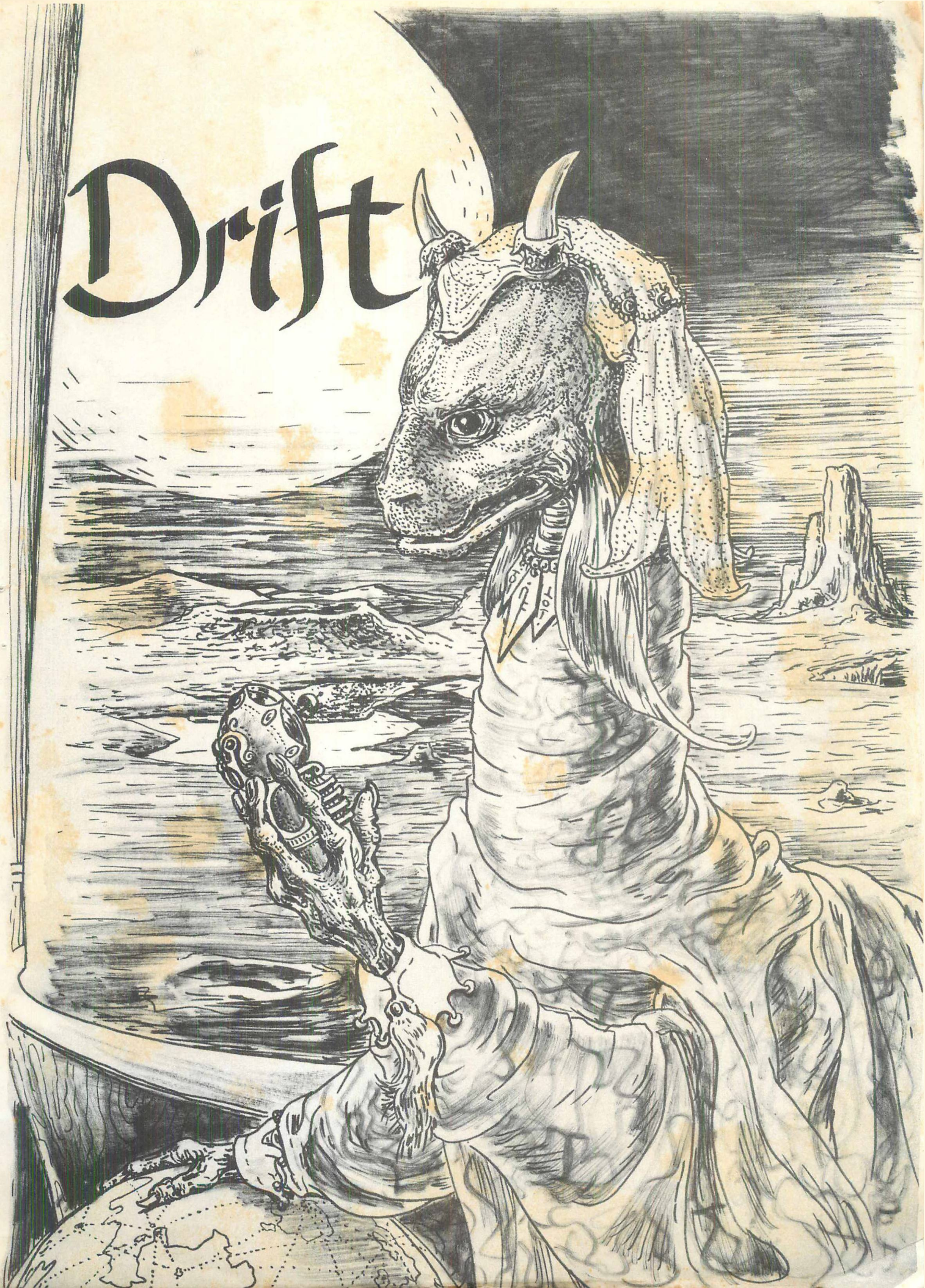


Drift



Drift

IS...

the fanzine of GARY FARBER, who is currently aboding, or otherwise accepting mail and most anything else at 1047 East 10th St., Brooklyn, NY 11230. Phone identification number is (212)252-7749. Mimeoing this on the Ace Plucking Co. thanks to the generosity and courtesy of Gary Tesser. Drift is available for a letter of comment to me, contrib in the form of burble, art-stuff, or article-thingie, or a quest (after all, it is the first time!), or a trade with your zine. However, I would like a quarter from all getting this who want to, and can afford to give, to help cover expenses. At the mo, I have no large income, and you do want to see another issue, don't you? Frequency is unknown, but should be within two months of date on back. Yeah. Anything more you want to know, read the zine. Anything.

It's time to do some work on the zine, I suppose. This is the 2nd attempt at doing this page. I had gottan as far as the colophon when my typer suddenly seized forth, and mangled the stencil. First time that's happened, too. I had intended doing this zine as a simple, little perzine when I first decided to do it. Now, however, I've discovered how interesting it can be to seize people and beg for material. And to scrounge art. And to mangle grammar. But, then, I can do that anywhere. Anyway, I will be soliciting written pieces, of a fannish, or humorish, or personal basis preferably. Tho, I'll look at anything, and maybe print it. My slight worry on this is a fear of starting too big, and falling on my face, looking pretentious beyond what I've got. I'll let things evolve, and meanwhile try and write a small personal-zine, not concentrating too hard on who's out there.

In the act of altering something on stencil, I managed to accidentally drop the bottle of corflx and wound up with a blue hand, in catching it. Scrubbed for about 20 minutes, and finally got it all off. Not good stuff to have in long contact with the skin, very toxic.

My fannish mail has fallen off, as of the past 2 weeks, due to a small semi-gafiation/fafiation of about a month and a half ago involving Boskone, getting out a mailing of TAPS (an apa where the OEship revolves around its members), and local fanac. I've noted how my mail coming in always depends on how large my output was about 1-2 months ago. Interesting.

"There is a common misconception about my being Jewish. What it is, really, is that I'm not gentile. My father is hieroglyphic and therefore beleives in mercy killing and free lunch. My mother is an orthodox pavanoid and while she doesn't beleive in an after-life, she doesn't beleive in the present one either. I, if the truth be known, am a devout pervert. We're a small sect who meet on crowded streetcars and worship in our own way. " -Woody Allen

Lunacon is coming up in 2 weeks, and it should be enjoyable. Lunacon is put on and sponsered by the Lunarians which is NY's largest, and probably the least interesting sf society. It has a limited membership of 50 and meets monthly, at present alternating between the Boardman's house in ~~Brooklyn~~ Brooklyn, and the Dietz's house in New Jersey on the 3rd sa Saturday evening of every month, baring con's. At the moment I'm at the top or 2nd of the waitlist. The membership is mainly con-fans, and older fans. 1

tho there has been a recent influx of younger people, and fringier fans. While I wouldn't die if I was voted down (to join you must attend 4 out of the 6 meetings previous to the time your application is reviewed. To attend, you must have a member as a sponser, or who will take you as a guest. Then you file an application, and when you reach the head of the waitlist, you are considered by the membership committee, and then voted on by the membership. One of those clubs.), it's not to bad a place to spend a Saturday evening, and it can be interesting. How did I get onto this, anyway?

Oh yes, Lunacon. One benefit of Lunarian membership is free attendance at Lunacon. Everyone else (and there are usually quite a few) has to pay the attendance fee- \$3 and \$5 attending. Being in low

cash straits right now, I wondered over to Walt Cole's house the other day, (Walt is currently the Sec. of the Lunarians, and in charge of registration at Lunacon) and got shanghaied into working there, which also means I don't have to pay.

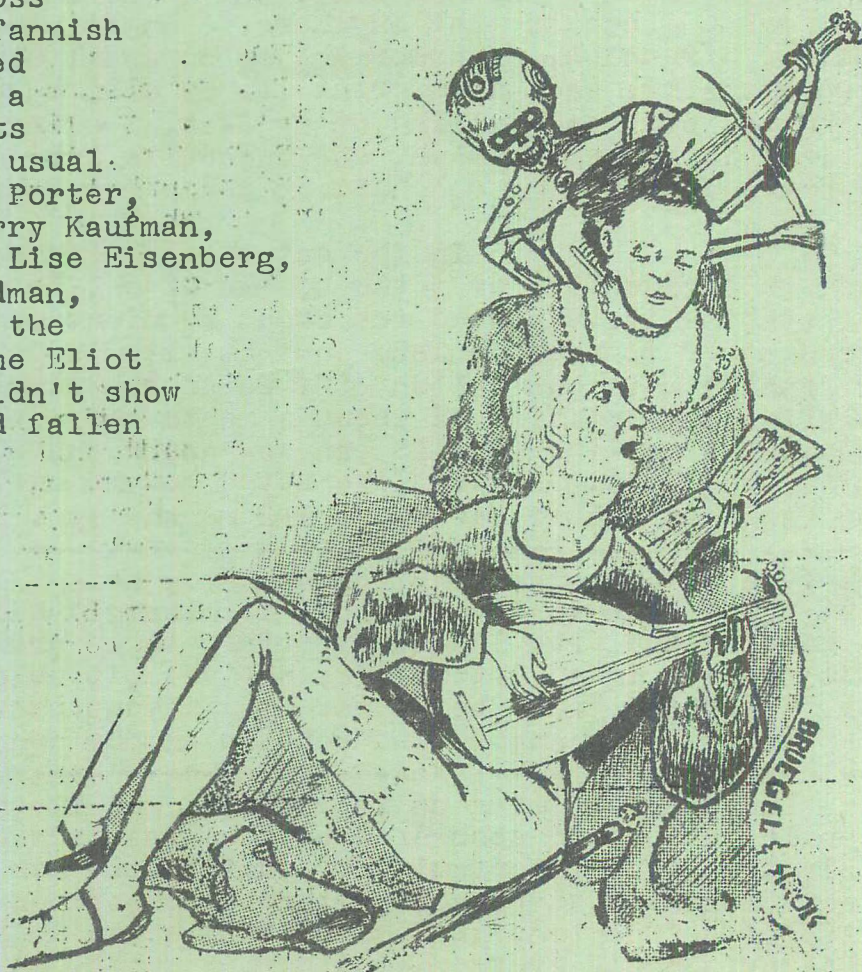
I'm not sure what I'll be doing, mebbe working on advance registration, or lugging stuff for the artshow. Plus getting grab bed by anyone on the committee, at all times, to do most any kind of misc. work. *Sigh* Still, working at registration has its advantages, you get to see most everyone coming in, say greetings to.

S'funny, how I'm writing this now, butcha won't see this for a few weeks at least, and someone might pick up a copy a year, 5, 8, 23 years from now and glance it over. And toss it down in reverent disgust.

"I say, will those prairie dogs never stop howling?" "They're always howling, no trees on prairie."

- Goom Show

FISTFA meeting at Ross Chamberlain's home (a very fannish abode; Ted White once resided there, and it has long been a gathering place) a few nights ago was most excellent. The usual group showed up, Ross, Andy Porter, Hank Davis, Moshe Feder, Jerry Kaufman, Hope Leibowitz, Jim Freund, Lise Eisenberg, Karina Girsdansky, John Boardman, Jon Singer, Ben Miller, and the occasional suprise, this time Eliot Nesterman. The usuals who didn't show included Gary Tesser who had fallen asleep, and the Katz's and Kunkel's who had been promising to show and missing for month's now; the Katz's at least.



The big moment came for Hank Davis at 11:00 PM. He had just learned of a certain feeling towards Diana Rigg that he has. This feeling is to a certain degree on orgasm and a worship of non-graven idols. To an extremity.

Jim Freund, who is working as a full time nasal voice for WBAI radio station called up Diana Rigg, who is now in NY on Broadway doing an update of Moliere's the Misanthrope, and asked to interview her for the station. He then approached Hank and casually asked him to lunch, saying it was on another person's expense account, and thusly would be fancy. We all know about this previously, but Jim decided to tell Hank the truth at the meeting, rather than later give him a heart attack.

All at once 20 people surround Hank. Karina raises Hope's camera to capture this historic expression. Jim says "Oh, yes Hank, the person we're having lunch with-" Hank interrupted him with a slow upwards tilting Davis tone.. lazy-like "Not Diana Riggggg?" "Ummmhummm". "Not Diana Riiiiiggggggggg!!!!!" he wailed. The camera flashed and his mouth dropped off. "I haven't got a thing to wear" he later mused. Hank Davis is having lunch with Diana Rigg on Wednesday and she's buying. Hank Davis is a happy fan.

I've picked up a lot of old fanzines recently, so I now have about 2 1/2 feet of zines, with a few prime. I am, still, an old fanzine fan, and among the things I've picked up are Rats- about 9 of them, Cipher's, Horizon's, Sandworm's, some Dead Flower's, Deabohema's, Metanoia's, Kipple's, a complete run of Mota's, and ohhell, lots of things, Lizard Inn, Placebo, Mobius Trip, WSFA Journal, Yandro, Gorbett, Dynatron, Feelmwort, Frap, Within, Is, Sinistera, Ventura, Ark, Touchstone, Rataplan, a Spacewarp, an Algol 2, and a few hundred more, including quite a number of old, fannish things. I've also read thru hundreds of old Psychotic's, Warhoon's, Lighthouse's, and have picked up whole old FAPA mailings. Lots a goodies.

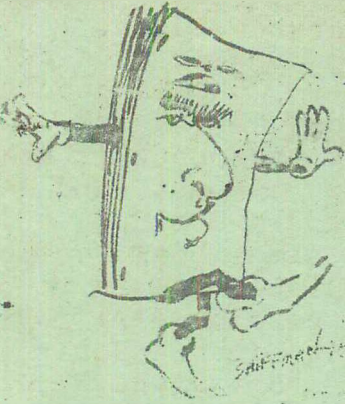
A good (yeah, quite good) third of my zines come from the thinning of Andy Porters collection, which has also provided me with much reading satisfaction. Altogether I think I've contributed about 40\$ towards the cause of Algol, and spent a few hours in Andy's company reading thru his non-sale fanzins, including the Fancyclopedia I & II, Voids, Egoboo's, Fanac, Minac, Science-Fiction Five Yearly, etc, and ghu-dammed etc. Plus things from Jerry Kaufman, and Steve Stiles thru Barry Smotroff. So. This fanzine is also available for old fanzines (yes, one of those), and if you have any to sell, I would highly appreciate having this made known to me. It would be a Good Act.

Anyway, at times, I may offer select genuine Gary Farber Dead Dog Reprints Perhaps one by Oy Table Tennis. We'll see.

I had slept quite late yesterday, and so did not sleep easily last night. I lay there introspectively considering, and was struck with the urge to get up and do some writing since lines and lines of thought kept rolling thru my head, all deep. I wonder if I'm not getting in a rut, since I seem to be doing a lot of sleeping in the day when people aren't around even tho there are things I could do. Perhaps I'm retreating a bit. Or perhaps I should just sleep more at nights. At the moment, it is early, early-afternoon, and I'm-lazing-around-in-a-dungaree-bottom, and-----

After all, a murderer is only an extroverted suicide

green and white striped pajama top, which might look strange, but is very comfortable. I will be in for a change in lifestlye soon, since I will have to modify myself to out-of-home college life, dorm-type. It'll be a change, I'll probably have to begin to use more self-impetus towards any form of study/work since I've always been lax on that, drifting thru elementry school and jhs, and hs on huge background knowledge from reading, and reasoning ability with little resmblance to most of the otheres program of homework, study, and so on. In my early years especially, and at various times and school terms, I was fairly anti-social, always being very



different, stressing it purposely, occasionally, I read an immense amount that put me on a different level, to an extent, with the other people. I tended, at most times in my grade school career, to be out of the social life of the other fourth-graders, or whomever. Yet, at other times, and at times in junior high school, I played class clown, being witty, shouting out, dancing around, etc, tho still remaining pretty much out of the outside social life of most of the other children.

Because I was more intelligent, or well-read, or something, I tended to be inwardly sneery at them, tho I don't think this appeared outwardly much. Later, I grew a lot more accepting but still rarely had any type of communion with another person. For a long time when I was very young, I had this dream of finding another person, just like me, who would be a perfect complement, sharing interests and self. I suppose I've matured emotionally a great deal since then, at least, I'm conforming to society a great deal more, and I'd say I'm not so psychotic anymore. I suppose, lately, a gradual entry into fandom has done something for me, although I had changed a great deal by the time I was touched by fandom. I don't seem to get to the library as much, tho.

It was a strain, I suppose, being...well, certainly not a child prodigy, since I never let go with any goshwow miraculous powers of calculation, or anything of the sort, but always being on another level than other kids, reading the class reader thru in an hour on the first day, and spending most of the elementary school term reading under the desk, or if the teacher didn't care, over it.

I retreated into reading, dreaming, acting without others, going to the library every other day, and withdrawing 8 books on any subject. I don't think I ever had much real, or open hostility on the others part's towards me, tho I do recall incidents, and being called "shrimp", "shrimcocktail", and other phrases occasionally. My only remembrance of any real hostility comes from one particular boy in...5th grade?, I think, who had it out for me, as an easy target, I guess, for fun. In retrospect, and to an extent, at the time, I can see he wasn't an especially brutal type of kid. Once when he tore a sweater of mine in throwing me around, he got real scared and brought me a 5 dollar bill the next day to repay it, I suppose. He was quite fearful, and concerned, and begged that I not tell on him. He thought I had parents who would come looking for him, and he would be beaten up by his father, that seemed to be his main fear. (This was Brooklyn, remember). It was a very small tear, almost unnoticable, and I felt very awkward about it, particularly since I got the impression that he had stolen the \$5, which was an enormous sum to me then, and I was going thru a stiff moral phase at the time, so I convinced him to take it back, and took the torn sweater out of his paw, to say. I managed to avert almost all trouble of that sort thru stratagems and being inconspicuous mainly. Chiefly, I was not too conspicuous, and didn't stand up to draw attention to myself, at least not in a situation where it might not be healthy. Anyway, If I can say it and make sense, I don't think I'd want it different than the way it was, because I enjoyed it in my own, and a way. Enough for now. Maybe I'll go on more some other time.

