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 \* OUTSTANDING, a one-shot inadvertently titled by Redd Boggs, perpetuated \*  
 \* by a number of people who are on this day, the 27st of July, \*  
 \* 1963, celebrating, albeit belatedly, the arrival of Ron, . . \*  
 \* Lynn and Michele Parker in the San Fernando Valley FAPA scene. Destined \*  
 \* for a helpless 104th mailing of FAPA, it is being written and produced at \*  
 \* 14933 1/2 Dickens Street, Sherman Oaks, California 91403. Ed and Anne Cox \*  
 \* are chief bottle emptiers, Redd Boggs, Lee Jacobs, the Parkers and maybe \*  
 \* others. This will appear in FAPA and some thirty other mailbox. Cheers.\*  
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# m u l t i - e d i t o r i a l

ED COX: In the Mil Spec regulating the conducting of one-shots as to internal matter (i. e. content, see appendix in MIL-O-73441B, dated 31 September 1962), it is specified that the one-shot will have a theme. Around this theme, as embodied in the title, each participating member shall write an article or story, poem, etc., contributing toward the exposition of said theme. Therefore, should a one-shot be titled DUCK-BILLED PLATYPUS, GREEN, then each contributing member of the one-shot should write stories and articles and poems, etc., about green, not blue or red (which is of itself suspect) or any other color duck-billed platypus. An illustration of same should, naturally, be run in green ink.

This is the more stringent interpretation of the Spec, very narrow and circumspect. The subject is by the very title very restricting. Therefore, to circumvent such a situation, it would be sensible to title the one-shot with a word embodying a topic in which there would be endless vistas of possibilities. Such a title could be: SEX.

With this in mind, nobody could think of a title for this one-shot. But REDD BOGGS, experienced fan, publisher, poet, writer, LASFS-officer and pro-writer, upon looking upon the row of asterisks in this asteriskized publication (what else from 14933 1/2 Dickens?), stood up and said, "Outstanding, so far." This then offers limitless reaches of imagination on the part of our crew who, at this moment, sit and drink beer, their minds fulminating fecundly. Such a one is he whose turn it is next at this multi-editorial.

JOHN TRIMBLE: Aside from the sexual connotations of the title of this which I'm sure suggested themselves at once to several members of the Fantasy Amateur Press Amalgamation, I think there are a variety number of interpretations which could be derived from that simple word "Outstanding."

For instance, the above two sentences are "outstanding" if for no other reason than the fact that I typed them without looking at the stencil, and hence didn't discover that that nut Cox has been hitting the tabular key before typing each line since he typed the colophon.

This whole section could be considered "outstanding," because of the way good ol' Trimble is fouling up the lay-out! On the other hand ~~she~~ ~~was~~ ~~a~~ ~~14933~~, this one shot could be considered "outstanding" simply because EdCo avoided inviting half of Southern California FAPA-dom as has been the case for the two previous publications in this series.



On the other, other hand, this one shot could be considered "outstanding" because of the next member of our little company who will be adding his outstanding thoughts to this publication....

REDD BOGGS: I have just read the previous stencil and the part of th's one previous to this section, and honestly I cannot believe that this one-shot is "outstanding" so far. However, things are going to start picking up now. I am astounded to learn that I inadvertently titled this fanzine. Had I but known, I could have contributed a better title -- such as FLAMING PECTORAIS or GEFLUGELTE WORTE or DESHABILLE. FLAMING PECTORAIS, GE-FLUGELTE WORTE, DESHABILLE -- well, my mind rose from the gutter for a moment there, in the middle. After all, if Sex were the theme, my titles would be right in the groove. Speaking of sex (an invention of Charles Burbee)....

I have been trying for days to concoct a joke. This joke would be based on the fact that Anabasis is Greek for "to go up." Now, what could be considered the opposite of Anabasis, and considering the meaning of that word, whatever word it might be, would it be unprintable? Anyway, it would be a wonderful joke if I could figure it out. I need more inspiration before I set to work on this idea, this great concept. I'm going to the refrigerator right now for a fresh Busch Bavarian, and I take great pleasure in turning this machine over to a man who does not drink beer....

LEE JACOBS: REDD is correct. I do not drink beer. I drink Beer, for Beer is the only true ghod, and I worship at its various altars...

Beer! What a glorious concept. I fondly recall Art Wilson's criteria of pricing everything against the equivalent quantity of Beer for a true measure of Worth. Much has been written of Beer in fannish circles, for Beer is truthfully the chief divinity of Fandom. True, RON PARKER has a purple soul as he shrieks the evial name of Ghughu. True, JACK SPEER and RICK SNEARY furtively spread the Fooology of Foofoo. True, ART RAPP and ED COX still swear by Roscoe's terrible two front teeth. True, KAREN ANDERSON is the true blue Priestess of Phthalo. But please notice in all of these fannish theologies, that Beer is an integral part of the liturgy.

For example, the Roscoeists preach that His Two Front Teeth make ideal Beer openers. This only equates the entire Rosconian movement with Beer as the motivating diety.

Instant FAPA member POUL ANDERSON is a fine writer, but he does have one trait which endears him to every convention. He drinks, you know... A few years ago, POUL wrote a particularly scholarly article which reflected his undergraduate scientific training appropriately entitled "The Beer Guide to Europe." Naturely, as part of my research for my forthcoming journey around the world, this article occupies as much space in my notes as more voluminous but less specific travel guides.

I, of course, will not attempt to update Mr. ANDERSON'S monumental work. However, I will have the basic opportunity to thoroughly research not only the relatively well-known European brews of Tuborg, Carlsberg, Heinekens, Amstel, Loewenbrau, und so weiter, but also the product of such diverse cultures as Jerusalem, Bangkok, Istanbul, Singapore, Belgrade, and Hong Kong. I shall take copious notes, and dictate a full report to POUL at Frisco in '64.

That is, if religious fervor does not interfere with my mission...



## THE EASTER BUNNY:

While it may be apparent from the discussions preceeding my own contribution to this one-shot that the title has been officially designated to be OUTSTANDING, the question has come to my mind as to who considered this to be the official title. If FAPAns will recall the previous FAPA One-Shot from Southern Califandom, they will similarly recall the title, LET'S THROW REDD BOGGS IN THE POOL. On the basis of Every Issue Better, as Ted White would say, I immediately suggested, owing to the presence of one Redd Boggs, several worthwhile titles emanating from a sequence of thought.

I first considered but did not suggest LET'S HELP REDD BOGGS OUT OF THE POOL, if for no other reasons beyond humanitarian ones. After all, three months may be a brief span in the sphere of FAPA deadlines, but time is notably distended when you are helplessly floundering in a pool. And, considering the Trimble moved shortly after the last session, I imagine those that moved in were somewhat wary of finding such a floundering personage as Redd Boggs in their swimming pool. Considering Boggs was probably screaming such related information to his dilemma as "Skyhook Forever" and "Mimeing For Less", the premises are unquestionably deserted. As I said, my interest is a humanitarian one, and, considering I view descriptive titles as those which should, for the sake of honesty, actually occur as described, I felt it would be decidedly humanitarian to rescue Boggs from the fate we proscribed him to. However, upon viewing the fact that Redd Boggs was, in full life living color only a few feet from me in Ed Cox's apartment, I realized that someone (possibly LASFS) had already rescued him from the fate FAPA had designated for him. Therefore, I felt that a more current title of description would be in order. In this light, I suggested LET'S THROW REDD BOGGS OUT THE WINDOW, based upon the consideration that the Cox apartment is on the second floor. Redd Boggs, however, objected to this suggestion, for no apparent reason other than the fact he was still soaking wet from the last FAPAcon. Trying to remain in a totally original vein, I immediately remembered the fact that, outside the Cox window on the ground was a plastic wading pool belonging to the girl across the hall from Ed (age around 4). [The girl across the hall, not Ed.] In this light I immediately suggested LET'S THROW REDD BOGGS OUT OF THE WINDOW AND INTO THE POOL (denoting connotations of over the river and through the woods to Grandmother's house we go). Again, Redd Boggs protested, perhaps owing to the fact that the little girl was still in the pool.

Considering the protests from Boggs, I decided that any further suggestions on my part would not be considered favorably, so I kept further title suggestions within my own mind. Among others, still keeping the trend I think should be perpetuated, I considered LET'S THROW REDD BOGGS ON THE FLOOR, LET'S THROW REDD BOGGS IN THE TOILET (vastly similar to a pool except in size), LET'S THROW REDD BOGGS BACK TO MINNEAPOLIS, and LET'S THROW UP.

But, despite my many considered suggestions, and the few I did offer that Redd Boggs mysteriously disapproved of, the one-shot was stricken with the equally mysterious title of OUTSTANDING.

Just what is outstanding about this is indeed questionable. As I believe is mentioned in the introductions, the attendance is limited to the local Let's Take Over FAPA delegation, consisting of Boggs, Cox, Trimble, Jacobs and the Original Easter Bunny. Owing to limited publicity, and possibly because of even more limited space in the Cox apartment, this is, judging from the present position of the clock, the complete delegation of production, suffering slightly from the absence of my cousin, the Squirrel, (hadn't you ever considered that rabbits and squirrels are related?) as well as the Destructionist Insurgents (Purdue and Ghod) [Destructionists only in the sense that they would rather drink than create, a notably sterling quality



if one can get away with it]. Perhaps it is being considered Outstanding simply because Something Is Being Created, if only be it because of the limited attendance. After all, once one discusses the General Telephone Company with John Trimble, what is left to do but type stencils?

