



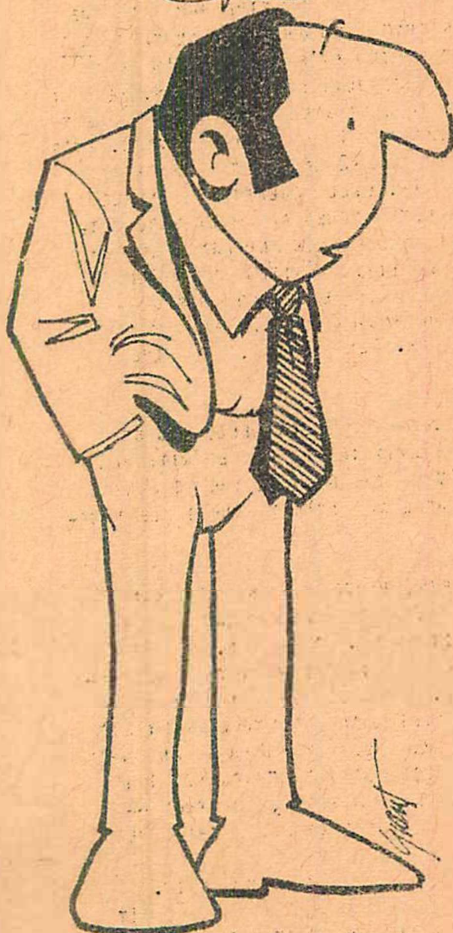
TOM FOSTER '71

RATS!

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SO WHAT?



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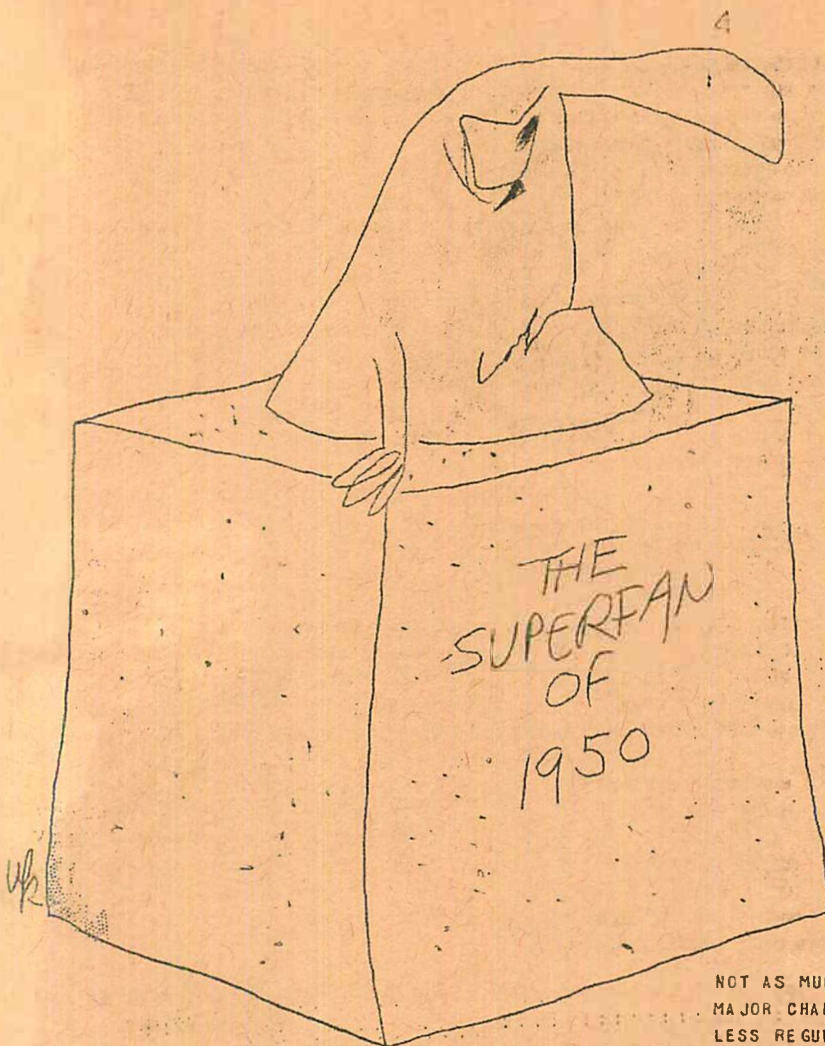
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Jan. 23, 1972



DRIVEL

HERE COME OLD STICKY QUARTER

I AM PARTICULARLY ENTHUSED THESE DAYS. PART OF MY FINE HUMOR IS DUE TO THE GOOD NEWS THAT GREG SHAW IS, IN FACT, NOT FOLDING MET, BUT MOSTLY IT'S BECAUSE I'M VERY HAPPY WITH THIS PARTICULAR ISSUE OF RATS! WE HAVE LOTS OF FINE MATERIAL AS WELL AS TWO OF THE BEST EDITORIALS CHARLENE AND I HAVE EVER WRITTEN. IT'S

NOT AS MUCH OF A TURNING POINT AS #12 WAS, BUT IT MARKS A MAJOR CHANGE IN OUR POLICY. RATS! WILL HEREAFTER BE ISSUED LESS REGULARLY BUT SHOULD BE LOTS LARGER AND HOLD MORE MAT-

ERIAL. THIS MARKS THE FIRST VISIT TO OUR PAGES BY BOB SHAW AND FRANK LUNNEY,

AND, IN FACT, IS FRANK'S FIRST APPEARANCE OUTSIDE HIS OWN PAGES EVER. I CONSIDER HIM A PROMISING WRITER AND WE'LL BE LOOKING FORWARD TO FUTURE COLUMNS AS WELL. BOB, OF COURSE, NEEDS NO INTRODUCTION. HE HAS BEEN ONE OF FANDOM'S CONSISTENTLY FINEST WRITERS ALL THROUGH THE YEARS OF HYPHEN AND SINCE, AS BEST PROVEN BY THE FACT THAT U.S. FANDOM BROUGHT HIM ALL THE WAY OVER TO NOREASCON FROM NORTHERN IRELAND LAST YEAR JUST TO MEET HIM. ALL OF THIS, PLUS THE FACT THAT WE HAVE A FASCINATING BIT OF HARRY WARNER FANHISTORY REMINDS ME THAT....

THERE'S ONE PROJECT ALL SHOT TO HELL, AND I MAKE THAT STATEMENT NOT WITHOUT SOME RELIEF. THE PROJECT? WELL, YOU SEE, THIS WAS ORIGINALLY SUPPOSED TO BE A FAANISH NOSTALGIA ISSUE, FILLED WITH RAY NELSON'S FANAG-STYLE CARTOONS, AND WITH BOSH AND HARRY AND, WELL, YOU KNOW. WELL I WON'T GO THROUGH ALL THE REASONS FOR THE PROJECT'S FAILURE TO COME OFF. RATHER, I SHALL SAY THAT ALL THE STUFF IS STILL HERE AND IT'S A FINE ISSUE NONETHELESS, SO WHAT THE HELL? WELCOME TO A BIG OL' RATS!

AND SPEAKING OF RATS, WE GOT THEM. IN THE OLD CERAMICS SHOP, THAT IS. THE NEWS BROKE A FEW NIGHTS AGO WHEN CHARLENE'S MOTHER (WHO OWNS THE SHOP) NOTICED RAT DROPPINGS ON THE FLOOR OF THE TEACHING SHOP (AS OPPOSED TO THE "POURING SHOP" WHERE I WORK). SHE CONFIDED THE NEWS TO CHARLENE WHO CONFIDED IT TO ME. OTHERWISE, NO ONE WAS TOLD (JUST THE 200 OF YOUSE). YOU SEE, HER LANDLORD IS A NUT WHOSE VERY SPECIAL SORE SPOT IS THE FACT THAT HE CONSIDERS CERAMICS A "DIRTY BUSINESS". IT REALLY ISN'T, YOU KNOW. DUSTY, YES, BUT DIRTY, NO. YOU SEE, THE DRIED CLAY HAS A WAY OF CRUMBLING INTO A CHOKED GREYISH POWDER WHICH THEN DISSEMINATES ITSELF OVER EVERYTHING IN THE STORE -- MYSELF INCLUDED. AND SINCE I STAND IN THE STUFF ALL DAY IT CLINGS WITH UNTOWARD STUBBORNNESS TO THE SOLES OF MY SHOES AND WHEN I GO FROM STORE TO STORE I LEAVE SUCH FOOTPRINTS THAT IT WOULD BE A FACILE MATTER FOR A BLIND BABY TO TRACK ME. THIS DUST THEN STICKS TO THE SIDEWALK AND ACCUMULATES INTO DEPOSITS WHICH BUILD UP UNTIL THE FIRST RAINFALL, AND THEN -- WHAM! -- INSTANT DELTA. SO THAT'S WHY THE RAT(S) IS BEING KEPT A SECRET. BESIDES, IT WOULD CERTAINLY SPOOK THE WOMEN CUSTOMERS.

SO SHE QUIETLY BEGAN PUTTING OUT RAT POISON IN SELECTED SPOTS AND ASSUMED THAT WOULD BE THE END OF IT.

IT WASN'T. LAST NIGHT, AS CHARL ENTERED THE POURING STORE TO PICK UP A CERAMIC PIECE, WHOM SHOULD SHE MEET BUT OLD RAT HIMSELF, WHO PROMPTLY SCAMPERED, AS HIS BREED IS WONT TO DO OUT A SMALL HOLE IN THE WALL. AND WHILE I WOULDN'T SAY THE ENCOUNTER UPSET HER, SHE DID WAKE ME UP FOUR DIFFERENT TIMES LAST NIGHT SO I COULD COUNT HER TOES AND MAKE SURE

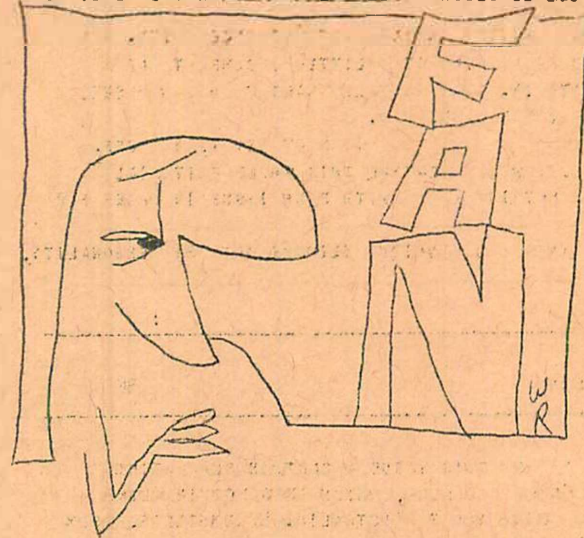
THEY WERE ALL THERE. SHE HAS SIMILARLY REFUSED TO RE-ENTER THE SHOP IN CASE THE RAT MIGHT BE LAYING FOR HER. WHY SHE FEELS HIS ATTENTIONS ARE FOCUSED SO SINGLE-MINDEDLY ON HER TOES I DON'T KNOW, BUT I WILL ADMIT THAT IT'S A PRETTY WEIRD RAT. YOU SE, ON OUR BLOCK, ASIDE FROM OUR CERAMIC SHOP, WE FIND A LUNCH ROOM, A PIZZARIA AND A BAR (THAT SERVES FOOD), AND YET WHERE DOES RAT HANG OUT? IN A PLACE THAT MAKES CLAY ASHTRAYS. YECHEHH. I MEAN, I KNOW THEY CAN GNAW THROUGH CONCRETE BUT I ALWAYS SORT OF FELT THAT IT WOULD REQUIRE SOMETHING ALONG THE LINE OF A PIECE OF MEAT ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BLOCK TO INSPIRE SUCH DEVIANT TRENCHERMANSHIP.

