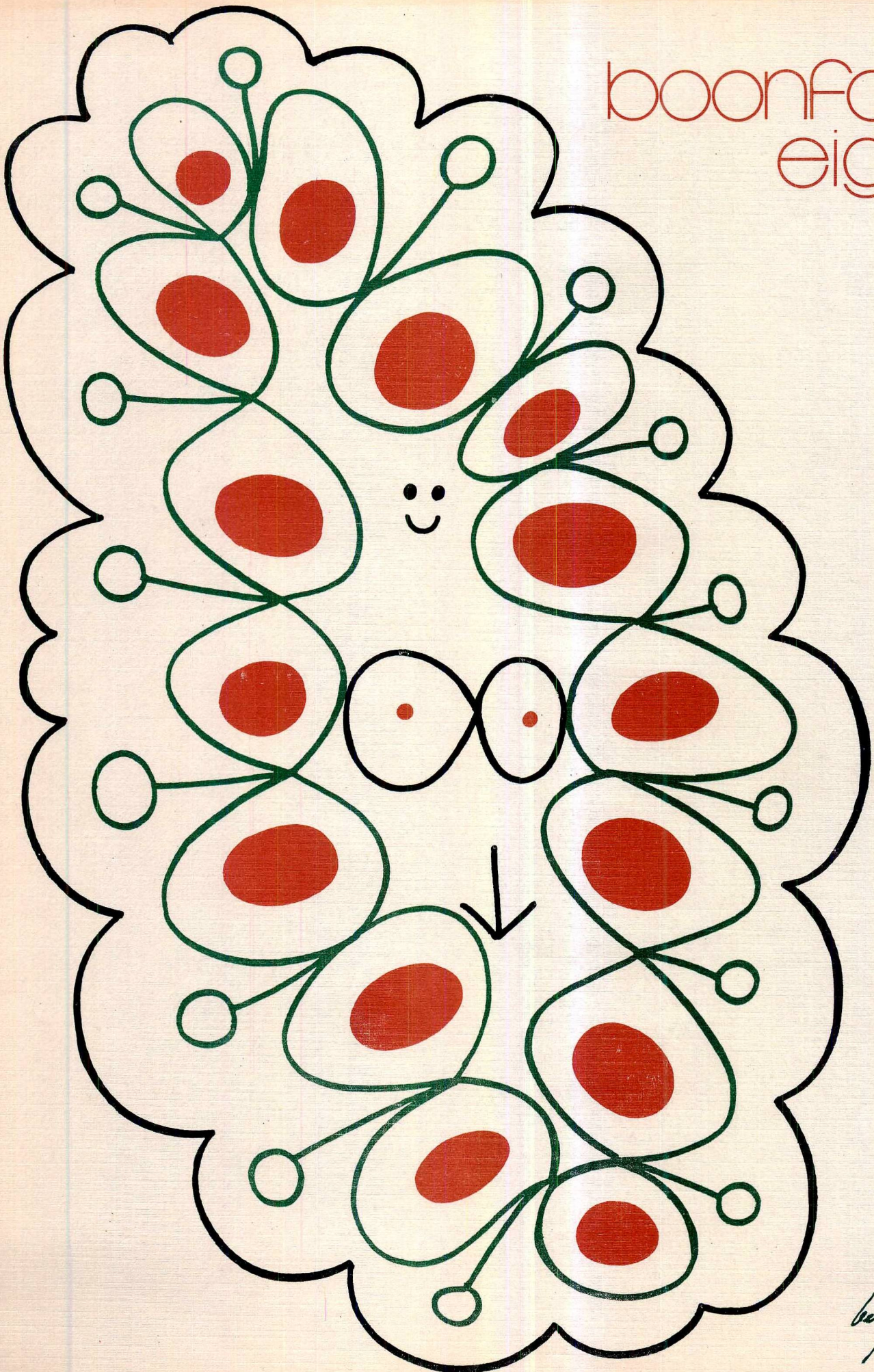


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ZEN VAUDEVILLE	
editorial -- dan steffan.....	2
THE CRACKED EYE	
column -- gary hubbard.....	4
THE TRUE STORY OF VOID	
article -- jim benford.....	12
YOUNGER IN NEW YORK	
article -- steve stiles.....	16
MINAC	
column -- ted white.....	24
TOTEI POLE	
column -- rich brown.....	34
THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR - comic	
willis, shaw & steffan.....	37
CADENCE AND CASCADE	
letters -- al phabette.....	41

ARTWORKS

jim barker.....	49
richard bergeron.....	cover
grant canfield.....	47
ed emsh.....	24
dave english.....	12
tom foster.....	back cover
alexis gilliland.....	46
jay kinney.....	44
ray nelson.....	4, 6, 7, 8, 9, 11
dave rike.....	33
bill rotsler.....	1, 34, 43
steve stiles.....	17, 19, 23
arthur thomson.....	2, 41

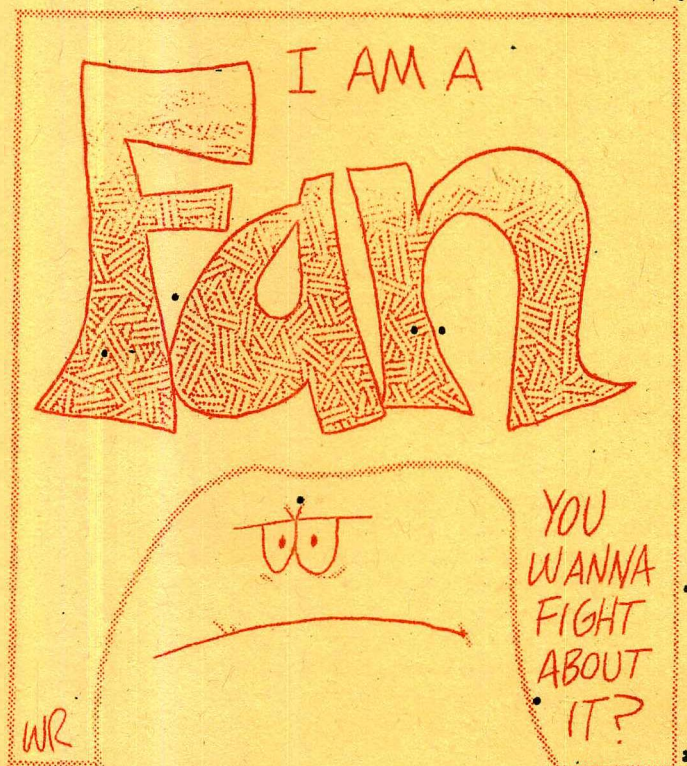
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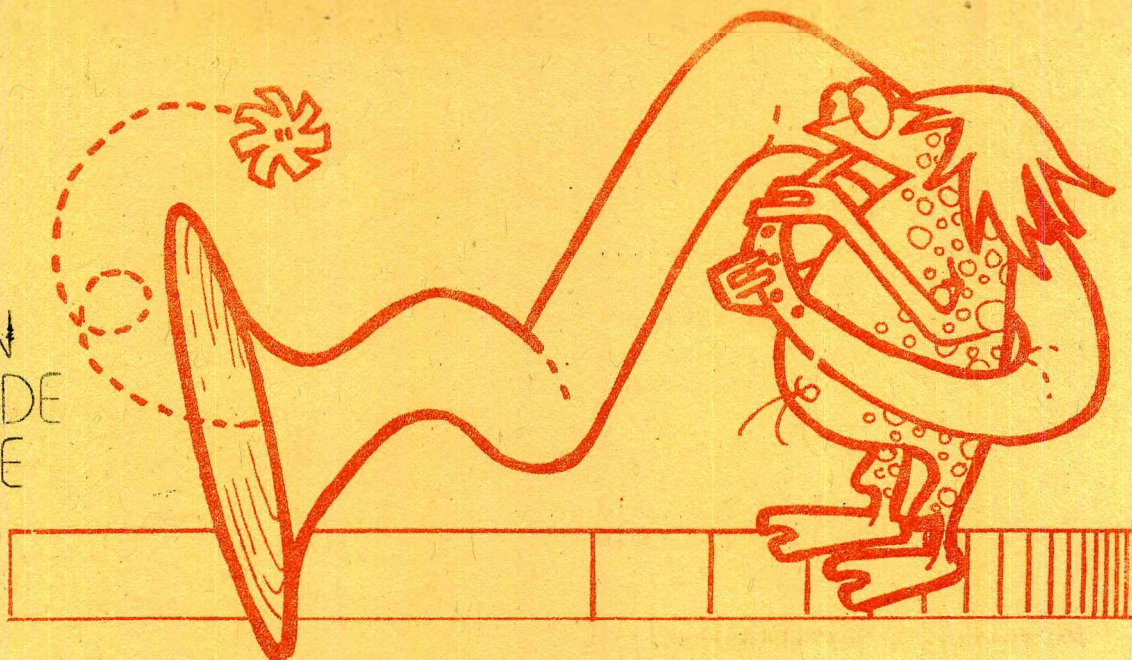
Accompanying this issue of BOONFARK
is the 1983 PONG POLL results and
Steve Stiles' SAM #15

BOONFARK
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eight

the fanzine of the
celery generation



ZEN
VAUDE
VILLE



GREETINGS FROM REAGANLAND: Well, here it is, spring in our nation's capital. The cherry blossoms are in bloom and the government is beginning to Riff. The FBI agents are coming out of their unmarked cars, ready to begin a summer of outdoor spying. The bums are moving off the heating grates and back into the parks where they belong. The police are begging for bullet proof vests for protection and Ol' Ronnie is building rockets for the same thing. Ahh, Washington D.C. is a town of many distractions.

Now, despite the fact that I've known about these powerful distractions for nearly 10 years, I was stupid enough to predict in the last issue of this fine, family magazine that I'd be seeing you all in December. Seems hard to believe, doesn't it? I appear to be an intelligent human being, and yet I had the nerve to think that I could put out another issue of BOONFARK in only 4 months. Jeez... I should be shot.

The only other alternative would be for all of you fine readers to overlook my stupidity, and, out of kindness, pretend it is still December. This won't be hard for those of you living in Denver, but for the rest of you I have a suggestion.

Simply go to the refridgerator (or whatever it is you call it in Britain) and remove a couple of large icecubes from the freezer. Then bring over a chair from the dinette set and place it directly in front of the open fridge. Sit down, place the icecubes in your armpits, and stick your stocking feet directly into the refridgerator (preferably on the top shelf). Then just settle back and enjoy this issue of BOONFARK.

Oh yeah, before I forget, MERRY CHRISTMAS! Ghod bless us, everyone...

"WHAT WE HAVE HERE IS A FAILURE TO COMMUNICATE." There seems to be a lot of anger in some parts of fandom these days. Groups of fans seem to be drawing up sides, as if for battle, creating a great deal of needless tension in the process.

And over what? Did somebody embezzle from the Worldcon? Was it over Hugo ballot stuffing? Did somebody kidnap Harry Warner, Jr? Or rape the TAFF candidate? Hell no! It's because one undefined group of fans got weirded out when another undefined group of fans acknowledged that there were good examples to be gotten from fannish history. Wow! Pretty fucking heavy, isn't it? Surely this is going to split fandom like a PENTHOUSE centerfold.

The first person to perceive the danger of these fanhistoricals was Brian Earl Brown. He called them "Sixth Fandom Fandom" and seemed to instinctively know that they were a danger to fandom. They were going to somehow change the rest of fanzine fandom forever. I think Brian must have felt a bit like the rug was being pulled out from underneath him. All "Sixth Fandom Fandom" had to do was publish a couple of traditional fanzines, and then, with all their great powers, they would bring fandom to its knees. Brian seemed sure of all this fannish fascism and felt it had to be stopped, and apparently volunteered to lead the fight.

The weapons in his fight would be scorn and outrage, which he would display at every opportunity. After all, who needs facts and proof when you have scorn and outrage.... Brian Earl Brown must have thought he was on to something -- he had figured "them" out. He knew that "they" were out there, and he knew that "they" knew he knew -- because, after all, he knew "they" were watching him. It would only be a matter of time before "they" would try to discredit him and his notions, so he went public with his theories. He wrote about

"Sixth Fandom Fandom" in his fanzine STICKY QUARTERS, and in numerous letter columns throughout fandom. He brandished his weapons in a display of strength, because he knew "they" were watching him. He managed to collect some believers along the way, too. Brian found that there were others who felt the same way he did -- once he explained it to them. (It also helped that "they" had yet to acknowledge their own existence. But that mustn't of mattered to Brian, he knew "they" were out there -- at least now he had a small crowd around him for protection.

I could be wrong, but I think Brian is a little paranoid.

Granted, I'm not the first to say this, but it is the way it all looked to me as I watched it happening. "Sixth Fandom Fandom" came as a total surprise to me, and I'm supposed to be one of its primary members! In reality I, like everybody else, was receiving these fanzines in the mail that constructed this powerful fan movement, put several of my friends and I in the middle of this powerful fan movement, and then condemned us. It was all very weird, and more than a little frustrating -- and I hold Brian Earl Brown responsible.

"Sixth Fandom Fandom" was always a figment of Brian's imagination -- brought to life by his own writings on the subject. As a result of this Brian has created the very climate of angst and tension he was supposedly fighting to prevent all along.

This creates quite a paradox for Brian, whether he realizes it now or not. He has gotten himself into a no-win situation; he is his own enemy. Sure, there have been some responses to Brian's accusations, by Ted and others, but not because "Sixth Fandom Fandom" has ever existed, but because their very real names had been connected to this fantasy group. As long as Brian pursues his crusade against "Sixth Fandom Fandom" he will never have a victory over it. Like the monster in some bad sci-fi movie, Brian's enemy feeds off of the energy he puts into fighting it. The more he whines and waves his arms in the air, the stronger his opponent becomes. If only Brian realized that this is one of those rare situations that would go away if he were to ignore it.

Unfortunately, that probably won't happen for some time. Brian has invested a lot of time into this campaign -- I published a letter last issue (originally dated June '82) from him on the subject, and he was already well into it by then -- and it, in turn, has given him a fair bit of fannish visibility

It started when "Sixth Fandom Fandom" became more active in 1979 and 1980 and their attitudes towards fanac, quite naturally, became more visible to fandom-at-large. (While their

attitudes and standards weren't necessarily new, they had become obscured by the apathy of the '70s, they were sufficiently different enough to create the feeling -- to the casual observer like Brian Earl Brown -- of a group effort or attitude.) This group attitude -- of timebinding, etc. -- really seemed to rub Brian the wrong way. I don't know why, but it apparently did. It could have been the reception that fanzines like WARHOON, TELOS, PONG, etc., were getting that bothered him. His fanzines never seemed to generate very much enthusiasm or visibility, maybe he thought that now, with these "Sixth Fandom Fandom" fanzines around he would be getting even less attention than he was presently.

Brian needed to increase his visibility, and that is, I think, one of the keys to this situation. I think that if you peel the top layer of anti-Sixth Fandomism off this situation, like you would an onion, that you'll find a second layer closer to the truth. That new layer is concerned with visibility -- Brian's visibility and "Sixth Fandom Fandom's" visibility.

"Sixth Fandom Fandom's" visibility must have, for some reason, pissed Brian off, and when it came time for Brian to decide about them and their attitudes and standards he obviously decided that all of this talk about standards had to stop. It had to be all that talk about standards and the way fans used to do things that made those fanzines successful, while Brian's smudged and inky little journals went nowhere. He obviously felt he was being told how to be a fan -- which wasn't the point at all. He never stopped to consider what those standards really meant to the contents of fanzines like TELOS and GAMBIT. Brian viewed these standards like they were subversive leaflets instead of what they are: common sense systems and ideas for putting out better fanzines. Like I said, he must be paranoid.

These systems and ideas are not edicts set in stone, just time-proven bits of information that make the overall task of producing a fanzine easier and more enjoyable. Nobody has ever made any god-like pronouncements about what or who to publish, other than to say that whatever you do publish had better be as good as you can make it -- otherwise, what's the goddamn point? Publishing a fanzine for the sake of publishing a fanzine wears thin real fast.

That's it, Brian. That's all it has ever been. So what's the big deal?

What should be important about doing a job -- and publishing a fanzine is often like a job -- is how well you do it, not the methodology you use. If you want to try making a point to fandom, there are other ways to go about it than yelling and bitching. Try publishing a better fanzine, Brian. Make your points by example -- they'll

THE CRACKED EYE

BY GARY HUBBARD



When I was but a mere lad my mother used to say to me, "Someday you'll fall in love and get married and have a family of your own... so change your underwear." In my mother's conception of the order of things, marriage was like getting caught in a burning building or having an automobile accident; it was one of those events you didn't want to show up in dirty underwear for.

But I didn't want to get married; I wanted to be an occult detective. Marriage was for Ozzie Nelson, not me. I was going to stay single all my life. I was going to be a young batchelor, a middle-aged batchelor, and -- inevitably -- an old batchelor. I foresaw myself living out my declining years at the Diogenes Club, or perhaps retiring to Sussex to keep bees.

But marriage? Me? I scorned the very idea.

Of course, that was when I was just a mere lad.

When I grew to a man's estate I became painfully aware that there were more things in life than just being an occult detective. Long-time followers of this column will recall that I had an intense -- but hapless -- interest in the opposite sex. I lusted in my heart if not anywhere else.

When I was about twenty-seven I fell in love with Cher. It was true love, too. Ah... those high cheek bones, those long slinky dresses, and that sultry voice; I could have had a real serious relationship with Cher. But I didn't want to get married, not even to Cher. What I really wanted to do was tie her up, cover her body with a paste made from marijuana resin and Aspergum, and lick it off.

There is safety in numbers, and in those days I was sharing an apartment with two other guys; one named Jack, the other Bob. We were all three of us single and determined to stay that way. We knew that no woman would let us do the things we liked to do without giving us grief for it. Women are very complicated creatures, and they don't like to see men having fun. Men, on the other hand, are

very simple creatures; or at least Jack, Bob, and I were. We liked getting drunk, getting stoned, and playing Risk until way in the morning. We also liked Godzilla movies and Pornography.

I should mention here that Jack and Bob were not fans. They had no conception of what fandom was or what it was good for; nor did they care. Jack was a trucker and an ex-biker. He stood about six-six, was as broad across as a door, and had shoulder-length hair and a frizzily beard that covered most of his chest. Bob was a Business Ed. major. He had an insufferably superior attitude toward everyone he met, and -- although he considered himself quite a ladies' man -- he was intensely devoted to his mother. And I... well... you know me, I had artsy literary pretensions.

But while they were not fans, Jack and Bob (and myself, by the way) were involved with the SCA, you know, the Society for Creative Anachronism? (The SCA, for those of you who have led pure lives and may not have heard about it, is an organization for Medieval romanticists. Its members dress up in period costumes, do a lot of artsy-craftsy things, and stage mock battles.)

Jack and Bob and I were not in any way what you'd call serious Medievalists, but we did like beating people up. So just about every weekend we'd put a case of Miller's in the back seat of Bob's car and run off to wherever the local SCA group was holding an event, this was usually a public park or somebody's farm. When we got there we'd have a few beers and smoke a few joints. Then, when we felt we were good and ready for it, we'd get into our makeshift armor, pick up our wooden swords, and wade into the fray, swinging like madmen and praying that we didn't break any bones -- at least I did. We didn't win many fights, but when we got back home we'd nurse our wounds with a few more joints, and claim we won every one.

There are some organizations that you love to hate, like your high school, or the Army, or the NSF; the SCA was one such organization. It attracted petty bureaucrats, compulsive organizers, and officious puritans in great numbers. They were as thick as flies around cow poop. They had all given themselves titles like Count So-and-so and Baron Such-and-such; they then expected people to kowtow to their every whim out of respect for their made-up status. Naturally, this sort of thing rankled my egalitarian spirit, and my two companions, both true libertines, also disapproved of it. These people were our natural enemies.

Violent confrontation was inevitable.

Once a year the SCA holds a big camp-out that draws medievalists from all over the country -- sort of like a Boy Scout Jamboree. This event is called The Pennsic War. That's because it takes place in Pennsylvania and usually causes a lot of ill feelings among the various regional groups. It was at one of these that our first clash with the SCA power structure occurred. We arrived at the campsite and set up our tent. Then, our work done, we popped open a few cans of beer. I put a tape of an old Ventures album in my cassette recorder and turned it up really loud.

We were thus innocently enjoying ourselves when this clown in a blond beard, blue tunic, black tights, and pointy-toed shoes approached us. He regarded our empties distainfully and said, "My lords, this campsite is a disgrace to the SCA... and that music is definitely un-Medieval! And..." he sniffed, "I might remind you that the King doesn't approve of alcohol. If you must drink, put your beer in a goblet and keep the cans out of sight."

Jack very quietly drained his can of beer and threw it at Blond-Beard. It

bounced off his nice blue tunic and spattered it a little with suds. Jack was a man of deeds, not words.

The expression on Blond-Beard's face seemed to imply that he couldn't believe that an ordinary person had spattered beer on his imperial chest. Bob and I laughed like crazy. Then we drained our own beers and threw them at Blond-Beard, too. He departed rapidly.

We expected repercussions, of course. We thought for sure that Blond-Beard would send over a delegation and have us bodily removed from the site, so for the rest of the day we greeted anyone approaching our campsite with a shower of empty beer cans.

Not Medieval, eh? I humbly submit that Jack, Bob, and I were the most authentically Medieval characters in the whole SCA.

From then on the three of us tried to be as obnoxious as we could to the ruling elite. Whenever there was an SCA event, people would know that we'd arrived when they heard me yell, "Hey, the King's a suck!" at the top of my voice. It's hard to say if we were having the kind of effect we wanted to have on the people we wanted to annoy, but we did get locked out of a couple of events. We came to see ourselves as dashing outlaws, but everyone else in the SCA thought we were jerks.

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The SCA was a fairly good place to get laid. At least I found it easier to get laid in SCA than in fandom or anywhere else. But I don't mean to imply that it was a simple thing to get laid in the SCA; the factors were complex. For one thing, most of the

women in SCA are very fat and wear glasses. You wouldn't even want to go to bed with any of them. But occasionally you might run into one who was more on the slender side. There she'd be, dressed in a long white gown, gliding through the crowd with a secret smile on her face and a faraway look in her eyes. The odds were that she was either a Spaced-out Hippie Chick or into witchcraft. Either way you could be certain of one thing -- she was a modern day Madame Bovary, hopelessly lost to Romance, and if you stroked her fantasy she just might stroke yours.

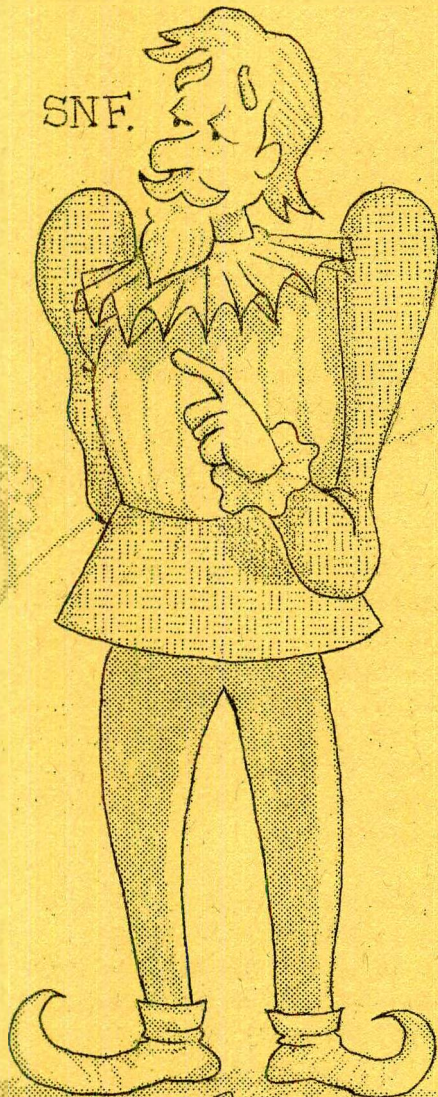
But you had to get to her before anyone else did.

