



FOCAL POINT, Volume 2, Number 17, a fanzine of news, views, and reviews, is edited by Arnie Katz (59 Livingston St., Apt 6B, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201) and rich brown (410 61st St., Apt D4, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11220). Assistant Editor: Colleen Brown. Invaluable Help: Joyce Fisher. Published bi-weekly, it is available for news, all-for-all trades (both editors, please), or 6/\$1. Illustrations by Jay Kinney, Bill Rotsler, and Steve Stiles. Support the Shaw Fund! November 9, 1970.

FAN MACHINES DISPLAYED AT BUSINESS MACHINE EXPO

Roneo made the biggest splash at the Business Machine Exposition and Conference held at the New York Coliseum Oct. 26 to 30, as far as fandom is concerned. The company, traditionally something of an off-brand, is pushing hard to carve out a wider market in the office machine field. Besides a completely redesigned series of mimeos featuring Roneo's distinctive silk screen-hollow drum system, Roneo has introduced two machines that could revolutionize fandom.

The Roneotronic is a color-scanner that turns out four color separations for a total cost of \$1. These can be used to make negatives, reducing the cost for four color offset, exclusive of printing costs, from between \$100 and \$300 per page to about \$10.

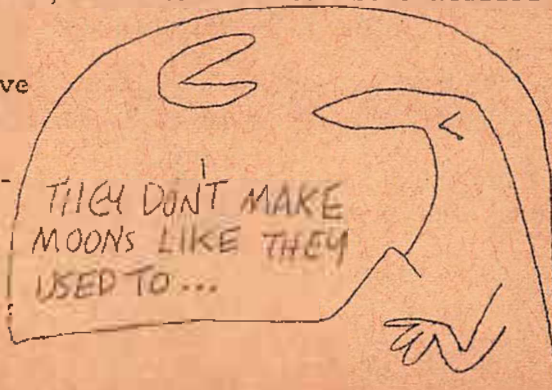
The Roneotronic 400V electronic stencil cutter is also a potential boon to fandom. Not only is the time needed for cutting a stencil halved, making it more economically feasible for a mimeo shop to give its customers good quality work without tying up a valuable machine, but the Roneotronic can make color separated electronic stencils. This makes it ideal for doing over-lay type color work, and if it is combined with translucent ink, an effect akin to four color offset can be achieved.

Mini-Master addressing machine is another product made for fans. Selling for \$37.50, this small addresser seems capable of freeing fans with large mailing lists from the drudgery of label-typing. The unit sells for \$37.50, and the materials needed to make up 500 addresses run about \$20 extra. Mini-Master is a British import so new that distributors for the U.S. have not as yet been named, but distribution is scheduled to begin in about six weeks.

TERRY JEEVES TAFF CANDIDATE

Jeeves supporters have informed FOCAL POINT that the well-known British fan artist will also stand for TAFF. Though FOCAL POINT remains steadfast in its support of Pete Weston, we're glad to see fans of Jeeves' prominence as candidates.

Elliot Shorter asks that we remind readers seeking to nominate fans to come over on the Boston-bound TAFF trip that three nominators are needed



from overseas and two from the U.S. Apparently some proposers have been confused on this score.

COVEN 13 NOW WITCHCRAFT AND SORCERY WITCHCRAFT AND SORCERY #5, the first issue published under the aegis of editor Gerry Page and Publisher Bill Crawford has appeared. The biggest news is that it is, as reported, large size, 8½"x 11". Contents are liberally sprinkled with fan names. One of the two novelets, "Blood Tower" is by Dave English and former L.A. fan Edith Ogutsh is represented with a short-short done in collaboration with Ross Rocklynnne. The art staff is totally fan--Tim Kirk, Steve Fabian, Jerry Burge, R. E. Jennings, and D. Bruce Berry.

The visual package suffers from an extreme variation in styles and sizes of type, but this may be due to the sudden conversion from digest size. The next issue, in which E. Hoffman Price and August Derleth will be featured, ought to give a truer indication of what we can expect from W & S.

PHILCON 1970 Larry Niven will be the Guest of Honor at the Philcon, scheduled for November 13-15 at Philadelphia's Sheraton Hotel. Information is available from George Scithers, Box 8243, Philadelphia, Pa. :: FOCAL POINT's Hotel Consultant, Andrew Porter, reports that there is a fine medium-priced hotel, The Robert Morris, one block away at 17th and Arch Streets which would be a good bet for fans not wishing to pay quite as much as it will cost at the Sheraton. Andy says he stayed there two years ago or so and it was pretty good, and that the hotel has since been remodeled. Singles are \$14.

MINN-STF OPEN MEETING The first annual Open Meeting of the Minneapolis SF Club took place in the lounge of the Coffman Memorial Union, at the University of Minnesota's Minneapolis campus. Featured was a panel on "How To Write SF" which featured Gordon Dickson and Clifford Simak. A Star Trek program was presented by Ruth Berman, and Jim Young spoke on "The Importance To Magazines of Science Fiction".

N.Y. FIELDS ANOTHER BID FOR 1974 WORLDCON Another worldcon bid, from a different segment of New York fandom than is sponsoring the Unicon bid chaired by Brian Burley, has been announced. A definite name choice has not as yet been made, but the committee is chaired by Art Saha and Al Schuster; Walt Cole is Secretary. John Boardman is Treasurer, and Andy Porter will handle advertising and publicity.

LABONTE QUESTIONED BY RMCP Richard Labonte, well known Canadian fan and student at Carleton University recently had an interview with the RMCP over alleged violations of the recently invoked War Measures Act. Labonte helped publish a supplement to the school paper which gave background information about the FLQ, Quebec-based terrorist group recently in the news for kidnapping two Canadian officials, and printed their manifesto. The War Measures Act, among other things, prohibits the publication of material written by or pertaining to the FLQ. The police made no arrests, just did a little censoring of the paper and left.

FOCAL POINT TAKES OVER EGOBOO POLL The editors of that wonderful faanish fanzine EGOBOO have decided that a newszine like FP is in a better position to administer a yearly fan poll. Accordingly, they have offered us the EGOBOO Poll for continuation. We have accepted, and ballots will be mailed to a waiting fandom at the end of December.

The poll, slightly rechristened as The Egoboo Poll, will cover fan activity for the year 1970. More details when ballots are distributed.

GLICKSOHN'S APARTMENT CATCHES FIRE Mike and Sue Glickson had to flee their recently occupied apartment when a fire broke out in the building's incinerator. They ran into the street with their papers, bonds and Tim Kirk cover. Mike dashed back in for the typed stencils for his next issue of **ENERGUMEN**. All this proved unnecessary, though, as the fire proved to be more smoke than flame.

COMIX National and DC are both working on non-code black and white comics. No details other than that National's are by Jack Kirby. ::: Hal Foster will no longer draw "Prince Valiant". John Cullen Murphy took over in mid-October. Foster still writes the strip, though. ::: **NEWFANGLES**, from whence this issue's comix news comes, is taking a fan poll for comics fans called the Goethe Awards. NF is 6/\$1 from Don and Maggie Thompson, 8786 Hendricks Rd., Mentor, Ohio 44060.

OLD GUARD WINS LUNARIANS ELECTIONS Frank Dietz, perennial director of the Lunarians, was returned to office once again in the Lunarian annual elections conducted at the Oct. 24 meeting. Walt Cole was elected secretary over Sherna Burley. Perdita Boardman edged by her husband John to become treasurer, and Al Schuster and Debbie Langsam out-pollled a field including Brian and Sherna Burley, Elliot Shorter, and Lee Smoire for seats on the Membership Committee.

The elections were seen, in some quarters, as a victory for the older clique in the Lunarians which guided the club through the 1960's.

