit naturally, leaving a big wide aisle for me to maneuver around in, lift weights, etc. I've also inherited a desk which will serve as a fanac desk, a taboret (sp?), and a place to put a ditto when I'm running off things.

The neighborhood is rather nice as most any store I could possibly want to visit (save a stationary store) is one block's distance.

And the best part of the whole deal is the privacy.

John Benson, my roommate, is a good roommate to have. We seem to have a lot in common. I just spent the last half hour talking about our mutual experiences as E.C. collectors. And, while John is not a fan in our sense, he's had experience with fanzines, is familar with fandom, and declines to put it down---unlike other fringers I've known (Larry Ivie comes to mind)---so I don't feel ingroupy when I indulge in fanac. John also is a film buff and it will be educational being around him. In fact, the only fault I find with John Benson is that he remains unimpressed with Marvel Comics ("What?", you say, "This can't be true!" But it is.). Well, he'll come around.

In the last TTN I said I was going to have A Big Surprise in the next issue (which is, you will realize/if you are Astute/THIS issue), but I'm not. I typed up the first page, then realized the magnitude of my project and then decided to shelve it for about two weeks. Anyway, I've been putting in a lot of overtime these past few weeks and have had barely enough time to put the finishing touches (type correction) on Sam 12 (which, if I'm lucky, will be out by next weekend). I am also planning a little piece entitled "The Fuck Upstairs".

I think it's safe to say that I won't have the time to do a cover for this mailing; in another half hour I'm leaving for the meeting.

I gave the wrong phone number in TTN #16. My new number is:

EN 2-5931

One of the strange things about my new home address is, due to my new train route and time schedule for getting to work, that I see Terry Carr every morning in the coffee shop I eat breakfast in. It seems to unnerve him.

Speaking of things that unnerve, I was rather surprized to note a remark in Ed Baker's Ape L zine to the effect that "If Steve Stiles is a sample of Ayn Rand's defenders then she needs no opponents." I rather wondered if Baker had (1) had somehow gotten a preview glance at Dirty Capitalist, which appeared in the same mailing, or (2) perhaps my fabac effects Ed Baker the same way Calvin Demmon's does John Boardman. Actually, in commenting on this I'm trying to help fill up this page, for my first reaction to his line was "Who's Ed Baker?", and when someone told me I cared even less.

The office secretary came running into my office cubicle one day. "You're in the November Pageant!" she shrieked. If Bill Rotsler hasn't made me immortal at least he's made me a little bit so.

So much nothingness has been happening to me this week, because of working overtime, that I really don't have the wherewithal to fill up this page, so..... The End.

---Steve Stiles---