Case in point: Jack and Bob and I were at yet another SCA event, this time, one that was indoors. We were standing around, looking tough and trying to intimidate everyone we could. Just then Ursula walked by. Ursula was everything I've mentioned in the paragraph above. And also, she had big friendly eyes like a puppy dog's, and big friendly breasts. Ursula had a reputation, too.

As she passed, she glanced in our direction and gave me what appeared to be a significant look with those big friendly eyes. So I turned to my two companions and said, "You guys wait here. Something's come up."

"I bet," grumbled Jack.

SNF.



Bob poked me in the ribs and said with a leer, "So fresh, so young, she'll keep you amused for weeks."

"Actually," I replied, "I'll settle for until noon tomorrow. See you guys later... or not."

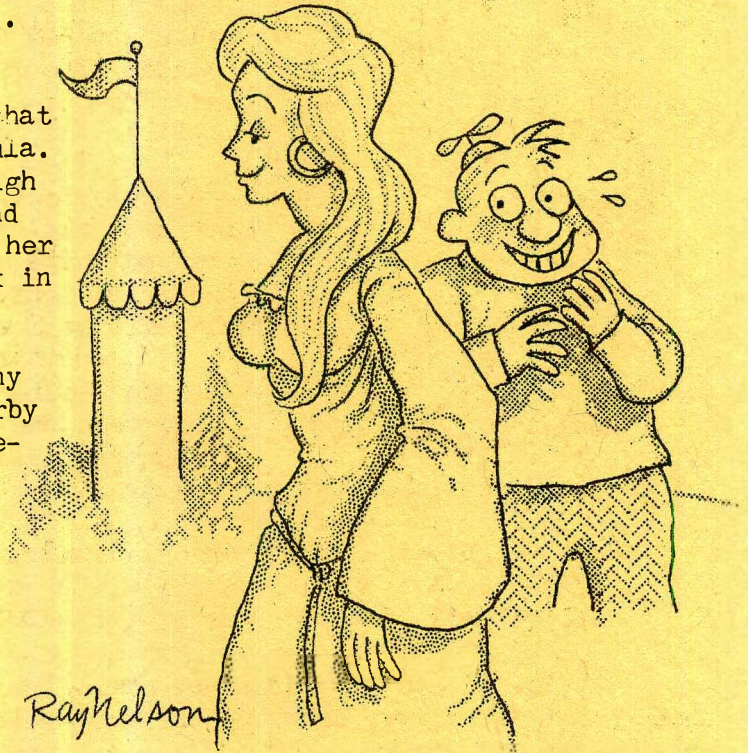
It was with an excess of confidence that I made my way through the crowd after Ursula. But Ursula had disappeared. I searched high and low for her, but she wasn't to be found anywhere. Finally, I caught a glimpse of her being escorted out the door by a tall jerk in white pantyhose.

"Typical!" I exclaimed, and slapped my side in exasperation. Several people nearby cowered away from me. I was pissed. I decided there was nothing for it now but to get stinking drunk, so I headed back to where I'd left my buddies.

Along the way I bumped into someone.

"Watch it," I growled.

"Sorry," she replied.



I found that I had bumped into a girl; a nice-looking girl but rather ordinary. That was how I met Bess, the woman I was going to marry. But of course, I didn't know that at the time. If this had been a movie or some cheap romantic novel, I suppose I would have heard violins playing or bells ringing and little pink hearts and birdies would have started swirling over our heads. But this was real life, after all. I grumbled something incoherent and continued on my way.

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For the sake of brevity I'm going to pass over the next eight years very quickly.

I finally caught up with Ursula, and we had a long and pointless affair. Then she became a militant feminist and that spoiled everything. We broke up, and the last I heard of her she had married the son of a wealthy Chinese businessman.

At the same time, I was getting to know Bess. I can't recall very clearly how it was that we became friends. I didn't even recall our first meeting until she reminded me of it. I guess I just kept bumping into her. Bess was no Ursula -- she wasn't even a Cher. But she was friendly, and I found her easy to talk to... although whenever we had a conversation she did most of the talking. She was a nice girl who worked in a health food store in Kalamazoo and modeled for art classes at the local university. I mentioned that I found that interesting because from what I could tell by looking at her with her clothes on, she didn't look like the kind of body great art was made from. She rather sternly replied that she modeled for art's sake; not for some cheap sex show. I said that that was too bad. She also juggled and told fortunes.

Bess had a deep -- at times, excessive -- love for all living things. She kept four cats, and her house was so full of plants it was like a jungle. She could



tell you the intimate details in the life of every bird that visited her garden. Even the most pusillanimous bug that crawled across the bathroom floor was a friend and confidant to her.

Into this illustrious company Bess welcomed me with open arms.

For my part, I couldn't exactly understand what it was she saw in me that made me an equal with the birds and the bugs. Here I was, at age 34, a balding alcoholic who had studiously cultivated the most negative aspects of his personality. I was rude, crude, hostile, and bellicose; sort of a poor man's Ted White. When you're a confirmed bachelor you can get away with stuff like that. You can become a monster of self-indulgence, and after a while you get to where you don't really care whether or not people like you.

So when someone does, you can't help but wonder why. I asked her once.

"You've got nice legs," was her reply.

Well (blush), I guess I do.

But in spite of my glamorous gams, Bess and I didn't get too involved with each other for a very long time. There were reasons for this. At first, there was Ursula, of course. But after that there was the fact that, while I lived in Detroit, Bess lived in Kalamazoo, and a distance of some 480 kilometers separates these two cities. Carrying on a romance over such a long distance -- especially at a time when the price of gas was rising to an unheard of extent -- was very difficult.

On the home front things were beginning to get difficult, too. Jack and Bob and I had pretty much tired of the SCA by then, and were beginning to tire of each other. We all knew that a three-way split was in the cards for us.

Bob was the first to go. He'd found himself a job with a firm that sold weapons to Third World countries. The money was good, and he got to travel to places like Turkey, Saudi Arabia, and Kansas City. Since this involved a lot of commuting, he moved out and got an apartment closer to his work.

Meanwhile, Jack took up with two homely girls. Every Friday evening at dusk they would show up at our door, park their luggage on the living room floor, and disappear into Jack's bedroom, from which neither they nor Jack would emerge again until Sunday evening. So I was left to myself. It was either watch old movies on the TV or visit Bess; naturally I chose the latter. But the constant driving back and forth between Detroit and Kalamazoo gradually became a great strain on my system.

"So why don't you just move to Kalamazoo?" Bess suggested.

"Well, that's a thought," I agreed. "But I'd have to find a job and a place to stay."

Of course, I was hinting that I might stay with her, but Bess said, "I know a couple, Terry and Anita, who are renting a house and need a third person to meet their rent. I'm sure you'd like them."

(Shit!)

"I'll think about it," I said.

And it took quite a bit of thinking, too. Oh, I'd made my mind up to move, all right. I could see the handwriting on the wall. There was no future in living with Jack and his menage. But I wasn't so sure Kalamazoo was the place I wanted to move to. I was a hard-bitten Big City boy, after all. I'd grown up in the gritty streets of Detroit. City life is rough, but it appeals to me. There's more access to vice in a Big City. Kalamazoo, on the other hand, was a rustic backwater with a funny name. And while Detroit has 16 pornographic movie houses, Kalamazoo has only one -- and no topless bars! How could I be happy in a place like that?

But there didn't appear to be any better options, so I moved to Kalamazoo.

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Some people will believe anything, and they all happen to be Bess' friends.

Terry and Anita were a couple of flower children left over from the Revolution. The trouble was, they'd thought they'd won. In the face of Reaganomics, disco, and designer jeans, they thought it was still 1968. Their home was decorated in early Haight-Ashbury with candles and incense all over the place.

In the true hippie tradition, Terry disdained work. He made his living dealing dope. And it was pretty good dope, by the way. A few years back Terry had been walking along the beach near Miami (communing with Nature or something like that) when he came across a bale of marijuana that had somehow washed ashore. Terry had been living off that bale ever since. He didn't smoke himself, though.

In spite of the dope, Terry was a big dink and living with him promised to be no big thrill. He had a huge pile of frizzily blond hair on his head that made him look like a white Rasta. He ranted endlessly about vibes and gurus and ufo's and magic. About the only thing I liked about him was that he had a copy of LEATHER NUN comix. I decided it would be best if I stayed in my room and avoided Terry as much as possible.

My room was a partitioned off area in the basement of Terry's house. Pretty primitive accommodations compared to what I was used to, but it gave me an acceptable amount of privacy. However, as soon as it became practical, I was going to move.

Anita, Terry's wife, was pregnant, and it wasn't long after I moved in that she had her baby. Being hippies, T and A didn't believe in having babies in hospitals, and they wouldn't have been able to afford it, anyway. So Anita had it in the bathroom. Terry delivered it. The happy event occurred at three in the morning, and I was down in my room, asleep, and missed it. I didn't find out about it until later when Terry showed me the new life-form (a girl, by the way), some blood-stained snap shots he'd taken of Anita and the baby, and the after-birth. This he had wrapped in plastic and stashed in the freezer. I didn't know what Terry had in mind to do with the afterbirth, and I didn't ask, but I had heard somewhere that these counter-



culture types eat them. So I resolved to have my meals out for a while.

About a week later Bess came over to see the new baby. While she was cooing over the little morphidite, I decided to sneak down to my room and have a J. So I excused myself and headed for the basement. The basement stairway was one of those L-shaped affairs that went down a few steps to a landing where the back door was, and then down a few more steps to the basement. In older houses, like Terry's, these steps are very narrow and steep, and if someone were to leave something on one of the steps, and if (on the way to your room to cop a J) you were to trip over that something in the dark, you could get hurt. Well, unbeknownst to me, Terry had left a car battery on the second step up from the landing. I tripped over it and sort of bounded through the air and hit the brass handle of the back door right between my eyes.

"Oh, shit!" I exclaimed, and clapped my hand up against my forehead to keep my brains from falling out. I staggered back up the stairs.

When I got to the top I took my hand away from my forehead. Sure enough, I was bleeding. There was a big gash down the middle of my brow. At that moment Bess, along with T and A, came running to see what had happened.

"I just bumped my head," I explained. "I'm alright," I said, trying to hide the gash in my forehead. I was afraid Bess would make a big deal of it, and I wouldn't get my joint.

But Bess insisted on examining my wound, so I let her look. "It's nothing, really. Just a bump," I said.

Bess made a cold compress for my forehead and handed it to me. "Here," she said. "We're going to the hospital."

"I'm okay... really!" I bleated. "All I need is a joint, and I'll be as good as new."

But Bess refused to relent, so off we went to the hospital where they put five stitches in me. It was all very embarrassing. I feel uncomfortable when people make a fuss over me. All my life I've been having violent confrontations with the inanimate world, and I prefer to take the occasional gashed forehead in stride.

After they got done sewing me up Bess informed me that she was taking me back to her place to spend the night.

"Howcum?" I asked.

"You might have a concussion," she replied. "I want to keep an eye on you in case you start to display any strange changes in your behavior that would indicate brain damage."

"Well, if I spend the night at your place, I can guarantee that you'll see some strange changes in my behavior." I told her.

"Uh huh, I suppose that's just a chance I'll have to take." She said it with a smile.

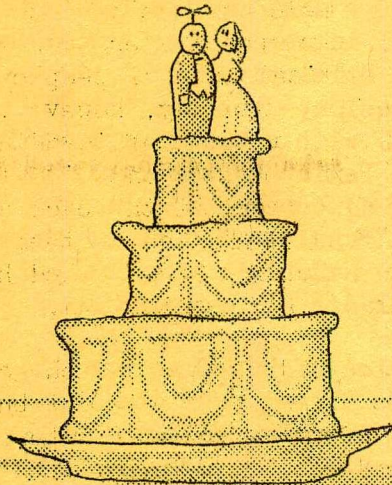
So I spent that night at her house, and the next, and the next, and so on. After about a month or so I was pretty much moved in. It wasn't altogether easy

living with Bess; especially for a guy like me who's used to getting his own way all the time. There were occasions when our friendship was stretched almost to the breaking point. Then one morning the confirmed batchelor woke up and found himself married. What a great loss to the Diogenes Club!

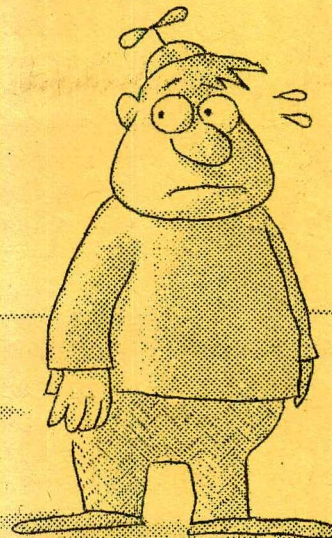
Don't ask me why or how it happened. It certainly wasn't a conscious or rational decision on my part. Marriage just sort of crept up on me -- kind of like underwear. Of course, Bess likes to point out that the whole matrimonial chain of events started with a bump on the head.

You know, to this day, I don't think I've been able to convince her that I don't have brain damage.

-- Gary Hubbard



Ray Nelson



"In England they have a new virility pill that works so well that if you don't swallow it quickly you get a stiff neck." --Clement Freud

"Oh, and I met Fredric Brown once. At Ackerman's house on Sherbourne Drive. That was where Ackerman's garages for storage of books and mags were laid end to end. Now he has them stacked on top of one another in the Hollywood Hills.

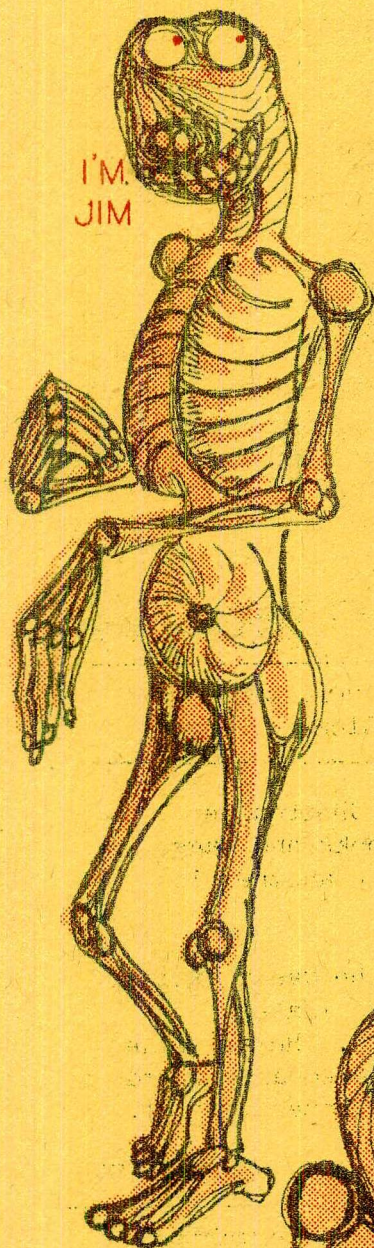
Someone introduced Brown to Isabel, my then-wife, and said he was a writer. immediately upon viewing her, Fredric asked her for a fuck. Isabel countered by introducing him to me, a non sequitur all right. He asked me if I minded his asking my wife for a fuck. I gave the expected answer, to the effect that who wanted to be married to a woman nobody wanted to fuck.

End of Fredric Brown reminiscence." -- Charles Burbee, AWRY #9, Aug.1975

"If you would not be forgotten as soon as you are dead, either write things worth reading or do things worth writing." -- Benjamin Franklin

RECOMMENDED PUBLICATIONS: (Fanhistorical category) THE BEST OF SUSAN WOOD - from Jerry Kaufman (4326 Winslow Pl. N., Seattle, WA 98103) \$2.00 ea. :: WHEN YNGVI WAS A LOUSE - from Eric Bentcliffe (17 Riverside Crescent, Holmes Chapel, Cheshire, CW4 7NR, ENGLAND) no price. :: FANHISTORICA - from Joe D Siclari (4599 NW 5th Ave. Boca Raton, FL 33431) \$1.50 ea. Try these for a wide range of fannish background.

JIM BENFORD

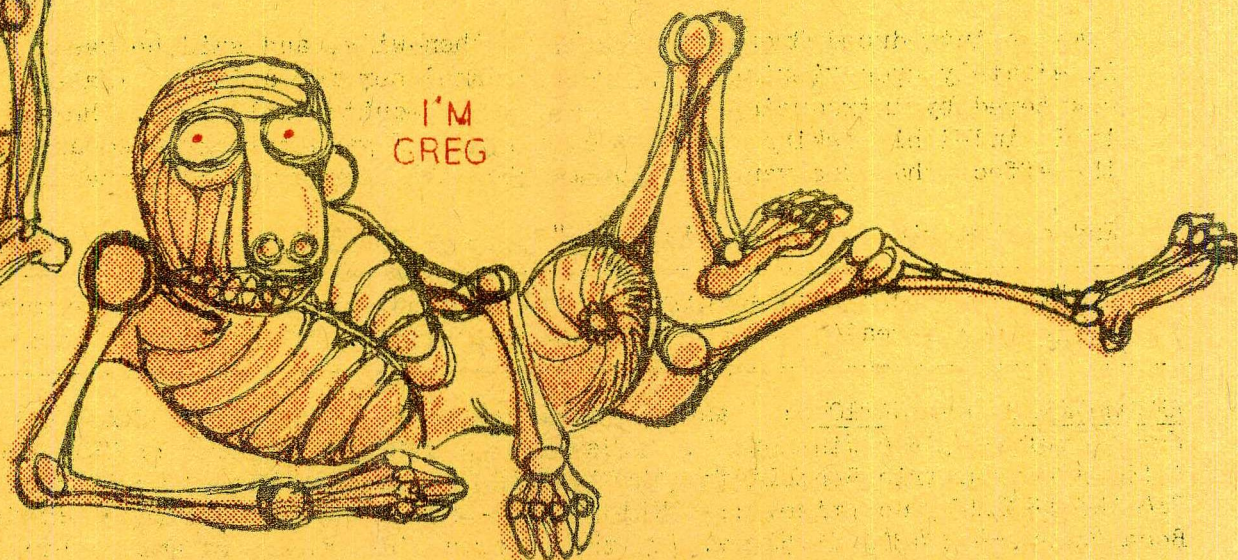


Shortly after reading Greg's article on the transition from the old VOID he and I produced to the NY style VOID ((in BOONFARK 4 --djs)) I came upon my collection of the early issues. I had not seen them for some time nor thought about those days of almost 30 years ago. The evolution from #1 to #13 is truly astonishing.

We had started reading SF in 1952, shortly after returning from Japan. Our father was an Army officer and we had spent 3 years in desolate, post-war Japan. We were in Atlanta after that for 2 years, and then Germany for 3 years. Those periods of isolation from mainstream American culture made us develop our own resources. Our natural introspectiveness was reinforced by the absence of a critical mass of people of an "intellectual" persuasion. One day, however, we spied a copy of IMAGINATION with a cover of invading saucers, (illustrating "Don't Panic" by someone I've forgotten) and we bought it and discovered at the back a listing of something called "fanzines." One of them was published locally by Ian MacCauley. Greg called him and he told us about the Atlanta SF Organization.

Greg took a series of buses across the city to attend a meeting. He stayed past the last bus and had to take a taxi home, bringing tales of interesting people and strange customs. I attended with him the next time and we bought a copy of Moskowitz's book Immortal Storm, which ASFO had published. It provided a sometimes impenetrable background on fandom for us as we traveled to Germany in the winter of 1954-55.

By the time we arrived we'd decided to publish our own fanzine. We ordered a hectograph from Sears-Roebuck. (We were later to learn that hectography is capable of making very finite numbers of copies. We bought a flat-bed mimeo off the German market for the second issue. Later, when we returned to the U.S. we got a modern ABDick mimeo.) And began work on VOID #1.



We hectographed in a spare room at the top of the enormous house my father's rank gained us. It had been confiscated from a Nazi family at the end of the war. It was three stories high, the top floor used for the hecto and the maid's room. We had two large rooms, one for sleeping, the other for working. The garden was enclosed by a stone fence with sharp spikes and glass embedded in the top. We lived several miles from any other Americans and thus spent most of our day (when not going to school) isolated with no companions. It seems lonely in retrospect, but didn't at the time.

We mailed out the first issue to addresses we'd gotten from Ian MacCauley. Very little response was forthcoming. Of that first issue little should be said; it was primitive and naive. Consider that we had just turned 14, had read very few fanzines and had never written extensively, (Although Greg was already trying his hand at short stories.) and you'll understand why.

The first few issues were written almost entirely by us and were composed of reviews and comments on things in other fanzines. The illustrations were done entirely by me. (They aren't as bad as I'd remembered them being, either.) Ted White has seen fit to criticize my layouts, and indeed he has a better graphic style and far better execution, but I learned a lot from working with the German lettering guides, stencils, and drafting board. The experience was useful in technical drawings I later did.

Although we'd all like to live down our pasts, a special place should be reserved for an article by Greg in the second issue, called "In Defense of Captain Video," although, in toto, he found more fault than virtue in that low-budget kiddie show.

As we gained experience we were lucky enough to get letters and articles from both British (Ron Bennett, Archie Mercer, Walt Willis, Eric Bentcliffe, and a series from John Berry) and American fans (Terry Carr, Dick Ellington, Dick Geis, and Joe Gibson). We also attracted Continentals (Julian Parr, and Lars Helander) and British artists, like Art Thomson, Eddie Jones, and Terry Jeeves. We published a lot of Berry's Goon Defective Agency humor, and it was always profusely illustrated by Atom.

There was a warm feeling to the fandom of those days that doesn't seem to happen in quite the same way now. The letter column contained some strife, for sure (especially the "Gerfandom" fights about homegrown vs. imported SF, turf

The True Story of VOID

THE INCOMPLEAT TOWNER HALL PART FOUR

battles, etc. All of which were very well summarized in Greg's "Deutsch Derogation" in VOID #6). But there were many correspondents, Dick Ellington and Boyd Raeburn especially, who added a light touch which eventually came to dominate the tone of later issues. We took our bi-monthly schedule seriously -- six issues appeared in the fanzine's first ten months!

By the sixth issue we had turned from a European (primarily German) fandom orientation toward an international approach based on fannish Stateside models. From that point on the list of contributors expanded rapidly. And my writing began to appear less and less in VOID -- although it seemed to me that we remained equal contributors in terms of work.

In our isolated environment, the influence of fandom on us was great. Once we were going to a movie on a double date -- our parents would drive us to the Post theatre -- and stopped at our father's office to pick up the mail. We'd recieved an issue of PSYCHOYIC and, in our fannish haste to scan the issue, totally ignored our dates after opening the envelope. Glancing through that PSYCHOTIC we came upon the illo based on Ellison's "the mad dogs have kneed us in the groin" quote which showed a fan making a last stand in the fan wars, a la Custer. The caption read: "Harlan -- the mad dogs -- !" We burst into laughter. The girls didn't understand it nor appreciate our inattention. The rare communication which caught our fancy so well in that dark Germany.... Ah, you had to be there.

We might still be fanning away if we were still stuck in the occupation forces in Germany, but in 1957 our father was reassigned to Dallas. While we were crossing the Atlantic on the U.S.S. America the Russians launched Sputnik. Our world began to change. Going to high school those cold Dallas mornings, wearing our leather "insurgent" jackets brought from Germany, the world seemed earnest. School was more of a preparation, a training ground with adulthood just ahead. The pull of these realities and the diffusing and distracting effect of American culture -- from which we'd been insulated for so long (6 out of the last 8 years, counting Japan) -- was eventually to lead to the end of our fannish publishing careers. And more quickly than we would have imagined, too.

In fact, VOID only lasted three more issues in our hands. For some reason, we did not date those issues, but I remember them as extending from Spring 1958 to Summer 1959. The final issue had several portentous notes: it contained what was probably Kent Moomaw's final column describing the Souwestercon, an excellent short con report. The title of his column was written in broken glass, it reminds me of Moomaw's fate, which followed shortly thereafter. The cover of #13 had a George Metzger cartoon of sleeping Dallas fandom, with only Greg and myself awake. He is reading a sports car magazine and I am assembling some electronic marvel. Between us sits a sleeping Tom Reamy, who was to burst forth as a writer more than a decade later. The hardcore trufan iconoclast outlook runs all through our last issues of VOID. Dallas fandom was treated as "dullards." How could we have such clear-cut opinions about fans when we had been isolated for three years in Germany? We had seen "Gerfans" and a few people, like Ron Bennett and Boyd Raeburn, had come to see us, but we were totally unprepared for a typical mid-American fan club. (The first editorial written in Dallas was a shocked description of suburbia, a phenomenon we hadn't encountered before.)