SO LAST NIGHT, IN BETWEEN TOE COUNTS, WE DISCUSSED MEANS OF BATTLING THE RODENT. "THEY CAN'T EAT THROUGH GALVANIZED STEEL," I POINTED OUT.

BLOCK UP THE HOLE WITH GALVANIZED STEEL!"

"ALSO," I MENTIONED, "THERE'S STEEL WOOL, WHICH IS VERY EFFECTIVE. YOU CAN IMAGINE WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF IT ATE STEEL WOOL. WHY, IT WOULD BE JUST LIKE YOU--" (HERE I PAUSED IN SEARCH OF A REALLY DISGUSTING SIMILE AND SETTLED ON AN EXAMPLE RIGHT OUT OF MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE, WHICH SHE HAD JUST FINISHED READING) "--SWALLOWING RAZOR BLADES!"

"OH SHUT UP," SHE SAID, HOLDING HER MOUTH. "THAT'S A TERRIBLE LIE. AND YOU'RE A TERRIBLE PERSON FOR SAYING IT. IT WOULD BE JUST AS IF I ATE STEEL WOOL."



"A RAT IS MUCH SMALLER," I REASONED.

"YES,"

SHE ADMITTED, "BUT RATS ARE TOUGH!"

I NODDED.

AT THIS LATE DATE, THE RAT(S) IS/ARE STILL AT LARGE, BUT ANY DAY NOW I EXPECT TO STUMBLE UPON THE CORPSE WHILE PREPARING TO EAT LUNCH OR SOMETHING, SINCE AFTER A WHILE EVEN RAT POISON HAS GOT TO BE PREFERABLE TO CLAY. CHARLENE'S TOES ARE, AT PRESENT, IN TACT, THOUGH SHE HAS BEEN MAKING NOISES ABOUT CHANGING THIS FANZINE'S TITLE.

THIS HAS BEEN SOMETHING OF A BURDEN AND HAS SOURED MY PUBLISHING FEVER SOMEWHAT. FOR A WHILE, BEFORE I WENT TO WORK ON THIS RATS! I HAD BEEN PUBLISHING A WEEKLY FANZINE, BUT IF AND WHEN I EVER GET THIS THING FINISHED, I DOUBT I'LL FEEL LIKE DOING ANOTHER ISSUE FOR QUITE A WHILE. BESIDES, THE EXPENSE HAS BEEN GETTING TO ME. I'M RUSHING LIKE HELL NOW TO GET FINISHED BEFORE THE JANUARY 24 POSTAL COST INCREASE.

AND THEN, OF COURSE, THERE'S THAT TRIP TO BRITAIN, COME APRIL. WE HAVE \$600 TO SPEND ON

OUR HONEYMOON (AND HAVE DECIDED TO OVERLOOK THE FACT THAT IT WILL PRECEDE OUR MARRIAGE DATE BY TWO MONTHS) AND AS THE DAUGHTER OF AN AIRLINES EMPLOYEE (HER FATHER CLEANS TWA JETS) CHARL FLIES FOR TAX COST. TOO, I'LL STILL BE UNDER 22 AND WILL STILL FLY STUDENT RATES.

WE'LL JET TO LONDON IN LATE APRIL AND FROM THERE MAKE TRAIN EXCURSIONS THROUGHOUT ENGLAND, UP INTO SCOTLAND AND ACROSS TO NORTHERN IRELAND. THOSE ARE THE PLANS. AND IN THE TWO MONTHS THAT LIE AHEAD WE'LL COME TO TERMS WITH A DIZZYING ARRAY OF IMMUNIZATION SHOTS AND RED TAPE. A STIFF UPPER LIP SHOULD CERTAINLY BE CALLED FOR. OTHERWISE, IT'S A TRIP WE HAD TO MAKE. AS AVOWED ANGLOPHILES WHO MAY ONE DAY MOVE PERMANENTLY OVER THE OCEAN THE TRIP SEEMED A PRACTICAL NECESSITY, AND AS FANS, A VISIT TO IF SEEMED JUST AS CALLED FOR. SO KEEP AN EYE ON THESE PAGES FOR A DUAL-AUTHORED TRIP REPORT THIS SPRING.

JOHN INGHAM CALLED LAST NIGHT. HE'S NOT IN TOWN OR ANYTHING, JUST THAT HE HAPPENED TO HAVE A CREDIT CARD NUMBER. AND THE NIGHT BEFORE THAT, I SPOKE TO TED WHITE ON THE PHONE FROM THE KATZ' APARTMENT. UNFORTUNATELY, I'M NOT A PHONE FAN, AND I TEND TO CLAM UP AND GET NERVOUS, ESPECIALLY WHEN SPEAKING WITH SOMEONE I DON'T ALREADY KNOW.

JOHN AND I TALKED ABOUT ALL SORT OF THINGS, FROM FRANK'S APA TO CLOCKWORK ORANGE TO JOHN'S FANZINE, TET. "I SENT YOU A COPY," HE TOLD ME. "I HAD A REAL NICE COVER FOR IT. BY CANFIELD. BUT I LOST IT." HE THEN EXPLAINED THAT HIS COVER CONSISTED OF A BRIEF MESSAGE TO THE EFFECT THAT HE HAD A GREAT CANFIELD COVER, BUT, LIKE, LOST IT. I FOUND IT VERY SURREAL AND SUGGESTED THAT HIS NEXT ISSUE MIGHT BE MADE UP OF JUST SUCH NOTATIONS, PLACED WHERE COVERS AND FILLERS MIGHT GO. FOR EXAMPLE, IN ONE CORNER OF A PAGE WE MIGHT FIND:

HERE I HAD PLANNED A
FAROUT ATOM CARTOON
WHICH I MISPLACED

ETC.

LOST KINNEY HEADINGS, MAYBE, OR MISFILED ROTSLER CARTOONS COULD FILL THE ISSUE. AFTER A WHILE, IT MIGHT EVEN CATCH ON AMONG THE LAYOUT FREAKS (AND MIGHT EVEN WIND UP IN GRANFALLOON!) (SHUDDER) AND EGOBOO COULD BE GAINED BY SUCH COUPES AS A STILES COVER (EATEN BY A DOG) OR A STATON BACK COVER (BLEW OUT THE WINDOW). THINK ABOUT IT.

"THESE GIANT SHREWS WILL EAT A PERSON DOWN TO THE BONE -- AND THEN SUCK OUT THE MARROW!" -- "KILLER SHREWS"

DRIVEL:::

INTERNAL EVIDENCE BEING WHAT IT IS, YOU MIGHT HAVE GUESSED AT THE AWESOME TIME LAPSES THAT HAVE FALLEN INBETWIXT THE WRITING OF THE PARTICULAR SEGMENTS OF THIS EDITORIAL. ON PAGE ONE, FOR EXAMPLE, YOU COME TO A NEW ISSUE AND MEET WITH AN "ENTHUSED" BILL KUNKEL, COME TO GRIPS WITH FANDOM AND READY TO BLOW YOUR MIND. BY THE TIME I GOT AROUND TO WRITING THE SECOND PAGE I WAS DEPRESSED AND WEARY. HOW MOODS FLY.

I CAN SEE YOU ALL, YOU KNOW, SHAKING YOURS HEADS. THE STUFF I HAD PLANNED TO USE IN THIS EDITORIAL WAS CHOPPED UP AND SENT OUT TO A THOUSAND HUNGRY FANZINES, THEIR MOUTHS OPEN LIKE BABY BIRDS, SQUAKING THEIR HEADS OFF. I LAPSED. EVERYTHING LAPSED. IT HAPPENED VERY QUICKLY. I BECAME SUDDENLY AFRAID THAT MY EDITORIALS WERE CHRONICLES (MAYBE EVEN DOCUMENTATION) OF MY INSANITY.

I HELD ON TO SOME WATER ONCE, BUT HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO SINCE. OH WELL, CARRY ON. RIGHT?

REJOICE! REJOICE! YOU HAVE NO CHOICE....

C,S,N&Y

I LIKE TO THINK THIS IS THE FANZINE OF EVERYTHING. YOU EVEN GET EDITORIALS WRITTEN DURING BOUTS OF INSECURITY. YOU DON'T GET STUFF LIKE THIS IN QUANDRY, YOU DETCHUM! OF COURSE, I FIND IT A LITTLE UNCOMFORTABLE LATER ON, SO I SIMPLY FORGET ABOUT WHATEVER I WRITE JUST AS SOON AS I WRITE IT. WHAT I REALLY WANT TO DO, YOU SEE, IS TO DO NOTHING BUT CARTOONS AND MAKE MOVIES. IT'S A GOOD THING I DON'T GIVE A DAMN, BOY.

I AM AT HEART, YOU SEE, A PERFECTIONIST (STOP LAUGHING!), AND IF TIME WEREN'T PRESSING ME SO HARD, I WOULD RE-TYPE THIS WHOLE EDITORIAL BECAUSE I AM BOTHERED BY CERTAIN ELEMENTS IN IT. BUT I FIND I MUST HAVE SOMETHING WRONG WITH EACH ISSUE IN ORDER FOR ME TO FIND THE INITIATIVE TO PUBLISH ANOTHER ONE.

OH WELL, IT AT LEAST GIVES YOU A UNIQUE GLIMPSE INTO MY PERSONALITY, WHICH IS WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT, AFTER ALL.

EVERYBODY'S HANDING DOWN JIVE,
I'M THE LAST ROCK 'N' ROLLER ALIVE

BK

LET'S KNOCK ANDY PORTER ON HIS DUFF. HOPEFULLY YOU WILL NOTICE SOMEWHERE AROUND THIS ISSUE A CARTOON SUPPORTING ANDY PORTER FOR DUFF, AKA, THE DOWN UNDER FAN FUND, WHICH IS SOMETHING LIKE TAFF, EXCEPT INSTEAD OF SENDING YOU SOMEWHERE CIVILIZED LIKE ENGLAND, THEY SEND YOU TO AUSTRALIA. NONETHELESS, ANDY WANTS TO GO AND I WOULD THINK HIM THE FAN THE AUSTRALIANS WOULD MOST LIKE TO MEET (WHICH IS NOT TO KNOCK HANK AND LESLEIGH--IT'S NOT THE ULTIMATE TEST OF MAN, AFTER ALL). I HAVE GIVEN THIS MUCH THOUGHT AND HAVE DECIDED THAT IT IS A GOOD THING. VOTING ENDS MAY 31ST, AND BALLOTS SHOULD PRETTY MUCH SATURATE FANDOM BY THEN (IF WE CAN BE ANY HELP, FRED...). AS WITH TAFF, EACH VOTE SHOULD BE ACCOMPANIED BY AT LEAST A BUCK.

FRED PATTEN IS IN CHARGE AND CAN BE REACHED (11863 W. JEFFERSON BLVD., APT 1, CULVER CITY, CA 90230, USA). BLIP BLIP.

THE OTHER CANDIDATES, BY THE WAY, ARE LESLEIGH (AND HANK? MAYBE? I DON'T THINK SO...) LUTTRELL AND MAYBE THE COULSONS (HERE THE INDECISION IS NOT ON MY PART, BUT ON THEIRS -- THEY'RE NOT SURE IF THEY CAN AFFORD IT). BUT MY CHOICE, AND THE CHOICE, IN FACT, OF THE BROOKLYN FANZINES, IS ANDY PORTER. HERE, HERE.

