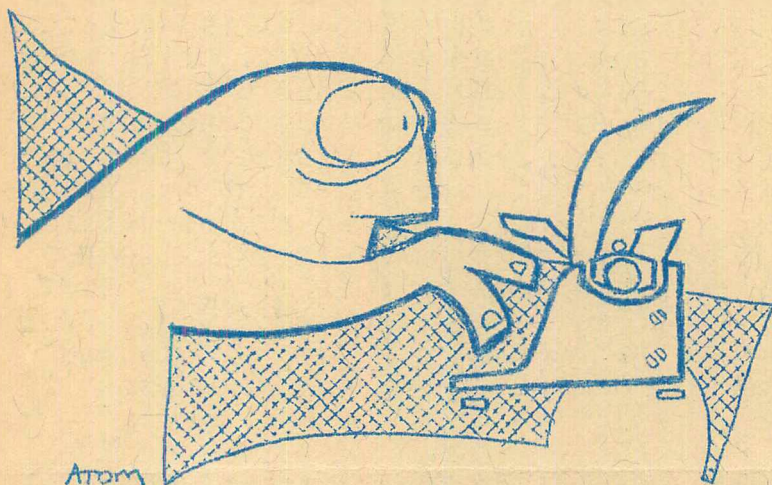


FOOLSCAP

NUMBER 7



John D. Berry, 35 Dusenberry Road, Bronxville, New York 10708.



This is FOOLSCAP #7, the more-or-less Fifth Annish of a fanzine you probably didn't think you'd be seeing again. FOOLSCAP is published for FAPA, although it is also available to a few

friends, and to anyone else who asks for a copy while there are still some extras. If you're one of the latter group, it wouldn't hurt if you sent me a stamp or two for postage. This, as well as being a Fifth Annish, is the nicely round-numbered Roach Press Publication #75, unless I've lost count over the years. FOOLSCAP 7 has been entirely created on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 10 and 11, 1972, for the 141st FAPA mailing. In a few minutes I'll be on my way to the FAPA Assembly Party in Walnut Creek, where this fanzine will be run off on the redoubtable Rex Rotary of Gregg Calkins, the Official Editor par excellence. Parts of this fanzine were pre-recorded. All the white space on this page and the cover appears for Harry Warner, Jr., who loves fanzine layout. The text jamming the end of the page on p. 8 is for Jerry Lapidus, who doesn't. This colophon is for myself, because I love to read colophons, and for Joyce Katz, the only other person I know who shares this affliction. The artwork in this issue is by Bill Rotsler, Arthur Thomson, and myself. If you non-FAPAns write me any letters, there will be a lettercolumn next issue.



A few of you will recognize the title of this fanzine. Of that group, some of you, being FAPAns, will undoubtedly say, "Didn't the last issue just come out a month or so ago?" But the last issue of FOOLSCAP was quite a different fanzine from what you see in your hands now. It was a genzine, the principal fanzine that I published during 1967 and 1968, and as such it saw some of my growing pains as a fan-editor and also some high-quality material. I published five issues on a more-or-less bimonthly schedule, if you believe such claims, and the sixth issue sat around in stencil form for half a year until it was finally run off on Ted White's mimeo during the Christmas season, 1968. Oh, that was a monumental issue, by my standards. I've never been known for publishing large fanzines, and FOOLSCAP 6 still holds the undisputed record as the largest fanzine I've ever done, at 46 pages. I suppose that was my brush with Nydahl's Disease; that big annish was delayed so long that I called it the first and second annish, and it was the last issue I published. By the summer before, I had begun coediting the smaller, originally more frequent EGOBOO with Ted, and that gradually came to be my main fanzine. It still is, although I've published other fanzines on the side since then; EGOBOO has its little lapses of schedule, but it is very much a live and thriving fanzine, and I'll send you a copy of the current issue if you like.