What appalled me about the Dallas fans, and continues to appall to this day, is the striking contrast between the "fans are slans" legend and the so very limited reality. The former held -- never very seriously, but with some glimmer of hope -- that fans were uniquely able to be prepared for the future and represented in their forward-looking vision the qualities that must come with the new age. The reality, of course, is that most fans are misfits in the real world.

With large numbers of fans I sense an inability to adapt to the world (which is, I think, the only real measure of intelligence). They seem to hide behind their fantasies.

It's this sort of feeling that formed those later issues of VOID. When we went to a Dallas fan meeting we'd look at each other and think, "Surely these are not our people?" However, I'd have to say that people I see at conventions today appall me much more than the Dallas fans did. The overwhelming fantasy/costume orientation of so many convention attendees is much worse, avoidance of reality, not future-orientation, seems to drive many of these fans. Now that SF is the major genre, with fantasy its more lucrative cousin, we see this more clearly. It has always seemed to me that science fiction at its simplest represents just an interest in the future, something most people don't think about. (I remember when my father told me in 1956 that space satellites might someday exist, but a moon landing would probably never happen.) The nerve it takes to pursue speculation to its logical conclusion, to perceive a future without illusion, and all those other fine qualities of science fiction are disciplines too stern for many I see today.

Anyway, rejection of the tome of Dallas fandom stayed with me. I've always distanced myself from fans in part because of my reaction to the Stateside fandom we found in the late 50s. It's a bit of an obstacle for me now -- although I still consider fandom to be "family" in some way, I also feel separate from it.

Greg has explained what happened after the 13th issue: the suicide of Kent Moomaw, our increasing orientation toward college, and the transfer of VOID production to Ted White. I marveled at the efforts of the NY contingent and enjoyed the editorials that Greg was writing from college, but without publishing duties I drifted away from VOID.

Upon graduation we moved to California for graduate school and there we encountered fandom in a social way that we hadn't experienced before. Fans were our basic contact with people in our first years in California, and we met many people who have become lasting friends (such as the late Alva Rogers).

These days I do applied physics research in the Bay Area, live a comfortable life with my wife Hilary (co-author of THIESCAPE), and collect cacti and succulents. But my fannish activities have been few since VOID: two articles in Robert Lichtman's FRAP and continuing participation in a small private APA. But I still attend an occasional convention and see several fans socially -- though a good number of them are SF writers now.

I enjoy remembering those years in that large German house, maintaining a paper contact with like minds thousands of miles away. Fandom was a lifeline to two young fellows just forming their ideas about the world and striking out on their own. I think the early VOID was essential to our development, and a lot of fun besides. Greg says he always wanted to be a writer, but had a parallel interest in science. I was always more deeply interested in science and technology and never much in writing (although these days I write more wordage than some novelists).

Greg and I have gone our separate ways since the VOID days, but though those yesterdays are all gone, their influence stays with us.

--Jim Benford

"Things are more like they are now than they ever were before." Dwight Eisenhower

You may not have to be old to be a dirty old man. But when writing yet another BOONFARK article of time-binding reminiscence, it helps. Yep, this is it. Dan has occasionally suggested I write one of these articles, but up until now I've been reluctant to dust off any yesterdays that go back further than last week's Funny Anecdote. I mean, he's talking about New York fandom in the early Sixties, he's talking old stuff, and I start feeling uneasy ("What do you mean, the Sixties are dead?!"). So I rush down to a secret reinforced box, deep in my basement, twirl the many combination locks, and remove that certain brittle wax stencil from its fire-proof envelope-- it hasn't yellowed with age, but it has turned sky-blue -- and, yes, the self portrait carefully etched with a #2 stylus has changed again. (Oh, surely those are just smile lines!) A few deft applications of corflu changes all that.

I hate wheeling out old memories. I'm not one of those people with encyclopedic, or even concise, recall. I failed to take notes way back then -- I was pissed that I had missed the true Golden Age of New York fandom (the Nunnery period) -- and as the years have zipped by I can't be sure of all those memories. I just seem to remember always feeling horny. As the years have gone on I have probably engaged in a little editing and embellishment when it would help to make a good story better; what good is the past if you can't change it? I've come to accept and cherish those scant, faded memories. The problem is, here we have Ted White, who can probably -- and eagerly -- tell you that Ray Charles' "Georgia On My Mind" was played at a VOID Boys party on November 11, 1961. I can't remember any of that, but I know that someone told a joke about mimeo ink and horse manure... Or was that in 1963?

Here's a recent example of the problem: Lin Carter's Bunny Rabbit (Anecdote #437). For a little background, I'll mention that at one time in the early Sixties, Fanoclast meetings were held at Lin Carter's apartment in the Bronx. Meetings waxed thick and thin, but the hardcore attendees consisted of Frank Willimczyk, Dave Van Arnam, the Wolheims, the Lupoffs, Lin and his then-current "Poopsie," a woman who liked stuffing animals, John Boardman, the teenaged Steve Stiles, and Ted White. (I only have general memories of that scene; I can remember the leer-ing devil's face painted on the door and I can remember Lin incessantly baiting John Boardman about the dangers of the Yellow Peril: "Hordes of those vicious, slant-eyed devils...." And I can still see John frothing, in my mind's eye. I remember Lin solemnly lecturing me on sure-fire methods of impressing women; it had to do with the cool way one lit and smoked a cigarette, the wrist just so. It never worked.

Back to #437. My wife Elaine and I were at a party at Ted's place this past January. A couple of hours into the party I noticed that the room seemed to swirl

YOUNGER
IN
NEW YORK
BY
STEVE STILES

around and I began to think about rubber ducks with batons, the future of shoes -- with little propellers! -- and the Fanoclasts.

"Ah yes, rubber ducks," I said. "That reminds me of a funny story about this rabbit Lin Carter had...."

"What about it, Steve?" Dan and Ted eagerly chorused, for they had forgotten



that I had told this selfsame story back in June -- so popular are these little stories of mine, always sure to enliven any dull party where trufannish hearts like Ted's and Dan's pump on and on to the edge of that yawning black pit; Final Oblivion. "Please, please tell us," they begged.

"Well-p, uh, if you insist," I said. "Gather 'round everybody! It seems there was this guy named Lin Carter, and he lived in New York. And, uh, later he became a famous Sci-Fi writer, and, um, he had this... this (Oh yeah, now I re-

member!) this rabbit, and, uh, the damned thing was really vicious. Just pure mean, and... uh...."

"Wait a second, Steve," Ted interrupted. "I remember that rabbit; it wasn't mean at all."

"Sure it was mean. It seemed mean," I said.

"No it wasn't, it was just this little ball of mindless fluff, that was all there was to it."

"Well, anyway..." I continued. "Everytime I had to use the toilet over there, this damn thing would come shuffling out of the shadows behind the bowl. That's where its food dish was, and I guess it thought I was after its food, so it would start growling at me...."

"Rabbits can't growl, Steve," said Ted.

"Sure rabbits can growl," I said. "It seemed to growl..." I inflated my cheeks

and produced a convincing imitation: "Urf, urf! URF!"

"Oh come on, Steve."

"Yeah, well, it was making these threatening noises, and there I was, helplessly urinating, and the damned thing would start chewing on my shoe tips with its great long fangs..."

"Rabbits don't have fangs, Steve," said Dan.

"You're putting us on," said Ted.

"No, it's all true; it would nibble on my shoes with its incisors, okay?! But the worst moment would come when it would stand up on its hind legs, until it was "eye" level with my p-p-puh-puh...."

"Hey, Ted," laughed Dan Steffan, his little close-set eyes brimming with fannish merriment at the expense of a friend. "I think ol' Steve has a castration complex."

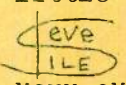
"Maybe he's just queer for rabbits, Dan," Ted answered.

So that was the end of my rabbit story for the evening. (The bastards!) Not all of it, though. I never mentioned, for example, how I had "spritzed" Lin's leporidae (that's Golden Showers, to you). The very last incident on this subject that I can recall happened when the hare somehow wound up inside Lin's toilet bowl, helped there with the aid of a small child, Perdita Boardman's daughter, Karina. Lin had bolted for the bathroom, screaming "Don't Flush!!" (I talked to Karina about this, years later. "Everybody knows that story," she said. "I hate it.")

Is this all subjective? What about a later experience another Carter would have with a vicious rabbit while boating?

Besides the above, Lin's rabbit was responsible for an early fannish breakthrough of mine; a change in both my cartooning style and the way I related to others. I was painfully shy when I first started attending Fanoclast meetings. Basically, the way I related was usually to start things off by saying, "Hello," and then listening a lot, mentally rehearsing my witty answers and reciting them aloud on my ride back home on the Lexington IRT: "I'm fine. How are you? No... I'm fine! How are you? I'm fine..."

After all, many of the other members were older -- Ted White was far older than I was -- and many were attending college. Some were publishing very hip and sophisticated fanzines, while others were making the first step towards turning pro. I was merely attending high school and experiencing all the confusion of puberty. I had also been raised in a strict Baptist Household and had learned to shut my trap out of self-preservation. Babbling was discouraged.

How could I contribute anything worthwhile to such company? I drew cartoons. Dick Lupoff noticed me at a Fanoclast meeting he and Pat were hosting, remembered some of my earlier efforts in VOID and CRY OF THE NAMELESS, and sat me down in front of a mimeoscope with stencils, stylus, and plenty of corflu. There I was; the moment of truth. Most of my CRY cartoons had been pretty pedestrian, pointless little sketches of Weird Things; garbage. I usually signed my name like this: , which should give you an idea of what I mean. Faced with the pressure of coming up with something Original, something which would be looked at that very evening, and in a state of desperation, I did something I had never tried.

I drew on one of my own experiences, satirizing my own reactions to it. (Yes, it was the "Lin Carter's Bunny Rabbit Anecdote.") This was a vast improvement that deserved repeating, and resulted in me getting published in fanzines I enjoyed and admired. It also gave me an excuse to socialize with the Lupoffs, Ted White, and others. I was no longer imposing on them with my presense -- I was "paying" for my visits with my cartoons.

It beat fetching Pepsis for BNFs.

There was another reason for my feeling restrained at early Fanoclast meetings; I wasn't too sure about these "fan" people. I had gotten involved with fanzines in 1957. After about a year of writing letters to CRY, I was sitting around in my 'jammies' one evening, having my cookies and milk, when the phone rang. "Are you that Stiles character?" a squeaky voice aggressively demanded. It was Les Gerber. How can I describe Gerber? I dunno. We set up a meeting, and on the following Saturday we visited Cele Goldsmith at the AMAZING/FANTASTIC office, got to meet Harvey Kurtzman at the HUMBUG offices (escorted into The Presence by the young Gloria Steinem), and finally wound up at Archie Comics, where we didn't get to meet anybody at all, but we did get to see a 6' X 4' oil painting of Archie. Les' friend, Andy Reiss, stole my jujubes. What a glorious day! I was invited to attend a fan meeting in Central Park the following Saturday.

That fan group was called the Metrofen. It was a short-lived club, consisting of eight or nine people, including a sullen overweight blond woman, crouching on the grass at the southern tip of Central Park near Columbus Circle. Bums sought us out again and again. They came in waves; smelly bums, obnoxious bums, more smelly bums... And evangelists were there, too. They seemed drawn to us, a stationary target for religious zeal; it was impossible to even read the minutes! Various Metrofen cursed the funny little men in pressed grey suits and angry red faces, who went away in the satisfaction that they had suffered in the service of Jesus. I was a Baptist myself, 14 years old and just beginning to have serious doubts about Fundamentalism; these little incidents were very disturbing. On one hand, the tract pushers were being incredibly rude, interrupting what was obviously a private meeting. On the other hand, these Metrofen people I found myself with were making mock of the Gospel.

Somehow the Minutes went on... but it seemed to take hours. Dirt bombs began landing on the secretary's head at regular intervals as he fumed and read on with an angry dignity that refused to take notice. More dirt bombs continued to be thrown, one landing in the center of the secretary's forehead.

"Gerber! Cut that out!" he yelled.

"Cut what out? What the hell are you talking about, man?" Gerber grinned.



20/bnf 8

A few minutes later another dirt bomb hit.

"GERBER! I'm warning you!" the secretary screamed.

"Okay, okay."

Andy Reiss had been quietly watching all of this. So he picked up his first dirt bomb, and let fly... The enraged Reader of the Minutes leapt to his feet, wrestled Reiss to the ground, and proceeded to whale the living shit out of him. Les Gerber danced around ineffectually, raining a series of feather-light blows on the secretary of the Metrofen.

That was my first fan meeting.

My second was in the Bronx -- probably the Lunarians -- held at Frank and Belle Dietz's apartment. I stood around, not knowing a soul, wondering what to say or do, when Harlan Ellison arrived in all his flesh and charisma. Harlan almost instantly sized me and my situation up, strode over to me, draped his coat on my shoulders, his hat on my head, and walked away in a cloud of laughter.

Hours later it was getting time to leave, so I screwed up my courage and decided to talk to two college students. I don't know what I said, but they seemed interested. After about 20 minutes of conversation I stood up to say goodbye. "Nice talking with you," I said.

"Wish we could say the same," was their reply. Then they both laughed.

That was my second fan meeting.

Fanoclasts was better. I think I was incredibly lucky to have gotten involved with the club when I did. I had been increasingly distant from the ordinary world of church and school, of Eisenhower, and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Science Fiction and fanzines helped a lot, but I was also reading Salinger, Kerouac, early issues of THE REALIST. I had become a militant atheist and was becoming skeptical about politics. (Remember diving under your school desk in A-Bomb drills?) Clearly, ESFA and the Lunarians were not the fan clubs I was looking for.

The Fanoclasts had just enough of the touch of irreverence to the outside world that I had been looking for. Even Dave Van Arnam, who liked Nixon for a while in those days, was a pretty Wild and Crazy Guy. Formed in 1960, the Fanoclasts constituted a group of roughly compatible people who became more compatible as time went on, forming a gestalt of mutual friendships that lasted until the early Seventies -- the time of a great migration out of New York.

Most members were interested in Science Fiction, but in other things as well; jazz, film, satire, fanzines. In fact, the club was strongly fanzine oriented and while we lacked a club fanzine like WSFA (the very concept of a "club fanzine" ran against our grain of anarchy), most of the membership -- who could write and draw -- contributed to XERO and VOID, edited by club hosts the Lupoffs and White. There was also AXE by the Shaws, Breen's FANAC, my own SAM, QUIP, Bergeron's WARHOON, and a host of other genzines, personalzines, oneshots, and apazines too numerous to mention. APA-X, or APEX, fandom's first "secret apa," had a significant number of Fanoclasts in membership, and the club went on to create APA-F, the first club apa, in 1964 (so much for anarchy).

Inevitably there were those people outside the Fanoclasts who were bent out of shape at the idea of being outside the Fanoclasts. It didn't help that most of Fanoclasts regarded other New York fanclubs, like ESFA and the Lunarians, as being

hopelessly square (and of course they were). Word in those circles was that we were snobs (and of course we were), but it is the purpose of an invitational club to seek compatability -- not to experience the exquisite joys of exclusion. Some people would never believe it. One of those people was Fred Phillips. I don't know where Phillips came from, or where he went, but while he was on the scene, he was generally regarded as a loud mouthed jackass, intent upon dominating any fan gathering; most fans tried to avoid him. Fred must have wondered about this, for he was quite sure he was a genius -- and never made any secret about his supposed abilities as an artist and writer. Since most people were not suitably impressed, Fred Phillips could only ascribe this lack of recognition to petty jealousy. In some people this is called paranoia, and, in fact, Fred had spent some time in a mental institution for that very disorder.

In time Fred came to write an open letter to the Fanoclasts, and although Ted read it aloud to an incredulous meeting -- I no longer remember the specifics -- the gist of the letter was that he had been excluded from the Fanoclasts because Ted quailed before his writing talent and artists like Stewart and Stiles were gnashing their teeth in envy, etcetera. The letter may or may not have been written in crayola, but that was the overall effect.

Eventually Ted White moved back to Falls Church, and my wife Gale and I became the new club hosts. After a while, my wife left me for a man I considered a good friend -- what a cliché. In some ways I had been considerably relieved, for reasons the Later Fanoclasts can empathize with, but it's only human to be sad at the breakup of a marriage. For weeks I moped around my apartment, depressed, until I finally decided to come out of my shell. Janet Kagin, a local fan, had been urging me to get outside and start enjoying myself again, and to that end she invited me to a party she and her husband Ricky would be throwing.

I arrived around nine and my heart was not in it, although I was certainly hoping for some kind of antidote for the depression that had been sitting on me for weeks. I dragged myself into the Kagin house.

I was barely in the door when Fred Phillips popped into the room. "Ah-HA! Just the man I want to talk to!" he shouted. In my naivete I assumed that Fred was about to tell me that Gale was a bitch. Probably because I wanted to hear it.

"Listen, you," Phillips began aggressively. "I demand to have this out, here and now!"

"?" I said.

"You know damned well what I'm talking about, and I'm not going to take any more of it! I'm sick of this rotten blackball!"

"Listen, I've had a rough..." I began.

"Don't try to change the subject," he shouted. "Look at me when I'm talking to you!!"

As wishy-washy as I am, I think in other circumstances I would've told Phillips to fuck off. As it was I was barely able to cope with this, my first introduction back into the Real World. Janet Kagin came into the room, took one look, grabbed my elbow and dragged me off. "I've got some people I want you to meet, Steve," she said. Thanks, Janet.

Before I left New York I made a great effort to impress one point on Barry Smotroff and Lou Stathis, my successors as Fanoclast host: Fred Phillips Must

Never Get In The Fanoclasts. Never! Trust me. Since then, the New York Fano-clasts have gone through many changes and I just want to impress this same point on any present or future Fanoclast host who may be reading this. Fred Phillips... Fanoclasts... Never!

In a club like the Fanoclasts, a history of its members is just as important as events, and I'm never going to get all that into a page length Dan can deal with, so let's just talk about Bhob Stewart.

Bhob Stewart is the man who put his foot behind his head. By now, all fandom knows it; years from now, when the rest of us are just pale memories, fans will know about Bhob Stewart putting his foot behind his head. And Bhob Stewart is heartily sick of it. There are other things Bhob Stewart should be known for. In the Sixties he was known as being VOID's star cartoonist, and as the art director for Dick Lupoff's XERO, where he produced some very sophisticated and ambitious graphics. Bhob was also active in film and theatre, participating in a live action experiment with the underground film, "The Year The Universe Lost The Pennant." Currently, Bhob is a contributor to HEAVY METAL and is responsible for some excellent liner notes for Russ Cochran's hardcover E.C. reprint series.

As a cartoonist, it was natural that I should associate with Stewart. But, more than that, Bhob was an extremely interesting guy; mainly because he took an interest in everything around him and possessed a lot of style. Bhob never got jaded enough to stop wondering about things, and, being a native Texan, would often be crogged at typical New Yorker reactions; it was a source of amazement to Bhob Stewart, for example, that he could hike all over Manhattan with a table cloth tucked in his pants -- and trailing along behind him -- without one New Yorker asking him what the hell was going on. And it seemed strange to him that N.Y. cops would be disturbed at wading in an office building reflector pool on a hot August day -- picture Bhob darting nimbly around through the water while a few indignant fuzz tried to close in and surround him. (I think they had the wrong attitude.)

Subways were also a natural study of human psychology. Years later, street theatre would invade the IRT with a series of "happenings," but Bhob predates all that. Wrapped in a long winter scarf -- covering most of his face -- Bhob would slither from one subway car to another, peering at one passenger after another, and sibilently hissing, "I am the SCARF! I fight crime!!" And, gesturing at me, "This is my assistant, the BOWTIE! He fights crime, too!"

In any article of this nature it is impossible to pass over one of the more obvious features of the Fanoclasts, one of their more important contributions to our microcosm: Smoking Marijuana In Fandom. The Fanoclasts were one of the pioneering fan clubs, and I am happy to say that I am at least partly responsible for that. Some time in 1963, I had turned on in a Greenwich Village pad -- turned on by a black jazz musician, no less. Man, dig those credentials! After I noticed that I enjoyed the experience far more than I enjoyed alcohol, I read the LeGuardia Report and concluded that this would be one of my vices. Seeking out other junkies I was only able to turn up rich brown, and together we became the club's first potheads. Mike McNerney was rich's roommate and would stand around wistfully watching us toke up. Mike was a Young Republican, went to church, and was in the habit of wearing bowties. Week after week we would sociably invite Mike to share a bowl, only to have Mike decline with, "I'm not condemning you guys, but one man's poison...." Little did rich and I realize what we would unleash later. Mike became a walking stash, bearded and looking something like a cross between Allen Ginsberg and a hobbit. Mike embodied all the gentle pacifism and good vibes of the classic Sixties Flower Child, without being less than genuine.

Dope smoking became a small problem around other Fanoclasts; our little band just knew many of our friends would dig it, but we couldn't be too sure about reactions; maybe we'd alienate people. Gradually, they approached us, and the proportion of nonsmokers to smokers dwindled and almost vanished. Ted White was one of the last holdouts. ("You're rotting your mind, Steve!")

Mike eventually had to go to San Francisco (with a flower in his hair), and we threw a going away party for him. I had a few whiskey sours, and, like the song goes, "couldn't get high." Later on, I smoked a great deal of weed. No deal. A hash pipe was passed; nary a buzz. I ingested some "carnations" -- at the time thought to be THC tablets -- in reality they were hog tranquilizers, or the dread PCP. Nothing.

As the evening progressed, I joined Mike and rich who were strenuously trying to convince Frank Willimczyk to try marijuana. Ordinarily we never proselytized, but Frank, a good man and fine artist, was gradually getting sucked into the alcoholism which I was convinced would eventually kill him. We hoped that substituting a less dangerous drug would get him off the gin that was ruining him, not realizing that weed tends to heighten sensitivity, when the main purpose of booze is to dampen sensation. It was no dice.

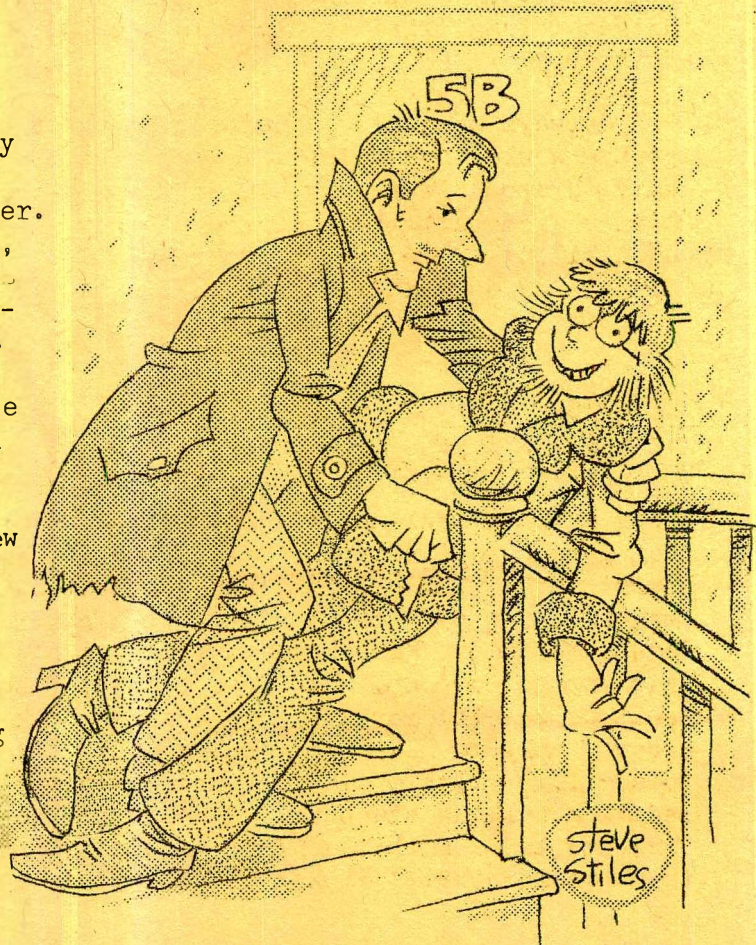
As it got later I was still stone-cold sober, while Frank was reeling around and bouncing off walls. It became a matter of concern on just how Frank would manage on the subway. I volunteered to take him home, and steered him out the door and down to the street, with a great deal of difficulty.

