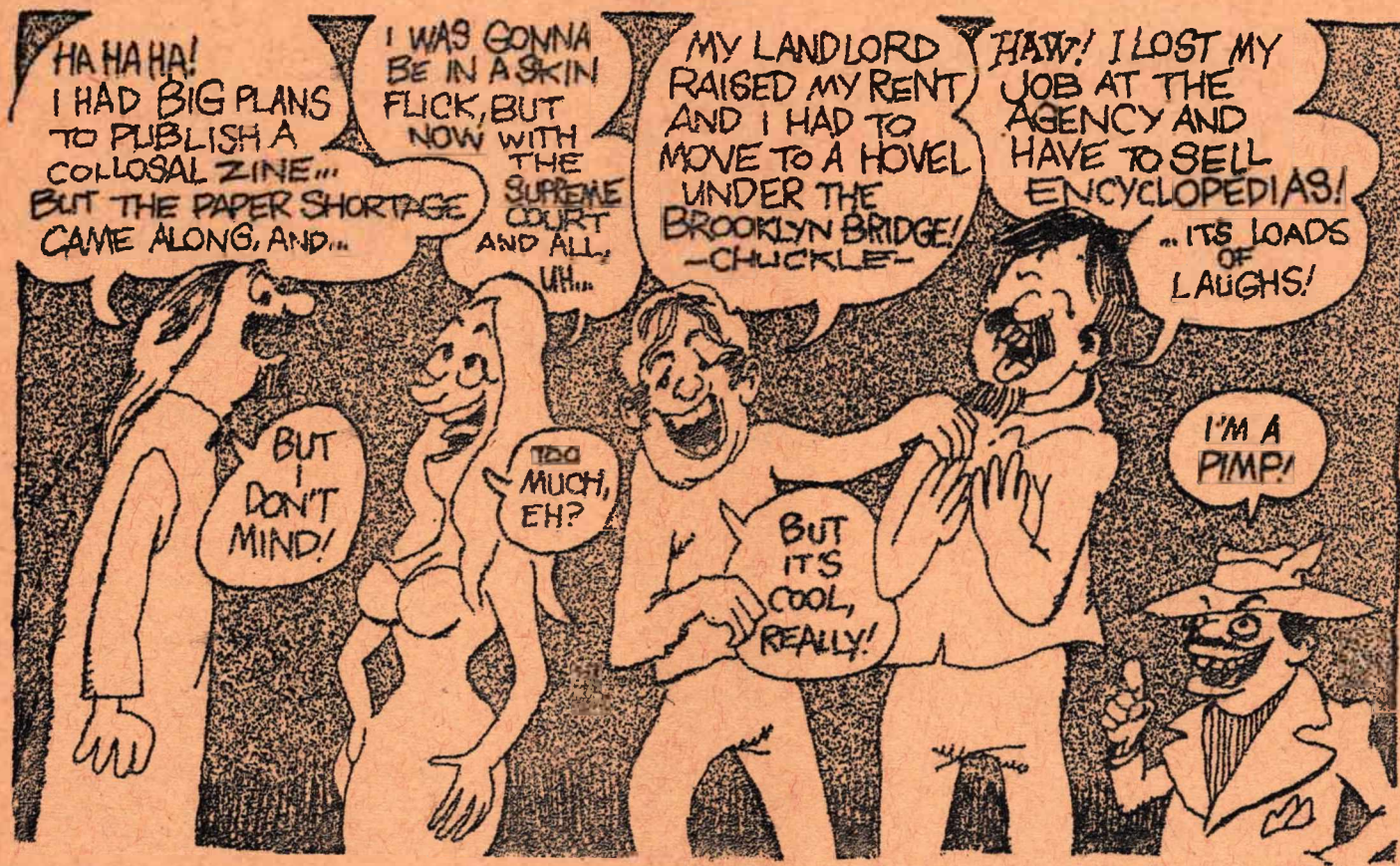


SKIFFLE



SKIFFLE



SKIFFLE #4, the fanzine that maintains that old fires have not gone out, is from Steve Stiles, at his new address, 141-55 85th Road, apt 4D, Jamaica, N.Y. 11435. This issue is produced by Moshe Feder and his Fanacea Press. Heading by Jay Kinney. All material (c) 1974.

The Traditional Bit: August 1973 to August 1974. I didn't want it that way. I really wanted to have something in the February mailing, but good intentions have a way of either running into the harsh walls of Reality, or being set adrift entirely. It's been a busy year, fraught with attempts at freelancing, the usual overtime at the studio, keeping on top of a *meaningful* social life, and, most recently, a series of minor, but highly distracting, illnesses. I've also been getting out more fan art lately. Some things have to go by the board; I've given up meditation, regular exercise, and making every FAPA mailing.

My original plan for becoming a respectable, productive member of

FAPA was to, once a week, (a) insert a piece of paper in my typewriter, and (b) write something --even about science fiction. Or last year's trip. Or a jazz review. I would begin this program many months before the deadline (for I am not one of those whizzes like, say, Gregg Calkins, who can undoubtedly bat out 12 pages in an evening), and once a week I would write something. Anything.

The problem was, I was inserting paper in my Olympia; intended gems for FAPA had a way of turning into letters to those insidious small apes, mash notes, or disgarded (bad) ideas. Of the latter, I attempted a convention report in the style of a Goon Show program. I rather hope that I've thrown it away; if I find it, well, me n' Lord Byron can resist anything but temptation.

In the meantime, I am inserting virgin stencils in my typer once a week, and since today is March 11, that means that this Skiffle will be at least eleven pages long. Maybe. Now where did I put that corflu?

By the time you read this, I will probably be single again. Putting it another way, I will no longer be married. I will be a divorced man, able to refer to "my first wife." If this doesn't come about by mid-May, I will be pretty upset with my first lawyer, Mr. Sol Cohen (no, he's not...).

I used to feel that fandom, and apes like these, were a great catharsis, a great medium for stripping down to the soul (or Freudian levels, depending), baring all; and, in general, indulging in advertisements for myself. But I've risen above all that. No, you won't find anything about my divorce in Skiffle, even though it's costing me \$750.00. I won't demonstrate to you how well I am biting the bullet amid my shattered dreams and hopes, the world crumbling around my ~~elx~~ feet as I stride manfully through Desolation Row. No, never. However, there will be two funny cartoons about the whole thing somewhere in these pages.

The cartoons will be done in the G.B. Trudeau style because I am now a Doonesbury fan; imitation is the sincerest form of flattery and is often easier than originality.