I mentioned in REVELATIONS FROM THE SECRET MYTHOS (Fifth Marvelous Issue) of attending the aftermath of a LASFS meeting, but I neglected several interesting moments at that occasion. As an example, Diane Gerard, upon learning that I was, indeed, the real Easter Bunny in person (Jack Harness does a great job with advance publicity), asked me to wiggle my ears, or at the very least twitch my nose. As I told Diane, I didn't generally exhibit the usual rabbit trademarks, considering the Easter Bunny far removed from such activities. However, when Jack Harness threatened to remove my powder-puff tail, I agreed that I would perform such feats for Diane next time I met her. Which only proves I must either never again meet Diane Gerard or eliminate The Right Reverend Scribe JH.

I have enough trouble making all those eggs.

Another strange personage at the LASFS conglomeration tried to introduce me to Ron Ellik. This was fascinating because I first met Ron in person some five or six years ago. So, upon being introduced to me Ron said, "MET HIM? I've thrown his wife in the pool!!"

Which seemed to rapidly eliminate He Who Had Decided To Introduce Me.

It is frightening to note that only Redd Boggs and I are actually Creating at this session at the present moment, everyone else having removed themselves into conversation. However, I am under the probably false impression that USSJ will produce if I get away from his typewriter, which he knows I immensely enjoy typing on (a Special Order OLYMPIA).

Lee Jacobs just intimidated to Ed Cox visions of the limited publicity surrounding this particular FAPAcon. Which, as said before is probably a Good Thing. In actuality and also in all fairness, while EdCox did not exactly send out invitations, several who were Supposed To Come did not do so, not the least of who were Squirrel, Rotsler and Ghod.

Having completed my own comments this morning, it would seem worthy that this should be an exhausted point to conclude until later when more comments come to mind and turn things, only temporarily, mind you, to this typewriters owner, being none other than...

JOHN TRIMBLE here: Ed Cox tells me that Robert Bloch (late of this olde organization) has received the Hollywood equilivant (or equilivant, even) of the advt agencys' key to the executive washroom; on the set of his latest flick, Bob has a camp chair with his name emblazoned on the back rest! Arrivalsville, maan!

A ZIP IN TIME! Our Zip Code, out in far oof, exotic Garden Grove, is a neat 92641. Ron Ellik's is 90025, while EdAnCo's Zip Code is 91403...what's your Zip Code? Or are you like Lee Jacobs, who--when we were discussing Zip Codes earlier--said "What's a Zip Code?" Whereupon all of us laughed and laughed, and Lee Jacobs blushed, furiously.

Ron Ellik and I were discussing Zip Codes earlier this month, and Ronel agrees with my hypothesis that the USPO went about this Zip Code business



all wrong. They just sent out these idiotic cards, with their "Mr. Zip" on them, and a number scrawled across the place where it tells you that this is your Zip Code.

Big Deal! Most people threw the blasted card in their wastebasket as another piece of junk mail!

What, Ronel and I agreed, the Post Office should have done was to run a big Mad Ave-type publicity campaign. This drive would have painted in glowing prose all of the Amazing, Fantastic, Astounding, ~~Wonderful~~ Wonder...ous things which the Zip Code would do to speed mail delivery in the Continental United States. Pictures of giant machines scrutinizing each and every li'l envelope to route the mail to the proper city--not through an Alaskan Post Office (and I understand that that has happened)--could have been drawn for the public. Next-day delivery anyplace in the CUS might have been promised (with "when the bugs are worked out" being stated in the nonexistent fine print--same as in most advertisements). Why, the boundaries of such a campaign are frightening to contemplate; being one and the same with the boundaries enclosing most advertising.

Now, at the close of this gigantic, stupendous, all-encompassing campaign, the Post Office would prepare everyone for the receipt of their own, personal Zip Code. If conducted properly, this wind-up could have had every person in the country breathlessly awaiting the receipt of the notice announcing their Zip Code.

And then the darned things might have meant something, rather than meeting the apathy which is rampant in the majority of people and businesses at the present time.

'Course, as Bill Blackbeard said recently, outside Kal's after a LASFS meeting, the only way to make the Zip Codes work as things stand now is for all of us who are aware of the possibilities of the Zip Code (and we are optimists!) to use the things constantly. Eventually non-Zippers will become curious about these five numbers they keep seeing in our return addresses, and the whole thing might catch on.

And then, one fine day, congress will appropriate the money which will enable the Post Office to purchase machines to scrutinize the Zip Codes on each and every envelope to route....

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#### Red Dog Bite-'Em-On-The-Ass Shannahan!

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BILLBOARDSVILLE: The other day, as Bjo and I were driving across Los Angeles, we spied a billboard above Smokey Joe's restaurant (where only "Sthquares" order muthtard on their hamburgers). This billboard gaudily advertised radio station KABC's "Instant Weather" service. The adv't gave a phone number to call.

Well, I said to Bjo, I wonder if you could call them and request about fifteen minutes of quick drizzle. Or maybe a fast half-hour of snow in your back yard. So I called the number...and a sexy voice answered! And told me what the local weather would be like for the next day or so. "Instant Weather," phooie!

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## AN INQUIRY INTO MODERN AMERICAN LITERATURE

By Redd Boggs D.Stf

Imagine the most absurdly impossible happening that the finite human mind is capable of encompassing, however uncomfortably, however transiently. No, something even more incredible than that. I mean, maybe Elmer does quaff water occasionally, when he takes an aspirin. And maybe Edgar Rice Burroughs did write a story once that an intelligent person could read without uttering tiny yips of agony, like a puppy with bad dreams.

Imagine something twice as incredible. Something quadrilaterally more incredible, something raised to astronomical proportions by a double handful of superscripture figures chosen at random from a story by George O. Smith. Say 973186184536899934574569024532876549808764590203268645900285783022978485320 $\frac{1}{2}$ . All right. Have you got it? Are you considering it with all your heart and soul, like a good Mensa candidate should? Very well. I can top you, easily and simply, not shedding a particle of sweat or breathing hard.

This is something so superlatively, so incandescently incredible that a brainstorm session of 647 gods, working in relays over 20 or 30 years, couldn't concoct anything that would rock you back on your stool half so far.

It is so thoroughly incredible that I hate to chop it into this stencil for fear that the statement will ignite this Sovereign No. 850P stencil, spread to Ed's matched set of Jules Verne, and burn down the apartment, Dickens street, and a major percentage of Sherman Oaks, Studio City, Van Nuys, and Hacienda Heights. (Maybe I've seen too many George Pal movies.)

And it is true that John Trimble made this very statement the other night in an open meeting of the LAS(Is that you, Towner?)FS and hardly anything severe occurred. The lights flickered, a volleyball net came down with a crash enwrapping Bjo in its folds so that she looked like a mermaid dredged up from the ocean in a fisherman's net; and half a dozen VWs parked in front were somehow magically changed into 1961 T-Birds (with fuel injection).

I have hedged long enough. I am going to have to come right out with it -- just as soon as those who have weak nerves and queasy stomachs leave the room and lie belly-down under the bed with their arms folded over the backs of their heads, holding earnest conversation with the silverfish. All right. Having observed the nicest details of punctilio (twice as punk as you ever saw), I will repeat what John Trimble, 5571 Belgrave avenue, Eastgate (in '68), Garden Grove, said the other night at the LA(sleep tight, Towner)FS.

He said, namely and to wit, that...that... But nerves fail me. Let me quaff another ounce or two of Busch Bavarian. Let me compose myself, let me sniff a bottle of corflu which Anne Cox is waving under my nose after observing my state of health.



He said... My god, did he really say this? But it is in my notes, the notes I took in pursuance of my duties as secretary of the LASF (goddam it, Laney, you'll upset the beer) S. I see it here -- in Esperanto, of course, so it won't singe the paper. It says... it says...

The schools and colleges have discovered H. P. Lovecraft.

How about that? The departments of English at certain colleges have discovered Lovecraft and are bent on assigning HPL stories to the students in their freshman Lit courses. Can you imagine the semiliterate frosh at HSU, Abilene, or some other cow-country college, being confronted with "The Nameless City" or "The Strange High House in the Mist"? Maybe on the day before the big game with Slippery Rock Teachers? What price Lovecraft then?

The telltale graph of first-year drop-outs at certain colleges in this country may tell an even more interesting story than "The Outsider" or "The Rats in the Walls," if one can read its jagged, sharply precipitous slopes. I mean, isn't O. Henry, W. Somerset Maugham, or Robert W. Chambers? Why inflict HPL on the poor kids?

And why Lovecraft? Why not R. F. Starzl? R. F. Starzl, who wrote "Out of the Sub-Universe" (Amazing Quarterly, summer 1928) and "King of the Black Bowl" (Wonder Stories, September 1930). Why not Basil Wells, author of "Fog of the Forgotten" (Planet, winter 1946) and "Human Mice of Kordar" (Stirring, June 1941)? Why not Ed Earl Repp, author of "Flight of the Eastern Star" -- Hmm. Well, on second thought, I guess I know why not Ed Earl Repp. But why Lovecraft?

Oh well, Lovecraft is all right, I suppose. The only trouble is, he is not. A work of his, like "Dagon," reads to me like a series of stale belches from Lucky Lager beer -- a tale hiccupped from below from a stash of badly remembered reading in all the bad literature of the past two hundred years. Lucky Lager? What! Lovecraft was a teetotaler, not a tosspot, and it's too bad. He ought to have lost control of himself occasionally. In his writings he exhibited no passion, no imagination, no humanity.

He is a man who is overly concerned with finish, correctness, convention, tradition, and the limitations of mankind -- in other words, the exact antithesis of Edgar Allen Poe, whose illustrious successor he is, according to some literary cabbages. The best American writing -- the best fantasy writing, surely -- most favor innovation, audacity, humanity, and the potential of mankind. HPL is lucky that he wasn't investigated by a congressional committee. Essentially he was as unAmerican as a cup of green tea, a villanelle, the bidet, or six-a-neuf. Certainly he was (except in his own person) unfantastic and unweird. Nobody reads weird tales really expecting to be terrified half to death. A weird tale, like any other fantasy, has to move us to a sense of wonder -- "can such things be?" HPL can never so move us; we aren't convinced. Every tendency in his writing is calculated to force us away from speculation or any launching out into the unknown.



