

sfpa

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# DAMNYANKEE

DAMNYANKEE #16 is edited and written by Arnie Katz, 42B Oxford Ave., Buffalo, New York 14226 for the November mailing of the SFPA. DamnYankee, the fanzine that didn't figure to get past its first issue, is something like Katzac #101. It is very definitely still the fanzine of Kathy and Suzy appreciation. Mineography by Lon Atkins, who is Thanked.



talk

My Muse, I feel I should warn you, is acting extremely boisterous of late. It has been wolfing down its food as if food were going to be declared illegal tomorrow and has been pouring out a steady stream of all kinds of literary bits and pieces. I luxuriate in the feeling (which I am sure will vannahish within fifteen seconds after the completion of this article) that it is not so much a question of what to write so much as what to write first.

It was not, as devoted readers of DamnYankee may well attest, not always thus.

Last year I grew tired of jotting my writing down on the blank pages at the backs of various school notebooks. At the very least, it was often impossible to locate the specific piece when I needed it. So I decided that something had to be done and bought a special notebook. This spiral book was exclusively for whatever precious bits of literature might happen to pop into my mind. With what I viewed as a commendable exhibition of modesty, I scrawled "Bad Writing" on the cover in large letters.

The notebook more than lived down to its title. Bad editorials, initial verses of bad filksongs, bad poetry in free and rhymed verse, bad starts for faan fiction, and abortive attempts at personal letters are all there in bewildering (and disheartening) profusion. Page after page of abject failure. There was hardly a form in which I did not display non-pareil inadequacy. I did not venture either a sonnet or an opera, but I am sure I would have performed unspeakable atrocities upon those unraped forms had I given my muse her head.

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All material is by the editor.  
He is to blame.  
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Question of the quarter:  
What is the difference  
between big bubbles and  
small bubbles?

Page by page, I staggered through that notebook, which I began to realize had an abominably large number of pages, dropping bits of literary offal on every page.

Then came the Great Day, the day I filled the last page of that demonic volume; made my last stumble on the literary road. A talking blues, I think it was, on the reverse of a letter to some fan in which I had been unable to push past the third sentence.

I ripped all the pages out of the book and made a little pile of them on the floor. I set fire to it. I watched with gleaming eyes as this after-birth of imagination turned brown at the edges and then flashed up in flame. I thought I saw the vague outlines of a face in the fire. The face -- or so I imagined it was -- had blind-folded eyes, no ears that I could discern, and a mouth that could not open. I thought I heard an inarticulate mumble, but it might well have been a radio playing in one of the nearby apartments. The pages curled into a black husk, and I swept the mess up and threw it in the garbage.

And then I wrote.

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The essence of fiction is the telling of whoppers ..... after Barth

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#### Fandom Is A Lovely Place

Fandom is a lovely place,  
and every fan has got a face  
a paper face  
to tie around his mind  
that cloaks his thoughts  
but also makes him blind

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DamnYankee ..... Better Living Through Poetry

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St. Louis, hereafter referred to as "The Good Guys", is bidding for the World Science Fiction Convention for 1969. They are led by Ray Fisher. The Good Guys are opposed in their noble effort by Columbus, hereafter referred to as "The Bad Guys", led by Chairman Larry Smith and Puppeteer Dannie Plachta. Have you ever talked to Larry Smith? Have you ever talked to Dannie Plachta? I have. I earnestly solicit your support, prayers, and votes on behalf of The Good Guys. You would not want The Bad Guys to win and have it on your conscience. This has been an unsolicited testimonial. No bribes have been paid.



# F--TBALL

Lon Atkins, my old friend Lon Atkins, had the monumental ill grace to mention football in the last issue of MEL and then arrange to have the mailing delayed so that I would receive it the Monday after the worst weekend in Buffalo football history. On Saturday, UB stomped North Carolina State into fudge. This would have been altogether humiliating for NC State if they had not cunningly contrived to outscore UB 24-6. Sunday, the Buffalo Bills were beaten 23-0 by the lost men of pro football, the Boston Patriots, being shut out for the first time in Bills history.

But it it not merely the on-the-field antics of the local elevens which have made "football" a dirty word in my mouth. I now live next door to four of the University of Buffalo's gridiron gladiators. (This is but one of our pet names for them.)