SHOTS FROM THE DIARY:

JAN. 12, 1972

IT WAS A GOOD MORNING, BUT NOT A GREAT MORNING. IN OTHER WORDS I DIDN'T GET THE FIRST INSTALLMENT OF THE REVIVED "HARP THAT ONCE OR TWICE" FROM MR. WILLIS. BUT I WAS LURED OUT OF BED JUST BEFORE NOON BY MR. KATZ ON THE PHONE ASKING ME WHAT'S HAPPENING. WHAT COULD BE HAPPENING? I SAID NOTHING AND THAT WE'D BE OVER FOUR THIRTY, FIVE O'CLOCK. I ASKED, IS ANYBODY ELSE COMING OVER TODAY?

"NOBODY," HE TOLD ME, "WE HAD THEM OVER LAST NIGHT--" (ALLUDING TO THE FACT THAT WE WENT TO SEE CLOCKWORK ORANGE INSTEAD OF GOING TO THE INSURGENTS MEETING LAST NIGHT) "--YOU'RE OUT OF STEP THIS WEEK, KUNKEL!"

I AGREED, HUNG UP THE PHONE AND WENT IN TO READ THE MAIL WHICH CHARLENE HAD SPREAD OUT ON THE BED. AMONG OTHER THINGS, I GOT ELI COHEN'S NEW FANZINE, AN ADMIRABLE FIRST EFFORT, LOOKS SOMETHING LIKE A POOR MAN'S ENERGUMEN, BUT YOU'VE GOT TO LEARN HOW TO USE LETTERING GUIDES, ELI, ON THE R'S AND THE P'S, YOU HAVE TO DRAW THE VERTICAL LINE FIRST, THEN SLIDE THE REST OF THE LETTER TO THE LEFT UNTIL IT MEETS THAT LINE. NOTHING MUCH OF INTEREST, BUT I'M SURE IT'LL GET BETTER. LET'S SEE, WHAT ELSE -- OH YEAH, GRAPHICS STORY MAGAZINE IN TRADE, WHICH I DUG. I HAD NO IDEA THEY WERE STILL PUBLISHING. THISH IS THE SECOND DEVOTED TO WOLVERTON, WHO IS A REALLY GROSS ARTIST. I IMAGINE HE WAS A HEAVY INFLUENCE ON CRUMP, BUT, BELIEVE IT OR NOT, CRUMP HAS NEVER BEEN AS NATURALLY DISGUSTING.

DRIVEL:::



THE VISIT TO ARNIE AND JOYCE'S WAS VERY ENJOYABLE, DISCUSSING SUCH LIGHTWEIGHT TOPICS AS REALITY. MET TOWNER. TOWNER IS ARNIE'S NEW, GLASS CARBURETOR WHO HAS A BOWL ON HIS BACK THAT COULD HOLD A GOOD DIME, AND HE BLOWS SMOKE RINGS. WE ARE GOING TO TAKE HIM TO ALL THE CONS, AND WE'LL DEBUT HIM AT LUNACON.

JAN. 15, 1972

I AM AN ENGLISH HISTORY FREAK. I LEARN THE HISTORY FROM CHARLENE (WHO IS AN ENGLISH HISTORY SCHOLAR) AND FROM THOSE WONDERFUL BBC DRAMAS LIKE THE FIRST CHURCHILLS AND THE SIX WIVES OF HENRY VIII. IN FACT, I HAVE BECOME SO ENAMORED OF THE ENGLISH MONARCHY THAT I HAVE DECIDED TO BECOME A KING. I WORKED OUT A PLAN WITH CHARLENE THAT INVOLVES HER MARRYING PRINCE CHARLES AFTER HIS MUM DIES, THE KING'S SUBSEQUENT DEATH AND CHARL'S REMARRIAGE TO ME. BUT THAT DOESN'T WORK, SINCE ONCE

CHARLIE DIES, CHARL IS MERELY THE QUEEN DOWAGER, WHICH IS WORTHLESS FOR MY PURPOSES.

ANYWAY, LAST NIGHT, AS WE LAY IN BED IN THE DARKNESS, I MADE MY DECISION. "CHARL," I SAID, IN A LOUD, CLEAR VOICE, "I AM GOING TO BECOME KING OF KEW GARDENS."

"REALLY?"

"YES, THE PEOPLE HERE ARE MOSTLY JEWISH. THE JEWS HAVEN'T HAD A DECENT KING IN OVER NINETEEN HUNDRED YEARS. YES. AND I WILL BE THEIR KING."

WE BOTH FELL STILL AND I CONSIDERED THE LOCATION OF COURT. I DECIDED UPON LEFFERTS BLVD. "I WAS MEANT TO BE A KING," I ADDED AS AN AFTERTHOUGHT. "AND I WILL BE."

CHARLENE LAUGHED.

"WOULD YOU SETTLE FOR SECRET MASTER OF FANDOM?" SHE ASKED.

"WE ARE NOT AMUSED," I TOLD HER. THERE WAS A PAUSE, AND THEN I SAID: "WATCH YOUR TONGUE, WOMAN, LEST YOU HAVE CAUSE TO WATCH FOR YOUR HEAD."

SHE WAS NOT INTIMIDATED AND PROCEEDED TO SLANDER THE GOOD QUEEN VICTORIA, CALLING HER A CARRIER OF HEMOPHELIA AND SUCHLIKE.

"YOU'RE JUST LUCKY

RAY NELSON ISN'T HERE," I TOLD HER.

I'LL BE UNBARABLE ONCE WE GET TO ENGLAND.

THE OTHER DAY A FRIEND HANDED ME THIS NEWS CLIPPING. IT COMES FROM THE NY POST, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1971 AND I REPRINT IT HERE IN ITS ENTIRETY:

ARF GUILTY, ARF INNOCENT

BY GEORGE CARPOZI, JR.

IT HAPPENED ONE SUMMER NIGHT, THIS SHAGGY DOG STORY. AND THE 23 MEMBERS OF THE NASSAU COUNTY GRAND JURY REALLY BELIEVED THE STORY.

IT WAS ABOUT 7 P.M. SAMUEL EASTMAN LEFT HIS HOUSE IN FASHIONABLE ROSLYN HEIGHTS, L.I. WITH HIS WIFE, TRUDY, AND TWO OF THEIR CHILDREN FOR DINNER IN A RESTAURANT.

TWO

HOURS LATER THEY RETURNED HOME.

"THAT'S STRANGE," SAID EASTMAN TO HIS WIFE.

"I THOUGHT WE TURNED OUT THE LIGHTS."

"AND WHOSE CAR IS THAT IN OUR DRIVEWAY?"

MRS. EASTMAN ASKED.

EASTMAN LED THE WAY TO THE FRONT ENTRANCE. HE WAS ABOUT TO PUT THE KEY IN THE LOCK WHEN THE DOOR OPENED AND A STRANGE MAN STOOD THERE WITH THE TELEPHONE IN HIS HAND.

"TRUDY," HE SAID TO MRS. EASTMAN, "THERE'S A PHONE CALL FOR YOU. I THINK IT'S YOUR GIRLFRIEND."

THE MAN HANDED THE PHONE TO MRS. EASTMAN, TURNED, AND WALKED INTO THE LIVING ROOM.

EASTMAN BARRELED AFTER HIM.

"HEY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?" EASTMAN, WHO IS RETIRED, SHOUTED AS HE WATCHED THE MAN PLOP DOWN INTO AN EASY CHAIR, PICK UP A DRINK FROM THE TABLE, AND TURN TO THE FAMILY COLLIE, FRISKY-- AND BEGIN TALKING TO HIM.



IS DOROTHY REALLY THE QUEEN OR IS SHE JUST PRETENDING?

WAW

DRIVEL:::

EASTMAN AGAIN DEMANDED TO KNOW WHAT THE MAN WAS DOING THERE.

"WHY, I'M HAVING A DRINK WITH THE DOG AND A VERY PLEASANT CONVERSATION," THE MAN REPLIED, LOOKING AT EASTMAN ALMOST ANNOYED.

"HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE?" EASTMAN DEMANDED.

"THE DOG INVITED ME IN," THE MAN ANSWERED.

EASTMAN WHEELED, RAN INTO THE FOYER, TOOK THE PHONE FROM HIS WIFE--WHO WAS STILL TALKING TO HER FRIEND--HUNG UP, AND DIALED THE NASSAU COUNTY POLICE.

FOR THE NEXT FIVE MINUTES--UNTIL PATROLMAN JEFFREY BAGNELL OF THE THIRD PRECINCT ARRIVED--EASTMAN AND HIS WIFE WATCHED FROM THE LIVING ROOM ENTRANCE AS THE MAN CONTINUED TO SIP SCOTCH AND TALK WITH THE DOG.

BAGNELL WASTED NO TIME. HE TOOK THE MAN OUT OF THE HOUSE TO THE POLICE STATION, WHERE HE WAS QUESTIONED BY DETECTIVES.

THE STORY HE GAVE THEM WAS NO DIFFERENT THAN THAT JUST TOLD--HE DROVE BY THE HOUSE, SAW THE DOG WHO STARTED TO TALK TO HIM AND INVITED HIM INTO THE HOUSE. ONCE INSIDE, THE MAN SAID, FRISKY EXPRESSED A DESIRE FOR A DRINK.

"SO I POURED HIM A SCOTCH ON THE ROCKS AND ONE FOR MYSELF," THE PRISONER TOLD POLICE.

THE DETECTIVES DECIDED THE BEST THING TO DO WAS TO BOOK THE FELLOW ON A CHARGE OF THIRD-DEGREE BURGLARY. THE NEXT DAY, HE WAS ARRAIGNED IN FIRST DISTRICT COURT, MINEOLA, WHERE JUDGE HENDERSON MORRISON HELD HIM IN \$1,000 BAIL.

THE SUSPECT IDENTIFIED HIMSELF AS DOUGLAS CAMERON, 29, OF ANDOVER, MASS. HE ALSO TOLD THE COURT THAT HE DIDN'T HAVE THE MONEY FOR BAIL. HE WAS SENT TO THE NASSAU COUNTY JAIL.

BUT TWO DAYS LATER, A FRIEND FROM SALEM, N.Y. CAME DOWN, POSTED THE BAIL AND CAMERON WAS FREE.

NASSAU COUNTY DIST. ATTY. WILLIAM CAHN, WHO COULDN'T BELIEVE THE STORY HIMSELF, WENT TO THE GRAND JURY AND TOLD THEM ABOUT IT.

YESTERDAY, THE GRAND JURY RETURNED ITS VERDICT: NO INDICTMENT.

DOUGLAS CAMERON IS A FREE MAN TODAY--FREE TO TALK WITH DOGS AND DRINK SCOTCH WITH DOGS.

MEANWHILE, NO ONE IS MORE PLEASED WITH CAMERON'S FREEDOM THAN MRS. EASTMAN.

"YOU KNOW," SHE TOLD THE POST, "I THOUGHT I WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO DRANK SCOTCH AND HAD CONVERSATIONS WITH FRISKY. I'M SO HAPPY THAT THERE IS SOMEONE ELSE WHO CAN SHARE THOSE PLEASURES WITH OUR DOG."

HEY NONNY NONNY AND A HAT CHA CHA!

THE BEST FLICK I'VE SEEN IN RECENT MONTHS HAS BEEN "A CLOCKWORK ORANGE". A GAS. SHOULD COP THE HUGO WITH NO TROUBLE WHATSOEVER. ODDLY ENOUGH, BURGESS SOLD THE SCREENPLAY ABOUT TEN YEARS AGO FOR A FEW HUNDRED BUCKS (CHANGE "SCREENPLAY" TO SCREEN RIGHTS -- MY CORFLU IS ALL DRIED UP). WEIRD. INTERESTING TOO, IS THE FACT THAT IT WAS ORIGINALLY TO BE A PROJECT OF THE ROLLING STONES WITH MICK PLAYING ALEX (IT WOULD HAVE BEEN A DITCH). I THINK I WILL DO A LONGER WRITE UP ON THE FILM FOR JONH'S TET, WHICH ISA FANZINE I LIKE QUITE A BIT.