Lovecraft was surrounded by things that horrified him -- or that would have horrified him, if he had been alive. He wasn't alive, behind those drawn shades of his room, although occasionally he emitted a galvanic response when stimulated by a letter from Wisconsin, Texas, or Florida. Neither was his fiction alive, and even a tale about zombies ought to display some life and warmth.

The kookaburras of the campuses across the country have discovered these dreadful writings and consider them great literature -- or at least literature worthy of fossilizing in textbook anthologies? Why, it's fantastic! They have taken these feeble blitherings, beside which the work of Arthur Zirul, Larry M. Janifer, or David R. Bunch shines like --- But wait!

Perhaps I am mistaken after all. Perhaps Lovecraft is being studied in our far-flung colleges across the land, but perhaps not in the departments of English, not by our Allen Bates, Randall Jarrells, and Lionel Trillings.

Perhaps his writings are required reading in the departments of psychiatric medicine at some of our leading medical schools. A course of study involving the corpus of H. P. Lovecraft may be a prerequisite to taking a degree in psychiatry at Johns Hopkins university. If that is the case, it invalidates this two and a half pages I've written. I had better abandon this essay and go discuss Poopsie Ellington with John Trimble.

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Redd Boggs is a Poopsie Ellington satellite.

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#### THE EASTER BUNNY HERE:

Ed Cox dutifully informs me that he likes the lino above, which no doubt represents practically the only interlineation in the entire fanzine. (I did note Trimble contributed one, which was the sum of the written notes he brought along. This was quite fascinating within itself. I mean, can you imagine John Trimble sitting at a typewriter, writing page after page of FAPAzine, and constantly referring to a small piece of scratch paper consisting solely of the above lino, probably going through various traumatic psychological experiences questioning exactly where he should place it within his general text).

It certainly must have been a wonderful thing...

EARLIER IN THIS SESSION I dropped by Mssr. Bloch's house, in the vague hopes that he might be present and, possibly, be able to drop by and at least say Hello to FAPA, but alas, he had taken his daughter to the movie. In returning from this brief excursion, I found my Fabulous New Chevrolet has at least one disturbing feature. Even though the '58's had a twenty gallon tank, as opposed to the 16 on my '55, I find that the gas gauge descends almost as rapidly as on my '55, with the added disturbing feature of emptying when, according to said gauge, I still have an eighth of a tank. As a direct result



of this disturbing feature, I directly ran out of gas. But, I must also concede, if this is the only difficulty I have with a relatively well-invested \$1100.00, then I should consider myself very lucky. It still amazes me that, after all the trouble I had with the '55, I can come to California, walk onto a lot and purchase a '58 Impala Convertible (have you ever tried to find one worth looking at?) and have it come out in such excellent condition.

John Trimble just asked me why I stopped typing, which was a remarkable question considering this mass of activity that emanates even from such a small group. I evilly considered turning this page over to USSJT; however, upon due consideration I decided that it was time for a further contribution from Lee Jacobs.

Lee Jacobs/ The bulk of this ferling stanzine (this phrase thru the courtesy of USSJTrimble, 1963) has concerned with frivolous, lighthearted, humorous material. This is as it should be, for we are living in a frivolous; lighthearted, humorous world. But someone should inject a more serious note in this session. Not all of us are as soaked with Beer (Which is the only true ghod) as REDD BOGGS. Y es.

As a fully concientious, card-carrying member of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association, I was shocked when I saw the current edition of the Egoboo Poll. It wasn't the fact that HARRY WARNER won. He always does. It wasn't the fact that no Southren Califo'nia-type fan placed in the top ten. They rarely do nowadays. It was the fact that only 19 members out of our current 66 even took the trouble to vote in possibly the most meaningful activity which FAPA offers (with the exception of Mailing Comments).

Of course, the voting percentage of FAPA accurately reflects the interest of Our Nation (non-US fen may take exception) in Our Government, although possibly the interest in Our Government is slightly higher. It is axiomatic that the voters interested in Our Government would be the more radically intellectuals of Our Society. The common man is much too interested in TV, baseball, and fanac sublimation.

Oddly enough, this strange characteristic exists within the FAPA macbocosm. Examine the list of those FAPA members who bothered to vote in the ~~YXXX~~ (wrong organization) Egoboo Poll. They are the intellectuals, the non-conformists, the more radical members of our Group.

You don't believe me? Just check the names of those who voted. BALLARD -- one of them farmers for whom price supports have increased the national debt. BROWN - One of them brainwarshed servicemen. FM BUSBY and EVANS - them scientists and engineers are tricky. CALKINS - he left the Marines to become a civilian. CAUGHRAN and LICHTMAN. Them students always support them dirty Democrats. ENEY and PELZ - OE's must volunteer, and you know what that means. GRAHAM - anyone who prefers foreign movies to the good ol' American kind... And so forth.

So, ED COX. Why didn't you vote in the Egoboo Poll? Either.



AN EARNEST PLEA FOR VOTES. . .

As I trust you will note in the FA, I am running for OE of FAPA. While it must be truthfully admitted that perhaps my activity has been somewhat slim and might not wholly warrant consideration, I am hoping you will at least scrutinize my interests in the post and judge unprejudicely from there.

Although shocking as it is to even me, I have been a member of FAPA for nearly four years. It is not quite as shocking to note that possibly a certain portion of the membership is not quite as aware of my existence as they would be if my activity during that time had been more intense, as I trust it will be now that the Army is long gone, my boredom with the Midwest has passed, and I have generally settled into a questionable but pleasant existence.

Although I cannot recall if I have mentioned it or not, the position of OE is one that I have long been desirous of. Strange as it may sound, I simply and purely would enjoy assembling the mailings and producing the FA. I have no drastic changes in mind for the FA, although I do have a few plans for streamlining its appearance and continuity--all minor but I consider worthwhile alterations. In general my qualifications are basically summarized as ones of modest improvement where possible, a fair and honest job as delegated to me by the membership, and a abiding faith in the importance of that task. I doubt that any candidate can offer more than this.

In the event of any emergencies or needs of assistance (which I doubt will be necessary--my spare time has seen a rapid increase since moving to California), I have on hand the bulk of Southern Califandom to see me through such trials, should they arise.

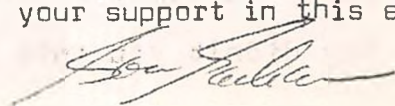
I sincerely believe I have acquired enough friends in FAPA to assure my election to this post, if they will only VOTE. Participation in elections being what it is, I feel I could quite easily lose the election purely on a simple lack of voting by those who would otherwise cast their votes in my favor. This is not an excuse should I lose out to a better personage, but simply a hope that those who would vote for me will do so.

And so I strongly appeal to those of the FAPA crew that I've met (Boggs, Burbee, Calkins, Coulsons, Cox, Dees, Ellik, Eney, Evans, Grennell, Harness, Jacobs, Janke, Linard, McPhail, Martinez, Pavlat, Pelz, Purdue, Rotsler, Trimble and White), and the other 2/3 of the membership to get out and vote.

And I hope my name will be considered when you do.

In summarization I cannot add a great deal. Perhaps my most outstanding FAPA contribution goes back to the 81st mailing, in which McPhail and I published the FAPA MEMORY BOOK. This, several issues of REVELATIONS, and the more recent FIFTY-FIFTY with Martinez have been my primary contributions. I trust I will contribute more, and I hope part of that contribution will be as OE of FAPA.

To this end, I earnestly solicit your support in this election.





# a n t i c i p a t i o n

## e d c o x

He knew that it might happen. In fact, he had written a letter just for the express purpose of getting the information known. He realized, of course, that this would not ordinarily be of any significance to the editors since letters weren't printed as a rule. But he was sure that it would be noted and as a result, be smashed blagingly into print.

He lay in his bed that night, watching the shifting shadows as the wind moved the tree back and across the wall of the room. The black humps of the typewriter and mimeo on their desks reassured him, yet seemed unreal as the night wore on. They assumed strange shapes and moved with a volition of their own as the shadows danced and scrabbled through the room. The event, that hung lambent in the colorless limbo of impending possibility, seemed destined never to come. He had written many days ago and the bi-weekly schedule was due to plop into his mailbox on the very next day a new issue.

In that issue, his change of address ought to appear and he knew, he was certain, that he was MADE, once his change of address appeared in an issue of STARS PINKLE.

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But...when he awakened, the impossible had happened! Breen's FANAC had scooped SPINKSTARKLE...after some four months...and he was an outcast, a pariah in fan-circles. It was horrible!

It couldn't be true, and yet it was. There on the back page of FANAC was his name and new address. In sub-microelite type. Forrest J Ackerman's CoA led the list, of course. But there was his name; right beneath. Thaddeus J. Bongflap, Apt. 111-B, 123 East West St., Nopeople, Nevada. And right after it, the parenthetical notation, "(Till Pacificon II)."

He croggled. Till Pacificon II? He hadn't noticed that notation before. Till Pacificon II time? What could that mean? He had intended to locate permanently at 123 East West Street. He had, indeed, signed a 30-year lease on the apartment and moved in his complete file of WEIRD TALES and PLANETS. He had settled down contentedly. Nopeople, Nevada, was such a pleasant change after 628 South Bixel, Los Angeles.

