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MINAC 6

is edited by Les Gerber (201 Linden Blvd., Brooklyn, New York, 11226) and Ted White (339, 49th St., Brooklyn, New York, 11220) and is published once every two weeks on the QWERTYUIOPress. :: Copies may be had for frequent LoC's, trades (to Ted), or subscription. The latter is either: two ~~4~~ stamps or one unused legalenth 4-hole stencil per issue. We don't mind if the stencils are folded. :: Angel thish is still Esther Davis; thanks. :: Terry Carr reviews fanzines sent to him at 41 Pierrepont St., Brooklyn, New York, 11201. :: Our circulation has climbed, despite our valient efforts, to almost 100, so we're starting to descriminate. Deadwood be warned! :: Anyone want a lovely kitten?



This unretouched photo is probably not Boyd Raeburn.

TED WHITE:

UFFISH
THOTS

YEAH, THAT'S
THE ETERNAL
FLAME OF
LIBERTY —
IT BURNED
OUT FIFTY
YEARS AGO...



MY LIFE & WILD TIMES WITH
CALVIN W. "BIFF" DEMMON :

I've been meaning
to write something
about Calvin W.

"Biff" Demmon's impact upon the New York fan scene for some time now, but -- along with nine-tenths of the funny things I was going to say about the Discon and which I've now forgotten -- this was pretty much crowded out of our last issue, the only one which has appeared since the Con and Calvin's actual arrival in New York.

I do want to write about Calvin though. This is because the other night I appointed him my official biographer -- we were both at this party, see, and... but that's another story and one to follow -- and I've observed that the oil of egoboo helps to lubricate the productivity of one's fellow man...if it doesn't turn him off entirely.

Actually, I was quite pleasantly surprised upon meeting Calvin. I had been told for years by people who knew him (like Andy Main and Miri & Jerry Knight) that Calvin was a Wonderful

Fellow, but somehow my exposure to Biffables and editorial We's did little to bolster this second-hand picture. It wasn't that they detracted from the Demmon Image either. It was just that they transmitted no real picture of Demmon the Fan, much less Demmon the Man. All was stylistic mask.

So I really had no idea what to expect upon meeting Calvin, except that I'd been told he was fat.

He wasn't. He was big: tall and full-boned, with a large squarish head and a distinguishing well-trimmed beard; but Calvin did not -- and still doesn't -- appear fat. "Of course," I said, "I've never seen you with your clothes off."

"And you won't either, ahahaha," was Calvin's instant rejoinder. "But I am fat. I lost a lot of weight this summer, but I'm still fat. Underneath it all I'm still as fat and flabby as ever." But he doesn't look it. I don't think he's fat at all.

On the other hand, he really is a nice guy. Of course everyone told me this -- everyone who knew Calvin anyway -- but it was nice to make the independant observation. Calvin is even nice when he's being insulting -- which condition is only brought on by an overconsumption of liquor -- as I found out at the Discon. "You know, Ted White," he told me, the night we first met, "you're a really nice guy. You're not the mean, nasty old guy everybody told me you were. I mean, everybody thinks you're a real bastard, but you aren't." Later, Calvin walked up to John Boardman and said "Hey, you're the guy who wants to kill my mother and father." I'm told John did not find this joke on the Final Solution to the Conservative Problem amusing, which is a shame. Calvin told me a lot of the other funny things he said at the con -- most of which he says he found out from Jon White the morning after -- and I thought they were funny (I was shaving when he told them to me and would've cut myself but for the fact that I was using an electric razor, but now that I think of it, they're pretty nasty, so I won't repeat them. ("Why don't you include these things in your con report?" I asked him. "Well, you're not supposed to just talk about yourself and everything you said and like that in your own con report," said Calvin. "Well, then," I said, "make up a third party and attribute these things to him. Like, for instance, say that Avram Davidson said all those funny drunken things." "Say, you really want to keep me out of F&SF, don't you," said Calvin.)

If I were to sum Calvin Demmon up in a few words, though, I'd say he's a relatively shy, sensitive guy who wears a funny mask most of the time so people won't know it. Both with and without the mask he's likeable and good company.

Tuesday was Calvin's day off from work (he works at a book shop with Marland Frenzel, and hates the work -- "It's all this physical stuff"), so we took my kids to see the Statue of Liberty. Calvin had joined Sandi, the kids and me for a trip the previous weekend upstate to Shohola, Pennsylvania, and he'd mentioned wanting to see the statue the coming week. I suddenly realized that although I'd been living in NYC for over four years, I'd never been closer to the statue than the Staten Island ferry.