SF AND FF MEET AGAIN Sam Moskowitz forgot to tell Andy Porter and I that the new secretary in the office was a fan. He forgot to tell her about us, too. Perhaps he was afraid we'd scare her off.

Quite by accident, Andy discovered that the new secretary was Edith Ogutsh, recently moved from Los Angeles.

With four fans in the office, there's a move afoot to change Quick Frozen Food's slogan from "First In The Field It Created", to "Every Editorial Conference An SF Convention".

CONNECTICUT FANDOM GAFIATES Or at least Ed Reed and David Malone have left fandom to publish **TROUT FISHING IN CONNECTICUT**, a literary quarterly. It is financed by the Connecticut Commission on Arts and Papa Dukie and the Mud People, a rock/folk/spiritual group which has taken Malone and Reed under their collective wing. Papa Dukie and the Mud People will be touring the country shortly, including a gig at a gospel festival in New Orleans.

MUNDANE PRESS REVIEW Harlan Ellison has scripts coming up in *The Avengers* and *The Hulk*, two Marvel comic books. ::: Jay Kinney has several strips in the latest issue of the underground comic, **BLJOU**. Kinney also has a comic about to appear, called **YOUNG LUST**. Don't miss it if you can.

CoAs:

Jacob Bloom, Box 140 Clark University, Worcester, Mass. 01610
Roberto Fuentes, 458 Jefferson Ave., Apt. F, Elizabeth, New Jersey 07201
James R. Goodrich, 5 Ulster Road, New Paltz, New York 12561
Al Kuhfeld, 2150 Roth Place, White Bear Lake, Minnesota
Richard Llewellyn, P. O. Box 32, Wake Forest, North Carolina 27587
John Mansfield, 1 TACU, CFB Calgary, Alberta, Canada

SHAW FUND NEWS

\$325.25 is the total in the Bob Shaw Fund Bank Account, up quite a bit since last issue. A healthy chunk, \$17.65 was contributed by the Dallas SF Society as a result of a fund-raising party they held for the benefit of the fund. Remember, you can help bring Bob Shaw BNF and budding pro to the Boston worldcon by sending a contribution to rich brown, 410 61st St, Apt D4, Brooklyn, NY 11220. And are there any clubs out there able to match the faanish enthusiasm shown by Dallas? Naturally, we'd also like to hear from anyone planning a special issue or with some auction material to donate.

Special BoSh Fanzines

MICROCOSM #14 is a Special Bob Shaw issue, impeccably mimeographed in a fannish shade of green, containing material by the Irish John Berry, Calvin Demmon, Greg Shaw, Lee Lavell, Earl Evers and Arnie Katz. This issue is obtainable for 50¢ from editor Dave Burton (5422 Kenyon Dr., Indianapolis, Ind.). All proceeds go to the Shaw Fund.

FOCAL POINT 12.5 is available from rich brown (410-61st St., Apt. D-4 B'klyn, N.Y. 11220) for \$1. This 52 pp fanzine contains material by Burbee, Boggs, Shaw, Dewey, Demmon, White, Katz, Stiles and rich and Colleen Brown.

THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR written by Bob Shaw and Walt Willis, will soon be published in a new edition with superlative illos by Ross Chamberlain. Copies are \$1, and money to reserve yours now should be sent to Arnie Katz (Apt. 6-B, 59 Livingston St., B'klyn, NY 11201). Do it now!

INNUENDO Terry Carr is reviving INNUENDO -- one of the two or three top fanzines of all time, in our estimation -- to benefit the Bob Shaw Fund. Copies will be \$2 each from Terry (35 Pierrepont St., B'klyn, NY 11201) and worth it -- a fine way to support the Fund.

BEABOHEMA #13 will be a Special Issue for the Fund. Send editor Frank Lunney (Box 551, Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pa., 18015) \$1 to reserve a copy of that issue.

INFINITUM 5 soon to be available from Dave Lewton (735 E. Kessler Blvd., Indianapolis, Ind. 46220) will have material by Jim and Lee Lavell, Arnie Katz, Leon Taylor and Lewton himself. Your 50¢ not only gets you an issue but also brings BoSh closer to Boston.

NOPE 12 will be yet another Special Shaw Issue. NOPE's special issue will feature a comic strip by Steve Stiles, art by Crumb and Deitch and articles by Ted White and Arnie Katz. Send 50¢ to Jay Kinney (215 Willoughby Ave., Apt. 1212, B'klyn, NY 11205).

Special BoSh Fund Offers

20 FREE FANZINES from recent years will be sent to anyone who donates \$1 or more to the Fund. When sending rich brown your contributions, merely indicate that you want the free fanzines and he'll pass your name and address along to Terry Carr, who's making the offer.

LIFETIME SUBS TO SFR are being sold to benefit the Bob Shaw Fund by Dick Geis (Box 3116, Santa Monica, Calif. 90403) for \$30. SFR has won two Hugos and is one of the most widely read fmz going. Need we say more?

BACK ISSUES of FCCAL POINT are being sold, 5/\$1, first come-first-served (so in any list of five, please name two alternates) to benefit the Shaw Fund. The issues available are Vol. 2 Nos. 3, 5, and 7-16. For this offer send your \$\$ to rich brown, specifying the issues you want.

BoSh Fund Auctions

ALL BIDS for the auctions listed, both old and new, should be sent to Colleen Brown (same address as rich brown). Send no money, unless specified, just a bid on the items you want. We are asking that bids be submitted in increments of 50¢ on items under \$10 and of \$1 on items over that.

CLOSED AUCTIONS The Terry Carr Sampler was sold last issue to Don Fitch for \$8; this issue he has also been sold two issues of CRAWDADDY for \$6. Total being \$14 owed. Don, where are you? :: THE COMPLETE FAN, donated by Ed Reed goes to Joseph Pate for \$1. :: HARLEQUIN, donated by Ed Reed goes to Chester E. Lee for \$1.55. :: The fanzines I have just closed, I do not have on hand, but as soon as money, check, or money order is received for the fanzines, I will write the people who donated them and they will send them as quickly as the mails permit. So send your \$\$\$ in now.

AUCTIONS STILL ON The following items are still receiving bids. The asterisked items have not received bids since last issue and will be closed out at bid price if further bids have not been received by November 18.

* DIMENSIONS 14, 15, ELLISON WONDERLAND 1-3, CRYSTAL BALLING SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN, and VECTOR. Current top bid is \$20 by Karen Lorenz.

* A complete file of SLANT, donated by Bob Shaw, himself. Current high bidder is John Bangsund at \$41.

MOJO-NAVIGATOR ROCK & ROLL NEWS Nos. 8-13, donated by Greg Shaw. Top bidder is Lenny Kaye at \$8.50.

THE PANIC BUTTON #16, donated by Lee Hoffman. Current high bid is \$6.50 by Joseph Pate.

WARHOON #7-26 inclusive, donated by Dick Bergeron, is currently up to \$50, thanks to Robert Whitaker.

FUTURIA FANTASIA #1, donated by Lee Hoffman, has a current high bid of \$30 from Robert Whitaker.

FANHISTORY #1-3, donated by Lee Hoffman, and #4 (VOID 29), donated by Ted White. Top bid \$10.25 from Chester E. Lee.

THE SCIENCE FICTION FAN #1, donated by John Nieminiski. Top bid is from FP co-editor rich brown at \$4.

Three copies of THE GOON GOES WEST, donated by Buz & Elinor Busby. The top three bids are from Richard Labonte(\$5), Chester E. Lee(\$4.50) and Benny Gillam(\$4).

QUANDRY # 10, donated by Lee Hoffman. Top bidder is Joseph Pate at \$6.50.