"ORANGE", IT SEEMS, WAS ONE OF FIVE NOVELS BURGESS WROTE IN 1961 WHILE LIVING ON SPEED AND LABORING UNDER A DEATH SENTENCE -- DOCTORS HAD GIVEN HIM ONE YEAR TO LIVE AFTER FINDING WHAT THEY TOOK TO BE A TUMOR ON THE BRAIN ("I ALWAYS MAINTAINED IT WAS TALENT," BURGESS QUIPPED ON CAVEY'S SHOW, WHERE I PICKED UP ALL THIS ENLIGHTENING SHIT).

AT ANY RATE, GO SEE IT. I LOVED THE VIOLENCE. STYLE. RAPE. COLOR. WONDER. GROOVY PSYCHEDELIC FAROUT.

AND I SUPPOSE THIS BRINGS US TO THE END OF OUR TRAIL THIS ISSUE OUT. I'M FEELING MUCH BETTER ABOUT EVERYTHING NOW AND SHOULDN'T BE GAFIATING FOR A WHILE YET, ANYWAY. TILL AGAIN.

"DEAR BILL: 'IS IT TRUE THAT EVE ACCUSED ADAM OF INFIDELITY?' --IDA WANNA ANS.: YES. THERE'S A RUMOR GOING THE ROUNDS NOW THAT SHE USED TO COUNT HIS RIBS EVERY NIGHT TO SEE IF HE WAS BEING TRUE TO HER."

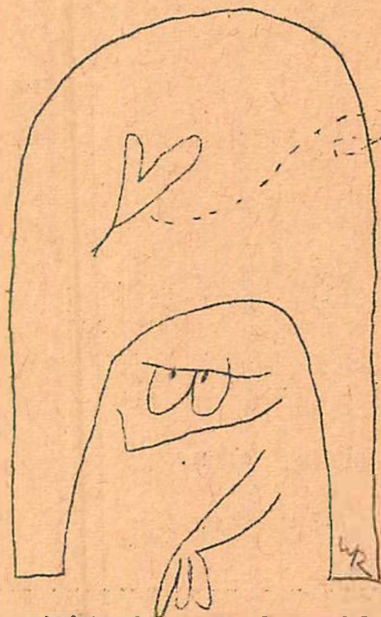
--CAPT. BILLY'S WHIZ BANG

"HOW FANTILE IS THE CRUDEN CRY
BE SO BE SO AND MAKE IT DONE
THE SCRUBAL ANSWERS I AND I
A LONE ALONE ALL ONE ALONE

YOUR ROUND IS SQUARE MY FAT
IS FLAT
YOUR RED IS WHITE MY GREENISH
BLUE

(CHARLES TANNER, REARRANGED, FROM CHANTICLEER)

YOU SEEK NOR SEE MY SIMPEN THAT
AND SO I SAY TO HELL WITH YOU!"



BOB SHAW

THE JIG IS UP

It's coming near Christmas, at the time of writing, and already I can feel the quickening of my primitive, shameful desire, this overpowering need to indulge in an activity which other people seem to shake off in childhood but which has retained its grip on me into adult life. If only I could learn that other fans share the same compulsion, it might be more bearable for me — but dare I reveal so much about my inner life by uttering the fateful question? Aaaaarrgghhhh! I must..... I must ask!

Does anybody else in fandom do jig-saw puzzles?

Mind you, I don't do many. My limit is about two a year, one of them invariably on Christmas Day, but the thing which passes for my intellect keeps telling me that assembling jig-saw puzzles is a futile, counter-productive, mindless exercise in which an author who has been published in Vision of Tomorrow has no right to indulge. This feeling is so strong that I always tell Mrs. Cowan, the old lady who owns the shop where I buy the puzzles, that they are for my daughter. And on the way home I hide them in exactly the same manner as I concealed the Bergey covers of Thrilling Wonder Stories twenty years ago. (Mrs. Cowan, by the way, is a jig-saw fanatic and does all the puzzles she orders, then puts them back on the shelves. This enables her to give advice on various puzzles, but somehow it offends me and I buy only the boxes on which I am certain the cellotape has not been interfered with.)

As well as keeping my activity secret, I go to some lengths to change its nature from physical to mental. This is done by assembling the puzzle to a strict code which involves setting all the edge pieces on the left and all the inner pieces on the right before starting, positioning the four corners, and completing the edge before joining any middle bits. Each piece is selected after careful study of the picture on the box, the aim being to lift each only once and to position it correctly the first time — mental black marks being given for mistakes. For this reason I always select puzzles which have variegated scenes covering the entire picture area. Expanses of featureless blue sky are ruled out because they can be completed only by trial-and-error methods.

Another justification is telling myself the close scrutiny of the picture sharpens the powers of observation — and possibly this is quite true. On a similar tack, I once spent a couple of weeks doing an oil painting from a very detailed photo of a Scottish fishing village. Philistine though the exercise was, the forced study of all the intricate rooftops, etc., made me see that photograph with a clarity I'd never experienced before. Years later in a London underground station I found myself standing opposite one of those big posters on the tunnel wall, and it was a

THE JIG IS UP:::

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photograph of the same village taken from a slightly different angle. The surprising, almost eerie, thing was that I was able to look at that image of a village I'd never been in and note that the woman in the second house from the quay had taken the pram away from her door, that the windows of the little shop had been repainted, and that the fuchsias in the shady garden near the old castle were in bloom. Study of that picture, in depth, had genuinely increased my knowledge of the world.

I doubt if that's the real reason I do jig-saws twice a year though. It appears to be a leftover from childhood when I did Walt Disney/Snow White puzzles and, in the light of my mother's kitchen, seemed constantly to be on the verge of learning some great truth from the stylised, simplified shape of each flower, from the shadow-sculpted rafters of the dwarves' cottage, and from every tinge of pastel in the fairyland skies. Perhaps it's an attempt to recapture the sense of mystery which buoyed me up all through childhood, the feeling which vanished when I learned there was no magic and that a runaway toy balloon would not shatter the sky and send starry fragments tumbling down into the quiet gardens...

Or, hell, maybe it's because I get bored every now and then.

--Bob Shaw

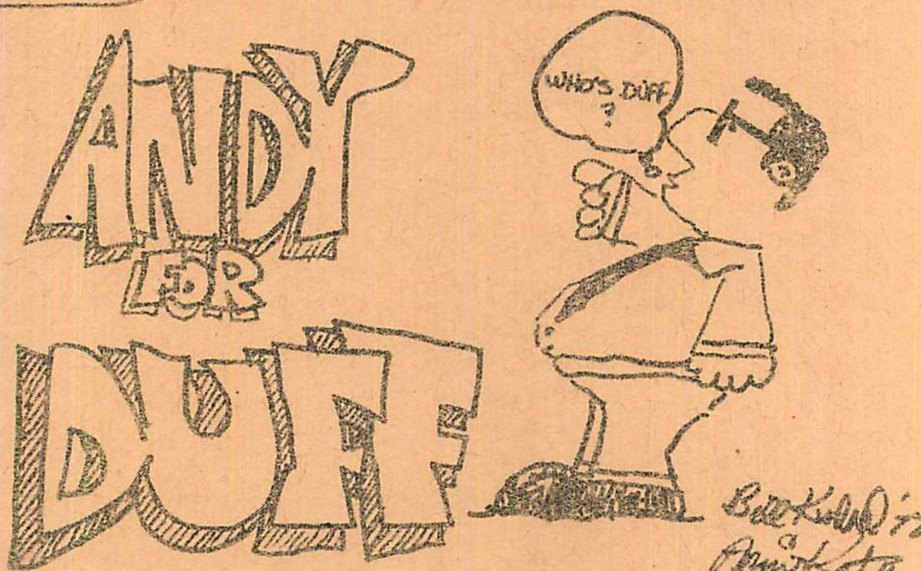
I'll be in my basement room, with a needle and a spoon.

-RS

"This drug program is much different than other drug programs. We don't tell the kids, "drugs are bad!" we give them the tools and the help with which they can decide that drugs are bad!"

--spokeswoman for a Flushing, Queens Therapy Group

Walt Disney did more to warp this generations concept of reality than any other living being. Including Phil Dick.





a
column
by
kabāb John D. Barry

"And, while this may be wishful thinking, I had sort of assumed that KABAB would be the working title for, perhaps, a regular column?" That's what your editor, Bill Kunkel (the brash, foul-mouthed part of the editorial staff), said to me in his letter. Even though he forgot the line over the second "a," here is just such a column. Well, maybe not just what he had in mind. Notice that it was he who

spoke of a "regular" column, not I. I make no such claim, hold no such expectations. Such a statement is dangerous to make, for once you've pronounced those fateful words, the burden of regularity falls first of all upon the fan editor. What is regularity in a fanzine that comes out maybe once or twice a year? (Name me no names.) I offered a regular column to Arnie Katz for his monthly fanzine--yes, and I even wrote a first installment, and I sent it to him--and if he or Joyce have published either of their monthly fanzines since last fall they haven't reached me. So, in the final analysis, I have preserved perfect regularity in my column. But Bill Kunkel has told me that the issue of this fanzine that contains the first appearance of KABAB is already in the mails! Of course, he could be lying. I'm sure that some of the things he has told me were lies, or else he was putting me on. But he wrote me the nicest letter of comment I've got yet on EGOBOO, and I'm certain that isn't all lies. So perhaps I'll have to work at this regularity business after all.

* * *

It is Sunday evening, and already half the stations on the radio dial are playing religious programs. The stations are all from San Francisco, of course, for that is where I've moved to. To coax the muse out into the open, so that I can nail her to my typewriter, I've been dégusting a bottle of Santa Clara Valley burgundy; I trust this revelation will not shock those of our New York readers who look down--from on high, one might say--upon the consumption of liquid psychedelics. Have no fear, as soon as I'm in New York again I'll smoke and fall down with the best of them. (That's not true. In New York they sit down to get high. It's only in Berkeley that one stands up and runs around. I'm sure that this is done in order to be ready to jump if the earth should open up beneath one's feet.)

Those of you who know me realize that I'm about to render a fan article out of the events of a random evening. You may go on and read the rest of this fanzine. It's the rest of you who will keep reading and then go on and vote me a secure place on next year's Egoboo Poll. (If Arnie ever gets around to taking one, or even publishing the results of the last one.

KABAB:::

When Ted and I gave the poll to Arnie and Rich for FOCAL POINT, we were sure they would Do It Justice, circulate ballots smartly every year on the year, and write up the results in a mere fifty pages or so of scintillating prose. We figured that anyone who could publish a biweekly fanzine could do this much. We should have known better. After all, we published EGOBOO biweekly, too, when we first started.) It seems awfully easy to take the events of an ordinary evening and turn them into something for a New York fanzine. It is. Very easy. Just watch.

It wasn't much of an evening, but that's a pretty accurate reflection of life in these parts lately. I've already written about all the excitement of moving to the big city, the hustle and the bustle and the city lights. But hell. For excitement I go down to suburban Palo Alto. When I want to go somewhere and don't want to spend the money to go down the peninsula or to Berkeley, I go to North Beach. Where I live is roughly in the middle of San Francisco on an east-west axis, and a third of the way down from the northern edge and the Golden Gate; this puts me at roughly the opposite corner of a square from North Beach. (That would have been an interesting figure of speech twelve years ago.) I can either take the Fillmore bus north to Union street, then transfer and go straight east to North Beach (which I never do), or I can take the Hayes bus to Market Street and up it a way to the Powell Street cable car. To be sure, there are also buses running north from Market Street, but as long as it's convenient, I might as well hang out the side of a cable car, right? It's part of the San Francisco tradition. So I went to Market Street and took a cable car.