I knew it wasn't going to work out the very first day, when the banging on the two apartments' common wall began. They thumped and pounded on the wall for about the next two hours. It is utterly beyond my expertise to say exactly why they were banging on the wall. Perhaps they were playing handball in the livingroom, or possibly they were toughening their heads by banging them against the wall. With football players, one never knows what will pass for an afternoon's entertainment, though a trip to the local zoo's monkey house might provide a few possibilities.

Later the same day, we discovered that our neighbors owned a record player. I know it was a record player, because no station would play "The Letter" by the Box Tops continuously. Football must be injurious to the sense of hearing, because the record player made our walls vibrate to "The Letter". I found this especially annoying at 2:30 in the morning, because the vibrations of my bed kept jostling me awake. Undoubtedly worse than the actual record -- I can distinctly remember that I used to like "The Letter" -- was that the football players seemed to feel that the Box Tops were not sufficiently musical. They generously added their own vocal augmentation.

By the next afternoon, my roommates and I were, as you might

VERY FUNNY

expect, tired of living in a universe transcended by the Box Tops singing "The Letter". We decided drastic measures were in order. We turned up our apartment's five radios to full volume as Roy Orbison rendered "Pretty Woman". This stratagem might have been more successful had the football players not begun to sing along with Roy Orbison, under the impression that he, too, was in need of musical assistance. We turned the radios off and, bitter in our defeat, went up to campus to eat.

The apartment my roommates and I live in is sub-let to us by the University of Buffalo. The complex of garden apartments is administered as a dormitory; rules such as "no girls" and "no liquor" are rigidly enforced. Friday night, our neighbors had a beer party in their apartment to warm up for the next day's arduous game against NC State. (Our neighbors appear not to be important football players, since the first team is customarily locked in by the coaches the night before the game.) Being clean living souls, they were naturally loathe to clutter their apartment with unsightly and unsanitary beer bottles. You probably think I am going to tell you that they threw the empty beer bottles into the street. I am not going to tell you that. Football players though they may be, they received the same up-bringing, were taught the same rules of conduct, as you and I. Doubtless their parents warned them, at some point during their formative years, that it was improper to throw things in the gutter. And like good sons, they followed their parents' dictates and did not. They threw them on the porch of the beautiful house across the street.

Possessing more culture than one would guess went with majoring in the art and science of football, the drunken revelers assailed the night air with poetry. Or, to speak more plainly, they roared out limericks at the tops of their lungs. Unlike most dirty limericks, these somehow managed to escape being funny. The scholarship it must have taken to cull such specimens from the myriad screamingly funny dirty limericks is mind boggling.

I would like to include at least one of these limericks, but I didn't think to memorize any at the time. Keeping in mind the tender sensibilities of SPPA -- those possessed by that paragon of womanhood Kathy Hulan -- it is perhaps best that I don't have the full text of the one which described an unfortunate whose testicles were made out of brass and who had the disquieting habit of discharging lightning bolts from his hind-quarters.

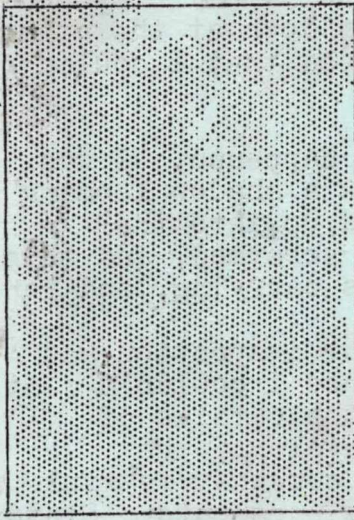
Having made bright night night with their flights of poetical fancy, they vanished into the dark to study drinking in a more serious and dedicated fashion at the local bar.

I hear the pounding on the wall rising again. The players are restless tonight.

Oh speak ye not to me of football.



THE



LETTER

I am in receipt of a most strange and curious letter from a Miss Geraldine Guncheart, a young woman with whom I had had no previous acquaintanceship. Since I became a fan, I have been the object, from time to time, of letters from young women who are total strangers, so I was not surprised, at first, to find her letter in my box. I soon realized that this letter was different in that Miss Guncheart neither proposed marriage nor propositioned me in the lowliest terms imaginable as the other unknown young women who accosted me by mail had invariably done. On the contrary, Miss Guncheart seemed to possess the beauty of mind and sensitive instincts of a somewhat rusticated Kathy Hulan. Miss Guncheart's charming innocence in the face of a "lascivious monster", as she so aptly put it, so touched me that I cannot refrain from publishing her letter here. While the pink flowered stationery, delicate handwriting, and wisp of perfume of the orig-

inal only enhances her words, I hope you will all be as utterly charmed by Miss Guncheart and horrified at her plight as I was.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dear Mr. Katz,

I hope you will not think me importunate for writing this letter to you, but I really don't know where else to turn.