STAR TREK CONCORDANCE, donated by John and Bjo Trimble. The book is easily worth the \$5 minimum bid to any STAR TREK fan. Six film clips from STAR TREK, featuring Mr. Spock, Sulu, Capt. Kirk and others was also donated by the Trimbles. Minimum bid on the clips is \$3.

REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST VIII, a 182pp selection from the pages of SPACEWAY, donated by Dick Bergeron. Top bid on this one is still FP co-editor Arnie Katz's at \$5.

QUANDRY #13, donated by Dick Bergeron. The 13th issue was the QUANNISH; a 99pp issue of one of the best fanzines ever published. Missing page 40-- "A Dream" by Dave English, according to the contents page -- FP co-editor rich brown has entered a bid of \$5 for the issue.

THE NEKROMANTIKON #1, the printed fanzine by Manly Bannister, donated by Lee Hoffman. Wrap-around cover broken at the spine. Top bid is \$2.50 by Chester E. Lee.

SPACESHIP 21, edited by Bob Silverberg, donated by Lee Hoffman, the fourth anniversary issue. High bidder is Chester E. Lee at \$2.50.

WHY IS A FAN?, the second SaFari annual, edited by Earl Kemp, donated by Richard Bergeron. Minimum bid is \$3.

DON FORD'S TAFF REPORT, published in two volumes by Lynn Hickman. Five copies have been donated by the publisher, who will send the two-volume set to the top five bidders. Minimum bid: \$3.

-- Colleen Brown

BAGELS

MIKE GLICKSOHN, 267 St. George St., Apt. 807, Toronto 180, Ontario, Canada

Re: your story in FOCAL POINT V2N12 on the Fan Fair II in Toronto. Attendance was 450, not 360. The guard did not order fans to disperse that Sunday morning -- he turned out a few lights, asked for quiet and left everybody alone. Then he went to check on the movie room, not to close it down, and stayed to watch "Dracula," not "Forbidden Planet." Apart from that, your story was quite accurate.

As a matter of fact, we were delighted with the 100% cooperation we received from the hotel. Of all the conventions I've attended, there were less hassles with the management and staff of this hotel than any other I've been associated with. The hotel was delighted with the con and expressed eagerness to have us back again. It was a remarkably pleasant change.

((Sorry, Mike, about getting your correction in so late, but your letter got stuck in the bottom of my "Bagels" bag. Andy, our rePorter on the Fan Fair II, says his attendance figure was only an estimate, that he heard the bit about the guard asking fans to disperse from someone else, but that he was there at the film program when the guard came in & it was "Forbidden Planet" that he stayed to watch. Otherwise, we stand corrected. --rwb))

SETH W. McEVOY, 131 Stoddard, A-2, East Lansing, Mich. 48823

Concerning rich's "Totem Pole" rant: Isn't the problem more to do with haphazard circulation of all the good (and bad) fanzines in fandom? It's hard work to hunt up all the fanzines you've heard of, not to mention the ones you haven't! The only sensible way to have a fair winner of a contest is for all the judges to receive all the material.

Perhaps if all the people who decide what's to be nominated were sent fanzines, if there was some well-known clearing house where fanzine editors far and wide could send their crud, then when the nominating committee picked duds, we could have a legitimate gripe.

In an apa, it is easy to have a fair contest, and the losers don't have much to gripe about.

Maybe the trouble is with all these neos, these illiterate fringe-fans, who run in and muck up the works. Like me, for instance. Of the present zines up for award, I subscribe to only one, I am voting for another, while I've never heard of a third and the other two are obnoxious. It's a sloppy way to vote, but most fans are in the same boat. Maybe we ought to go underground and form secret apas.

Maybe a subscription service could be run in every worldcon program book. Maybe somebody ought (not me, not me!) to start a business or something, so that fringe-fans could have a chance to become more educated, to better their station in life; or at least stop dopey nominations from happening. Anyway, as you say, it's all pointless, as FIJAGDH! Or is it FIAWOL? I always get mixed up...

((A fanzine "clearing house" was set up by the last fan who bore your first name -- the late Seth Johnson, of N3F fame -- but it didn't work out too well, mostly because fan-editors generally prefer to control their own

mailing lists. Most fanzines, in fact, actively discourage subscribers, their editors preferring to see an occasional letter of comment rather than Sticky Quarters. Besides which, there's no "committee" which picks out each year's nominees; there are Hugo nomination ballots circulated, after which Hugo voting ballots go out; the results of the nominating ballots determine which zines (novels, stories, magazines, artists, etc.) go on the final ballot. Since most people voting probably have not read all the novels, stories, magazines, etc., that have been nominated, why should the requirement be made that everyone who votes in the best fanzine category read all the fanzines nominated? This is precisely why, however, the Hugo has been awarded to some pretty poorly edited but high-circulation fanzines, when opposed by well-edited low-circulation fanzines. It isn't "fair" and it doesn't always pick the "best", but frankly, I can't come up with any solution. :: It's FIJAGH, with no "D" --rwb))

BARRY MALZBERG, 164 West 79th St., New York, N.Y. 10024

I read Terry Carr's column containing a mention of me with distant pain. I agree that Ted White has done a superb job with the Ultimate books (I gave him a letter to that effect some months ago and I meant it) and I hasten to agree that my skills as an editor leave much to be desired...but I think that Carr is wrong in saying that I never bought any good stories during my tenure as editor. Unfair to me, yes, but even more unfair to a lot of writers who tried to give me their best work.

Terry: I had only seven months. I had only 15,000 words worth of buying leverage an issue. I had to fight the publisher every step of the way and I could pay a top rate of two cents a word. Nevertheless, I was able to get R.C. Meredith's We All Died at Breakaway Station which won some kind of first novel award in England, I think; I was able to get five stories from David R. Bunch, two of which were brilliant, I was able to get Fritz Leiber's "Richmond, Late September," I was able to dig out of the slush Pg Wyal's first story, "The Castle on the Crag" which was in this year's Best SF: 69 and I was able to get R.A. Lafferty's "This Grand Carcass" which Terry and Donald Wollheim used in their own World's Best: 69.

And I got a couple stories from myself which weren't bad.

An opinion is fair comment. Why Terry feels though that he has to beat the undersigned over the head to make the case for IW is beyond me.

((In answer, TERRY CARR replies: "I disagree with Barry about the worth of the David Bunch stories he mentions and about Pg Wyal's wretched first story. As for Meredith's We All Died at Breakaway Station, I rejected the novel when it was submitted to me and I haven't regretted doing so. I did forget that Barry had published Lafferty's "This Grand Carcass," though, which was a good story, and though Fritz's "Richmond, Late September" was minor Leiber it was certainly worth printing. So I'll retract my blanket offhand remark that Barry never published a good story; he published one and a half good stories. # Seeing the response to a parenthetical aside makes me feel I could turn the science fiction world upside down with a real piece of criticism. However, I prefer the sf field to remain right-side up."))

JOHN FOYSTER, 12 Glengariff Dr., Mulgrave, Victoria 3170, Australia

I meant to write you about FOCAL POINT when the last one arrived, but my story is that I've been busy. Actually, I was well-motivated with respect to that issue, with your slightly over-written description of the disagreement between John Bangsund and myself. It isn't quite as bad as you

made out -- for example, we go to parties and don't punch each other more than once or twice. And the Ditmars are certainly in no danger: I think this was more storm in teacup than anything else. The only real threat to the Ditmars comes from me, and is connected with rich's column in FP 2/9 -- on the Hugos. I am surprised that rich wants (or rather, expects) these to be anything more than popularity polls -- I have never been able to regard them as anything else. I therefore asked my fellow committeemen on the Ditmar-awarding subcommittee (a fancy name for 'the three of us') whether we might change the designation to 'SF Popularity Award'. It was felt (rather strongly, I believe) that this was rather too radical a step. But one day I suspect that fans will face the situation more realistically.