Well, if Calvin's interest in sightseeing keeps up I may finally take in all those aspects of New York which I've never seemed to get around to.

At any rate, accompanied by Kim and Zan, aged four and two respectively, we took the subway to South Ferry and began looking for the ferry to the statue. "I don't know where it is," I assured Calvin, "but we'll ask somebody." Sure enough, the first man we asked gave us directions which led us only slightly out of the way, and we managed to board the ferry within five minutes of the time it cast off.

We found seats on the top deck, and the panorama of Statue, harbor, and Jersey coast was impressive. As we approached the statue itself, I couldn't help being struck by its similarity to a cover Bhub Stewart had once done for VOID, and soon we were docking at Liberty Island.

The island is landscaped into a pleasant little park with the statue at one end and a small restaurant, exhibits building, and the dock at the other end. The line of arriving sightseers seemed at a loss to find the path to the statue, and we followed this line of people, herd-like, through the front doors of the restaurant, past the Visitors' Register, "Sorry, Boyd, but I was in a hurry."

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down a cafeteria line (the cafeteria itself was closed though), and out the back door, to double around the side past the women's rest room, and emerge once more on the front walk. From there we easily found the main walk to the statue (which started just the other side of the restaurant).

The Statue of Liberty, my guide book tells me, is 12 stories tall, and mounted on a pedestal 10 stories tall. When we entered the base of the pedestal a man told us the elevator to the top of the pedestal (charge: 10¢) would require a fifteen-minute wait, and the stairs were right over there. Hoisting Zan up into my right arm, I led the way up the stairs, Calvin and Kim following.

It's a good thing I didn't see the guide book till afterwards.

At the base of the statue itself is a sign pointing to the stairs leading up to its crown (the torch is now closed off) and the legend: "168 steps". Each step, as we subsequently found out, is about two inches deep on the inside, and four inches deep on the outside, a foot or so wide, and built in a tight spiral. There are two actual stairs, intertwined inside each other, one for going up and the other for coming down. As a result the stairs are steep and the headroom is slight.

And once committed to one's path, there is no turning back.

Somehow I managed to carry Zan, who weighs somewhere over 30 lbs, all the way up and all the way down again, a fact attested to by the fact that when I tried to use my right arm for typing later in the day it refused to operate.

The view from the crown is disappointing, being obscured by either heavy wire mesh or murky glass, but somehow I felt I had Accomplished Something in the undertaking.

"IF YOU GIVE THEM A DIME, THEY JUST BUY ALCOHOL," said the fellow behind me on the ferry boat as we rode back to Manhattan. "Of course, I always give them a dime." He was telling a polite Hindu about the bums and beggars of New York City. Calvin had pointed him out to me, and once I'd stopped automatically shutting out the noise the words came through, loud and clear. Soon after I'd begun listening (he was talking too loudly for it to qualify as eavesdropping), he asked the Hindu in a hesitantly confidential voice, "Say, I don't know whether I ought to ask you this question or not, but-- What's going on between India and China these days?" At another point, after hearing the Hindu's plane stopped only in London on the way back, he said, "I hear London's a very nice city. Of course, there's -- ha ha -- some scandal there now. But then, all cities have scandal I guess...New York, Paris, London..." It was then that he struck the golden vein of New York's vices and the beggars who literally line its streets (New York is the only city where the beggars are paved with gold). And after mentioning his own generosity with the unfortunate chaps, he paused. "I suppose if you don't give them anything, they grab you," he said.

I turned to Calvin and said, "I'm going to ask that guy for a dime."

"BEHOLD THE WORD-GIVER," said John Presmont, pointing at me. Sandi, Calvin, Larry Ivie and I had completed the day by going to a party hosted by the Kerista Institute a block away from the Ivie Youth Hostel where Calvin is staying.

Sandi and I had first visited the "Institute", a largish one-room apartment inhabited by a diverse lot of would-be bohemians, mystics, and planned community advocates the previous week, and had been intrigued by the inmates, the leader of whom is Presmont. John Peltz Presmont has founded a "new religion," Kerista ("Our creed is, 'You groove your way

and I'll groove mine!"), because he heard the Voices of Revelation seven years ago, but aside from the fact that it's "The religion of the Flying People" I couldn't tell you anything about it. Presmont, however, is a bearded and genial man of 41 very much concerned with the problems of the Intentional Community -- a topic of interest to both Sandi and myself -- who was striving to establish such a community on the West Indian isle of Dominica when the British Colonial gov't had him deported without explanation. He hopes to return there when the island gains its independence, as it will shortly. When we first visited the "Institute" I threw out the word "egoboo" since they were in obvious need of it, having evolved the concept but lacking the descriptive word. Presmont was impressed; nay, overjoyed. He ignored my protestations that I had not myself coined the word, and at the party (thrown in honor of a girl, Jodie, who was departing for Dominica to carry on The Work) he proclaimed me to the multitude.