What was your draft status?" "4-P. In case of war I would have been a hostage."
"What would you place in a time capsule to best represent our day and age to the future?" "Feathers. Plenty of feathers."-Woody Allen

Hmmmm. Got the new issue of Selected U.S. Government Publications, more of a monthly catalog in 8 1/2 by 11 newsprint magazine form, listing all the government publications made available that month. Issued by the Gov. Printing Office, an interesting place to visit in D.C., if you like weird lists, and things. They carry and list all sorts of shit, from extremely technical volumes, to advisory booklets. For instance.... Polish Books in English 1945-1971, a listing of them. All. Scrap Tires As Artificial Reefs, Flexitime, a report and handbook on flexible and staggered work schedules, things from A Process For Cleaning And Removal Of Sulfur Compounds From Low BTU Gases to Backpacking In The National Forests: A Family Adventure, or Favorite American Recipes, The Use Of Polygraphs And Similar Devices By Federal Agencies, lots of Senate and House hearings- on Dr. Kissinger's Role In Wiretapping, hearings on terrorism, telephone monitoring by federal agencies an 880 page guide to the National Archives, suggestions on soldering connections, a booklet on the Viking mission to Mars, a list of the Banned products, volumes of presidential papers, a report on drug allergies, an overview of music education, etc, etc, etc as the king said. All you have to do is ask to be put on their mailing list and you get the new listings every month, although it takes about 1/2 a year to get started. Anyone want the address, I have it.

Also got the new Random, #8 in which Mike Gorra proves he's a fakefan, a view long held by many. I mean, an extrovert, an obvious alcoholic, and he plays football! Besides, he rails on about how he doesn't like cats, obviously a move to attract attention to himself. Still, he may speak more truth than he knows. Judging from his recent article in Spaning #4, he is an alcoholic, and a male chauvinist. Perhaps; if I push him hard enough, I can inherit his zine collection.

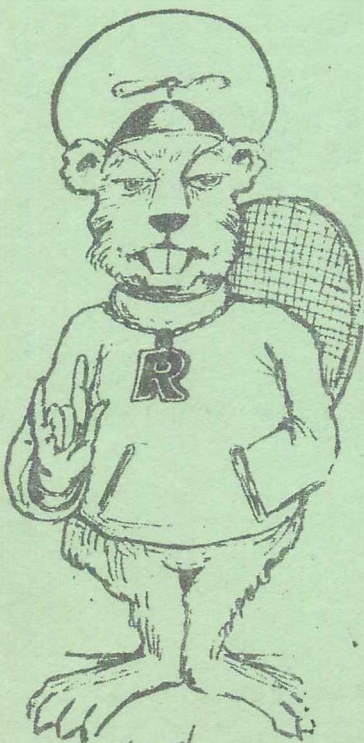
"You mention your fears. Is impotency one of them?" "Hardly. I have a lethal potency that I supplement with budget priced vitamins from shady, mailorder houses. I'm naturally throbbing. I could walk into a room and radiate sexuality." "do you?" "No, because I'm crowd shy. Wowever, I will occasionally do it by backing into an empty room."--Woody Allen

Let's see.....Also got a letter from Rich Bartucci, yesterday, we share crazies together, and one from the above mentioned Mike Gorra who is a Good Egg. A little cracked...but he may hatch out. Not a cuckoo.

New promotional material for Food Day, sponsored by the Center for Science

In The Public Interest, whoever they are, asking and proposing a boycott of ten foods designated as products epitomizing everything that is wrong with America's eating habits, in their opinions, I suppose, tho they don't state that. Anyway, these include: Wonder Bread, bacon because of the nitrates making it possibly cancer-causing and the wastefulness of the fats, Gerber baby-food desserts, Breakfast Squares, Prime-grade beef because of the highness of fat and cost, and that the grain for the cattle could be better used, table grapes because of growers not signing contracts, Pringles which sound terrible anyway, sugar, and Coca-Cola. Whoopee.

Gary Tesser dropped by, and we talked for about 2 hours, with the highlight being Gary's reciting of a parody-poem from Niekas that was very funny, and Ira Donewitz called to offer to treat me to Chinatown, which I declined thru inertia and a feeling that I should save myself for big meals. I caught the academy awards, which I usually see in disgust, and as usual wanted most to go to other things. I would have like to have seen the best writing adaption go to Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz, and acting to Dustin Hoffman for Lenny. Ex 45



THE FANNISH FANDOM PRIMER

BY MIKE GORRA

Chapter 1

See the fannish fan.
Once this fan liked to read science fiction.
He hoarded his pennies each month to buy **ANALOG** and F&SF.
He read about science fiction fan magazines in **AMAZING**.
And sent away for some of them.
He got **SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW** and **LOCUS** and some others.
And he read ten bookreviews of every new science fiction book.
Then somebody sent him a copy of **FOCAL POINT**.
He read about something called Fannish Fandom.
He decided he liked fannish fandom better than science fiction fandom.
And he started a faanish fanzine filled with
Faanfiction and fanzine reviews and chitterchatter.
Soon all fandom followed his lead.
Now the fannish fan reads ten fanzine reviews of every new fanzine.
The fannish fan wonders what happened to the good old days.

Chapter 2

See the fanwriter.
See the fanwriter curse.
Why is he cursing?
Because he has fifteen articles in peoples files.
And nobody has printed any of them yet.
See him open his mail. He smiles. Why is he smiling?
Somebody has just printed one of his articles.
Now he is cursing again.
He sees that this fanzine was mailed on January 16.
It is now April 16. His copy was sent book rate.
The fan is mad because all fandom saw his article before he did.
He thinks that he should have gotten a firstclass special delivery copy.
See the fanwriter looking in the box under his desk. These are his files.
The fanwriter is also a faneditor. He smiles at his files.
The fan has published just one issue of his fanzine
In the past two years.
He has fifteen articles in his files
All of which have been there for more than a year.
The fan smiles once more.
He is thinking of all the postage he saved by bringing copies of his
fanzine to give Contributors to the convention
Five months after he published the last issue.

Chapter 3

See the fan bent over his mimeograph.
He is cursing again. Why is he cursing?
Because the fucking mimeograph has a leak
And ink is getting all over the paper.
And because his stencils are wrinkled and his electrostencil was torn.
And the mimeograph is spewing paper across the room.
The fan is too lazy to slipsheet, so his pages are very sloppy.
He has put his headings on with a bent paper clip, and no lettering guide.
There is at least one typo per line.
At last the fan is done. See him open his mail.
There is a fanzine for him.
See him gloat over the fanzine. It is very poorly reproduced.
See the fan sit down at his typewriter to write his fanzine-review column.
You can bet your mint HYPHENS that he will
Castigate that fanzine for its bad reproduction.

Chapter 4

See the Apā.Jiant.
He belongs to 27 different apas.
He publishes nine fanzines per week.
He is so busy publishing fanzines that he does not have time
To read all his apa mailings.
In each apa mailing, he apologizes for
Being two years behind with his mailing comments.
He makes this apology to all the other members of the Apa
Including the thirteen people who are in
All of the other 26 apas he belongs to.
It is no wonder that his fanzines have a reputation for inanity.

Chapter 5

See the BNF.
He has been in fandom a long time.
He has done a lot for fandom.
Long ago, he published a highly esteemed fanzine.
He wrote columns for HYPHEN, OOPSIA!, GRUE, and QUANDRY.
He has been a member of FAPA for over thirty years and never misses a mailing.
He goes to every convention in the country and loves to talk to neofans.
He still writes many, many fan articles.
Sometimes he even reads a little stf.
But the BNF is not secure. He does not feel safe in his position.
He is afraid somebody will reject one of his articles.
He is afraid somebody will recall how he once drank a bottle of after-shave.
He is afraid that fandom will laugh at him.
He wishes his Uncle Claude would come back.

Chapter 6

See the sercon fan.
He takes his stf seriously.
He loves to argue about prozines and books. Who was the better editor?
Who was the better writer? When was it published?
His fanzine is filled with serious constructive essays
On the literary worth of stf.

lishes interviews with pros and texts of con speeches
ibliographies.
ettercolumn is filled with serious constructive name calling.
es not like faanish fans.
sh fans, he says, fill their fanzines with pointless chitter chatter
About their equally pointless personalities.
They are cliquish and make fandom hard to understand
With their talk of Ghu and ghoomdinton.
They write about jazz and sportscars instead of good ole str.
But he does not have time to write about the cliquish faanish fans
Who talk about nothing all day long.
He has to finish his essay on
"The Use Of Blaster Raygun Symbolism In Perry Rhodan #337".

Chapter 7

See the old fan, and tired.
He has been a fan for a very long time.
He has published many fanzines and written many articles.
He has been a member of FAPA.
He is ver tired of it all.
He wishes to Gafiate.
For years he does no fanac. He writes no letters. He writes no articles.
He publishes no fanzines. He attends no cons.
Then a neofan comes along. Somehow, someway, he gets the address of
The old fan, and tired.
He asks for an article.
The old fan, and tired, is a nice man.
He writes the neofan an article.
Pretty soon he starts to get other fanzines again.
Other people ask him for articles.
The old fan, and tired, is a nice man.
Pretty soon he is doing more writing than he has in years.
He gets the urge to see other fans one last time, and goes to a con.
The Old fan, and Tired is a nice man.
Soon, he is once more publishing a fanzine.
Soon, he is once more on a Con Committee.
You just can't win, can you?

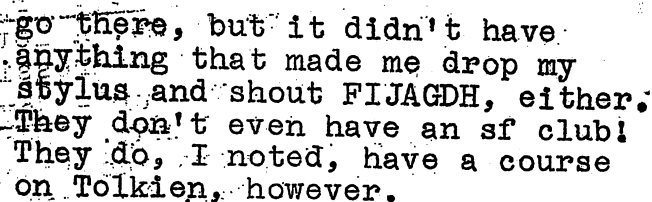
-Mike Gorra

"No no no. This is a vital archeological site, it could be that on this
very spot, the first men existed. You see this we dug up just now? Do you
recognize it?" "It appears to be a piece of mud." "And there's more
where that came from!" - Goon Show

April 10 if you must know, tho it probably won't
be in a few paragraphs, heehee.

I just got back from visiting New Paltz
college all day, trying to decide if I want to go there, Sunday and Monday,
the 13th and 14th, I will be at Brockport, trying to decide if I want to go
there. Its going to be one of the state colleges, this year at least,
mainly because I can't afford a private school. Plus, I have a NY state
regents scholarship which is only good in NY, and should save money. New
Paltz didn't have anything that horrified me, or made me swear never to

CIRCA 1870 (with boom)



We got back at around 6:30, and I convinced my mother to eat dinner at Wo Hop, NY's fannish food center, since the demise of Dumpling House. As we walked to a table, I passed 4 people sitting at a table and heard one mention Jack Chalker's name. The

one said something about "fannish tradition". Sapristi!! Who could they be?

I sat there, running over in my mind all the fans that I knew lived in NY, Yet had never met to my conscious knowledge. Chris Couch, Barry Gillam... Who, which, what? Quickly, like a weekly zine usually comes out

Who, which, what? Quickly, like a weekly zine usually comes out, I made up my mind to lurch over to the table and make some sort of comment, realizing that the worst they could do would be to sneer "Fan?!"....NO!" and throw their sum sup mein in my face. Before I enact such a scence, the plucky lads had scuttled out, leaving an empty table, and a face tightened in preparation for sum sup mein. Alas....lone they sat, lone they talked, long they ate....now they are gone. We mourn for them.

Who could they have been? Where had they
come from? Where had they gone? What were those strange
messages left curled in the lo mein? Were they signals? Were they pointers?
Could they have been.....chow fun of the Gods???

Fertannnnng....(chitterchatterchitterchatterchitterchatterchitterchatterchitt
hatterchitterchatterchitterchatterchitterchatterchitterchatterchitterchatter)

Har! I received a letter from Sheryl Birkhead today, which I enjoyed greatly, and appreciated more. There's a person I'd like to see do her own zine. Sheryl, SHERYL, come out! Do a perzine! Put all that effort you put into personal correspondence into one area. All you Sheryl Birkhead fans, work on it...mention it in letters to her. Mebbe she can be dragged into doing a zine. Also got a 10 page letter from George

doing a zine. Also got a 10 page letter from George Wells, which shocked and pleased me. A letter from the postcard king? Perhaps I will run a local later in this issue, I definitely will have locals in future issues, and indeed is the main reason for this undertaking...communication. Even late, appreciated. George, you can do a zine also, regardless of what you say. Have confidence, and mimeo your postcards....

My, a letter from Brett Cox, my mail is fannish today. A letter from you is always enjoyed, I seem to empathize with you a lot. Say, how'd you like to do a zine...zigh.

Much telephoning tonight.

Nobody's home. That is, Jon Singer and Moshe Feder and Jerry Kaufman and Suzle Tompkins, and one or two others aren't. I wonder if something is going on I don't know about.



Just finished reading Cemetery World by Cliff Simak, a few minutes ago. Didn't particularly impress me. A lot of Simak's recent-recent work like "Construction Shack" seem to be regressing towards 30's simplicity. Not like some of his slightly better stuff- Way Station, All Flesh Is Grass. Even that is often very flawed. Funny, I found a copy of All The Traps Of Earth in a bookstore a few years ago inscribed with "To Gayle, Cliff Simak". Wonder what happened to her. Are you out there, Gayle? Picked up a copy of Phoenix Prime by Ted White a while back which had a lenthier message of "For a good friend and faithful typist, in hopes he'll read this copy someday- Ted White." Guess he didn't.

Also read The World Wreckers by Marion Bradly, The Best From If, Vol 2, The Maker of Universes by Phil Farmer, Change The Sky And Others by Margaret St. Clair, The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch by Philip Dick, and A Funereal For The Eyes Of Fire by Micheal Bishop, in the last 2 or three days. Margaret St. Clair, of whom I can't recall having read anything by, surprised me with a couple of clever touches, and some competent writing at least, specially since several people had spoken of her as a

"Ohh, dear, dear, dear." "I don't like the looks of it." "We can't change the looks now, they're the only ones we've got." "Yes there is something in what you say." "Yes, it can happen to the best of us." "Indeed it can." "Yes, well that seems to have explored that argument in full, doesn't it?"
....."Listen, someones screaming in agony--fortunately I speak it fluently."
..."Well we can't stand round here doing nothing all day, people will think we're workmen..."
-----All Goon Show

hack writer of slushy.....slush. The World Wreckers is another of the Darkover novels which I'm tracking down as fast as I can. Not bad. The Best from If isn't worth it, by almost any means. It covers one year, and if you buy 2 issues of If, you have all but 2 of the stories. However, "Death And Designation Among The Asadi" by Micheal Bishop is worth reading. The Maker of Universes is the first of the "Tiers" series by Farmer, and is fairly standard adventure/s&s/run-around-the-planet-and-save-the-girl stuff, perhaps done okay, but not something I go wild about. Palmer Eldritch is another Phil Dick, and I found it to be pretty good, not repetitive, and worth a star of commendation. A Funeral For The Eyes Of Fire, I'm not going to do a long analyses of, but I will say that it is Michael Bishop's first novel and well worth looking into. I enjoyed it, and think that Michael Bishop has Promise. I haven't read all of his stories yet, but I'm going to try a little harder. I hope he keeps writing. Also just read The Undeafed by Keith Laumer last night, in the middle of a paragraph back there. Four or five quick secret-Heinlein-competent-type heros battle for this and that. For quick relaxation.

One trait I do have that I am immensely grateful for is the ability to read very quickly, digesting large masses of print in an eye-scan, thusly allowing me to read a few books a day when I have time. Other wise I'd never keep up with the flow of zines, books et cetera. I still have trouble, anyway, being 4 behind on my Scientific American sub, which I think I must let run out, and having about 30 books on the shelf over my head (I do almost all of my reading at home reclining on my bed) all waiting. Plus the rest of the world. I haven't gotten to the library in.....*gasp*..Months! Or read a non-fiction book for....a week or so. So it goze.

(*) My mail is getting damm fannish. Today, a Kyben by Jeff & Ann Smith, 2 bradparkszines, and a mailing of Apanage, which I had gotten on the reccomendation of Timmarion. Apanage is mainly devoted to childrens fantasy, and quite loose, with personal chatter. Timsie, Joanne. I feel that I won't be joining Apanage at this moment. Mainly, I don't want to strain myself with work, obligations and be an apan in 14 apa: minacing in all. Right now (or thereabouts) I belong to TAPS, an ecellent, fine group and, at the time of writing (but is it? And when?) have made a couple of appearances in Apa-Q, the Fanoclasts apa, and have sent for mailings of RAPS and CAPRA. CAPRA, on consideration, without having seen a mailing, I doubt I will be joining. For mostly the same reasons I'm not joining Apanage- It's an area of ideas that I enjoy and have some knowledge in, yet am not knowledgable enough to discuss to any extent in, not do I keep up sufficiently with new releases. Nor can I afford it. I still am, however considering joining one or two more apas, depending on atmosphere, people, deadlines, rules, 'n Stuff.



To escape from the jaws of a digression, that reading kept me busy for an hour or so. The Parks zines-Heartworm #5 (the last was #1. Cute, hah?) and Wart#2 were typical Brad Parks-type stuff. Some funnies, some crazies, but like quartz stuffed in shit. Not neccessarily worth digging for. I don't even know how I got on his mailing list. I can't recall ever having written him a request (God...ANY God forbid). Maybe Bartucci sickced him on me. Boy, he better watch hisself. The Wart (hmmm..)
arrived addressed to Gary Farber/Goshwowohboyohboy. Gee.

