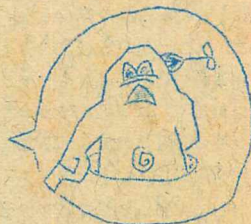




# THE GAFIATE'S INTELLIGENCER

COMMENCING WITH  
TED WHITE



Remember the Rooster that Wore Red Pants! --WL

Nonetheless, we begin courageously the 47th issue of THE GAFIATE'S INTELLIGENCER, a mass fanzine for the elite and unworthy successor to "Amoe-boid Scunge." ("There's a lot of that going around..." --Richard Snead) The editorial staff is once again those jolly members of Fabulous Falls Church Fandom whose names will be made known to you when the signs are right. This endeavor is sponsored by The Original Fanoclasts and has been officially condemned by Milton F. Stevens. We enjoy your letters, which should be addressed to THE GAFIATE'S INTERRUPTOR, P.O. Box 409, Fabulous Falls Church, Va., 22046. This issue has been annointed in Oil and can be divided into one-inch squares and consumed by eighty-eight persons, to Good Effect. This stencil is being typed on September 30, 1973, and is dedicated to Eileen, who is Missed.

"Why did the Rooster wear Red Pants?" "To keep his pecker up!" ".....!"

OLD FRIENDS: When I (your undersigned, T. White, Esq.) am in a sentimental (if not maudlin) mood, I am known to remark at length upon the super-familial qualities of fandom and the way one can go for months--even years!--without contact with a friend, only to suddenly meet him (or her) again and pick up the pieces with nary a hitch. Yes, and if pressed I can become quite misty-eyed about the phenomenon.

Some time back in the latter part of the sixties (1968?--that sounds about right), Alexei Panshin wandered into Bookmasters, a book store on Times Square where Mike McInerney was working, and thence a door or two up the street to a record store, where, clutching an sf book or the like, he fell into a conversation with one of the people who worked there (in the record store, I mean), the outcome of which was that he invited this person to the Fanoclasts meeting that night.

The person he invited was Hal Hughes. Hal enjoyed himself so much that he came back on his own hook two weeks later. And very shortly Hal was a full-fledged Fanoclast.

Now the Fanoclasts were never, during the time I was a member, just a New York SF Fanclub. The Fanoclasts were a closely-knit group of people, all of whom considered the others friends. The only real qualification for membership (something we were never able to explain to poor, forelorn Phred Phillips, who wanted to "pub an ish" and join our merry crew) was a mutual friendship--the ability to fit in easily with the rest of us. Hal qualified easily.

the dilletant's effetery - ii

But as such things happen, various of us drifted in different directions. Some of us to Fabulous Falls Church; Hal westward. We haven't seen Hal in several years, nor had any contact with him.

But recently Jay Kinney, another transplanted Fanoclast, began sharing a house in San Francisco with Hal, and he showed Hal an earlier issue of this journal. Imagine our surprise when, one day, we found a Letter from Hal Hughes in our very own P.O.Box! Here t'is:

Howdy, Falls Church Fan Friends --

Just finished reading FARRAGUT'S INTERLOCUTOR (how's that for a fan-nish opener? This is new to me y'know.) brought my way by Jay K. who's just become my housemate here at 160 Caselli 94114, along with lady love Stephanie and her daughter (21 mo. phenom) Sierra. We're still in the midst of settling into this place -- a fine 2-story countryish place secured away behind a redwood fence and front yard garden -- lots of flowers, trees, and space to work and play. We even have access to a mimeo, so maybe I'll actually get around to finally pubbing that virgin ish. I've been writing pretty steadily -- still mostly poems and songs -- Stephanie's the head of the Noe Valley Poet's Workshop, which is a really high group of folks sharing poems, songs, thoughts, vibes, time and love. Jay's been writing more as well -- doing fine. It's really a treat to hear all your voices, bubbling through that zinemachine. It's been a long time, etc., etc. You all sound happily mellowed in your new environs. Here's a song y'all might ~~like like like~~ dig --

#### KEROUAC TOWN

(chorus)  
Gotta make a run down  
To Kerouac Town  
Feelin kinda run down  
Gotta find a new sound  
In Kerouac Town

Ginsberg and Orlovsky  
Livin' down on 10th Street  
Still lookin kinda beat  
Lovers actin so discreet  
Singin in a minor key