"Hey, I'm a Word-Giver!" I said to Sandi, Calvin and Larry, as soon as conversation had returned to its usual level and I had finished explaining the meaning of "egoboo" to those assembled. "Hey, people will come up to me and say, 'What's the good word,' and I'll have one for them."

I said a remarkable number of other funny things (probably funnier) that night, but as Calvin said, it isn't Proper to quote yourself like that. At least not too much (I try to leave out my funniest lines). So I appointed him my official biographer and gave him permission to quote me. ("The trouble is, I forget," he said. "If I could write it down right now, I could do it. But by tomorrow it'll all be gone." "No it won't," I said. "Because tomorrow I'll call you up and remind you of everything and then you'll be able to write it all down." But it didn't work that way, because I forgot most of it too.)

Anyway, I'm going to have to cut this short. I have to get back to my day's work. I'm compiling a list of words from the Fancyc to dispense at coming Kerista gatherings.

THIS ISSUE & NEXT ISSUE: This issue we have two riders, EGO #2 and GRUNT #1. The latter is by the very same Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon who has been written about on the preceeding pages. (The guy with the red ears.) This issue is also much longer than usual. I had an item all set to go here about how eight pages is traditional minac and here we went and ruined the whole bit. Oh well. Next issue will have a special Surprise Mystery Rider. You watch for it. -- Ted White

LETTERS

NOREEN SHAW

I was pleased and delighted with the Discon issue of MINAC. Especially enjoyed your history of GAMBIT and Gerber on the Cinema.

The entire story of "commercials for Noreen" is really too terrible to be told. When the product was first introduced many years ago, it was called Norine Hair Rinse. It was only in the last few years when I became wealthy, famous and sought after that they decided to cash in on me and renamed it Noreen. Madison Avenue is everywhere.

GREG BENFORD

I like MINAC. Your theory about a cycle in fanzine sizes may be correct. I can see the end of this, tho, when postal rates get too high (which won't be too long). Unfortunately, there isn't much to comment on in small fanzines. Wish you luck in your court action with Moskowitz. I understand she is funnier in print than in person, so I don't imagine you're looking forward to it. I hope you'll marshal public opinion behind you just before the hearing, like good ol' Dick Nixon and his "peaking when the polls open." Terry Carr can write a 5000-word Brandonization of Crime & Punishment. Harry Warner's "Oh, Say Can You Sue?" will be reprinted [cont. on p.11]



DAFOE #7, July-August 1963. 4/\$1.00 from John Koning, 318 So. Belle Vista, Youngstown, Ohio, 44509. 38 pages, mimeoed, including MICROTOME #3 on the flipside.

I've come to the conclusion in recent months that undoubtedly the worst thing about the general lack of fannish fanzines in recent years is the self-defeating introspection of the few fannish fanzines there are. DAFOE, which is in general a pretty

good fannish zine, may well be the best example of this.

For one thing, it's a product of The Group, as they sometimes call themselves -- never seriously, of course, for that wouldn't be fannish. The Group consists of John Koning, Gary Deindorfer, Steve Stiles, Les Gerber and maybe a few others, or at least so it says in Dorf's letter in this DAFOE. These are all good people and good fans, but (rather reminiscent of the ARBM boys) as a group they blesh into something less than the sum of the parts. Too often they get self-conscious; too often they try to force the fannishness. It's difficult to carry any sort of banner in fandom without appearing just a bit ridiculous -- a fact which Willis must have realized when in the mid-50s he was publishing HYPHEN as almost the sole fannish fanzine. He was aware that "-" was a lonely beacon of fannishness, but the only indication of that to be seen in its pages was the HYPHEN lighthouse on the mailing wrapper -- more self-spoof than self-announcement.

Purely on the basis of its material, this issue of DAFOE is reasonably good. There's the first half of a long fannish story by Gary Deindorfer which so far seems quite good. There's a lettercol which is much better than most. Len Moffatt's short article on Tucker is labored and unfunny, but it is, after all, short. And John's editorial, though it's written in a sort of early-Ted-White forced humor, is passable. The thing that bothers me about the issue, though, is the pervading self-consciousness, the frequent statements or tacit attitude that fannishness is dead and DAFOE is the last hold-out. If this sort of thing continues, DAFOE could turn out to be its tomb.

