

# FAN MAGGOT



"...I sat down at a typer with blank stencils and mind...."  
Kerkhof

this sterling zine to be credited to Robert Pavlat 6001 - 43rd  
ave., Hyattsville, Maryland for PAPA

this matchless zine to the credit of Robert Briggs 5503 - 28th  
ave., S.E., Washington, D.C. for SAPS

california here HE comes

How can you recommend a man (pardon, Fan) like Frank  
Kerkhof to California fandom? They have no conception of  
what a True Elder is like, so any effort to write a des-  
cription is doomed to failure. Just let us say that Cal-  
ifornia's gain is Washington's unreplaceable loss. No matter  
how many fans may come or how many may go, Frank will  
always stand out among the Elders as one helluva fine Fan.

*Bob Pavlat*

*Bill Berg*

*Robert Glenn Briggs*

*Wyle Baur*

*David Kerkhof*

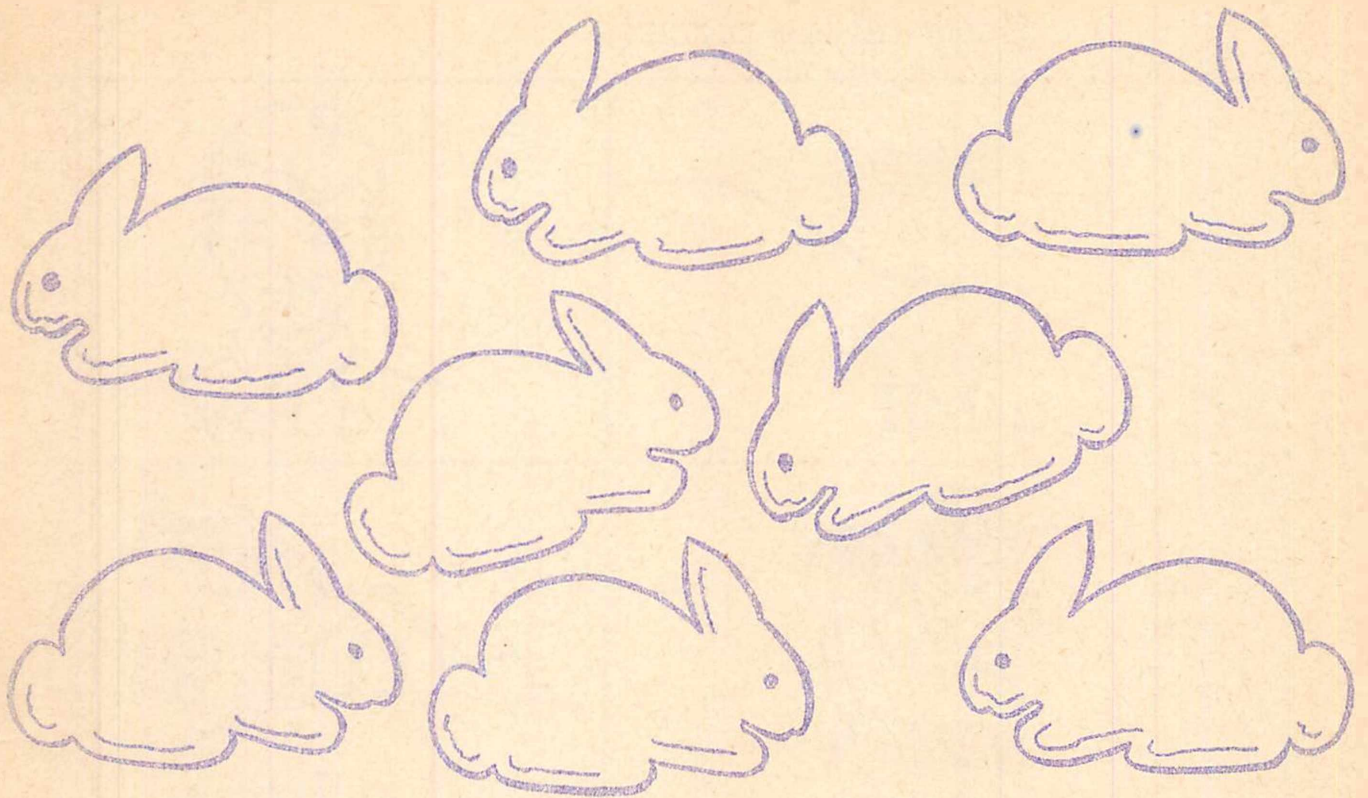
*Chick Perry*

dedicated on the occasion of  
the ELDERS beer-bust for the above  
honored member