What did the notation mean? Walter Breen was a member of Mensa, wasn't he? Therefore, the notion that this notation was a mistake could be instantly discarded. Obviously, Walter Breen knew Something. Knew Something that he, Thaddeus Bongflap, did not know. He, Thaddeus Bongflap, cringed and beat down a horrible urge to crawl under the bed.

What was the reason that he was slated to move at Pacificon II time? Was he perhaps scheduled to fill in for part of the committee of the Pacificon II? Or...or maybe this was part of a big faanish movement. After all, fans had been moving to the West Coast for years now. Bill Donaho had started the movement in the late fifties, and Redd Boggs had given it credance in the early sisties. And it had been continuing ever since. Even he, Thaddeus J. Bongflap was already joining in the movement, although stopping short of the final, oceanic goal, by moving from East Muddebogie, Oklahoma to Nopeople, Nevada.



Of course, he had planned to stop short. But Breen had indicated that he would complete his trek come Pacificon II time!

The whole concept was mind-groggling...or even mind-croggling.... He hadn't even really planned to attend the epic Pacificon; preferring, instead, to sneer down his mimeo at the fools who would throng in Oakland over Labor Day in 1964, idiotically apeing the Guest of Honor, Ray Palmer, and spending record sums of money in the bar of the Leamington Hotel. Fie on them, he'd thought, stupid con-going fools! He was above that sort of thing; he would be content oof here in Nopeople, Nevada, contemplating his fannish navel after the image of Harry Warner in Hagerstown, Maryland.

But Breen had shattered all that!! And he was destined to attend the Pacificon! Oh horrible concept! he shuddered.

Oh, he thought, if I had only stayed on 628 So.Bixel Street in East Muddebogie, Oklahoma. It was, in fact, mainly due to the fact that there had been a So. Bixel Street in Muddebogie. I mean, he had thought to himself so many times, who would ever have dreamed that there was such a street in such a town. After he had fallen into the magic sphere of fandom and its world had dopplered out into infinity from the central point, him, Thaddeus J. Bongflap, and opened a myriad of worlds of wonder. And then, the commonplace, dust-strewn, old South Bixel Street (of which there was no North) that erupted just south of the Santa Fe tracks and extended its sun-baked length for seven blocks to the edge of the mesquite strewn waste...then from the multi-worlded timebound universe of Fandom, Bixel, South Bixel, took on a wondrous meaning transcending the powder-dust, heat-smashed stretch of road that the trucks used after they were sweatily loaded off the box-cars on the siding.

Los Angeles, a metropolis swarmed out over the desert basin, had long been a magic symbol, an unreachable goal, to the heat-sapped denizens of East Muddebogie. A Mecca-like trek, once in a lifetime, to the west in this case, was the lifelong goal, intensified by the existence of Disneyland, a glowing never-land that was attainable in some far off reality that might some day be real. But now, Disneyland and Knotts Berry Farm sunk into the status of the second furbish, and he conjured up visions of the misty vistas of fog-bound, choppy, green-tinted San Francisco Bay. The cloudy, sun-splashed hills tumbling down, row-upon-row to the surging, endlessly back-and-forthing waters of the Bay visioned up in his mind, and he knew that he was destiny-bound to move to the fabulous BArea come time for Pacificon II.

Then he came to an abrupt physical halt and dropped a potato on the floor causing his mother to look sharply at him. She hardly ever looked dully at him, he reflected, dully. Actually, it was to Los Angeles, the LA of yesterday with the great drums of mimeos thundering mightily down the canyons of fandom, that he wanted to go. Lost, and limned by ghostmoonlight, the days of Laney and FIVE FINGERS, the old SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES and Burbee and Willie Watson and Ackerman and ACOLYTE and VOM tugged at him; he tottered on the edge of a vast chasm of nostalgia, the ghostflickerings of old fandom winking bright and briefly in the stygian depths.

And so, with the lure of PACIFICON II, that nexus of contemporary fandom, the eye of the hurricane of today's fan world, he decided to move to Los Angles. But still, as he sat there, in Los Angeles, he wondered if he had made a mistake in moving from Nopeople, Nevada. But no, he lived in the cosmos now. Nopeople had been a brief experiment in self-exile.



He had perversely enjoyed his island-like exile from even the comprehension of Muddiebogie. But the self-exile, the pseudo-anonymity of Nopeople, Nevada, did not help. He gained no satisfaction from the self-styled, dessicated ivory tower in the desert and felt compelled to yield to the lure of Los Angeles, the Mecca, the realnever land of all his discovered dreams and realities.

So now he lived on the real South Bixel street in a hot unrelieved apartment in the baked Los Angeles summer, drinking Rainer Ale as if he really liked it. He had, at one of the old LASFS meetings, seen a fan from Van Nuys drink it. Upon finding out more about that fan, so rarely seen but so oft-fabled, he took upon himself the task of emulating him, drinking Rainier Ale, watching Roller game and going to places like The Pink Pussycat when he had saved up enough money. He used to sit there, along, at a small table, surrounding his watered drink, frightened and bewildered at the vast expanses of woman-flesh constantly exposed to his shrinking gaze.

Let's see, he thought to himself, feeling at sea, awash in a frothy ocean of Rainier Ale, Where the hell am I? Am I in (a) East Meddibumps, Oklahoma, or -- he corrected hastily -- East Muddebogie, Oklahoma; (b) Nopeople, Nevada; or (c) Los Angeles, California? East Muddebogie, Oklahoma? It couldn't be East Muddebogie, Oklahoma because he could see vast areas of female flesh around him, and he seemed to recall that there wasn't a female anywhere in East Muddebogie, Oklahoma, since Bjo hopped a freight and left town in 1926. Or was it 1926? Maybe 1926 was the year that Amazing was first published.

Yes, it was, really, It was only three years after WEIRD TALES had first made its impingement upon the American public. Somehow, back through the dustful livingroom stasis, he had the recall and knowledge of a fandom that he never mdae. He felt like Danny O'Neill even though he didn't really know who Danny was in refernēce to fandom. He felt very confused.

He used to take a trolley into Los Angeles down Sixth street and transfer onto Vermont Avenut, going South to the Olympic stop. Then he'd walk down Vermont from Olynpic to 12th Street and go west on 12th to where the church loomed blackly bulkily in the night. Then he went up the cement stairs into the LASFS meeting. He sat in a folding chair at the rear of the room, wondering who all the people were. Later, after the meeting was over, he watched the others mill around, mostly around the young, good looking females, and drink beer in the kitchen, and wondered how to get into the conversation. But it was so seldom about science-fiction or even fandom. They seemed pre-occupied with the talk and actualaity of women, of whom there were a number about. They seemed so real, so fleshly and fecund that he drifted away and out the door before the widening circles could encompass and draw him into the conversation. Then he would return to his room, hot small oven on Bixel, and wonder away the evening as the sun, an orange ball, sank beneath the crosswork pattern of the teevee antennae.

And, suddenly, the futility of it all came to him like a vision from DAW or FooFoo, and the hot waves of emotion swept over him, and he knew What He Had To Do!

The Los Angeles Police Officers could not explain the suicide. Aside from his ridiculous name, this Thaddeus J. Bongflap had everything; an electric mimeograph, a Facit typer, quire upon quire of stencils, reams and reams of paper, and a fabulous collection of fanzines...plus a plane ticket to Oakland, and a room reservation at the Leamington Hotel. Another useless suicide, they decided.

---dean trimker coxron---



CREDIT WHERE CREDIT IS DUE I'd like to thank Anne Cox for the yummy ham-burgers she prepared for the hungry crew turning out this one-shot. I'm sure no one else will mention it, but the burgers were good, and came at just the right time to stave off too high a level of drunkenness (or should that be too low a level?) in everyone but EdCo. Since I'm also a coleslaw fan, I should mention that the dressing Anne whopped up to pour over the cabbage made a mighty eatable salad.

In reading back over the two previous one-shots, I've noticed that no one has mentioned the food that's been served--I'm as remiss as the rest of the one-shotters, that's for sure! And in view of the delicious speghetti which Anne served up at the first session, and the fancy spread that Bjo put out to be devoured by the second one-shot crew, it seems to be a particularly thoughtlessness on the part of us eaters.

In fact, it verges on something beyond mere thoughtlessness, for even in light of the elegant spread of goodies which Bjo set out to have devoured by the fans attending the last session, the only thing about the Parapet Plunge which anyone could see fit to mention was the fact that Bjo is not the world's most emaculate housekeeper--in very uncomplimentary terms, too.

This is to be expected, I guess. Judging from the returns we've received on the Food Questionnaire Bjo's been sending out to fans and mundane types alike, fans' tastes in food are remarkable in their completely averageness. The most unusual likes and dislikes, the most far-out menus have come from the mundane folk who've answered. Fans just aren't interested in food, it seems.

If their bellies are full, they don't seem to care if it was cheese-burgers or filet mignon that filled them. Speghetti or roast prime rib are one and the same to fan tastes.

Broad mental horizons?...pretty limited horizons when they don't include food, eh, ol' Ern?

-oOo-

ED COX IS DRUNK Yes, the editor of this furlong stanzine, this epic one-shot, is bashed out of his mind on Busch Bavarian --or maybe Blatz--and he's more fun than a barrel of burbees. Lee Jacobs, Ron Parker, Redd Boggs and I have been cracking up over the EdCo-LeeJ stories Ed's been reciting.

It appears to us that it is indeed fitting that our esteemed editor should have taken on a load; we just read most of what's to appear in this one-shot, and drunken would be the best word to describe it.

Harry Warner, you should be rolling in your fanzine collection at the mement...this one-shot will confirm your worst fears, as expressed in Horizons after the appearance on Westward Hoog!

Matter of fact, after reading all of the typed stencils over, I think I'll join EdCo.