Gnaw on that a while. Actually I have a strong affection for Brad. (I affect nausea...)No, I like him, and I hope to meet you, Brad. If you're in NY, call, and drop by. I do like your zines, and mebbe I'll loc them soon.

Gnarple. I do have a chill of horror when I realize I may be doing a zine like that, and not realizing it. My style is begininning to wear on me. Perhaps I should go back to what Moshe Feder called my "clattered look" of throwing in a dozen twists and turns of phrase, letting the language look at itself.

"Of all the female sex goddesses, who do you find the most appealing?" Margaret Hamilton, just the way she appeared in the Wizard Of Oz, with a contorted green face, and riding a broom."--Woody Allen

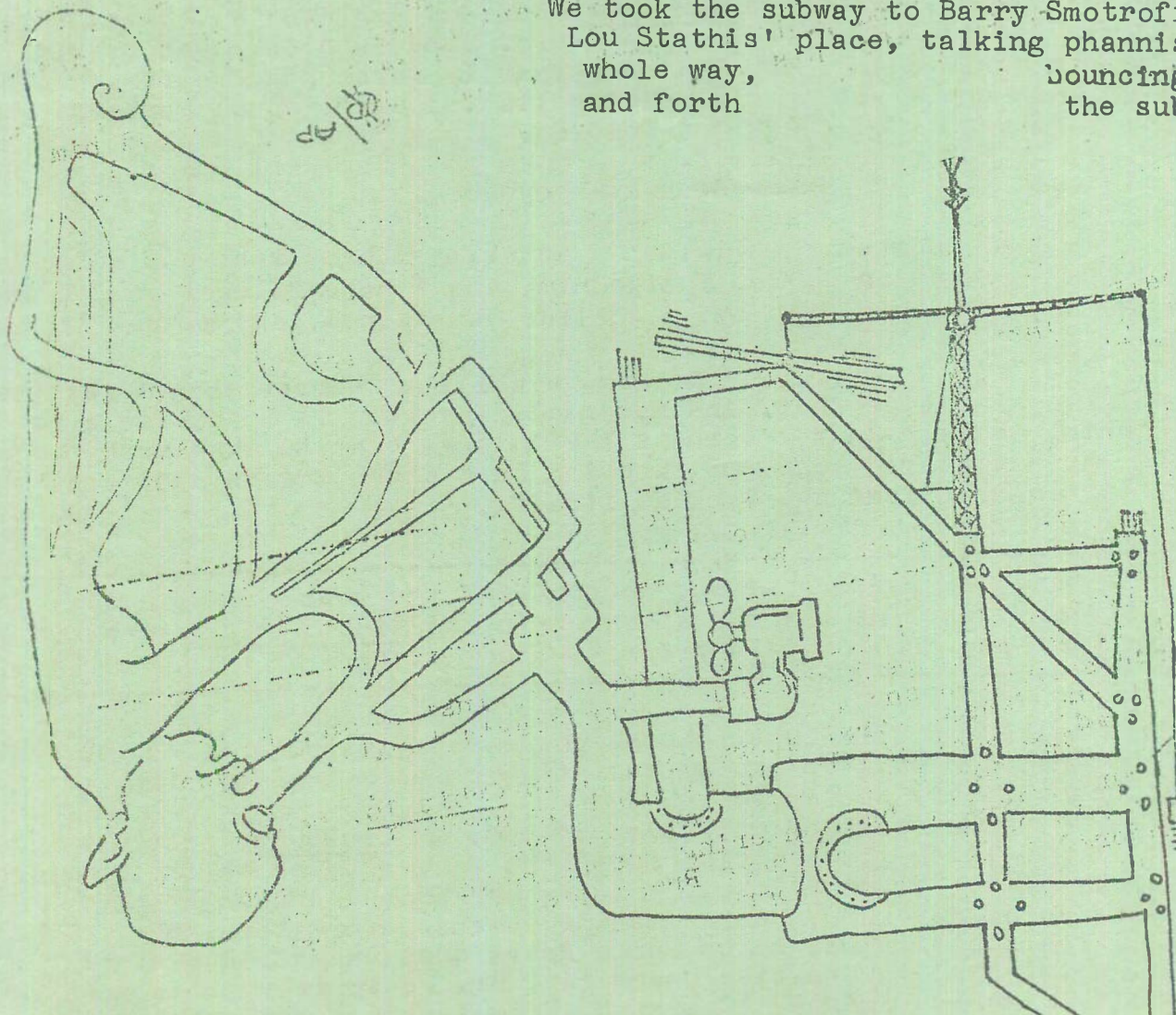
Okay. I just talked to Jon Singer on the phone-type instrument, talking over this and that. We will speak further at Fanoclasts tonite. Maybe that was an unnecessary sentence.

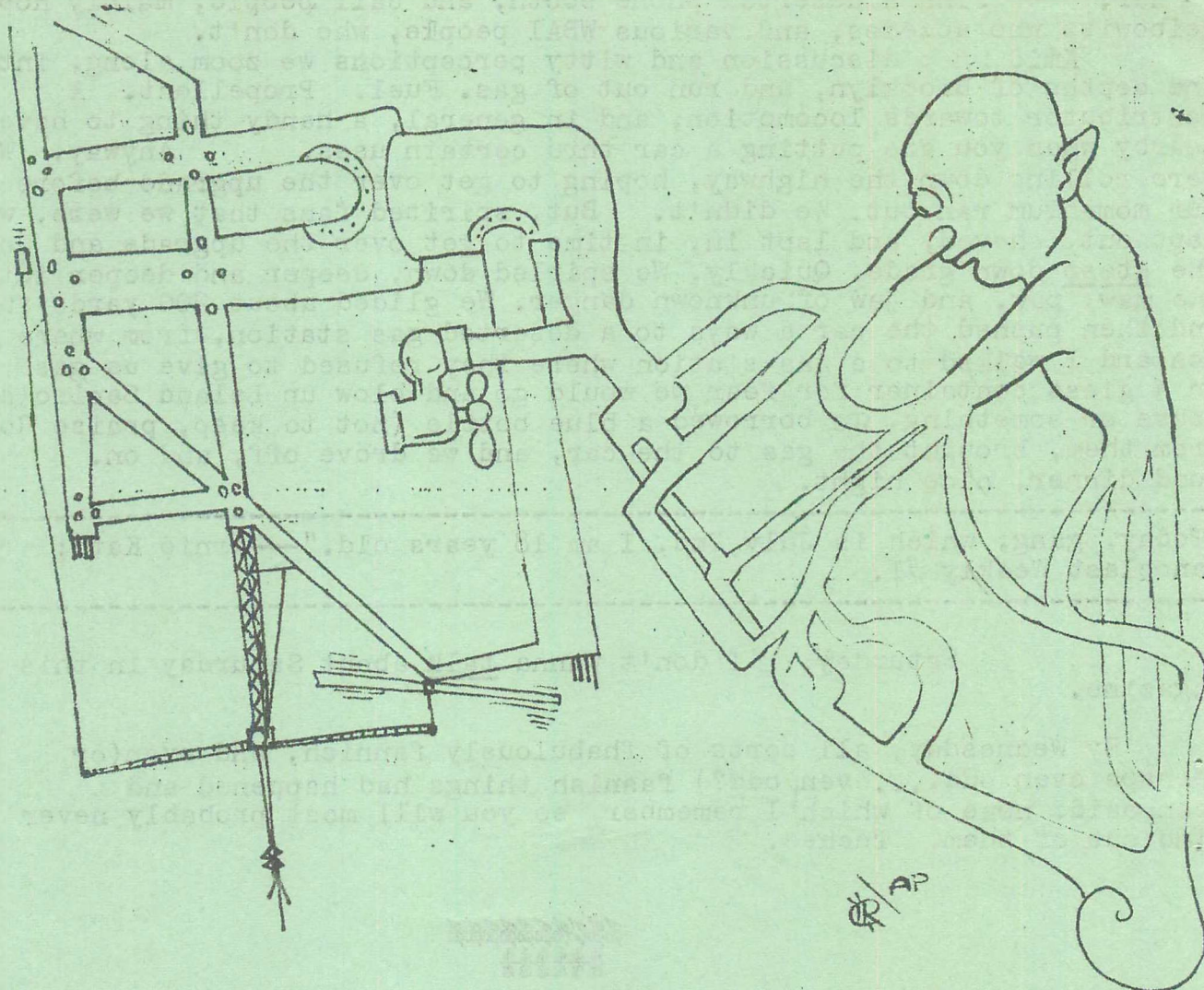
Moshe Feders first story is out, in Orbit 16, people. Run and get it. Reading that little bio in the back sparked me to instantly parody it in my mind. ("Moshe Feder is a young man from Queens who spent his early life as an aarvaark. Upon entering Queens reformatory, he decided his lifes ambition was to be Gnome Press dust Jacket. Pursuiant to this aim, he majored in Creative Geography. Mr. Feder is now esconced on a bookshelf in Forry Ackerman's bathtub. This is his first sale.")

*Fill in low-key exclamation.

Hokay. April 15, and I, back from Brockport. Longish bus trip, about $8\frac{1}{2}$ hours each way with half hour rest stop. Fortunately, long rides don't bother me. I had large experience with bus riding over the summer, when I was on a cross-country trip, by tent and bus, sometimes riding for 14 hours straight. Mebbe I'll go into that later, or some other issue. Anyway, it was a decent trip, with lots of staring out the window, and I read about three books on the way up, tho I didn't read at all on the way back. We stayed one night at a motel by the college, and walked into town to the college, in the morning. Brockport is a dinky little town, but not unnice, not merely a parasite on the college loke the town of New Paltz appears to be. I got a much better feel form Brockport, nothing I can pin down with specifics, but it seemed much looser, more diverse, and happier. "Good vibes". In touring the place, I walked past one class, and fell up my ass in hearing an instructor talking about Star Trek. "And notice how security was set up. There were twelve places the ship could be taken over from, and auxilary control-". Weird. I dunno, tho. At New Paltz I would be able to come into the city when I wanted, and at Brockport, about 4 times a year, thanks to the cost-\$40 by bus. I can hitch, tho, and get rides from other students. We'll see.

Backing up a bit("Put her in reverse. Now, eaaase her out-, look out for that phan, you fool." "Ptfllichhauuu".), Friday night was nifty. It involved Gary Tesser dropping by at about 4:00, staying till 6:00, and after an inturlude for food intake, setting out for the Fanoclasts meeting. We took the subway to Barry Smotroff and Lou Stathis' place, talking phannish the whole way, and forth bouncing back the subject





of Lunacon, cons, panels, Ted White, Amazing/
 Fantastic, that magazines various assistant editors,
 etc,etc while the girl sitting between us sat reading
 the new Fantastic. It was croggling ("Yes! That new
 magazine you've all been waiting for is HERE! "Croggling
Stories is here." "Please do not fold, spindle or croggle." "Looks like
 he's had too much tequila." "Yeah, he's really croggled." "Com'mon, Jerry,
 you'd better go home and sleep it off." "Hey, Lootenant! Better have
 a look at this." "Pretty ugly, isn't it?" "Yeah, the body's positively
 croggled." Are you?) to look for any reaction on her part. Anyway, we got
 to the meeting with only a mild amount of wandering, and all the usuals
 were in attendance. I spent a large percentage of the time in Barry's
 room, sitting around with Susan Palermo, Ginjer Buchanan, Genie Di Modica,
 and sometimes Hank Davis, Andy Porter, Barry "the beard" Smotroff, and
 spent the rest of the time (space, too) talking, wandering, and watching
 "IT" on the televisior get blown up with an A-bomb at 20 paces. Moshe arrived
 last, as usual, tho Elliot Shorter made it a close second. Towards the end
 an attempt was made to organize an expedition to Chinatown, but it failed
 thru lack of cohesiveness, and inertia. So, I set off to ride away with
 Jon Singer, Jim Freund and Elissa Alloc, a person Moshe fell into contact
 with thru manuscripts submitted to A/P and invited to a meeting to see
 what's what. After 10 minutes, jim and jon decided that they were hungry,
 so was I, and being nutso we concluded that the opportune thing to do
 would be drive Elissa home to Civilization (Brooklyn, Barry and Lou living
 in the ungodly (not necessarily bad, Bruce Arthurs) region of Queens) and
 telephone some people to meet us in Chinatown, where we would then drive

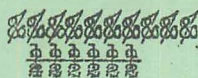
o. Har! We find a deserted phone booth, and call people, mainly Hope Leibowitz who accedes, and various WBAI people, who don't.

Amid much discussion and witty perceptions we zoom along, into the depths of Brooklyn, and run out of gas. Fuel. Propellent. A contributor towards locomotion, and in general, a handy thing to have nearby when you are putting a car thru certain uses. Anyway. We were rolling down the highway, hoping to get over the upgrade before our momentum ran out. We didn't. But, spirited fans that we were, we lept out, shoved, and lept in, in time to get over the upgrade and down the steep down grade. Quickly. We spirled down, deeper and deeper into the maw, paw, and jaw of unknown danger. We glided about 200 yards further and then pushed the car a ways to a deserted gas station, from where Jon and I walked to a gas station where they refused to give us gas in a glass container for fear we would go and blow up Leland Sapiro's house or something. Jon borrowed a blue bottle (not to keep, praise Roscoe) from them, brought the gas to the car, and we drove off, and on. Good dinner, nice night.

"Today, gang, which is July 2nd, I am 18 years old."—Arnie Katz;
Fanoclast Weekly #1.

Saturday. I don't wanna talk about Saturday in this kinda magazine.

By Wednesday, all sorts of fhabulously fannish, and even(or perhaps even odd....even odd?) faanish things had happened and been said, none of which I remember, so you will most probably never find out of them. Teehee.



Wedesday (related, but not the same as a more mundae Wednesday) Gary Tesser dropped by for a few minutes at 4:00, and at 7:30 we walked over to Jon Singer's house to pick up some stencils for Tesser that Jon had. Weeee found that Jon's new *I*B*M* ~~SELECTRIC~~ had arrived, but that he must wait till morning for the aslesman to open it, elst he chanced the wrath of the space gophers, and the warranty being Voided. A funny thing to have happen to a typer. Apeaking of which I read in the paper that the Insurgents were now a few miles outside Saigon (that dates this fanzine, you out there smile in recognition.Fools.) , and I wondered what Ted White was doing there. Speaking of which, I noted in todays paer that George Wallace's campaign manager lived in Falls Church, Va. So that's what you guys are doing. (Heart attack, heart attack. I hope.) But we digress. Actually, I wonder if you're still there. But, no matter. We pick up where Jon is finding his fingers unconsciously curling yearningly towards the box, and doing the Jon Singerish equivilent of meaning piteously. That is to say being calm, pleasant and slanish (tho you don't need to practice, Jon), and we got Tesser to do his must-write zine for TAPS, dictating to Jon, while Hope Leibowitz came down, till about 4:30 am when Gary and Hope left to go to Wo Hop and I to sleep, at 5:15 till 6:30 for a 7:00 am class.

Bicycling down large deserted streets is strange. Turning, and circling, weaving around the traveling shadow of yourself from a street-lamp, rolling down the emptiness where cars had fired exhaust in my face. Different.

Typer. don't fail me now!

APRIL 28 is today, and things have happened since I last wrote. Lunacon has come and gone, I've acquired a job, and picked a college.

To continue in chronological order, or work backwards? A little current reaction, I think...

I'm working now, at what I laughingly refer to as "a merchandise transport expediter" otherwise known as stock-clerk, or stockboy.

I get out of my last class at 11:20 am, and have to be at work at 3:00 pm, which leaves me a little time, tho not as much as you'd probably think, since the store (Lamston's) is in Manhattan and traveling time is about an hour. I work from 3 to 7, in the back room moving incoming merchandise from the warehouse onto the storage shelves, and taking stock down from the shelves to be moved up to the floor. Plus, the last two or so hours are spent cleaning up, and straightening stock, which makes quitting time very approximate, depending on when we're finished, which can vary by a margin of two hours. Which means that I have about an hour-and-a-half for fanac 'tween school and work and some time when I come home, when I'm tired anyway.

In the last hiatus of writing, I had decided that I was going to cut back on my fanac, and also on my sf reading, and get to the library and general reading more. This kinda emphasizes that, dontcha think?

*Knowledge
is Power*
—Sir Francis Bacon

...says, and there's some meaning to it. I felt that I was becoming increasingly limited by ...things. Now I have this job, and my time is more limited. Hmmm, this is starting to read like a resignation speech. Have no fear, gang, (or snap your fingers in disappointment) I anticipate being around for a little while at least, and I don't know the most. I'm really going to have trouble tho. It proves to be very hard to do a personalzine-diary, either once a week, or for 3 minutes at a time on weekdays. I'll try it for a while, at least.

"A good thing dianetics came along—we were just about out of Ashly stories"
—William Rotsler, Spacewarp #42
September 1950

May 3rd, and there's no may about it being ab3-d, he lisped. It certainly is. Not much mail lately. Got a letter from Robert Whitaker, with various inquiries on addresses, and burblings on fanhistory, a subject of sometimes love with me. I've been seeing Robert Whitaker around cons for a while now, and remain ing unfamiliar with the person

and any connection with fanzine fandom, until he approached me at Lunacon with inquires , and making noises about Hyphen's he had and sundries. We sorta got separated, and when I later approached him once or twice he seemed to be preoccupied, or uninterested, and we never got together. I then, a few days after Lunacon came across his name numerous times, in reading accounts of the BoSh auctions in Focal Point, and seeing his name pop up in buying everything, all these great old items. So hullo, Robert.

Lunacon, eh what?