San Francisco at night is a unique phenomenon. It wasn't night when I set out, but another unique phenomenon (only a small part of the larger unique phenomenon that is San Francisco) caused it to be night by the time I reached North Beach: the cable car ahead of mine broke down. It couldn't get a grip on the cable, so after making a brief effort and getting about two blocks away from the turntable that marks the end of the line at Powell and Market, the car stopped completely and waited for a tow truck. So did we, the great crowd of us on the next car back. Almost nobody got off for a long time. The driver, if that is the right word for the operator of a cable car on its tracks, lounged against his control levers and cracked jokes. After a little while, the fare-collector, who had wandered off, walked back to the side of the car and spoke up in a loud voice.

"I have an announcement to make," he said. "This car will be delayed another five to fifty minutes, maybe more, maybe less. If you're in a hurry to get to Fisherman's Wharf, I'll give you a transfer and you walk two blocks up and two blocks to the right and catch either the 30 or the 15 bus. They'll take you right to the Wharf. Are there any questions?"

Our driver waved his hand in the air. "How do you get to the Wharf?"

"Shut up," said the fare collector.

"Did it run out of gas?" said the driver, waving in the direction of the stalled cable car.

"There's one in every crowd," said the fare collector in a stage whisper.

I was perfectly content to stay on the cable car and wait for rescue. We were stopped on Powell Street, below Union Square and, my end of the car at least, directly across the street from the entrance to Mocambo, a "topless-bottomless" strip joint. Every time someone brushed the curtains aside to go in or come out, I studied the desultory dancers at the far end of the room. But the cable car moved up the street several yards to allow traffic to pass by more easily, and I found myself facing nothing more interesting than the bow of a ship protruding from the front of a restaurant. That's nothing. This is San Francisco, after all. I stayed on the cable

KABAB:::

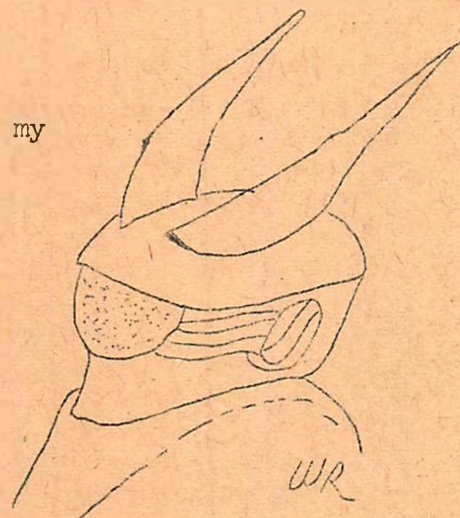
car, even though it still wasn't going anywhere, because of my theory that if you're going to wait around for a unit of the municipal Railway to show up at night, and that can be a long wait indeed, you might as well wait for something as fun to ride as the cable cars. On a Sunday evening, when too many people are on the town and most of them are on the cable cars, perhaps my theory should be turned around: if you're going to do all that waiting, you might as well wait for something you can get a seat on. Next time I'll take the bus.

Or maybe I won't. I mean, if I took the bus I would never have the chance to watch the cable car ahead of me being towed along its tracks, up one of the city's famous steep hills, by a common wrecking truck. It went faster than our cable car, which had no impediment at all, and soon disappeared over the top of the hill. Oh, life is exciting when you live in San Francisco and you're easily satisfied.

As usual, all my notes for this article are on bus transfers. One of the notes records the location of a Mandarin restaurant where I ate dinner in Chinatown, together with the name of one of the foods placed before me, since I had never seen it before and wished to remember it. This is one of those notes that, if I reproduced it verbatim here in this column, would reinforce the conviction held by Arnie Katz that I am a food fan. (Arnie, poor man, is probably beginning to feel that this whole article is being written solely to talk about him. That is not true, though; I would never write an article just to talk about Arnie Katz.) This "food fan" stuff is an illusion, however. I am not a man mountain, nor a ravenous bear. I am not a gastronomic steamshovel. I am well enough endowed in tongue to appreciate the delightful meals offered me by Joyce and Arnie when I visited them last September, and well enough in stomach to put away a great deal of it. I enjoyed the skill with which Arnie turned my appetite into a fan article, and the equal skill with which Joyce wove those dinners into the fabric of her editorial in the last POTLATCH. (At least as I write it is the last issue. As I've said, the leading lights of Brooklyn fandom seem to have browned out since I last set foot there.) But you should not believe all this stuff.

Another of my notes refers to the café I visited after dinner. I walked up and down Grant Avenue, which is the main thoroughfare of hip North Beach, past the boutiques and the waterbed stores, then I stopped, hesitated, and walked into the Caffè Trieste. (Yes, they spell it with two f's.) (be sure you get all those accent marks in there, Kunkel.) I enjoy sitting in cafés and coffeehouses, but as yet I've found nothing really suitable in San Francisco. I tried out a large, bare-walled place just down the block from the Trieste, a place where perhaps I could sit and watch the world pass and write fanzine articles, but the atmosphere became cloying as I discovered the gay population. The Trieste was no place for relaxation either--nor one for the poor in cash. I drank a forty-cent cappuccino and read a fanzine. But the place afforded its best moment after I walked out the door, as I was heading down the block toward Columbus Avenue. While inside, I had seen the people working there disappear through a doorway behind the bar. As I walked down the block, I looked into the room that they had entered. It fronted on the street. It was a big bare room, with two pinball machines. The waiters and bartenders all went back between espressos and played the pinball machines. I thought that was fantastic.

On the way home after this exciting evening on the town, I put my new theory of the Municipal Railway into practice and took the bus back to Market Street. (In fact, this is where I made up my new theory.



KABAB:::

I only mentioned it earlier for the sake of balance and symmetry in this fanzine article. I stood along Mason Street for five minutes in the cold wind before watching an overfull cable car whiz by me at a steady 9.5 mph, without stopping. A block farther along, at Broadway, the cable car stopped and, without losing anyone on it already, took on more passengers. I could perhaps have run and caught up with it. Instead I cursed and walked down two blocks and took a bus.) Between buses, on filthy, gaudy, seedy Market Street, I sat up on the concrete railing around the unfinished entrance to one of the stations in what will one day be the Bay Area Rapid Transit System (a subway), and I read Charles Burbee. If that doesn't turn all this maudlin slice-of-life stuff into a fanzine article, I don't know what will.

You see how easy it is to write a fanzine article based on nothing at all? Now if you'll all send me lots of egoboo for performing this astounding feat, I'll gladly repeat it for you next issue. Tell me, what should I do next month? Should I walk over to the Haight? Should I go to the store for groceries? Should I go join the N3F?

-John D. Berry

Great Ray Goes Down!

"Commenting on the last issue, James Blish made what seemed like an eminently sensible suggestion at the time. He opined that it would help matters immeasurably if I would write my stuff up beforehand, especially things like Miscellania here. He said it would help to iron out superfluous trivia and minor gaucheries which creep into my paragraphs in spite of hell.

"So I determined to try it. In fact, I actually wrote out seven pica pages of Miscellania on paper, intending to burnish it a bit in transcription. So what happens? Well, as I might have known, the first thing I did was to lose the seven pages. Tonight, after nearly three weeks of fruitless searching, I ran them to earth on a shelf of the eight-tiered pagoda I have constructed to hold stencils and other papers difficult to store and classify. Not too surprisingly, they were right where they should have been all along...which is the last place I'd have thought to look for them.

"Having finally found this heap of unkillable prose (i.e., deathless), I sat down to stencil it and, purely as a matter of routine, I read it over first. Reluctantly, I have decided that none of it was worth bothering about in the first place.

"So that's the way it goes. I predict, from past experience, that I will feel the same way about the stuff I've stenciled in a short while. But by then I'll have it on stencils and will use it to keep from wasting them. I am afraid that you will have to continue to put up with the symptoms of first-draft on-stencil composition, Jim. But have you stopped to consider that the mold is what gives the roquefort its flavor?

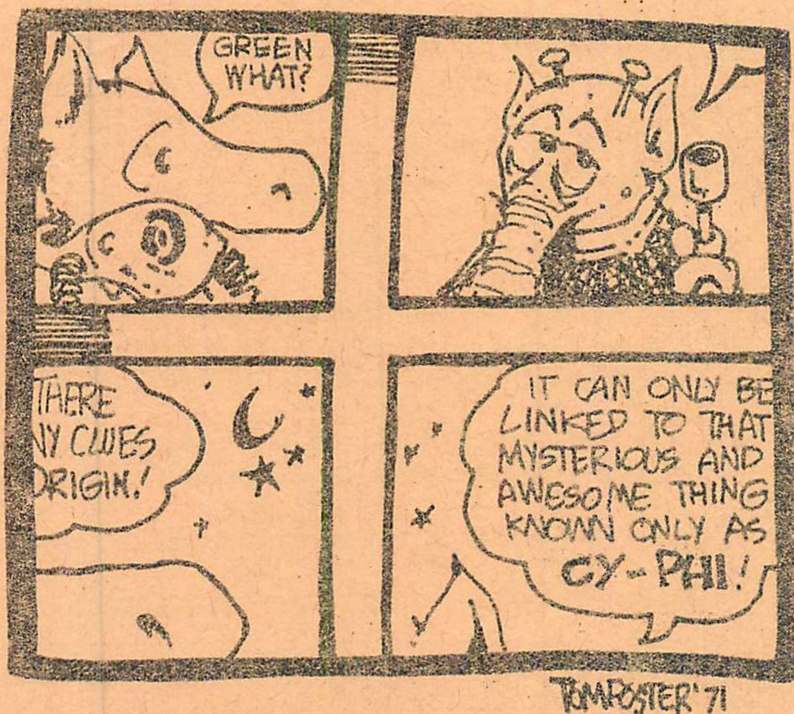
"It sounded like such a good idea, too."

-DAG, in GRUE 23

I am told I resemble an expatriot hockey player

ACCIDENTS

a column by
FRANK LUNNEY



"WHY DON'T YOU TRY WRITING AN ARTICLE for someone else's fanzine," my mother said to me last week. I looked up from the Philadelphia Inquirer, she looked up from rich brown's beard mutterings.

"I don't know," I answered and stuck my nose back into the newsprint.

"You can write better than Dick Geis, and he won the Hugo. All that crap in Science Fiction Review, and he was voted the best fan writer of the year. You should write to some people and ask them if you could write an article or do a column or something. You know, outside your editorials...."

"Yeah, I was thinking of it for a while..."

to do something for them?"

"Has anybody asked you

"Well, yeah, but who wants to write for Mike Glycer? And what would I have to write about anyway...all I do is sit in my room at school and study and sleep. There isn't a damn thing to write about... It's hard enough doing my editorials in BeABohema." And in an instant my mind flashed back:

Lurching down the stairs from the third floor lobby to the second floor lobby at Noreascon, I walked up to Terry Carr and flashed a copy of BeABohema in his face. "You're..." and "You're" and Terry started flipping through to see how the Bok illos turned out with electrostenciling.

Arnie Katz is telling Charlene Komar how well her editorial was written in the latest issue of Rats! "I'd really love to have you write something for Focal Point. Your writing has improved a hell of a lot and that's the kind of writing I'd like to print in Focal Point, that which has improved a hell of a lot. So if you ever come up with a brilliant idea, I'd love to take a look at it." Dopily looking up at Arnie as his hand sweeps in my direction, my ears perk up to hear him say, "And you, Frank Lunney, have been doing ok lately, too."