But FOOLSCAP, my old genzine and my own expression of personal creativity without a coeditor, has lain dormant all this time. By now, the earlier issues feel like something done by somebody else when I pick them up. I prefer it that way, in fact. If I gaze at them and read them over long enough, I'm liable to fall back into the frame of mind I had in 1967, and that involves shedding a lot of the growth I've gone through since then. Other people tell me they enjoy reading those old issues--I still have copies of nos. 3, 5, & 6; if you're interested send me a buck and I'll send them to you--but I prefer to read them the way those people do, as the early efforts of somebody else. (Thank God sf fandom never saw my real crudzines, which I did for monster film fandom back in the early sixties.)

So I went on to other things after FOOLSCAP 6 was finally put to rest. But I still had, in my files, a lovely Doug Lovenstein cover, which he said at the time was the best work he had done yet, and which said "FOOLSCAP" in big letters all over the page. Obviously it could only be used on a future issue of FOOLSCAP. (I was going to use it on this issue, but I couldn't find the cover.) I even had a few pages

fannish soul--ii

laid out and written for my editorial in that nonexistent issue, describing my plans for that summer and my first meeting with Calvin Demmon on a trip to Los Angeles. You'll find the account of the LA visit farther on in this issue; I couldn't resist using it. I do wish I hadn't quit the story right in the middle like that. But I have another goodie up my sleeve in connection with that: somewhere I've got the ditto masters for the six-page oneshot that Calvin, John Trimble, and I wrote on that historic occasion. Calvin was going to run it through FAPA, but it turned out the masters we had used were old and crummy and wouldn't print, and he never got around to remastering the whole thing and running it off; he eventually sent them to me, and I've had them ever since. Now Calvin is out of FAPA, and I'm in. When I reread that oneshot I'm amazed that it contains some good writing; it was just a drunken oneshot, but perhaps not so drunken as we thought. So one of these days I'll dig it out of whatever box it's stored away in, remaster it (it wouldn't be sporting to switch it to mimeo after all this time), and run it through FAPA as originally intended.

But I digress.

Yes, and digressions are "the only way anything ever really gets said, right?" as FM Busby once put it. If I wanted to be honest I would title this whole fanzine DIGRESSIONS.

Instead I'm calling it FOOLSCAP 7. The idea of turning FOOL into a FAPazine has been hovering in my head since that last issue in 1968, and I originally thought I would be publishing this last May, for the first mailing in which I was a member. It would have been fitting. May marked almost exactly five years since I published the first issue of this fanzine, back before my first convention and before my name even appeared on the FAPA waitinglist. It would have been the FOOLISH 5. But at that time I was feeling very poor, and I was in the midst of preparing to leave San Francisco for destination unknown, so I settled for introducing myself to this august body through a column in Greg Shaw's METANOIA. In August I was even more unsettled, having spent the summer lazing on sunny beaches and traveling around the Northeast, and I contributed nothing to the last mailing. But I'm a faneditor as well as a writer; I love putting together a fanzine even more than simply writing for it, so I've been faunching to publish this first issue of a new incarnation of FOOLSCAP.

It's going to appear in every FAPA mailing.

That's a rash promise to make, and one that I don't really expect to keep, but it's the way I would like things to be. My impressions of FAPA are still mixed up, visions of FAPA of the 1950's superimposed on the smaller, shoddier mailings of today, and maybe if I can publish the kind of FAPazine I'd like to see and read myself, then I can help FAPA to become more of what it once was. At least I mean to have fun as a member. So FOOL is a FAPazine now, although I'll distribute it to quite a few people outside this organization, many of them former members, some of them waitinglisters. I'll be quite happy to send a copy to anyone who would like one. FOOL is not my prime outlet of fannish energy, not as long as Ted and I are still publishing EGOBOO ("The Frequent Fanzine"), but this is the only fanzine I'm publishing

fannish soul--iii

entirely by myself, with no preconceptions and no one else to answer to. Having a coeditor shapes a fanzine in a way that doing it alone does not, and while I'm quite satisfied with EGOBOO as it is, I keep getting the urge to publish something freeform and completely my own.