*Franklin*  
an eight sheet one-shot to prove to all an sundry that wafa  
doesn't forget it's own.

published by the partially revived exterminator press on  
July 28th 1954

## RABBIT COOKIES



Alice made 8 rabbit cookies  
with some of her gingerbread dough.  
She used raisins for eyes.

How many raisins did she need? \_\_\_\_\_

COLOR THE RABBIT COOKIES LIGHT BROWN.  
MAKE THE EYES DARK BROWN.

WRITE THE NUMBERS THAT ARE NOT HERE:

$$\begin{array}{r} 5 \\ + \\ \hline 8 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} +7 \\ \hline 8 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 6 \\ + \\ \hline 8 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 3 \\ + \\ \hline 8 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} +4 \\ \hline 8 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 2 \\ + \\ \hline 8 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 7 \\ + \\ \hline 8 \end{array}$$

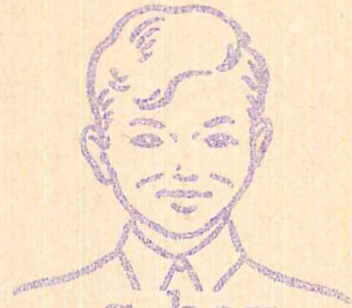
My name is \_\_\_\_\_



Draw four pictures to match the labels.  
Color all the pictures.



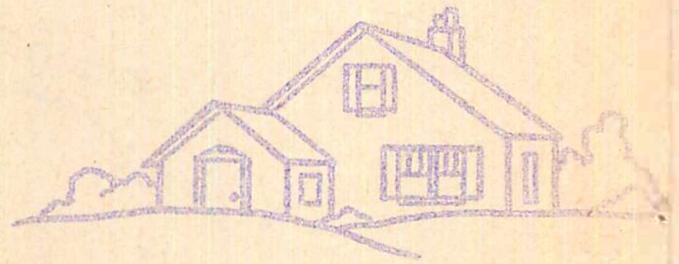
a hill



a boy



a baby



a house

a boy

a house

a hill

a baby

# Being about Fans and Symbols

It's symbolic; you understand?

I was just sitting there. Minding my own business and drinking my beer.

He comes in. He's got his hand in his coat pocket. He spots me and comes over, sliding into the opposite seat eel-like.

"Troubles, Friend?"

He shakes his head up and down and his sour expression changes not at all.

He holds up two fingers to a passing trick in a white uniform and she wiggles toward the bar.

The number in white returns with two foaming glasses and slams them down. I have to dig as he doesn't take his hand from his pocket.

The skirt scoops up the change and with a backward step poses a moment. She poses nice. Then she swings a round house and clouts me one on the noggin.

"What the hell!"

"You was thinking," snaps the white doll and twitches her form between the tables.

"A true slan-type mind," he observes.

"A true type." I admit.

We drink our beer. It's symbolic.

"It's symbolic," he says. He downs another deep gulp. With an airy wave of his beer glass (sudsing me thoroughly) he croaks sadly. "It's symbolic."

"I get sluggish for thinking what every right thinking red blooded young man would think, and it's symbolic?"

"SYMBOLIC," he says "caps, see?"

I saw.

"It's symbolic of the times."

"You mean mind-reading stacked super women are among us?"

"Smolbobic is a bedbug," he quotes cryptically.

We bow our heads the required minute. When I look up he is wiping foam from his mouth and both glasses are empty. I begin to suspect.

He silences me with a gentle hand wave. Also his other hand thrusts forward in his pocket suggestively.

I put up two fingers, digging all the while.

Well-filled uniform deposits the brews with accustomed slopping over and I dive for the far corner of the booth. She turns to go and I straighten up. It's a copy of GALAXY she clobberes me with this time. My own copy. The latest copy. A beer sodden copy.