The last thing I remember is trying to hold Frank up while I got my bearings. And then somebody threw a switch. My next conscious impression is being propped against my apartment stairwell while Frank went through my pockets looking for the keys which would unlock my front door. My drugs, it seemed, had finally kicked in.

I left New York in 1975 and raw ego prompts me to mention that unfortunately the club turned into a Porcelain Frog collecting organization almost immediately after my departure. In 1979 I attended a Brooklyn Fanoclast meeting to see D. Potter. Andy Porter was hosting the meetings then, and I noticed that there were little signs all around the apartment, admonishing people not to put their feet on this or that article of furniture, not to disturb the books, and so forth. Lou Stathis had made a rare appearance at the meeting, and Lou and I took a few minutes to duck into Andy's bedroom to talk about some secret apa poop. We had scarcely exchanged a few words when an irate Andy burst in on us, red-faced, waving his arms hysterically and shouting in a high-pitched voice, "CAN'T YOU READ? WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? CAN'T YOU SEE THAT SIGN?!" Andy pointed. There was a little sign hanging on the bedroom wall. "No talking in the bedroom" it said.

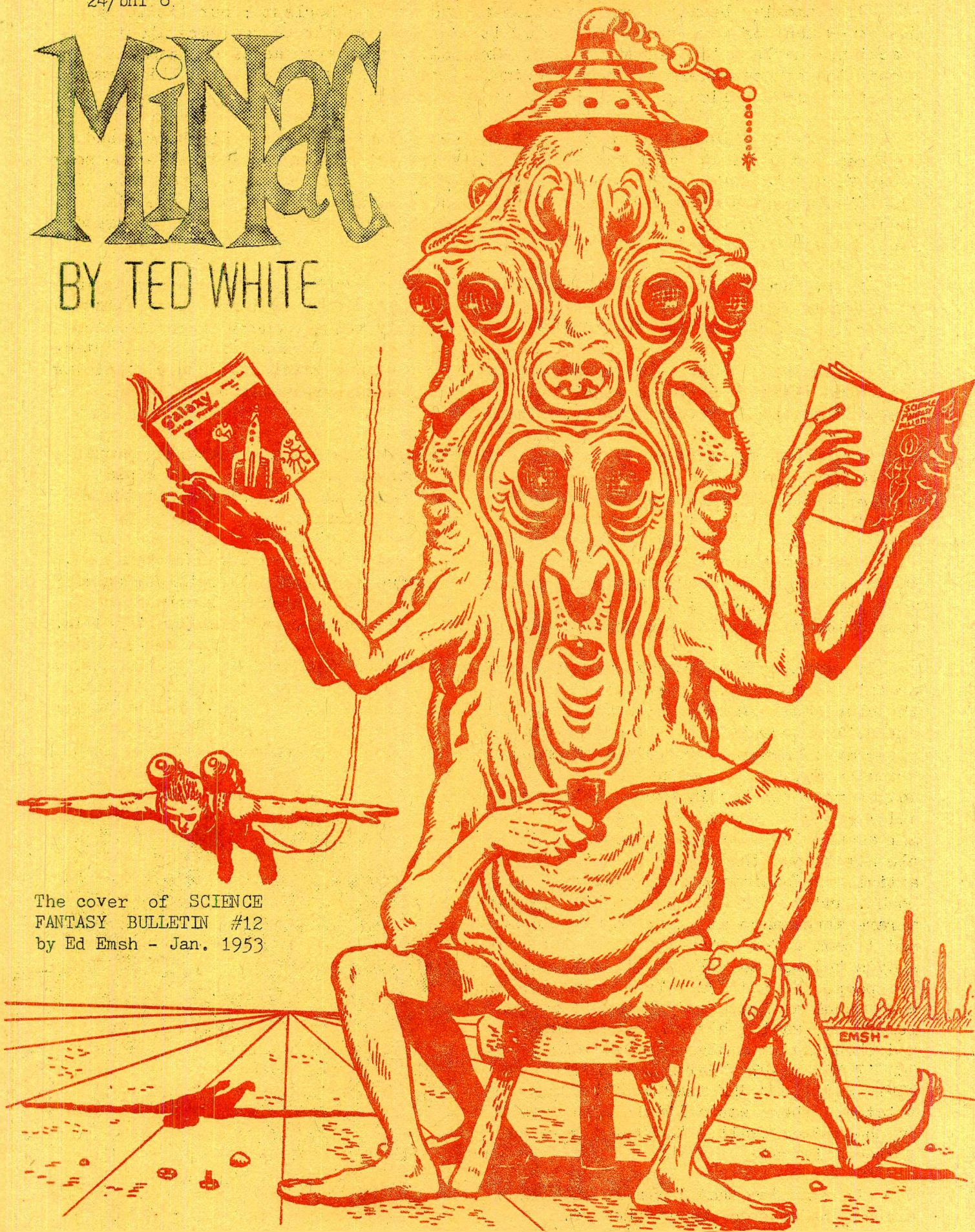
It was then that I really knew that the Fanoclasts had really changed.

--Steve Stiles



Mikac

BY TED WHITE



The cover of SCIENCE
FANTASY BULLETIN #12
by Ed Emsh - Jan. 1953

TRIPPING DOWN MEMORY LANE: Harlan Ellison's SFB/DIMENSIONS - part II The balance of material in SFB began to shift with the twelfth issue, the GALAXY Appreciation Issue, which was much more sf-oriented and less fan-oriented. By the final issue, DIMENSIONS #15, pro writers and pro-sf gossip and politics had significantly replaced the fan writers and fannish topics -- although Harlan had by no means abandoned the fannish side of his fanzine: He had copped a piece by Willis at long last (and by dint of several extraordinarily arm-twisting trans-Atlantic phone calls) and had it stencilled for DIMENSIONS #16. (It ultimately ended up in VOID.)

SFB #12 had a lovely Emsh cover, photo-offset, drawn especially for the GALAXY Appreciation theme of the issue (and, again, marred only by the even more poorly traced and lettered logo). The frontispiece announced a cover contest: first prize was to be \$5.00 and a lifetime sub to SFB. The contest was to close on May 15, 1953, and the cover was to be for #14.

Approximately 19 of the issue's 42 pages are devoted to GALAXY and its editor, H.L. Gold. The cover of the first issue of Gold's fantasy magazine, BEYOND, is stapled in, and followed by the prepublication (if Harlan's schedule wasn't too badly off) of Gold's editorial for the first BEYOND. (BEYOND lasted a very short time; although it published some undeniably fine fantasy stories, more or less in the tradition of UNKNOWN, I always felt it had a cold and offputting format and appearance which may have contributed to its demise.) H.L. Gold also contributed a "feature article", "Behind GALAXY and BEYOND," in which he described some of the early problems with the magazines and their original publisher. The piece is "illustrated" by a tipped-in postage-stamp-sized photo of H.L. and (Mrs.) Evelyn Paige Gold. Richard Elsberry's "The Fingerbone of Accusation" offers a contrasting (and non-appreciative) view of Gold and his practices at GALAXY. It's hard to realize now the controversy which surrounded GALAXY's challenge to ASTOUNDING's long-held leadership in the field then. Some of the arguments -- like the question of whose cover design copied whose -- are in retrospect amazingly petty. Others, concerning how each magazine treated its rival in print, were not only petty but vicious in a politely backbiting sort of way. Elsberry sorts out several of these arguments, contrasting what each magazine's spokesmen said with the reality of the situation. His basic thesis is sound, but occasionally he compromises it by resorting to petty invective of his own, most of it directed at Gold, whom he saw riding a high horse. To round out the GALAXY portion of the issue, Ellison provides a nearly worthless "Index to GALAXY SF," the item that originally prodded him into doing the special issue. The contents of each issue is listed in a box, the boxes stacked five or six to a page. This isn't, of course, a usable index, which is an alphabetical listing (by author or story title or both) of the contents of the entire run of issues; there is no cross-indexing or alphabetizing at all.

Dean A. Grennell, operating under a variety of transparent pseudonyms (all exposed by Ellison), made his debut in SFB with this issue as well. His "For Your Misinformation" was a parody of Willy Ley's "For Your Information" column in GALAXY, and was presented under the general pseudonym of Johnny Lei, "a noted, Hawaiian-born rocket authority who teaches safe-cracking and applied herpetology at Poupon University, West Poupon, Wisconsin." Grennell exploded onto the fannish scene in 1953, writing long letters under a variety of humorous names (and one "real" one, Art Wesley) and demonstrated a sense of humor which depended heavily upon puns. Because Grennell was a grown man when he discovered fandom (unlike the vast majority of fans who had come upon fandom as adolescents) even his earliest, "neo-period" work was reasonably accomplished, and for Grennell that "neo-period" probably lasted no more than a month or so. By the end of 1953 he was regarded as a BNF right up there with Tucker and Willis, and his GRUE was one of the best fanzines around. (Grennell maintained his status in fandom for nearly ten years before relative inactivity and incipient crankiness eroded his popularity.)

SFB #12, despite being the smallest of the five issues I have, contained eight GALAXY-related pieces (including one piece of verse), ten departments, and the work of eleven artists. There is no wasted space in the issue. It was in #12 that Harlan announced that "SFBULLETIN is falling far behind its publishing schedule," and that while the next issue would be dated March, 1953, the issue following (#14) would be dated May and "out around the time of the Midwest Convention," which fell on the last weekend of June. And on page twenty-seven, in the body of an advertisement from the Schroeder's bookstore, 32 prozines then being published were listed by title. I believe that total climbed to around 50 before the market collapsed a year or so later. Try to imagine 32 science fiction magazines on today's newsstands!

The March, 1953 issue -- #13 -- gave some indication of why Harlan couldn't maintain a monthly schedule: it ran to 92 pages! The cover was a mimeo and silk-screen combination (black in mimeo, blue silkscreened) by Richard Bergeron. It's a rather prosaic design (rocketship going through space) but executed with the artistic finesse for which Bergeron was already starting to be appreciated back in 1953. In a box above the art the names of eleven contributors are given, starting with L. Sprague de Camp, Lester del Rey, and Bob Silverberg (who was then not yet quite a pro). The first nine names were lettering-guided, but space was running out so the last two were added in typewriting with "and more" following the last name.

The layout of this issue was superior to that of the previous two: the inside front cover was utilized for the first time to list the staff (Algis Budrys had been added as "advisor"), credit the covers and frontispiece, and list the twenty-one artists in the issue. That's a good thing because the contents page still runs from the very top of the page to within an eighth of an inch of the bottom, listing four stories (all but one humorous or fannish in nature), six articles, five poems, seven columns, two "special inserts" (one consisting of three articles analyzing SFPLUS), three features, and ten departments. That's thirty-nine separate items!

In addition, Harlan started running mimeo color in this issue. The paper he was using for most of the issue was a yellow/buff 24# mimeo bond (not twiltone) and in addition to black-mimeod text he used red both for art and for some pages of text, occasionally underprinting in red behind the black text (most effectively when he underprinted the logo of FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES behind the text on the second page of Silverberg's article about the magazine). Harlan explored most of the possibilities of two-color mimeoing and if he occasionally made mistakes he more than made up for it with his successes. The point I'm making here is that Harlan was a complete fanzine editor: his concern for the packaging and production of his fanzine was every bit as great as his concern for its contents. And he paid attention to small details. Like the photo tipped into #12, #13 had two "postage stamps" tipped in. One is a "Luna Colony" stamp commemorating the "First Moon Rocket -- 1965" and the other is a "Mars Postage" stamp commemorating the "First Mars Expedition -- 1974." These were sold (or in some way distributed) by the 1953 Worldcon in Philadelphia, apparently before the convention (although perhaps not -- in which case this issue came out even later than I thought).

Among all the other material packed into this splitting-at-the-seams issue is a reprint of Redd Boggs's article, "Are You A Pseudo-Campbell?" which originally appeared in Van Splawn's FAPazine, PROMETHEUS. This is the piece Harlan had heard about and heard was directed at him when he wrote his "Sensational?" editorial in #11 -- but had not actually read at that point. The five-page article is too long to quote here, but could stand republication despite its dated references. Actually Boggs was probably not thinking all that much about Harlan when he wrote the piece. I think his primary target was Warren A. Frieberg, whose BREVIZINE (later, BREVI-

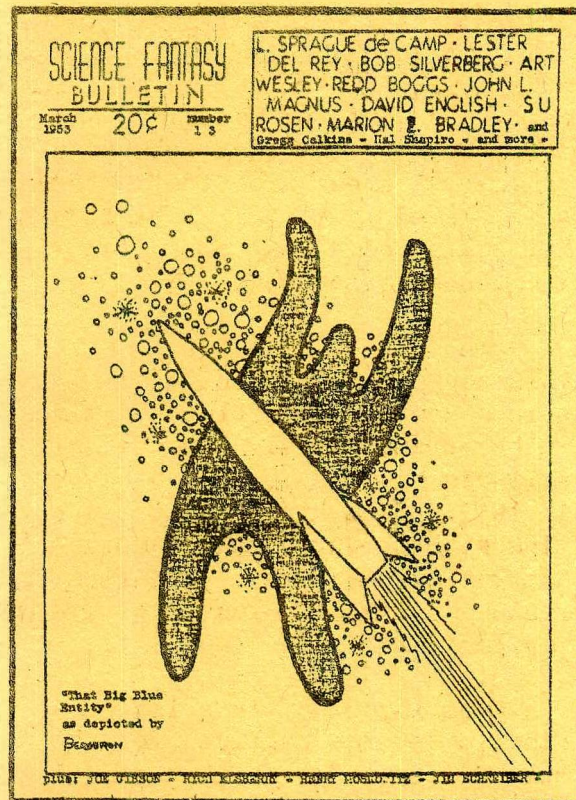
ZINE ADVENTURES) aped prozines to a laughable extent. I imagine Harlan also realized this when he read the piece, and no doubt that was one factor in his decision to abandon "our practice in SFBULLETIN never to reprint material run in any other publication." He also felt the piece was "one of the most controversial articles we have yet run," but if so that controversy never surfaced thereafter, and my impression at the time was that most people thought it a sensible, well-put piece which said something that had needed saying.

Lester del Rey's "added feature article," "And Editors? Well...!" may be the standout item of the issue. Del Rey had been editing three or four prozines for a minor publisher, John Raymond: SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES, SPACE SCIENCE FICTION, ROCKET STORIES, and one or two non-sf magazines. His description of his experiences is lively and amusing, and almost deadly in its aim at Forrest J (no period) Ackerman, who, acting as an agent, sent him trunkloads of ancient unsold manuscripts. (Years later, working briefly for Larry Shaw at Lancer Books, I encountered some of those manuscripts, by then twenty to thirty years old.)

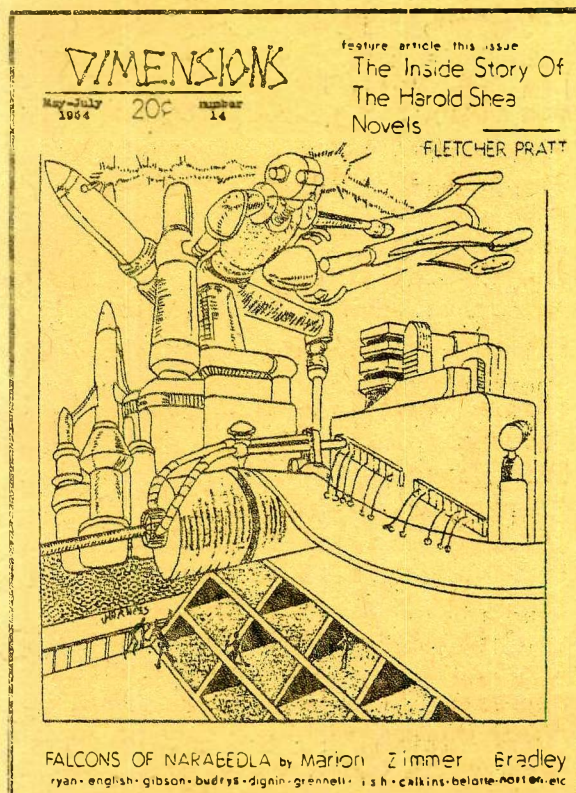
"And then came the deluge. Ackerman scripts to the right, to the left, airmail, special delivery -- even from other editors who told me they'd been instructed to pass 'em on, and would I please send over the truck. That man had more manuscripts...! It's educational, just to find how many people write science fiction; if a tenth of them would read it, the magazines would get rich!

"It's also educational seeing the history of writing reflected in some of them. The papyrus, the velum, that beautiful illumination. There was one I wanted to keep; probably a fine science fiction story, but I guess it must have been in upper Martian. It began with something about 'Omnia gallia in tres partes divisa est,' and had a signature that looked something like Jules Geezer.

"The publisher took a look at what we called our West Coast Agent Table and remarked that the supply obviously exceeded demand, and why was I kidding him that we had to pay so much for scripts? I tried to explain things, suggesting he read some of them, while I frantically hunted out and concealed the accompanying letter that told me any price I wanted to pay was okay. But somehow, from then on, there



Above: SCIENCE FANTASY
BULLETIN #13 March 1953
Below: DIMENSIONS #14
July 1954



was always a bitter look in the publisher's eyes when I suggested premium prices (as we defined them).

"...Somehow, I took time off to go to the Convention. It was worth it, I reckon. Ackerman met me and told me he still loved me, though why didn't I buy his manuscripts? I tried to tell him I had to read before buying, and he looked shocked and annoyed. For a second, I thought he was unhappy. But finally he nodded and suggested I read them at once, then, since he had sent them in before anyone else.

"Fair is fair, and anyone who's seen Ackerman knows that he's a very fair man. So what could I do? I started reading them. But just as I began, the mailman came stomping in to announce that it had happened again, and why the heck didn't I do something, and would I get a crew downstairs to haul 'em up? I guessed at once who'd sent me more stories, and I was so right.

"...Still, I wasn't sore at anyone. I wrote a nice accompanying letter to prove it. I explained that I found at least one promising script for each 25 in the slush, and an even better percentage from other agents; it wasn't prejudice, but simply time, that would make it impossible for me to read another few million words without finding anything to interest me. I realized it was nice of him to send to me a novelette that had previously been submitted by another agent in full book length, but I unfortunately got horribly confused by the situation, and anyhow, it hadn't saved me time -- as I'm sure he meant. I even said it wasn't a case of closing the market to him -- just that I couldn't read everything personally, and so on. I told him my opinion of running reprints as originals, even if the readers didn't know it, in spite of his kind suggestion.

"Unfortunately, I never heard from him directly again. (Aside to other editors: The secret is for sale, but only to the highest bidder!)..."

When #14 came out, it was no longer SFB; the name had changed to DIMENSIONS. The "1953 Midwest Convention Issue" was dated "May-July 1954" and apparently came out late that year. By this point the non-monthly (or even bimonthly) schedule was something of a joke in fandom, but there was an enormous anticipation for the actual fanzine to appear. By now Harlan was snapping up the best material around, apparently to disappear into the black hole of his files. DIMENSIONS #14 was long-awaited indeed.

The cover, by Jack Harness, was the \$5.00 prize-winner that had been advertised for in #12. Like much of Jack's earlier work its perspectives were subtly wrong, but it had intriguing detail. In style it was vaguely derived from Jack Kirby's comics art (this long before the current vogue for Kirby imitations), perhaps via John Grossman (a fanartist with a very Kirbyesque style of the late Forties). The cover is printed in two colors (red and black) on granite twiltone; one of the figures in the drawing, the logo, and all the type (letteringguided) is in red. There is still a frontispiece, and, on the inside front cover, an "About This Issue's Front Cover" boxed blurb.

The contents page was completely redesigned and the better for it. It lists two pieces of fiction (one is part one of "Falcons of Narabedla" by Marion Zimmer Bradley; ultimately Ace Books published it), two articles, two poems, seven columns (including a new one by A.J. Budrys under the pseudonym of "Harold Van Dall"), a "special feature" (a cartoon folio insert), six departments, credits and explanations for the covers, frontispiece and mailing envelope, and credit to 21 artists including Mel Hunter. At only 70 pages, this was a slimmer edition. Among the contributions was "The Inside Story of the Harold Shea Novels" by Fletcher Pratt, and Dave Ish had taken over the fanzine reviews from Marion Bradley.

In format DIMENSIONS 14 was much like SFB 13, if a bit more refined. Harlan was still using both red and black mimeoing, occasionally setting off the text on one page by running it in red. The primary emphasis was on both professional and fan politicking, the "Van Dall" column offering a lot of calumny on the pro scene.

What I find most interesting (now) about the issue is this minor note on page two's "Crystal-Balling" look at the next issue: A story in the next issue was to have "art by talented TOM REAMY." I believe this may be the first appearance of Tom's name in a fanzine. (I didn't really notice Tom myself until 1958 or 59 when he started putting out his own fanzine).

DIMENSIONS 15 was dated "August-October 1954" and came out some time in 1955. It was to be the last issue, and it weighed in the largest yet with 94 pages, packed with material by people like Poul Anderson, Theodore Sturgeon, Robert Bloch, Algis Budrys, Julian May Ditzky (take note, rich brown -- she was active to some extent in fanzines!), and "a host of other talent," as it says on the cover, an offset piece by British pro-artist Alan Hunter.

The inside front cover had a smaller sheet glued to it with an "About This Issue's Cover" blurb, plus some other colophon details. Interestingly, the issue is copyrighted 1955, and it is clear from the different typeface used for the final "5" that "1954" had originally been stencilled and corrected.

This issue has three pieces of fiction (including the serial), three articles (one by Damon Knight, who didn't make the cover), six pieces of verse (five presented as "Songs From Deep Space"), six columns, three features (one a full-page cartoon by Betty Jo McCarthy, who would become better known a few years later as Bjo), and six departments.

Page two's "Crystal-Balling" lists upcoming material by Mack Reynolds, Walt Willis, Randall Garrett, and others. The Willis piece was called "Mike Hammer at the Philcon" here. By the time Ellison had stencilled it for DIMENSIONS 16 it was "Mike Hammer at the Clevention," updating it by two years. (I was the one who eventually published both the Willis and the Garrett pieces; I think that the Mack Reynolds ended up in Ron Smith's INSIDE.)

The final Citation, on page three, was awarded to Philip Jose Farmer, and Ellison did so in a curious way. After describing the year 1953 as "a sterile one," Harlan said, "The field had blossomed, changed, and shrunk again, and, like a wave washing onto a beach, had left little but dirt and residue." However, "during the year 1953," Farmer "produced one story of such striking proportions that it cast into darkness the bulk of all other productions in that field." Ellison is talking about Farmer's "The Lovers," but why did he credit its "production" to 1953? It was written in the late forties, bounced by Gold at GALAXY (who wanted virtually everything that distinguished the story removed and the story totally rewritten -- a classic misscall) and published by Sam Mines in the August 1952 issue of STARTLING STORIES, provoking a tidal-wave of approval in a subsequent letter column of that magazine. Why, in 1955, did Harlan award "the 2nd annual presentation of the Citation plaque" for "the year 1954" to Farmer for a story miscredited to 1953 and actually published in 1952? One gets the feeling from Harlan's preamble that he couldn't find anything better in the subsequent years.