Kerouac and Cassady  
Drove across the country  
Faded into history  
Trying to make it home free  
Lookin for the mystery

Gregory Corso  
Seems even more so  
With his funky torso  
Rushin out the door so  
He can finally let go

--Hello goodbye and love to all,  
Hal

Somewhere in North Beach  
Micheline is still a peach  
Lookin up to beseech  
Cockymoon to make each  
New day to somehow reach

TORCON: Well, it was big (2,700 in attendance, or so I was told, out of 3,500 registered--that's big), but it was civilized; both con committee and hotel handled everything with grace and good humor. One lovely touch: a Gestetner Room, where the local Gestetner Corp. people had a couple of Gestefax machines and several Gestetner mimeos. The usual cruddy oneshots were published of course ("The more things change, the more they stay the same." --Hugo Gernsback, who should surely have known), but there were also an issue of Jay Kinney's NOPE and two art-shots, one a collaborative effort by most of the better cartoonists there, and other a solo by Bill Rotsler--all three really fine stuff and worth thanking Gestetner and Torcon for helping to make possible.

I could go on, but this is the bottom of a page. I'll let the story pass on to the next stalwart in line... --Ted White



yankee doodle gafiarte



Old Business from ROGER VANOUS: "Terry, you just haven't thought thru your idea of sending used staples would surely be used (he could always eat them & be sure of having a staple diet), you haven't considered the great ecological damage that would be caused. I am speaking, of course, of postage stamps. Fandom would start using twice as many stamps -- one to send a fanzine & one to return the staple.

"Anyone who has had a little economics (and only a little) knows that when demand exceeds supply, price is forced up. That's why the price of food is rising. There's increased demand, especially from people abroad who are trying to improve their diets.

"Well, it's pretty clear that postage stamps must be in scarce supply. After all, the price of stamps to send first class letters has doubled in just a few years, & will soon go still higher. If we had this sudden upsurge in stamp buying, the price would be pushed out of sight. If the government acted to freeze the price of stamps, we'd run out! Can you imagine going down to the post office to get stamps & find out you were limited to 5 ~~stamps~~ stamps? Or, even worse, find a sign saying "Sorry, temporarily out of stamps." I urge you to ask, beg, & even implore your readers to save their stamps -- maybe they could erase the cancellation marks & "recycle" them.

"I don't really see the need for staples anyway. The Postal Service's mail shredders work equally well on stapled or unstapled mail. While there's a danger you'd get only 1 page of a 50 page fanzine, the loose unaddressed pages would cause such trouble that they'd soon learn to keep them all together, and there'd be no problems.

"Well, I seem to be out of room, or nearly so. To get the "save the stamps" campaign rolling, this letter is being sent without a stamp. I'm sure you'll understand & approve."

Mr. Vanous' comments should be considered with a degree of seriousness since he is, after all, teaching economics on a college level and is working on his PhD in that same field so his opinions are of some note (b flat). I should point out that Roger is living and teaching in Kansas. This same fate could befall any others who attempt to correct me.

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HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU, HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU, HAPPY BIRTHDAY DEAR LAURA  
ALEXANDER DEMMON, HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU!!!

As you all know and as I was delighted to hear, Laura very recently became a member of the Demmon family, joining Calvin, India, Peter, and Casson. On October 11 (just four days ago as I write this) she became one year old.

# Porniates Gafographers

Getting that announcement brought to my mind a party that took place at the Demmons' house a little over a year ago. Those attending were Terry & Carol Carr, Alice Sanvito, John D. Berry, Jay Kinney, Gary Deindorfer, Grant & Cathy Canfield, Beverly Reams, myself, and, of course, Calvin & India. As the party progressed the topic of discussion finally came to Orange Juliuses. Various people started asking about Lime Julius or Cherry Julius and so forth. Calvin, giving a slight grin, mildly asked, "What about an Orange Herbert?"

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There was a poster up on a wall asking for people to join with a certain group in filling out a crew for the Enterprise. The top (star) positions were already filled but others were still needed but the group wanted only mature individuals with serious intentions.

Have you ever been in a position where you needed to find a restroom in a HURRY but it took FOREVER? I think most of us have at one time or another. Well, it looks as if a solution for all that energetic searching may be in the offing. Colleen Brown, our local connoisseur of comfort facilities, is in the process of compiling a list of every rest room in the nation with ratings under several categories. The east coast portion of it is near completion although new additions are being made daily. Yes, Colleen sure knows her rest rooms...and with the aid of her guide you can too. Another gift to fandom from Virginia Fennish Control Center.