---jt---



\*\*\*\*\*  
 \* OUTSTANDING, a one-shot inadvertently titled by Redd Boggs, perpetuated \*  
 \* by a number of people who are on this day, the 27st of July, \*  
 \* 1963, celebrating, albeit belatedly, the arrival of Ron, \*  
 \* Lynn and Michele Parker in the San Fernando Valley FAPA scene. Destined \*  
 \* for a helpless 104th mailing of FAPA, it is being written and produced at \*  
 \* 14933 1/2 Dickens Street, Sherman Oaks, California 91403. Ed and Anne Cox \*  
 \* are chief bottle emptiers, Redd Boggs, Lee Jacobs, the Parkers and maybe \*  
 \* others. This will appear in FAPA and some thirty other mailbox. Cheers.\*  
 \*\*\*\*\*

# m u l t i - e d i t o r i a l

ED COX: In the Mil Spec regulating the conducting of one-shots as to internal matter (i. e. content, see appendix in MIL-O-73441B, dated 31 September 1962), it is specified that the one-shot will have a theme. Around this theme, as embodied in the title, each participating member shall write an article or story, poem, etc., contributing toward the exposition of said theme. Therefore, should a one-shot be titled DUCK-BILLED PLATYPUS, GREEN, then each contributing member of the one-shot should write stories and articles and poems, etc., about green, not blue or red (which is of itself suspect) or any other color duck-billed platypus. An illustration of same should, naturally, be run in green ink.

This is the more stringent interpretation of the Spec, very narrow and circumspect. The subject is by the very title very restricting. Therefore, to circumvent such a situation, it would be sensible to title the one-shot with a word embodying a topic in which there would be endless vistas of possibilities. Such a title could be: SEX.

With this in mind, nobody could think of a title for this one-shot. But REDD BOGGS, experienced fan, publisher, poet, writer, LASFS-officer and pro-writer, upon looking upon the row of asterisks in this asteriskized publication (what else from 14933 1/2 Dickens?), stood up and said, "Outstanding, so far." This then offers limitless reaches of imagination on the part of our crew who, at this moment, sit and drink beer, their minds fulminating fecundly. Such a one is he whose turn it is next at this multi-editorial.

JOHN TRIMBLE: Aside from the sexual connotations of the title of this which I'm sure suggested themselves at once to several members of the Fantasy Amateur Press Amalgamation, I think there are a variety number of interpretations which could be derived from that simple word "Outstanding."

For instance, the above two sentences are "outstanding" if for no other reason than the fact that I typed them without looking at the stencil, and hence didn't discover that that nut Cox has been hitting the tabular key before typing each line since he typed the colophon.

This whole section could be considered "outstanding," because of the way good ol' Trimble is fouling up the lay-out! On the other hand ~~the word~~ ~~is~~, this one shot could be considered "outstanding" simply because EdCo avoided inviting half of Southern California FAPA-dom as has been the case for the two previous publications in this series.



On the other, other hand, this one shot could be considered "outstanding" because of the next member of our little company who will be adding his outstanding thoughts to this publication....

REDD BOGGS: I have just read the previous stencil and the part of this one previous to this section, and honestly I cannot believe that this one-shot is "outstanding" so far. However, things are going to start picking up now. I am astounded to learn that I inadvertently titled this fanzine. Had I but known, I could have contributed a better title -- such as FLAMING PECTORAIS or GEFLUGELTE WORTE or DESHABILLE. FLAMING PECTORAIS, GE-FLUGELTE WORTE, DESHABILLE -- well, my mind rose from the gutter for a moment there, in the middle. After all, if Sex were the theme, my titles would be right in the groove. Speaking of sex (an invention of Charles Burbee)....

I have been trying for days to concoct a joke. This joke would be based on the fact that Anabasis is Greek for "to go up." Now, what could be considered the opposite of Anabasis, and considering the meaning of that word, whatever word it might be, would it be unprintable? Anyway, it would be a wonderful joke if I could figure it out. I need more inspiration before I set to work on this idea, this great concept. I'm going to the refrigerator right now for a fresh Busch Bavarian, and I take great pleasure in turning this machine over to a man who does not drink beer....

LEE JACOBS: REDD is correct. I do not drink beer. I drink Beer, for Beer is the only true ghod, and I worship at its various altars...

Beer! What a glorious concept. I fondly recall Art Wilson's criteria of pricing everything against the equivalent quantity of Beer for a true measure of Worth. Much has been written of Beer in fannish circles, for Beer is truthfully the chief divinity of Fandom. True, RON PARKER has a purple soul as he shrieks the evil name of Ghughu. True, JACK SPEER and RICK SNEARY furtively spread the Fooology of Foofoo. True, ART RAPP and ED COX still swear by Roscoe's terrible two front teeth. True, KAREN ANDERSON is the true blue Priestess of Phthalo. But please notice in all of these fannish theologies, that Beer is an integral part of the liturgy.

For example, the Roscoeists preach that His Two Front Teeth make ideal Beer openers. This only equates the entire Rosconian movement with Beer as the motivating diety.

Instant FAPA member POUL ANDERSON is a fine writer, but he does have one trait which endears him to every convention. He drinks, you know... A few years ago, POUL wrote a particularly scholarly article which reflected his undergraduate scientific training appropriately entitled "The Beer Guide to Europe." Naturally, as part of my research for my forthcoming journey around the world, this article occupies as much space in my notes as more voluminous but less specific travel guides.

I, of course, will not attempt to update Mr. ANDERSON'S monumental work. However, I will have the basic opportunity to thoroughly research not only the relatively well-known European brews of Tuborg, Carlsberg, Heinekins, Amstel, Loewenbrau, and so weiter, but also the product of such diverse cultures as Jerusalem, Bangkok, Istanbul, Singapore, Belgrade, and Hong Kong. I shall take copious notes, and dictate a full report to POUL at Frisco in '64.

That is, if religious fervor does not interfere with my mission...



## THE EASTER BUNNY:

While it may be apparent from the discussions preceeding my own contribution to this one-shot that the title has been officially designated to be OUTSTANDING, the question has come to my mind as to who considered this to be the official title. If FAPAns will recall the previous FAPA One-Shot from Southern Califandom, they will similarly recall the title, LET'S THROW REDD BOGGS IN THE POOL. On the basis of Every Issue Better, as Ted White would say, I immediately suggested, owing to the presence of one Redd Boggs, several worthwhile titles emanating from a sequence of thought.

I first considered but did not suggest LET'S HELP REDD BOGGS OUT OF THE POOL, if for no other reasons beyond humanitarian ones. After all, three months may be a brief span in the sphere of FAPA deadlines, but time is notably distended when you are helplessly floundering in a pool. And, considering the Trimble moved shortly after the last session, I imagine those that moved in were somewhat wary of finding such a floundering personage as Redd Boggs in their swimming pool. Considering Boggs was probably screaming such related information to his dilemma as "Skyhook Forever" and "Mimeoing For Less", the premises are unquestionably deserted. As I said, my interest is a humanitarian one, and, considering I view descriptive titles as those which should, for the sake of honesty, actually occur as described, I felt it would be decidedly humanitarian to rescue Boggs from the fate we proscribed him to. However, upon viewing the fact that Redd Boggs was, in full life living color only a few feet from me in Ed Cox's apartment, I realized that someone (possibly LASFS) had already rescued him from the fate FAPA had designated for him. Therefore, I felt that a more current title of description would be in order. In this light, I suggested LET'S THROW REDD BOGGS OUT THE WINDOW, based upon the consideration that the Cox apartment is on the second floor. Redd Boggs, however, objected to this suggestion, for no apparent reason other than the fact he was still soaking wet from the last FAPAcon. Trying to remain in a totally original vein, I immediately remembered the fact that, outside the Cox window on the ground was a plastic wading pool belonging to the girl across the hall from Ed (age around 4). [The girl across the hall, not Ed.] In this light I immediately suggested LET'S THROW REDD BOGGS OUT OF THE WINDOW AND INTO THE POOL (denoting connotations of over the river and through the woods to Grandmother's house we go). Again, Redd Boggs protested, perhaps owing to the fact that the little girl was still in the pool.

Considering the protests from Boggs, I decided that any further suggestions on my part would not be considered favorably, so I kept further title suggestions within my own mind. Among others, still keeping the trend I think should be perpetuated, I considered LET'S THROW REDD BOGGS ON THE FLOOR, LET'S THROW REDD BOGGS IN THE TOILET (vastly similar to a pool except in size), LET'S THROW REDD BOGGS BACK TO MINNEAPOLIS, and LET'S THROW UP.

But, despite my many considered suggestions, and the few I did offer that Redd Boggs mysteriously disapproved of, the one-shot was stricken with the equally mysterious title of OUTSTANDING.

Just what is outstanding about this is indeed questionable. As I believe is mentioned in the introductions, the attendance is limited to the local Let's Take Over FAPA delegation, consisting of Boggs, Cox, Trimble, Jacobs and the Original Easter Bunny. Owing to limited publicity, and possibly because of even more limited space in the Cox apartment, this is, judging from the present position of the clock, the complete delegation of production, suffering slightly from the absence of my cousin, the Squirrel, (hadn't you ever considered that rabbits and squirrels are related?) as well as the Destructionist Insurgents (Purdue and Ghod) [Destructionists only in the sense that they would rather drink than create, a notably sterling quality



if one can get away with it]. Perhaps it is being considered Outstanding simply because Something Is Being Created, if only be it because of the limited attendance. After all, once one discusses the General Telephone Company with John Trimble, what is left to do but type stencils?