"It's symbolic," he says, and pats the trim buttocks fatherly. She smiles on him kindly and departs with a resounding back hand to my already weaving head.

It's no use. She uses Radar and I begin to hatvh another lump.



"On symbols of fate," he mouths softly.  
I look up.

Entering the door is a tattered wretch. His filthy rags hang in stinking festoons. He crawls to the bar and when the trim-trick slaps his clawing hands with the sodden bar-rag he thrusts his face into them and greedily licks his fingers.

Moaning and beeching he crawls along the floor, flogged all the while by the beauty in white. His eyes flaming, her bosom heaving.

He stands away from the booth, and holding up his one hand, commands softly, "Succor. Succor for the wretch."

The tomatoe falls back and the miserable rabble scurries into the night.

He seats himself again. I evade his careless hand by quickly shoving my beer under the table. He makes a gesture with his hand in his pocket, but sits, finally, with a long sigh.

"It's symbolic."

"Uh"

"Fandom is going to hell," he says finally.

"It has gone to hell," I correct him.

"No. It is only just going. What has gone before is as nothing."

"I fail to comprehend," I quickly drink my beer as I see he has finished his.

"I shall take precious time to explain. First..?"  
He points to the empty glasses.

I give the expensive victory sign and remembering past performances make a dive for the Men's Room. I tarry a respectable time and emerge proud of my tactical ability.

I get smacked in the eye with a thrown slice of soggy orange from a used Tom Collins.

The dream in white is glaring fifty calibers my way.

I slink into the booth. With all my speed I notice my glass is short an inch of amber while his is brimming.

"Chug-a-lug?"

"Done"

It is, we are. I order again. This time I remain Stoic. I escape with only dribblets of spittle and a ringing in my ears.

Perhaps she is beginning to see my true, shining nature through the rough exterior?

"She hates Fans," he says, "It's symbolic."

"Everybody hates Fans," I rejoin wittily, "it's the fashion."

"It's symbolic."

For once I got to agree with him.

"I am sad," he says, "because the night is filled with symbols. Fandom is passing strange. There are new



and wonderous faces on the land."

I got agree again. I looked in the alley and he was right. There were a lot of new faces lying in the gutter.

"You have the soul of a slob," he chastises me. His hand makes a movement within the pocket and I order again.

Cowering as I am I get only a view from the cleavage to the thighs. But it's nice. She doesn't even spit this time.

It's symbolic.



"The symbols of dissoultion are sown upon the land this night. True fané. Elders are falling by the wayside. BNF's are going down in defeat. Horror, destruction, death of civilization, as we know it is written in the symbols."

I am silent.

"This night I tell you will go down in the pages of "THE IMMORTAL STORM" brazoned in blood. The portent that is rife tonight will echo through the ages for all time."

"Amen"

"Pig!" He denounces me.

I grunt. Anything to be obliging.

He spits and with a gesture of finality draws his hand from his pocket. He slams down an object and strides from the joint.

I pick up the diadem. It is an old "But" cap and inscribed thereon are the words:

R. I. P.

Great tears well up in my eyes and I fall foreward sobbing. How true his words were. Oh, cruel fate. For now I know the horriable truth.

Only one fan ever inscribed on the caps of the dead souldiers he himself had killed. And I remember that fate fully night when he made his solemen oath.

"When at last I lay aside the mantle of Fandom, When my chores in the sacred fields are down, when I drink my last nut brown ale in the true Elder manner, then, and only



then will I change the inscription." And as he had made this soul shattering vow he deftly cut his cryptic sign on the cap of another departed Pabst. Then he had bade us all be of good cheer and to forget the times that would come.

But I knew then, knew it with a searing to the heart, like heartburn, that someday I must look upon a token such as I held now.

I knew all was lost for always before when I had turned a beer cap over to see the welcome mark of it's guzzler I had beheld:

F. K.

It's symbolic; you understand?