AND NOW,

**COLLEEN**

WILL TALK TO THE CLASS ABOUT  
TERRY HUMORS (AND OTHERS).



It seems that Terry and water are synonymous. At least for me. Every time we are going anywhere, I tend to get wet. Even when it's not raining.

Terry, Richard, Alicia and I were in the Blue Ridge Mountains about 5 months ago. We were hiking a trail to Dark Hollow Falls, tromping merrily along; Alicia filling the air with her chatter, Richard silently exploring ahead, Terry and I quietly enjoying the place and stillness around us. The stillness was broken by the gurgling of a stream, a small amount of chirping birds, and Alicia's voice every so often.

We decided to stop by the stream and find a place to cool our hot and tired feet. We had been walking late the night before and had gotten up early to see the sunrise that morning. We were tired and the cool water would certainly be a wonderful thing.

We found a place that looked about right. The stream was running gently down a series of rocks with a little pool at the bottom. There was some moss on the rocks and the sun was glinting through the leaves of the trees. It was a lovely day. Terry and I decided to bathe our feet right away. We pulled off our respective shoes and socks and I stuck my feet in the nearest area of rushing water. Terry decided that a place further up the incline, about where the stream emptied into the pool of water before continuing on its way to becoming a falls, was a better place, and the water would gently massage his hot and tired feet. He would also have the choice of putting his feet in still water in the pool. The best of two worlds.

"Come on over here, the water looks fine," he said.

Fool that I was I went.

"It seems slippery," I exclaimed, almost sliding into the pond on my way to join him.

"I'll help you. Hold on," he urged.

I clambered gingerly over the rocks to where he was standing, thinking to myself that the rocks felt awfully slick beneath my bare feet, slick and wet. I reached out to take his hand. He pulled me up. We headed for the stream and decided to stand on some moss. I like the feel of moss beneath my feet. It is soft and spongy and feels like a natural carpet. It is a natural carpet, come to think of it. Anyway, I am diverging on a tangent.

I felt a sudden jerk, my feet started to give way, and there was a definite sliding sensation coursing through my body. I reached out to grab on to Terry for support, and at that moment in time, Terry was also starting to lose his balance. I felt myself starting a downward slide and the next thing I knew, I felt very cold and wet. In fact, up to my neck I was cold and wet. I had slid down the incline of rocks into the pool. The pool of water was a lot deeper than I had imagined.

"T e r r y y y!" I exclaimed on my way down. It didn't do any good. I looked up at him with my ass in water, and there he was bent over in laughter. He would look up at my face and break up again. I admit that my face did not sink a thousand ships, in fact I am glad that it did not, but I did not think it was a laughing matter.

"Help me out of here, you bastard," I spluttered.

He gave me his hand in between chokes of laughter. It was only then that I noticed Richard writhing all over a rock. I thought that was weird. He is not given to epileptic fits, at least not that I had noticed. When the water drained from my ears, I also noticed that it was not an echo of Terry's laughter that I was hearing, it was definitely another sound. It was Richard laughing and spluttering, "Your face, if only you could have seen your face."

\*Sigh\* I had better check it in the morning, I thought.

"When you have water running down rocks and wet moss, you get slippery road conditions," rich explained. "I saw it coming, but couldn't prevent it in time."

"Gee thanks for telling me now, rich," I said between clenched teeth.

When they had all stopped laughing and I was starting to wring out the wetness from my clothes and was not dripping as much, I suddenly got the notion of sliding down the incline of rushing water and rocks. I foolishly voiced this fantasy to Terry.

"Go ahead, I'll catch you before you hit the bottom," he said.

"Well, I'm already wet," I mumbled. Oh why not, I thought aloud.

I got up gently on the rocks and started to slide down. Terry was sitting next to the pool of water. He was still sitting next to the pool of water when I hit the bottom the second time. I watched him sitting there as I slid by.

"I thought you were going to catch me before I did this again!" I sputtered between gulps of anger and chattering teeth.

"I thought you had decided you were already wet and it did not matter whether you got any wetter or not. I thought at the time it was a rather strange thing to do, but that's you and that's not strange," he brokenly explained.