A note on Steve Stiles' cartoons in this issue, by the way: I don't think much of them. I think Steve is one of the best cartoonists around these days, but I can't help wishing his talent for thinking up gags was as good as his ability to present them on the page. In this DAFOE, as so often lately, Steve's cartoons have as their basis of humor nothing more than simple iconoclasm against religion. "Look, ma, God has clay feet," he seems to be saying. Well, yes, but that's been so obvious for so long (to those inclined to believe it) that repeating the statement doesn't bring laughs anymore. Please find a new theme, Steve; you're doing yourself a disservice.

RATING: 6

FRAP #1. 25¢, 5/\$1.00 from the editor, Bob Lichtman, 6137 So. Croft Ave., Los Angeles, Calif., 90056. Don Fitch is publisher. 17 pages, mimeoed.

I'm told that the prepublication announcement of this fanzine which was sent out recently was one of the worst examples of self-conscious fannishness seen in quite awhile, but fortunately that attitude isn't carried over into the zine itself too much. Bob Lichtman, who probably realizes that he's no Burbee (nor even a Benford) confines himself to less than a page of straightford policy-setting, and there's

a paragraph or so later on by Greg Benford about how wonderful it will be to have a fannish zine again. (Benford seems to be playing Deindorfer to Lichtmah's Koning here.) Other than that, the zine sets out to be fannish, not talk fannish.

Benford dominates the issue, with a four-page report on his arrival in LA fandom which starts out slow and gets better and better; I laughed aloud three times. (In the average fanzine I call it fair enough if I smile inwardly a few times.) Greg also has a second contribution, a short piece under the heading of HAPPY BENFORD CHATTER which is, unfortunately, exactly the sort of stuff which his alert erstwhile coeditors of VOID would have withheld from publication; it's very weak stuff, particularly for Greg. Ray Nelson has a fairly long autobiog which tells how he singlehandedly invented both beanies and beatniks. It's a piece which could have been pretty irritating were it not for the fact that Ray tells it in a manner which makes it clear that he's not trying to convince us of this; it's simply a fact, so what can he do about it?

FRAP could develop into something very good before long. In fact, it's pretty good already.

RATING: 7

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #2, Sept. 16, 1963. 10¢, 10/\$1.00 from Box 1568, San Diego, Calif., 92112. Robert W. Franson and Dean M. Sandin put it out biweekly, it says here. Lithoed, 4 pages.

Self-consciousness is by no means confined to the current fannish fanzines, I'm afraid, and this fanzine provides more than ample proof of that. It consists of reviews of current s-f magazines and books, with clever little interlineations between the reviews, saying, "SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW brings you timely reviews of science fiction magazines and books," and "Tell your friends about SFR," and like that.

Well, friends, let me tell you about SFR. Its reviews are totally inadequate, being in almost every case two-sentence summaries of plots plus a rating. There is no indication in any case (including the column-and-a-half blast at Lancer's edition of DREADFUL SANCTUARY, the longest review here) of what the criteria are or what's good or bad about any given story. The reviews of magazines are ludicrous: they give a one-sentence synopsis of one or two stories in the issue, and totally ignore the other stories. The review of the Sept. Fantastic, for instance, informs us that one story "is the story of an ancient trip to the far North to investigate the source of compass direction." Keith Laumer's story in the Oct. Worlds of Tomorrow "tells of a man who finds himself in the future, hunted because he is useful."

Excuse me, there is some indication of why they don't like the Phil Dick serial in WoT: "Not much plot."

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW must by all odds be counted as the worst disappointment of the year in fanzines. We could definitely use a zine which reviews both the new s-f mags and books (SPECTRUM reviews books admirably, but so far hasn't ventured to pay attention to the magazines), but as SFR is set up at present it's in absolutely no danger of being "hunted because it is useful."

RATING: 2

I suppose I'd better mention that in the publisher's info on each zine I'm not bothering to mention that they're available for trade, loc, etc. In fandom, this seldom varies; only the price for subscribers does, so that's all I list.

-- Terry Carr

LES GERBER:



I DON'T THINK
GIESEKING'S RE-
CORDING OF
THOSE RAVEL
PIECES LIVES
UP TO HIS RE-
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SCHNABEL'S 4th
BEETHOVEN PIANO
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SUPREMELY
GREAT PERFORM-
ANCE!!!

MORE GERBER

York, I was stuck in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. (That was the legendary series of concerts now available on Columbia records.) On the Sunday in question, the TIMES had just published the first advertisement I had seen of a 1964 Richter recital in New York, at the Hunter College auditorium. I showed it to my father, and he generously offered to buy tickets for the whole family (with the cheapest seats still available selling for \$5 each). He made out a check, put it in an envelope, stamped the envelope and set it on our stereo cabinet, where things that are to be mailed sit and wait. There the envelope sat until I noticed it on my way out to Ted's.