***!!**!!**!!**!!**!!**!!**!!**!!**!!**!!**!!**!!**!!

OUR STORY OPENS when our young protagonist, nay call him hero, arrives at the magnificently mediocre Commodore Hotel. He enters the lobby thru the main entrance, and looks for one who calls himself Fan. None in sight. He strides manfully towards the elevators, heading for the ballroom where he seeks Lee Smoire, to whom he has been told to report to work on the artshow. Arriving at the ballroom floor, several hours later, he pauses to glance round the main area. Towards one end he sees some members of the committee. At the other, on the phone.....Jack Chalker, Chairman of the Con. Reasoning that the Artshow must be in either the East ballroom, or the West, he picks a direction at random, and putting Mike Gorra back in his pocket, and heads for the East Ballroom, where he meets Ted Pauls who tells him the artshow is in the West ballroom. After much manful striding, we find Our Hero tiring of the second person.

MEYER, MEYER, EVERYWHERE After we moved out to the west coast, Greg and Lichtman started calling everybody "Meyer" in the tradition of Burbee. The name came from a dirty old joke that's been largely forgotten by everybody. When we moved later, to La Jolla, Greg and I continued calling each other Meyer on occasion. It's hard to explain why, but after it's been used a couple of times, it sort of sticks.

Pretty soon, the other students started calling each other Meyer, too. Especially an ultra-Jewish New Yorker, Herb Bernstein. One day, after "Meyer" had been assimilated by several people, we had a seminar. None of us had remembered that one of the professors sitting at the back of the room was named Meir Weger. At the end of the talk, one of the profs turned around and said in a loud voice, "What do you think of that, Meir?" and all the students started laughing. All except Greg and I; fast thinking fans that we are, we figured it out fast enough not to laugh. But I don't think the faculty is going to figure that one out.

-Jim Benford, FRAP#4, March-April 1964

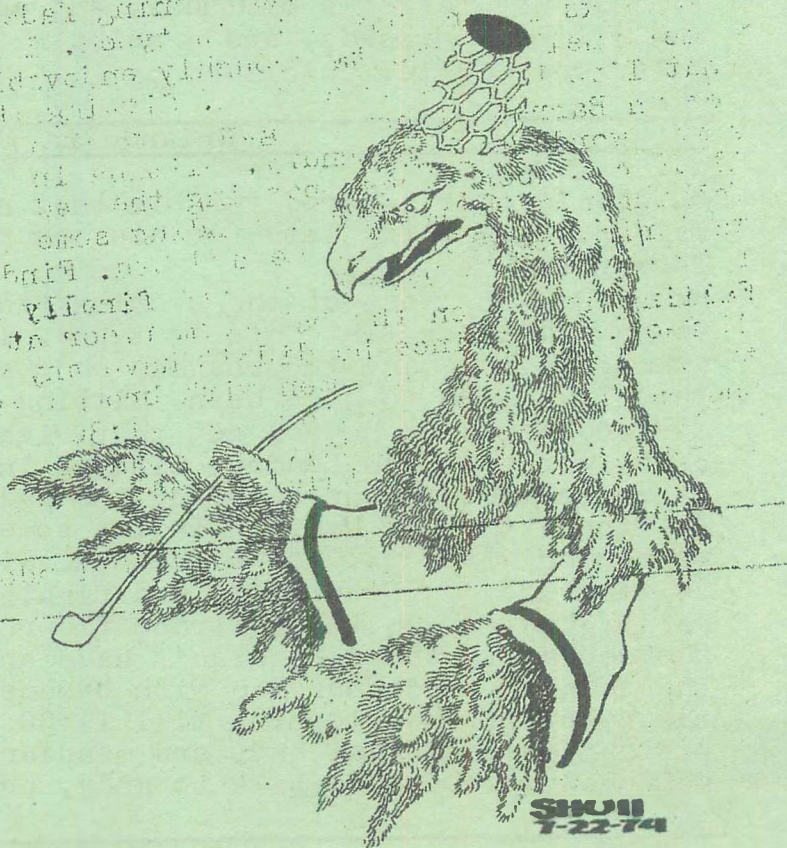
So, I say, I wandered around a while, while waiting for Lee Smoire to get back from Baskin-Robbins, (where she was) and said hello to the few who were there (about 20). Wandering into the huckster room, past Ted Pauls, I found that filthy huckster Andy Porter setting up, and chatted for 45 seconds, or so, said hello to Ben Miller, and discovered Larry Carmody crouched behind a table. We conversed for about 20 minutes, and gossipped fanzines, until I wandered back to where the art show was to be set up, and found Lee Smoire had arrived. Eventually 6 of us were moving immense easels upstairs, thru the freight elevators, from the truck they arrived. There was a slight hassle over a non-operating elevator, but Ira Donewitz leaped into the fray, and soon had the elevator bouncing merrily up and down, if somewhat ~~erratically~~. We brought them up, along with misc. artwork, and con materials, and worked ~~laying them~~ down. By this time, a number of people had arrived for registration, and were milling around the registration desk, which

hadn't gotten the registration materials yet. They were disgruntled. I had fun pushing a cart thru them, and getting stopped to talk to Bob Lipton. The con starts to fall under that certain haze, at this point, but I know I wound up behind the advance registration desk, handing people their badges, program books, and book draw cards. This after more intermittent conversations with Jim Freund, Andy Porter, Larry Carmody, Andy Koppelman, and others. Registration is enjoyable, there were no program items on Friday, just the huckster room, and everybody milling around, with a "meet the authors" party at 9, so it was actually the best place to meet everyone, plus it afforded easy access to the records which pleased my curiosity as to who was coming. In thumbing thru the cards, I discovered Stephen Goldin who edited The Alien Condition, and helped Gerrold edit some of his anthologies, was registered, and Vic Ghididalia who edited a few horror anthologies, and also did some co-editing with Elwood, was also registered, and undiscovered. Ghididalia was found, and grabbed for a panel, but Stephen Goldin never did turn up. Were you there, Stephen, or are you a misty ecto-plasmical alter-ego of David Gerrold?...

I also found Raymond Z. Gallun, who no one wanted for a panel. Asimov came in, and his female companion name-tag had to be typed three times, because of her imprecise answers. Alfred Bester, and L/ Sprague deCamp came in at the same time, and Alfie was mistakenly handed Sprague's tag, and started to laugh, and laugh... There was the usual bumbling, and inefficiencies, of course, but nothing serious. A small percentage of lost registrations, including Margaret Aldiss (wife of the GoH), and Art Saha (president of Lunarians). Piglet, aka George Alec Effinger, artiste of the word, and auteur extraordinaire, due as a guest, and scheduled to moderate a panel never showed, altho sundry efforts were made to contact him, thru the spirit world, if nothing else. Dave Romm

appeared while I was working at the desk, and kept me company, and in conversation for a couple of hours. He introduced me to Wendy Lindboe, whose face I immediately forgot, and never saw again during the con. You did take my address to send me art, Wendy. Hi there. We ran the gauntlet of fannish chatter, and I learned I was a member of RAPS suddenly, thru a slight error in communication. *Sigh*, we even wrote a postcard to Brad Parks.

Frank Balazs came by, and greeted Lou Stathis, and Susan Palermo. Jerry Kaufman made his appearance, and I in shock, found his mustache shaved off! He was, tho, growing it back. You shouldn't have done it, Jerry. It might have



splunged all fandom into war.

Anyway, Dave kept me company, amidst my handing out registration, and answering the phone, chirruping "Lunacon Registration, may I help you?". God, the questions I got, the people who called! At least 14 inquiries about the "comic convention?", 5 or 6 mothers worrying if their daughters were in grave moral danger (I told them not to worry, Bob Vardeman wasn't there.), 4 or 5 sons to be paged, inquires about Lunarians, joining the con, wanting to buy a book, private calls, all the usual shit.

Lets see, I then saw George Wells, Jeff Kleinbard, Hope Leibowitz, and gave Dale Lefeiste his card. Andy Porter was standing a few feet (thats the way Andy does it!) away talking to Ted White, so I leaned over to Andy and asked him if he had seen Dan Steffan. Yessee, I had written Dan, forgetting he had moved from Falls Church, and wanted to check if my letter had gotten there all right. Andy shook his head silently, and pointed to Ted, who when I asked, said he was looking for Dan himself. Eventually I wandered out from the desk after giving cards to Ech Asimov and female companion, saying hello to Al Sirois, and helldamm, registering all you other people.

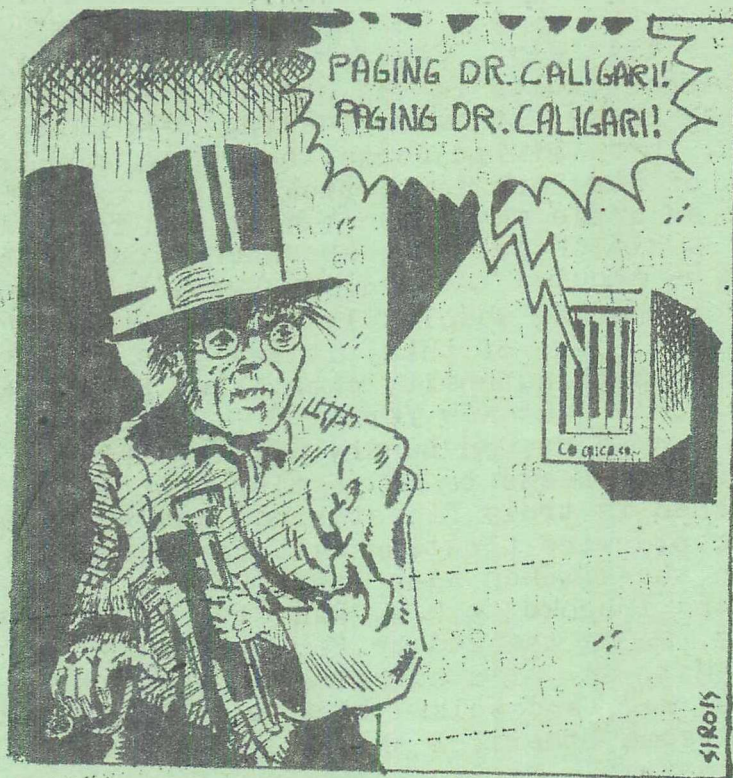
It was Gary Tesser's birthday, and about ten of us had chipped in to buy him some records, and a shirt with "Plucky Red Ace", his salacious handle, inscribed on it. To make dumb Tesser stories short,

Orlando in 77!

we didn't have a party for him that night, because he went home and fell asleep, thus being late for his own party, held the next night. Only Tesser....

Most of the evening fades beyond casual recall, it being two weeks later that this is typed. I recall the Orlando party, quiet, mellow, and thoroughly enjoyable, as all the Orlando parties that I've been to have been. Sitting there, and talking to Moshe Feder, Mervyn Barret (I hope I got that right), Stu Shiffman, Al Sirois, a few words to Don Lundry. Sitting in a circle, and watching Stu and Al do collaborations, passing the pad back and forth. Wandering the halls. Walking with Hank Davis, finding some parties, talking to Hank, wandering with Stu, Moshe and Stu. Finding Marty Goldstein again, talking more to Dave Romm, and finally looking for a place to sleep. Falling asleep on the ballroom floor at 5:00, with Marty Goldstein about 20 feet away, since he didn't have any money either. Waking up with the manager, and four men with brooms staring down at us. Moving up to the balcony, and sleeping till 11:30 I worked some more on the ristration desk that day, and meandered thru the huckster room, and art show, pausing to talk to Andy, and flabbergasting some kid by reeling

I said "Orlando in 77!"



off a spiel about "Algol: A Magazine About Science Fiction", Bought a few books, talked to Larry Carmody some more, and others. That's right, I had spent the later part of that last night with Hope Leibowitz, listening to Fred Kuhn, and Steve Scheiber sing, and stayed a while, talking, in George R.R. Martin and Gale Burnick's room. I even caught a panel, on Whatever Happened to the New Wave? with Brian Aldiss, Ron Goulart, Barry

Malzr until someone came to the mike, to ask Alfie Bester moderating. It did all right, to page John Vandible to the phone. Now, John is a well-known figure in east-coast con-fandom. An okay person who has the disconcerting habit of insinuating himself

"Still, if you had to choose, how would you prefer to go?" "Smothered by the flesh of Italian actresses." "Is there a personal trap in being a comedian? That is, are you always expected to be funny?" "Yes, but I fool people. I stand in the corner at parties, and pretend to be an end table. — Woody Allen

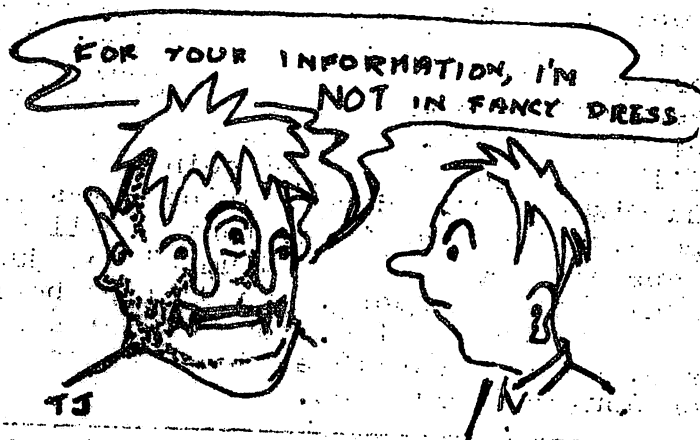
into any kind of private party, and having free food. Also sleeping in room parties. Some people consider him somewhat obnoxious, but on the whole, he isn't strongly disliked. Anyway, John races out to the phone, Ron Goulart begins some sort of intellectual comment on writing, when there is a roar from the rear of the ballroom. There is much clapping. People are shouting. Everyone turns to look. Ron tries to finish what he was saying. More clapping. People in the rear start to leave. More people start to turn around, and a small exodus of people running to see what's happened begins. The audience is deserting. Ron Goulart tries to finish. Alfie Bester stands up, interrupts Goulart, and says "I'll be right back. I'm going to see what's going on! I'll report back." And disappears. More roaring comes from the back. Ron Goulart starts to speak, but no one is listening. All are turned towards the rear. Alfie reappears, pops onto podium. "They just hit John Vandible in the face with a pie!" Cheers. Ron Goulart begins again. People in audience shout for more information. Ron Goulart asks if they are discussing the New Wave, or John Vandible. Some people contend it is the same subject. Ron Goulart collapses.

I recall little more of that day. Evening, ah. The New York in 77 committee had rented the largest suite in the hotel; The Presidential Suite., and held a party Saturday night. It was a fucking huge suite, with a kitchen bigger than mine, three living rooms, bedrooms, and bedrooms, and bedrooms. In a typical act of New York comic-trekkie fan arrogance, demonstrating in a nutshell, or an apple why I don't want New York in 77, as we approached the suite, a kid of about 14 approached us. Wearing an apple, and an arrogant sneer, he shouted in passing. "Hey, better vote for New York, or else." Now, he had absolutely no connection with the committee, they had no knowledge of this, it was just a snott-nosed kid, felling fresh and flush with authority exercising his snothood and independence. But its why I don't want New York.

The party was fine, highlighted by Don Lundry walking thru bouncing a huge, inflated orange. Don seems to be getting younger and younger as the ~~bid~~ goes on. Orlando is truly finest kind, and as of this moment, I will vote for them. People were floating all over the party. I spent a lot of time talking in the kitchen with Larry Carmody. Then Darrell Schweitzer came along, and I spoke to him. Dan Steffan appeared, and approached me, surprising me, as he thanked me for my letter. Unfortunately, 2 minutes after that, while I'm bursting with things to discuss, he said "Excuse me", and walked back to his conversation with Lou Stathis, Ted White, and some others, I think. Never did get any art, did I Dan? Well, nexttime. *Was it my breath? or was I forced stilted and unpleasant?*

"To be honest, my smpathies lie with myself. I have this terrific empathy with myself, tend to identify with myself more and more. Anyhow, I don't know who the Capitalists and the Socialists are, but when I find out, I'm going to ring their doorbells and run" -- Woody Allen

I next recall slumping down in the foyer/hallway/entrance to the suite, where a marathon conversation and sleep was going on, with participants coming and going. I recall Larry Carmody, Al Siróis, John Robinson, Dave Romm, Moshe Feder, George Wells, Alyson Abromavitz whose-name-I-just-massacred, Ed Slavinsky, Darrell Schweitzer, and others all coming and going. Andy Porter was sitting on the floor, leaning against the wall next to a unfamiliar person whose name-tag was obscured. I remember making a mental note to check who that was, since Andy might come up with a very interesting person. About an hour later, I strolled into the next room to find Moshe bouncing around, giving an impression of an epileptic court fool and minstrel to the king and queen (?) of Andy and this other person sitting regally in straightbacked chairs while Moshe sang and danced in front of them. Realizing he was reprising the Mimeo Man for them, I leaned over and saw that this person's name-tag read "Richard W. Brown". Aha! my mind lept. What a clever disguise! Coming as Richard W. Brown, when he is in reality rich brown! The mind reels.



Moshe got thru the Mimeo man with erst-while cast members helping out, including I. A thoroughly enjoyable conversation then took place, delving into the depths of fanhistory. We traced down "I had one once, but the wheels fell off." on rich's accounts of his using it in a reply to an Innurulo poll that was printed in one of Terry Carr's later zines. However, we theorized that it had first seen use as a British catchphrase about the time of World War II, and that rich had possibly picked this up, and used it without conscious knowledge of it. More fascinating tidbits like these were batted back and forth, and Ted White was called in for consultation at one point, later popping up to announce that he was going down to his room and did rich want to go along? or ~~such~~ thusly making his exit. He did, however promise to try and send me those copies of Focal Point that I didn't have, and a copy of the Enchanted Duplicator. Haven't heard form him yet, but I thoroughly enjoyed talking, rich.



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I HAD finally met Chris Couch that morning, when Jerry Kaufman introduced me to Chris at his huckster table. I managed to buy 5\$ worth of fanzines from Chris, which made him glad, and made me glad, and hopefully the fanzines glad. Who says the worlds going to hell?