I attend Murray State University in Murray Kentucky, where I have been happily persuing the delights of English Literature. At least I was happy until it all began a few months ago.

I was walking along toward my class in Old English Lyric when I had the uncomfortable feeling that someone was staring at my back. I walked faster, and I thought I heard footsteps behind me. As I turned into the hall, I saw, out of the corner of my eye, a student wearing a beret whom I guess to be my persuer. I passed it off as an odd ball whim such as overtake art students from time to time. They're very flighty, you know.

I forgot about the incident until the next week. I was walking along a tree lined path, coming back from a night's studying at the library, when I heard a voice say, "I love you, Geraldine Guncheart!" I looked up and -- can you imagine -- saw the same boy (the one with the beret) sitting in a tree with the strangest look on his face. "I love you," he said again. I ran. Luckily, he didn't follow me, and I reached my dorm safely. I've never been so scared in my life.

A few days later the phonecalls started. At least once a night, someone would call and say, "I love you, Geraldine Guncheart!" Then he would breathe hard a few times and hang up. I still get

calls every night, and I am almost afraid to answer the phone for fear of encountering that bestial voice again.

I was eating in the cafeteria earlier this week, when I felt a hand stroking my hair. I nearly fainted! By the time I composed myself, the boy, again the one with the beret, was down at the other end of the cafeteria already. I was so embarrassed that I couldn't do anything.

Then, just yesterday, the worst thing of all happened. I was lying on the grass reading "The Illiad" when I saw a shadow looming over my book, blotting out the sunlight. I looked up into the slobbering mouth of that boy, ready to pounce. I screamed, and this so unnerved him that he dropped the package he was carrying, and ran.

I took the package, which I realized on closer inspection was some sort of padded envelope, back to my room, since I couldn't just leave it there on the grass. As I was examining the outside of Joe Staton's (his name was on it in red marker) envelope, the contents slid out onto my lap. Hesitantly (I was somewhat fearful about the nature of the reading matter in which my persecutor Staton might indulge) I read the little newsletters (or "fanzines" as you call them) thinking I might find a source of comfort and help, or at least a little information about this infamous Staton.

Of the people who apa (is that the correct term?) with Joe Staton, there seemed to be no one in whom I could trust and to whom I could go for help, until I came to your "fanzine". Your sophistication tempered with intelligence and sensetivity stood out like a beacon in a foggy night among the more forbidding aspects of your fellow "fans", who seem a plodding and surly lot. Kathy Hulan, who, I am sure, is a very nice lady even if she does live in Los Angeles, seems to trust you, and so I will pin my hopes on your kindness. I hope you will write to me soon and advise me as to how to cope with this lascivious monster who haunts me constantly.

Yours in supplication,

(signed) Geraldine Guncheart

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The true end of satire is the amendment of Vice..... after Dryden

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thinking

COMMENTS

ON

SFPA 25

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FOR

ALL

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The Southerner # 25 - LAOE  
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According to the contents page, only one zine in the last mailing had a higher issue number than DY. Even more surprising, at least to me, is that only Dave Hulan, Montgomery, and Norwood have longer tenure than I in SFPA. After NEMESIS #1, who would have thought....

I realize that you probably inserted the Edco for TAFF plug at the last minute without sufficient opportunity to reflect upon the wisdom of such a move, but I want to Protest anyway to avoid repetitions. The place for such stuff is in MEL (or DY or QUIP -- all three of which personal fanzines support Edco for TAFF) not in SFPA's Official Organ.

A shame the turn-out for the poll was so small, though you'd have obviously done better by two votes if Pettit and I had been told that you weren't going to publishing the ballots. I think the fact that SFPA was "down" at the end of the voting period also adversely affected the turn out. Better next year....

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Amhipoxi V2 N1 - Billy Pettit  
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One thing that always bothered me about Harold Piser was that he went to all the trouble to publish the Evans-Pavlat Index and yet he didn't go the extra bit and correct all the error which people have pointed out in the original.