I spent the entire day drying out.

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We bought a new waterbed. I never had an old one, so this is a new experience. It's nice...does wonders for my water bill. It takes 200 gallons of water and Richard and I were wondering whether water settles after awhile, 'cause the bed is less high after about a week. I don't think it leaks or I think we would have noticed by now.

When we first got it, it was the day of our official, legal fifth wedding anniversary and we decided that we would buy it for ourselves as anniversary gifts to each other. Leads to better relations and all that. I was super excited and we did not get home that night till 11.00 p.m. and I made richard and Terry (our impressed sitter for the night) put it together. Being the mechanical and carpenterial geniuses they are, it took them till one o'clock in the morning to put four hinges on four pieces of wood and one hurt thumb later, we were in the bushes in the front of the house, with a candle, because our light bulb for the front porch blew out, looking for the hose. Several scratches and mumbblings later, water was gushing into our king-size waterbed.

Terry kept mumbling about little growing things in waterbeds and for once he was right. We put in a cup of Clorox to prevent algae formation. He kept mumbling about how he was glad it wasn't a clear mattress, so then we wouldn't have a good view of the scungy green things growing, advised us to take dramamine before retiring for the night, and to watch out for sharp pins. Always looks on the bright

side of things...he was the one with the hurt thumb and he had to go to the store at one o'clock in the morning for the bleach. But I helped... I was a passenger in the car and when he hurt his thumb, I politely exclaimed, "What a klutz!"

The waterbed is nice; it is much more comfortable to sleep on than I thought it would be. There is the problem of getting up in the middle of the night and not waking Richard, because the bed tends to slurp alot. It also makes gurgling noises and laps against the sideboards. It makes noises like a sloppy soup slurper.



WOULD\*\* YOU BELIEVE THAT THIS IS

rich brown

HOM, WOULD YOU?

I sit here, high in my attic, above Falls Church ("the cross-roads of a million lives") and there are only 40 -- no, 39 -- lines to go on the graffiti-ites mongoose.

I won't waste a line to tell you who I am since you already know; you've seen, with your very eyes, John Berry's heading above in all its hand-crafted splendor. This is because you are ob-servant. We know this. We have observed you observing us. We are aware of other intelligent lifeforms in the universe.

I don't know how I got into this. Or how I'm going to get out.

I think it all began back when I urged Terry "Zonker" Hughes, Colleen "Woo Woo" Brown and John "Abner" Berry to finish their pages (Ted had completed his) for the expatriot's jellybean and added: "Don't worry about leaving holes. I'll fill 'em up." Never expecting my own wife to take me at my own word, I was merely recalling Harry Warner's comment that we newsmen learn to write right down to the bottom of a page. I admit I may have, when I said that, had some of the rotgut red Susan Glicksohn gave us at Torcon (which we were foolish enough to bring back): A good fighting wine, definitely for leaving in the bottle and hitting people over the head with.

Whatever my reason, I repeated the boast. FCF members, the same congenital crew who bring you the geriatric's mumblypeg at such a pace it's often called "alarming" or "AMAZING and FANTASTIC" or "slow", began -- as if to foil me -- to let pearls of wit fall from their lips like spittle from an over-tired dachshund with mumps on the fourth of July in Kansas. The sort of thing to inspire one to write, at the very least, 41 lines. (I would have written one and trimmed a line, but I seem to have forgotten them, memorable though they were...)

The big G in Ted's basement waits a-tremble for a stencil's familiar carress; everyone has finished Their Part and, each night, each asks me the same question. Will I fit the space, or will all fandom know my perfidity? Will I, in the final analysis, let Warner down or will I find inspiration?

Well, I have found inspiration, at long last. But I fear Harry will be disappointed.

Ed Cox, doodle in this space:





WHIMS: I've hit upon a scheme that will insure us untold fame and vast quantities of money. No sir, I do not mean peddling Dick Geis fanzines door-to-door. It's much bigger than that. What we're going to do is sell fannish indulgences.

It's about time fandom had something like this. Fandom needs a way to expiate its sins. What would you give, for instance, for the chance to remove all mention in that great tally-book of fannish endeavor of the very first issue of your fanzine, the one with the story about the little doggie that went to Mars? It would be worth a little to you, wouldn't it? And it would help make fandom a better place, too. Remove all the guilt lying around; let fans unfetter their creative souls for still higher endeavors. Give 'em one more chance.