\\$ \\$

BBERT WHITAKER approached me at the NY party, having gotten my name from Susan Palermo, to whom I had chatted briefly before again, and we had our exchange on old fanzines. I remember having an interesting interchange with John Robinson on the identity of A Well-Known Gafiate, where John pushed the theory of how it was a certain neighbor of Elst Weinstein, and named a name that I immediately, and consistently forgot. They're trying to tell me something. Who cares? (?)

You remember me, John, I later spent a few hours with you, wandering the halls looking for George Wells, as the night trailed to a close. Found him, too.

\\$ \\$ 2 \\$ \\$

WE FINALLY got hold of Gary Tesser earlier that evening, and a bunch of us went out to dinner, at this Indonesian place, and came back to have Gary's party. Going up to the room, we all got sepatated, and Gary, George Wells, and I wathced in amazement as George grew furious at the hotels extortion of money by unplugging their cigarette machine, and forcing your to buy from the bell capatian. George was roused to anger, punched the elavator. The party was a sucess, held in Georges room, and Baskin-Robbins, and a cake baked by Karina Girsdankky was served. John Vandible appeared, I don't know how, but it was good. Mucho partying.

\\$

I SLEPT a few more hours on the balcony, sunday, and the con trailed off, with a few more book purchases, lots of conversations in passing, and a time spent sitting next to Moshe Feder's and Lise Eisenbergs table and 2 down from Andy Porters, at Jim Freund and Sue-Rae Rosenfeld's table, proving to be a significant factor when a man immediately came over and made a 2\\$\\$ purchase. I also spent a little time taking down art, and accepted a name-tag from Rick Bryant to give to Jon Singer who was at Minicon. Rick had some very nice pieces on display, and does Good Work, so you'all can run to your favourite prozine editor, and tell him to buy some Rick Bryant artwork because you like it. Nice tag. I really ought to get one made for me by someone sometime, but I really can't afford one right now. Jon Singer, the zippo, has four all too beautiful to beleive. So, after a suddenly called Mimeo Man rehersal, at which nothing, NOTHING was accomplished, but a scene that ranks in the top 50 funniest times of my life from all the ridiculousities and flubbed lines that went on happened, I left with Gary, George Wells, Hope Leibowitz, and Alyson Abromiwitz, and went home.

An okay con.

MAY 11

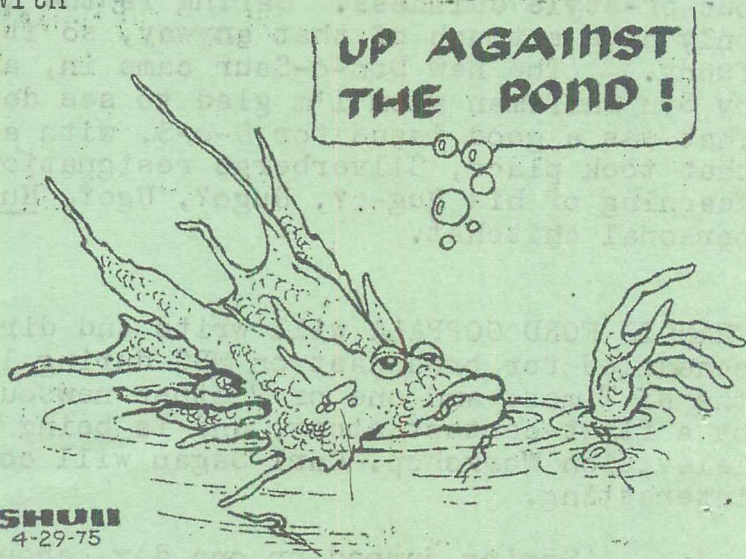
today. The time has gone by because of the freakingly little amount of time I have free to do this during the week, now that I'm working on this job. I'm really very sorry that it's working out this way. If I show anything about myself, my person, then it should be an evolution shown, not a weekly revelations series. I'll try.

I'm now definitely going to Brockport College-SUNY (State University of New York) in September, 1975. I may transfer at the end of the year, to Albany, maybe. This means that I'll be leaving the NY fan. scene, and be some 8 hours away. Hopefully, it will be interesting. I don't have any knowledge of what the possibilities of repro are there, so the possibility exists of this dying there. I do expect to get out at least three issues before I leave, with a favorable intersection of events.

Something interesting has happened recently, that I will say a few words about. I have been disinvited from Fanoclasts.

It came as a bit of a surprise, particularly since I had been told by one or two people that I had made a good impression, when I first started going to Fanoclasts, and the response was favorable.

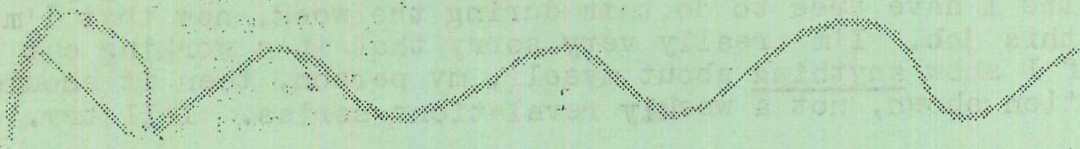
This comes as part of Fanoclasts New Economy Drive For An Economy Size. I had a long talk on the phone with Lou Stathis, who is the chief formulator of the new policy, with Barry Smotroff, and a few confidants. Anyway, Fanoclast is a small bunch of friends meeting, and altho I am generally liked, etc, it is felt that the club is getting too big, and Lou hates crowds, and my age figures in, and enthusiasm, and worry over who I'll bring in, and the worry that I might have bubonic plague were all thrown at me, with various and sundry, including that I can ask again in a few months, and the Situation Has Changed. Nah, I'm not bitter, or upset now, really. See, there was an evolving of my feelings, tho, running from "oh, well" at first, to confusion over what was going on, to slight hostility, to extreme sensitivity to rejection and some self-pity, to acceptance with occasional Di. sdale-like sarcasm, to my now current stage of "their tough luck" and nonchalance. At any rate, thruout the past 2 weeks, I never was about to let my life fall apart over it. Specially since I see most (tho decidededly not all. There are some Fanoclasts I like a lot whom I hardly otherwise see.) of the people I really like, out side of Fncclsts anyway.



MAY 23

and things have flown by as usual. I caught The Day The Earth Stood Still, and Dracula, Prince Of Darkness with Jerry Kaufman and Vin DiFate at the Theatre 80 St. Marks a while ago, the day after an Omnivores dinner at a quite good Indonesian restaurant. The dinner was fine, and the company enjoyable, as was the Monty Python

episode observed after.



JUNE 3 now. Fewer fanzines trailing in, but they are good ones. Dave Locke and Ed Cagle's new Shambles wandered in a few days ago, and while it suffers a touch from the "haha, let's be daring and talk about sex, and and bars, leer, leer" sort of over-40 dirty-old-man syndrome that Burbee occasionally falls into, that is so sexistly out-of-style dullness. Daring is the wrong word to use, but they only have a touch of that anyway, so it's a pretty good zine. Fairly funny. The new Don-o-Saur came in, and surprised me with a cover by Stu Shiffman whom I'm glad to see doing work for more faneds. That was a good issue for D-o-S, with a section on the SFRA conference that took place, Silverbergs resignation from writing sf, and Don's learning of his Hug-o?, Ugo?, Ugo?, Hugo! nomination, and don's personal chitchat.

FRANCIS FORD COPPALA will write and direct a science fiction drama scheduled for broadcast on NBC during 1976-7 season, according to the NY Times, and one or 2 other newssources I have. Apparently it'll be a first-contact story, and is being produced by the CTW, Childrens Television Workshop. Carl Sagan will coöblabarate with Coppala. Dat's interesting.

Spring jumped up one day, about 2 months ago, and then the tempature shot up overnight in NY to hot, hot, humid 70's and 80's even. The beginning was nice, all the flowers up, etc, but then the heat started to oppress as much as Nixon ever id, or even did, as we say. About 3 weeks were spent sweating if you were indoors. I was working underground with no air-conditioning. It was....oppressive? The weather broke about a week ago, tho (~~we're still trying to fix it~~) and it is now pleasantly brisk. I think I'll move to Canada.

I always felt that I'd rather freeze to death than burn to death (isn't it grand, making these decisions at 7?), but it really is quite pleasant now. My neighborhood hasn't totally deteriorated and there are lots of tree's, everyone's lawns, and a good number of floweres out, which makes it nice to walk around the neighborhood. A number of people have, recently, taken to having their lawns filled in, whole or partially, for parking places, which is dandy, tho. Admire the concrete.

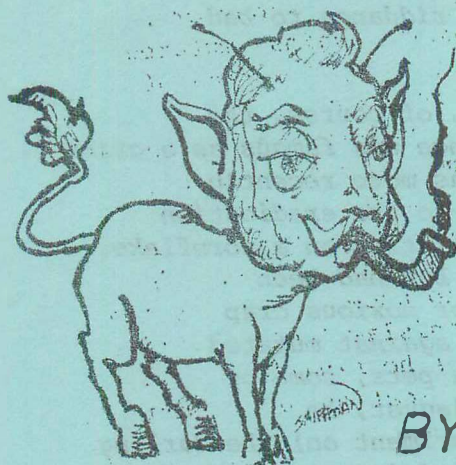
I do enjoy walking in Manhattan, in the downtown 5th avenue area for one, mostly all steel, glass, concrete, rock.

"Pub a town apa and fight tv!"

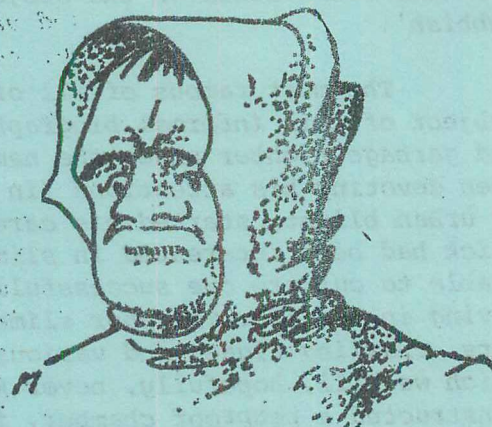
-Mimeo Man

You walk down the street, stop in some book stores, pass some people playing steel drums, walk some more, watch everyone hustling thru. Look in windows; see the weird exhibits, listen to some more street music, get handed some goodly crank literature, watch. I enjoy it.

THEY CALL ME YELLOW JELLO



A COLUMN



BY JON SINGER

TITLE COURTESY OF KARINA GINSBURGH

THIS TAPE WAS FOUND IN THE RUINS OF THE CHICAGO PUBLIC LIBRARY.
IT IS INCLUDED HERE FOR THE EDIFICATION OF THE READER.

SYNOPSIS:

Yellow Jello was born, if that is the correct word, innocently nameless in the remains of the biology laboratory of the infamous Doctor Glick, of whom everyone surely has heard. Glick, as many are already aware, began to behave oddly after an explosion of suspicious nature in the lab; investigation showed that a small piece of glass had literally been shot through his skull by the explosion, and that it was touching an area of the brain usually thought to be involved in association. He refused to allow its removal, saying that it was "perfectly sterile" and that in any event, no mongoose was going to saw a hole in his skull, not while he had anything to say about it. That seemed like a slightly odd attitude, and when it was subsequently discovered that he thought that the surgeons planned to put into his skull a ferret with a rag in its mouth to get at the glass, which was in a rather inaccessible spot, things had already progressed beyond the point where Glick would have permitted himself to be captured....

Yellow Jello grew out of the Doctor's ambitions with regard to genetic surgery: Crazy though he undoubtedly was, Glick knew that if he used human subjects ill would come of it, and so he cannily restricted himself to the lower orders. Some of his work remains famous, or infamous, to this day, as, for example, the Glick Giant Skunk Cabbage, specimens of which are kept in locked rooms at certain botanical gardens, where they are lit artificially and tended by machines. It is said that this particular horror was his way of discouraging the collection services employed by his creditors.... No doubt many of us would like to own a Glick Giant; there are, of course, stringent laws, and none are known to be in private hands.

Less is known about his surviving relatives, but it is reported that one of his children lives in Toronto under an assumed name, having repudiated his father some time ago. That the repudiation may have been less than complete is borne out by recent word from Toronto that a construction crew digging for the new subway there came across the partially decayed bodies of three tarantulas ranging from two to over seven feet in length.

As to Glick himself, he is thought to have committed suicide or to have been eaten by one of his more loathsome creations. The only comment from the authorities on the subject was essentially 'good riddance to bad rubbish'.

The most famous of all of the Doctor's results is, of course, the subject of this informal biography. Yellow Jello, who once was famous as a crime and garbage fighter under the name of Fung Guy, and who has more recently been devoting his attentions (in quite a forceful manner) to the eradication of urban blight, started his career as a small slimemold sitting on a cornflake. Glick had been interested in slime molds for a long time, but had been unable to culture one successfully because of all the other noxious crap living in his lab. The poor slimemolds never had a chance against mutated rats, crawling algae, and various other interesting little pets, some of which we will, hopefully, never know about. Finally, in disgust, he constructed a petproof chamber, in which to grow (and experiment on) the darling little creatures. Some three months later, after a number of interesting failures which he mentions in his lab notebook, (It is a great pity that most of his records were destroyed, one of his failures was a spectacular creature which he filmed over the course of 72 hours, in full color. The entry in the notebook concerning this film states in no uncertain terms that he fully expected to use some of it in a remake of Stanislaw Lem's Solaris. The mold would have played the part of the planet....) he finally came up with what he regarded as a potentially successful modification of the original mold. How right he would prove to be!

The notebook states that he divided this modified slimemold into three parts. He gave them the collective name of Gaul, and history has proven that the name is appropriate for the one piece that is still in the public eye. No one can say that Yellow Jello is overly modest.

Of the other two parts, we have no current knowledge, although a reliable source has recently informed me that someone in the midwest has a formidable market in garbage disposal units that apparently use no electricity, and are quite silent. Smooooth.

The three little molds apparently started to grow quite rapidly and soon were too large for the the experimental chamber in which they started their career. Glick eventually let his latest success out into the lab, not without some misgivings about their chances for survival. Since we now know that this action precipitated the final collapse of his menage and his own death or disappearance, it seems to us, in the clarity of hindsight, that the survival he should have been worried about was his own.

Shortly after that final collapse, reports began to circulate around Chicago that the city's garbage pickup service had dramatically improved. When this was shown to be untrue, an investigation was launched that culminated in the discovery of Yellow Jello. At about this point, a young reporter, catching the ripe scent of a story, started to follow Yellow Jello (which, at the time, was still just a nameless blob, at least as far as the public knew) around the city. They struck up something of a friendship, about which perhaps more in a subsequent article. Apparently this reporter was a starry-eyed chap who grew up reading comics, and was full of superhero envy, carefully sublimated. When he told Y.J. about all the wonderful superheroes in the comics, something quite unforeseen occurred: Yellow Jello decided that the world needed a REAL superhero, and that Yellow Jello was cast in the right mold.

Soon the police began to notice that certain burglars were no longer plying their trade. This seemed a bit odd, and they decided to determine the cause. What they found was that Yellow Jello was eating the criminals...

Police being what they are, this made them rather jealous, and they decided that no slimemold was to be permitted to take the law into its own pseudopods. They staked out the neighborhood on which Y.J. was doing its thing, and finally captured it in the act. Fortunately, the reporter was there, and thought to get a lawyer.

The charge was murder in the first degree, with witnesses. Unfortunately, the police had run up against something they hadn't bargained for. The lawyer hired by the reporter (who borrowed money from certain prominent people who remain anonymous to this day) was none other than Carl Joshua Brandon, and when Brandon carried his client into the courtroom in a picnic hamper, declaring that it was obviously a basket case, presiding judge Carleton A. LaFong, barely able to restrain his laughter, dismissed the case immediately.

The reporter unwittingly gave Y.J. its first public name by running the story under the headline "Fungi Evade Hot Seat; Brandon Maneuver Talk of Entire Burg." Soon everyone in Chicago was calling the mold 'Fung Guy'.

Within six months, crime in Chicago dropped to an all-time low, and the Hollywood TV people began to get interested. In the absence of any other actor who could handle the part, it became evident that Fung Guy would have to play himself. Fortunately he was capable of acting. Not that the series wouldn't have been a success even if Fung Guy had had all the acting ability of a wet noodle, since that is essentially what a slime mold looks like anyway. Soon Fung Guy was a household name.

This month's installment is a closeup look at the Fung Guy stage of Yellow Jello's career. We cannot, unfortunately, play for you any of the famous TV series, but since a few of them are still shown now and then, we advise you to keep an eye out for them. What we can do is show you some of the commercials that brought the show even more acclaim than it would have had otherwise. What follows is a segment from the Jeem Moriarty show, by the kind permission of T.F. Eccles & Co. The show is in progress as we join it.

* * * * *

(Screen shows Moriarty and Dr. Dodd Clegler, reclining in comfy chairs. Moriarty is of moderate height, thin faced, with dissheveled hair. Clegler is very tall, and has burning eyes.)

Now that the commercial is over, I think we can return to our fascinating discussion of third fandom with the renowned authority, Dr. Dodd Clegler. Dr. Clegler, what major differences do you note between the fanzines of the late thirties and those of today?

Well, Jeem, it seems to me that it was a lot easier to get reasonably good work by big name pros in those days. Many of the better fanzines of that era boasted fiction by such lights as H. P. Lovecraft, Doc Smith, and Stanley G. Weinbaum. Today the feeling is different. People who publish fan fiction are sneered at, and nobody can publish pro fiction because the pros all sell their stuff so they can buy groceries. Anything that wouldn't sell commercially, who the hell wants to read it? You know what I mean?

I think I see your point, Dr. Clegler. Do you think that there is any chance for a resurgence of pro fiction in fanzines in the future?