Some of you may recall SKIFFLE #3. In it there were a few of my paragraphs on the new Supreme Court ruling on *obscenity*, and my worries that the new rulings might destroy a new, slightly lucrative field for me-- the underground comix. Well, it seems that my fears were entirely justified; many distributors and dealers got frightened enough not to display or reorder titles, and my two publishers went out of business. Poor business management and an overabundance of shoddy comix also contributed to the crash --at any rate, today few, if any, new magazines are being published, and I will no longer be laughing at new works of Gilbert Sheldon, R. Crumb, Larry Todd, and many other, funny, talented people. Nor will those five stories of mine that were accepted --after weeks of work at the drawing board-- ever get published. And Ralph ("Fritz the Cat") Bakshi will never discover me.

Was I discouraged? Well, yes. But soon after the Crash I got a tip from Ted Greenstone about a new magazine, an educational magazine for South Americans. I took some samples over to their offices, and the art director was *delighted* with my style. In a short time I was getting assignments and making Big Money. That was when the paper shortage struck.

A few weeks ago I was reading John Brunner's "The Sheep Look Up," alternating my reading with "Let History Judge," a documentation of Stalin's paranoiac purges. Both books deal with the sufferings of individuals against large institutions, and both books are pretty appalling. After one night of particularly heavy reading, I fell asleep and dreamed that all the Fanoclasts were rounded up, arrested, and flown to a concentration camp in Berkeley. After having been seperated and thrown into a cell, I discovered that my new fellow inmates were none other than the Benford brothers. In the dream Greg said it was about time that I got around to moving to California.

I do have an urge to move out of New York City, at any rate. Nothing immediate is contemplated, but I do nuture a more than vague feeling of dissatisfaction with life in the Big Apple, and city life in general. I haven't quite figured out the economic mechanics of such a move, I tend to hope that cherishing the goal c/w steady pace of groundwork will pay off --I have to admit that I'm hopelessly conservative in my personal habits; just picking up and splitting seems far too drastic. In the meantime, I've been doing sporadic apartment hunting in the hopes of getting smaller, cheaper digs. Rent control no longer exists here, however, and nobody seems to be willing to indulge in low cost apartment building, so that most of the apartments I've looked at are either too grungy or too small for my purposes.

City life rolls on. Not too long ago there was a surprise birthday & dinner party for Hank Davis, and while I was waiting for Moshe to decoy Hank to the appointed location I decided to kill some time in a nearby modern & attractive bookstore. I stood by the cashier and thumbed through a photography book, and while I thumbed through the photography book, I could not help but overhear the following from the man standing next to me; "Keep quiet," he said with his mouth to the cashier, "and you won't get hurt." I mulled this over while thumbing through the photography book. "Keep quiet and you won't get hurt." Far out. But it couldn't be, I thought, so I made nothing of it until I noted the sound which was quite similar to the noise money would make while being hastily stuffed into a paper sack. So I looked up, and sure enough, there was a real criminal with a sawed shotgun. The sawed off shotgun had the psychological aura of being a howitzer. Fortunately, the cashier was the man being robbed that time. I only had a little cash, and I hate to disappoint people with guns...

"Meat is for war, vegetables are for peace." --Calvin Demmon

Sometimes I don't like my own writings. I tend to first-draft most of everything these days, and composing something in my mind, from start to tail end can be tenuous; at times I don't know what the middle is going to turn out to be. Sometimes I just have a fragment of an idea and must trust that the flow is leading somewhere, if only to a big self-put-on --like right about now, as a matter of fact. Then, too, the majority of my writing tends to be for the small, personal apa where the emphasis tries to be on Truth & Communication and other manifestations of the counter-culture. There are times, mostly in FAPA, when I prefer to try to

entertain; there's when the guilt breaks in. Everyone has their own definition of what humor is, from sadism to the absence of pain. My own feeling is that the basis of humor is bullshit. There are, as we all know, two definitions of bullshit, one of them being the absence of Truth & Communication. Then, there is the bragging and egotism I love to wallow in, and it is sometimes painful to reread what later comes on like the honky tonk ramblings of a carnival shill. Deep down inside this quiet, insecure exterior a Harlan Ellison or Asimov struggles to erupt to the surface. Like a polyp, pimple, wart or blackhead. I sure do like to brag, boy.

This all brings us to the Fanoclasts. (I was wondering when I'd get here.) Ahem... speaking of the Fanoclasts, Andy Porter printed a bit about how the club was withering away in the last issue of Algol. However, at that time Andy was only attending every third meeting --which would invariably turn out to be the small meeting. We ran in cycles in those days, but things have evened out in the past year, and an average meeting will run from twelve to twenty people, 'cept on convention Fridays. Why, we even have out of state chapters of the Fanoclasts now, and are looking forward to opening new ones in Florida and San Francisco --how about it, Dave and LeeH? Dick and Pat? Mike, and Jay, and Hal, and..?

Andy has since recanted his old opinion. He won't do so in Algol, though, so those 800, or whatever, readers of his will continue under the impression that the Fanoclasts have gone the way of The Cosmic Circle, the Galactic Roamers, the Jules Verne Prize Club, and, another Brooklyn club, the Universal Musketeers. It is sad to contemplate this cruel joke of fate while so many of the club members are still active and churning out fanzines like PLACEBO, KRATOPHANY, TANGRAM, numerous apazines, and oneshots like QUO DAVIS.

Perhaps it is to rectify this situation that I have decided to design an official FANOCLAST t-shirt. Perdita Boardman will do the silk screen work, and I'd like to use a Rostler illo --one with tendrils. After that we will work out the Fanoclast decoder ring, official handshake, and marching song.

---Steve Stiles

"Patriotism means to stand by the country. It does not mean to stand by the President or any other public official save exactly by the degree in which he himself stands by the country.

It is patriotic to support him insofar as he efficiently serves the country. It is unpatriotic not to oppose him to the extent that by inefficiency or otherwise he fails in his duty to stand by the country.

In any event, it is unpatriotic not to tell the truth --whether about the President or anyone else." --Theodore Roosevelt. Lifted, ironically enough, from "The Politician," by Robert Welsh.

THE PENULTIMATE SNICKER

ASENATH
HAMMOND



"Will you write me something for SKIFFLE?" Steve Stiles asked me, at some random point in the past.

"Sure," I said. (What else can you say to a man who does three page covers for your fanzine and shares his cigarettes with you?) "What do you want?"

"Oh-- something funny."

Later on, talking to my apartment-mate, the ebullient, effervescent, exploding Emerson, I asked: "Hey, David-- Steve wants me to write something funny for SKIFFLE. What shall I write about? Has anything funny happened to us lately?"

"Funny?" said David. "We never do anything funny."

"How about the strange people who've been partaking of our fannish hospitality recently?"

"Strange people? What strange people? You dare call Susan Wood, the Goddess of the Northlands, strange?"

"How about your friend Stover? I hardly call anyone who howls at the moon normal."

"That's just Stover's way of communing with nature. You wouldn't want to stifle creative self-expression, would you?" David glared at me reproachfully. He does that very well. I pondered for a moment.