"Yeah,

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but I'm the compose-on-stencil kid," I flash back, my mouth moving too fast for my brain.

"But you shouldn't do that. A piece of writing is made in the second and third drafts. I always do at least a second draft on every article I write, and sometimes five or six drafts...until it's perfectly right."

Back to Charlene, he says, "And Charl, I'd really love to see something from you."

"How about me?" I ask. "If I sent you something, would you love to see it?" I knew Arnie was wondering what to say. He didn't answer immediately, but started looking at the mirror on an opposite wall, the ceiling, the floor so he could watch his shuffling feet. Finally his head turned back in my direction. "Well..."

By now, Charlene is coughing, mindful of the moments being wasted while Arnie comes up with an answer. "Well..." Arnie says once again. "If you sent something, I'd certainly look at it."

"OK!" I walked back upstairs and walked through the Art Show another time.

I SPENT HALF A YEAR AT A CHARLESTON HIGH SCHOOL and that was the first time I almost tried to grow a beard. It wasn't a forced effort or anything. It's just that I spent that half-year during the time that I was 14, and those roots were literally exploding under my skin, showering my face with bristles from the inside out. For a few weeks I carried the hair on my face, and there was one guy who must've been jealous, because he always called me Whiskers. (He was the same guy who led the back of the bus in their daily pelting of the black kid who was being paid to integrate our school.) When I finally did shave, I knew I was starting the circle that could never be broken except by death: get up, shave, get up, shave... Forever. Because all people shave sometime...and they have to get up first. And even if they don't want to shave, they do it anyway, because it's not couth to live in this society with hair on your face in this time period. If you're not a member of the old school, you're a young kid trying to make trouble. Until within the last year, there weren't any members of the Senate who wore beards, and even the loner who has decided to let it grow is a liberal.

But when asked what he enjoyed most about wearing a beard, he replied that he enjoyed not having to head straight for a razor every morning to chip off a night's growth. And even I have to confess that that's the only reason I've worn my beard at all, sporadically, for the last year and a half.

It was a real drag freshman year of college. Each morning I'd get up without nearly enough sleep. I set up a routine whereby I could get out of bed stepping into my pants and socks for the day, and slip on my shirt while heading for the bathroom, get back in time to pick up my pre-arranged books for the day and slide into a jacket and just make it to my 8 o'clock class by the time the bell rang at 8:10. But the simple action I never wanted to make in the morning was the back and forth motion of hot steel on my face.

So one of those normal mornings, as I got up once more in time for the Eco lecture, I looked into the mirror and felt the shadow making it's way across my upper lip and thought well if Alexei Panshin doesn't have to shave then neither did I and I ran over to the window (waking up my roommate by allowing the power-cord to dribble across his face), flung open the window with the uncontrolled liberation of the moment and threw that electric shaver right out my second story window.

Man, that was freedom. The first few days were really scraggly....lots of itching. I had to sleep on my back at night so the hair wouldn't be pushed back into my skin by the pillow. My roommate and I were by this



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time on non-speaking terms, so I don't even know if he noticed at all that I'd declared myself free of convention and was letting the process of my body take over, never again to be controlled by outside forces.

By January the forces of evil were back in motion, scissors took control of the ends of my fingers and my face became naked.

And by February goodness had prevailed, and shubbery was back in plain sight.

By April I was beginning to think of working for the summer, I had my job painting houses...had my hair cut and everything. Except my beard. But even that was gone once again by the time it'd been dunked once too often to suit me.

The day before yesterday Chuck and I were sitting in my room listening to something. I don't even remember. It wasn't appropriate. It doesn't matter either. But Chuck was looking at the 3-D underground comic I'd picked up at the Philcon and muttering "Jesus Christ" and "Holy Shit" and "This is really neat" while I read

through the Ross Chamberlain fanzine that had just come in the mail.

Remembering all of a sudden that I had to let T. Swan practice on the pyramid puzzle I'd borrowed from the Psych Dept. (for a little videotape extravaganza I've been trying to cook up), I jumped out of my chair, leaving Chuck absorbed in the comic. In T.'s room I asked if he wanted to practice and he said, "Maybe after dinner, I've got a class," and on, but it finally turned out that we'd go over to the Whitehall Mall where he'd get a case of his Rolling Rock and I'd go into the Weis Supermarket and buy some home-style bread.

So we went to the Mall, walked around for a while, T got his Rolling Rock, he bought some anti-static spray for his records, and we walked into the Weis supermarket. Shit, no home-style, but I could try some of this Vienna bread. T picked up some cheese, and looked around to find some cream of tartar to clean out his coffee pot.

So I'll tell ya. T. Swan has long hair and a goatee, but for a few years he had to keep up his image as a rock star, and he's just grown into it. My hair isn't that long, but I don't feel like shaving, and once again I've got a beard.

Walking out of the aisle where we were looking for the cream of tartar, finding it after a lengthy search, I noticed this guy out of the corner of my eye coming from the other end of the market. I didn't pay any attention to him and strode into line, and this guy pulled up his cart behind me. T Swan came out of the aisle and stood next to me and I thought that was a little wrong, but what the hell, he only had some cheese and his cream of tartar.

Then the guy in back of me started straightening out shopping carts. The person at the head of the line moved through, and we moved up, and then: "Where do you think you're going?"

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T Swan's voice answers, "I'm with him..." and he motions in my direction.

The guy says, "The hell you are, I was courteous enough to let him" (me) "go in front of me and he didn't even say a word in thanks," and T says, "OK, go ahead, I'm sorry," and this guy keeps on going:

"You cut in front of me in line and you don't say a damn thing," and for the first time I respond, not really giving a damn what's going on in this guy's head and "Yeah, yeah, yeah..." and I just turn away, considering the whole situation to be beyond my reach.

But then, "You know, it's incidents like this..." and I whipped around and couldn't believe what this guy was saying. "It's incidents like this..." as if this were but a skirmish in a war between older people and anyone below a certain age, to be determined only by the leaders of each side. "It's incidents like this..." and this guy knows he's winning, because the element of surprise makes up for the difference of weight of individual combatants.

Not knowing what else to do, I said, "Aw, c'mon," and just turned away and paid for my bread. I moved away from the checkout counter to wait for T Swan, finally settled down on a bench and looked over the enemy in the red plaid jacket and wearing a hunter's cap with the ear-flaps tucked inside the hat.

I'm going to cut off my beard again this Friday night, and I don't know how long it's going to be till I let it grow back again.

-Frank Lunney

"Karu is worth a chapter of his own. He drifted into the circle of fandom through someone he knew, and came to stay at the Hilton, cooking and cleaning to cover his rent. He was an Oriental Magician by trade, and quite a good sleight-of-hand artist. He was also an accomplished improvisatory cook, who could take a dollar and a half to Grand Central Market and feed a dozen people, counting the guests who would usually drop in. He seldom made the same thing twice, and all they had in common was a basically Oriental layout. Bjo sketched him once standing at the stove stirring a huge pot with a tentacle writhing over the edge. The story is told of someone referring, of an evening, to the excellent breakfast Karu had fixed that morning. "By the way, Karu," they asked, "what was that we had for breakfast?"

"Well," said Karu, "it was a little early in the morning to be making up a name for it..."

--Ted Johnstone
(on LASFS in FOOLSCAP)

"7:30 (2) ROLLIN' ON THE RIVER (c)

Rick Nelson sings "Gypsy Pilot" and joins Kenny Rogers for "Honky Tonk Women." "

---TV GUIDE

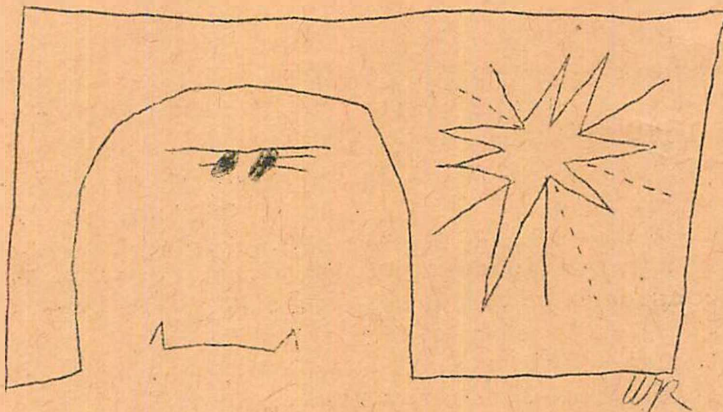
"At the Metrocon Calvin [Beck] was in the men's john and his parent decided he had been in there long enough. She walked over and pounded on the door. 'Calvin, you've been in there long enough. Come out! Calvin!' Calvin popped right out. (He was about 29 at the time.) "

--Bill Donaho
(INNUEENDO)

was that of Andy and Jean Young, who turned out 214 superb pages. Both are almost forgotten today, along with most other Boston area fans of that time; Andy was an oncoming astronomer, Jean was his wife; between them they could do anything in fandom -- art, fiction, poetry, faanish chatter, serious articles, beautiful formats, whatever you wanted. Another 209 pages came from Larry and Noreen Shaw, fans who were slightly older and a good contrast to the more bubbling productions of the Youngs. Ted White was third in page count, at 142, and I don't have to say anything about him. Helen Wesson summed up pretty well the nature of the organization in an article written about this time to explain why she had retained membership for a dozen years: "I deem it the only truly free press, free even of censorship by its own members. The bulky bundle contains discussion of every topic imaginable, including the most sensitive or controversial. FAPazines contain more reading meat and more laughs than mundane amateur journals." Postmailings, a phenomenon that some apas ban and none possess in prominence today, formed in the late 1950's a major function in FAPA. Frequently a hundred pages or more of FAPA publications would reach members between bundles, because they'd not been finished in time for the mailing deadline or the editor just couldn't wait to put out a FAPA publication. The membership roster contained some exceptional people: Bob Bloch, for instance, as an active member couldn't do better in the egoboo poll covering 1958 than a second place finish for articles, third place as humorist, and eighth place in all-around excellence. If you wonder about this, you might remember that Lee Hoffman had published more than 500 pages of FAPazines over a sixteen-mailing stretch.

FAPA in the late 1950's was usually rich in mailing comments, an artform in which it pioneered. People like Jack Speer and Dean Grennell did mailing comments that could be separated and published as mini-essays on this or that topic. There were people in FAPA who never displayed their full ability anywhere else in fandom. Phyllis Economou, for example, was an attractive femmefan who was active in mid-western fan affairs and at conventions, but didn't spread her literary wings outside FAPA. Then there was Curtis Janke, one of the most enigmatic of all people ever to come and go in FAPA, a musician who had a wild mixture of ultra-conservative and far-out ideas and invented the love-fans-but-hate-fandom philosophy long before certain pros made it famous. District of Columbia fandom was particularly prominent in FAPA around this time, and during one year all the officers lived in the Washington area, while Bill Evans was producing a series of enormous reprint volumes based on the files of famous fanzines. FAPA still contained a few people who had been around almost since its start. Elmer Perdue, for instance, had confined his activity in fanzine fandom to FAPA ever since the early 1940's, and was becoming celebrated around this time for a series of annual cliffhanging adventures over renewal credentials. Every year it seemed impossible that Elmer could come closer to losing his membership and each year he surpassed his previous crisis, in the best movie serial tradition.