It's a sure-fire idea. Why, think of all the crimes and atrocities committed each day somewhere in fandom. Illegal smiles. Criminal boredom. Terminal foolishness. Publishing a Bob Shaw article in an illegible fanzine. Printing a letter from Lester Soutillier legibly. Rushing out a special issue of your fanzine so that you can give your recommendations for the Hugo.

Name your own.

For each of these sins we will have an indulgence. For a simple sin, the indulgence will be hektographed on a small white card. For something really big, like plunging all fandom into war, we'll have gold-plated certificates on heavy paper with the benevolently-smiling face of Harlan Ellison at the top of the page, looking forgiving. There's a possibility of special indulgences for special occasions-- at a slight increase in price.

This is obviously the way to make our fortune. Why, we could live comfortably on the income from Seth McEvoy alone. And George Senda.... No, hell, George Senda would probably really buy one of these things. Really and truly. And the checks he paid with wouldn't be worth shit. But then, neither would the indulgences.

Maybe there's something to that door-to-door idea after all.

A LETTER came to us recently from Ian Maule, or, as he styled himself on the back of the envelope, "Elmer Perdue, c/o Ian Maule." "All I can reasonably say is that I enjoyed these issues very much and find the combination of a frequent group zine somewhat groggling, like how do you persuade each other that another issue is due out? What puzzles me slightly is what happens when no-one can be bothered to sit down at the typewriter to churn out a couple of stencils?" The answer is all those issues we published over the summer, Ian. What have stencils and typewriters and paper got to do with publishing a fanzine? I thought rich had made all that clear last time; you know, three-dimensional mental crifanac and all that. I'm really surprised at you, Ian. I had thought it would be obvious.

EASY COME, EASY GO: I'd been looking forward to doing this issue so that I could tell you all about the apartment that Terry and I had found out in Great Falls, and so that we could give you our brand new, semi-permanent address. But we don't live there any more. Gafiates, I suppose, are not meant to have permanent addresses. Their mail might catch up with them.



the gafiate's whatzis

COP-OUT SPECIAL: The best way to avoid writing anything for THE GAFIATE'S INTELLIGENCER is to quote somebody else's letter. The very best way; I guarantee it. Just ask Calvin Demmon, who has succeeded (against insuperable odds) in never writing a word for this fanzine. The trick, of course, is never to write any kind of introduction to these letters, either. The other advantage of this method is that it's always nice to print letters from good people.

ALPAJPURI: "Mmm, Warm inside. Not just from the glasses of Paul Masson Pale Dry that rest in my tummy, but also from the marinator's interloper that was delivered, just moments ago, by my smiling friend in blue. (You didn't know I was One Of Them, did you? You didn't know we were Keeping Track, did you? Us Cops Got Lists, ya know.) (Excuse me, Lithttthe.)

"I suppose it's a sign of the times. Things happen so fast, people get blahzay. Be it a governmental scandal or a fannish resurgence, as soon as it begins we're already thinking of it in an historical perspective. Like, when a neomundane comes up to me all full of awe and amazement over the Watergate affair (hot damn!), I merely smile patronizingly and remark, Ah, Yes, But Next Time They'll Be More Careful, Won't They? And now that fabulous Falls Chruch (Church?) fandom has gotten into full swing, publishing two whole issues of the Gafambulator Interopulator, you-guys already qualify as a fannish tradition in your own right (or wrong) (or left). I mean I begin plugging you in to the toybeesque formula of rise, peak, and inevitable fall down into the darks of gafia.

"But then, oh awe of it all, I am cheered by the realization that it is of course quite impossible for itinerate gafiates to gafiate, and that you will all continue to fan and pub nonactively throughout all wispy eternity.

"Ah... sweet idiocy..."

DOWNTOWN DAZE: I went back to work on Wednesday of this week. (This is the week, the very week I say, of the Publication of this issue of the Gafiate's Revenge. I have faith in this fact. Ignore any misleading dates you may find in untrustworthy places like the colophon. Trust in me; trust me with the simple-minded faith of the trufan, and this issue shall indeed see the light of day.) In August I'd done some temporary typing work, and now I'm back at it, although for a different company, for the first time since the Torcon. On Wednesday and Thursday I traveled into the big city to put my skills to the test. The first day I typed 500 addresses on 500 blank white envelopes (give or take a few dozen; nobody else counted, and I certainly wasn't going to), and the second day I collated and stapled the contents of those envelopes and stuffed them.