I mentioned in REVELATIONS FROM THE SECRET MYTHOS (Fifth Marvelous Issue) of attending the aftermath of a LASFS meeting, but I neglected several interesting moments at that occasion. As an example, Diane Gerard, upon learning that I was, indeed, the real Easter Bunny in person (Jack Harness does a great job with advance publicity), asked me to wiggle my ears, or at the very least twitch my nose. As I told Diane, I didn't generally exhibit the usual rabbit trademarks, considering the Easter Bunny far removed from such activities. However, when Jack Harness threatened to remove my powder-puff tail, I agreed that I would perform such feats for Diane next time I met her. Which only proves I must either never again meet Diane Gerard or eliminate The Right Reverend Scribe JH.

I have enough trouble making all those eggs.

Another strange personage at the LASFS conglomeration tried to introduce me to Ron Ellik. This was fascinating because I first met Ron in person some five or six years ago. So, upon being introduced to me Ron said, "MET HIM? I've thrown his wife in the pool!!"

Which seemed to rapidly eliminate He Who Had Decided To Introduce Me.

It is frightening to note that only Redd Boggs and I are actually Creating at this session at the present moment, everyone else having removed themselves into conversation. However, I am under the probably false impression that USSJ will produce if I get away from his typewriter, which he knows I immensely enjoy typing on (a Special Order OLYMPIA).

Lee Jacobs just intimidated to Ed Cox visions of the limited publicity surrounding this particular FAPAcon. Which, as said before is probably a Good Thing. In actuality and also in all fairness, while EdCox did not exactly send out invitations, several who were Supposed To Come did not do so, not the least of who were Squirrel, Rotsler and Ghod.

Having completed my own comments this morning, it would seem worthy that this should be an exhausted point to conclude until later when more comments come to mind and turn things, only temporarily, mind you, to this typewriters owner, being none other than...

JOHN TRIMBLE here: Ed Cox tells me that Robert Bloch (late of this olde organization) has received the Hollywood equivilant (or equivilant, even) of the advt agencys' key to the executive washroom; on the set of his latest flick, Bob has a camp chair with his name elblazoned on the back rest! Arrivalsville, maan!

A ZIP IN TIME! Our Zip Code, out in far oof, exotic Garden Grove, is a neat 92641. Ron Ellik's is 90025, while EdAnCo's Zip Code is 91403...what's your Zip Code? Or are you like Lee Jacobs, who--when we were discussing Zip Codes earlier--said "What's a Zip Code?" Whereupon all of us laughed and laughed, and Lee Jacobs blushed, furiously.

Ron Ellik and I were discussing Zip Codes earlier this month, and Ronel agrees with my hypothesis that the USPO weat about this Zip Code business



all wrong. They just sent out these idiotic cards, with their "Mr. Zip" on them, and a number scrawled across the place where it tells you that this is your Zip Code.

Big Deal! Most people threw the blasted card in their wastebasket as another piece of junk mail!

What, Ronel and I agreed, the Post Office should have done was to run a big Mad Ave-type publicity campaign. This drive would have painted in glowing prose all of the Amazing, Fantastic, Astounding, ~~Fabulous~~ ~~Fabulous~~ Wonder...ous things which the Zip Code would do to speed mail delivery in the Continental United States. Pictures of giant machines scrutinizing each and every li'l envelope to route the mail to the proper city--not through an Alaskan Post Office (and I understand that that has happened) --could have been drawn for the public. Next-day delivery anyplace in the CUS might have been promised (with "when the bugs are worked out" being stated in the nonexistent fine print--same as in most advertisements). Why, the boundaries of such a campaign are frightening to contemplate; being one and the same with the boundaries enclosing most advertising.

Now, at the close of this gigantic, stupendous, all-encompassing campaign, the Post Office would prepare everyone for the receipt of their own, personal Zip Code. If conducted properly, this wind-up could have had every person in the country breathlessly awaiting the receipt of the notice announcing their Zip Code.

And then the darned things might have meant something, rather than meeting the apathy which is rampant in the majority of people and businesses at the present time.

'Course, as Bill Blackbeard said recently, outside Kal's after a LASFS meeting, the only way to make the Zip Codes work as things stand now is for all of us who are aware of the possibilities of the Zip Code (and we are optimists!) to use the things constantly. Eventually non-Zippers will become curious about these five numbers they keep seeing in our return addresses, and the whole thing might catch on.

And then, one fine day, congress will appropriate the money which will enable the Post Office to purchase machines to scrutinize the Zip Codes on each and every envelope to route....

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#### Red Dog Bite-'Em-On-The-Ass Shannah!

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BILLBOARDVILLE: The other day, as Bjo and I were driving across Los Angeles, we spied a billboard above Smokey Joe's restaurant (where only "Sthquares" order muthtard on their hamburgers). This billboard gaudily advertised radio station KABC's "Instant Weather" service. The adv't gave a phone number to call.

Well, I said to Bjo, I wonder if you could call them and request about fifteen minutes of quick drizzle. Or maybe a fast half-hour of snow in your back yard. So I called the number...and a sexy voice answered! And told me what the local weather would be like for the next day or so. "Instant Weather," phooie!

----jt----



## AN INQUIRY INTO MODERN AMERICAN LITERATURE

By Redd Boggs D.Stf

Imagine the most absurdly impossible happening that the finite human mind is capable of encompassing, however uncomfortably, however transiently. No, something even more incredible than that. I mean, maybe Elmer does quaff water occasionally, when he takes an aspirin. And maybe Edgar Rice Burroughs did write a story once that an intelligent person could read without uttering tiny yips of agony, like a puppy with bad dreams.

Imagine something twice as incredible. Something quadrilaterally more incredible, something raised to astronomical proportions by a double handful of superscripture figures chosen at random from a story by George O. Smith. Say 973186184536899934574569024532876549808764590203268645900285783022978485320<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>. All right. Have you got it? Are you considering it with all your heart and soul, like a good Mensa candidate should? Very well. I can top you, easily and simply, not shedding a particle of sweat or breathing hard.

This is something so superlatively, so incandescently incredible that a brainstorm session of 647 gods, working in relays over 20 or 30 years, couldn't concoct anything that would rock you back on your stool half so far.

It is so thoroughly incredible that I hate to chop it into this stencil for fear that the statement will ignite this Sovereign No. 850P stencil, spread to Ed's matched set of Jules Verne, and burn down the apartment, Dickens street, and a major percentage of Sherman Oaks, Studio City, Van Nuys, and Hacienda Heights. (Maybe I've seen too many George Pal movies.)

And it is true that John Trimble made this very statement the other night in an open meeting of the LAS(Is that you, Towner?)FS and hardly anything severe occurred. The lights flickered, a volleyball net came down with a crash enwrapping Bjo in its folds so that she looked like a mermaid dredged up from the ocean in a fisherman's net; and half a dozen VWs parked in front were somehow magically changed into 1961 T-Birds (with fuel injection).

I have hedged long enough. I am going to have to come right out with it -- just as soon as those who have weak nerves and queasy stomachs leave the room and lie belly-down under the bed with their arms folded over the backs of their heads, holding earnest conversation with the silverfish. All right. Having observed the nicest details of punctilio (twice as punk as you ever saw), I will repeat what John Trimble, 5571 Belgrave avenue, Eastgate (in '68), Garden Grove, said the other night at the LA(sleep tight, Towner)FS.

He said, namely and to wit, that...that... But nerves fail me. Let me quaff another ounce or two of Busch Bavarian. Let me compose myself, let me sniff a bottle of corflu which Anne Cox is waving under my nose after observing my state of health.



He said... My god, did he really say this? But it is in my notes, the notes I took in pursuance of my duties as secretary of the LASF (goddam it, Laney, you'll upset the beer)S. I see it here -- in Esperanto, of course, so it won't singe the paper. It says... it says...

The schools and colleges have discovered H. P. Lovecraft.

How about that? The departments of English at certain colleges have discovered Lovecraft and are bent on assigning HPL stories to the students in their freshman Lit courses. Can you imagine the semiliterate frosh at HSU, Abilene, or some other cow-country college, being confronted with "The Nameless City" or "The Strange High House in the Mist"? Maybe on the day before the big game with Slippery Rock Teachers? What price Lovecraft then?

The telltale graph of first-year drop-outs at certain colleges in this country may tell an even more interesting story than "The Outsider" or "The Rats in the Walls," if one can read its jagged, sharply precipitous slopes. I mean, isn't O. Henry, W. Somerset Maugham, or Robert W. Chambers? Why inflict HPL on the poor kids?

And why Lovecraft? Why not R. F. Starzl? R. F. Starzl, who wrote "Out of the Sub-Universe" (Amazing Quarterly, summer 1928) and "King of the Black Bowl" (Wonder Stories, September 1930). Why not Basil Wells, author of "Fog of the Forgotten" (Planet, winter 1946) and "Human Mice of Kordar" (Stirring, June 1941)? Why not Ed Earl Repp, author of "Flight of the Eastern Star" --- Hmm. Well, on second thought, I guess I know why not Ed Earl Repp. But why Lovecraft?

Oh well, Lovecraft is all right, I suppose. The only trouble is, he is not. A work of his, like "Dagon," reads to me like a series of stale belches from Lucky Lager beer -- a tale hiccupped from below from a stash of badly remembered reading in all the bad literature of the past two hundred years. Lucky Lager? What! Lovecraft was a teetotaller, not a tosspot, and it's too bad. He ought to have lost control of himself occasionally. In his writings he exhibited no passion, no imagination, no humanity.

He is a man who is overly concerned with finish, correctness, convention, tradition, and the limitations of mankind -- in other words, the exact antithesis of Edgar Allen Poe, whose illustrious successor he is, according to some literary cabbages. The best American writing -- the best fantasy writing, surely -- most favor innovation, audacity, humanity, and the potential of mankind. HPL is lucky that he wasn't investigated by a congressional committee. Essentially he was as unAmerican as a cup of green tea, a villanelle, the bidet, or six-a-neuf. Certainly he was (except in his own person) unfantastic and unweird. Nobody reads weird tales really expecting to be terrified half to death. A weird tale, like any other fantasy, has to move us to a sense of wonder -- "can such things be?" HPL can never so move us; we aren't convinced. Every tendency in his writing is calculated to force us away from speculation or any launching out into the unknown.