It still seems to me that FP is more like MINAC than anything else: and I'm inclined to feel that Archie Mercer might have a point. Twelve pages a fortnight is pretty good, but a 24-30pp faanish fanzine every month is something that is really needed.

((I don't expect Hugos to be any more than popularity awards; I am disappointed that, at times, some gawdawful crud has been more "popular" when some exceptional fan-publishing has been ignored. Was HYPHEN, for example, really less "popular" than FANTASY TIMES? More likely, I think, FT's readership was largely composed of fans who were on the fringes of fandom and received no other fanzines, whereas HYPHEN's readership was made up of fans who read a great many other fanzines. Thus, I think, the Hugo has at times reflected neither quality nor popularity. :: I fear we're in the fortnightly rut too deeply to try to crawl back up over the edge -- altho a 24-30pp faanish monthly would be nice. We've not fallen back thus far because it's simple to pace ourselves by the weekends -- one to get FP out and one to fall back, like archie the cockroach, exhausted from our efforts. The same effort, spread out over a month, probably would not result in a monthly 24pp fanzine. And this way, every once in a while and as the mood strikes us, we can put out a substantial-sized fanzine -- and let those who really want to think of us as a monthly.--rwb))

F.M. BUSBY, 2852 - 14th Ave. W., Seattle, Wash. 98119

Actually it's not all that surprising that Elinor & I hit the Labor Day NonCon, making 3 (count 'em: *3*) trips to the BARea this year. By August Elinor had piled up some extra vacation time so we had one more trip coming to us this year. We'd halfway planned on Banff but reservations there are hard to get, by August. El Cerrito is a little more than 100 miles farther from here than Banff is, and a helluva lot less of the primitive two-lane suicide roads I loathe, and well over a dozen of our best fannish friends would be at the NonconII. So, unsurprisingly enough, we headed south again.

I'm afraid the BARea NonCons have outgrown their purpose, though. The original idea of an invitational bash for Lilapans and some of their buddies was very groovy, and it worked pretty well the first time in spite of advance publicity (not YOUR fault; nobody told you ahead of time that it was a *modest* occasion). But this time the local BARea grapevine and another prior announcement in FP brought in so many extra types (OK people in themselves, but not in quantity) as to dilute the bit too much. So I think the deal is shot, in future. I'm sure you'd accede to a request to mention any future NonCons only in the past tense, but the local grapevine there is something else. In some ways it was great; some ol' folks turned up that we hadn't seen in years. If it could be agreed that some days are Open and some not, it would be fine. But that ain't how it works, hardly at all. I suppose things like this seldom if ever work on more than a one-shot basis, if that, with luck.

((We would indeed accede to any such request, and we're sorry for FOCAL POINT's part, unintentional though it was, in the demise of the Non Cons.--rwb))

CREATH THORNE, Route 3, Box 80, Savannah, Mo. 64485

For some time I've been meaning to write and comment on FOCAL POINT. Of the fanzines I receive regularly it is one of the three that I most enjoy reading (the other two being John Berry's EGOBOO and Greg Shaw's METANOIA). I'm particularly glad to see your announcement of the Bob Shaw Fund -- not only for the obvious reason that it will bring Bob Shaw to the U.S., but also because I suspect that the fact FOCAL POINT's so intimately tied up with the fund will be an added incentive to keep it coming out regularly. Being a selfish person, I want to see FOCAL POINT have a long life so I can have the pleasure of reading it.

I'd like to see FOCAL POINT do more dealing with the current fanzine scene. I think that FP has the potential to become a real focal point as, say, FANAC once was. But to accomplish this I think FOCAL POINT will have to take on the active task of evaluating and critically molding fandom. Up to now FOCAL POINT has been more or less ignoring many aspects of fandom. Instead, I'd like to see FOCAL POINT undertake a program of constructive criticism.

Other things I'd like to see: another instalment of "Harrison Country," more Ted White and Greg Benford. And more of Jay Kinney, who is developing into a major talent. Some of his logo headings have been Brilliant.

((Well, we'll try. How malleable fandom is, or may be, to our attempts at molding remains to be seen. We already see some fanzines, like BEABOHEMA, making just such a change, although the influence there is Greg Shaw's METANOIA. I feel particularly bad that we've not had -- until last issue -- any short "listing"-type reviews of fanzines we consider to be good, considering the number of subscribers we have who are utterly new to the fan field, thanks to John Berry's reviews in AMAZING. We're trying to remedy that, without doing away with the longer reviews that have Something to Say.--rwb))

TED WHITE, 1014 N. Tuckahoe St., Falls Church, Va. 22046

Memo to Linda Bushyager (who hadn't the courtesy to send me the copy of GRANFALLOON in which she said things about me):

Yeah, right, I had pieces in BEABOHEMA and SFR. I also had a column running in EGOBOO. I've been more active a fan in any given year than you've been in your entire (brief) career. Furthermore, I had absolutely no hand in counting the votes in the EGOBOO poll, and your notion that I placed where I did in the poll because I "counted the votes" is obnoxious to me. But then, so are you.

Well, aside from that, the latest FOCAL POINT is definitely the best yet. High points (you should pardon the expression) were the columns by Terry and Greg and the lettercol. Good stuff, all of it.

((I gather Linda neglected to send that GRANFALLOON to a couple of other people who should have received it, since she was also challenging their qualifications--just as wrongheadedly as she was challenging yours. Linda's statement that she'd "forgotten" your columns was sortof croggling, the SFR and EGOBOO columns having copped fourth and fifth place, respectively, in the EGOBOO poll she was criticizing, as the best columns of 1969. *sigh* --rwb))

The Infinite BEANIE

things from correspondence



Awhile back Carol and I and Sid Coleman went out to the 'Fishes' for lunch and the afternoon, and Ed showed us a near-final print of his new movie, titled Image, Flesh and Voice. The reason was that both Carol and I are in the film. Ed's been filming and taperecording for the past several years to compile material for a collage-study of people's ideas of "self." It used some brief footage filmed at a party at our house, much more taken at Milford Conferences, and used numerous short and long excerpts from taperecorded interviews at Milford. The voices heard are never those of the people on the screen, though there's always a relationship between action and sound. I'm heard briefly early in the picture: Carol talks for several minutes later on.

The first we heard of it was a phonecall from Tom Disch. He'd just seen the film, and he said he was in a state of shock. "It's eerie to hear your own voice months and months later, and completely out of context. Do I really sound like that? Everything I say seems to mean something else." This is partly because Ed ran Tom's discourse twice, the first time cutting so many key phrases that the words themselves made no sense, all you get is Tom's tone of voice, his attitude. Then the speech is repeated in full, and it takes on several more dimensions. Anyway, Tom said he was in a daze for an hour afterward but finally decided he liked it, that it was valid. "But it's just shattering at first. you'd better brace yourself before you go see it."

Naturally a certain panic flared in our hearts, and we approached Levittown with some trepidation. ("I'm going to tell Ed this place is the Ver-mil-lion Sands of underground movies," Sid said, but that would've been obscure so he didn't.) We were completely won over by the movie, though -- it's really great, as thoughtful and emotional a movie as we've seen in some time. I've never really liked more than occasional snatches of Ed's previous movies, despite the number of awards and grants he's won, but this one got to me. I wasn't embarrassed at what I'd said, and I was sort of proud of Carol for her quoted remarks, which were perceptive and good.