Twelve pages seems a good size to shoot for. It's easy to mail the outside copies of a fanzine that size, and at twelve pages FOOL is still liable to be one of the bigger FAPAZines. I don't know how many pages this first new issue is going to be, but in the future you can expect a dozen pages a mailing.

That doesn't seem too outrageous.



Those of you who don't know me well enough to keep close track of me may be a little confused about where I am, where I come from, and where I'm going. It does get complicated. For the past five years I've been bouncing back and forth between the two coasts, with a couple of sojourns in Europe thrown in there just to keep it confusing. I was an undergraduate at Stanford, in Palo Alto, California, from September of 1967 through September of 1971, although I spent the last six months of that time at Stanford's Overseas Campus in France, so that I was in France when I graduated. (I came back just in time to walk into Sheraton in Boston and participate in the Nor-eascon. I participated rather groggily, though, because of jet-lag.) Since last fall I've spent time in New York, moved to San Francisco, and spent six months living there. I did some traveling while I was supposedly living in SF, and after moving out of my apartment there in June I spent the summer on the East Coast, traveling again. It's been hard to break the habit of going back and forth every three months or so, as I did for vacations while I was a student. In August I decided there was nothing I would rather do at the moment than go to a science fiction convention, so I came west and went to two: the Bubonicon in Albuquerque, and the LAcon in Los Angeles. After that I hitchhiked up the coast with Terry Hughes and Alice Sanvito, and we spent the month of September in the Bay Area, sightseeing, partying, and so forth.

At the end of September Alice went back to St. Louis and Terry and I drove north in my decrepit Peugeot. He wanted to visit the Northwest, looking for a place to live there, and I wanted to go to Eureka, way up in the real Northern California (300 miles north of San Francisco), where a friend of mine was involved in a project that I thought I might join. But the project fell through, at least as far as I was concerned. Terry took a bus north, and I returned to the Bay Area, thinking to find a place to live around Palo Alto.

Okay, so that's an overview of Events up to a few weeks ago. But what lies behind the events, behind my constant traveling and my inability to stay put? In the year since I got out of school, I've found the itch to get up and go more powerful than ever before. But at the

temporarily humboldt county--ii

same time, I've been searching for something stable to involve myself in. I never thought, while I was still a student, that I would graduate and find myself in the classic graduate's position of not knowing what to do next, but that's just what happened. What did I really want to do? After December, when I failed a pre-induction physical and so escaped the hanging sword of the draft, I was completely free. With a little money in the bank, I didn't have to do anything. Without the pressures and hassles of school, which I had been engulfed in all my life as far back as I could remember, there was nothing to struggle against. Nothing to measure myself against, either. There was no excuse for doing anything less than what I wanted. So what did I want?

That isn't always an easy question to answer. It certainly hasn't been for me. I had spent all my years at Stanford opening up my mind, learning to understand myself and trying to throw off the inhibitions I had been brought up with. I was a withdrawn child and adolescent, taught not to show emotion openly and not to touch people, either physically or inwardly. There are a lot of parts in my mind that are locked off, unconscious and accessible to my conscious mind only with great effort. To know what I really want is to know myself all the way to the roots, and that is more than I can claim. Knowing myself is tied up in my mind with living fully. I abhor living timidly, closing myself off from experience and emotion and change, leaving my potential unfulfilled and dormant. But I have a lot of strong defensive mechanisms that hold me back from living too fully, from exposing myself. For of course to live you must open yourself up to being hurt. My inhibitions prefer to keep me in a grey in-between, where I don't get hurt but I don't live much either. But this is intolerable; I hate that wishy-washy state. Most of you probably know the situations where you stand undecided, wanting to act, to step forward and take the moment, to change the moment, but you rein back and let events wash around you. That's what I've been trying to teach myself to change.