"Have the cats done anything terrifically amusing in the past few days?" The cats glared at me reproachfully. The Blot sauntered over and took a bite out of the page in the typer. He chewed it thoughtfully. (I could see him deliberating: "Yes, definitely a 16-lb. Ditto. Not to be compared with Twiltone '68, but a decent white paper. A good, dry flavor." I tossed him bodily across the room.

"You shouldn't have done that," David advised. "When he grows up to be Emperor, he'll have you beheaded." I glared at him reproachfully. David raced over and pounded me on the back.

"Why'd you do that?" I gasped.

"You looked like you were choking on something."

"Oh. Sorry." David wandered off to do some washing. I followed him into the bathroom, where he was festooning the shower curtain rod. "I could always write about your underwear collection."

"Aaarrrgh!" He attempted to beat me senseless with two ounces of wet nylon.

"It's not fair," I protested, fending him off. "You're in the Army! You have plenty of funny things to write about."

"You're a student. There must be something that happened in two semesters."

"No. The funniest thing that happened was watching my professor, Mad Michael, try to teach with a hangover. He suffers almost as well as you do."

"That was the high point of your year?"

"Well, there was the time I showed him the list of puns from the Food For Thought Restaurant. He threw the eraser across the room, staggered against the blackboard and fell on the floor, giggling insanely."

"What's so odd about that? Haven't you ever been to a convention?"

I gave up-- David was going to be no help at all. Oxford English Dictionary in hand, I retired to contemplate. Half an hour, I'd read "Blithemest" to "Bloodstrange"; educational but hardly inspiring. I tried calling on my Muse.

"Hey, Muse!" There was a slight delay.

"I'm sorry-- there's no one in the office right now. Please leave your name and number after the tone. You have forty five sec..."

Oh, well. So much for that. I thought about trying my Fairy God-mother, but he was probably still on vacation in Sicily. What had happened lately? well, I'd seen "Sherlock Holmes and the Spider Woman" for the eleventh time on the Late, Late Show. (The spider in question is called the "Lycosa Carnivora." An arachnid Lon Chaney?) But somehow, movie reviews from the forties didn't strike me as particularly humorous, even this age of nostalgia for the past.

What else? I'd cleaned house. Nothing scathingly witty there, unless you see Mr. Clean as the charlady's stand up comic. There was the time I dropped the fifty pound bureau on my foot, but you had to be there.

I thought about writing up the Stiles/Smotroff Fabulously Fannish Fouled-up Moving Experience, but Steve was probably going to tell that story.

I could always eschew great literature and do one-liners-- "I had one once, but rich brown sawed the boat in half" --no, that's not right. Sigh.

I could go walk down my street and get mugged, murdered, or molested. Maybe the arresting officer would have some hilarious homicide stories. They died laughing... (Then again, maybe there was time to take a course at the Famous Comedians School.)

Just then, David came in, chuckling. I considered strangulation.

"What's so bloody funny, Emerson?"

"I just reread that article I did for TANGRAM. And that one I did for Sue Palermo's zine. Not bad." I considered slow torture. Hanging, drawing and quartering. The rack. Ancient Chinese water treatments. Reruns of the "Flying Nun."

It cheered me immensely. David flopped down on the couch. "You going to be done with the typer soon?"

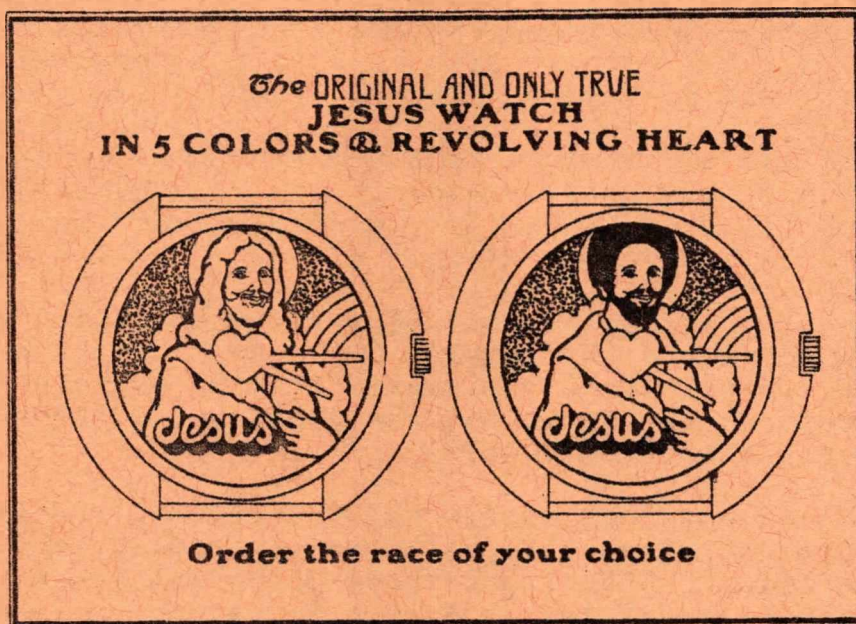
I snarled. "Why? What are you planning to do with it?"

"Oh, I thought I'd write something moderately hysterical for SKIFFLE. Nothing fancy. Just off the top of my head."

But that's going to be difficult. A Smith Corona Coronet Automatic 12 makes an admirable blunt instrument.

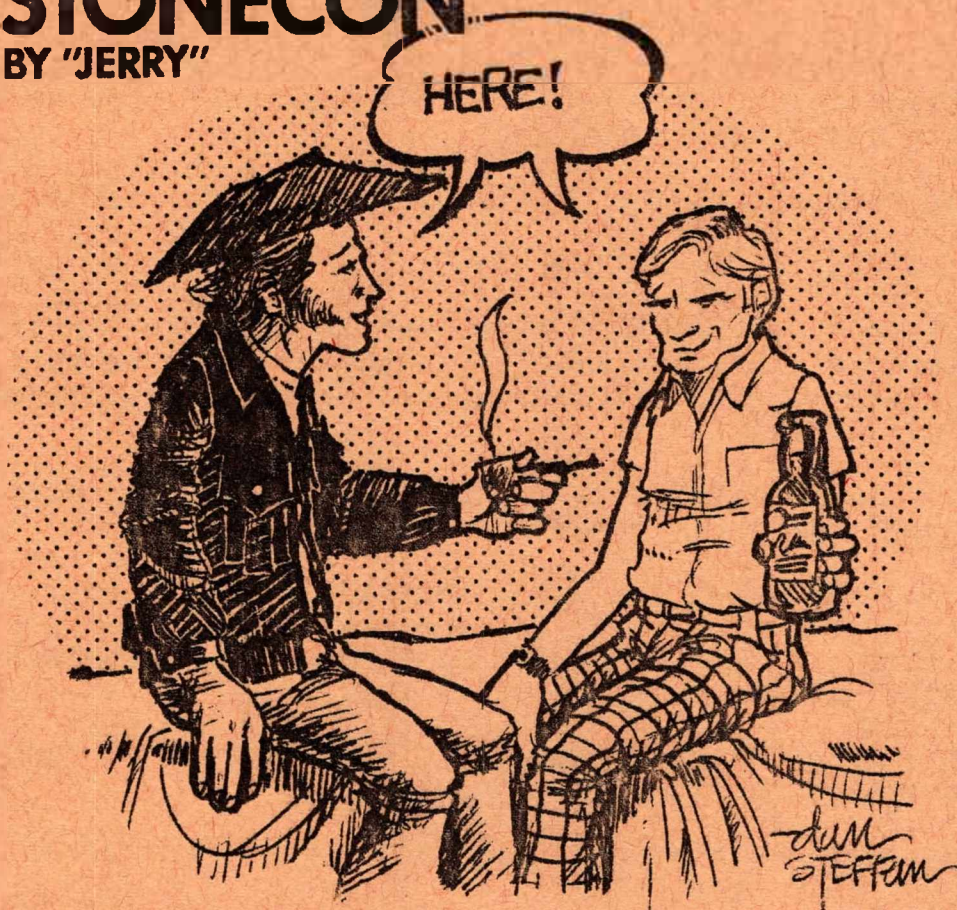
Ha. Ha-ha. Heh-heh-heh. Now if only I can get the blood off the keys; I've got this great idea...