As usual with noncommercially made films, this one shows up in odd theaters and film festivals and so on, but you ought to try to see it if you get the chance. Many familiar science fiction faces and voices are in it, though not all the participants are sf people by any means. If nothing else, it would be a great guessing game for sf fans trying to identify voices and faces.

Remember that First Fandom schtick that I wrote up in VOID 29, where Sid Coleman was speculating about what outre things might go on at First Fandom meetings? Well, here's Bob Madle's report on just what actually did go on at the First Fandom meeting at the St. Louiscon, from Famous Science Fiction:

Several other interesting suggestions were discussed but not acted upon....One was termed, "Antique Hugos" -- the suggestion

was made that the membership should nominate and select 'Hugo' winners for all the years preceding the issuing of such awards. For instance, in the very first year of magazine science fiction (1926 Amazing Stories) would the best novel be Station X by G. McLeod Winsor, A Columbus of Space by Garrett P. Serviss, or The Second Deluge also by Garrett P. Serviss? Or maybe it would be Beyond the Pole by A. Hyatt Verrill. Fascinating.

Fascinating indeed: it revives my sense of wonder, it does. Also my sense of humor. Not that the idea of awarding Hugos for pre-1952 stories isn't any good, but...oh, when anyone starts bandying about bylines like A. Hyatt Verrill and G. McLeod Winsor it's got to take on a silly tinge. (Thirty years from now, will "Roger Zelazny" and "Larry Niven" sound as silly? I don't think so: I think those early science fiction bylines were just pretentious.)

And for that matter, First Fandom is a group till now devoted exclusively to the sf field of the 30's: what right would they have to give quasi-Hugos for the 40's and early 50's? I say if there's to be a retrospect-Hugo for 1948, then Fifth Fandom should give it. Hmp.

(I vote for Clarke's Against the Fall of Night.)

Joanna Russ, who's a good person, a good writer and a good critic, has a funny kind of negativity about most things to do with the youth scene these days. We had some correspondence about burning campus buildings and I came to the conclusion that it's a lot easier to think about the issues of the world when you don't have to deal with the personalities in it. Joanna teaches at Cornell, see, and she ended one letter, "Just remember, if they burn the buildings here, I may be in one."

Over dinner awhile back she explained to Carol and me how naive the movie Easy Rider was, and why, then she went on about how much she'd been annoyed by the reactions of the kids in the audience when she'd seen M*A*S*H. "Every time anybody did anything at all derisive of authority, they'd all clap and cheer. There was no taste involved, just automatic hostility for any authority figure." When did you see it? we asked. "It was the day after Kent State."

Rock musicians probably "jump up and down, self-immolate" and all that performer-audience interaction stuff that Boyd Raeburn doesn't like because they're into the McLuhanesque medium-is-message and total-environment trips. I think there's a lot to the theory, but I agree with Boyd in not digging crap like Peter Townshend smashing his guitar and tossing it out to the audience at the end of a number. If Donovan's relationship with his audience is love, what do you call Townshend's, or Jagger's?

(Carol, whose mind is much less baroque than mine, just read the above and whispered in my ear, "It's because they have a love-hate relationship with their guitars," and went back into the other room. Yeah, well... I didn't say it wasn't.)

Sid Coleman once told me about a great book review. You know those famous one-line putdown reviews like "This book told me more than I wanted to know about Eskimos"? Well, Sid said there was a review in one of the physics journals of a new monograph, saying simply:

"This book fills a much needed gap in the literature."

We sold British hardcover rights to New Worlds of Fantasy #1 to Dobson, but since the title was similar to that of some English speculative fabrications magazine they published it instead as Step Outside Your Mind. Rumors that I'm busy compiling further anthologies titled Why Don't We Do It in the Road, Maybe I'm Amazed and Everybody Knows This Is Nowhere are unfounded.

Reading John S. Pierce in river-side QUANTITATIVELY it struck me forcibly that he's probably done more for the New Wave than all of the ravings by Harlan or any of the others: the kids see this outright fugghead Pierce blathering against new things and zingo! the generation gap reflex comes in. It's hard to find a teenage fan these days who isn't hot for the New Wave -- all of the New Wave, I mean, and most of it is as bad as most of the Old Wave. But since this fugghead is attacking the New Wave all in one lump, the kids seem to feel constrained to like it the same way, in toto. Alas, just because someone's Hip and Aware that doesn't particularly mean he's got any taste.

These days I'm getting turned off the New Wave more than on, and I find myself seriously annoyed at Pierce for the service he's done to put the movement over. (Hell, it should never have become a Movement in the first place, a Cause. Pierce and his Third Foundation made it that by announcing what sounded like an organized opposition. Except for True Believers, paranoids and such, you usually don't find organized opposition to nothing. Or except for fuggheads, of course.)

Greg Benford was in town for several days, and when he foregathered for dinner with Silverbergs, Carrs and Whites one night I discovered that he's a mutterer. Not a mumblor like Dick Ellington and me, please note, but a mutterer. Greg Benford goes through life muttering cynically or maybe wittily to himself at the passing parade. Conversations roil around him like flow charts from Analog, repartee corruscates in the room like an acid raindrop, but Greg sits quietly with an attentive expression on his face and mutters unobtrusively to himself. God knows what he's saying, it's probably the best conversation in the room, but he keeps it to himself. Greg Benford is a verbal tightwad.

Actually, Greg says lots of funny things loud enough for others to hear him. I particularly dug an occasion when Don Wollheim and I took Greg and Ted White to lunch and the overattentive waitress, having delivered our drinks, asked, "How are the drinkies?" Greg said, "Oh, groovy, far out, really freaky." She retreated with the oddest expression on her face.

The number of writers who must have a cigarette going while they write is staggering. It was true for me when I smoked, and when I did quit the compulsion to have a cigarette while writing hung on even after I'd gotten past the need for a cigarette after breakfast and coffee. Anti-cigarette organizations recognize this: one of them uses as its Testimonial Person some well known author like John O'Hara, who testifies, "Before I tried Nik-o-Barf I smoked four packs a day. I could not write without a cigarette. Many writers and people in all walks of life will say the same. But now, having used Nik-o-Barf for 30 days, I no longer smoke at all." He doesn't mention that he also has writer's block.

"I dunno if I'll have time to run these off for you," Dick Lupoff said as I thrust a sheaf 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 argument if you were a Catholic," I muttered.

Handy Head Hints: I once came up with the idea of hash suppositories for turning on one's uptight friends. Can't say we've ever really tried it, though.

STARDUST

-- HARRY WARNER, JR.

Almost everyone must have a certain love-hate mixture in his reaction to those big, professional-looking, photo-offset fanzines with full-color covers, better art than the prozines, far-out and inventive makeup inside. It's impossible not to love them, but there must be some hate adulteration in various groups for different reasons: the rest of the fanzine editors because it's so hard to compete with these for Hugo nominations, their own editors because the cost is too great for frequent publication, oldtime fans because of a lingering fear that their existence may discourage lots of people from starting modest-looking but worthy fanzines, young and impoverished fans because they cost a great deal or are too beautiful to risk getting fingerprints on or frighten these fans from submitting material.

One consolation might be that fandom had something almost as impressive three decades ago and survived without experiencing the trauma that theoretically should have occurred. Stardust was the first printed fanzine that looked professional, provided beautifully reproduced halftones as well as line cuts for illustrations, showed some imagination in makeup, and rivaled some prozines for quality of fiction. Printed fanzines had always had a vaguely sloppy look about them before Stardust, usually appeared on scruffy pulp paper, and had too small a format to allow much leeway for artists or headings. Exceptions were a handful of beautiful publications that had been handset and published for a special audience on some particular topic with no intent of spreading all over fandom.