So over the last year I've been searching for...well, my destiny, if you want to sound heavy and serious about it. At any rate I've been trying to figure out what I really want. My unconscious mind is keeping that hidden from my conscious mind, so that too often I just feel blank and neutral, when I know perfectly well that I'm not really a blank and neutral person. I've gotten some kind of idea of the kind of life I would like to live, at least in its vaguest outlines, and since last spring I've been trying to find a living situation that will match up with what I have in mind. I would like a loose-knit creative community, in an environment that I find congenial and inspirational, but in some sort of situation where I can leave frequently and spend extended periods traveling. I love to travel, to see new places, to feel how it is to live in different places and in divergent cultures, to see the effect of climate and geography on the way people live. But I would like to have a place to come back to, and a sense of community and continuity with the people there.

It is easier to live with that definite if vague sense of what I want as an ideal, but I've been discovering that once you know what you want it isn't necessarily easy to get it. I thought I might find it in Eureka, working with a bunch of people on a project, in an iso-

temporarily humboldt county--iii

lated part of the country. (I had already found when I was living in San Francisco that big-city noise and congestion was a bit more than I could take.) I found Humboldt County beautiful, and I enjoyed driving about through farmlands and redwood forests and hills and valleys with more touches of autumn than you ever see in the Bay Area, but I didn't really like the small-town atmosphere that prevailed even in Eureka, which is the principal city of the area. And the project would have absorbed all of my time for several years--no time off for traveling, no freedom to involve myself with other things. That's why I headed south again after a week.

And so I found myself in Palo Alto again, looking for a place to live. At first I thought I might find a cheap, isolated place to live out in the hills west of Palo Alto, near the ocean and out of the smog-trap of the South Bay, but such a place is Not To Be Found unless you have a lot of money. Or know the right people at the right time. So I started casting about in Palo Alto, answering a few ads from the local bulletin boards. None of them worked out. But then I started to realize that I was feeling the same oppressive weight of Stanford that I had begun to feel while I was a student. The university and the town are too soft and comfortable; they're like a womb, and if you stay around too long you get stuck. I don't want to get stuck that way. I don't think that what I'm looking for is to be found in Palo Alto.

This essay is getting a little disjointed--not unusual considering that I've been writing it in fits and starts a day before the deadline. What I've been trying to do is give you some idea of the forces operating in my mind and my life lately. I'm not leading a very settled existence, and in fact within a week or two after this FAPA deadline I intend to head East again. I feel like living on the East Coast for a change, instead of visiting it every few months. I've got some ideas of where I might live and what I might do, but since they aren't certain I think it would be silly to talk about them here, in print; they may be obsolete by the time you read this. I'll let you know next FAPA mailing.



WRITTEN 6
PALM DESERT
SPRING, 19620

Speaking of Traveling Jiantish things, I was going to tell you something about my weekend in Los Angeles last month. I've already written a detailed account of the drive down for a oneshot that I did with Calvin Demmon and John Trimble, so let's leave it that I arrived in LA. I had made arrangements to stay with the Trimbles, and when I found myself in the Los Angeles central Greyhound terminal (which looks like an exact replica of the Port Authority Bus Terminal in New York City), I called Trimblehaus for a ride. Ejo told me she had dispatched Fred Patten to pick me up, and that I should "stand around in a conspicuous place and look wistful." I did my best at this, alternating it with the hardened look of the seasoned traveler (once

palm desert--ii

over lightly, please, and add a little garlic), and eventually Fred Patten strode in the door. (It was the other door, though, so I met him when I answered the page he put out for me. (The way I just phrased that makes it sound as though he put out a one-sheet oneshot to find me.)) In his car we found a small batch of assorted LA fans --Dan Alderson was one of them, I remember--with a definite willingness to be sidetracked between there and the Trimble's. At Fred's suggestion we decided to get something to eat, so we drove to Kal's, the traditional after-meeting hangout of the LASFS, and since it was LASFS night we met there a whole passle of other fan-types. Ted Johnstone was haranguing at the next table, and Dik Daniels and Bernie Zuber joined us at ours; I recall arguing good-naturedly with them over my views on worldcon costume masquerades. (I abhor them.) The LASFS has, over the years, acquired a cultivated taste in waitresses; in a place like Kal's, where they gather every Thursday night without fail, they are naturally going to get to know and be known by the waitresses. This time the waitress was new, but she immediately struck everybody's fancy by behaving in a most fannish manner. She proved quite adept at parrying and riposting with wit and insult common among fans--more adept than most of the LASFans. She was a lively personality, and she chewed out the regulars for not having me trained in the ways of the place--I naively expected her to get me a glass of water when I replied in the affirmative to her query if anybody wanted any.