I drag my head out of the puddle of stale beer and revive at the sight of a Breah brew, sparkling, and bubbling before me. I come alive like a goosed panther. There opposite me, knockers and all, is whtie. I smile brotherly and she shoves me backward with:

"Quite staring down my dress. Slob. Give me the facts kid. I want the straight dope, and no kindergarden wrestling get me?"

I didn't but I pawed under the table in an attempt.

"Give!"

I gave.

"Kerkhof is outward bound baby. Get this straight!" I Mickey Spillaned it to her, "he a gone kid. One cold cat from this night on. If he ain't blown this burg by morning they'll used his scrubby hide for a hatch cover on the garbage scow before the sun sets. That the facts kid. Let's grapple."

"Sheer off!" She waves a beer bottle and I am treated to more hilly scenery than four chorus lines.

I fell back nursing my broken jaw and remembering the landscape.

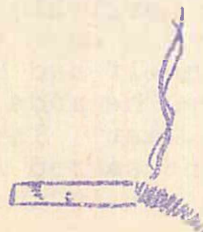
"How you know all this? Level with me," she turned shy suddenly, "and maybe I'll level with you, tall, dark, and soggy."

"The Finger tole me," I say fast like, between gulps of beer. "You saw him here. He gave me the sign. Frank's a real gone boy. They gave him a farewell party. The Elders don't spend money for nothing. If they give a guy a farewell party be better damn site be farewellling to somewhere."

"How come you know so much, "

"Simple," I say and make a grab for her left mammary gland. I got a scars to prove I touch skin, too.

"How, simple," she smiles coldly and grinds the broken beer bottle deeper:





"Like candy from a brat," I say, "I'm an Elder."  
 She clouts me like crazy, four, five times. I go out  
 from that place to where it's dark all the time.

It's symbolic.

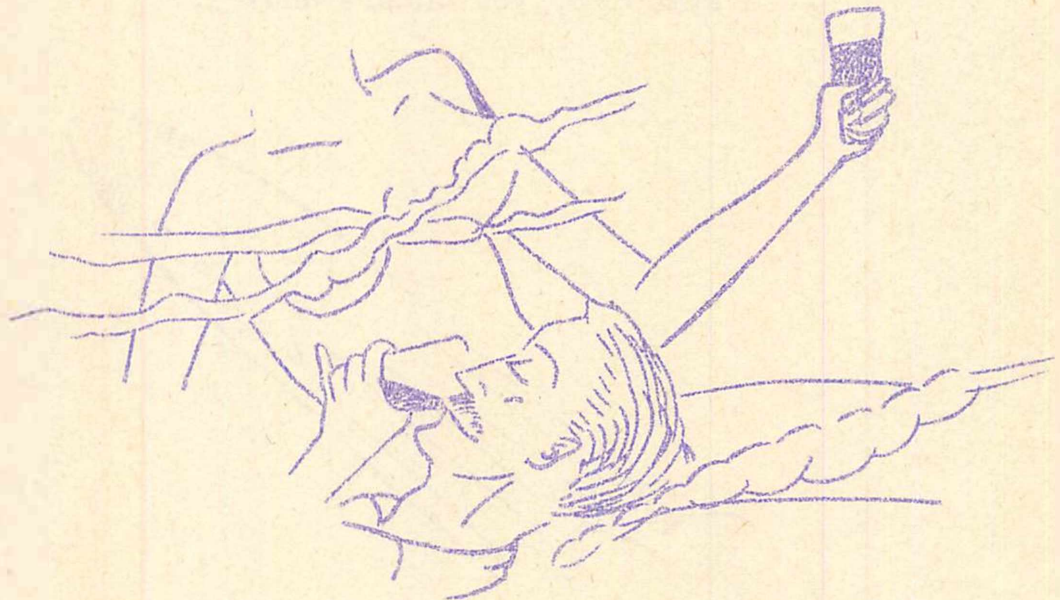
"When I come to the angle has replaced her beer bottle  
 with a gin rickey and I am on a lounge, with dim lights and  
 sloppy music and the doll is wearing a cloud of cigaret  
 smoke for a housecoat.

I come alive fast.

"Easy Slen," she shoves me down and lean way over  
 to kiss me on the forehead. I get lost in the surplus  
 udders.

"I'm sorry I hadda clout you, baby, but I had reasons.