In 1940, W. Lawrence Hamling was a comparatively new fan who was already mutating into a pro. While in high school, he had been chief editor of the school publication, Lane Tech Prep, which claimed to be the largest slick prep publication anywhere, and circulated 10,000 copies. He wrote some fantasy fiction for the school magazine, and in turn borrowed some of its format ideas for his fanzine.

"Ever since the days of the Fantasy Magazine and Marvel Tales, fandom has wished for such a magazine," Hamling wrote in an autobiographical sketch using the third person to refer to himself. "Bill decided that it was worth the effort involved to give fandom such a magazine--and did it."

The reference to Marvel Tales explains some of Stardust's one great flaw. It ran too heavily to fiction. The stories were good, probably representing what their professional authors considered the best of their rejection backlog. But already the great boom in magazine science fiction had begun and the need for a semi-pro fiction magazine was not as pressing as the need that had existed when William Crawford tried to make a success of the fiction-oriented Marvel Tales. Hamling knew the group he wanted to reach, "the larger, but as yet inactive group of fantasy followers who have up to now taken a back seat and have been content to slide along," and it's hard in retrospect to understand how he felt that a fiction-dominated publication could fit the job he thought he had filled. His first issue editorial described it:

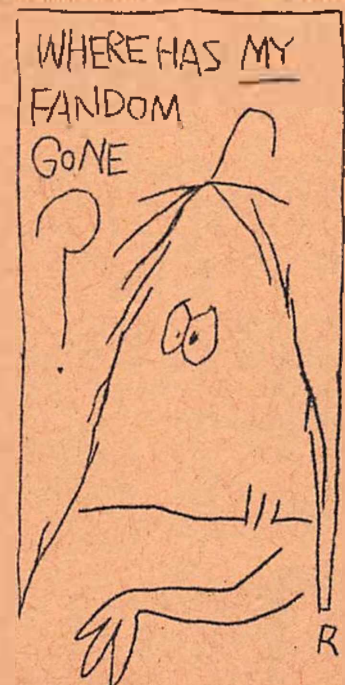
"This chain has not been severed. The chain, that is, which separates these fans

from the field of active fandom. To that end Stardust is dedicated.... A common ground must be found on which these two great factions can tread, side by side. I firmly believe that Stardust has found that ground. We know that a strictly professional magazine is inadequate to the task, and similarly do we know that a strictly amateur publication is inadequate... Stardust has its aim. To awaken interest! To provide that common bond! To unite the passive group and that of the active fans into one huge fantasy organization!"

Fans who risked the almost unprecedented price of 20 cents for the first issue of Stardust received a 24-page, 8x11", professionally printed magazine with slick, heavy paper, featuring on the front cover a razor-sharp reproduction of a photograph of a nebula. The lineup of contributors was quite impressive, perhaps the most star-studded since the collapse of Fantasy Magazine: L. Sprague DeCamp, Malcolm Jameson, Robert Moore Williams, Charles D. Hornig, and Ralph Milne Farley, not to mention the not yet celebrated Chester S. Geier. A less celebrated contributor was Henry Bott, apparently a writer of popular science non-fiction. His fact article on the moon and speculation on travel to it contains a sentence which we've heard paraphrased quite a lot of late: "But of what use would this worthless world be?" He answered by citing the moon's possibilities as jumping-off place for flights to more distant worlds, as the site for an observatory, and possibly as a source of minerals. He concluded: "Oh, what a boost to man's ego when the first Earthman, clad in a space suit impervious to lack of air, or cold or heat, steps from the air-lock of the first crude vessel, upon the pock-marked surface of the moon, and hesitantly (from emotion) says, 'I claim this world in the name of Earth!'" Armstrong wasn't quite that imperialistic, and it's curious that the speculators of old didn't foresee a logical necessity like a small stepladder.

In that same first issue, Hornig wrote an essay on a topic that is not yet exhausted in fanzines, "Sex in Science Fiction." But it's not likely that discussion on that topic today will use quite the language or argument that Hornig adopted: "Good science fiction stories tend to place the fan on a higher mental plane, a psychic condition that broadens his horizons and causes him to identify himself with the generalities of possibility--to lose his present identity in speculations of the future. There is a very hackneyed phrase (which I must plead guilty of helping to perpetuate) about science fiction taking one 'out of the hum-drum work-a-day world.' I think that phrase is so overworked because it is true. Now: the sex-mood does just the opposite. It is mostly animalistic. It eliminates the higher mental plane. It battles the escapist attitude of science fiction, spoils the illusion of glorious psychic expansion, and, in fact, reduces the reader to a lustful, very down-to-earth personality." As a slight anticlimax, Hornig added: "A little wholesome love interest belongs in a good story, but it should not create a sex-mood."

The second issue had graduated to two-color printing on the cover drawn by Jack Binder, brother of Eando. Its most important item is one of the very few articles about Heinlein the man, as distinguished from Heinlein's fiction, that you can find in the whole corpus of fanzines. Ackerman wrote a personality piece at a time when Heinlein was just becoming a familiar name. Nobody had heard of the future history stories, all the novels were yet to come, but Ackerman had read some of Heinlein's unpublished fiction, described himself as steeped in "Heinlein narratives before he has begun to make an impression on the reading public" and proclaimed: "Bob is coming, with a bang!" Some of the unpublished fiction to which Ackerman refers still hasn't appeared, to the best of my knowledge, such as a novelet about Atlantis which he was writing in collaboration with another Los Angeles resident, Elma Wentz, or a story about a mutant man "of



the nature of New Adam". I'm also unable to figure out if a story which Ackerman calls Bob's personal pet, "A Business Transaction", really was published later by Campbell under a different title. "Misfit", Ackerman revealed, was originally titled "Cosmic Construction Corps", and the working title of "If This Goes On" was "Vine and Fig Tree". Ackerman lists as Heinlein's favorite science fiction Taine's "Time Stream", Smith's "Galactic Patrol", Wright's "World Below", Stapledon's "Odd John" and "Last and First Men", plus anything by Wells. Heinlein, Ackerman says, "considers science fiction can be a very important form of creative literature and is inclined to think 'a considerable amount of speculative science fiction would be excellent collateral reading for students majoring in science, just to keep them from getting dogmatic and set in their ways.'" Ackerman asked Mrs. Heinlein to describe her husband and quotes her: "Bob has the eyes of a wounded olive." Heinlein is alleged to possess independent control of his eyes and to prefer blue beyond all other colors.

With its fourth issue, Stardust changed format slightly, reducing page size to 6x9" and increasing to 32 the number of pages. And by the fifth issue, the magazine had settled down into a better balance of fiction with non-fiction. Moreover, the non-fiction had turned away from popular science articles, to the kind of material that the fringe fan who didn't know most fanzines couldn't find in professional publications. Mort Weisinger, for example, was speculating about the chances of prozine writers selling science fiction to the slicks. "The slick science fiction tale should be elementary in concept, with an emphasis on characterization and plot. Futuristic trimmings should only serve as the skeleton, yet be convincing. The story is the meat. Once the writer has established his premise, he's on his own. The reader has swallowed that foundation because he has been able to identify it with contemporary settings and situations. The reader accepts the idea of a Fair of the future, a West Point of tomorrow. These concepts become as taken for granted as the pulp scientifiction reader's understanding of the Lorentz-Fitzgerald contraction, Newton's Third Law, etc." Hardly anyone except Heinlein and Bradbury fulfilled Weisinger's goal by selling consistently to the slicks, but their slick-published stories bear some foundation for his theories, and his suggestions seem more cogent concerning science fiction on television, after the tube killed the slicks as fiction markets.