I have a lot of the stuff you want, and some of it I would even be willing to trade, since I don't think it is very good, but I don't think you have much that I want in the way of fanzines. Unfortunately, some of the things on your want list are also on my want list. Some day you might go visit Ted White's basement and cry a little.

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Crypt of Ennui - Milt Stevens

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I find most of my upper division English courses taught by very erudite men, a significant percentage of whom are even capable of really original thought. Students run from more or less average on up. The problem you and Kathy have mentioned -- large numbers of dull, illiterate clods -- is mostly a case of under-selectivity in admissions, especially as applied to prospective enrollees who live in the same area as the college in question. The dumbest people in my classes are invariably from Buffalo. There are, of course, other negative factors, but the laxity in admissions seems particularly clear cut.

I shouldn't let page one of your zine pass without a remark. It was about the most creative bit of whimsy, especially in this genre, SFPA has had in the last couple of mailings.

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SFPA Newsletter #1 - Billy Pettit

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Like at least one other SFPAn you seem to have a bg thing about getting everything down in nice neat rules. It seems to me that enough people have expressed their feelings on what is (and what is not) wanted in the way of inclusions that each member can decide for himself what inclusions he will send to SFPA. Likewise, the OE is competent to decide how much page credit the sendee deserves.

I'm against increasing the membership, at least in the foreseeable future. We have been getting a rather large turn-over, with no one but northern wlers having to really wait very long. The mailings have been small of late and more members would probably mean bigger mailings. I think the current membership can produce bigger mailings in the near future, in which event the increased size will be an indication of increased enthusiasm. This seems a more substantial basis for apa prosperity than hypoing the page count by ringing in four newcomers.

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DamnYankee #15 - Me

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Except for lapses in registration, I was considerably more pleased with the duplicating on this issue than I was with the last DY I ran.

I have met all the members except Montgomery, Staton, and Reinhardt. I have met Lerner of the invitees, and 8 of the 12 people on the waiting list. Of the people I have met on the waiting list, Suzy Vick is by far the prettiest. Being a cute and sexy girl certainly gives her an advantage over, say, Alan Shaw, as far as prettiness goes.



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Jalap #2 - Billy Pettit  
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Bruce Telzer, one of my roommates, is quite enthusiastic about Buffy Sainte-Marie. In fact, he worships the ground upon which she walks. To make a clean breast of it and speak plainly, there is always a possibility, when Bruce goes to hear her in concert, that he will sign over his house lot to the Indians.

We were both sitting downstairs reading the other day, he his Sartre and I my sfpa. "I know a fella," I said to him, "who thinks the last Buffy Sainte-Marie album is the best one he's bought all year."

"The best Buffy Sainte-Marie album he's bought this year?"

"No, the best album," I replied.

"This is 'Fire, Fleet, and Candlelight' he's talking about?" Bruce queried. He was shaking his head a little, though I couldn't imagine why.

"Yes."

"I guess he doesn't buy many albums," said Bruce. He had, he told me, returned his copy of the album to Sam Goody's and gotten a refund. We talked about the album -- I am also a fan of Buffy Sainte-Marie -- and agreed that it was an insipid, sometimes banal, poorly arranged, ineptly performed musical farrago. "She bleats like a sheep," was the way Bruce expressed it. Bruce asked me if you had expressed any other thoughts on music, and, always glad to oblige, I said,

"Well, he says he won't buy any new Baez, Dylan, and Donovan albums because if he wants rock he'll buy rock and not a weak half-sister."

Bruce looked at me, heavy brows knit. "This is the same fellow we were talking about just a minute ago, right?" he asked.

"Uh huh."

"The one who liked the last Buffy Sainte-Marie album?" I wish you could have seen his face, which I thought looked quite comical with the eyes bulging out from his head like that and his mouth gaping open.

"Sure," I muttered, somewhat embarrassed at all this close questioning. He regarded me severely. Then, suddenly, he laughed.

"You're making this up. Real people aren't like that." I tried and tried, but I couldn't convince him that you really do exist. I wonder why he thinks you don't?

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Florimel #6 - Joe Staton

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As you may have noticed, DY has, this issue, taken a turn for the verse. I could sit by calmly as Kathy exercised the prerogatives of the high calling of English Major and wrote poetry, but an art major, never!

Joey Staton, stylus sharp  
verses like a one string harp  
From a sow's ear make a purse  
from his poems make some worse.