Not with the economy in the state it's in now, that's for sure. (Weak laughter from studio audience) Further into the future, who knows? If it should happen that too much good fiction became available for the professional market,

I think we might see some lesser fiction in some of the fanzines. Writers might even turn to using fanzines for training grounds. There is a limited amount of that going on already, but it is far from widespread. One wonders about the possibility of a fanzine devoted entirely to that sort of thing. The letter column would consist of criticism of the stories. Make a crazy apa, too, wouldn't it?

Indeed it would. What about the fan organizations of national scope that existed in the thirties? You know, things like the ISA. Is there any chance that clubs like those could come back?

I don't know, Jeem. That size club needs a lot of work on the part of its governing body. One must also think about how small those clubs were, compared to the monsters they would be if they were reorganized. In the thirties, a club of national scope might have had less than a hundred members. Now that is almost laughable. Of course, it might be that a club for hardcore faannish fans might actually occur, and might just be similar in size to the old clubs. The membership hassles would probably be terrible, though. Then again, a truly giant club, perhaps composed of small member clubs across the country, might serve as a clearinghouse for information and as a way for isolated fen to keep in touch.

An interesting notion, Doctor. Do you know of anyone who is foolish enough to try to set up such a thing?

Offhand, Jeem, no. This is not to say that there IS no one who could or would do it, but I can't think of any. By the way, I think that while it would be impossible to run an organization that large in a truly democratic way, there should certainly be some mechanism whereby the opinion of the membership could be determined and taken into account, at least on important questions. No kicking people out without first checking to see that it won't cause a ruckus. No major rule changes by fiat. There has been more than enough trouble caused by that kind of crap in the past. Even we aren't slans, we should try to be adult enough to timebind.

Timebind, Doctor?

You know, the old Korzybski concept of learning from the mistakes of others so you don't have to make the same damn mistakes yourself. If clod A makes a square wheel and it doesn't roll too good, clod B should look at it and make a hexagonal wheel, which rolls a bit better. Hopefully, by the time you get to clod H or so, some smartguy will realize how to do it right. (Audience giggles.)

That's very good, Doctor. I wish I had thought of that. I believe it's time for another commercial? Yes, it is.

(Wailing siren in distance. View of street at night, lit by big peach-colored sodium streetlights. Obvious criminal type firing shot after shot into huge yellow slime mold as it begins to engulf him. Booming laughter in the night as onlookers gasp in horror and turn away. Criminal fires at least twenty shots from ordinary-looking .45 auto, to no avail. Laughing blob engulfs him and slowly moves away with lump in its middle. No other trace of criminal remains. voiceover:) NOT TO BE STRUCTURING ME, I'M FUNG GUY, SLIMEMOLD DEFECTIVE!! (change to voice of announcer:) Another evil criminal meets his match. FUNG GUY, slimemold defective, scours the streets of the city day and night, eating garbage of ALL kinds! (Quick shot of garbage can collapsing under weight of FUNG GUY. Loud belch. Mold creeps sheepishly away down an alley. Cut to shot of dope dealer hawking heroin to schoolkids. Kids suddenly gasp and point, as huge yellow slime mold, almost glowing in the afternoon sunlight, engulfs the dealer and flows away. voiceover:) See FUNG GUY in action, Thursday nights at 8:30, on the CURD network. (Quick shot of smiling announcer. Expression on face suddenly changes to shock, then horror as announcer realizes that he is next victim of FUNG GUY. Fade.)

Ahh, yes. Here we are again. We have been talking to Dr. Dodd Clegler, a noted authority, who has been speculating about second and third fandoms. Our next guest is someone who needs no introduction. I want you all to give a big hand for --- Hugo Gernsback! Hello there, Hugo. How's tricks?

Hi there, jεεm° φανς are ζλανς, βωαλ°

Do you really believe that, Hugo? Fans are slans?

you βετ!

Uncle Hugo has been very lively these last few years, hasn't he?

Yes, ever since he died, you know. Well, thank you Hugo Gernsback. It's been nice seeing you again, and I hope you can come back soon.

βγε now°

These quick guest appearances are very nice. It's only too bad that they can't stay around longer, but of course the code forbids it. No dead people on for more than thirty seconds at a time. Remind me, some day, to tell you about the time we had H. P. Lovecraft reunited with Clark Ashton Smith, right here on the air.

Indeed.

It was lovely, all fifteen seconds of it....well: I think we may have time for a question or two from the audience before the next commercial. Anybody out there want to ask Dr. Clegler a question? All right. You there, in the gorilla suit.

::RRROWRRRR. GrrRowr pflehhtss gāfuhh freem plif?::

Did I hear you correctly?

::Unngghh.

Ah, hmm. I see. No, you may not take Faye Wray home with you. You may not even take MARTHA Raye home with you.

Well put, Doctor. Any other questions? Guards, eject that gorilla suit. Yes, over there, the woman with the evil grin.

::Doctor, I would very much like to know who sawed Courtney's boat::

Madam, if I could answer that question with any authority, I'd be even more famous than I already am. (Audience laughs and cheers.)

Yes, indeed, and I think that takes us up to the next commercial.

(Shot of yellow slime mold with pseudopod sticking up out of its middle, holding box. Mellow bass voiceover:) Hi there, kids. This is FUNG GUY telling you to run right out and buy some of this super detergent. This here detergent is really fine, let me tell you. Why, in between my midnight garbage can and my first morning criminal, I usually digest five or six boxes. Tastes real smoooooth, and it keeps the juices flowing. Now, mind you, I wouldn't advise YOU to eat it, but if you're a baddy and I eat you, it makes my job that much easier if your clothes taste good. That's a little FUNG GUY funny, kids. I don't want you to be baddies. Anyway, you all go on out and buy some of this fine stuff. Remember, I'm watching you. (Shot of 7-year old looking out window of suburban-looking house. Pseudopod waves at kid, who shrieks and

dives under couch. Announcer's voice:) FUNG GUY is always on the alert. We now return you to your regular program.

Doctor, I want to thank you for being here with us today. I hope that you can come again soon, and tell us about some of the wonderful projects you are working on. Perhaps also, you can tell us about fourth and fifth fandoms.

Why, thank you, Jeem. It will be my pleasure. Maybe I can give you a progress report on the new institute I am starting.

That would be most welcome. Until next week, then, this is Jeem Moriarty saying Goodbye, and Ghu bless. Stay tuned for the next installment of A WAY OF LIFE.

A WAY OF LIFE, of course, was the most famous of the soap operas of its time. It dealt with the struggles of the Tucker family, and the school years of their adopted Chinese child, Hoy Ping Pong. This led some wag to dub it a 'slope opera', a term which fortunately did not stick.

History tells us, by the way, that shortly after this Jeem Moriarty show was aired, Dr. Dodd Clegler disappeared for some time. Nobody seems to know where he was during that period, but when he re-emerged, he stepped immediately into a position of power as director of the Institute for Trans-temporal Fannish Studies; he ruled the institute with an iron hand for many years.

The next installment of this biography will cover the next phase of Yellow Jello's life, during which some ingenious criminal discovered that any spray fungicide (the most common of which, intended for use against athlete's foot, became standard equipment for Chicago criminals) would effectively repel even this largest of fungi. It was in this time period that Yellow Jello acquired its current name, and left Chicago with its reporter friend, Yarik P. Thrip.

"I dunno if I'll have time to run these off for you," Dick Lupoff said as I thrust a shoaf of stencils at him.

"Gee, Dick, you've got to," I said. "I've typed right on the stencils, 'Mimeography by Dick Lupoff.' Everything published in fanzines is true, you know."

"Perhaps so," he countered, "but are stencils full-fledged fanzines before they're run off?"

Sadly I took the stencils back from him, "I could win this arguement if you were a Catholic," I muttered.

-Terry Carr, The Infinite Boonie,
Nov. 9, 1970 - Focal Point Vol.2, #17

Vote for Orlando in 1977, the only
TruFans Bid!

a non-page, if you must know.....

Other areas of the city have their own impact. The Village can be just a very cool place to walk around. Lots of shops, nice place. Brooklyn Heights is great for old NY, ditto some of the older buildings near the Museum of Natural History in Manhattan. The Heights are great, tho, in that they've got the water right there, plus the neighborhood, and trees, and buildings. Charm.

"There's nothing quite so dangerous as a wounded mosquito" - Monty Python



I was reading thru Void 29, some old Shaggy's, Quips, Potlatch's, Warhoon's, Minac's, and other zines t'other day when--What?.....
Oh, at Disclave! I didn't tell you I was at Disclave? You didn't ask, meyer...

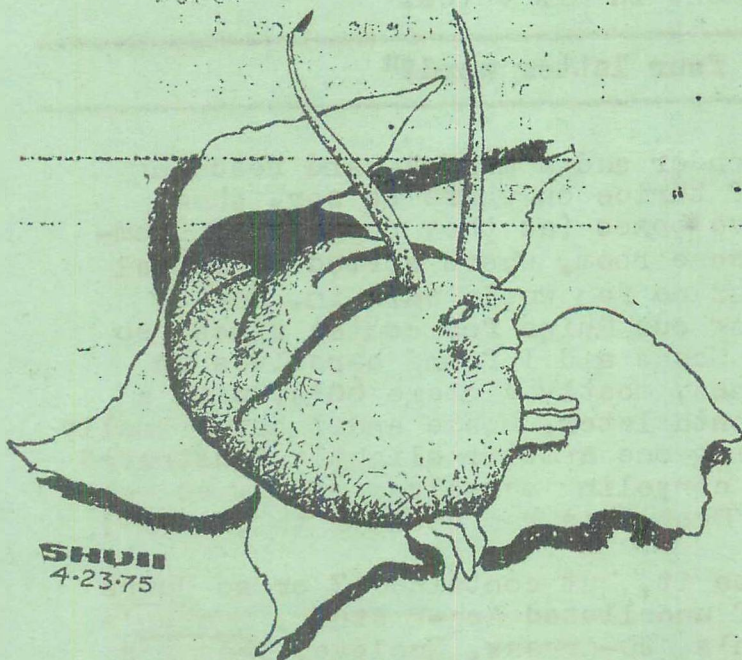
The con was hectic 2 weeks before it began when everyone in NY was playing Musical Cars in switching rides. Cars broke down, people divided (no trouble when you're a fan), traded and switched again and again. I ended up going down (no trouble when you're a phant), with Suzle Tompkins and Hope Leibowitz in a rented car that could have held 6. I held things up by being a hour late, but we were soon sailing thru the pungent atmosphere of New Jersey. A good ride, enlivened by a stop at a cafe with amazingly cheap prices, and pretty good food. They put garlic in their potato salad, tho.

Arriving at the familar hotel (from Discon), I wandered, reminiscing from the previous con ("And here a guy asked me for a joint, and here found the Hidden Pepsi Machine, and here used the toilet next to Roger Zelazy, etc.) until I stumbled thru the S.P.E.L.B.Q.I.A.M.A.S con. Actually, I don't remember the exact

abbreviation, but it was on the order of 12-14 letters and stood for the Society to Preserve Barbershop Quartets. The

Barbershop Quartets had all the main facilities the whole weekend, and crowded the hotel, wandering thru. Singing. Everywhere you turned, there was another batch of slightly drunken middle-aged men, roaring out "... by the old Mill Stream.."
In straw hats.

Anyway, Disclave had a little cubicle set up in the lobby for registration. Withh I did, and immediately fell into conversation with Robert Whitaker who was sitting on a couch, behind



the registration table. He pulled out his new zine to show me, and we rambled a bit on old fanzines, and the usual zaniness. Said hello to Betty Berg, and Lee Smoire. And eventually to most people at the con.

The high point of the con was the great fanzine buy that I made in conjunction with Moshe Feder. How anyone can conjunct with Moshe Feder, I don't know, but ...

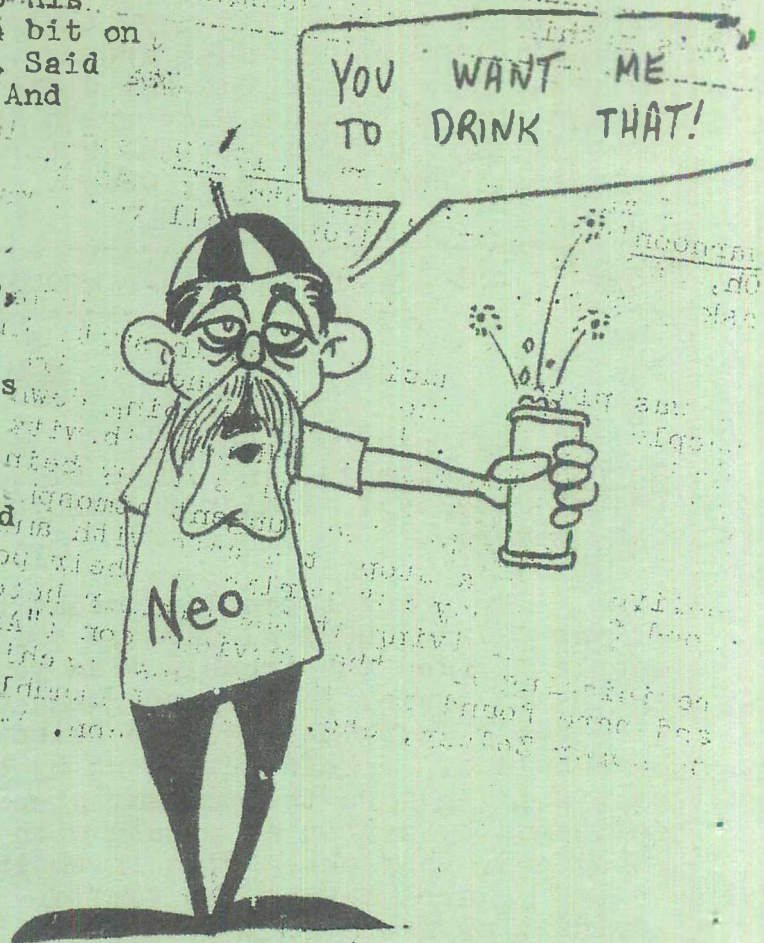
Anyway, we had left the Bushyager's room, and were strolling along in search of a good party, when we passed the entrance to the con suite. Heading towards the entrance I noticed, out of the corner of my eye, a large cardboard box which on coming closer seemed to hold mimeographed looking suspiciously like fanzines. Casually moving towards them, I bent over and picked up the top edge of the heavily piled box. Title was unfamiliar. Colophon ... for FAPA, Harlan Ellison. CROGGIE!

My adenoids light up, and my furry toes tingle and stretch to their fullest curl. Feverishly, I gesture to Moshe, and we speculate on why one zine was + . . . I dash around like crazy, locating Alexis Gilliland (at the party bar..). I asked Alexis what the status of all those fanzines lying so neglected out in the hall were, and he told me "When Jay Haldeman moved into his bus, he donated his entire fanzine collection to the WSFS who didn't know what to do with it. "Oh! You mena you might want to buy it?" with a tone of wonderment in his voice.

"Life is a four letter word?"

I found this to be a Wonder and a Marvel, and reaching Feder, we agonized for a moment of thrice on where to sort them. On consideration we pulled the five boxes (as they postulated themselves to be) into Dick Cheney's rescue room, where sorted in mortal fear that another knowledgeable fanzine fan would walk in. One of 2 comics people walked in, throwing out Quips for comics zines, so that was cool (Rats!). Eventually Moshe and I found ourselves in possession of about 5 1/2 feet of zines, mostly vintage 60's, with a few excursions into the 50's. A month later, Moshe and I have finally finished dividing the stuff, leaving one another slightly frustrated at what we must both give up, but consoling ourselves with what we have. (Taoistic non-possesivness? Dost this run counter to fandom?).

We haven't produced an index to it, but contained 7 or so Quips a Stellar, large, large amounts of uncollated Apa-F stuff, Roboo's Lighthouse's, Retribution, Warhoon's JD-Argasy, Enclave, Shaggy's etc. We borrowed Dick Cheney's hand truck to move it all, and various



people wandered into the Bushyager's room, where I was sorting, included Doug Hoylman, who helped, and Andy Porter who remarked several times that he thought that this was the largest whole fanzine sale since the Tucker sale (in 1965 was it Andy?, at Midwescon?). There being a huge amount of uncollated Apa-F stuff (which from internal evidence I deduce to be Jim Sanders. Apparanly, Jay acquired a large portion of Sanders collection.), I had the nifty idea of grabbing old Fanoclasts and ~~having~~ ~~at these~~ attempting to collate them, but this quite naturally didn't come off. Later, this will be attempted solo...Thurb.

It certainly was a wonderful thing.