"It's symbolic," she murmmers softly.



She gives me the story.

"I meet this tired Tom one night and he's a nice  
 kid and I like him OK and he don't try to rip my clothes  
 off or nothing and I get friendly and he talks real elegant  
 and smooth. He gives me the pitch about spaceships and  
 supermen and MSJ and whatnot. Well I get pretty impressed  
 and I take the lug home. We pet a little and then all at  
 once he tells me I got Engrams (Cause I insist on a certain  
 precaution) and right away I got to be audited. Well I'll  
 tell you I got to looking forward to them auditing sessions  
 and the more of em the better. Then suddenly I show up at  
 his place one day for one and he's flown the hutch. There  
 ain't so much as a dirty sock to show he existed. I smell

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a rat and right away I hurry to a friend of mine and sure enough that damn engram we been auditing is due to be born in about five months. That's why I couldn't stand the sight of no crummy fan. See?"

I saw.

"But just the same I got a soft spot in my heart for that SOB. Christ! how he could audit!"

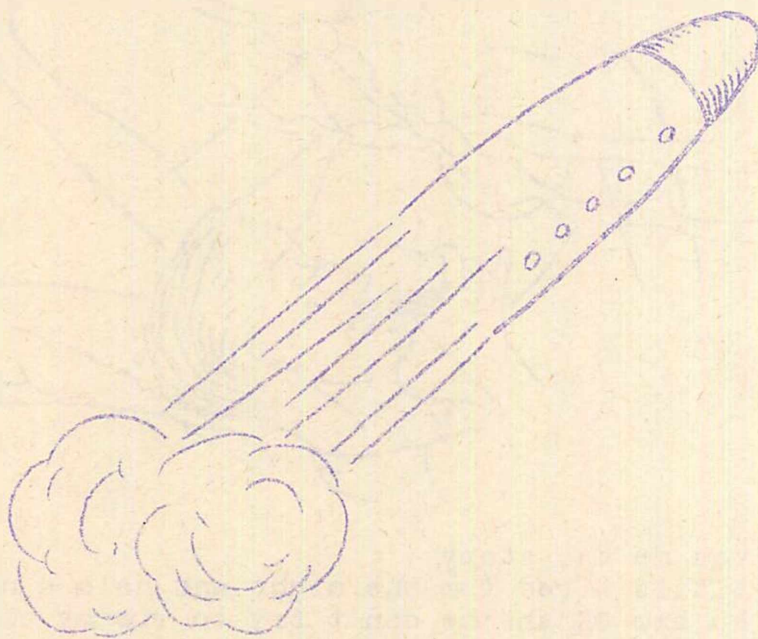
"It's symbolic," I say with a sigh.

"Yeah."

I snap out the light and grab two handfuls of flesh. All things must come to an end, but to do so, there got to be a beginning.

Then suddenly out of the dark she said, "Your right, it is like a space ship!"

It's symbolic, you understand???



The foregoing is dedicated with affection to Franklin Eckhof who managed to be a symbol to a lot of people. Particularly the brewing industry, to whom Frank appeared as a symbol of what they wished all the people in the world were like. And to his friends and fellow Elders, whos still don't believe that he doesn't have two stomachs.

*The End is not yet —*





# GOOD MORNING

BREAKFAST IS SERVED!

## FRUIT AND FRUIT JUICES

Fresh Orange Juice	10¢	Slice Orange	10¢
Tomato Juice	10¢	Applesauce	10¢

## BREAKFAST COMBINATIONS

Including Breakfast Rolls or Toast  
Coffee or Milk

Please  
Order by  
Number

1. Cereal (with Half & Half) Breakfast  
Rolls or Toast, Coffee or Milk..... 35¢
2. Two Eggs, Any Style, Fried Potatoes..... 40¢
3. Ham or Bacon, Two Eggs, Fried Potatoes.... 60¢
4. Two Eggs and Pork Sausage, Fried Potatoes... 60¢
5. One Egg and Pork Chop, Fried Potatoes..... 50¢
6. Fried Ham or Bacon, Fried Potatoes..... 55¢
7. Fried Calf's Liver, Bacon, Fried Potatoes. 65¢
8. Two Thuringer Bratwurst, Fried Potatoes... 55¢
9. German Egg Pancake, Sausage, Applesauce... 60¢
10. German Egg Pancake, Syrup, Applesauce..... 60¢

