

GAFIA 2

NEWS SHEET

is written, edited, and published by Ted E. White, 1014 N. Tuckahoe St., Falls Church, Va., for distribution with John Magnus' RUMBLE Newsletter.

What might have been a oneshot looks like a permanent thing, so long as Magnus continues to agree to distribute it, and I can think of things to write about. This issue, for instance, is taken up with:

THE GLADES OF GAFIA: There exists in Baltimore a fake-fan by the name of Richard Wingate. He is responsible for a plan, which, if successful, will--he hopes--wreck fandom. This plan might be summed up with one word: Girls. Everyone knows that fanac is sexual sublimation, so what better way to destroy fanac than to supply every panting young fan with a girl? This is Wingate's goal, and to date he has been fairly successful in supplying two thirds of the Balto Triumvirate with female companionship.

The weekend of April 26, I made my regular bi-weekly weekend journey to Balto in the Weiss Rak III. I arrived at Hitchcock's in the mid-afternoon, picked him up, and went on to Magnus'. We found John pounding out a boogie-woogie on the piano. His first words as we entered were, "White, how does a boogie treble run?" Since he didn't know, he'd worked out a rather modern sounding thing which was a bit like Pete Johnson's left hand combined with Thelonious Monk's right. Like, wow, man! The rest of the day was spent with our dates, and was completely non-fannish. Wingate's subtle influence was being felt...

We'd planned to take the girls to the park Sunday afternoon, but the day turned out cold and rainy. Hitchcock, Magnus and I ate a wonderful dinner at Joanne's, and then hurried off at about 3:30 to City College to pick up Pat, who was rehearsing for a play. After we'd waited a while at the meeting place without seeing her, I left Magnus behind in his Metro, and pulled into the CC driveway, and prepared to search the place for her. While pulling in, I met a truck coming out, which immediately blasted its horn at me, and attempted to ram the Weiss Rak broadside. It turned out to be a couple of boys who wanted to tell me that the director was in a foul mood and Pat wouldn't be free for another couple of hours.

Having nothing else to do, we went over to Wingate's, where we heard him tell of finally tracing down the odor in the basement: under the front steps was a place where stray cats had crept in and crapped. His description of clearing this place was truly monumental in the annals of true weird adventure.

Taking Dick with us, we next set off for the Peabody Bookshop, an arty hole-in-the-wall, which features a few books in the front room, plus a display of incredibly bad drawings and a few mediocre paintings. From this room one progresses through a series of smaller rooms which display superior paintings (with superior prices), to two "dining" rooms. The farthest back was the darkest, and here we ordered imported beer, pretzels, pastries, and (clods that we are) Cokes. As we sat by the fireplace, a group of men trouped in the back way and began to set up a bass and a set of drums near the piano. A taper was also brought in. One of the men began to thumb a thick book.

"I betcha they're gonna read poetry with jazz, I betcha," I said as the pianist sat down and fiddled around with "My Funny Vallentine", and the bassist began tuning his instrument. Everyone stared at me with disapprov-

ing looks. Fifteen minutes later, after running through "Vallentine" four times in different tempos with the bassist, the pianist announced he was ready. My opinion of his jazz abilities had steadily diminished.

The drummer, a very hip fellow, who, in Magnus' words "combines all the qualities of Raeburn, Steward and Kidder," took the mike to the taper (which was being used as a PA system) and said "Like, wow, man...like 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, man. Testing." He then announced the group, whose names struck no chord in my memory, and a poet who was going to read from a book of someone else's poetry. He then handed the mike to the poet, who fumbled with it, and then began to read in a monotone. Behind him, the group played "My Funny Vallentine."

When they had finished, the drummer said, "Like, maybe that's the way Patchen does it, but I can't quite dig it, man." I was sorely tempted to point out that there was no interrelation between the poorly read poem and the badly played music (well, the drums and bass weren't too bad...) and that they might as well be playing in different rooms, but, as they began talking about doing "My Funny Vallentine" as a blues, we left. Like, all, man.

While at Wingate's Magnus mentioned a letter he had received from one Marian C. Oakes, a young housewife who lived with her husband in a trailer camp on the outskirts of Balto, and who wanted to meet some faaans.

"Wouldn't it be something," Magnus said, "if the 'C.' stood for 'Cox'?!" We agreed that this would be quite a coincidence. She spelled her first name as Marian Cox had too.

We picked up Pat after leaving the Peabody, and set off for the trailer park. After a half hour or so, we were there. It was both big and new, and we spent ten minutes or so looking for Road E, lot 89. Soon after, we were climbing out into the drizzle, and banging on the trailer's door. And only minutes after that, we were drinking coffee with Marian Cox Oakes and her husband Lew, while Joanne played with Marian's two small kids.

Maybe I've been too low-key about this. It was a major fannish discovery. Here was an ex-FAPAn, ex-VEGA columnist from my neo days, right in our backyard as it were. The Oakeses were just back from Africa, we found out, and interested in re-establishing contact with fandom. We spent an hour or more just talking with them before leaving for down-town Balto. Two very nice people, I thought.

The rest of the evening we spent at Joanne's (her apartment being the most centrally located) talking, playing records, and whatnot. Almost before we knew it, it was 11:00 pm. I took Pat home and set out for DC, finally getting home about an hour and a half later.

The weekend was over.

INNUENDO #7 is here, and looking more and more like a Sixth Fandom zine every issue. This issue swipes for the cover one of Shelby Vick's trademarks from CONFUSION. Inside is a good article by Burbee, and Harry Warner's "All Our Yesterdays" which once ran in OPUS, plus a reprint of Brandon's "Sixteen", and a good fannish comic-strip, "Alexander." I won't mention Peter Graham's little piece of character assassination, "Clayfeet Country", which proves that he hasn't changed much since he declared Willis' death to the world in '52. Otherwise INN is a top fanzine. Get it.

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