I picked up the envelope and took it with me, intending to mail it in the corner mailbox as I left. It was about eight o'clock, and the last mail pickup on Sundays is about six. I suddenly realized, to my own horror, that about a million other people in New York read the Sunday TIMES. If I dropped my father's letter in the mailbox, it would arrive Tuesday. If we were lucky, the worst \$5 seats might be left; if we were unlucky, we'd get the check back. So I didn't mail the envelope, and all this ran through my mind as I sat down at Ted's place thinking, at about ten thirty.

Finally, I made my decision. My Richter fanaticism knows no bounds (I'm planning to attend another recital he's giving, in Newark!). So I told Ted I was leaving to take the subway to the main branch post office in Brooklyn, and why.

"You're nuts," he said. I started to protest about what a Richter fan I am, but he went on, "Why don't you let me drive you there?"

Ted White is a funny guy. If he's driving home from Manhattan or somewhere and I'm in the car, he can almost never be persuaded to drive me home (admittedly far out of his way) instead of leaving me at a bus stop. But something like hunting down the Brooklyn main branch post office in the middle of the night appeals to him. Andy decided it would be an interesting trip too—I can't imagine why, because things like that usually bore the hell out of him—and he decided to go too. So we all rushed out into the night, leaving Sandi home to take care of the kids, piled into the car, and took off for the wilds of downtown Brooklyn.

FROG DEPARTMENT, OR, THE TROUBLE WITH CLASSICAL MUSIC: The other Sunday night I found myself at the home of my co-editor and publisher, picking up the copies of MINAC #5. (I usually address MINAC at home, so I can listen to my records while I copy addresses.) With me was Andy Reiss, who had come along with me for lack of anything better to do. After assembling EGO and going through the mailing list with Ted to decide who wouldn't get the opportunity to read this article, I sat down to resolve a conflict which had been raging within me all evening.

I am a fanatical admirer of Sviatoslav Richter, a pianist who is rarely at his best in the recording studio. As a result, nearly all my favorite Richter records are of live performances; also as a result, I have desperately wanted to hear him play in person. The last time he played in New

Ted used the parkway system to get us into the general area, but once there we were completely lost. The post office is at Washington and Johnson Streets, and none of us knew where either of them was. We circled the entire Borough Hall area twice until we finally saw a large lighted-up building. As we drove closer, we noticed that large doors at the back were open and there were a lot of post office trucks inside. So we found the building virtually by accident.

After I dropped off the letter, Ted said he wanted some pizza. We were about to go looking for a pizza shop that was open late, when Andy and I thought simultaneously of returning to the Feast of San Gennaro, which we had visited together with girlfriends Saturday night. The Feast of San Gennaro is a street festival held every year in Little Italy for about a week and a half. Mulberry Street—yes, the Mulberry Street!—is closed to traffic for about ten blocks, which are lined with booths selling various kinds of Italian food and offering chances to win incredibly huge stuffed animals by throwing dimes or softballs at various things. It's just another fair, really, but a truly festive fair. We'd spent about two hours there Saturday night and well into Sunday morning getting stuffed to the gills with sausage sandwiches and zeppole (amorphous shaped holeless "doughnuts"). The pizza was good, too.

Mulberry Street was relatively close to the post office—just across the bridge, once we got to a bridge—so we figured why the hell not and we took off. After a number of misturns and dead-end streets (including one which abruptly became a parking lot) we finally wound up at the entrance to the Manhattan Bridge, which was one of the bridges we wanted. At this point the gallon water bottle which Ted keeps on the floor at the back of the car for emergencies fell over and broke.

We had gone about a third of the way across the bridge when the car began to do funny things, like sputtering. "Don't laugh," said Ted. "I think we're out of gas."

The gas gauge read Empty. "You're putting us on, Ted," I said not too cheerfully. "It still has three gallons left, doesn't it?"

The car sputtered some more. "You wouldn't have driven this far if the gauge had been at Empty when we left, would you?" I asked.

The car died. We were stuck on the Manhattan Bridge, with dozens of cars roaring at us from behind. And I was alone in the back seat.

We were at an upgrade, and Ted suggested that I get out and walk behind the car, waving madly at the cars coming up the bridge, while he tried to coast backwards as far as we could go. I'd made some joke about a gas station we had seen just before entering the bridge, which now fixed it in our minds. If we could get off the bridge, we'd be all right. Before I could get out, Ted turned on his turning blinker and let go of the brake. The car began to drift lazily backwards along the bridge. We were in the far right lane, which seemed safest, and I'm glad that at that point I didn't realize traffic in our original direction was supposed to be limited to the right lane.