--Asenath Hammond, July 1974



STONECON

BY "JERRY"



At one point in the weekend, several of us were lying about in a semi-coherent state, and I turned to one of my companions and addressed him as "Fred". This was not his true name. I had temporarily forgotten it, and "Fred" seemed as good as any. At least at the time. The assembled multitude, however, took this as a measure of the degree to which I (and indeed, the whole crowd) had succumbed to the mind-distorting powers of the Evil Weed. For some reason, it struck them all as extremely funny. In the midst of laughter, "Fred" turned back to me and said, "That's all right... Jerry."

Thus began a long string of renaming. Everyone in the room recieved an alternate to his or her original name, and the names seemed to stick for the rest of our stay in Cinnecinatti. For indeed this was the 25th annual Midwestcon, mostly known as "the relaxacon"; but to us degenerates it was the "stonedcon."

It began much as any con, except the traditional fannish automobile trek was 14 hours and began at midnight on Thursday. Four of us in a Duster, driving through the endless dark miles across Pennsylvania after we had worked a full day at our respective jobs --we were not in the best of moods. Especially since the weather outlook was rain for

the entire weekend.

We dragged into the motel about 2:30 Friday afternoon, immediately running into a few other New York fans who had flown in that morning and were gloating over how easy their trip had been. After a shower or two, and a welcome change of clothes, "Penny" and I trucked down to the hucksters' room, the only place where the con was occurring at the time. There we ran into Andy Porter hawking his garishly slick fanzine; Hank & Lesleigh Luttrell with their usual lineup of pulps and comics; and Don & Maggie Thompson, who were discussing terms with Chris Couch over a first edition of an L. Frank Baum Oz book. There were of course many more, but none that I can recall the names of. It seemed that Columbia (Missouri) fandom was going to be there in force-- besides Chris and the Luttrells, the rest of the Couch family was on their way, and the Hughes brothers, Rick Stoker, Doug Carroll, and possibly even the legendary Jim Turner, were all rumored to be coming.

But all in all, there really wasn't a whole lot doing at the moment. We wandered into the hotel restaurant (the only place within walking distance to get food-- not even a coffeee shop) for dinner, joining the Bushyagers and other remnants of former Pittsburgh fandom. We were freezing. Linda discovered that "Jack Salmon" is not really salmon, but some other sort of fish entirely. After she had eaten half of it, of course. Rather than continue to freeze, Penny and I split for the room immediately.

That was my mistake. For as I lay there, conked out and sleeping, Fred and his crew arrived. Penny ran into them in the motel somewhere, and Fred's first words were, "Hi, let's go smoke some dope." By the time I caught up with them at 11:30, they were indulging their Screaming Munchies in the restaurant. I walked over and was welcomed warmly.

"Just got in," said Fred.

"How was the drive?"

"Well, we dropped some acid before we left; I peaked on the Pennsylvania Turnpike. There were these swarms of birds that kept buzzing the car, but other than that it was a fun drive."

I thought of "Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas" and shuddered inwardly.

We quickly repaired to Fred's room and proceeded to get as high as possible on simple grass. It was very green stuff-- he grows his own and doesn't cure it or soak it in anything, and it's just as if it was freshly picked. Just like those Tetley tea commercials that show froggy little natives plucking tiny little tea leaves from those incredibly green plants on some hillside in Ceylon.

Parties followed, but I pooped out about one a.m. and headed back tp the room to catch Monty Python on the Midnight Special TV show. Also on was a Puerto Rican comic named Freddy Printze, who had me and Mark in stitches. "Even the birds are junkies-- they fall out of the trees and say, 'Tweet, tweet, sucker, gimme a quarter.'" Mark, by the way, was crashing with me and Penny, so we were both in bed watching the tube; Penny came in about two thirds of the way through, staggered

in and out of the bathroom, got into bed, and was out like a light. Apparently she'd been at some room party and fallen asleep while some guy called "Choo-Choo" was trying to make a pass at her. Call it a day.

Saturday morning the weather had miraculously reversed itself-- the sun was out. After breakfast, we once again ran into Fred, who with Sid and Bruce, were intending to go out to the pool soon. We stopped by Fred's room first and got toked up, then headed down to the pool. Penny had pulled a muscle getting out of the shower that morning, so she spent most of the poolside afternoon going "Ow, ow," and having her neck rubbed. There were also several men hanging around her, trying to get something going. Not too opportune a circumstance, I'd say.

She eventually went back to the room to rest, with lots of medicated goop smeared on her. The rest of us, having soaked in as much sun as we wanted, fell into the pool with great abandon. Sid, with his great rolls of lard, made a cannonball off the diving board, nearly emptying out the pool. Fred & I, leaving non-swimming Bruce by the side, dove more conventionally in from the deep end. We quickly decided it was too cold.

"Naw!" insisted Sid. "It's great."

"Too cold," said Fred.

"Let's move around a lot to keep up our circulation," I suggested. "How about a game of tag?"

Three grown men, out of shape physically and herballly distorted mentally, trying to play tag, trying to figure out some rules for the game that didn't result in degeneration into total chaos. We were already degenerated enough. Soon the smaller fans, children of the Miesels, the Offutts, and others, started getting into the act and eventually took it over. We decided it was time for another token anyway.

Sunday was more of the same, with the addition of a beach ball to focus our energies-- playing "Keep Away" and "Kill the Man with the Ball" alternately in random order. Fred and Sid tried their hands at sitting and/or standing on the ball in the middle of the pool, giving the rest of us great ammounts of chuckles as we watched them fall off again and again.