Lovecraft was surrounded by things that horrified him -- or that would have horrified him, if he had been alive. He wasn't alive, behind those drawn shades of his room, although occasionally he emitted a galvanic response when stimulated by a letter from Wisconsin, Texas, or Florida. Neither was his fiction alive, and even a tale about zombies ought to display some life and warmth.

The kookaburras of the campuses across the country have discovered these dreadful writings and consider them great literature -- or at least literature worthy of fossilizing in textbook anthologies? Why, it's fantastic! They have taken these feeble blitherings, beside which the work of Arthur Zirul, Larry M. Janifer, or David R. Bunch shines like -- But wait!

Perhaps I am mistaken after all. Perhaps Lovecraft is being studied in our far-flung colleges across the land, but perhaps not in the departments of English, not by our Allen Bates, Randall Jarrells, and Lionel Trillings.

Perhaps his writings are required reading in the departments of psychiatric medicine at some of our leading medical schools. A course of study involving the corpus of H. P. Lovecraft may be a prerequisite to taking a degree in psychiatry at Johns Hopkins university. If that is the case, it invalidates this two and a half pages I've written. I had better abandon this essay and go discuss Poopsie Ellington with John Trimble.

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Redd Boggs is a Poopsie Ellington satellite.

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#### THE EASTER BUNNY HERE:

Ed Cox dutifully informs me that he likes the lino above, which no doubt represents practically the only interlineation in the entire fanzine. (I did note Trimble contributed one, which was the sum of the written notes he brought along. This was quite fascinating within itself. I mean, can you imagine John Trimble sitting at a typewriter, writing page after page of FAPAzine, and constantly referring to a small piece of scratch paper consisting solely of the above lino, probably going through various traumatic psychological experiences questioning exactly where he should place it within his general text).

It certainly must have been a wonderful thing...

EARLIER IN THIS SESSION I dropped by Mssr. Bloch's house, in the vague hopes that he might be present and, possibly, be able to drop by and at least say Hello to FAPA, but alas, he had taken his daughter to the movie. In returning from this brief excursion, I found my Fabulous New Chevrolet has at least one disturbing feature. Even though the '58's had a twenty gallon tank, as opposed to the 16 on my '55, I find that the gas gauge descends almost as rapidly as on my '55, with the added disturbing feature of emptying when, according to said gauge, I still have an eighth of a tank. As a direct result



of this disturbing feature, I directly ran out of gas. But, I must also concede, if this is the only difficulty I have with a relatively well-invested \$1100.00, then I should consider myself very lucky. It still amazes me that, after all the trouble I had with the '55, I can come to California, walk onto a lot and purchase a '58 Impala Convertible (have you ever tried to find one worth looking at?) and have it come out in such excellent condition.

John Trimble just asked me why I stopped typing, which was a remarkable question considering this mass of activity that emanates even from such a small group. I evilly considered turning this page over to USSJT; however, upon due consideration I decided that it was time for a further contribution from Lee Jacobs.

Lee Jacobs/ The bulk of this ferling stanzine (this phrase thru the courtesy of USSJTrimble, 1963) has concerned with frivolous, lighthearted, humorous material. This is as it should be, for we are living in a frivolously lighthearted, humorous world. But someone should inject a more serious note in this session. Not all of us are as soaked with Beer (Which is the only true ghod) as REDD BOGGS. Y es.

As a fully concientious, card-carrying member of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association, I was shocked when I saw the current edition of the Egoboo Poll. It wasn't the fact that HARRY WARNER won. He always does. It wasn't the fact that no Southren Califo'nia-type fan placed in the top ten. They rarely do nowadays. It was the fact that only 19 members out of our current 66 even took the trouble to vote in possibly the most meaningful activity which FAPA offers (with the exception of Mailing Comments).

Of course, the voting percentage of FAPA accurately reflects the interest of Our Nation (non-US fen may take exception) in Our Government, although possibly the interest in Our Government is slightly higher. It is axiomatic that the voters interested in Our Government would be the more radically intellectuals of Our Society. The common man is much too interested in TV, baseball, and fanac sublimation.

Oddly enough, this strange characteristic exists within the FAPA macbocism. Examine the list of those FAPA members who bothered to vote in the ~~FAPA~~ (wrong organization) Egoboo Poll. They are the intellectuals, the non-conformists, the more radical members of our Group.

You don't believe me? Just check the names of those who voted. BALLARD -- one of them farmers for whom price supports have increased the national debt. BROWN - One of them brainwarshed servicemen. FM BUSBY and EVANS - them scientists and engineers are tricky. CALKINS - he left the Marines to become a civilian. CAUGHRAN and LICHTMAN. Them students always support them dirty Democrats. ENEY and PELZ - OE's must volunteer, and you know what that means. GRAHAM - anyone who prefers foreign movies to the good ol' American kind... And so forth.

So, ED COX. Why didn't you vote in the Egoboo Poll? Either.



## AN EARNEST PLEA FOR VOTES. . .

As I trust you will note in the FA, I am running for QE of FAPA. While it must be truthfully admitted that perhaps my activity has been somewhat slim and might not wholly warrant consideration, I am hoping you will at least scrutinize my interests in the post and judge unprejudicely from there.

Although shocking as it is to even me, I have been a member of FAPA for nearly four years. It is not quite as shocking to note that possibly a certain portion of the membership is not quite as aware of my existence as they would be if my activity during that time had been more intense, as I trust it will be now that the Army is long gone, my boredom with the Midwest has passed, and I have generally settled into a questionable but pleasant existence.

Although I cannot recall if I have mentioned it or not, the position of OE is one that I have long been desirous of. Strange as it may sound, I simply and purely would enjoy assembling the mailings and producing the FA. I have no drastic changes in mind for the FA, although I do have a few plans for streamlining its appearance and continuity--all minor but I consider worthwhile alterations. In general my qualifications are basically summarized as ones of modest improvement where possible, a fair and honest job as delegated to me by the membership, and a abiding faith in the importance of that task. I doubt that any candidate can offer more than this.

In the event of any emergencies or needs of assistance (which I doubt will be necessary--my spare time has seen a rapid increase since moving to California), I have on hand the bulk of Southern Califandom to see me through such trials, should they arise.

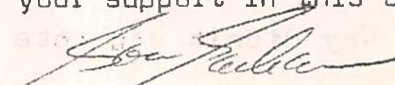
I sincerely believe I have acquired enough friends in FAPA to assure my election to this post, if they will only VOTE. Participation in elections being what it is, I feel I could quite easily lose the election purely on a simple lack of voting by those who would otherwise cast their votes in my favor. This is not an excuse should I lose out to a better personage, but simply a hope that those who would vote for me will do so.

And so I strongly appeal to those of the FAPA crew that I've met (Boggs, Burbee, Calkins, Coulsons, Cox, Dees, Ellik, Eney, Evans, Grennell, Harness, Jacobs, Janke, Linard, McPhail, Martinez, Pavlat, Pelz, Purdue, Rotsler, Trimble and White), and the other 2/3 of the membership to get out and vote.

And I hope my name will be considered when you do.

In summarization I cannot add a great deal. Perhaps my most outstanding FAPA contribution goes back to the 81st mailing, in which McPhail and I published the FAPA MEMORY BOOK. This, several issues of REVELATIONS, and the more recent FIFTY-FIFTY with Martinez have been my primary contributions. I trust I will contribute more, and I hope part of that contribution will be as OE of FAPA.

To this end, I earnestly solicit your support in this election.





# a n t i c i p a t i o n

## e d c o x

He knew that it might happen. In fact, he had written a letter just for the express purpose of getting the information known. He realized, of course, that this would not ordinarily be of any significance to the editors since letters weren't printed as a rule. But he was sure that it would be noted and as a result, be smashed blazingly into print.

He lay in his bed that night, watching the shifting shadows as the wind moved the tree back and across the wall of the room. The black humps of the typewriter and mimeo on their desks reassured him, yet seemed unreal as the night wore on. They assumed strange shapes and moved with a volition of their own as the shadows danced and scrabbled through the room. The event, that hung lambent in the colorless limbo of impending possibility, seemed destined never to come. He had written many days ago and the bi-weekly schedule was due to plop into his mailbox on the very next day a new issue.

In that issue, his change of address ought to appear and he knew, he was certain, that he was MADE, once his change of address appeared in an issue of STARS'PINKLE.

\*\*\*\*\*

But...when he awakened, the impossible had happened! Breen's FANAC had scooped SPINKSTARKLE...after some four months...and he was an outcast, a pariah in fan-circles. It was horrible!

It couldn't be true, and yet it was. There on the back page of FANAC was his name and new address. In sub-microelite type. Forrest J Ackerman's CoA led the list, of course. But there was his name; right beneath. Thaddeus J. Bongflap, Apt. 111-B, 123 East West St., Nopeople, Nevada. And right after it, the parenthetical notation, "(Till Pacificon II)."

He croggled. Till Pacificon II? He hadn't noticed that notation before. Till Pacificon II time? What could that mean? He had intended to locate permanently at 123 East West Street. He had, indeed, signed a 30-year lease on the apartment and moved in his complete file of WEIRD TALES and PLANETS. He had settled down contentedly. Nopeople, Nevada, was such a pleasant change after 628 South Bixel, Los Angeles.