Ray Palmer has a long article in this same issue which goes on and on, sounding at times strangely like one of Harlan Ellison's farewells to fandom. However, Harlan has never claimed credit for creating Robert Moore Williams' writing style. Williams has been involved in some recent fanzine controversy. I have no idea whether Williams remembers in the same way a historic occasion which Palmer describes in this manner:

"For two years I tried to teach writers what I wanted. A classic example is Robert Moore Williams. He came to my office one afternoon, after having had a dozen straight rejects from me, to find out what was wrong. I told him very simply: 'Your stories are a lot of pretty writing. You write for Mr. Campbell. I don't like Campbell's way of writing.... If you'll take your next manuscript, blue-pencil every phrase that you consider to be good writing, I'll buy it.' He did. Yes, dear fans, he 'done went an' hacked sumpin fearful!' And he wrote a good story. He's been writing 'em since. He has been learning too, with practice, and today, he is still writing stories, with hack words (Webster says they are common, ordinary ones) but those stories are beginning to get naturally the 'soul' that he used to think he was giving them with his pretty, high-sounding phrasing. Today, oftentimes, he sells me some pretty phrasing, but it has guts. It is really writing!"

Ackerman's biography appears in this issue. To give you some idea of how long ago 1940 was, his collection filled only two rooms in his house and one garage at that time. I doubt that any publication anywhere has revealed since that issue of Stardust some Ackerman trivia: His favorite actresses were Jean Arthur, Alice Faye, Hedy Lamarr,

Priscilla Lane, and Marlene Dietrich; green was his favorite color; he preferred the scent of pine; and among his favorite stories were "Odd John", "Mastermind of Mars", "Black Flame", and "The Diminishing Draft". I seem to remember that last title as "Draught" but don't ask me who wrote it when.

And those five bimonthly issues in 1940 were all that Stardust ever issued. The final issue appeared around the time of the first Chicon. After that event, Chicago fandom splintered, many of its members turned into pros, Hamling soon was working with Palmer, selling fiction, and preparing the career that was to lead to editorship of Imagination and later men's magazines, and Stardust didn't change the nature of fanzines after all. I'm glad it didn't, even though I enjoyed it immensely and was even given a token listing on the masthead for several issues as a member of the editorial staff. I like the spectacular fanzines today and I hope they survive much longer than Stardust did, and still leave the bulk of fanzines unscathed.

-- Harry Warner, Jr.

F m Z

GRAPHIC STORY MAGAZINE #12, Fall 1970, edited by Bill Spicer, 4878 Granada St., Los Angeles, Ca. 90042. Irregular. 1/\$1, 4/\$4. Offset.

GSM features a salute to cartoonist Basil Wolverton, including sample Wolverton strips, and exhaustive Wolverton history by Henry Steele, and an article by Wolverton himself. GSM is probably the best comix fanzine, or at least the best I've seen. It's worth the high price if you're interested in comics.

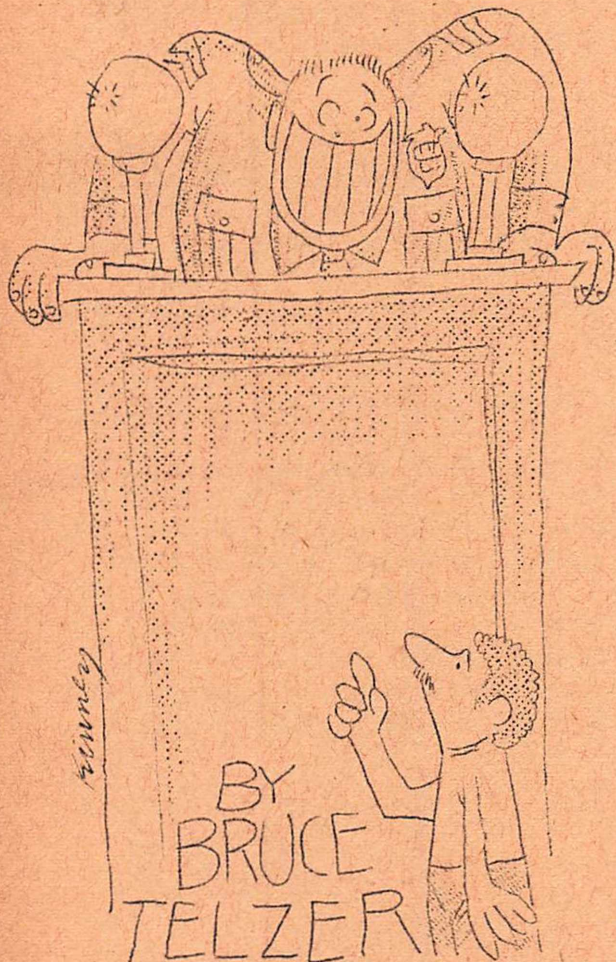
WHO PUT THE BOMP #5, edited by Greg Shaw, 64 Taylor Dr., Fairfax, Ca. 34930. Irregular. 1/35c, 3/\$1, trade, letter, or contribution. Mimeo. Greg has applied his fan experience to produce a rock and roll fanzine. The emphasis has been on fifties rock, but newer material is given extensive treatment. Big features this issue are Greg's editorial about, principally, record companies trimming their catalogues, James Wright's article on Black gospel groups, and reviews of albums and singles by Greg Shaw and Len Bailes.

EMBELYON #3, edited by Jim and Lee Lavell, 5647 Culver Street, Indianapolis, Ind. 46226. 1/35c, 3/\$1, trade, letter, or contribution.

EMBELYON is a little like a souped-up version of YANDRO, with the difference that both Lavells seem much more easy-going and likeable than Buck Coulson. Except for a tendency to fawn on pros, especially andy offutt, the fanzine is really quite pleasant. An unusual feature is "In Perspective: An Interview with Alicia Austin" conducted by Dave Burton. This isn't as bad an idea as it may sound. I found the information about this extremely talented but rather retiring artist quite interesting. Perhaps we might see this continued for other artists in future issues. Other contributors are Ted Pauls, Juanita Coulson, Dave Gorman, andy offutt, and Dave Lewton, who turns in some interesting fanzine reviews. Lewton is doing some of the better fmz reviewing around lately.

-- Arnie Katz

DOWN by the Station



Ever since I was a kid, I've been told that the neighborhood policeman was my best friend. After watching endless Three Stooges episodes with Officer Joe Bolton on TV, I was even willing to believe that a policeman could usurp the position of my pet dog. After all, the policeman would always bring me home when I was lost, and if I were real lucky, I'd get an ice cream cone and maybe even a colored balloon, the kind that floated in the air. Many years later I saw cops beating kids over the head in Chicago and was gassed myself in Washington. However, the press said that I really hadn't seen the former and surely must have deserved the latter, if I were stupid enough to put myself in a position where I would have to be gassed for my own good. Yet through all this, it was with the last vestiges of my somewhat shakey naivete that I meandered into my friendly neighborhood police station to be fingerprinted for the Army Reserves back in an age when I was still draftdodging.

The 13th Police Precinct in Manhattan is no ordinary police precinct mind you, for it is supreme headquarters for all police operations in south Manhattan. If that were not enough, it is directly adjacent to the NYC Police Academy where puny little men come out as bona fide police officers. The building, bedecked with flags, bore the tell-tale signs of a police station although louvered windows had discreetly replaced the cast iron bars on the windows of the cells.

I walked in hoping to find the cops' secret cache of ice cream cones and meekly approached the sergeant at his desk loftily elevated above me and safe behind a sturdy iron railing. Just in case, I assume, I wanted to storm the desk. For some strange reason, all NYC police sergeants are Irish, this is probably somewhat of a redundancy, something

like saying that all yentas are little, talkative old Jewish ladies.