Other poolside activities included girl-watching (one of the life-guards was stunning), and observing Flesh-- the Jay Kay Klein of his generation-- conning the bikini-clad beauties (all both of them) into posing for him behind the bushes. And smoking. Fred is of the opinion that nobody notices your use of illegal substances if you act like it's all perfectly normal. We'd be sitting out there by the side of the pool, and Fred or Bruce would nonchalantly pull out a pipe, uncork it, light it, pass it around a few times, re-cork it, and calmly put it back in his pocket.

It was a very indolent couple of days. Sitting in the sun stoned all afternoon, swimming off and on, and eating as frequently as our stomachs would allow. Rapping with Brad Belfour ("a very intense young man")

about his publication The Jester, we discovered the existence of a good pizza place about a mile from the motel. It became our traditional (that is, two nights in a row) spot for a midnight snack... just right for those late-night Munchies. Good juke box, too.

The banquet Saturday night was a buffet-- also good for the Munchies. Tucker read from the Memory Book of the Worldcon 25 years ago, rousing a few ironic smiles from the audience.

It's odd, but I seemed to see more television at the con than I usually do at home. Getting high in Fred's room one night, we noticed "Flash Gordon" on the tube. SCIENCE FICTION! Only trouble was, at the end, this disintegrator beam hit Flash; he grimaced and passed out, and the words, "THE END" appeared on the screen. "Far out," we all said. "They killed Flash Gordon. Far out."

This was followed by Star Trek. SCIENCE FICTION! again. There was no resisting it.

That in turn was followed by some children's show, a sort of opera on the "Androcles and the Lion" theme. It was so bad. The first scene dealt with some guy wandering around with a basket of mushrooms. Looked pretty suspicious to us.

"I know," said Sid. "It's a distant relative of the Easter Bunny. He comes around with mushrooms for the good children on Psilocybin Eve, so they can all trip on Psilocybin Sunday."

"Yeah," said Fred, "and the bad children get bummed out."

Just then several more fans walked in. "What's this?" they asked, indicating the TV set. We had the sound off, trying to extrapolate the meaning from the action only.

"It's opera for the deaf."

They must have been pretty stoned, too, because they almost believed us until we gave it away. I can never keep a straight face for very long. Especially if I'm not straight myself.

Oh, yes, there were parties as well. Several of them. The phenomenon of Bidding Parties had returned, and Columbus, Kansas City, and New Orleans were all throwing parties in various parts of the motel. We wandered back and forth between them for quite awhile. At one point we observed Tucker reminiscing with Ted White about cons long past, in particular one at which Jean Bogart had been lusting after Tucker's bod all weekend long and finally ended up passed out in Ted's bathroom. Tres bizarre.

The ride back was much better than the ride out. We discussed the possibility of moving all of fandom into a small town, say Zanesville for instance. There'd be the Lunarians and Fenoclasts on the East Side, with LASFS on the West Side, and rumbles on the Main Street: "Eat hot lead, sercon dog!" There would also be a ghetto-- all the Trekkies

would live on the wrong side of the tracks. The town square would have a statue of Hugo Gernsbach, and the streets would have names like Willis Boulevard and Cosmic Circle. Our kids would go to John W. Campbell High School of Science. The only trouble is that the town politics would be left to people like Bruce Pelz and Brian Burley.

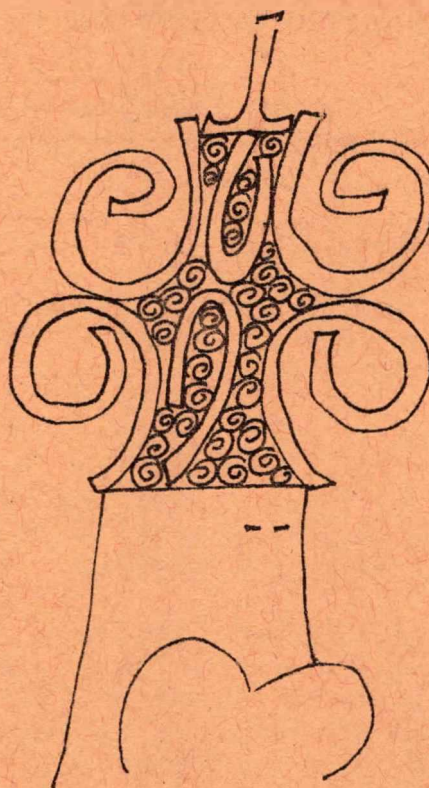
It was not altogether an unproductive weekend. I compared feet with Andy Offutt-- we both have prehensile toes; I cadged a copy of Columbia fandom's Last Shot from the Luttrells; I witnessed Tucker chugging from his Jim Beam bottle and exclaiming "Smooth!" as he finished; I discovered how to get to the roof of the motel; and I came back with a glorious tan, which my pallid roommate promptly declared "disgusting."

Such is life.

Such is fandom.

---"Jerry"

Biological laws, seen subtly, can make a girl proud. anAn.

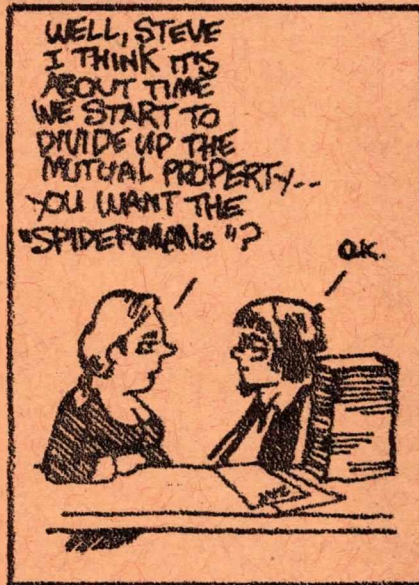


QUEEN OF MARS

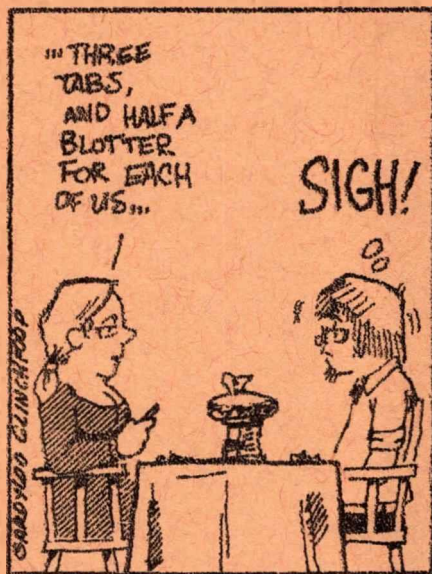
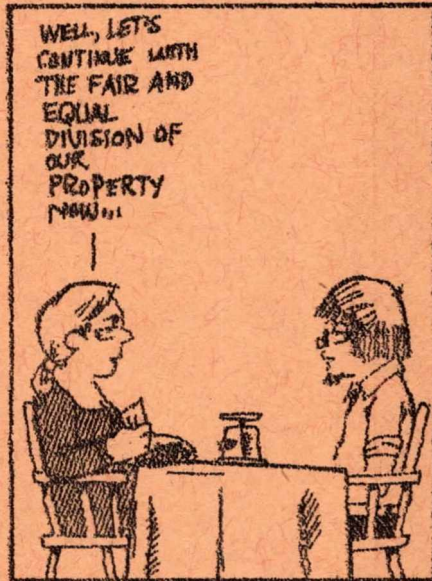
ROXANNE

My Doonesbury cartoons follow on the next four pages, with hopes and prayers that the electrostencilling holds up. Yes, I know I said there would be only two of them back in the *editorial*, but that was written in March. "Son of Flipper" actually happened at the Philcon.