What did the notation mean? Walter Breen was a member of Mensa, wasn't he? Therefore, the notion that this notation was a mistake could be instantly discarded. Obviously, Walter Breen knew Something. Knew Something that he, Thaddeus Bongflap, did not know. He, Thaddeus Bongflap, cringed and beat down a horrible urge to crawl under the bed.

What was the reason that he was slated to move at Pacificon II time? Was he perhaps scheduled to fill in for part of the committee of the Pacificon II? Or...or maybe this was part of a big faanish movement. After all, fans had been moving to the West Coast for years now. Bill Donaho had started the movement in the late fifties, and Redd Boggs had given it credance in the early sisties. And it had been continuing ever since. Even he, Thaddeus J. Bongflap was already joining in the movement, although stopping short of the final, oceanic goal, by moving from East Muddebogie, Oklahoma to Nopeople, Nevada.



Of course, he had planned to stop short. But Breen had indicated that he would complete his trek come Pacificon II time!

The whole concept was mind-groggling...or even mind-croggling.... He hadn't even really planned to attend the epic Pacificon; preferring, instead, to sneer down his mimeo at the fools who would throng in Oakland over Labor Day in 1964, idiotically apeing the Guest of Honor, Ray Palmer, and spending record sums of money in the bar of the Leamington Hotel. Fie on them, he'd thought, stupid con-going fools! He was above that sort of thing; he would be content oof here in Nopeople, Nevada, contemplating his fannish navel after the image of Harry Warner in Hagerstown, Maryland.

But Breen had shattered all that!! And he was destined to attend the Pacificon! Oh horrible concept! he shuddered.

Oh, he thought, if I had only stayed on 628 So.Bixel Street in East Muddebogie, Oklahoma. It was, in fact, mainly due to the fact that there had been a So. Bixel Street in Muddebogie. I mean, he had thought to himself so many times, who would ever have dreamed that there was such a street in such a town. After he had fallen into the magic sphere of fandom and its world had dopplered out into infinity from the central point, him, Thaddeus J. Bongflap, and opened a myriad of worlds of wonder. And then, the commonplace, dust-strewn, old South Bixel Street (of which there was no North) that erupted just south of the Santa Fe tracks and extened its sun-baked lenth for seven blocks to the edge of the mesquite strewn waste...then from the multi-worlded timeb ound universe of Fandom, Bixel, South Bixel, took on a wondrous meaning transcending the powder-dust, heat-smashed stretch of road that the trucks used after they were sweatily loaded off the box-cars on the siding.

Los Angeles, a metropolis swarmed out over the desert basin, had long been a magic symbol, an unreachable goal, to the heat-sapped genizens of East Muddebogie. A Mecca-like trek, once in a lifetime, to the west in this case, was the lifelong goal, intensified by the existance of Disneyland, a glowing never-land that was attainable in some far off reality that might some day be real. But now, Disneyland and Knotts Berry Farm sunk into the status of the second fresh, and he conjured up visions of the misty vistas of fog-bound, choppy, green-tinted San Francisco Bay. The cloudy, sun-splashed hills tumbling down, row-upon-row to the surging, endlessly back-and-forthing waters of the Bay visioned up in his mind, and he knew that he was destiny-bound to move to the fabulous BArea come time for Pacificon II.

Then he came to an abrupt physical halt and dropped a potato on the floor causing his mother to look sharply at him. She hardly ever looked dully at him, he reflected, dully. Actually, it was to Los Angeles, the LA of yesteryear with the great drums of mimeos thundering mightily down the canyons of fandom, that he wanted to go. Lost, and limned by ghostmoonlight, the days of Laney and FIVE FINGERS, the old SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES and Burbee and Willie Watson and Ackerman and ACOLYTE and VOM tugged at him; he tottered on the edge of a vast chasm of nostalgia, the ghostflickerings of old fandom winking bright and briefly in the stygian depths.

And so, with the lure of PACIFICON II, that nexus of contemporary fandom, the eye of the hurricane of today's fan world, he decided to move to Los Angles. But still, as he sat there, in Los Angeles, he wondered if he had made a mistake in moving from Nopeople, Nevada. But no, he lived in the cosmos now. Nopeople had been a brief experiemnt in self-exile.



He had perversely enjoyed his island-like exile from even the comprehension of Muddiebogie. But the self-exile, the pseudo-anonymity of Nopeople, Nevada, did not help. He gained no satisfaction from the self-styled, dessicated ivory tower in the desert and felt compelled to yield to the lure of Los Angeles, the Mecca, the realnever land of all his discovered dreams and realities.

So now he lived on the real South Bixel street in a hot unrelieved apartment in the baked Los Angeles summer, drinking Rainer Ale as if he really liked it. He had, at one of the old LASFS meetings, seen a fan from Van Nuys drink it. Upon finding out more about that fan, so rarely seen but so oft-fabled, he took upon himself the task of emulating him, drinking Rainier Ale, watching Roller game and going to places like The Pink Pussycat when he had saved up enough money. He used to sit there, along, at a small table, surrounding his watered drink, frightened and bewildered at the vast expanses of woman-flesh constantly exposed to his shrinking gaze.

Let's see, he thought to himself, feeling at sea, awash in a frothy ocean of Rainier Ale, Where the hell am I? Am I in (a) East Meddibumps, Oklahoma, or -- he corrected hastily -- East Muddebogie, Oklahoma; (b) Nopeople, Nevada; or (c) Los Angeles, California? East Muddebogie, Oklahoma? It couldn't be East Muddebogie, Oklahoma because he could see vast areas of female flesh around him, and he seemed to recall that there wasn't a female anywhere in East Muddebogie, Oklahoma, since Bjo hopped a freight and left town in 1926. Or was it 1926? Maybe 1926 was the year that Amazing was first published.

Yes, it was, really, It was only three years after WEIRD TALES had first made its impingement upon the American public. Somehow, back through the dustful livingroom stasis, he had the recall and knowledge of a fandom that he never mdae. He felt like Danny O'Neill even though he didn't really know who Danny was in refernece to fandom. He felt very confused.

He used to take a trolley into Los Angeles down Sixth street and transfer onto Vermont Avenut, going South to the Olympic stop. Then he'd walk down Vermont from Olynpic to 12th Street and go west on 12th to where the church loomed blackly bulkily in the night. Then he went up the cement stairs into the LASFS meeting. He sat in a folding chair at the rear of the room, wondering who all the people were. Later, after the meeting was over, he watched the others mill around, mostly around the young, good looking females, and drink beer in the kitchen, and wondered how to get into the conversation. But it was so seldom about science-fiction or even fandom. They seemed pre-occupied with the talk and actualaity of women, of whom there were a number about. They seemed so real, so fleshly and fecund that he drifted away and out the door before the widening circles could encompass and draw him into the conversation. Then he would return to his room, hot small oven on Bixel, and wonder away the e vening as the sun, an orange ball, sank beneath the crosswork pattern of the teevee antennae.

And, suddenly, the futility of it all came to him like a vision from DAW or FooFoo, and the hot waves of emotion swept over him, and he knew What He Had To Do!

The Los Angeles Police Officers could not explain the suicide. Aside from his ridiculous name, this Thaddeus J. Bongflap had everything; an electric mimeograph, a Facit typer, quire upon quire of stencils, reams and reams of paper, and a fabulous collection of fanzines...plus a plane ticket to Oakland, and a room reservation at the Leamington Hotel. Another useless suicide, they decided.

---dean trimker coxron---



CREDIT WHERE CREDIT IS DUE I'd like to thank Anne Cox for the yummy ham-burgers she prepared for the hungry crew turning out this one-shot. I'm sure no one else will mention it, but the burgers were good, and came at just the right time to stave off too high a level of drunkenness (or should that be too low a level?) in everyone but EdCo. Since I'm also a coleslaw fan, I should mention that the dressing Anne whopped up to pour over the cabbage made a mighty eatable salad.

In reading back over the two previous one-shots, I've noticed that no one has mentioned the food that's been served--I'm as remiss as the rest of the one-shotters, that's for sure! And in view of the delicious speghetti which Anne served up at the first session, and the fancy spread that Bjo put out to be devoured by the second one-shot crew, it seems to be a particularly thoughtlessness on the part of us eaters.

In fact, it verges on something beyond mere thoughtlessness, for even in light of the elegant spread of goodies which Bjo set out to have devoured by the fans attending the last session, the only thing about the Parapet Plunge which anyone could see fit to mention was the fact that Bjo is not the world's most emaculate housekeeper--in very complimentary terms, too.

This is to be expected, I guess. Judging from the returns we've received on the Food Questionnaire Bjo's been sending out to fans and mundane types alike, fans' tastes in food are remarkable in their completely averageness. The most unusual likes and dislikes, the most far-out menus have come from the mundane folk who've answered. Fans just aren't interested in food, it seems.

If their bellies are full, they don't seem to care if it was cheese-burgers or filet mignon that filled them. Speghetti or roast prime rib are one and the same to fan tastes.

Broad mental horizons?...pretty limited horizons when they don't include food, eh, ol' Ern?

-oOo-

ED COX IS DRUNK Yes, the editor of this furlong stanzine, this epic one-shot, is bashed out of his mind on Busch Bavarian --or maybe Blatz--and he's more fun than a barrel of burbees. Lee Jacobs, Ron Parker, Redd Boggs and I have been cracking up over the EdCo-LeeJ stories Ed's been reciting.

It appears to us that it is indeed fitting that our esteemed editor should have taken on a load; we just read most of what's to appear in this one-shot, and drunken would be the best word to describe it.

Harry Warner, you should be rolling in your fanzine collection at the mement...this one-shot will confirm your worst fears, as expressed in Horizons after the appearance on Westward Hoog!

Matter of fact, after reading all of the typed stencils over, I think I'll join EdCo.

---jt---