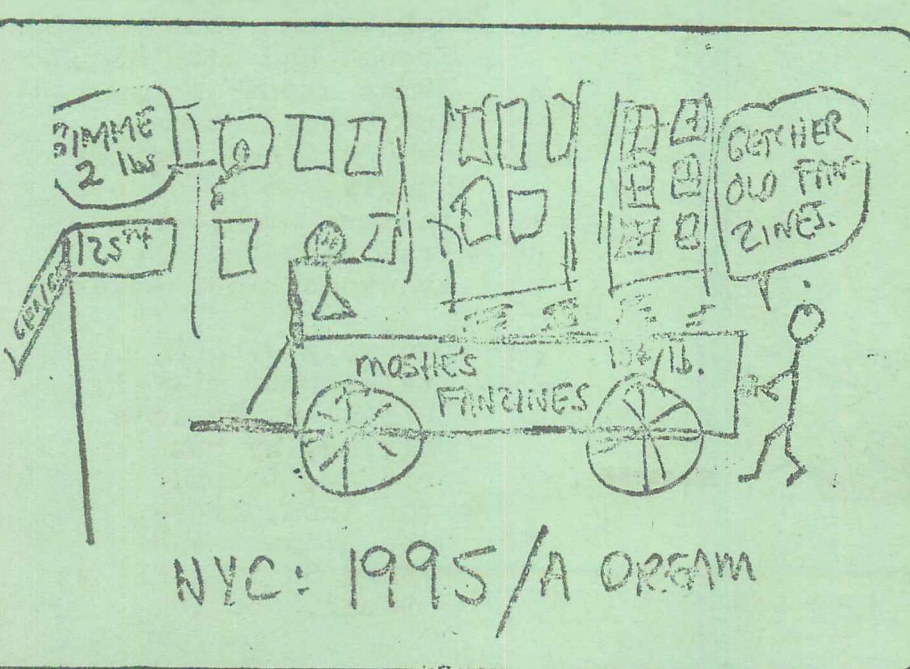
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SO WHAT THE HECK we did the Mimeo Man, which came off well. Consider the fact that the only full rehersal was about 2 hours before the play, and hell, that was incomplete. Why, the only full rehersal was the play itself. It was fully a sucess, with a genuine reprise of "Seventy-Six Genzines" being called for, and Don Lundry later spoke to numerous members of the cast empling them to perform it at Lunacon, citing the need for a more fannish Lunacon, and the dullness of ordinary fan panels. (Just one more reason to Vobe for Orlando in 77! Don Lundry is the eminently capable chairperson of the bid, and is also chairperson of the 76 Lunacon. Dammright.) I got some strange looks from the barbershop quartets, running around with a propellar beanie on, prior to the play, but I retaliated by spinning it at them. There were some glares in our direction when our "barbershop quartet" rehersed, but they plowed on, surety set on their sensitive fannish

THE DISCLAVE
CLASSICS:
"THE 8' SHAF"

GARY
FANZINE
SINCE '76
GENZINES"
60% CLOSET
FAN



faces. Actually, the actual play didn't come off as well as the last rehersal, but it was thouroughly a sucess, and Ghood Fun. Mebbe I do an article on weird things that went on at rehersals. Anyone interested?

After the performance we ate. Way after. I went out with David Emerson, Jim Freund, and...Topher 32 Cooper and wife, was it? It was typical

fan hours, about 12:30, and we had a hell of a time finding a place to eat. Walking out of the hotel, we passed Ted Pauls coming in, with Ray Ringel in his arms, and he glowingly assured us that the Yen-ching Palace, site of an excellent dinner the night before with the Bushyager's, M. Feder, and Matt Schneck, was open until 1:30. After $\frac{1}{2}$ hour of walking and looking for a closer restaurant, we set out for the Palace, David getting slower and slower, due to his wearing only sandals, and engaging in acute feelings of his feet falling off. Hours later ("No, it's on the next block, David. Really.") we arrived, David now slowly stumping. Closed. Ted Pauls, won't you please go...

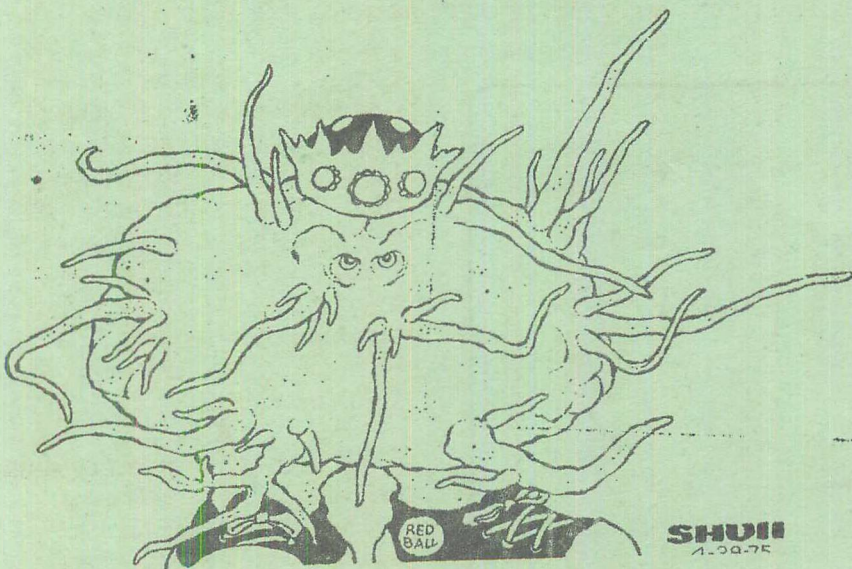
We spent the time walking back theorizing on why Ted had done this, and concluded that it was a nefarious plot to keep Fay away from us.

"We talked about the fact that Walt Disney has the rights to film The Lord of The Rings. Mike said that if Disney decided to use live actors that he would get a job as a hobbit. "But what will you do about furry feet?" I asked. "Take off my socks," he replied.

-Arnie Katz, Quip #3

We ate at a near-by Italian place, turning out to be fairly good, and very inexpensive. The restaurant had the weirdest-type decor, tho. We wandered in and were immediately faced with the spectacle of a huge stuffed polar bear, fighting with a huge, stuffed tiger. We decided that it was a well-traveled bear. The room we were in, and the next, were stuffed, crammed with stuffed animals of every kind, mammals, seals, birds, fish, monkey's. I wondered if he had a stuffed artichoke. The food was good, tho, aside from the other puzzle of why an Italian restaurant had chinese waitresses. "Maybe they're disguised!" "Maybe it's a fiendish chinese plot!" "Maybe they scuttle over here after the Yen-ching Palace closes!" "Maybe we're being written into a Philip K. Dick story!" "Maybe Philip K. Dick is around here, stuffed!" "Maybe he's the polar bear!" "Maybe Andy Porter is!" "What's Andy Porter doing in a Philip K. Dick story?"

I freaked out the waitress by eating my sea shells in clam sauce with handy-dandy chop-sticks that Jim Freund had with him. Woman stood around and beamed at me. Made me feel ~~stuffed~~ hungry, so I behaved in true Omnivore Tradition and ate everyone's left-overs.



We walked back, talking of travel, bicycles, David's flying, my bus riding, trips, the Akon, trees, the Midwest and "Shah Shah is US tool". Good.

Good stuff.

We all went our own ways upon arriving at the Hotel, David to his room to change his foot-wear, and Jim Freund and I to find The Party. We silently padded on thru the halls, lithe, cat-like, minds on one thought, knowing only one goal, one desire. Lights burning in our eyes, like a harsh, harsh acetylene torch, every sense alert, padding on. Searching.

Our nostrils flared! Traces, droppings, remains. We whirled as one, and ran. Speeding, speeding ever onward, we begin to pass drunken hulks of bodies, remnants of the now-contracting outer circle. Ahead stood George H. Wells, man of mystery, and master of Many Things. George H. Wells, stood there pouring beer in his pants and looking soggy.

A sufferent of what lay ahead. Rounding the corner (at 150°) sat David Emerson, sprawled in the hall, talking to Ted White. People and pipple lay scattered thruout the corridor.

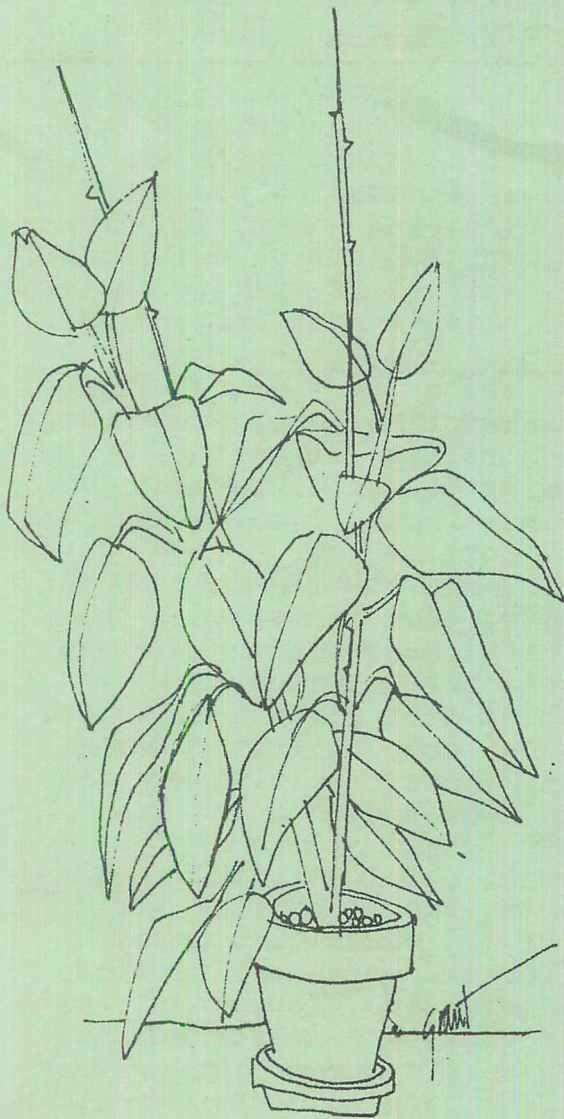
It was a terrible sight, and a glorious one. We arrived.

"...the editor in charge of dating the issues. I remarked to Arnie Katz that it seemed an incestuous relationship, dating your own fanzine, but he frowned at me." — John Berry, Egoboo 3, 8/11/68

How David, had gotten there before us, after going to his room first still mystifies me, but I guess it's just a trick one evolves along with sensitive, fannish face. I wound up scrunched against the floor, talking to rich brown, bantering a bit, and trying to get acquainted. About the time I sat down, Ted got up and led a bunch of people off in search of the roof, which left rich to explain to me that it wasn't My Fault. Earlier, I haven't mentioned, rich had presented me with my copy of the Enchanted Duplicator, and a bunch of Focal Point's to search thru, for those I'm missing. When I mentioned that there was a guy in the huckstering room, Doug Fratz, selling fanzines, dr.gafia raced off to add to his collection.

I recall talking a while, and listening to Jon Singer and Asenath Hammond exchange ridiculous jokes of a kind. I think Asenath isn't quite sure exactly who I am, since I sort of popped into NY fandom during the time she was away from it, and now I'm sort of an enigma. Hi, Asenath. Later, that night, came the impromptu WholesomeCon party, with a delightful 9-person backmassage session-conga-line in which all participants participated sans shirts. I also met John Berry then, something that pleased me to do. Earlier, I had takne a pack of old zines, and gone searching for Moshe, after I had finished roughly sorting the zines, with the aid of Andy Porter, Doug Hoylman, and Art Saha, who had wandered in. I eventually found a healthy corridor party parked at one of the elavator sites where the corridors converged. (At least, they claimed to converge, but I couldn't produce any witnesses to confirm it.) Falls Church was parked there, and a lot of the zines were passed around, which led to a lot of admiration for the producers of those grand old zines. "Yeah, Egoboo sure was a good zine, Ted, wasn't it?" "Maybe so, John". John Berry found himself reading a Quiver which featured himself as a main character and gave off berry-like quivers of amusement. I enjoyed myself, and all. Feeling no cause for sleep,

"What is this part of me
that lingers to overhear
my own conversation? I
lie rigid in the rigid
circle. It regards me from
diametric points, without
sex, and wise. We lie in
a rigid city, anticipating
winds. It circles me,
intimating only by posit-
ion that it knows more than
I want to. There, it makes
a gesture too masculine
before ecstatic scenery.
Here, it suggests femininity,
pausing at gore and bone.
It dithers and stammers,
confronted by love. It bows
a blunt, mumbling head before
injustice, rage or even its
like ignorance. Still, I
am convinced that at the
proper shock, it would turn
and call me, using
those hermetic syllables
I have abandoned on the
craggs of a broken conscience,
on the planes of charred
consciousness, at the
entrance to the ganglial
city. And I would raise
my head."---Dhalgren, p.244



I continued to wander from party to party as they dried up, going down to watch the last wave of skinny dippers (the 6th that night, my sources say. Each a separate Wave itself.) and observe them kicked out shortly after dawn. A hotel man, youngish, had been standing by, calmly watching, while occasionally, his walkie-talkie would burble about getting the pool empty. Finally, after it was well light, an octogenarian hotel person trundled out of the glass doors, assessed the situation with one decrepit glance, faced the pool and rendered to us all a succinct, moral question. "Have you no shame?" bellowed he, which caused us all to consider this timely inquiry. Being closest to him, I casually mentioned that I didn't think so, but if he'd care to discuss it further, many of us would doubtless be interested. Faced with that, and other considered thoughts, he fell back on some information that had doubtless comforted him for a long time, and asked loudly what we thought this was, a nudist colony? Shocked, shocked to the core, by this poor man's misapprehension, I approached him and attempted to inform him that he was terribly mistaken, that all those people in the pool were in fact fully clothed. They merely were wearing flesh-colored body suits. On the other time he does have a legitimate grivance in that I, and all those standing around the pool in our party were, indeed, fully naked, and, morely had dacron flesh. He was flustered for a few moments, and then, falling into an old stand-by, asked if we had no shame. And ordered everyone out. He then demonstrated the depth of his moral fortitude by staring at Janet Kagan as she slowly patted herself dry.

~~I wasn't offended, tho. -- I realize that the man was merely trying to protect those innocent barbershop quartets, should they, upon awakening from the bed they all shared and participated in preverted debauchery during that sordid night, look out the window and be corrupted.~~ Thurb, I muttered to myself as I walked away. Thurb.

The Mimeo Man was performed to an appreciative audience, of course, and went well, in spite of things like Elliot Shorter leaving his shoes on the wrong side of the platform, and performing in socks, my finding myself on the wrong side of the platform for an entrance on the arm of Alyson Abromiwitz which necessitated maneuvering across the stage to link up in the middle, and everyone mildly muffing at least one line. Truthfully, it did not go as well as the very last rehearsal, but it was well enough. There was some confusion in the beginning. I was one of the first cast members to arrive at the con, and opened the program sheet to read "..The Mimeo Man, directed by Moshe Feder." Now hear this, pipples....
THE DISCLAVE PERFORMANCE OF THE MIMEO MAN WAS DIRECTED BY GINGER BUCHANAN

I found Lee Smoire, in the Washington cast, and asked wha happen, and Lee told me, a bit defensively, that she had never seen Ginjaer do anything with the play, and that she thought Moshe was directing. Anyway, eventually we dug up Alexeis and Doll Gilliland, and it was arranged that several announcements would be made, and luckily, there was a separate Mimeo Man program to be distributed at the play, which had the correct information on it. I had anticipatory empathy with Ginjaer, because I was later to discover that that program ran thru every part in the play, and that Moshe had left out my name. The only one.. 3rd First Fandomite, 4th First Fandomite, 6th First Fandomite. Sighhhh.

I am put upon.

...I spent a good amount of time talking to Mike Shoemaker, the function hall, where he, I and Andy Porter had the priveledge Ben Bova tell us to shut up, we were drowning out the panel. Which speaks for the enthusiasm of the panel on their original topic. Editing S.F. magazines.

Anyway, I met Mike Shoemaker, and ended up passing about four hours with him, missing the only panel I did want to catch, and coming to the surprising conclusion that I was pretty much in complete agreement with Mike on Van Vogt, tho I still want to see his essay on Knights evaluation of Van Vogt. George Wells also sat down for a while, and we all concocted a hoax on Apa-H, and Mike and I talked.

Later, while watching Monty Python, I turned to see the person in back of me's name-tag, and read "D.G. Grady". "D. Gary Grady?" I enquired, and said hello. Gary said he was going to be in NY next weekend and asked if there were any fannish doings then, so I gave him the address of the FISTFA meeting, which I thought was kind of skimpy directions, but he seemed to think it was enough. Unfortunately, he never showed up, so either they weren't enough, or he was eaten by Space Gophers. I also bought a copy of Khatru 2 from Jeff Smith, and spoke briefly to Sheryl Birkhead, who seemed a bit ditraught thruout the convention. Mike Glicksohn was bouncing around, and did his act with Jerry Kaufman. Meetin him was nice, and listening to Mike tell me he hated me for getting all those zines.

"It was a dichotomy that no Earthman understood, and now Farber intuited dimly that it was only the tip of an iceberg." - Strangers, Gardner Dozois, New Dimensions IV

Darrell Schweitzer also looked thru the zines, and was a person I ended up spending a lot of time with. We continually met again, and would talk, going over things, his series of interviews, current writing, some information about Scott Edelstein, talk. And when are you going to stop procrastinating and Procrastinate, Darrell?

We left, in Suzlos's rented car, I Suzlo, Jerry Kaufman, Linda Bushyager, Ron Bushyager, and Moshe Feder for the trip home, with a three hour break at the Bushyagers, very nice. Suzlo fell asleep, Jerry played an atrocious organ, Linda put together sandwiches, and I dug out Linda's old zines, and now. Finally, the ride back, with an interesting long, rambling conversation on NY fandom, clubs, people, future, what to do and more Projects. An excellent con for me, I'll hold this Disclave to be in the top ranks for along time.

Things have happened since then, again. I was walking along Avenue J in Brooklyn the other day, when there was a s-s-sfft, something went past my leg before I could see it, and exploded onto a wall, about 7 feet from me. Had my foot been more than 3 inches closer, I wouldn't have it any more. As it was, I found myself on my ass about 5 feet from where I had been standing. Lot's of firecrackers going off around the city, and in the neighborhood as it gets closer to the 4th of July. I suspect that there's a big dealer close at hand.

More zines in, a Whykhot, Oxytocic, something from Bruce Townly whom I also met at the 'Clave, Jawbone, Others, others. I called Bob Vardeman and spoke to him on TAPS business, and chatted a bit. I really enjoyed that, as I always do, meeting people I know by mail, and also the rareness of my making long distance phone calls to fen. I can see phonofanning. Bob mentioned that he's finally made a sale to Dell, a sword and sorcery which he's now doing the rewrite on. Called Richard Bartucci, and he'll be coming up to visit in a few weeks. Oh, things are a'happening.