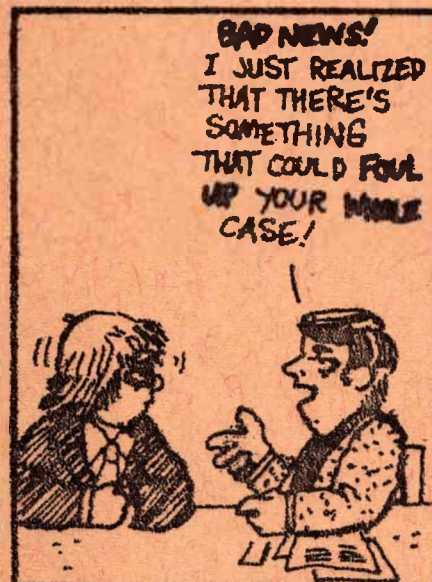
FANSBURY



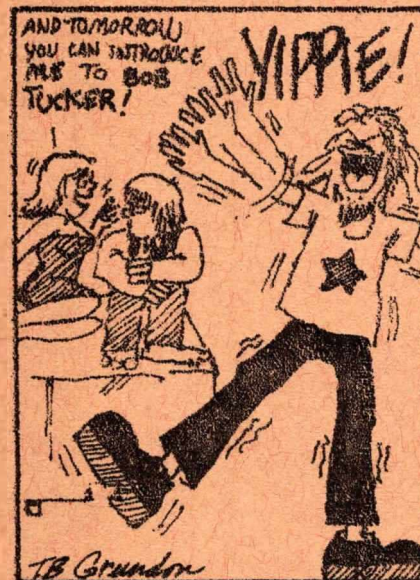
FEMMESBURY



FONGSBLONT



SON OF FLIPPER (life goes on at Disclave)





The Mailing Comments: FAPA 146

HORIZONS: Andy Porter dropped by my place some months ago with a poster advertising Dr. Wertham's book. What interested me about the poster was the fact that a large portion of it consisted of an enlargement of an illustration of mine that I had done for LOCUS a few years back. The illustration was by no means one of my favorites; if I rated my illos on a grade scale, I would've assigned it a C minus. Later I noticed that the same drawing had been reproduced in the book; the reduction from the original 8½" x 11" improved its appearance, but it remains one of my poorer efforts, and I am not very happy about it being circulated around in a large readership. Underneath the illustration is the note "Reprinted by permission of Charlie and Dena Brown," but, for the life of me, I can't recall either Charlie or Dena ever asking me anything about the matter. Which is why I'm wondering whether or not I should send them anymore artwork in the future. This has happened to me at other times; I'm always hearing about this and that cartoon being reprinted in some underground paper, and, most lately, a book about Woodstock. I don't usually mind free reprints, but what I would like is some choice in the matter and a contributor's copy. Has anybody noticed that I've taken to copyrighting most of my art?

THE AMBLESNYDE & TIDDLYCOVE GAZETTE: Reading about Gallina en Mole makes me sorry that there are no truly good Mexican restaurants in NY. I'm certain about that because none of the local food fanatics, and there are many of them, tell me they've found one. Maybe a good thing-- my waistline is perilously near the danger point.

NULL F: I seem to have misplaced this. #I first heard Dan Hicks in 1970, while visiting the Lupoffs in California. Unfortunately, I didn't have an opportunity to pick up his lp while I was there. It took me many weeks of searching before I could find a copy in Manhattan, and many strange stares from record dealers. Rich and Colleen seemed certain that I was putting them on; Dan Hicks & His Hot Licks, indeed. I got my copy at the Gramophone.

BLIND STARLING: My own camera experiences are pretty limited. Many years ago, in 10th or 11th fandom, I took a six month photography course. This was the era just before Warhol and pop art, but I guess the ideas were in the air because I decided that art had not explored those common, ordinary and boring objects of everyday life, such as doorknobs, cracks in sidewalks, and car hood ornaments. I was recently sorting these photographs, and, sure enough, they were common, ordinary and boring. My photography Waterloo came at the last Chicago Worldcon's masquerade ball; as the first pretty girl in feathers got on the stage, I snapped a shot only to have the flash bulb leap out and shatter at my feet. When the second pretty girl appeared, I focused on the tassels only to have the entire flash attachment jump out & on to the floor. And when the girl in the red & purple body paint walked past the judges, the shutter button fell off. I gave the poltergeist-ridden thing to the fan standing nearest me, and that was the end of my experiences with fancy, complicated cameras. Nowadays I just use shoeboxes with holes in them.

ALLEREI: As luck would have it, the very first pages I read in the eagerly awaited mailing happened to be Marion's resignation. Damn. I do hope, Marion, that you will make an occasional appearance in ALLEREI... Incidentally, the very first egoboo I recieved in fandom came from MZB, and was a sufficient dosage to keep me hooked on fanzine publishing for the next few years... For what that's worth...

COSMIC EDSEL: There was a minor rat invasion at 339 49th Street, my old apartment and Ross Chamberlin's present abode, when the spring rains flooded lower Bay Ridge's sewer system. I found three drowned beasties on different occasions and one of them was cat-sized. At the time I wasn't concerned about having my prozines chewed on...

Merlin F. Teed was practically a next door neighbor of mine up until May 15, when I moved from Brooklyn. That address would be about a block away from 507 82nd Street. I mulled'round some ideas on contacting him, or at least exchanging fanzines as a start, but as I was thinking of moving in the near future it hardly seemed worth the effort. Now I will never know Merlin F. Teed.

XENIUM: This is a particularly superb fanzine, and in my, well, rather stunted state of mind at present I am a veritable clinchpoop in dealing with it; there are planes overhead, McCartney on the stereo, little children skreeing and creebing, and your fanzine (and I must include your writing, Mike) has style. It is so rarely that I get to deal with a fanzine of style, man. This business about forgotten old Canadian fandom hits me "where I live," because I am often given to rambling on and on about NY contemporaries of the Clarkes and Boyd, long monotonous monologues, really --stuff about bhub Stewart, Leslie Gerber, Andy Main, etcetera. Everybody knows I'm making it all up, and I am, of course. (As you will recall, "Andy Main" is the fan who is supposed to look like you. Well, we made that part up, too.)