The good sargeant glared down at me in my sweatshirt, jeans and unkempt head. He stared somewhat belligerently as though I had no business being in a police station, at least not for any legitimate reason.

"What do You want?" he demanded brusquely.

"Well, sir," I said hoping to humor him with reverence, "I came to get fingerprinted for the Army Reserves." I even showed him the forms I had with me just in case he chose not to believe me.

Suddenly his face lit up. He grinned. Even his balding head shone a bit brighter. He was my FRIEND!

"So, you're goin' in the Army, son?" he beamed assuming a rather paternal attitude. Somehow I got the impression that the Reserves part didn't quite sink in.

"Yeah, sure," I said, not wishing to disappoint the man and bring his wrath down on little old me.

"Well," he said, "We're glad to do anything at all to help our young patriotic Americans."

So this is what had become of my ice cream cone. I slowly turned around, thinking perhaps that some YAF type had snuck in behind me. But I was alone. My gawd, he was talking to me, a confirmed peace freak. My knees began to shake. I certainly hadn't come here to be insulted.

"But I'll tell ya one thing though," he continued. "They're gonna make ya get a haircut in the Army."

"Yeah?"

"You see, I know all about these things," the good sargeant ventured. "I was in the Army myself in my younger days. Boy, things were really different then."

Obviously satisfied that I was a Good American, he directed me to the elevator and gave me directions to the Detective Bureau on B deck. For those uninitiated with police stations, they do not have simple things like common floors or stories. No, indeed, they have decks, somewhat like a battleship, although that could present difficulties if a police building had more than 26 floors. To protect me from any undesirable types that may have been wandering about the police station, another cop took me by the elbow and led me to the elevator. He got in with me and proceeded to explain the way to the Detective Bureau lest I get lost and get molested someplace. After the doors closed, the officer looked me over from head to foot and gave me the once over.

"So, I heard you're goin' in the Army?" he goes, having overheard my conversation with the sargeant.

I nodded rather benignly having learned long ago that one simply does not offend a cop when you're alone with him in an elevator, in a police

station yet.

"Well, I bet that ya just can't wait to get over to Viet Nam and start fighting," he grinned goulishly.

No, it wasn't real. I just couldn't believe it. But he did say it. I'm sure of it.

As fate would have it, the elevator doors opened on B deck so I was saved the dilemma of having to answer that kind of question. The good policeman stuck his head out of the elevator and directed me to the Detective Bureau, "Down the hall to Homicide and make a right. You can't miss it."

I finally got to the right room and slowly walked in to find three policemen, oilcloths in hand, silently polishing their service revolvers. Again the interrogation began with, "Wha' d'ya want?" I went through my speech one more time. They pointed the way over to the booking desk where hopefully I could get the whole ordeal over with.

After giving my spiel to the detective on duty at the desk and watching his face light up like a Christmas tree when he heard the magic word "Army". I was asked for some identification. Now the only thing I had with a picture on it was a Columbia student ID which I handed over. Columbia students are not exactly welcomed by New York's Finest as friends, and in a very subtle way it might even be said that the two groups hate each others' guts. To compound this, the picture on the ID had been taken some five or six months earlier when I was noticeably lacking in hair on the head, not to mention a mustache that I had grown since, which was now getting a little bushy at the edges. Now here was a cop with a true dilemma. In front of him was a guy shaggy of hair, messy in dress and a Columbia student who wanted to get into the Army. An obvious contradiction. The detective first looked at the ID picture for a few seconds and then at me with a quizzical look on his face. After repeating this several times, he handed me a sheet of paper with the blunt instructions, "Sign your name here." He even drew an X for me to sign next to. I got the distinct impression that he didn't believe that I was me. I dutifully scribbled my name which to the detective's dismay had matched the ID signature.

"All right, come on with me, kid," the detective said as he grabbed me by the arm and led me over to the fingerprinting table. Being fingerprinted is a demeaning experience for whatever the cause. They don't print you finger by dainty finger. Instead, the detective told me to stand behind him as he grabbed my arm, pull it in front of him as he made with the ink and roller on a glass plate on the table. Slop! Down on the ink my hand went. Wham! Down on the paper form my fingers get crunched. I'm basically a paranoid person and standing in a police station getting fingerprinted does nothing to enhance my mental well being. After appropriately working on my right hand, the detective demanded "the other one". (I've found that there is no such word as "left" in the average policeman's vocabulary. Instead, there is "right" and "the other one" or "the other way".) He then went to work on my left hand with gusto, smashing finger after finger.

At this point one whom I assumed was the Almighty Chief of Detectives judging by his uniform replete with a myriad of battle decorations, came

up to the one doing the printing and gave me the once over for a full silent minute.

"When you're through printing him, take him downstairs and book him," the Chief announced, continuing that he wanted to see the detective in his office afterward.

I knew it. It finally happened. I was busted. They were finally going to send me to jail. But wait a second. I was innocent! Not only was I innocent, I hadn't even done anything.

"Oh, he's just getting printed for the Army," my detective said. God bless him. Never before could I say that I loved a cop.

"Really," goes the Chief. "Well, good luck, son."

"Sure, thanks millions," I thought to myself as the Chief Dick went back to where he came from.

Now, my friend the detective motioned me back to his desk, handed me a pen and told me to sign the fingerprint form. After meekly standing there for a second or two without taking the pen, I kind of extended my hands still dripping with black ink in front of his face.

"Oh, you have ink on your hands," he says. Very observant, indeed. That's probably why he's a detective and not a common patrolman.

"Okay, go down the hall and the first door on the other side is the latrine. You can wash your hands off there."

All I wanted was a bathroom, but if they wanted to have decks and latrines, that was just fine with me. I sure wasn't going to argue with. In fact, I was quite willing to believe that they even had a real honest to goodness latrine stashed away in the building complete with miniature out-houses and old copies of the Daily News rolled up in coils. Bathrooms or even latrines, I guess, in New York have a certain homey atmosphere as anyone who has ever been in a subway bathroom can testify. But the police latrine was different. It was actually clean, and what's more, there was no graffiti anywhere to be found. But then, no one ever accused the police of being creative. What's more, on each and every mirror neatly in position was the taxi driver's first love, an American flag decal. What more could one ask for while washing his hands, except perhaps to discover that oil-based fingerprint ink and water simply do not mix - they just kinda smear together. At best, I was able to scrape most of the ink off with a paper towel.

I trudged back to the detective who had prepared all my forms. As far as he was concerned, this was obviously a solemn occasion. He stood silently, handed me the envelope and extended his hand.

"Congratulations, son. You have every reason to be proud."

"Right on," I thought. In fact, I was beginning to like this incessant adulation, even from policemen. And realizing that, I knew that I had to get out of there. I proudly walked out of the room, went on down to A deck and waved goodbye to the friendly sargeant who also waved back smiling as I went past into the street.

L A T E N E W S

ROLLING STONE PLANS ARTICLE ON FANZINES

ROLLING STONE, the rock newspaper, is planning an article about fanzines, probably in the very next issue (#71) or the one immediately following. Actually, it's to be about rock fanzines, but Greg Shaw, who was interviewed for the piece, said he put in due credit to sf fandom. Although Greg reports that they took his picture, he says he doesn't know if they'll use it nor how much of his comments they'll use, since the piece is only slated for 2,000 words or so.

PETE WESTON'S TAFF NOMINATORS NAMED

Pete Weston, FOCAL POINT has learned, is now officially (or at least semi-officially) a TAFF candidate in that all his nominators have been named. They are Charley Brown, Greg Benford, Ken Bulmer, Waldmar Kunning and Christ Priest. Terry Jeeves' nominators are expected shortly.

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