Gregg Calkins was back with a new column, "Of Cabbages and Kings," in which he offered this assessment and prediction about fandom:

"Today the West Coast is a queer but interesting mixture. With the large numbers of retired and insurgent fans, plus the great many neo fans who came into existence during the halycon cays of /fake/ Seventh Fandom and got their first

taste of recognition, a potential is built up that cannot be ignored. Holding things in balance are the big powers of the Mid-West, centered around Dean A. Grennell, Bob Tucker, and Robert Bloch, primarily, and held in place by the ignorance which the fan world has of the West Coast. For an indefinite length of time these great names will continue to hold the interest of fandom while the West Coast bides its time. But, like Hoffman, sooner or later they will fall. Tucker and Bloch will withdraw from fandom and Grennell will retreat entirely into FAPA. The fire with which the East now burns will waver and drop. When it does, the tremendous potential of the West Coast will not be long in moving. All is ready now save the audience, and with the audience...." (his concluding ellipses).

Calkins was absolutely right: within the year Bay Area (or Berkeley) fandom would spring into flower under the leadership of Terry Carr and the supporting energy of Pete Graham and Dave Rike. Rike & Carr's INNUENDO would become a major fanzine. And in 1958, the year the Worldcon went to South Gate in fulfillment of Rick Sneary's ten-year-old slogan, "South Gate in '58!", Terry Carr and Ron Ellick would start up FANAC, a first weekly, then biweekly fannish newszine which would win a Hugo, and set unsurpassed standards for fannish newszines (against which FILE 770 measures rather poorly). The West Coast would continue to dominate fandom (from both the Bay Area and Los Angeles, as well as Seattle) throughout much of the Sixties, offset for the most part only by a resurgent New York City under the Fanoclcasts.

DIMENSIONS 15 was also notable for Dick Clarkson's final published piece. Clarkson was a minor major fanwriter; that is, he wrote very well but not a lot. He died of cancer at a youthful age (still in college, I believe) in 1954. I never met him, but John Magnus (who subsequently became a close friend of mine) was one of his best friends and a collaborator on the only fanzine, a one-shot, Clarkson ever did. Clarkson and Magnus, joined by Ellison, attended the Border Cities Science Fiction Conference, a one-shot regional con, in Detroit over the 4th of July weekend in 1954, and Clarkson wrote a conreport for DIMENSIONS (illustrated by Ray Nelson, another attendee).

Ellison gave the piece a full-page blurb, dated January 5, 1955, in the course of which he wrote, "There will be many in the readership who will say that the following convention report should be left unpublished, in honor of the no-longer-with-us. To these people I can only say that Dick would not have wanted it so." I think Harlan was anticipating a reaction that never occurred. In any case, it's a good anecdotal conreport and made the convention sound like more fun than it may actually have been.

Finally, on page 83, in the letter column, Richard Geis has the following to say:

"I'm afraid that this letter is not going to be one that you'll smirk over during secret ego-boosting private re-reading sessions in the future. I'm further afraid that you have been indulging your 'huckster' inclinations with regard to the quality of DIMENSIONS...."

"The total impression I received is that you are lost to us as an amateur publisher...and undiscovered as yet by the professional publishers whom you want to edit for...."

That was the entirety of Geis's letter as published, but Ellison replies, "There was a good deal more, much of it with eminent logic and detachment, that Dick flung in our faces. We can't take offense, even if we were so inclined which we are not -- because we agree. If we may intrude momentarily in these letters, let us try to explain a number of things -- pertinent to DIMENSIONS. This

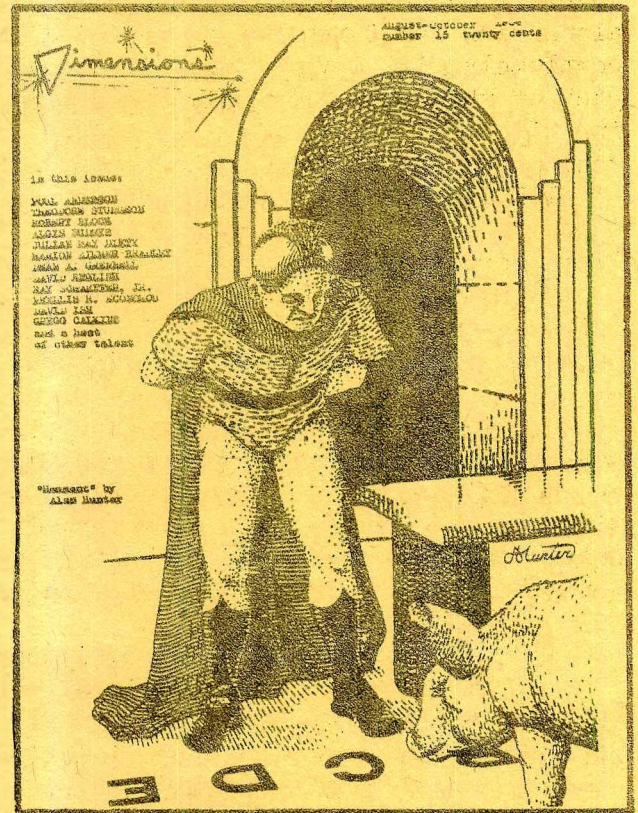
magazine is, necessarily, a reflection of the editor's personality, and as a consequence, flaws in that personality reveal themselves in this book's presentation. As maturity -- rather belatedly -- creeps onto this particular scene, the tone of DIMENSIONS changes. Maturity creeps a muggy passage onto its pages also. Some of the things Richard deplores we ourselves find heartily noxious! All we can promise is that time is a magnificent change-weilder. Bear with us, and enjoy DIMENSIONS."

Geis was of course correct, and Harlan's use of the editorial We (a convention which was even then dying in the prozines) only underscores his essential point: that Harlan was not destined to remain much longer in the ranks of fans. Within only a few months Harlan would begin selling his stories professionally. At the 1955 Worldcon, where I met him for the first time, Harlan was still peddling subscriptions to DIMENSIONS but his picture was all over the convention as "Cheech Beldone," the putative author of an expose on juvenile gangs in a sleazy magazine called LOW DOWN. (According to Harlan he didn't write the piece; it was fabricated from a peice he'd submitted that was not used, and his picture was used without his knowledge or permission.)

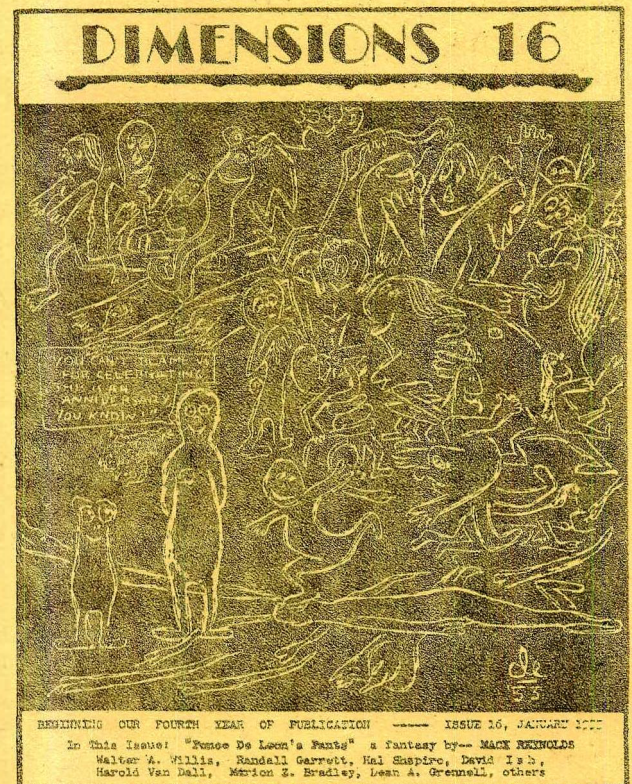
At that same convention Larry Shaw was showing around an unbound copy of the first issue of his new prozine, INFINITY. Harlan had sold Larry a story for INFINITY but it didn't make the first issue. Harlan was living in New York City by then and had to fly back to Cleveland for the convention.

We shared a room (actually a suite) with John Magnus, Fred Prophet, George Young, Roger Sims, and perhaps another couple of midwestern fans. Harlan never slept, there being an all-night poker game in the main room of the suite. It was on one of those nights that he shook me awake to demand that I sell him a small portable typer I'd brought to the convention. This was the typer which Ken Beale would subsequently hock, setting off a sequence of events, mentioned earlier, which would end in Harlan's book, Memos From Purgatory, the first edition of which is dedicated to me.

Harlan did not immediately realize that his entry into the professional SF world would foreclose DIMENSIONS. He had all of DIMENSIONS 16 on stencil and the covers



Above: DIMENSIONS #15
August - October 1955
Below: DIMENSIONS #16
Unpublished



printed (photo-offset) before he gave it up. Alas that those stencils were never run off and the issue distributed. As mentioned earlier, the Shaws were given the covers and used them for a FAPazine they called DIMENSIONS 16 #1. The stencils, along with the inventory of material for subsequent issues (itself big enough to completely fill several more issues) made the rounds of various fanzine editors, each of whom used from this hoard what he wanted, starting with Ron Smith and ending with me. By the time I received them, the stencils were half-gone and it would have been an impossible task to have reassembled them into an actual issue of DIMENSIONS. (In 1962 Jon White, having inherited INSIDE from Ron Smith, passed on to me the final existing stencils from DIMENSIONS 16: those for Dick Geis's "Fake Hero," which I used, restencilled, in VOID 29. Soon thereafter Jon changed INSIDE's title to RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY -- he lived on New York City's Riverside Drive -- and then passed the zine on to Leland Sapiro who is still publishing a magazine of that title today, if rumor can be believed.)

In 1956 I visited Harlan in his New York apartment shortly before the NyCon2, and he gave me what he had left of DIMENSIONS, including the subscriber list, which he wanted honored. I combined DIMENSIONS with the 13th issue of my STELLAR, putting out two issues which drew largely upon the DIMENSIONS file. I had #15 about half stencilled when, in the fall of 1957, I gave up doing genzines for a while. Thus the last of the still usable material eventually wound up in VOID.

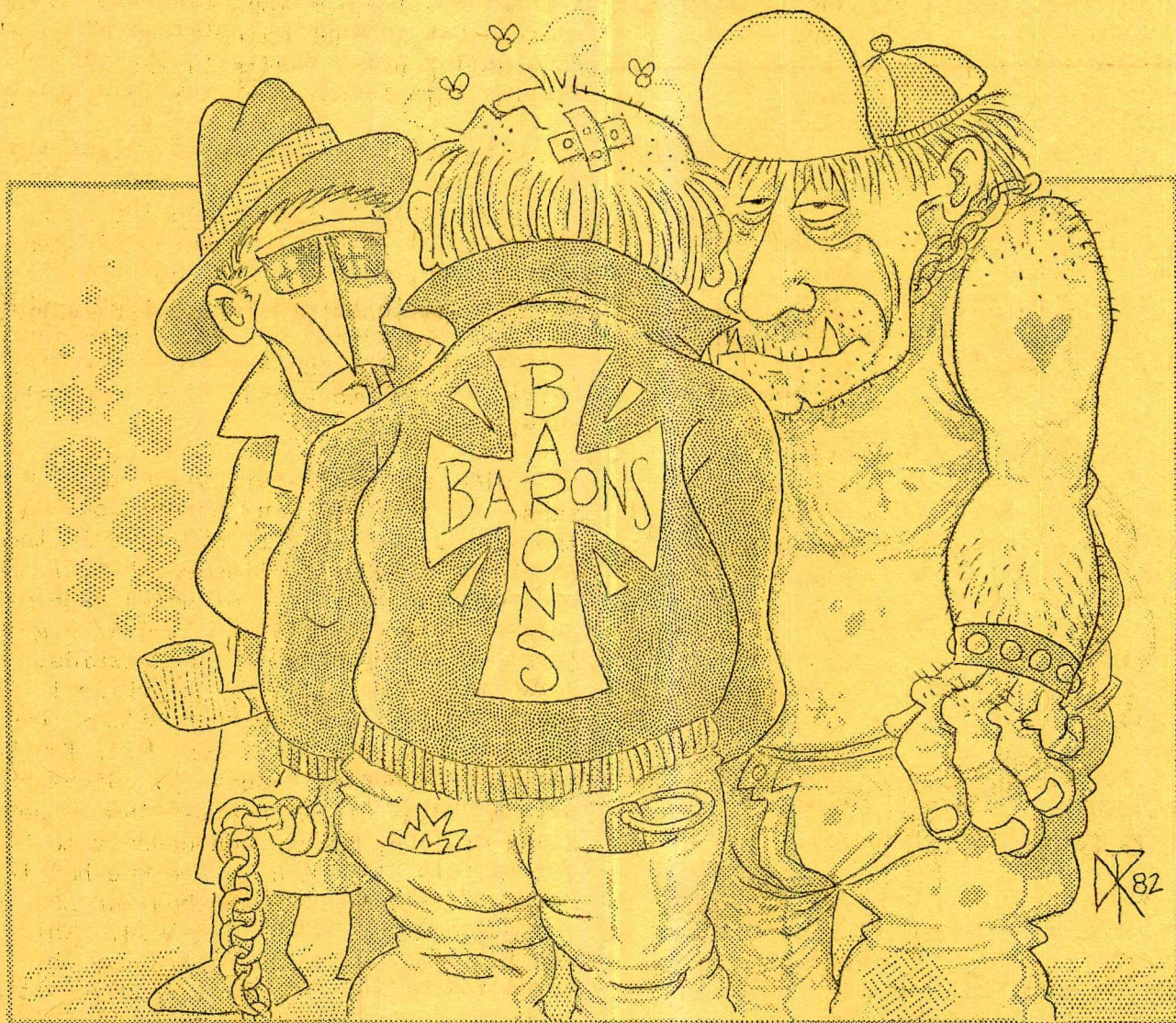
LOOKING BACK at SFB/DIMENSIONS, it can be seen as peculiarly unique -- not only at the time but in all of fannish history. SFB/DIMENSIONS was of the fandom of its time, but not really part of that fandom. Although convention voting scandals occupied a prominent place in its pages and fans like Grennell and Calkins were regular contributors, the fanzine was always an expression first and foremost of its editor's preoccupations which even then were far broader than fandom. It's interesting to note that SFB 11 was published when Harlan was not yet himself a BNF, just a very noisy and still relatively new fan on the scene -- and SFB reflected this with few BNF contributions (Vernon McCain never appeared in its pages, for instance, although he was a regular in many other 6th fandom zines and a mainstay in Geis' original PSYCHOTIC as well as Calkin's OOPSLA!), most of its fannish contributors being simply part of Ellison's circle of friends. By DIMENSIONS 15, Harlan was not only a BNF of fairly imposing proportions, but soon to be a pro. All in two years!

What strikes me as most interesting about his fanzine is what it revealed about Harlan's considerable talents as a magazine editor -- something he was never really able to demonstrate professionally despite a brief editorial association, circa 1959, with ROGUE magazine. What might Harlan have done with a SF prozine in the mid or late Fifties? That was a time when many new titles popped up briefly and died within a few issues. What would, say, FANTASTIC UNIVERSE or SATELLITE have been like had Harlan been their editor? (One can be almost totally certain that they would have been more lively, and it's possible they might have survived longer.) Instead, we had to wait for Dangerous Visions, Again Dangerous Visions, and ~~PLANETARY~~ The Last Dangerous Visions. We're still waiting for that last one.

SFB/DIMENSIONS was unique. It was unlike other fanzines of its time or those which would follow. In anyone's hands but Harlan's a fanzine like SFB/DIMENSIONS would have been jejune and silly. In his hands the pseudo-prozine blurbs and features, the extravagant prose, and the bursting-at-the-seams issues were eventful and exciting, even when reread more than twenty-five years after the fact. And in those five issues can be found glimpses of the more mature Ellison who always introduced the stories in his books with personal notes, whose energy and talents continued to provoke awe in his contemporaries, and who today can afford to be much more generous a patron of the arts than he was in 1953 when he offered \$5.00 as a first prize for a cover contest.

If reading those five issues was an exhausting process for me, writing this column about them has been more so. I hope that at least a vague picture of Harlan's fanzines emerges from this welter of words; at times I despaired the task. How can one sum up the multi-colored contents of 356 pages in only the few pages of this column? I could only hint at the hues and offer a few spotty quotes. The rest you'll have to color in for yourself.

-- Ted White



"It's bin' a while Cheech, but we'll do it for old times sake. So where's dis skinhead wit' da goatee an' glasses, so we can take care of him fer ya, jes' like we did dat Harmon dude in da Fifties, huh?"

"I'd love to see Christ come back to crush the spirit of hate and make men put down their guns. I'd also like just one more hit single." -- Tiny Tim

PSSST! HEY JOE, YOU GOT FANZINES?

As always, I am hunting for old, interesting, and hard (for me) to find fanzines. In particular I am interested in obtaining: A BAS #2,4,&5; SLANT #1-4,&6; HYPHEN #1,2,4,13,16,20,24,27-31,34-36; WARHOON #1-5,7&8; INNUENDO #1-10; GRUE #1-18,20-22,24,26,32-36,38,39; LIGHTHOUSE #1,2,&8; VOID #1-12,14,16,23; OOPSLA! #1,2,5,6,8-10,12-14,16-26; FRAP #2,&4; EGOBOO #8,&9; QUIP #1-5,9,10,13; VINEGAR WORM V#1-all,V#2-1-3,&11; MASQUE #1-10; WRINKLED SHREW #1,2,4,6-8; STOP BREAKING DOWN #1-6. I am also looking for any issues of: QUANDRY, XERO, HABAKUK, SKYHOOK, RETRIBUTION and THE ACOLYTE.

TOTEM POLE

RICH BROWN

THE I CHING, THE FANOCLASTS, Speaking of
and CONVENTION POLITICS:.... I Ching

readings --

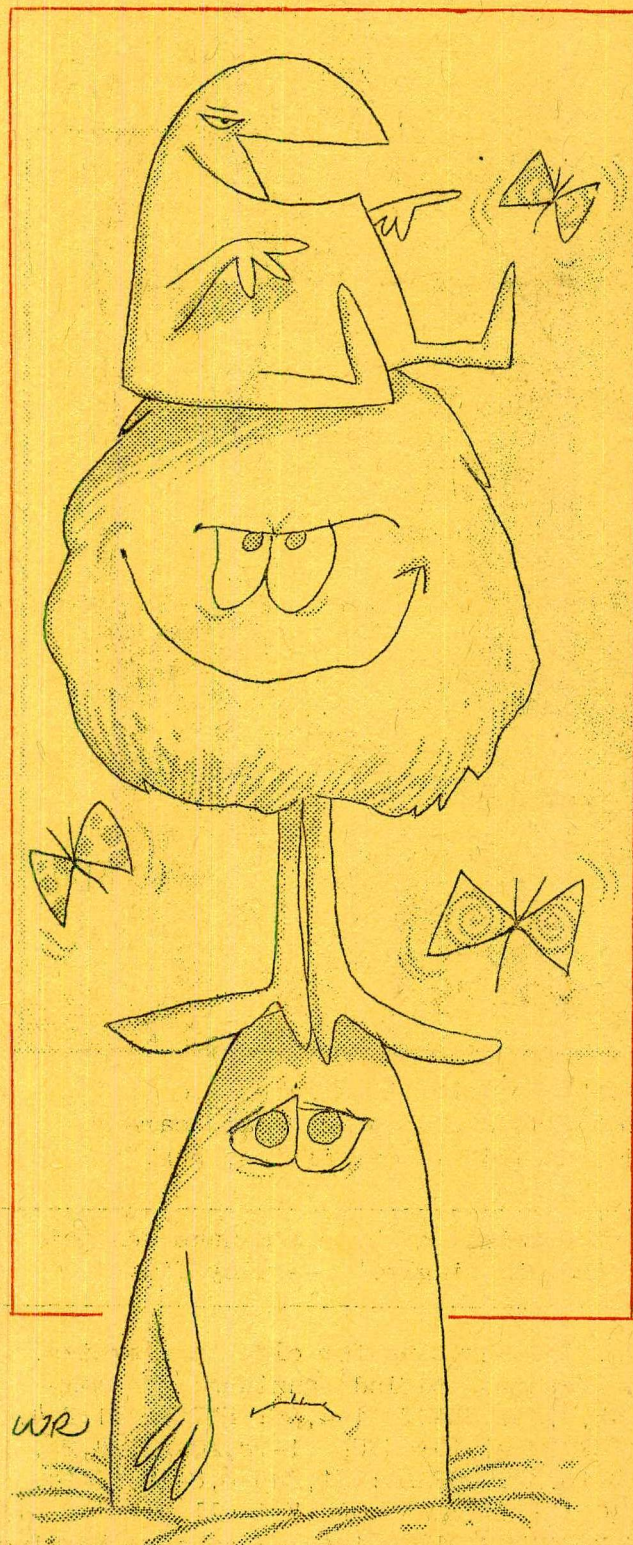
which no one in fandom has done for close to a decade now -- reminds me of a bit of fan history. I don't say it proves anything -- but since it's relatively short, I'm between inspirations for large columns and Dan has so much material on hand he's considering using rivets in lieu of staples this issue, I'll tell you about it.

The New York Fanoclasts "discovered" the I Ching in late 1964 or early 1965 via Phillip K. Dick's The Man in the High Castle -- at least, I think that's generally true, although some members may have known about it before that. (The I Ching, or "Book of Changes" as it is also known, is both the hero and author of the Dick novel, as I suppose many of you may already know.)

The Fanoclasts were primarily fanzine fans. My previous club experience had been the LASFS, where nearly everyone in the local fan community attended whether they had anything in common or hated each other's guts or not; real friends tended to get together elsewhere and/or afterwards. New York tried this approach but while their feuds may have been no more bitter than those in L.A., at least some N.Y. fen had made an astounding discovery: Since there were a number of clubs appealing to several kinds of fans, it was unnecessary to be forced into situations where one had to "put up" with those with whom one had nothing in common and/or disliked. This was in part the raison d'etre for the formation of the Fanoclasts; they felt a club based on friendship would be more likely to be fun than one based merely on a "common" interest in sf.

But I digress -- this all happened long before I got there. At the point I want to talk about, I had been a member for a while -- even though Ted White, the host, and I had crossed blades a few times in fanzine print prior to my move to NYC. That wasn't as much of a contrast with the Fanoclast Philosophy as you might think; past differences aside, it turned out we liked each other.

The Fanoclasts were bidding for the 1967 worldcon; Ted, Dave Van Arnam, John



Boardman, Andy Porter, Arnie Katz, Mike McInerney and I pretty much comprised the bidding committee and we went to the major regionals, including Midwestcons and Westercons, to hold parties and drum up support for our bid. It was natural enough, in that time, for us to wonder if we might help our cause by attending the '65 worldcon in London. Since worldcon bids were being voted upon only a year in advance then, it did not seem vital -- after all, few British fan would be coming to the U.S. to cast votes for the '67 convention. While it might be worthwhile to go for the fun of it, it certainly seemed unlikely we would gain any benefit in proportion to what it would cost to go there.

The appearance of the Dick novel prompted a mild interest in the I Ching; I say "mild" because we were casting hexagrams with coins rather than yarrow stalks, as those who were more serious about it did. I believe it was either Ted or I who suggested we "ask" the I Ching about this Loncon matter but I'm willing to take the contrary word of anyone who has a better memory than I do -- which likely includes everyone who has ever been in the Fanoclasts, to say nothing of LASFS, FAPA and its waiting list, the N3F or for that matter the entire SFR mailing list.

It really doesn't matter -- whoever made the suggestion, we took it.

We cast our hexagram and got only one moving line. (For those of you who, for all I know, may have never used an I Ching, "moving" lines are the ones most pertinent to whatever question you might be asking.) "It would be advisable," that line said, "to cross the Great Water."

What could be clearer than that?

Ted went to London but not primarily because of that; he went to enjoy himself, since even though the "answer" to our question was quite specific, we still didn't really believe our bid could possibly benefit from it -- or at least not in any significant way.

But Dave Kyle was at the London convention to place an "out-of-rotation" bid for Syracuse. Under the rotation system, the con should have returned to the midwest, since London won their bid at Pacificon. But, as Kyle pointed out, Loncon attendees could decide to entertain an out-of-rotation bid.