"Electrons are eaten every day."

Here's an abrupt break in the mailing comments. You may have noticed the word "clinchpoop" on the previous page. "Clinchpoop," now phasing out the ever popular "ferndock" in my daily useage, was picked from "Mrs. Byrne's Dictionary of Unusual, Obscure and Preposterous Words." Choice goodies include "misodockleidist" (one who hates to practice the piano), "cacophonophilist" (a lover of disagreeable sounds --anti R&R people take note), and "gardyloo" --which is, of course, the proper warning to shout when emptying the slops out the window. Seems like a great title for a fanzine review column. As a matter of fact, Frank Willimczyk used to publish a "Gardyloo." I bet Barry Smotroff, my newly acquired roommate, that I'd use one more of Mrs. Byrne's unusual, obscure and preposterous words in a mailing comment. Be warned.

Yes, I have a *roommate* now. It was either that or two cats, and two cats cannot share in the rent. Barry and I are sharing a reasonably spacious apartment in Queens, completely new turf for me. We get along quite well and are now used to our respective little idiosyncrasies --my yelling "Weehawken!" at odd moments during the night (yes, there's a story behind that, too tender for the telling), his stuffed twit collection. We now constitute *Fabulous Queens Fandom* (copyright 1974, Stiles & Smotroff). I moved from Brooklyn with mixed feelings; nostalgia strongly dominated by relief; in my last month at 507 82nd Street the local drunken teenage pricks chose the area under my bedroom for their midnight fistfights, shouting marathons, and saxophone duels. It was that rough. On my very last night they threw a great can of heaping garbage right through a plate glass window. And so we say "so long" to old Breukelen as it sinks majestically beneath the waves.

The above was written, pretty smugly, a few weeks ago. More recently, one Saturday morning, I woke up to find a stranger in my bedroom. Barry had gone to work an hour earlier. "Ha? Whuzzit?" I asked in my best 10 o'clock in the morning manner. The stranger informed me that somebody had tried to break into the apartment. While I was getting on my pants, he disappeared. Sure enough, the door lock had been pried open. Fortunately, nothing was missing except the mysterious stranger. I think he was Romanian. He had that shifty Romanian look about him that all Romanians have. There are a lot of Romanians around, and all they do is sit around collecting welfare in their embroidered peasant blouses, drinking Romanian beer and eating fried chicken Romanian style. Damn, I hate those Romanians. They should get on a big boat and go back to Romania!

Freelancing has gotten a bit better. In fact, I've been doing about all I can handle --which comes to about one page a month what with all that blasted intricate cross-hatching I used. Most recently published thing was entitled "Let's be Happy," in Denis Kitchen's "SNARF". Most recently sold item was about flying saucer paranoia, "We Are Watched!", for Denis Kitchen's "Comix International." Denis Kitchen is the only game in town, though, and Supreme Court stupidity still prevails.

Speaking of Frank Willimczyk, up there, I recently learned that he is somewhat isolated right now, recovering from a stroke. His current address is 14B Depot Street, Southwick, Massachusetts 01077. Since Southwick sounds to me to be about as isolated as Siberia, Frank would probably greatly appreciate getting current fanzines. He'd do the same for you...

FOOLSCAP#10: The difficult thing about having to comment on a fanzine that is a few months old is that one is obligated to reread it if one is to give the writer his due --to avoid xenobombulating, so to speak. In your case, John, this certainly isn't a chore, rather a pleasure. And I can reread it all in just an hour, just in time to catch "Torture Castle of Dr. Sadism" (with Lex Barker and Christopher Lee) on tv tonight. Wow.

No, seriously.... We've been out of touch for quite some time, I keep on hoping that you'll turn up on my doorstep one of these days. If all goes well, I should be in Falls Church in early September and perhaps you can show me some of the sights. But then there are these rumors that you've been thinking about moving back to San Francisco again. Sigh.

Your mention of "an experiment in yogurt and chopped vegetables" started me thinking that I'd like to talk to you on your ideas of good nutrition one of these days, as I'll bet you've given it some thought. I'm becoming more concerned with the notion, or the realization, that I haven't the foggiest idea of the value & effects (or lack of) of the stuff I'm putting into my body. The fact is, those old high school nutrition charts don't seem adequate or convincing anymore. I've just recently started to read some Adelle Davis books, and I picked up Dick Gregory's natural diet book with the view that if the book didn't prove useful, at least the odds were that it would be amusing. As I suspected, Gregory and Davis contradict each other on several points, like on the value of fasting, and who is to know who is in the right? Taking proper care of your body seems as complex as servicing an Atlas missile --while referring to an auto repair manual!

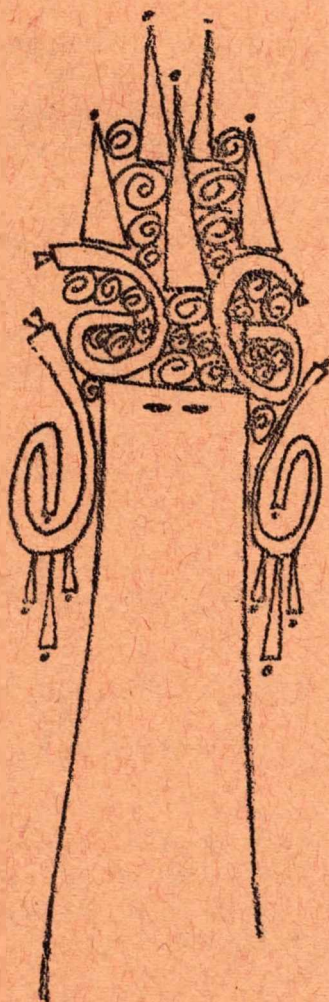
THE RAMBLING FAP: The juice and yeast breakfast is at least one of the things Davis and Gregory agree on, as long as the fruit is freshly squeezed. If I'm ever going to get into this thing, it looks like I'll have to acquire a blender, scrapper, strainer, juicer, chopper, shredder, grinder and grater. Whew!

Barry is quite pleased that his postcard inspired, or something, a genuine Burbee article. His sense of wonder glows in the dark.

HELEN'S FANTASIA: I was in Marlboro Books the other day and there was a cleancut youth holding forth (for all to hear) on the reality of the Flying Saucer People; it seems that are two basic types: God-like beings who first visited this planet 400,000 years ago, now in direct telepathic communication with a Select Few, and orc-like nogoodniks, the descendants of an advanced civilization mutated by atomic war. He had the appearance and mannerisms of a newly converted Jehovah's Witless. I'm sorry I hadn't met him earlier since I've already done two underground strips on The Truth About Flying Saucers.