Miriam Knight, thanks be, conducted a survey in 1960 to show what FAPA members as a whole were like. The results came close to what you might get if you polled the faanish fans of 1971, except for musical tastes. The average male member was 31, the female age average was 24. The members who read sf fairly regularly, even though they didn't write much about it in FAPA, represented 84 per cent of the membership. Members thought science fiction's golden age had occurred in the early 1940's and had made a brief return about the time the 1940's turned into the 1950's. The typical FAPAan went to the movies twice a month, had attended three worldcons, and enjoyed classical, jazz, and folk music in that order. And Jack Speer by coincidence defined in another publication in the same mailing just what FAPA was: "Our organization can be what we wish it to be, and we wish it to be a medium in which we consider a great range of subjects, in many of which scientifantasy is not even a flavoring. Some think the Fantasy APA is just another ajay organization. They observe no preponderance of material pertaining to fantasy and they conclude that we're mundane. We're not. Nearly all FAPAns served at least an apprentice-



CHARLEY WARNEER DOR

THE FAPAISH FIFTIES

I discovered at the Noreascon a wonderful way to cause a sensation, often accompanied by consternation and a trace of schizophrenia. During a conversation, someone would think far back to the once-famous fans and would ask, I wonder what Paul Wyszowski is doing these days?, and I would say, Oh, he's in FAPA, and you could almost see those POW, ZAP and WHAM balloons flash over the amazed looks on fannish faces. Or someone would ask me if I remembered a fan who had disappeared so long ago that even my memory would be tested, and I'd reply, Sure, why shouldn't I remember Bob Leman, since he's in FAPA with me? It was almost as unexpected as Lester arguing with Harlan's film image.

But fandom's Over the Hill Gang, the graveyard where old fans go to die, FAPA wasn't always that way. FAPA had two or three great eras, the most recent of them marked by a great deal of activity, a central place in the fannish scheme of things, and a real prestige status. It's hard to pin down the exact time when this last flowering of FAPA burst forth from the budding stage, but it was some time around the early middle 1950's, and it's easy to pin down the date when the petals suddenly wilted, withered and fell within a few months for reasons that will become apparent soon.

FAPA had been suffering as the 1950's began from some stupid fusses over unimportant matters, smaller mailings than those in the great FAPA climax of the 1940's, and an extreme shortage of people who wanted to join. The 53rd mailing, for instance, came out in November of 1950, containing a mere 116 pages. That summer, Ackerman had finally given up on FAPA and dropped his membership, there was just one person on the waiting list, and I as secretary-treasurer declined the opportunity to double the waiting list's size by ignoring Claude Degler's application to rejoin FAPA. By the start of 1951, FAPA was six people short of its 65-member limit, despite the fact that the egoboo poll winners around this time were such fabulous people as Burbee, Laney, Kennedy, Rotsler, and Rapp.

But a few people who cared did some dilligent recruiting, FAPA for the last time in its history got a strong injection of the richest, reddest faanish blood from people who were then at the very height of their interest in fandom, and the organization underwent a magical recuperation. In a couple of years, mailings were occassionally approaching the 500-page mark, people like Grennell, Hoffman and Willis had become new members, and some FAPA members were even proud about the fact that the number on the waiting list ran from a dozen to twenty. By the 1952/3 winter mailing, FAPA was producing in the same bundle such wonders as a 69-page issue of Bill Rotsler's Masque, the 46 page anniversary issue of Redd Boggs SkyHook, and Bill Evans' 40-page reprint of D.R. Smith's classic, The Road to Fame.

FAPA from then on was destined to have several praiseworthy characteristics. Bulk was one of them: from an annual production of little more than a thousand pages in the years around the start of the new decade, it had attained such totals as 2,335 pages in 1956 and 2,512 pages in 1957. The bulk would have meant nothing without quality. During 1957, the most fertile membership

THE FAPAISH FIFTIES

ship in science fiction fandom. This both became a part of us, and selected us out of the general literate population, for whatever qualities they are that orient a person toward stf and incline him to the discussion of it."

When 1960 dawned, nobody recognized the first sign of danger. The waiting list was growing because FAPA's quality had made it seem like an elite group to non-members and because not many people were dropping out of FAPA. Over the past five years, the number of fans dropping out of FAPA had slowly declined from 14 to 6 per year, and there was now a three-year interval between the time the average fan joined the waiting list and found a place in FAPA. But it was still too soon for this trend to affect the quality of the mailings seriously; it would be several more years before the long wait in line had caused a substantial number of FAPA members to be tired of fandom by the time they entered FAPA. "And yet unwilling to abstain from the prestige conferred by the membership they no longer really enjoyed. FAPA seemed healthier than ever, and hadn't the waiting listers even formed a Shadow FAPA, a little apa in which they published their own pseudo-FAPazines, distributing them to one another and to the FAPA membership and getting in return FAPA publications from some members with enough copies to spare?

The first of the two decisive events came in the summer of 1962. For some time, FAPAns had been marveling at the approach of the 100th mailing. No fannish apa had ever attained such a milestone, everyone considered it something special, and a lot of people aimed particular projects at it. The result was a 1,219-page mailing, so large that it was mailed in three parts from California, Oklahoma and the District of Columbia for logistical reasons. A mutated strain of Nydahl's Disease was in all three sections. It exhausted some members so badly that they were never the same again as FAPAns and there was a general sense of disillusionment running through the succeeding mailings, unspoken but intimidating: what can we do for an encore?

And two or three mailings earlier, a controversy had begun over the ejection of Edgar Allan Martin from FAPA. You've probably never heard of him, because he was a highshot in the mundane apas who had somehow wandered into FAPA and had held membership off and on almost since its organization. A publication which would have given him activity credit for renewing membership was described as a reprint by the secretary-treasurer. Even though it was generally agreed a short time later that the contents had been original short short stories based on some unoriginal jokes, FAPA officialdom refused to permit Martin to rejoin, basing the decision on technicalities involving the procedure he had employed to protest. FAPA divided into two armed camps, one of which contended that Martin was a useless member and shouldn't have been permitted to rejoin, while the other group insisted that he was a useless member whose eviction was wrong by every ethical test. Some of FAPA's most active members cut sharply back on their activity out of either disgust or bad conscience and the organization has never been the same since.

--Harry Warner

"My mother shows her love for me by clipping out certain magazine and newspaper articles, which she gives me. These articles prove that the tranquilizers which I take do permanent brain damage. It's nice, a mother's love."

--Phillip Dick ("Lighthouse" #14)

"Some people in the United Kingdom have a recipe for hare that calls for the hare to hang on a hook and when the hare has decomposed enough to fall through the hook and onto the floor or table or pot as the case may be it's time to eat! In other words even the already putrified meat is still mighty good so Jimi still might make a good meal altho Brian just could be a few years past his prime."

--Meltzer

LOSMITH

TED WHITE (1014 N. TUCKAHOE ST., FALLS CHURCH, VA. 22046) WELL, YES, I'VE BEEN MEANING TO WRITE YOU EVER SINCE YOU REINCARNATED AND CONGRATULATE YOU ON IT--AS I RECALL THE LAST LETTER I WROTE YOU CONCERNED HARRIETT KOLCHAK'S WEIRD NOTIONS ABOUT THE NYCON # AND ME--AND ALSO TO THANK YOU FOR THE ILLOS FOR EGOBOO. [YEAH. I REALLY SHOULD REPRINT HARRIETT'S MASTERFUL CON REPORT AND YOUR SUSEQUENT, ERR, DISAGREEMENT WITH IT. IT WAS THE FUNNIEST STUFF I EVER PRINTED. BK7 BUT WHAT ACTUALLY JOGGED ME INTO IT WAS REDD BOGGS' LETTER IN RATS! #13.

YOU KNOW, IT BROUGHT ME UP SHORT WHEN YOU ANNOUNCED, A COUPLE OF ISSUES BACK, THAT THE NEXT ENTROPY REPRINT WOULD BE ONE OF MY PIECES, AND I WAS WONDERING WHAT TERRY WOULD SAY ABOUT IT AND ABOUT ME OF THAT ERA. I MEAN, TERRY AND I HAVE HAD THIS THING EVER SINCE WE INITIALLY QUARRELLED IN THE PAGES OF BREVIZINE IN 1952 OVER THE MERITS OF VARIOUS SF COMIC BOOKS--A SORT OF FRIENDLY, BUT COMPETITIVE THING WHICH HAS SOMETIMES TAKEN ON AN EDGE, BUT WHICH INCLUDES A FAIRLY CLOSE FRIENDSHIP AS WELL. SO I WAS WONDERING HOW TERRY WOULD HANDLE IT, AND THINKING TO MYSELF ALSO, "GEE, SOMETHING OF MINE! HOW NEAT!"

SO THEN IT TURNS OUT IT WASN'T TERRY AT ALL. *SIGH*. AND WHEN I REREAD THE PIECE, I WASN'T AWFULLY THRILLED WITH IT MYSELF. I RECALL IT BROUGHT ME MORE ACCLAIM AT THE TIME THAN ANYTHING ELSE I'D EVER WRITTEN. HARRY WARNER SAID I'D MOVED INTO THE LANEY CLASS, OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT, WHICH WAS ENORMOUSLY GRATIFYING TO ME BECAUSE I THOUGHT MORE OF LANEY (OR WHAT HE REPRESENTED) THEN THAN ANY OTHER FAN. BUT WHEN I REREAD IT, ALL THE CLUMSINESS OF MY PROSE STOOD OUT AND MOCKED ME. I RECALLED THE EVENTS--THOSE INCREDIBLE TWENTY-FOUR HOURS IN NEW JERSEY--AS VIVIDLY AS IF THEY'D OCCURRED ONLY YESTERDAY, BUT IT SEEMED TO ME THAT IN RECOUNTING THEM I'D FLATTENED THEM, THAT MY ANECDOTAL STYLE THEN WASN'T SHARP ENOUGH.

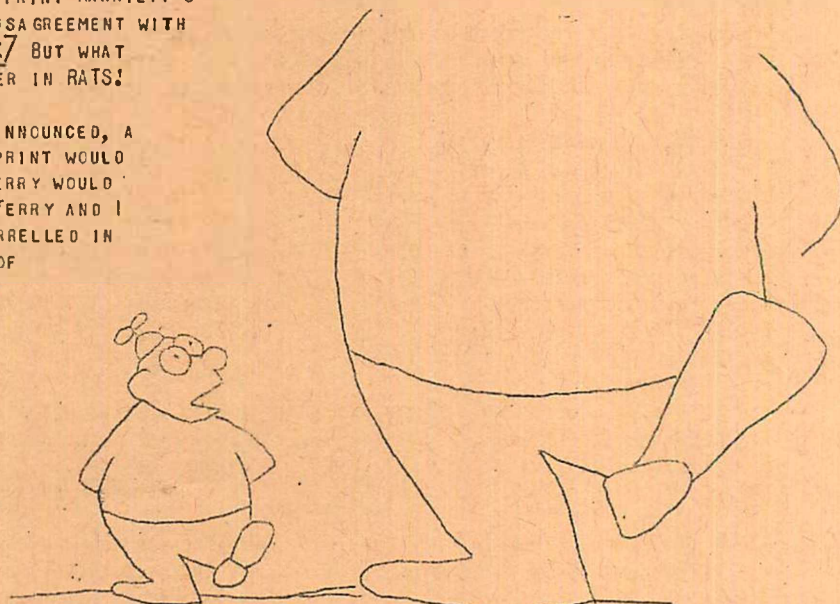
THAT WAS PROBABLY ONE OF THE FIRST REPORTORIAL PIECES I EVER DID, AND IN IT I TRIED TO CAPTURE THROUGH THE DIALOGUE I WROTE THE ACTUAL SPEECH STYLES OF THE PEOPLE INVOLVED. BUT I HADN'T YET LEARNED HOW TO TRANSLATE INFLECTION INTO WRITTEN DIALOGUE, AND I WAS STILL GRASPING AT THE RHYTHMS. SO IT RINGS PRETTY FLAT TO ME NOW, MORE THAN A DECADE LATER, BECAUSE I KNOW WHAT I WAS GETTING AT AND I KNOW EXACTLY HOW WELL I DIDN'T REALLY SUCCEED.