As every car turned out of our lane and passed us, I breathed a sigh of relief. As every new car entered the bridge in our lane, I shuddered. One car came so close that Ted had to brake the car almost to a standstill, and the idiot almost hit us anyway, turning off at the last instant. I was convinced at that point that, having lost our momentum, we wouldn't be able to coast all the way off the bridge. But the car started to pick up speed, and then, finally, as a traffic light stopped all cars temporarily from entering the bridge, we coasted off at full speed, rolled backwards—still downhill—for a block, hugging the curb as closely as we could, and coasted right into the gas station, where Ted pulled to a perfect stop right beside the pump. We almost

tore each other's hands off shaking hands in relief.

After filling the car up with gas and clearing out the remains of the water bottle (the water, fortunately, leaked out through a hole in the floor of the car) we went back to the bridge and proceeded to the Feast with no further incident. When we got there we couldn't find a single pizza stand open, but we settled for sausage sandwiches and zeppole, and after walking around for half an hour and absorbing what atmosphere was left (it was pretty spicy) we got back into the car and returned to Brooklyn.

"Where were you?" Sandi asked. But we figured it wouldn't be safe to tell her because she'd never believe it, so we stuffed her full of zeppole and told her only the barest outlines of the story. Maybe now she'll believe it, because we don't make things up in MINAC. I don't, anyway; I haven't got any imagination.

Seven months from now I'll let you know if it was all worth the effort. The Richter concert is next March 17.

JUST A LITTLE MORE ABOUT THE DISCON: In all seriousness—you'd better believe it!—I wonder why there were no Emsh films on the program. It seems to be almost traditional that Worldcons show Emsh films, and when I saw that Emsh was at the convention I presumed it was merely an oversight that his films weren't listed on the program. Then before I knew it the convention was over and there had been no Emsh films. There was Astro-Boy, there was a private showing of some stupid Tarzan serial, but there were no Emsh films. Seeing "Dance Chromatic" is a yearly ritual that I happen to enjoy, and I was looking forward to seeing again the stunning "Thanatopsis" first seen at the Chicon—as well as any new films made since, of course. I have come to regard Emsh films as the only dependably good thing on a convention program, and they certainly would have outshone anything the Discon did offer. I intend this paragraph as a broad hint to the San Francisco con committee.

I spent two nights in room 907, the Fanass Hospitality Room, which was occupied by such notables by John Koning, Gary Deindorfer, and Cal Demmon. Steve Stiles had his own room, but he also spent a fair amount of time in 907. Parties were never arranged there, but they coalesced and disintegrated spontaneously. (As often as not, they disintegrated when the place got too crowded and people would go off in search of oddball kicks to the NFFF Hospitality Room, which was on the same floor.) Sometimes all of Tenth Fandom was in 907 at once. It was a place where legends were made. I beat Gary Deindorfer in a brief wrestling match, throwing him on his own bed ("Hey," he said, "you're pretty strong for such a weak little shrimp!"); we all went insane with jealousy watching a fantastically attractive and bright girl whom Fred von Bernewitz brought up to visit us briefly; John Koning, perhaps the most elegant dresser I have ever seen, walked around ironing everything in sight with a portable iron; and I made Andy Silverberg drink a bottle of Wildroot Cream Oil. Koning was handing out stamped envelopes addressed to himself, asking people to write up one incident out of the convention and send it to him for a kind of symposium con report. I took one of the envelopes, stuffed it full of hotel propaganda, and a horrid old tie of mind, and mailed it from the con hotel. A week later, John sent me back my tie, neatly pressed.

That tie had been part of my costume for the masquerade ball. When Terry Carr moved to Brooklyn more than six months ago, I was one of the people who helped him move. We found in the moving process a horrible old blue suit of Terry's, which Carol decided to throw out. I asked if

I could have it, took it home, and then singlemindedly refused to use it for anything but my chosen purpose. I took it to the Discon, and wore it as my costume (complemented by the horrible red tie). I went as Terry Carr. Carol aided the verisimilitude greatly by walking around with me—she should have won an award as Most Beautiful Costume Prop. (You can't really appreciate how funny this looked unless you know that Terry is more than half a foot taller than I am.)

Carol loves my Elvis Presley imitation—complete with echo chamber effects—and she asked me to do it several times, usually in the middle of large parties. What does she think I am, Harlan Ellison?