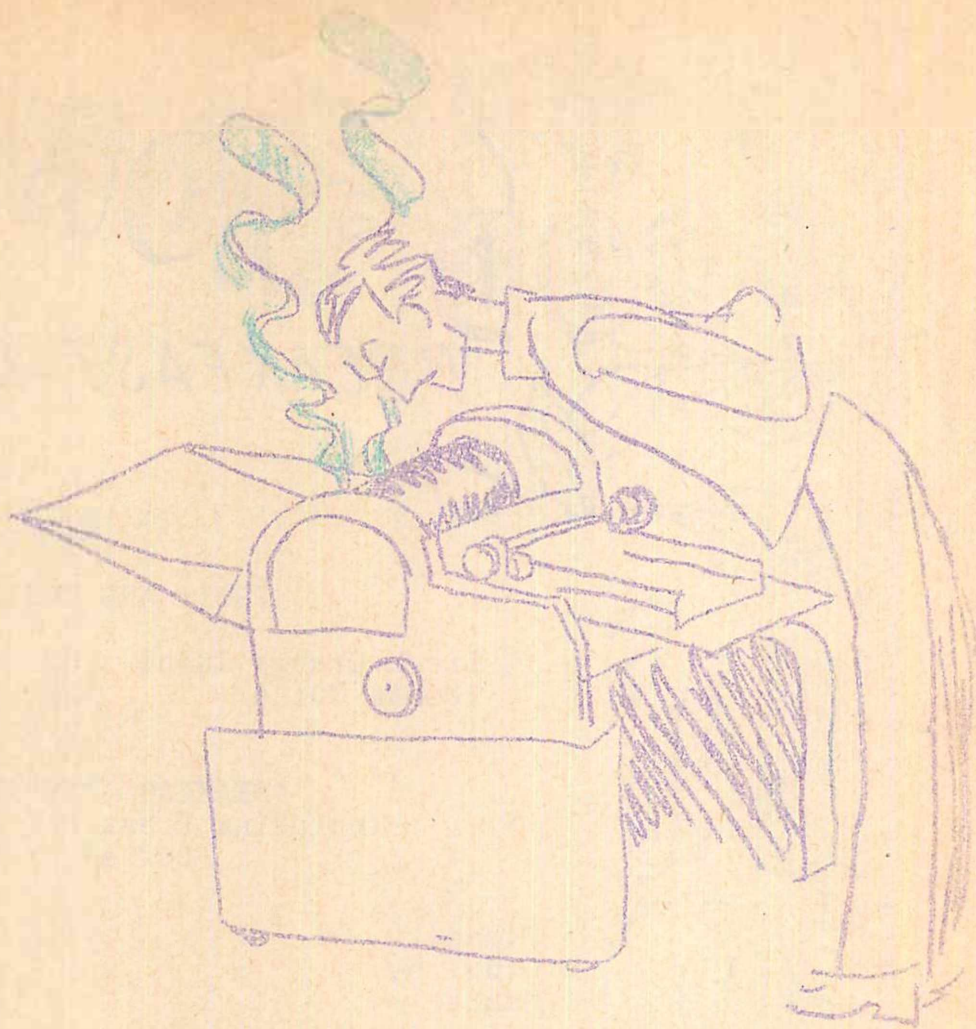
## FLAVORFUL CEREALS

With Half and Half 20¢ Plain 15¢ With Cream 25¢

Corn Flakes Bran Flakes Rice Flakes

Shredded Wheat Puffed Wheat

Whole Bran All Bran Pep



Briggs

Words of wisdom, teeth, that is ---  
Out of the cavities they figz.  
Slurry, slimy, slinky slogans  
We pour out into our brogans.  
Blithering, bubbling bastards blinkin'  
What the hell about we're thinkin'  
We don't know -- ugh, ugh, ugh, ugh, ugh!  
While there's beer --- chug, chug-a-lug, lug!