The company I was working for, somewhere in one of the box-like buildings of downtown United States, was called General Aviation, and I soon found out that they didn't make planes. Nor sell them. Nor fly them. What they did, and presumably still do even to this day, was to lobby in Congress for the small aircraft industry. (For the sake of clarity, and to keep things simple for those of our readers who are stoned out of their minds, let me point out that the adjective "small" modifies the noun "aircraft," and under no circumstances the noun "industry." Remember that.) As one of the secretaries there explained to me a few moments after my arrival, they were busy lobbying against a bill that would impose emissions and noise controls on aircraft. "We try to find an accomodation," she said, or words very much

the whatchamacallit's intelligencer

to that effect. That certainly made me eager to expedite the work of my company for the day, yes it did.

Well, I thought about it, but I did my job. (It was more innocuous than the emissions and noise thing.) The essential boredom of typing envelopes was relieved occasionally by the bad feelings brought on when I noticed some of the names I was addressing these things to. Lieutenant Generals by the score, aircraft industry moguls, Pentagon personnel, Southern senators. Going through a list of business and financial editors and editorial page people of the major newspapers of Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and Newark (Newark?) was kind of interesting. A few were amusing (but only when you're sitting in a small, cold, windowless office working on your 347th envelope). There was a Senator Bible, although I don't know what state he was from; I can just imagine the election campaign. I found out the street address of Kennedy Airport in New York. (It's 147-39 175th Street, Jamaica 11430, in case you want to send it a postcard.) And after a while I had memorized the zipcodes of the House and Senate office buildings and had them taped into my fingers for automatic printout.

Few jobs have so worn me out. But at lunchtime I had a relief. I could walk outside into a bright, sunny, crisp fall day in the heart of Washington. I took an old bag that contained an apple, a hunk of Swiss cheese, and a bigger hunk of honey bread I'd made the night before, and I wandered to one of the small parks that dot the city. I sat on the grass, ate my lunch, enjoyed the sunlight, and read a bit from a Mary Renault book I'd brought with me. But sylvan bliss was not to be my fate.

The Reverend Sun Myung Moon is a relative newcomer, in my awareness, in the salvation game, but he seems to have the upper hand in Washington at the moment. The only thing that vies with his smiling face on the garbage cans and construction walls of the city is the younger, chubbier face of the Guru Maharaj-ji, and on the streets I've seen only one poor group of chanting Hare Krishna freaks to offset the growing horde of Moon people. The faithful are of a uniform cleancutness unmatched except by Pat Boone and some Mormon missionaries, and unerringly smiling and serious. They have the entire downtown area covered like a dungheap with flies, and at 5:30 yesterday afternoon it seemed that half the people I passed on bustling K Street were standing stock still being talked at by the Moon people.

On Wednesday I was accosted twice by them while I was sitting on the grass enjoying my lunch hour. I politely told them I'd heard their spiel before. On Thursday, yesterday, I was hit three times, by two pairs in the park and one loner on a busy street corner. I was trying to read in the park, and I didn't want to take the time for conversation. "No," I said twice, "don't start in on it; I've heard it lots of times, I'm not interested, and I'm not going to hear him speak. Go away." The second time through I must have given the final phrase in a tone that would have done justice to a young Boyd Raeburn. One of the second pair was a tall, pretty, terribly straight girl who tried to catch my attention by her sex, and she pissed me off.

It's gettin' so ya can't sit down in a public park no more, boy.

Here I am up in another office in another box-like building, working on a different job today, and I'm afraid to go down to the street. I think Moon's first speech is tomorrow.

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Shallow water runs deep.

rich brown

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the unregenerate gafiator

MAILBOX FUNNIES: Which is to say more letters. It's a harmless way to fill up a fanzine, unless you're Dick Geis. In the interests of firmly fixing in your minds the geographic and psycho-spiritual coordinates of 160 Caselli in San Francisco, we present here an Alternate Viewpoint from our man in Noe Valley, Jay Kinney:

Dear GIs,

Let's knock off a note to you before breakfast today. There's a constant feathery drizzle outside, and an empty stomach inside. Returning from the TORCON, the FASHIONPLATE's NEUROPHYSICIAN was awaiting me, prompting me to read it upon rising this morning. And I'll say up front that John's typewriter may be falling apart, but rich's has already fallen.