After eating, Fred and I dropped by the remains of the LASFS meeting at Tom Digby's place, where about the only interesting thing was Ken Rudolph handing out copies of the just-completed SHAGGY 75. Fred had called the Trimble's to explain our delay, and when he finally dropped me off at their house, I found everybody asleep, a Castro convertible ready in the living room, and a note on the door saying "Welcome Johnny Berry" and giving a map of the essential parts of the house. I cartooned my own greeting on the other side of the card and went to bed.

Friday dawned bright and early, and I dawned a bit later to commence a running conversation with Bjo during which various pieces of toast and cups of tea kept appearing as if by magic every once in a while. I have a feeling that Friday ought to have been a normal working day for John, but my memory tells me that later on he awoke and came down, as did George Barr, who is living with the Trimble's. George is a pleasant, quiet fellow who keeps surprising me with his sardonic cynicism; in appearance he looks much like some of his drawings--in particular, the fawn in "The Broken Sword" in TRUMPET is modeled after his own face, but in body he resembles Boyd Raeburn, in that he seems to get narrower as he goes down from the top. I'd met him once before, briefly, when he and the Trimble's had stopped by the Rolfe's in Palo Alto one time.

My plans had been pretty well jumbled by my car's breaking down; I had originally planned to drive straight through to La Jolla Thursday, where I would stay the night with some friends of my family and visit with Jim and Hilary Benford, then I would drive back up to LA Friday afternoon or evening. Instead, here I was in LA with all of Friday ahead of me. We briefly considered piling into the Trimble's car and all going down to La Jolla for the day, which would have been

palm desert--iii

fun, but considerations such as Katwen and Lora and the fact that the Benfords weren't expecting a horde killed that idea. But, as I learned at the end of the weekend, John and Bjo had taken my arrival as an excuse to declare those couple of days a holiday. So we took off into the wilds of the Los Angeles freeway system and eventually ended up at Knott's Berry Farm. There we spent the afternoon in such educational pursuits as riding the merry-go-round, feeding the ducks and geese (or rather goose, singular, an arrogant bastard who hogged all the bread and crackers thrown in his general vicinity), discoursing on the basic differences between weather in Northern and Southern California, chasing roosters, and determining that the state of North Dakota does not really exist (I had long suspected this, but John was born there and still agreed that it was non-existent; I regard this as ample confirmation of my theories). It was while sitting around on a bench under the bright, relatively smogless sky that I explained my religious convictions (swiped from someone else): I am a polytheist, because it's quite evident that this world had to be created by committee.

After rejecting cotton candy in favor of cookies and Cokes, we left Knott's Berry Farm and went back to the Trimbles', where as I remember we spent a rather low-key evening talking and such. I showed them my copy of VOID 29, which had not yet been sent out, and both John and Bjo chortled over an impossibly gung-ho letter that John had had in the seven-year-old lettercolumn.