Amusing Sight of the Convention: In the Washington suite, Monday night, Buddie McKnight (Philadelphia's answer to The Bat) having her back rubbed by Bill Evans and then by Pavlat. I hope they were drunk.

On the way back home (a carload consisting of Ted and Sandi, Terry and Carol, Cal, and me), we stopped off at a restaurant in Baltimore which Ted recommended. It was a Chinese place recommended by Drunken Heinz, and I took an immediate dislike to it because of the stupid Chinese pidgin-English sayings printed on the menu ("No Tickee No laundry" type stuff). I ordered a lobster Cantonese style dinner, only to have the waiter return and tell me they were out of lobster. Would I settle for shrimp in lobster sauce instead? Now, I love shrimp in lobster sauce (and when it came it was pretty good), but who ever heard of a Chinese restaurant running out of lobster? I said I'd settle for the shrimp, and then as the waiter walked away I stuck up a finger at his departing back. Our table cracked up and the waiter looked around at us. He kept giving us dirty looks from then on, and I was puzzled until Terry figured out that he couldn't have missed seeing me through a strategically placed mirror. I left him too big a tip.

I have lost a lot of the con in Ted's office, and I'll probably be finding bits and pieces of it for a while yet. Buck Coulson and his followers had better skip anything headed "CON" in my column.

NEGO: That rotten Bill Meyers pulled a fast one, I tell you. Here we were, sitting around one evening at Esther Davis's and talking, and Bill started asking me about what it had been like to grow up in Brooklyn. We got to talking about our respective childhoods, and it turned into a long and very pleasant discussion. Now I find what I let out in friendship turned into print, and riding with my half-very-own fanzine. Shame on you, Bill. Have you no decency?

Notice the finesse with which this axe job is done. Example: "...everybody went to Ebbets Field and saw Duke Snider hit a home run..." (my underlining). Bill is taking a subtle dig here at my admission that I saw Duke Snider hit only one home run in all the years I watched Dodger games.

It's strange, though, that Bill should write about me and about Brooklyn as so exotic, when all this time I've thought of him the same way. Bill is a strange guy, the kind of person you always feel friendly towards but don't really feel you know. And you're right—you don't really know him. For example, Bill is always talking records, even more than me. He used to talk all the time about what a great conductor Stokowski is. Now he always talks about what a terrible conductor Stokowski is. And he's always making references to his enormous record collection which he has been accumulating since he was ten. He must have mentioned owning thousands of records in conversations with me. But he will never tell you exactly, or even approximately, how many records he owns. And every time I see Bill he is carrying the same two records—an Angel Giesecking record of Ravel pieces and the old Victor

reissue of Schnabel playing the Beethoven 4th Piano Concerto with Dubrowen conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. (Schnabel recorded this concerto on 78's three times and Victor reissued all of them.) OI have made the same comments about the same records every time—that I don't think the Giesecking lives up to his reputation, that the Schnabel is a supremely great performance—and he always acts as though he's never heard me say the same things before. I get the feeling that he just doesn't remember.

And Bill considers my childhood exotic! Why, when I think of those days in Chattanooga Bill's told me of—walking down Main Street barefoot for the first time after it had been paved; stealing Pa's shotgun and loading watermelons still out on the vine with buckshot, to break the teeth of unsuspecting eaters; pushing the outhouse over onto a cart, then dumping it in the lake, with his brother inside; stomping little nigger kids to put the fear of God in them; pledging allegiance to the Confederate flag every morning before classes; waiting for the Robert E. Lee—when I think of all these colorful experiences, symbols of a vanished America, long gone into the history of our natural heritage, then I feel my childhood was poor indeed.

-Les Gerber

more LETTERS

(from VOID 13, I blushinglly add in my scholarly fashion), and Calvin Demmon can write an allegory about the fat bear who attacks the thin, boarded fox (named Fred). It will all be very subtle, but I think that's the tack to take right now. Too bad NY fandom had not farsightedly infiltrated the judicial system, or it would be open-and-shut. So as a gesture of moderation, why don't you print a Serious Constructive Article about frozen foods?