Ben Jason, chairman of the Tricon bidding committee, was naturally opposed to this. But Ted, who had been asked to second their bid, urged Ben not to give voice to this objection. As Ted pointed out, Kyle was appealing to the attendees' "sense of fair play," which would put the Tricon people, should they voice opposition, in the position of urging fans to vote against "fair play." Fans are slans, of course, and above the common crowds -- but the ideal of "fair play" is to some British folk what apple pie and mom are to many Americans. At Ted saw it, even fans who were nominally for Tricon might vote to give Syracuse "a chance" -- which in turn would give the appearance of a groundswell of fannish support for them. Ted knew Kyle had a formidable reputation as a convention tactician, one of those who really enjoyed conniving in those smoke-filled rooms, who would put this to good effect when the second vote was taken.

Jason agreed with this assessment, so he let Kyle get up and give his impassioned speech -- and then took the wind out of his sails by saying the first vote would be unnecessary, since the Tricon committee was entirely in favor of fair play and so had no objection to giving Syracuse a chance. And on the vote which followed, the Tricon committee won their bid on the basis of its merits.

Of course, it's obvious that if Syracuse had won the 1966 convention, we could not bid for it in 1967 -- since, while worldcon rules allow out-of-rotation bids,

the purpose of the rotation system is to ensure that the same region will not be chosen for two worldcons in a row -- because Syracuse is only 350 miles upstate from NYC. (That was why the system was instituted; the out-of-rotation rule was inserted to allow bids from outside the U.S., but at London Kyle was essentially correct that the rule was so worded it did not preclude his Syracuse bid.)

I was told -- I was unable to attend, myself -- this was well remembered the following year by Jason and others when the Fanoclast contingent went to Tricon, where Kyle and friends were also among those bidding. The Tricon committee never showed favoritism to any degree -- if anything, they leaned over backward not to -- but whenever they could help without opening themselves up to that charge, they did. The final installment of Jack Gaughan's NyCon Comics and the bags we'd had printed with the "NyCon in '67" logo -- which fans could use for carrying things one tends to pick up at conventions -- were available either at or near the registration desk. As a direct result of what had happened in London, while they had to be officially neutral, I think the committee was predisposed to be friendly toward us and our bid -- and perhaps even, at least privately, not to think too highly of Dave Kyle and Syracuse.

I don't know how seriously any of the other Fanoclasts may have taken the I Ching at the time, although I think most of us were at least mildly skeptical. I still have a copy and even occasionally get out a few coins to cast a hexagram -- but for all that, even now, I can't really say I "believe" in it.

Yet every once in a while it amuses me to think that the I Ching was a tool of fannish destiny, that all those Confucian and Taoist scholars went to all that trouble just so we could win our bid -- because any way you look at it, and for whatever reason you may care to ascribe, the I Ching gave us a piece of truth, since it really was adviseable for one of us to "cross the Great Water."

-- rich brown

 Burbee's Law: "Things get smaller as they go away."

Bloch's Theory: "Space is a lot of nothing between stuff."

"NEWSBREAKS: This has proved to be such a popular feature that we are bringing it back this week for your enjoyment. ** Andy Main, of El Cerrito, is at this moment sound asleep in his sleeping bag, just inches away from violent death. ** Ray Nelson has nearly completed his tunnel to the Bay. ** Ed Clinton has finally returned, but he claims "amnesia." We've heard better stories than that before, Mr. Clinton. ** A recent letter from Bob Lichtman reports that he has completely regained the use of the left side of his mouth. ** I had bacon and eggs for breakfast this morning. ** Mr. and Mrs. Lowell Moore, the people downstairs, were burned out recently by a maniac. ** Susan Caughran, who works in our building at the University of California, reports that the last time she saw Jim he was "Hanging from the Bay Bridge." ** Bill Donaho ate a live monkey the other day. ** And that's NEWSBREAKS for this week."

-- Calvin W. Demmon, from
 FLYING FROG #12 (July 28, 1963)

Beginning on the next page, if we are all lucky, is the third chapter in my never-ending adaptation of Walt Willis and Bob Shaw's THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR. Despite the slow rate of appearance, this comic strip will continue until it is completed and published in a book-length edition. It may take until 1999, but... In the meanwhile you can obtain copies of the previous chapters and even extras of this one by sending 50¢ in stamps per chapter to your friendly neighborhood Steffan.

The Enchanted Duplicator

ADAPTED BY *dan STEFFAN*

CHAPTER
3

THE PATH WAS STEEP, AND BY NIGHTFALL JOPHAN WAS NEAR EXHAUSTION. WORSE, HE HAD ENTERED A REGION OF THICK FOG AND COULD NO LONGER SEE HIS WAY.



THE CAVE WAS FULL OF PEOPLE OF ALL AGES TALKING, LAUGHING, AND PLAYING GAMES.



AFTER THEY NOTICED HIM, JOPHAN WAS INVITED IN AND GIVEN SOMETHING TO DRINK.



AFTER A WHILE ONE OF THE YOUTHS FINISHED HIS GAME AND APPROACHED JOPHAN AND POLITELY ASKED...



I AM GOING TO FANDOM TO PUBLISH THE PERFECT FANZINE, FOR THAT IS WHAT I WANT TO DO MORE THAN ANYTHING!



BUT THIS IS FANDOM!

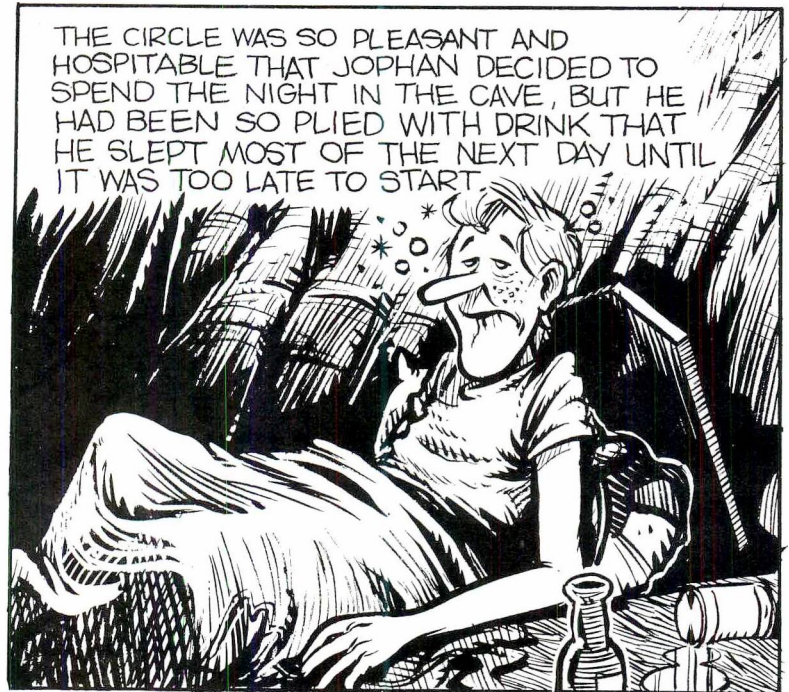
IT IS?



WELL, NOT EXACTLY, BUT IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR US. ACTUALLY THIS IS ONLY THE CIRCLE OF LASSITUDE!

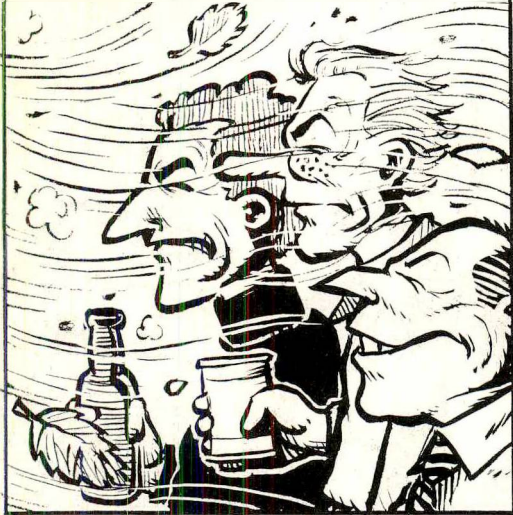
YEAH, WE'VE HEARD OF FANDOM BUT IT IS SO MUCH WORK TO CLIMB THOSE MOUNTAINS THAT WE'VE MADE OUR HAPPY HOME RIGHT HERE!





...AND THE PATTERN WOULD REPEAT.

THEN, ONE DAY WHILE JOPHAN WAS TALKING WITH OTHERS IN THE CAVE, A GREAT WIND BLEW IN FROM FANDOM.



AMONG THE LITTER THAT BLEW INTO THE CAVE WAS A SHEET OF PAPER...



...THE PAPER LOOKED FAMILIAR, BUT STILL JOPHAN WASN'T SURE OF EXACTLY WHAT IT WAS...



...THEN, SUDDENLY, THE SMALL, PRINTED PIECE OF PAPER STIRRED HALF-FORGOTTEN MEMORIES IN JOPHAN!



WHY... THIS IS... IT'S... IT'S A FANZINE!



SO IT IS! THEY BLOW IN HERE FROM TIME TO TIME!

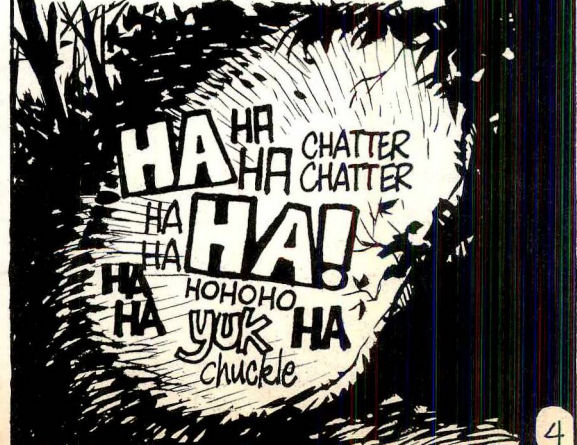
BUT WE DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO THEM!



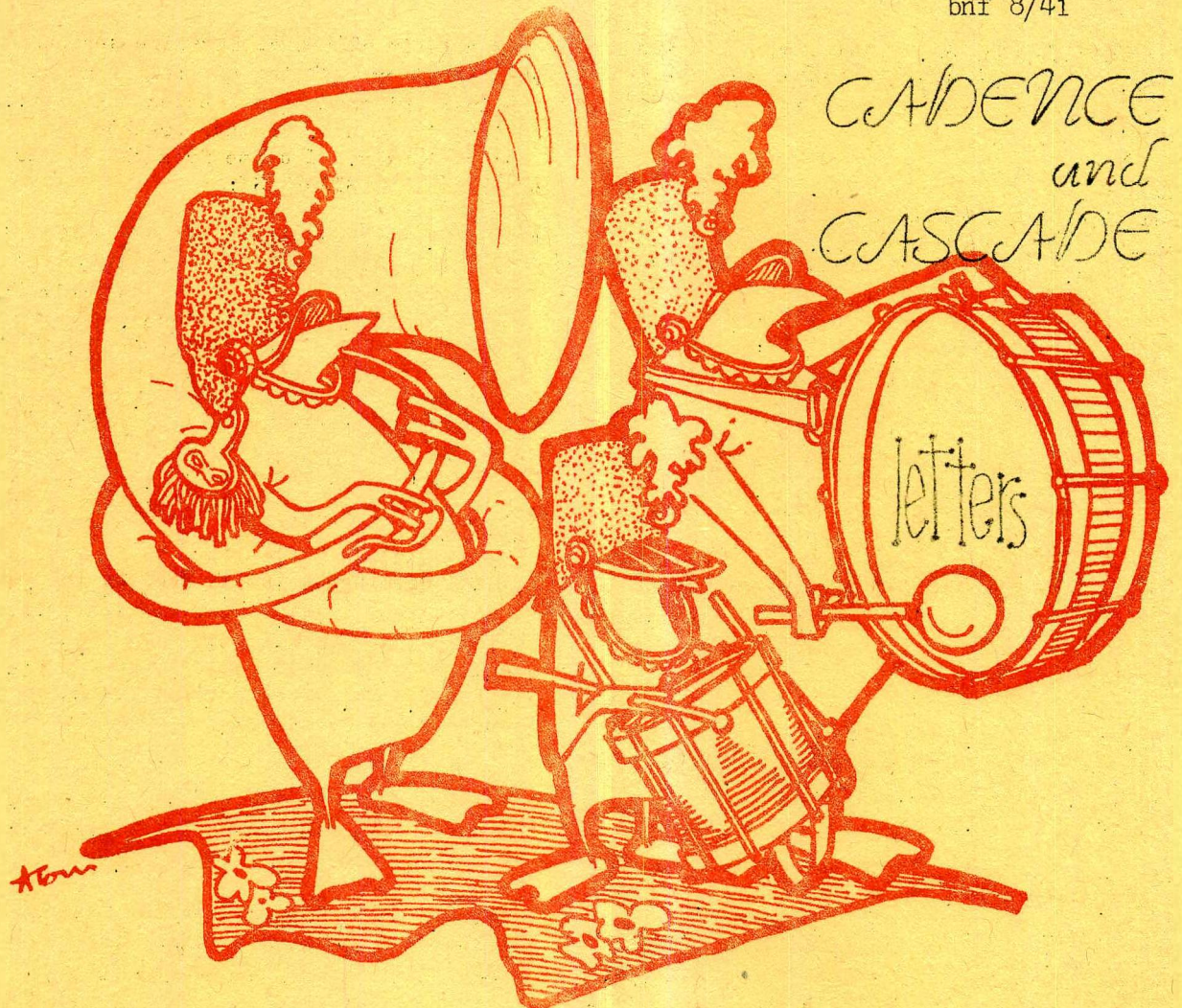
HEARING THAT JOPHAN SHOULDERS HIS BUNDLE AND LEFT THE CAVE WITHOUT SAYING A WORD. THE MEMBERS OF THE CIRCLE SILENTLY WATCHED HIM LEAVE...



AND THEN RENEWED THEIR TALKING AND PARTYING TWICE AS LOUDLY AS BEFORE, AS IF TO CONVINCE THEMSELVES THAT THEY WERE HAPPY!



TO BE CONTINUED...



CADENCE and CASCADE

((The lettercol this issue begins with
some late comments on BOONFARK 6,))

CHUCK HARRIS The mail always arrives just
32 Lake Crescent before I go to work. I can't
Daventry -- daren't -- read in the
Northants office, but Towner solved
ENGLAND that problem for me long ago.

Off with the jacket, on with
the look of noble suffering and away away to
the washroom and the lavatory cubicle with the
good light fitment above it. My bowels are
just as much a legend in the Ford Motor Co as
Towner's were in the machine shop he worked in
40 years ago, and if that ain't timebinding
buster, you tell me....

Once -- early in my fannish career -- I was on
holiday in Devon. It rained almost continuously
for the fortnight, but I was happy enough
scratching around the secondhand bookshops.
Going through a bulk lot the chap had bought at
an auction I found an autographed 1st edition
of Through the Looking Glass. As soon as the
bookseller went to lunch I bought it for two
shillings from his assistant who was so dis-
interested he didn't even look at the title.

After the joy of acquisition died down a bit --
ho, what a very smart fellow you harris -- I

wondered what the fuck to do with it. I didn't
collect that sort of stuff, and the only col-
lector I'd ever heard of then who might have
liked it was 4e Ackerman. So, I sent it to him
with a little note (I'd had no contact with him
before) saying that it was a gift for his col-
lection and a small thank you for the pleasure
I'd had from reading the books he sent to Fred
Brown. (Fred was the biggest of all the Brit
collectors/dealers and did a lot of business
with 4e. He also gave me the run of his library
and he had EVERYTHING ...bound sets of WEIRD
TALES, bedsheet ASFs, the lot). I think I also
told 4e I was a Universal Musketeer, and that I
was going to write for fanzines and goshwowetc.

Fuggheaded? Actually, no -- it might have been
the smartest thing I ever did. He wrote a
charming thank you note -- "really appreciate
it....out of the ordinary....pride of place in
my collection....munificent magnificant....
would be honored to pay....hope you get as much
pleasure from scifi as I do....would like to
send you something in return....clearing out the
Garage, etc."

And he did. Every few weeks a bloody great par-
cel of old fuzz arrived. VOM, SHAGGY, LeZ, CHAN-
TICLEER, ACOLYTE, everything, all jumbled up for
me to pick through. I was the only fan in the

world outside the USA. Fred thought he was fandom, but I knew instinctively just who was star-begotten around here. (Well, we would, wouldn't we?)

I had no one to share it with. My bedroom was piled high with bundles shedding pages and when my mother complained I... (This is ridiculous. This was 35 years ago, and I'm still ashamed.) I threw them all away. All of them. Some I put in the dustbin, and some went in the incinerator, and that's the one thing in all of my fan time that I really regret.

Years later I met Forry at the Loncon, but I don't think he remembered me then. He stood lunch for WAW and myself -- ravioli -- MacDonald's hadn't been invented then -- but Carnell and others were present and it was more huckster than fannish. I like Forry, but I can't stand that hip flip carney-on-the-midway presentation that he will affect. (Or do all Angelenos talk like that)

((Yes, it is true. Everybody from LA talks like game show hosts and are married to tall, stupid blondes. If you don't believe me, ask Rotsler.))

When you meet him he seems really nice -- warm sincere, interested and quietly witty. A bit eccentric -- but who isn't around here. I think that in the end fandom will have to confiscate his typer to preserve his godhead; just wheel him out at conventions to press the flesh and smile at the congregation.

((In the end is precisely where I'd like to see 4e get it. If for no other reason than the fact that he coined that awful word, "sci-fi" and is proud of it. :: I tend to believe that my generation of American fans totally ignore 4e. Most of us grew up on his pun-filled, overindulgent FAMOUS MONSTERS magazine. Anybody who ever read the thing had to come away doubting Ackerman's contact with reality -- he seemed so inane. The fact, which I have recently learned, that the cutesy style was his publisher's idea doesn't effect my picture of him at all. I just figure he rose to the challenge. "Mr. Science Fiction," indeed!))

JOHN BROSNAN Rich brown's feature on the
23 Lushington Rd. guide to fandom written by
London, NW 10 two Trekkies was very de-
UNITED KINGDOM pressing. Yet more evi-
dence that the average
Trekkiie is operating with several bricks short
of a full load.

It reminds me of my account in PONG about the angry Trekkie who took my jokey reference about

Trek cons in STARBURST magazine seriously. I'd retaliated by waffling on about a mythical Trek con in Birmingham that wrecked the city... well, believe it or not, another Trekkie has taken that seriously. I quote from the letter column of the latest STARBURST:

"What Mr. Brosnan did or did not see at 'The Great Star Trek Convention Disaster of 1969' is debatable, since his view of the whole Trek phenomenon is distinctly biased. It must have been one hell of a convention if 10,000 fans (all female, and all watching a screening of Amok Time) went on the rampage. Except for the Birmingham Exhibition Centre I can't think of anywhere big enough to house that many fans and that wasn't even built in '69. Where were all the male fans? Presumably helping to fix the projector!

"As for Birmingham 'still bearing the scars of this terrible event,' smashed milk bottles and people being attacked with Spock ears hardly present a picture of fans bringing a city to its knees. Mr. Brosnan makes Watergate sound like a slight mishap with a couple of tapes by comparison.

"I do not doubt that something did happen at the Birmingham Convention but nothing like to the extent John Brosnan implies."

I dunno. Is it a prerequisite of being a Trekkie that you have a large hole in your marble bag? ((Need you really ask?))

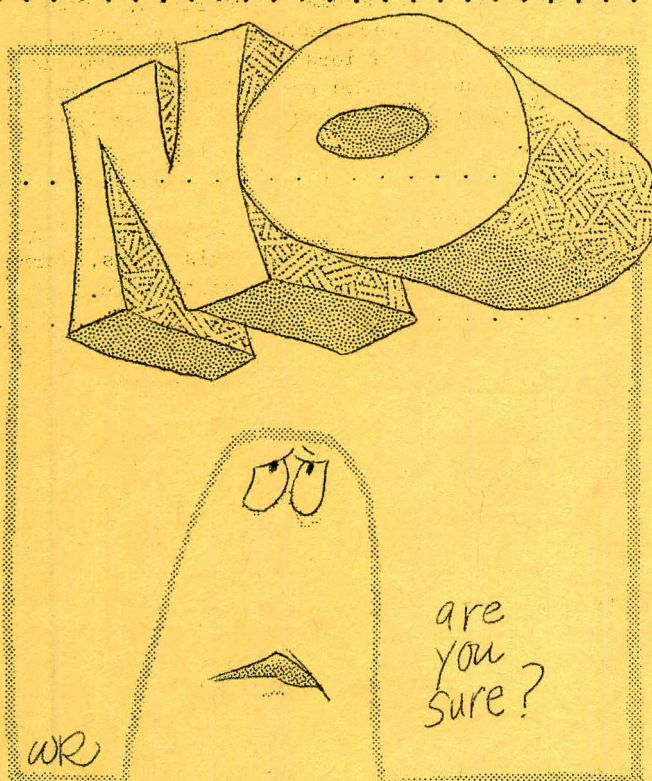
I now have hopes that the mythical 1969 Birmingham con will become absorbed into Trekkie history. I can picture Trekkies asking each other, "Were you there? What really happened?" Sooner or later I'll hear from someone who was actually there... Sometimes I fear that we have lost the war. The fannish citadel has been overrun by the barbarians. They can't read, they can't write and they think Star Trek 2 - the Wrath of Khan is a profound and moving experience.

((Are you trying to tell me it isn't? Why, when I saw it in Birmingham in '69, I was moved to the point of having a religious experience. Spock is so deep.))

JOHN D BERRY It might be worth pointing
525 19th Ave. E. out, in the context of rich's
Seattle, WA discourse on vanity presses,
98112 that of course there is an-
other alternative that is
neither having your book bought by a big New
York commercial publisher nor paying a vanity
press to print (but not bind) it. There is a
long tradition of self-publishing, and not just
among fans with mimeographs. Quite a number of
our famous writers in the last century either

published their books themselves at first or had them done by a small press far from the bright lights of commercial success. The proportion of good stuff to bad in small press publishing is, of course, just about what it is in fandom -- but then, so is what you get from the commercial publishers. I have no argument with rich's judgment on the quality of both writer and work in vanity-press books; the reason I point this out is that sf is so much a commercial genre that fans are liable to think that the only alternative to the heaven of getting big bucks (or pitiful advances) from New York publishers is the hell of sinking into the slough of the vain.

((Oh John, you're so verile when you're being sercon....))



JOSEPH NICHOLAS
22 Denbigh St.
Pimlico
London SW1V 2ER
UNITED KINGDOM

I enjoyed Ted White's "Minac." This will no doubt come as a huge surprise to him, considering the rather tedious argument about who has or has not misunderstood what the

other has said in which we've been embroiled of late, but it's true, I tell you, it's true. Not so much for the way it's written -- because I think Ted relied too heavily on straight quotes from the fanzines of the past; avoiding or playing down any opportunity for detailed historical narrative of the period -- as for what it reveals about Harlan Ellison. One aspect of his personality, anyway, because for some time I've wondered what it is about him and fandom, why he seems to hate fans so, yet still turns up to conventions every now and then;

and now I know why. It's all to do with the failure of "his" Seventh Fandom. Which, admittedly, is hardly the greatest of insights, and something that those previously familiar with the fanzines in question will have grasped long ago, but it's nevertheless an insight of which I was previously unaware and for which I'm grateful to Ted for providing. (Apropos of same, you may or may not be interested to learn that, having waxed polemical about fans in his non-fiction, Ellison is now beginning to vent his spleen about them in his fiction as well -- specifically, "The Hour That Stretches" in the October 1982 F&SF, another of his writing-as-performance-art lunacies hacked out in the window of an SF bookstore with the Christmas revellers looking on and featuring Harlan himself on a radio phone-in responding to story lines submitted by his adoring fans. It will come as no surprise to you to learn that each and every idea is treated with outright contempt and each and every fan vilified as a cretin.) I'm looking forward to Ted's forthcoming column about Ellison's fanzines, to see what new things about the man I will thereby glean -- but looking forward to it with some trepidation, I must admit, since I know that it's so long it's had to be split in two parts. Two parts, concerning a subject as minor as that? The mind boggles.