Speaking of Israel, reminds me of a surprising statement I recently found by the late ~~great~~ George Lincoln Rockwell. It seems he thought that Jews are mentally superior to you WASP types. The problem with Jews, he said, was/is that they keep outsmarting non-Jews year after year. But Jews do have a failing. Rockwell said that Jews have no ideals. This may explain why Bailes minacs in SFPA....

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The New Port News #2 - Ned Brooks

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Based on the copy of Wizit I was sent and this cover, I think it would take considerable convincing to make me believe that fandom needs more artists like Chuck Rogers (though he may well be a boon companion in person.) He is not good at anatomy, faces, and hands, and these failings are very noticable even in this cover. In his comic strips, other failings are revealed which I won't discuss here since I doubt that many SFPAns have Wizit so they can judge my criticism. I assume that Chuck is very young, and he might learn to be a good artist in time, but I don't see too much to rave over right now. I'll be interested to see if Joe comments, since he's as close to an expert as we have in SFPA.

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Such and Such #13 - Hank Luttrell

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Tell Rich Gordon not to feel too bad about his mix-up. When my roommate Bruce was in England about four years ago, he had to call one of his hosts in when he discovered, a little too late, that he did not know how to operate the flush mechanism of an English toilet. That is real embarrassment!

What with you showing up at two regional and one world convention(s) in one year, your status as SFPA's hermit is pretty well shot. Now you might as well go ahead and meet everyone.



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Patchwork #2 - Kathy Hulan  
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That "some sort of girl" routine sounds suspiciously like fishing for compliments. You are a girl of the very best sort, and SFPA is the richer.

I may have to take up chess again. I used to play quite a bit until about 10th or 11th grade, when I pretty much stopped. Of people I knew in my area, there were only two who could give me a competitive game. One stopped playing chess entirely and the other moved to Charlotte, North Carolina.

As usual, you are right. (Rightness is an attribute associated with DamnYankee Inspiration Figures. There are other attributes, too.. It was most unnice of me to tell people that you take years to write a letter. The fact that it is true, and that I sit here whiping the tears away waiting for a letter from you is quite irrelevant. Of course, it could be argued that it is also unnice to take years to write a letter...

Aw, blush. Now you'll make me feel all self-conscious about saying nice things about you. How will I compare you to a summers day (than which you are more lovely and more temperate) without seemingly inviting another batch of such egoboo from you? Why this may force me to stop discoursing on your sweetness, intelligence, and incredible beauty. But I doubt it....

Going back to Patchwork #1 for a minute, it seems that you may yet have the chance to do your bit for QUIP. You know, if I had a picture of you (the lifesize one on my ceiling is too bulky to move) to show Ross you'd have been on the QUIP cover several times already, besides carrying the sign-board on the Quish I cover.

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Mel #10 - Lon Atkins  
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I must admit to some uncertainty in regard to the new SFPA In-Group which you have, Ellison-like, proclaimed. I see a vision, a vision of myself a mailing or two hence. I see the gallant figure of Arnie Katz, wearing his grey coat with the suade trim, with its collar pulled up against the stinging cold. I see him rap feebly on the door of SFPA. He winces as the shock of his bruised knuckles striking wood travels up his cold stiffened hand and arm. I can see him scratching some of the frost from a window. Inside there is sottish laughter. Inside there is a hearts game. Inside there are banal comments about Hank Reinhardt winging back and forth across the room like bats in gliding flight. And outside there is Arnie Katz, a notebook of clipping from SFPA clutched to his chest. "A cartoon," he rasps between cracked and pale lips. "An invidious parody. Please! A scornful mailing comment. Something! Anything. Have some pity on an ex-focal point!" A tear,



a single tear, slides down his cheek. He pushes, almost reluctantly, from the window. He hugs his scrap book even tighter against the cold and shambles down the road. That was the way I saw it.

I made a terrible mistake. I didn't complete this fanzine while the creative beast was rampaging along at full clip. Nothing like letting a fanzine lay around two weeks before doing the last stencil to give it that pleasant ring of coherency. Bah.

I seem to be moving up in the great page count sweepstakes. Considering recent activity, I ought to pass Larry in a couple of mailings. This would leave me a distant third, since Hank figures to increase his lead over me what with putting STARLING into the mailings. Of course, if he has to give Lesleigh half the credit....

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DY appreciates Kathy and Suzy. DY appreciates Kathy and Suzy

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EDCO

FOR

TAFF