If you're really interested in this stuff, check out Colin Wilson's study, "The Occult."

PERDUE: Attempted to get out of the accumulation business this April by selling my comics collection at a convention. Made about \$80. in the first hour, \$170. all told, and a third of my collection gone forever ... gad, the pain of it! A day later my mouth pushed the self-destruct button and I've had to spend a hundred on dental bills. Last week my dentist pronounced my mouth to be perfect in every way. Last weekend I came down with another toothache. This Monday the dentist died. What does it all mean, and what relation does it have to your fanzine? Pathos and confusion...



COURTESY OF VENUS - RATHER

PHILOSOPHICAL GAS: Sorry to see you drop out of the DUFF race, although you certainly had an excellent reason to do so (congratulations!). Maybe next time, hey?

H*E*L*L: Ah, religion. Just finished reading Gore Vidal's "Julien," a fictional look at early Christianity through the eyes of the last pagan emperor. Julian and his friends often boggle at Galilean religious intolerance insomuch as peaceful coexistence was the mode then. I was rather boggled myself, while thumbing through "Mein Kampf" yesterday (my going-away to the army present from Marland Frenzel), to find Hitler deploring the same bigotry! Wonder what would've happened had Julian lived to a ripe old age.

The idea of hell evidently came about in the second century, from the author of the Apocalypse of Peter, and was to reappear in the Apocalypse of Paul (fourth century). It was left to medieval minds to refine the version currently popular with the likes of Rev. Graham. It seems to be generally agreed that hell is more densely populated than heaven...

STAR TRAIL TO GLORY: Why do I always assume that a glass of wine, or some muggles, will help me cope with mailing comments? Right now I'm alternating pacing the floor with burying my head in my hands. Well. To work....

....

...um... Barry insists on playing singularly good records that I've never heard before. Very distracting. He has taught me the proper way to pronounce your last name, though.

Which "The Secret Apa," Seth? Last I heard, there were three. Actually, as long as there is a Bruce Pelz there will be no Secret Apa, and that's all there is to it.

ERG: In what issue of "Cinemagic" did your article & photo appear? I think that back date issues are available at

N.Y.'s Gotham Book Market (our version of City Lights). I'd like to pick up a copy, if only for your photo; my '68 trip to Buxton is now only a vague blur and I'm unable to recall whether or not I've met you. The article itself might be of some interest to FAPA.

I haven't yet read "Fans Across The Sea" in its entirety. Skimming produced some chuckles. The feel of it is so much so of 1957 (my own Golden Age of Fandom), that I want to set aside the report for a future idle hour of instant nostalgia.

Now that we have a captive Anglo in this apa: whatever is happening these days with British fandom of yesteryear? It seems incredible that ATOM is no longer churning out reams of cartoons--for this side of the ocean, at least. What of Ella Parker? If my damaged brain cells do not deceive me, I believe that the two of you weren't too tight together, but Ella was directly responsible for (quite literally) blasting me out of my introverted stage, as well as being my hostess years later. And what of Belfast fandom? Do the Willis', Berry, etcetera, spend their days dodging bullets in battlefield neighborhoods?

I was amazed & delighted to recently receive a copy of TRIODE, so I don't have to ask after Eric Bentcliffe. I'm not much on LoCs these days, I'll send a SKIFFLE in trade.

PATELLA: I was particularly upset when the trees in my old Brooklyn neighborhood, on 49th street and along 4th avenue, were cut down. The area was rather dismal, and gray, and rundown, but the trees, many of them stately in size and age, had to be cut down in order to --get this-- narrow the pedestrian sidewalks. The avenue had be widened for all the cars, you see. Growl. In order to demonstrate my higher, sophisticated political consciousness, I must make the mandatory observation that the authorities would've never been able to get away with that one in an area where the inhabitants spoke English.

A recent article in the TIMES disclosed that the new, higher postal rates are, in effect, for the benefit of 3rd class mail at the expense of 1st class mail.

Foop, Hank --some "direct comment and message" to me; a sneaky plug for Lesleigh's DUFF report! Well, I've written you telling you what you can do with that frontispiece, brother!

THE RAMBLING FAP: Don't quite know what to say, other than offering my sympathies. My mother unexpectedly passed away, from lung cancer, after my own marital breakup, so I've been there.

PHILISTINE QUARTERLY: Something in here gives me an idea for a fanzine cover: A frightened young woman fleeing through the woods. In the background, a menacing edifice --one window lit-- which looks remarkably like a sinister McDonald's stand (c).

DAMBALLA #25: Gallo's Burgundy and Hearty Burgundy are pretty much F'clast staples. Recently some..fiend..contributed some Gallo Rhine Wine to a gathering; "bouquet like an aborigine's armpit," as M. Python might say. Quite similar to Australian table wine, but then, California is a bit removed from the Rhine (and a good thing, too!).

DAMBALLA #26: As Terry Carr once said of SCA, "I keep thinking of teenagers dressed up in masquerade costumes, their voices cracking on lines like,

'I have a message for the Minister of the Interior.'" Actually, I think that SCA is a neat idea.

The "Guide to Employee Permanence Appraisal" was funny. Some people at a recent get together here cracked up over it.

NASTROND: See, medieval societies do have some worth.

RATAPLAN: Aside from Lee Hoffman's works, I am at a disadvantage; I am culturally deprived, I do not read westerns, I don't watch western cowboy epics. I have great difficulty in commenting on John's article. Moreover, some desperate individual ripped off my Bible. New Yorkers in movie theatre bathrooms don't swagger; some have an entirely different type of gait altogether. Some just fall right over.

Today I heard the news that Australians in Melbourne had given the shaft to Frank Sinatra. Oh, it's grand!

DISCON BLUES: Yes, quite a few ST fans were bouncing up and down with excitement at the Lunacon. Three different Trekkies told me that Roddenberry & Paramount had come to terms. This is like the annual movie rumors about LOTR and Stranger In A Strange Land. (Come to think of it, I recently ran into a Brooklyn fan, due for an inheritance, who told me he's going to buy the rights to Stranger. Better he should buy a brewery.)

I wondered at the lack of BJO art here, but after reading about your various activities...

ESDACYOS: Cover; how true. But then, I'm finding it increasingly difficult to produce Meaningful mailing comments these last few days. Must be the hot weather. Yes, that's it; it's the hot weather...

Dave Locke, meet Asenath Hammond.

I have had several long talks with Barry over the desirability of his doing mailing comments for SKIFFLE. He could even use his own name. After all, he is on the waiting list, and this would be a golden opportunity for him to get acquainted with y'all. But no, he just smiles and sits there as he turns out twenty pages of mailing comments for Minneape (which is the way things are done there).

--Steve Stiles