((Well Joseph, now that you've had a chance to read Ted's 2-part column, do you have any new insights? Was it as boring as you had hoped?))

LEIGH EDMONIS The one thing that I'd like to pick up on was your editorial comment that Ted's piece is a piece of "seriously researched fan history" because it didn't come across to me that way. I took it to be more Ted recounting some of the story of Seventh Fandom, and giving it a bit more feel of the times with his quotes. I could not class it as historical research because it only went to one source and then the quotations were liberally sprinkled with personal interpretations of what happened. Not that I have any objections to this sort of writing, I simply think that we have to be a bit more careful about how we label this sort of thing -- otherwise we are going to have some trouble in distinguishing between personal views of events and the events themselves. ((I think I should make it clear that it was I who labeled the column a "seriously researched fan history," and not Ted -- and I'm not at all sure what he'd call it.))

In reading Ted's piece I could not help but think that he was being unduly harsh on Harlan Ellison, in part because he was harshly judged on the basis of one or two pieces of fan writing in only one

fanzine, rather than on a whole lot more evidence that probably exists to yet be looked at. In a personal journalism piece it is also probably fair to draw comparisons with the Cosmic Circle, but not in some "serious historical research" unless there are more clear parallels than just being the subjects of derision, and of ill tempered jest.

I could not blame Harlan if he took objection to this little story. It is written as though it were the whole story instead of only half. Quoting a person while they're in a bad mood makes for enjoyable reading but lacks much of the grounds of accuracy.

I am not all that convinced by arguments about historic periods being the result of evolution because it seems to me that there are times when things change at a much faster rate than normal. •Seventh Fandom might have been as successful as the American Revolution for all we know, had not a lot of people "leaped as one". Of course it is just as likely that Seventh Fandom is the way that it is portrayed here... Ted's article doesn't close the issue.

((Ted's Seventh Fandom column was never intended as the definitive article on the subject, but instead, an update on what happened as it was perceived by Ted and everybody else as they read Harlan's "Seventh Fandom Speaks!" in SFR's forefather, PSYCHOTIC. It is my impression that Ted was merely relating the generally agreed upon impression of what had happened with 7Fandom, while using the quotes to give the story context. As for quoting Ellison only from one source, that was because he only wrote about the subject in that one piece -- as far as I know -- after listening to the furor swirl around him for some months. It must also be remembered that at the time, PSYCHOTIC was one of the top fmz -- considered to be on the cutting edge. Which is why Harlan appeared there in the first place.))

HARRY WARNER JR. I was semi-gaffiated at the 423 Summit Ave. time Seventh Fandom was in its Hagerstown, MD lustiest vigor. So it was 21740 nice to read Ted White's review of that gaudy episode in fandom's history. Incidentally, while reading those quotations from Harlan Ellison, I kept wondering if anyone has remarked the influence which Joseph Nicholas seems to have possessed on Harlan's style in Harlan's pre-pro days. A couple of minor emendations: Charles Wells lingered in fandom longer than Ted realizes. It must have been the mid-1970s, or even toward the end of the decade, when he finally gave up his FAPA membership. And Ted forgets VAFA which predated OMPA and SAPS in his mention of the first imitators of FAPA.

In your explorations of the White Archives

should you turn up either the January 1961 issue of KIPPLE, or the undated first issue of VAGUE, you will find earlier Ted White writings about Seventh Fandom. I can't find my copies of those issues (we old-time fans resemble one another in many ways) but my fan history notes indicate that Ted gave Dean Grennell and Joel Nydahl more emphasis when writing for those fanzines as prime movers in Seventh Fandom than he does in the BOONFARK article. Other significant material about Seventh Fandom which might be worth looking for: an account by Norm Browne in Pre-Apa in the fall, 1954 FAPA mailing, and an article in the March 1956 issue of FANHISTORY.

((Thanks for the info, Harry. If I should turn up those fanzines during my excavations in Ted's fanzine collection, I'll give them a read -- and, if it seems appropriate, maybe reprint the more pertinent stuff by Browne, et al. I'm sure readers like, Leigh Edmonds will be pleased by the extra input -- even if the subject matter has already been beat to death.))

I ALSO HEARD ABOUT BNF 6 FROM: Alina Chu, Gary Deindorfer, Roelof Goudriaan, Chris Evans, Terry Jeeves, Steve Miller, and Eric Bentcliffe.



((Yes I am! And here they are, the letters of comment on BOONFARK 7.))

JEANNE GOMOLL As much as I feel a kinship with you on the matter of the good connections that one makes in fandom for career type life changes, the situation is entirely

reversed when it comes to Lee Hoffman's tale. Where Lee treasures and saves paraphernalia, I like throwing things away. After a long day at work if I'm feeling that I've been especially unproductive for some reason or another, one way to cheer myself up is to go through my apartment, my desk, or files with a large paper sack and throw things away. The fuller the bag, or the more numerous the sacks of discarded junk, the more productive I feel. Lately I've been giving away huge chunks of my wardrobe to Good Will. And a couple of weeks ago I finally sat down and talked to a former lover who I haven't spoken to for years. (You know, one of those situations which started out rationally enough: needing lots of distance to get over things, but ended up being a greater drain of avoidance energy than the now-recovered wound required.) After the talk, I felt like I'd thrown away a lot of old baggage. At least several walls. I like throwing things away: it gives me the sense that I have more room to change. More room to add on.

((I'm an accumulator myself. Lynn is an accumulator, too. Generally, though, we don't save our trash, preferring to leave it for those who need it worse than we do. After all, there are children in Asia who go to bed every night without having any thing to throw away. However, to prove that I am not entirely unsympathetic with your point of view, I might mention that just last week -- while shifting boxes of accumulation -- I did manage to throw out my back...))

ROBERT WHITAKER Lee Hoffman's "Trash" seemed a bit bizarre. I hear and read news stories about people who have died and have left behind an apartment or a house filled ceiling to floor (or the other way around?) with newspapers and it will take several days just to empty out the house. I heard of one case where one sister had gone blind and was waiting for the day when God would answer her prayers and restore her sight. The other sister bought the papers and stacked them up. The blind one was to catch up on the news when she could see again. The other sister died when a stack fell on her, and the blind one starved to death.

I just hope Lee Hoffman moves around frequently so this form of fate does not befall her, or on her.

I used to own a couple of the old DIMENSIONS that Ted White talks about in his column, but they didn't hold up to re-reading very well and I traded them off for cash when I needed it. They seemed to be full of energy, but the feeling of a dead horse being pulled by a motorized wagon kept coming to me. Ellison was putting together a Dangerous Visions sort of fanzine.

They are of interest to reflect upon what could be done for what was, and will remain, very little. ((I assume you mean monetarily?))

I could ask Ted why he keeps bothering himself in trying to prove himself to Ellison. He should prove himself to Ted White first.

((Though you didn't go into it, I'm sure that you were pleased to possess those Ellison zines at the time you sold them, as his fanzines go for Big Bucks in the collector's market. Lydia Marano, who runs the Dangerous Visions Bookstore in Van Nuys, California, recently sent me a xerox copy of an Ellison fanzine -- a one-shot called VECTOR, published in 1952 by Harlan and Jim Schreiber -- that came through her store. She made the copy for me and then sold the zine to some fool for \$140.00. Woo. Did you do that well? :: Your comment about the two sisters makes me wonder if old fen like Harry Warner are safe in their own homes, considering the 40+ years of fanzines that have got to be piled everywhere. Watch your step, Harry.))

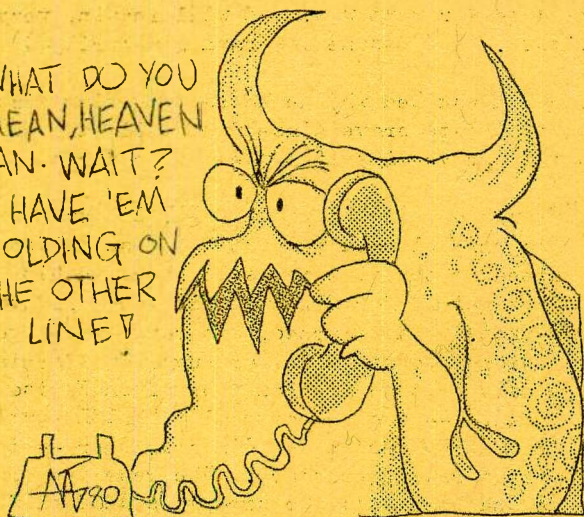
DAVE RIKE I was enraptured by Ted's account of SFB/DIMENSIONS. My only personal encounters with Harlan were at the 1954 SFCOn. He was manically hyper, going around caging material for his zine from pros, running circles around Peter James Vorzimer, who thought that he was purty red hot, too. That's what inspired Pete to start the Cult after Harlan did 7th Apr. Of course the Cult "took" and maintained a life of its own without the guiding hand of Petey; but that's a whole different story that Ted can tell at some other time.

Ahh, the SFCOn... Harlan's budding romance with Betty Jo McCarthy, an apple pie sweet freckled faced red head, that was dashed to the ground in pieces when she returned to the con hotel after an absence arm-in-arm with a sailor.

LeeH might have loads of trash but I have a paper jungle of books, magazines, letters and occasional fanzines that'll give her junk a good run for its money. Out of it a couple of months ago I unearthed a box of snapshot negatives from 1954-55 with several of Harlan at the SFCOn committing unnatural acts: he was partying with fanzine fans -- and having a good time, yet! This includes one shot of him with a propellor beanie on, prints of which I believe I sent through the Cult. I'm thinking of getting prints made and maybe sending them to select fans in a plain sealed wrapper. Would Harlan consider such photos libelous?

((No, I don't think so. But the next time he sees you he'll probably call you an obscene name from the third dimension and, following Vorzimer, make you drink Wildroot Cream Oil.))

WHAT DO YOU
MEAN, HEAVEN
CAN WAIT?
I HAVE 'EM
HOLDING ON
THE OTHER
LINE!



HARRY ANDRUSCHAK

PO Box 606

La Canada-Flintridge

CA 91011

Ted White's article is dull beyond belief, and why you bother with it is also beyond me. Now to reprint some of the better items... that is another matter. Or maybe reprint the whole run of the zine for modern fans without the money to buy the originals.

The main problem with Ted's article is that we have to take all his judgements and criticism without being able to check it out ourselves. I have little confidence in his ability in this respect.

((You have a fine mind, Andy. But I do think that the fact that ghod put it where your rectum belongs has given you a distorted view of reality. Nonetheless, I will sack Ted and his column forthwith...))

DARRELL SCHWEITZER
113 Deepdale Rd.
Strafford PA
19087

Goshwow, I think BOONFARK 7 has elevated me briefly to a plane of pure understanding, at least as far as Claude Degler is concerned.

The reprinted article, "I Meet a Big Name Fan" by John Van Couvering makes Degler's role in fandom clear to me for the first time. It's the description of Degler's luggage that did it.

Degler was the first bag-person. I mean the male equivalent of a bag-lady. We don't yet have a proper name for such people, ((I favor "Reaganoids" myself.)) but the fact that this scruffy character lived out of shopping bags is very telling, particularly when those bags were filled with Ziff-Davis AMAZINGS and FANTASTIC ADVENTURES, the trashiest, most brainless magazines of the period. Bag-persons are not noted for their depth of intelligence.

I guess Degler really was the forerunner of a newly-evolving race, but just not quite the one

he thought he was.

Alexis Gilliland's article takes the genetic analogy of social evolution much too literally. His whole text implies that some people are inherently pair-bonders and some are not, rather than that this is a learned behavior shaped by social conditions, and the expectations of his society, or, in other words, do as the Romans do. It is true that certain social patterns contribute to or detract from a society's chances of survival, just like genetic characteristics do to a species or sub-species, but to say that these patterns (such as pair-bonding) are genetic characteristics, as Alexis clearly does when talking about "Npb genes" strikes me as dubious biology.

((Yes, but you failed to answer the real question here: Is pair-bonding a characteristic of bag-persons?))

MICHAEL DOBSON

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Washington, D.C.
20009

The juxtaposition of the "McSwine Brothers" with Alexis Gilliland's article on feminism is

possibly the best thing about the article. Alexis is a smart man, and a thoughtful one. But he builds a shaky argument on a weak premise -- that the one statement in a "Feminist" magazine represents the "Official Feminist Position" on evolution -- and selectively chooses a single theory of how human behavior might develop from outside pressures.

Alexis' article ignores evidence that much of early (pre-writing) civilization was, in fact, matriarchal and matrilineal -- resulting from the development of agriculture. The comparatively dominant position of woman is shown, among other things, by the presence of agricultural (female) deities. Hunter-gatherer tribes, by contrast, tended to be patriarchal, worshiped combative (male) gods, and kept women "barefoot and pregnant." A series of military invasions of the Fertile Crescent by the hunter-gatherer tribes resulted in the imposition of patrilineal/patriarchal customs on this agricultural society. Of course, in a patrilineal society it's necessary to know who the father is -- and it's only possible to have certain knowledge if the reproductive behavior of the women is severely restricted.

Any change of cultural mores and patterns is, in time, sanctioned by the gods -- or, as Alexis puts it after what he calls "the most casual inspection of anthropology" (no kidding), "sanctioned by evolution." Isn't it odd how social Darwinism always supports the status quo?

I grant that the original subject of the piece concerned pair-bonding as an evolutionary mechanism -- or course, pair-bonding was part of

both patrilinear and matrilinear/archal cultures. But just because pair bonding happened doesn't mean that it was necessary -- various ape species (and of course others throughout the animal kingdom) care for their children in a clan/tribe environment without sexual or emotional monogamy.

The sentence Alexis starts his article with is clearly hyperbole, but Alexis' reaction is overblown. Monogomas pair bonding is not mandated by evolution, but happened to be the choice for most humans. The idea that women are "compelled" toward monogamy while men are "compelled" toward polygamy is very convenient -- but I know several very polygamous women and more than a few essentially monogamous (or at least serially monogamous) men.

The further Alexis strays from his topic, the more he reveals his true agenda. Is it true that "Feminism would appeal mainly to non-pair-bonding females, a distinct minority?" How many feminists have you interviewed for this article, Alexis? And the sneaky little punch at the end -- that "Feminism appeals mainly to affluent males... who enjoy a lower testosterone level." A little ad hominem argument to disarm your opponents in advance? "Hey, you actually support feminism -- you must not have any balls." Have you been out measuring the testosterone levels in men? Where are your facts?

This is shoddy thinking supported by shoddy research. Where are the social Darwinists of yesteryear?

((You make a good case. But I have a question. Just what is the "Official Feminist Position"? I know somebody who says it is generally with the woman on top and my Feminism Handbook seems to have that page ripped out. What do you think?)):

ED ROM One thing I'd like to
26001/2 Calihan Ave. know -- where did Gilli-
Bemidji, MN 56601 land come by the info
 that hard work increases
the testosterone level? I'm not doubting his
word, I'd just like to see some substantiation
as most of his argument depends on that one
statement.

What Gilliland says has a real foundation in reality; poverty does result in sexual repression. Most, if not all, of the libertines of history were well-to-do, if not wealthy, and it seems that sexually freer (than our own) primitives, such as the Polynesians, had two things: a plentiful food supply and room to live in. The prudish sex-as-commodity mentality seems to flourish under conditions of overcrowding and social inequality. Our own traditional mores, for instance, arose during the

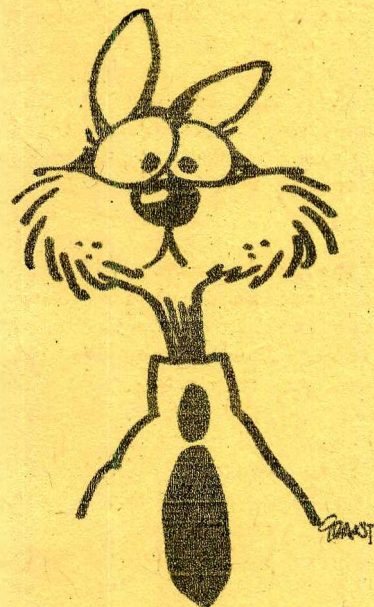
Middle Ages, which were most certainly times of great poverty and social inequality. The same could be said of Victorian England.

The situation now seems to be one of flux -- the old ways are giving way to prosperity. If prosperity is lost, then society will take on more of a domination/submission type of character, and Feminism, etc., will go down the tubes. ((What a wonderful world we live in...))

"Pepper Gets His Lumps" was unable to arouse my interest -- I may read it later. These personal-type stories don't usually do much for me. Give me rocketships and rayguns any time.

((Given what you've just said in this last paragraph, how can I trust the judgement you exhibit in the rest of the letter. Do yourself a favor, read Eric's piece and step into the true clear brilliant light of Trufandom. And while I'm at it, change your socks, too.))

.....



GREGG CALKINS Rich brown was fascinating. I
PO Box 508 had been waiting for this since
Jackson CA rich had had some second thoughts
95642 about his remarks in the column
 about Marines and wondered if

I might think they were aimed at me, so he wrote me a long letter about it, the after-effects of which are still floating around my FAPazine.

No matter, I read "Totem Pole" straight through and was held spellbound. His military experiences were so different from mine that there is no comparison. I was a little bit of a rebel (more, in retrospect, than I thought at the time) but by and large I was a pretty conscientious Marine. One thing for certain:

there was very little arguing or exchange of different opinion with those of superior rank, and definitely not if they happened to be an immediate supervisor! The USMC takes obedience to command very seriously indeed, and not one but several of the incidents rich reports would have led him straight to the brig. From what I heard about the Marine Corps brigs, escaping to a "bad" discharge seemed like a real improvement! Oh, I shouldn't say no comparison -- you know how I exaggerate -- because there are a lot of similarities in any military form of organization, but... well, it's just like the other services seem to be playing at it while the Marines are serious! Perhaps that is why the USMC generally has no respect for the other US military organizations.

((My best friend in high school and I were a lot alike during our years in school. Our interests were very similar -- we were both into sf -- especially the magazines -- and when we discovered each other, it was kind of like finding a long lost twin. We went on to discover fandom together, attend our first cons together, and eventually went into fanzine publishing, with him as one of my columnists. Then he went into the Marines. When he got out -- hell, even before he got out -- there was a lot of easily noticeable changes in his personality and how he perceived the world around him. He just used to tell me that he'd become a man at last, and when was I going to do the same. That was bullshit, of course. The Marines had done a royal number on his head and turned him into "The Ideal Marine". On the surface his interests weren't that different, but inside him, in the places that housed his sense of being, and all the things that made him an interesting and creative person, he was fundamentally changed. The world became very Black & White (in all senses), he used and abused women, and got into fights, and became such a wealth of prejudice that I found him impossible to be around. And there is only one reason for it -- the Marines. They took an impressionable, shy young man and made him into another replica of every other grunt that ever came off the assembly line. I hate the Marines for what they did to him. They robbed him of his sense of wonder and his ability to keep an intelligent, discerning eye out for what happens around him. It's sad. :: Of course, this doesn't really have anything to do with you Gregg, you obviously didn't have my friends problems. It is just that your writing about the Marines pushed my button and released my dense pack. And in retrospect, I guess maybe my friend was ripe for the picking all along. What I saw as his wide-eyed sense of life, was probably nothing more than an emptiness in his life that was finally filled by the Marines. What I really wanted to say was that while the Marines may

not have any respect for the other branches of the military -- I sure as hell haven't got any respect for the Marines, either. :: Long winded mutha, ain't I?))

I was also fascinated by the Shelby Vick Section, which told me a great deal about the life of Shelby after he and I lot touch. Shelby was one of my first real fan friends. We sort of considered ourselves fannish equals, with about the same status and experience (at least in our own eyes) and we carried on a great correspondence. When I went to the Chicon II that first year of OOPSIA! my parents had given me permission to invite Shelby home to stay with me for a week before school started, we were that close... and you'd have to know my parents and their opinion of sf and fandom and OOPSIA! and my 17-year-old wisdom in order to truly appreciate what a major thing this was!

What none of us took into consideration, of course, was the fact that Shelby had a job and wasn't free to come home with me. I had to be back for the start of the college year, but otherwise I had no obligations, so when Shelby suggested that I go to Florida and stay with him instead, I accepted immediately. Naturally, I had no authority to make such a decision, something which after three days of freedom at the con hotel simply did not occur to me. My parents had sent their young boy off on the Greyhound Bus with great misgivings -- Jim Webbert and I were travelling together, and the bus we caught had Forry and his wife already aboard -- and considerable reservations. It was the first time I had ever been away from home on my own, and a careful schedule had been made of my departure time, my location throughout the trip, and my date, hour and minute of return.

Not that I was totally thoughtless: I wrote my folks a postcard informing them of Shelby's... problem and subsequent invitation and that I was going to Florida with him and would be home later. Naturally this card did not get to Salt Lake City before my scheduled return bus and my folks didn't know what to think. When the card arrived, worry turned to parental anger at record speed even though nanoseconds were unknown at that time, but... they didn't know exactly where I was. Oh, Florida, sure... and at Shelby's, whoever that was. A friend, that they knew, but only via the mails. Well, I won't continue the long story -- suffice it to say that somewhere in the midst of my idyllic visit with Vick and Joe Green I got an impassioned telephone call (they ransacked my files, apparently, sufficient to track me down) and my marching orders. That was the last time I ever saw Shelby, although our correspondence and fanning continued for some time longer, but this was before Suzy and the twins and I don't remember now that I even knew about the events rich describes.

Where is Shelby now, does anyone know?

((That's a question I've heard several times since the Chicon, and one that I don't have an answer for. Scuttlebutt has it that he is still in Florida, living well off of his substantial successes in the real estate market (you two still have a lot in common). The last person I know who saw him was rich brown. Vick stayed with him in NYC several times during the 70s when he was in town on business. Since then, however, I know nothing. Perhaps some of our Floridian readers can help -- Joe, Lee, Tom?))

DON D'AMMASSA I was most impressed by rich
323 Dodge St. brown's piece, partly because
East Providence, it was so well written, partly
R.I. 02914 because it echoed so many of
 my own experiences in the Army

I was drafted rather than enlisted, but because this was the height of the Vietnam War there was no reluctance to take me despite my being considerably underweight. I am in fact now only 118 pounds, on a good day. The Army's solution was to place me on a list for unrestricted extra servings, and I won many enemies by wolfing down a dozen eggs or so for breakfast, particularly from an overweight fellow named Davidson, who was on limited rations.

When it became clear I was headed for the infantry (where in theory I would have carried an eighty pound pack) I opted to extend my tour of duty and choose a school that would give me some additional training for the real world. So I went into... you guessed it... supply, and became a supply specialist. The course consisted of two weeks typing, six weeks of small arms repair, and two weeks of reading catalogs and typing forms. I later attempted to sue the government to let me out early on the basis of misrepresentation of the course content, but I lost.

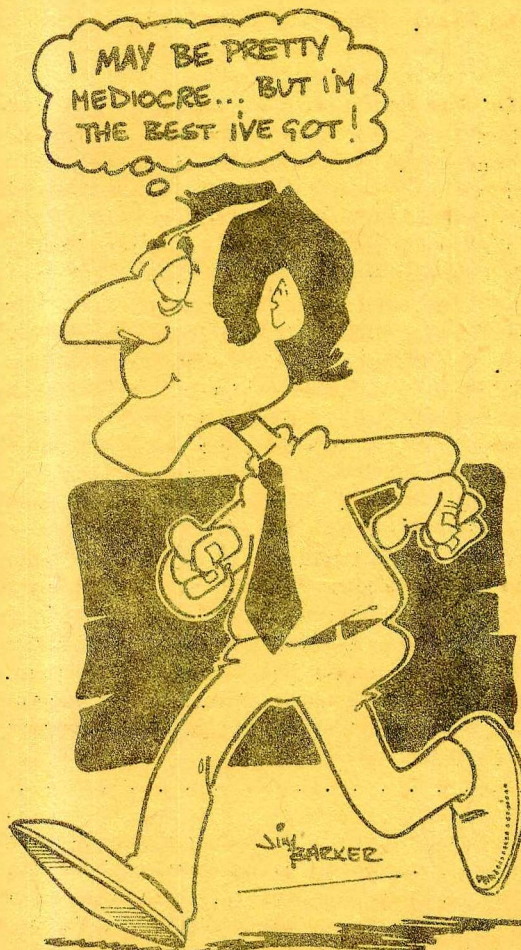
Yet another parallel. While stationed in Vietnam, I became more active in fanzine fandom. There was little to do in a support company, where I had managed to get out of supply and into a military journalism position. So I was receiving fanzines. One day I was notified by the postal clerk that several pieces of my mail had been seized by the commanding officer and that I would have to take delivery from him personally.