I like TCarr's fmz revs. But HYPHEN only "RATING:7"??? Along with SHAGGY? Gasp! The two are not in the same league. But then, I think HYPHEN is Great. [This magazine is not responsible for the views and opinions of its fanzine reviewer, with whom This Magazine has occasionally disagreed...-tw]

(BobL, Fitch, Jim & I were listing the Great fmz that've been in fandom since '53, and got relatively few: HYPHEN, A BAS, PSYCHOTIC, INNUENDO, VOID, CRUE. Maybe a few others, but we were going by highest rating of quality per issue. (OOPS maybe should be in there.) There are probably some I've forgotten. Whose would yours be? (CRY was eliminated because of the quality/issue rating.)) [Definitely OOPSLA -- the first OOPSLANNISH was a classic! -- and undoubtedly VEGA and SFB/DIMENSIONS, VARIOUS, and if you count FAPAazines, HORIZONS and BIRDSMITH. And SKYHOOK, of course, and...memory fails, but I'm sure I could think of others. I would include all those you named too, of course. -tw]

I think Fitch is right; if you want to become a legend, drop out and only write occasionally for FAPA or something. [This is now?]. In a few years people wouldn't remember you as Bitchy TW, but as The Guy Who ~~###~~ Published VOID (& STELLAR). Of course, if I dropped out I'd be remembered as The Guy Who Gave VOID To Ted White. [I'm sure that as VOID's co-editor you'll be happy to hear that #29 is actually In Production again...]

Your artwork is pretty good; the best thing is that little picture of Lincoln on the back page. It's a pretty good illo, but why repeat it all the time? [We're investigating the prospects of using little pictures with several different colors instead. -tw]

DICK BERGERON WARHOON is due out this month (it says here in the fine print) and I have about 35 pages already stenciled but I've finally caught that new job I was after (just started today as AD on the Ornbach's account) [Congratulations! And will we be seeing little Rotsler or Picasso drawings on Ornbach's subway posters now? -tw] and have yet to worm my way into getting some copywriter to let me borrow his/her electric typer after hours.

I liked the roving eye on the front page, but other than that MINAC inspires no reaction beyond enjoyment this time. However the prose in EGO had the peculiar effect of making me feel as though I were flying. A lot of this piece of Bill Moyers' is beautifully written and reminds me greatly of Henry Miller. The last two paragraphs are especially so -- "the brown night of the Bronx" is perfect. [Bill says that it's probably coincidence. "Henry Miller has written a lot about Brooklyn and I think there's something about Brooklyn which makes all writing about it sound alike." Which doesn't explain how Bronx got in there, although of course Miller's mentioned that borough too...-tw]

REDD BOGGS It's not quite accurate to state that the "Twippledop" in the first MINAC was "not a reprint." Part of it was. The longest item, about not-poetry, was never printed before,

Oh yes, I recall your remarks about minac-sized fanzines in MINAC #1. I agree that a new cycle of them seems to be starting, but I did object to your temporal categorizing of DISCORD. Well, "object" is the wrong word, but you did seem to have the idea that DISCORD came along with those other minac-sized fanzines, when actually it was about the last of the species when it first appeared four (my god!) years ago this month, and was an anachronism when it first began to appear regularly in spring 1960.

FRANK WILIMCZYK I'm glad to find that the Discon didn't destroy MINAC -- it seems to be a truism in fandom that a world con inevitably creates a vacuum in fanac, but this time I guess it hasn't. And I was especially interested in GAMBIT, since it covers a gap -- roughly 1950-60 -- in my familiarity with fandom. I don't mean it filled me in completely of course, but it's filled me in on part of what was going on. And, of course, confused me a little in a couple of spots. Like WO3W, which I haven't run into before. Does it mean something like War of 3 Worlds? Or is it less sfnic? [Wide Open 3 Way, is what it meant, and it was coined by Grennoll, Boggs and Silverberg to cover their three-way correspondence. The WO3W also started the first fannish quote-cards (a fad which unhappily took too many years to die out), in 1954... -tw] One thing that actually changed an attitude of mine was your description of the Jacob Edwards hoax. I've felt, for many years, that such hoaxes were pretty meaningless, but your own reaction -- finding out what other fans really thought of you -- points up something that has never occurred to me before. And such hoaxes, after all, are pretty harmless. Unlike those which make it necessary for some innocent fan to start writing letters frantically disclaiming his alleged discretions or suicide. [In later years Jacob Edwards was used by the STELLAR gang as the name of a perpetual noofan in our fanfiction, the usage spreading even to an item by Willis. The tradition has not yet died, either. Edwards is in the second Fancyc, and recently appeared in BAFOE. :: Hoy, Frank, why not pick up your MINACs hot off the presses? Fanoclast meetings are being held here, now, every second and fourth Friday evening -- these dates coinciding with MINAC's biweekly publication schedule. We've missed you. (And you too, Don, Larry & Noreen, Bob & Barbara, Lee, Lin & Noel and Terry & Carol...) -tw]

בשנת ה'תש"ח



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POSTMASTER NOTE: This is not "junk mail." Copies of this publication have been returned to us when the addressee specifically requested them forwarded. Further occurrences will bring about formal complaint.