So my publisher tells me that there isn't going to be any newsprint around in 4 or 5 years and that everything will be printed on good stock and daily newspapers will cost a quarter. How will this affect twill-tone, one might wonder. Damned if I know, one might reply.

I am living here in San Francisco, now, in a two-story house which I'm sharing with the rumored Hal Hughes and his Lady, Stephanie, and Stephanie's 20 month old daughter Sierra, on alternating weeks. (Sierra alternates between here and her father, but this is actually none of your business, so why am I telling you? That's the problem with typing before breakfast...anything and everything leaps out on to the paper with little aforethought. Sort of like rich's pages. Ha HA! Woops, is that a U-2 I see out the window? Sorry, sorry.)

At any rate, this joint is beautiful and I'm thrilled to live here. I have enough room for myself and there's two toilets (hey hey...uh.) and nice ol dining room and living rom and the view out my window encompasses the hills and the bay and the East Bay and my neighbor watering his plants in the backyard below. However he isn't doing that today as there's this drizzle out and it's unnecessary.

You all are entertaining and insufferably self-obsessed, but then, such is the way of the world, I was telling myself the other day as I was playing guitar in the bathroom in front of the mirror. Seriously though, keep up the show and don't let the excessive amounts of imbibed and inhaled weirdnesses totally fry your synapses. But I should talk. Just one of Eileen's brownies at the Con was sufficient to convert me into a crypto-catatonic, and everyone else was consuming 4 and 5. Is this the pot calling the kettle black? I think it's my stomach talking.

zoom zoom zoom.

Jay

MIKE GLICKSOHN SEZ: (I just realized that with a heading like that I would have to violate completely the format I'd just established for Jay's letter. But it also occurs to me that with Jay's letter I just rent asunder the format established a page or two earlier for other people's letters. Thus we strike an unforeseen blow for freedom in journalism.)

Dear T,J,T,C & R--oops, r,

A second issue of THE GRAVYEATER'S INDULGER insinuated its way into the joint while we were in San Francisco (where too the dope flows like dope only occasionally it has fuzz on it) and indicates in that

demanding way of fanzines everywhere that at the very least a thank you is in order. Speaking of orders, Susan keeps trying to sneak off to the local rotgut wine store to stock up for your expected arrival in a few weeks for some sort of local sci-fi bash. So far I've managed to restrain her but there's no telling what the eventual outcome might be. And I can't agree that THE GERIATRIC'S INNOVATOR is "another stoned one-shot" even though it was my fannish idol TEW typing that because I'm sufficiently new at this game to associate one shots with the abominations I've often received in the mail over the past five years and this is a well-written, entertaining and enjoyable effort. I suspect it's really Sol Cohen's secret fanac...

Now it behooves me to point out that despite the fact that John and Ted are much bigger than I am, I enjoyed rich's section most of all. It made me muchly sorry that his enjoyable BREADMUMBLINGS is no longer appearing with its monotonous annual regularity. Still, even rich, parable of fannish virtue that he is, appears to be laboring under a misapprehension. (Not to be confused with the very pregnant female shoplifter who gave birth after being arrested by a lady policeman who was laboring under a MS-apprehension.) He lists Ontario right up there with Los Angeles, Detroit and Chicago, all of which are cities while Ontario ("A place to stand, a place to grow your own") is an entire province of our fair and glorious dominion. Besides, Norm Clark (I know there's an "e" on the end of that but my margin ran out and who am I to argue with the great god Remington?) lives in Quebec, dimwit!

Terry Hughes, on the other hand, hairy palmed as it may be, reveals himself as a complete fakefan in his little article on staples. That any fan, let alone one of the supposed statue of Terry, could for a moment imagine that we true believers do other than file the along with the fanzines they come with is completely ridiculous. My days were supposed to be showing Terry the fannish way down the p.e?

Speaking of Tucker and mailing things etc, Jodie Offutt mailed us a brick today. Thought you'd like to know.

WAHF: Moshe Feder. Keep those cards and letters, folks. Uh...coming.

THE GAFIATE'S INTELLIGENCER  
PO Box 409  
Falls Church, Virginia 22046



Lee Hoffman  
350 NW Harbor  
Port Charlotte, Fla.  
33950

3RD CLASS