Needless to say I was concerned. Could someone have sent me some pot? I hastened to report and was shown a stack of a dozen or so fanzines. Some of them appeared to have been opened. The gist of our conversation was that the CO wanted to know if there were political discussions of the Vietnam War taking place within these grubby pages. I confirmed that there were discussions of the War, of anarchy, of drugs, and of every-

thing else conceivable. He asked me to fill in a form giving him permission to review such publications before they were delivered to me. I demurred. I was then given my mail and dismissed, and it appears that there was no further interference with my mail.

However (and there is almost always a "however" in the military), it seems the CO was not content to let the matter rest, and his action completes the chain of parallels. He wrote a letter to be filed with my security papers indicating that I was a suspicious character, involved in dubious political activities, received subversive mail which I would not submit for review, etc. The amusing aspect of this situation is that one of my peripheral duties in the command was maintenance of the S2 (security) files, and therefore had custody of my own security folder. So it goes.

((Sure does look like you and rich were involved in a different military reality than Gregg Calkins was. And it was probably to Gregg's advantage, too.))



REDD BOGGS I find my name mentioned here and
 PO Box 1111 there in BOONFARK, which fills me
 Berkeley, CA with a vague disquiet. I'm not
 94701 at all sure that I approve of the
 reprint of old fanzines -- or pro-
 zines, either, for that matter. Perhaps nearly
 everything in the distant past should remain de-
 cently buried and only remembered with nostalgia,
 not reprinted. I don't at all remember writing
 Norm Metcalf to be sure to look up ShelVy in
 "Lynnville" -- ie, Lynn Haven -- as rich brown
 said in his column, and it's odd to know after
 all this time that my innocent pocsarod let to
 all those bittersweet adventures for rich. It
 makes me hesitant to say anything to anybody,
 for fear of unforeseeable consequences. It was
 only a few years ago that I found I had caused
 a rupture in the relationship of Heinlein and
 Alex Panshin circa 1963 when Alex was working
 on his Heinlein critique. A manuscript he had
 written about Heinlein and submitted to SHAGGY
 under a dull title (or so I deemed it) I (in my
 god facet) hauled off and retitled it "Heinlein:
 By His Jockstrap." I don't even know how Hein-
 lein learned of this, for he was certainly not
 on my mailing list, but about 15 years later I
 heard that he so resented this slur on his
 macho image that he refused further correspon-
 dence with Alex. That was the first I knew of
 it.

((Heinlein's distaste for Alex went a lot fur-
 ther than the mere discontinuance of their
 correspondence. On many occasions Heinlein
 has badmouthed Alex and often instructed his
 friends not to cooperate with Panshin during
 his researching of Heinlein In Dimension. I
 believe there has been many threats of various
 legal actions, and, about two years ago, when
 Alex reviewed a new Heinlein book for OMNI,
 Ol' R.A. threatened never submit to them
 again if they published this rot by Panshin.
 And the topper, of course, is the time when
 Alex travelled to NYC to hear Heinlein speak,
 and afterwards he went up to the podium to
 meet the great man. Upon introducing himself
 to Heinlein, Alex had the rare experience of
 having Heinlein withdraw his hand from a hand-
 shake that was about to take place. Heinlein
 snarled and walked away as if Alex didn't
 exist. (This last event happened about five
 years ago, so I guess Bob carries a grudge.)
 You have a lot to answer for... You exposed
 Heinlein's petty feet of clay. Congratulations
 Redd, old man.))

GARY DEINDORFER Rich brown keeps proving
 447 Bellevue Ave. #9-B to me how well he can
 Trenton, NJ 08618 write. His control of
 narrative flow is superb
 and his flair for anecdotal writing is excellent.
 When I write anecdotes I tend to distort them
 and get the wrong emphasis on them without really
 meaning to. But rich, I sense, is very good at
 recounting an incident almost exactly as it

happened, and that is a rare gift, I think.
 I am sure he has a much better memory than I
 do; I could never remember all that stuff from
 a comparable stretch in my own past. The
 article is hugely interesting and sheds light
 on rich brown man and fan I had no idea of
 before. As usual, it makes me jealous that
 I could not write a long article like that
 and sustain the reader's interest at such a
 high level throughout. ((Aww, come on, Gary.
 Sure you could -- maybe you just don't have
 rich's nerve?)) Rich brown comes across in
 this piece as a pretty rebellious guy,
 flouting Authority and all like that -- some-
 thing to keep in mind for thcs'e of us who
 are fooled into thinking he's a much more
 staid guy than he actually is. He nearly
 managed to take on the entire USAF and clearly
 they were no match for him. In summation:
 rich brown - 1; USAF - 0.

The WILD HAIR reprint was much appreciated.
 Some of those lines on the cover are hila-
 rious. Interesting to see how undeveloped
 Rotsler's cartoon style was in those days.
 I'd assumed that he sprang into fanzine
 print with his cartoon style fully developed.
 I find it reassuring that even Rotsler is
 subject to the laws of evolution... artistic
 (stylistic) evolution, not genetic evolution,
 the latter applying to generations of beings,
 not a single person's lifetime.

I continue to be morbidly fascinated by Degler
 and Van Couvering's piece adds to my dim
 understanding of this strange man a little.
 It is very well written in its own terms, too.
 Towner makes some good points that may indeed
 be Newly Relevant for our own day. He had
 a lot of sheer reasoning power I'd say, to
 go by this article.

It is good to see the fairer side of Harlan
 presented by Ted. There is much that I
 learned in this piece I hadn't known about
 before. I feel myself refreshed and re-
 stored by being put into contact with these
 fannishly historical wellsprings re Harlan,
 and ready to transform all of this mythlore
 and apply it in the present in some way or
 other eventually.

I remember reading a few of Ellsberry things
 in some old fanzines I used to have. I agree
 that there is a strong similarity between his
 prose and Ted's prose, and indeed Ellsberry
 must have been a considerable (perhaps mainly)
 unconscious influence on Early Ted.

Marty Cantor continues, in the letter column,
 to defend HTT vociferously and at great length,
 but seems unwilling to admit that someone who
 just plain happens not to like HTT has the
 right to say he doesn't like it. I used to
 like HTT but I'm tired of it now because its
 putridity is repetitious putridity. What is

the difference between rats in cream sauce recipes in one issue and lizards in cream sauce recipes in the next? Nothing except the difference between rats and lizards. And all that turgid, boring Darrell Schweitzer prose in every issue has become Too Much for me. Thus I have decided not to bother to loc any more issue of HTT though I don't object to continuing to receive it until Cantor gives up on me.

Jerry Kaufman is right in his letter -- Arnie Katz helped out a lot of fans. Just that he seemed to keep expecting that the people he nurtured would be beholden to him forever after as a Father Figure, but, being his children, they rebelled against him.

((Sounds like you're on to something there. I was one of Arnie's proteges, and he did provide me with a lot of encouragement and ego-boo, which I appreciated. But as we became better friends I eventually decided that we didn't have that much in common after all. Some differences of opinion finally broke up our friendship, and in the end I felt that he probably thought that I had let him down -- fawning acolyte-wise. Arnie definitely deserves a chapter written about him in somebodies fanhistory. He was an influential fan in his time -- the problem, however, is that that fanhistorian will probably have a really hard time finding anybody without animosity towards Arnie to interview.))

ERIC MAYER I was just dumbstruck when I
1771 Ridge Rd East opened BNF and saw Ray Nelson's
Rochester, NY illos for my story.
14622 Does this guy have telepathy,
I asked Kathy? Was he hanging
around Wilkes-Barre a decade ago? Somewhere
I have that Pepper drawing. A few years after
the fact, cleaning out old college notebooks, I
came upon it and stuck it in this manila envelope
I have full of momentos -- Horseshoe Club minutes
proto fanzines, and junk like that. Somehow, in
our last move, that envelope got misplaced.
Eventually it will turn up and when it does I'll
send you and Ray a copy of the Pepper drawing.
It looks just like Ray's drawing. Unbelievable.
Pepper looks just like Ray's Pepper. He had
his hands just so, and the same sort of silly
expression. And the collision... just the same,
with the driver's head on the small side and sort
of scrunched down, just visible above the dash-
board. Much cruder, of course. As for the rest
-- well, if I knew where Grytsko was, and if I
were to send him that cartoon of Foster, sans
initials on the briefcase, I'll bet he'd know
who it was supposed to be. Its definitely Fos-
ter. The Pencil Man had the same sour look. (I
guess who wouldn't with no legs.) The opening
illo with the high clouds and wind was recogni-
zably early April. Also, Grytsko had this thing
about stars, rock stars, movie stars, whatever.
I didn't come down on it too hard in the story,

but I see from the Lennon character that Ray at least knew what I was talking about and that made me feel good. Anyway, I'm not sure how Ray managed to see inside my head but it sure was neat.

((Aww, shucks, Eric. It weren't nuthin'. Hyuk. Ray an' me, well sir, we just did what any good investigative cartoon team (penciller and stenciller) woulda done. Yup, we snuck into yer house one night and took out yer brain. It were easy. Then, teehee, we replaced yer brain with Silly Putty -- AND YOU NEVER KNEW THE DIFFERENCE!!! Hyuk,hyuk! Actually, though, there is no real difference between the two, except that you wouldn't be able to pick images off of the comics with yer brain...))

LARRY STARK What struck me most about the issue
RR #4 was its consistency of tone and
Decorah, IA the overall high yet effortless
52101 quality of the writing. But that's
less impressive than a unity of
style and of point of view in almost the whole
issue.

The most impressive of these, of course, is Eric Mayer's semistory. It is just about the quintessentially typical fannish story, and there isn't a single fannish syllable anywhere in it (except for his passing reference to OUTWORLDS at the end). Still, it's impeccably well written, and bears close analysis because it contains, In Fannish Vacuo so to speak, all the elements of fine fannish writing, at least as I find it in BOONFARK.

First of all, the story comes out of intensely felt personal experience. Second, it is reminiscence recollected over long life experience. Third, there are details of surprising vividness -- the concrete eagles, for instance, or these two jargon-choked sentences: "Weather beaten coal breakers leaned over the narrow road, great rusted gears and conveyor belts visible through the ranks of broken windows. Culm banks spilled ash over the verge of the macadam." Forth, the entire story has a cohesion, a progress from first to last of pertinent detail unfolding a whole. Even the merely suggested bust for shoplifting and the abrupt shift through time, even the ultimate irrelevance of Gritz's "prank" don't destroy a feeling of import and singleness of purpose.

Finally, there's a masterful use of reverberation in the story, not only in the mimicking of Pepper's deformity during the theft, but quite economically when the page-one reference to the "name of a mythical band...spray painted on the arches of the bridge" is later joined with "Then he came down...under the sign that said, 'Plastic Squatters' in day-glo orange." The tone of such sentences as, "As he did so the

traffic signal at the end of the bridge gave the green light to fate in the guise of a blue Plymouth" -- and such sentences are everywhere in the manuscript -- is both light and serious, never too much of either.

And Ray Nelson's illos actually ILLUSTRATE without violating his unique style one iota. What a pleasure.

((I'm so glad that you spoke in specifics when writing about Eric's article. I consider him to be one of the best of fandom's current fanwriters. More from Eric is due in these pages Real Soon Now. As for Mr. Nelson -- you can see that he has done it again this issue. Ray is reet!))

So when are we going to be seeing another bit of writing from you, Larry?))

PAUL SKELTON Well, what it is, I'm a
25 Bowland Close sucker for competitions,
Offerton so your back cover was
Stockport, Cheshire really my piece of meat.
SK2 5NW I figure Grant's is on the
ENGLAND top left and yours is
 below that. Harry Bell's
is top right and Jim's is bottom right. I deduce all this from the ears on the two drawings on the right which show a "neatness" which is a feature of Jim's and Harry's work (and which used to be a feature of Grant's although he lately seems to be moving more towards a "feel" for the drawing, moving slightly towards your own style.) The hats too bear out this distinction. The one on the bottom right has a Jim Barkerish hair treatment, showing perhaps that he was less successful in submerging his own style. I picked Grant for top left because of the collar line which seems to be a throw-back to his earlier period, whereas the collar line on the drawing which I've taken to be yours is much more representational.

The only thing which causes me to doubt my conclusions is the illo itself. It looks to me to be nearer your own style than to any of the others. Which inclines me to think that you'd have been the one who drew it first, and if so, your's ought to have been in the top left. I reassure myself with the thought that probably you all worked on separate sheets of paper, and that you put them all together as a cover.

((Well, Skel, if we take your first theory and guesses and examine them, it turns out that you were right only about Jim Barker. All that other stuff about line quality and such was incredibly interesting -- I always like the idea of people getting lost in the hows and whys of my art -- but totally wrong. However, as I said, I'm delighted at the effort you've put into it. If we look at your second theory about my being the leader

of the art jam that produced these drawings, you are right. But other than that, you are wrong again -- all four drawings were done on a single piece of paper. I drew the first lumberjack and the others followed suit. But you needn't worry about being wrong with your guess -- everybody was wrong with their guesses. As near as I can tell, and I've just reviewed the letters, noone figured it out and no one gets the artwork -- which is okay because I always liked it, anyhow... I did, however Skel, forget to indent this paragraph of type when I changed columns. It all should have been two places to the right. *sigh* See, even I make mistakes.))

I Also Heard From: Arthur Thomson, who claims that his postman announced the arrival of the new BNF by bursting in with... "A Fanzine, A Fanzine, A Fanzine, By Heaven! It's BOONFARK, It's BOONFARK! From Old Dan Steffan!" which I don't believe for a minute; Jon Singer wrote complaining about unreadable computer typefaces in an unreadable computer typeface; Jim Meadows III wants to know when I'm going to publish some of Grant Canfield's Stained Glass work. Well, Jim, when you send me a window, of course; Ed Cox wrote to say that he was sending old fanzines; Rob Hansen wrote in with an anecdote that is too embarrassing to print; George Flynn; Rich McAllister said that Jeanne Gommoll's letter last issue made his hand hurt; Bill Fatterson; Martyn Taylor; Frank Denton wrote about Gary Farber's stint in the Pony Express; Dave Locke thought my editorial got top honors because it was so funny that Dave couldn't stop laughing. He didn't mention whether he'd been drinking or not; Robert Bloch thought that Eric Mayer is a real find, and hopes to see more Mayer in future issues. But then, so do I. He also asked, "you might ask Rotsler about the exact depth of Laney's shallow skin. This casual allusion seems somewhat improbable, but I'm sure Rotsler's description has roots in a dermatology all its own; Bernadette Bosky wrote to say she wasn't writing; The Wiz of Warhoon, Dick Bergeron, wrote at length, but not for print. So you'll never know all the things he said about you.; Richard Labonte wrote about a cosmic experience he had with Suzy Shaw once; and Patrick Neilsen Hayden wrote to ask why he never seems to write a decent loc to this fanzine. Unfortunately, he didn't give an answer. And let's not forget all the people I've forgotten....

Thanks everybody who wrote and fie on those of you who did not. All I can say is that you are all lucky that I need 200 of you for my mailing permit... Oh, yes, one of those people I'd forgotten is Robert Lichtman, who, for the life of me, I want to call 'Bob'. Oh well, at least Jesus Loves Me.

I think...

--djs

CONTINUED FROM PG 3: carry a lot more weight that way. Prove that you have something to back up your arguments with and what you say will mean more. And never, I repeat, never try to stop someone who you think is telling you what to publish in your fanzine by telling them what to publish in their fanzines -- it blows your credibility.

And for god's sake, Brian. Loosen up.

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"MARE'S STOMACHS ARE LIKE TREASURE
CHESTS BULGING WITH GOLD."

-- Sign by the side of US Rt 100
South in Pennsylvania.

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HUGO A GO GO It's strange how I found out that I was nominated for this year's fanartist Hugo. It was Saturday afternoon at this year's Balticon and Lynn and I had just driven our new car on its first long distance trip. It was a rainy day, but that wasn't enough to dampen our spirits (the Beach Boys tape helped a lot, too). Anyway, we were feeling good.

We arrived at the Hyatt and almost immediately ran into Ted, Steve Brown, Steve and Elaine Stiles, Jeff Schalles, and others in the bar. (Where else?) We ordered drinks and attempted to catch up on the events of the con so far. Ted talked about the previous night's parties and Stiles talked about his exhibit in the Art Show, but nobody said a word about Hugo Awards.

After consuming the high priced drinks, it was decided that the group of us needed to go off to Ted's room and get really Sercon. Alex Panshin was going to meet us there with some of his imported Sercon materials -- when we considered just how Sercon Alex was known to make us, we decided to rush up to the room.

The elevators were, typically, crowded with unpleasant little people in unpleasant little costumes. (I can't wait to see that place during the Worldcon.) We were waiting and waiting for a car that wasn't totally jammed with cattle when one of the elevators dinged and out stepped Alexis Gilliland. He was smiling broadly and coming at me with an extended hand.

"Congratulations, Dan," he cheerily said.

"Oh, Thanks," I responded with lightning speed. "For what?"

"He doesn't know yet," Ted broke in from somewhere in the crowd.

"For being nominated for a Hugo Award," said Alexis.

I was stunned. "Uh, thanks," I said. Alexis smiled and I was dragged into an elevator by Ted and Lynn. I just stood there staring straight ahead for a minute as we began rising through the typically glassed in Hyatt lobby. "Nominated for a Hugo," I finally said. "That's not too many." Everybody looked at me strangely for a second, as if I hadn't made sense. I probably would have continued in that vein if we hadn't reached the 10th floor and Lynn hadn't led me towards Ted's room like some kind of a lobotomy out-patient. "If I win," I finally said as we reached the room, "I hope Phil Foglio gives me the award..." Several pairs of hands pushed me into the room.

They propped me up in a chair and as they swirled about in front of me, I started thinking about the first time I had ever considered being nominated for a Hugo. It was ten years ago at the Torcon, and Bill Rotsler was fan guest of honor. The various awards had already been presented for the night and it had reached the speechmaking point of the evening. Rotsler was up there speaking about being a fanartist for the past twenty years and how he'd watch fanart mature.

(It had been a really good convention for we fanartists. We spent great quantities of time drawing together and just enjoying the mutual admiration society that we'd built up around ourselves. (Out of all that came the very rare publication ESOTERIC FANART TALES, published and distributed at the con.) And now our cartoon leader, Mr. Rotsler, was speaking about what we were having so much fun doing.)

Bill spoke about various fanartists of the past and began talking about what was going to happen down the line and in the process he began to name names. He spoke about the genius of Jay Kinney and the skill of Grant Canfield. He mentioned people like Tim Kirk and George Barr and spoke of their talents and ambitions, and then he mentioned me. I was totally floored. Nobody had ever talked about me in front of a crowd before, and here was Bill saying that I was a really funny cartoonist and somebody to watch. At the time I think I described it as being similar to being drenched with a bucket of ice water. It was quite a rush -- and I'm almost certain that the pot brownies I had been eating all weekend had nothing to do with it.

I turned to Catherine Canfield who was sitting next to me and said, "Gosh, maybe someday I'll actually be nominated for a Hugu." (Yes, I actually said "Hogu." That's how flustered I was.) Catherine, of course, just looked at me and laughed, while passing me another brownie. I probably laughed too, considering how, at the time, we were all so sure that Grant was going to be winning the fanartist Hugo for years to come.

So now we're ten years further down the pike and I have been nominated for a Hugo Award for my fanart, and I'm feeling pretty weird about it. After all, my friend Grant Canfield was nominated seven times without ever winning -- which was compounded by losing two years in a row to Foglio. Others like Jay Kinney have never won a Hugo, despite how much they may have deserved it. And now here I am. Don't get me wrong, I don't think for a minute that I'm going to win the award, but it is odd to be nominated for something that you are on record calling, "worthless shit." Do I want something that I have previously despised? It is rather like the Groucho Marx situation -- I'm not sure I want to belong to any club that would have me as a member.

I have been critical of the Fan Hugos for a long time, and during the period that Phil Foglio was winning the fanartist award I couldn't have cared less about it. It was a popularity contest to be won by whoever had the most recognizable name or hat. Hardly an award that went for real artistic achievement. Or was I wrong?

Recent wins by Alexis Gilliland (who will, I predict, win again) have done a lot to alter my feelings about the award. Alexis is a brilliant writer and cartoonist and deserved to win more than anyone else running -- including Rotsler. But does the fact that a deserving nominee actually won it a couple of times totally redeem the award? Is it worthwhile, or am I trying to convince myself that I was wrong just because fandom has honored me with a nomination?

It is a perplexing problem. Perplexing because I still feel pretty much the same way about the award as I have for the past five years, and yet I feel very pleased and, as I said, honored to be nominated. I have worked very hard at improving my artistic talents and creations in the past ten years, and I credit fanzine fandom with a lot of those improvements. The simple exposure my work found in fanzines has allowed me to get feedback and response from an audience, which is a crucial thing for a developing cartoonist. Without my work in fanzines behind me, I'm sure that I'd still be drawing bad Marvel superheroes. So this sudden nomination after all these years of filling fanzines with my scribbles offers me a particularly satisfying validation of my work.

That aside, I still don't know if I actually want to win a Hugo. That may seem silly to some of you, but it is something I've really been thinking about. Winning one of those rockets could be good for my career, I guess. It would certainly look good on the old resume, but do I have what it takes to be a Hugo winner? I don't think so, if winning one means I'm somebody who has the potential to be a popular social figure. My nomination obviously qualifies me in terms of achievement, providing you believe that a nomination is a closer-to-reality indicator of how

people really feel. I do, frankly, feel that I have been toiling in fandom's fields long enough to deserve a little recognition -- but win a Hugo? I don't really know.

Intellectually I've considered the possibility -- should I win -- of pulling a Marlon Brando and sending someone else up to accept for me, while at the same time making a passionate political plea for Hugo reforms. Or maybe I'd pull a George C. Scott and refuse the award altogether. Boy, that would show them. Of course, I can also visualize a scene out of A STAR IS BORN. Somebody like Stu Shiffman would win the award and I would stumble up on the stage in a chemically induced stupor to address the ungrateful crowd. In the end I'd accidentally slap Stu in the mouth and knock him down -- it would all be very sordid.

Speaking from my ego, however, I can also visualize myself grinning madly and arrogantly nodding in recognition of fandom's superior taste. I'd probably reach the stage and say something like, "It's about time! Yeah!" It would be like something from the Super Bowl.

In reality, though, I'd probably just go into a state of shock and have to be helped out of the auditorium -- and later I'll probably thank all the little people. It would be pitiful.

So while I thank fandom for my nomination, I have to warn you that if you persist and give me the fanartist Hugo, I won't be responsible for my actions. I might act out one of the above fantasies, or I might simply blow up in my chair. (If I do blow up, though, I promise to blow up real good.) I am, as any of my friends can tell you, a bit on the unpredictable side, and might do anything if I win, so wear some protection if you go to the awards.

You have been warned.

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ODES & ENDS: As you may have noticed we no longer are featuring a fanzine review column by Rich Coad. Rich had to resign because of school pressures and because he was unable to write his second column after a year of trying. I'm going to miss Rich's input and wish he'd change his mind. Meanwhile, this fmz is looking for a reviewer -- any takers? :: I am offering xerox copies of an article by Chas. Burbee that deals with the true stories behind all of those cover quotes in last issue's WILD HAIR reprint. Originally published in Ed Cox's FAPAzine, the article is entertaining, but I decided not one that I want to republish at this time (it should have gone in last issue). So for those interested, just drop me a postcard and I'll send you a copy of the article. Postage would be nice. :: Next issue should be out for the worldcon (he boldly predicts). See you then.

--dan steffan 4/15/83



Tom Foster / dan STEFFAN