ALMOST ALL THE NY FEN are out traveling right now. Most to Midwescon, and a few-Lise Eisenberg, Karina Girsdansky, Jon Singer, will be making the con-circuit. John Douglas and Ginjer Buchanan are down in Pittsburgh getting married, so this is probably the last zine reference to Ginjer by that name. Gotta get used to it. Ginjer Douglas.

We were musing a few days ago over the possibilities inherent in marriage, and name-changing. Two people can hyphenate their name, probably the most fannish thing to do, or they could exchange names, or, best of all, pick a mutually agreed on third name, like Ginjer Ellison, John de Camp, or Bruce...

I suppose that this is a satisfactory place/time to mention that the winners of the Fanzine Activity Achievement Awards (FAAns) are

Best Single Issue of A Fanzine- Outworlds 21/22- Bill&Joan Bowers

Best Fan Editor- Bill Bowers

Best Fan Writer- Don C. Thompson

Best Fan Artist (Humorous)- Bill Rotsäer

Best Fan Artist (Non-Humorous)- James Shull

Best Loc Writer- Harry Warner, Jr.

No real comments, except that there weren't really any surprises, (probably the most typical comment about this years winners), except mayb best writer- which I wasn't sure about, and mabye BSI. The actual trophies by Randy Bathurst are very cute, and I hope some photo's and sketches are dissominated by the committee.

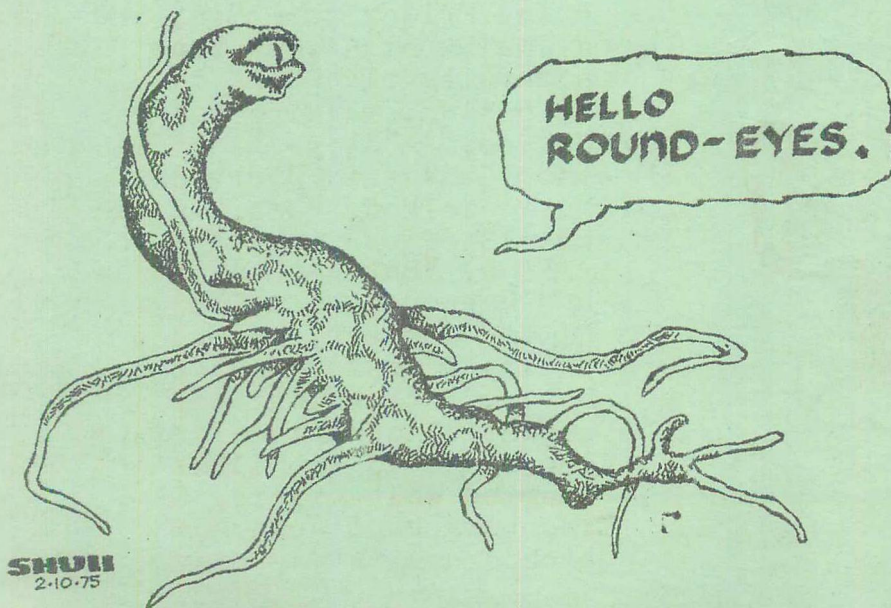
There are some newer arrivals on the NY fanstage, Joe Siclari, for one, short-time producer of unterHolios, member of SAPS, CAPRA, SFPA and other apa's has moved to Staten Island, and goes to Fista, among other things. Joe is now an old fanzine fan, and I've been making several

trips across on the Staten Island ferry at three in the morning, which is very peaceful, and quiet, and beautiful.

One trip, I just sat back, let the breeze blow, read a Hyphen and listened to some people argue with some Jesus people, across the boat. Beautiful moon, and the seagulls hang high in the sunlight.

Also newish, tho in the Mimco Man, and fringy for a while are Anna Vargo and her brother-

Walt Willis Genuine. B&S, altho she is having her name changed from Willis.



hood people, and becoming regulars at FISTFA and such.

"We got involved in a couple of bars, from the restroom of one of which we had a hell of a time dragging the reguritating Burbee, who quietly passed out in the car."--Francis Towner Lancy, in Ah! Sweet Idiocy! 1948

Hey, more idle comments on old fanzines that I've been reading recently (many from Joe Siclari's large collection. Others are Mine.). The idea of an Odd by "Duggie Fisher, Junior" amuses me for some reason, as does a dittoed Psychotic, or a comment about "shy, little Harlan Ellison".

Immense amounts of material is eminently reprintable, and to this end I will be co-editing another fanzine. A fanzine on fan history, principally devoted to reprint material, along with memoir-type material, indexes of old zines, articles on zines, people and times, and maybe current "incisive fannish commentary", in-depth reviews, and on the

"...Harry Warner's long-delayed account of his experiences in fandom will be published if they're not side-tracked again. We have no doubt they will make fascinating reading. Don't fail us, Harry!"--

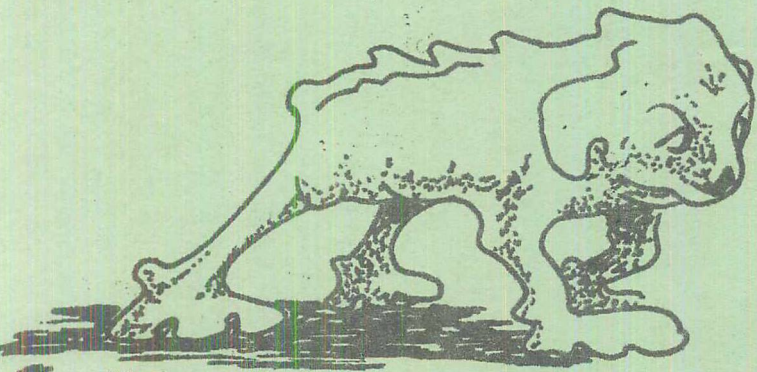
--Fantasy Digest, Vol. 1, #6 Aug-Sept. 1939. Ted Dikty -

whole, what might be called a non-stf orientation. One facet of our problems is that neither of us are "name" fan, and thusly aren't known to a lot of people, and won't have pull or credibility in getting articles for a while. T'other is access to other peoples collections in aid of gathering material, completing indexes, etc. We'll be working on a basis of one item out, photostated, and returned, before another item is borrowed, hopefully problems, and minimizing damage and worry.

Joe Siclari and I will be the ones doing this, by the way, and don't worry, you'll be asked to help.

"IT'S BEEN A STRANGE NIGHT", Mike Gorra remarked to me last week. I nodded, being too preoccupied with the night's strangeness to notice that Mike wasn't there. We had all left Ross Chamberlains house

an hour earlier, it being Friday the 13th, and a FISTFA night, so that naturally placed us in Chinatown, walking towards Wo Hop. "Hey, it's Friday the 13th" said Jerry Kaufman as we walked. "Yes, and there are 13 of us" marveled Moshe Feder. "But nothing strange has happened to us!" declared Elliot Shorter, looming. "Well, I guess" muttered Hank Davis. "Yes, but the essential question is which one of us is the 13th?" queried Walt Willis. Lise Eisenberg bent down and picked up a stray playing 38



Seves

...said, it was a ten of clubs.

There wasn't much anyone could say to that.

We ate at Hong Fat, an extraordinary deviation from Ny fannish practice (but, as Jerry Kaufman would later say, it was a strange night) with only the usual sort of Fabulous Deviations that go on, except for a game of Musical Tablos and Orders, prompted by the pert indecisions of those in our midst. Or Inn a Mist.



We finished our meal with some alacrity, and discussed what had happened that day, as re past. Actually, we were forced to leave with more haste than usual, due to the restaurant closing (a barbarous custom, not indulged in at Civilized places, like Wo Hop, and Brooklyn). We strolled back toward the car, covering a different route than we had before, waving genially towards some passing hippyfreakyweirdoperverts, and discussing the meaning of life (Joe Siclari-"Life is like Jerry's joke about the whip" Hope Loibowitz-"Joke about the whip?" Jerry-((hysterical voice)) "Talk! Or we'll use the whip." "No, no, not the whip!" "The whip!" "No, no!, Not the whip" "The whip!!" "No!!!! Anything but the whip!" "((leer)) "The whip, the whip!" alt Willis- "What's to do with life?" Joe-"I don't know, but Jerry likes to tell it a lot. Ask him.")

As we walked, I stood alone for a moment. A flash of white caught the curve of my eye. I bent down to pick it up.

It was another ten of clubs.

It's been a strange night, said Terry Hughes to me, last week... 39

I've mis-numbered a page, which may have shot to hell all my considered ideas on layout. That's my excuse for this issue. Speaking of which, the issue has Grown beyond Original Intention (not unlike Original Sin. Hmmm. Not at all unlike Original Sin...). Policy statement for a little while-- not more than 24 pages per issue.

I suppose I might as well give my Temporary Policy Statement on science fiction. I look on sf, not with eyes of fanaticism, the only thing to read, as some do, and not with scorn or contempt, as being beneath me, or too simple, as some do, but merely for what it is (yep, I Know. So There. So There.). Something to read, for light entertainment, simple relaxation, at one end, something to read, more complex, on a higher level, at the other. From terrible writing to writing of high skill, and occasional complex subtly. Always for enjoyment. Not generally for mind-bending concepts, there are more elsewhere, and I haven't found many in sf for a while, now, the golden age of sf is 12, and all, but for what it is.

Somewhat the same attitude towards fandom, sort of.

"...There are so many bits of Joy to be gained thru fanatic and communication with fans that it's easy to be taken over by it, to let the substance of one's life be controlled by the postman. I'm really frightened by the extent to which I've surrendered my will to fandom in the past four years; it's so tempting to just let the fannish consciousness run your life for you, and I've been addicted worse than I like to admit. "Fiawol" is the cry of the enslaved masses etc. It seems like the very worst aspects of my personality have been brought to the surface by fandom--anal retentiveness (I collect mail and fanzines piously), egocentricism (I mentally drool as I scan newly-arrived fanzines for my name, letters for compliments, etc.). It's just awful. I don't want to gaffiate completely, I think there's a lot of learning and growing to be gained in contact with fans. But I want to draw back enough so I don't wallow in the loss admirable facets of the group. A lot of fans have in common inhibitions, neuroses, inferiority complexes of one sort or another, communication blocks and whatnot-- and many of us tried to rally together under our flag of the Cripple. But we don't get together to help each other out of our respective hell-pits; rather we sit back and lick each others wounds. It's doc-skusting! The half-facetious self-appellation "slan" is a sicker joke than we realize, I think at times. So...I'm going to start paying a little less attention to my own deficiencies and more to my abilities, and to others around me. --
Right.

As soon as I finish locating this stack of fanzines here..."
--Alpajpuri, Cover 2, 1970?

Not my feelings, but an interesting quote, I thought. Alpajpuri, (I believe he has gone back to Paul Novitski.) has lived up to his intentions, so far as I know, probably with a few reversals along the way, and now, so far as I know, is only active in a secret apa, or so. I have my ways. And I wish I had an elite typewriter so I could fit that quote in, in as much space as I thought I could. Anyway, I don't anticipate gaffiating from over work, and burning out, because I don't anticipate straining myself to burn out, and I don't anticipate gaffiating from the shock that fandom is all a sham, and Not Worth It, because I don't now think fandom is a mark of Cosmic Consciousness, a be-all, and an end-all, or something sacred. Yep, for now, I'm a FIJAGH type.

"Fannishness, ((...)) is defined as the process of being creative with the raw materials of fandom itself." --Identify the speaker and win a

A FANNISH MYSTIQUE HAS BEEN DEYSTROYED for me last week. It started out ordinarily enough, a dinner at Shuan Hong (the ill-fated restaurant that I didn't eat at with Mike Gorra. Oh, didn't tell you that one, did I?) that Jerry Kaufman put together. He told me about it a few few days before, listing the people who would be there, over the telephone. "Me, you, Hope, Joe Siclari, Hal Davis, Laura Haney, Walt Willis, Barry Gillam--". Jerry went on, but my mind ceased to listen, caught in a morass of thought, over the mention of Barry Gillam's name.

You, see, Barry Gillam has been on my mind a lot. A while ago, I noticed the name in a lettercol, and noted "hmm, NY address, got to get to him sometime." Then his name began to crop up more and more.

A letter here.

A zine there.

An apa, another letter, a mention in conversation, I grew more and more conscious of a Ny fan that I had never met. Another letter, a mention, an account of a party, someone's zine, a letter.

I memorized his adress.

I began to whirl in the street, glancing at each passing person, wondering, suspecting... "Is he Barry Gillam? Perhaps him. No, he's too fat. Perhaps him? Could he be Barry Gillam?"

Each time I saw someone reading an sf book, on line to a movie my heart would quicken, my pulse agitate, and my suspicions would begin again.

It began to become an obsession, pursuing people, wondering. I realized something had to be done, after I followed one man, reading a Larry Niven book, into a restaurant, and hid under his table to hear if he had any outraged comments to make about The Day Of The Locust.

And then this call. I have to admitt, it was tempting. Should I go? Could I? It would shatter the mystique I had built up, ruin the mystery, destroy my goal in life!

Yet, I had to go, for the sake of my mental health.

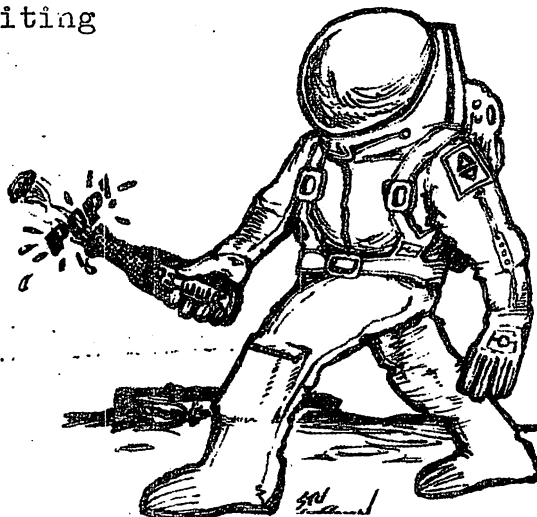
Last week, it happened. I saw a sight fans were never meant to see! I met a man, and destroyed a legend, and a source of meaning in life.

It wasn't enough, tho. I..I've decided that there's only one thing I can do. Only one thing, to regain that which I have lost.

I'm going to hit myself on the head with a rock, and force myself to forget what Barry Gillam looks like.

July 9, and I see great morits in second-drafting material. I can see where my writing would drastically improve, yet I don't want to get involved in the rouble. Zines: Karass, Godloss, Ash-wing, gorgeous Outworlds, all in.

Update: For those of you wondering, Hank Davis did eventually meet Diana Rigg, but only thru catching her at the door, after a performance, (of which he went to 11?, was it?) not thru Jim Fround, who kept postponing.



Orlando in 77"

It is now July 24, and far past time to cease for this issue.

Akon produced a putrid one-shot, and some wonderful experiences. I enjoyed it, thouroughly.

I've been to Brockport again, straightened everything out, checked my program, and just got things straight, flying back Thursday night, in time for the Akon. I'm enrolled in the Alternate College, which is a program stressing greater options, less duplication of learning, and a program that graduates you in three years, with your B.A., or B. S.

I'll probably talk about it at greater lenth, sometime in the future, what's involved, but, right now, it sounds not intolerable. and vaguely interesting. I really have no reason to rush, but the outline of the program that intrigues me is it's approach to education as more of a synthesis than is normally done. Later.

"There is no articulate resonance. The common problem, I suppose, is to have more to say than vocabulary and syntax can bear. That is why I am hunting in these desiccated streets."--- Dhalgren, p.84

I've just reread Dhalgren for the second time, again hitting me with what I see as its brilliance, humor, and depth. It makes me want to adapt to writng in the fashion of the last section, revising, editng, considering the facility of the words themselves.

It also touches me personally, with its powerful personallity, its nakedness, its, oh I can't verbalize, but it hits me. Its craft.

"The book hinted he pay attention to part of his mind he could not even locate."---Dhalgren, p.85.

"Clouds out of control decot anticipation.(...)The miracle of order has run out and I am left in an unmiraculous city where anything may happen. I don't need more intimations of disorder. It has to be more than that! Search the smoke for the fire's base. Read from the coals neither success nor despair. This edge of boredom is as bright. I pass it, into the dark rim. There is the deceiving warmth that asks nothing. There are objects lost in double-light."---Dhalgren, p.108

"And what have I invested in interpreting disfocus for chaos? This threat: The only lesson is to wait. I crouch in the smoggy terminus. The streets lose edges, the rims of thought flake. What have I set myself to fix in this dirty notebook that is not mine? Does the revelation that, though it cannot be done with words, it might be accomplished in some lingual gap, give me right, in injury, walking with a women and a dog, to pain? Rather the long doubts: That this labor tears up the minds moorings; that, though life may be important in the scheme, awareness is an imperfect tool in which to face it. To reflect is to fight away the sheets of silver, the carbonated distractions, the feeling that, somehow, a thumb is pressed on the right eye. This exhaustion, elts what binds, releases what flows."---Dhalgren. p.175

In passing, and closing, I greet you all, and wish/hope that you all not make a total judgement. I am not all I write, and all I write is not I. Some Friday nights are still lonely.

(Gary Farber/Brooklyn/7-24-75)

Just for the hell of it, would you like
to be, oh keeperson? (salaam, salaam o rrr)



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Jeff Kleinbard for endurance. Time
for me to walk off stage. 7/26/75

Burble

The Drift Fandom Primer
by Mike Gorra 6

They Call Me Yellow Jello
by Jon Singer 25

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11, 15 (lettering), 25 41
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Sheryl Birkhead- 9, 18
Ross Chamberlain/Andy Porter- 12, 13
James Shull- 17, 23, 30, 33, 37, 39
Terry Jeeves- 20, 25, 38
Stu Shiffman/Al Sirois- 21, 43
Randy Bathurst (via Jerry Kaufman)-31
Mike Carlson- 32
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