Saturday was Calvin Demmon Day. I called Calvin late in the morning, unfortunately waking him up in the process, and got directions for getting there; John, a walking roadmap of Los Angeles, simplified these into an entirely different route that made use of the ubiquitous freeways. Bjo, unfortunately, wasn't feeling well, so John and I alone drove off to Demmonland. We detoured slightly as John showed me the steepest hills in Los Angeles (which compete well with San Francisco's finest) and we drove past Elmer Perdue's house. Calvin lives on one of these hills, and we drove up an incredibly steep street that I know my own car would never have made it up, and up at the top we found a house, which we identified as the Demmon abode by his Morris parked in front. We were admitted by Calvin, a tall, slightly thickset man with thick black hair and full beard; I told him that when I'd talked to him on the phone, he had sounded very much like Andy Main. Calvin returned with the observation that I looked like Andy Main. We tried our best, but neither of us could figure out what John's Andy Main attribute might be.

Calvin lives in a small San Francisco house, with San Francisco interior decoration (i.e., lots of rock posters), perched on a San Francisco hill, in the middle of Los Angeles. Inside this house we found (1) Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon, (1) Peter Morgan Demmon (son), (1) Neurotic Feline (cat), (1) larger and slightly less paranoid Feline (cat, mother), and, later, (1) Wilma Demmon (wife, beautiful). I may have left out a pet or two, but the important personages are all there. Wilma, who was out shopping when we arrived, is a slim, lovely black woman with a face that strikes me as childlike, for lack of a more perceptive description. Peter is a standard baby-looking baby, in skin color a cross between his two parents, with Wide dark eyes. Those eyes latched onto me as soon as he saw me, standing over his crib, and he

palm desert--iv

refused to take his wide-eyed stare from me. He looked as though thoughts were revolving in his head like, "Oh, wow! It's big!"

Calvin ushered us in and almost immediately sat us down and pressed bheers upon us. Something I noticed very quickly was that both Calvin and I are basically listeners. That is, we tend to listen to conversations rather than dominate them, unless we have something in particular to say. This created a bit of conversational vacuum, and I found it amusing that soft-spoken John Trimble did most of the talking. John and Calvin conversed about Los Angeles fandom ("LASFS... LASFS..."), and Calvin and I talked about other Fabulous Faaanish Subjects ("Have another bheer?" "Sure").

Actually, I don't want to give the impression that it wasn't a fine thing to meet Calvin; it's just that wit and brilliant conversation didn't flow as freely as one might imagine. After a while Wilma returned from wherever she had been, and I got to meet her, too. (We didn't ask her what her Andy Main attribute was.) All three Demmons proved to be excellent company (including Peter Morgan), and even their incredibly neurotic cat, who they said can usually never even be coaxed into the room when strangers are present, was induced to come near me and even jump up on my lap, twice (although it must be admitted that he leaped back down almost immediately; that cat is afraid of anything that moves). Wilma had to leave again briefly, and unfortunately John and I had to leave before she got back, but in the meantime Calvin came up with the Classic Suggestion at all fannish first-meetings: "Let's put out a one-shot!" Normally I would have looked askance at this--I had a perfect record of never publishing a one-shot, and I wasn't eager to break it--but I had a ready source of material in writing about the complications of my trip down to LA, so I went along with Calvin. After I had done a short opening and John had done a bit, I launched into the account, which took up a page or two; John and Calvin stood around drinking bheer and exclaiming, "By ghod, this is the way to put out a one-shot!"

BACK TO 1972...

LACON NOTES

I wrote a cut-and-dried conreport about the LACON for FIAWOL and CHECKPOINT, both newszines, but I omitted a lot of the incidents recorded in the cryptic little notes I made for myself during the con. It was a fine convention, as I'm sure you all know. I had prepared for it by lazing around a pool in the sun in Beverly Hills for several days before the con; Neal Goldfarb and I had traveled from Albuquerque to LA together, and we were visiting one of his friends. It was almost the only time I swam that whole week. Highlights of the con: late one sleepless night, Alpajpuri came up to Neal in the lobby and said, "I was supposed to tell you in case you'd forgotten...but of course you haven't," and he walked away. Chris Couch, trying to explain deros to Alice Sanvito, looked around helplessly and asked, "Does anybody here know anything about science fiction? I think I'm out of my depth!" Or Fred Pohl to Forry Ackerman: "Science needs your body more than you do."

--John D. Berry