HOWEVER, WHEN REDD TALKS ABOUT THE ETHICAL QUESTIONS IN WRITING SUCH A PIECE (ODDLY ENOUGH, MARION BRADLEY RAISED THE SAME QUESTION AT THE TIME), I THINK HE'S OUT OF LINE AND FILTERING FACTS THROUGH HIS OWN BIASES. FIRST AND FOREMOST, I DID NOT SPEND THOSE 24 HOURS AS THE BECKS' HOUSE-GUEST; I WAS NOT ABUSING THEIR HOSPITALITY AS SUCH. I WAS THEIR UNPAID EMPLOYEE: IN RETURN FOR SEVERAL BADLY COOKED MEALS, I HELPED TO PUT TOGETHER WHAT TURNED OUT TO BE THE FIRST ISSUE OF A MAGAZINE WHICH HAS SUPPORTED THE BECKS TO AN EXTENT EVER SINCE. AT PROFESSIONAL RATES, WHAT I DID WAS WORTH SEVERAL HUNDRED DOLLARS. THE BECKS PAID A MUCH SMALLER PRICE, I THINK, AND GOT THE BEST OF THE BARGAIN AT THAT.

BECAUSE THE PIECE IS NOT A PUT-DOWN OF THE BECKS. IT WAS NOT WRITTEN TO HOLD THEM UP TO RIDICULE, OR TO SATIRIZE THEM. (AND HERE I AGREE WITH REDD: "SATIRIC CHARACTER SKETCHES" WERE THE FARTHEST THINGS FROM MY MIND--THERE'S NO "SATIRE" AS SUCH IN THE PIECE AT ALL.)

YOU HAVE TO DEAR IN MIND THE CONTEXT OF BOTH MY JOURNEY AND MY ARTICLE. CALVIN THOMAS BECK WAS WELL CELEBRATED IN NYC FAN CIRCLES, AND KNOWN TO A MUCH LARGER ASPECT OF FANDOM AS WELL, BOTH FOR HIS FAN LETTERS AND ARTICLES AS "THE REV." BECK AND FOR WILLIS' ACCOUNT OF MEETING HIM AND HIS MOTHER IN THE HARP STATESIDE. HE ALREADY WAS AN OBJECT OF RIDICULE. "CAAAAL-VIN! YOU'VE BEEN IN THERE LONG ENOUGH!" WAS A RUNNING GAG AND ALWAYS DREW APPRECIATIVE LAUGHTER. (STILL DOES, ON OCCASION.) THE BECKS WERE A LEGEND. [I SEEM TO RECALL FIRST READING OF THE BATHROOM INCIDENT IN INNUENDO II, A PIECE BY BILL DONAHO, I BELIEVE, THAT ALSO BROUGHT IN A MENTION OF THE FBI, THIS TIME WITH MRS. BECK AS THE VILLIAN. BK7]

"THE WHO ROCK GROUP SOLD 250,000 ALBUMS IN LOS ANGELES. RIVAL ROCK GROUP, THREE DOG NIGHT, WAS PICKED TO RIDE A FLOAT IN THE ANNUAL TOURNAMENT OF RCSES PARADE." - ED SULLIVAN'S NEWS COLUMN



And what's it like Ray Nelson
to be a Big Name Fan?

LETTERS:::

IT WAS TO LAY A LEGEND TO REST THAT I WENT OUT TO NEW JERSEY TO MEET THEM, AND IT WAS TO ATTEMPT TO GIVE A LITTLE INSIGHT INTO THEM AS REAL HUMAN BEINGS THAT I WROTE THE ARTICLE. THERE IS NO EXAGGERATION IN THAT PIECE AT ALL. NOTHING WAS MADE UP; EVERYTHING IS EXACTLY AS IT REALLY HAPPENED AND THE STATEMENTS ATTRIBUTED TO THE BECKS WERE AS ACCURATE AS MY MEMORY COULD SUPPLY WHEN I WROTE THE PIECE ABOUT A DAY LATER. AS I SAID, I EVEN TRIED TO CAPTURE THE WAY THEY TALKED.

THE BECKS' REACTION TO THE ARTICLE IS INTERESTING. MAMA BECK THOUGHT I WAS BEYOND THE PALE AND WANTED TO SUE ME OR REPORT ME TO THE FBI OR SOMETHING. (SHE WAS IN THE HABIT OF DOING SUCH THINGS; SHE WAS THE ONE WHO SICKED THE POLICE ON HARLAN A YEAR LATER, LEADING TO HIS BRIEF ARREST AND MEMOS FROM PURGATORY.) FORTUNATELY, SHE DID NOTHING. JUST AS WELL; TWO LAWSUITS WOULD'VE BEEN A BIT MUCH, EVEN FOR ME. BUT CALVIN WAS HEARD TO ADMIT PRIVATELY THAT IT REALLY WASN'T SUCH A BAD ARTICLE AT ALL--HE THOUGHT (RIGHTLY) THAT I'D PORTRAYED HIM SYMPATHETICALLY.

(I'VE SEEN CALVIN ON AND OFF OVER THE YEARS SINCE, ALWAYS CORDIALLY. I DID AN INTERVIEW WITH STAN LEE FOR HIS MAGAZINE A FEW YEARS LATER. HE'D SHED HIS MAMA TO A LARGE EXTENT, BUT IS STILL A, SHALL WE SAY COLORFUL?, CHARACTER IN HIS OWN RIGHT. HE'S TAKEN TO SPORTING A RAKISH BEARD AND THEATRICALY LONGISH HAIR. LOOKS RATHER DISTINGUISHED.)

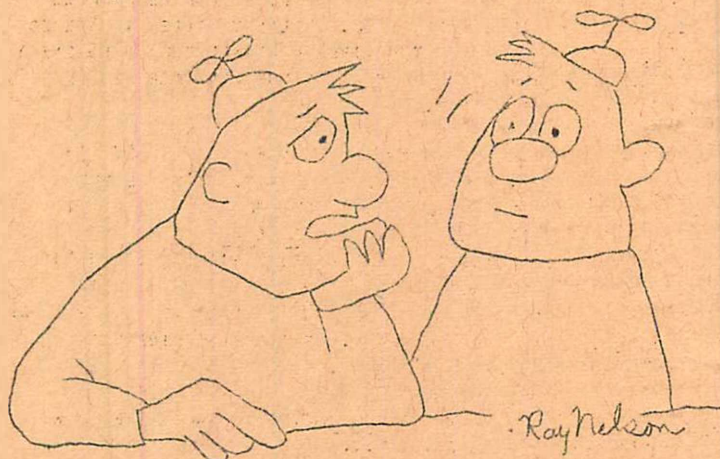
ALPAJPURI WANTS MORE DATA ON THE ORIGINAL APPEARANCE OF THE PIECE. OKAY: IT WAS PUBLISHED IN VOID (#21? THAT SOUNDS ABOUT RIGHT) IN 1960, WHEN I WAS LIVING IN A FIFTH-FLOOR WALK-UP IN THE WEST VILLAGE. VOID HAD BEEN STARTED FIVE YEARS EARLIER BY GREG AND JIM BENFORD, RUN THIRTEEN ISSUES UNDER THEIR EXCLUSIVE EDITORSHIP, AND GONE OVER TO ME WITH THE 14TH, IN 1959. I BECAME PUBLISHED AND GREG REMAINED CO-EDITOR, AND THE ZINE CAME OUT ON A MONTHLY SCHEDULE FOR FIVE ISSUES, UNTIL I MOVED FROM BALTIMORE (WHERE I LIVED A YEAR) TO NYC TO AFORESAID WALK-UP. IT LASTED THROUGH ISSUE 29, ALTHOUGH THAT LAST ISSUE WAS A TRIFLE DELAYED. PETE GRAHAM BECAME OUR THIRD CO-EDITOR DURING THE FIFTH ANNISH (V23, WHICH CAME OUT SERIALLY, IN THREE PARTS), AND TERRY CARR JOINED WITH V25 OR THEREABOUTS, IN THE SUMMER OF 1961, MERGING INNUENDO WITH VOID FOR THE NONCE. V28 CAME OUT IN EARLY 1962; V29 CAME OUT IN 1969. I DOUBT THERE'LL BE A V30, ALTHOUGH GREG AND JIM HAVE DISCUSSED TAKING IT OVER AGAIN, AND MAYBE THEY WILL EVEN YET.

WHEN I MOVED TO NYC I BEGAN SAMPLING THE VARIOUS FANGROUPS IN THE AREA. MY FANGROUP OF CHOICE WAS THE FUTURIANS (YES, THE SAME ONES WHO ALMOST BUT NOT REALLY HAD A RUMBLE UNDER THE G. WASHINGTON BRIDGE WITH SOME LOCAL STREET GANG--WE WERE FLYING THIS KITE, SEE, AND THEY THOUGHT WE WERE ON THEIR TURF, AND...WHAT WE DID IS, WE RAN...), BUT I ALSO SAMPLED THE LUNARIANS (*SIGH*), ESFA, AND THE METROFEN, WHO PROMPTLY DISBANDED AFTER I'D ATTENDED ONE MEETING [ALWAYS THE TROUBLE-MAKER, I SEE...].

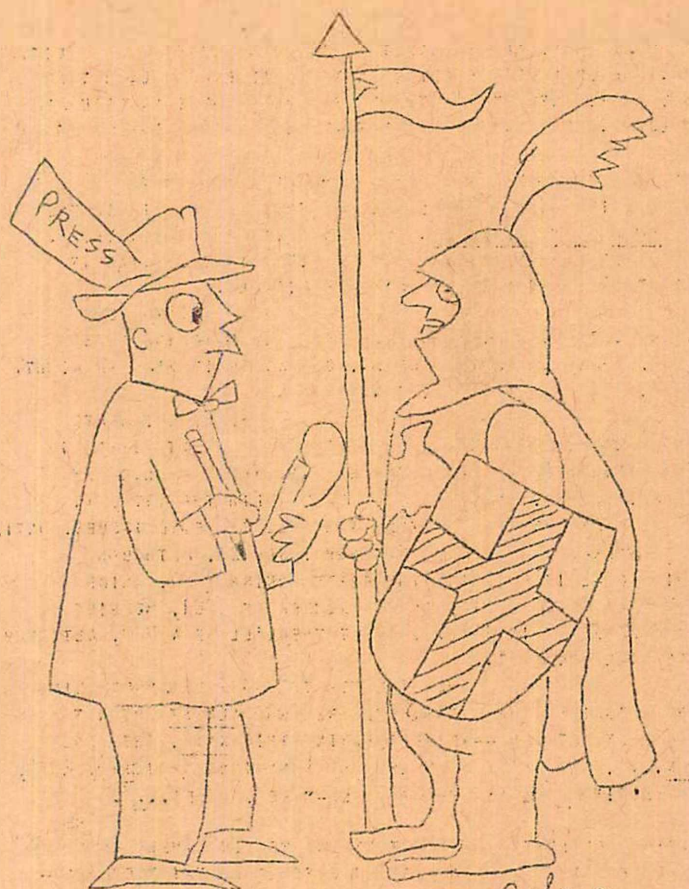
THE METROFEN WAS A YOUNGFAN GROUP AND I UNDERSTAND ONE CAUSE FOR THEIR BREAKING UP WAS THAT AT ONE MEETING (HELD IN A PARK) ANDY REISS KEPT THROWING DIRT CLOUDS AT LES GERBER. WELL, GERBER AND REISS HAD BEEN THE TERRIBLE THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLDS AT THE NYCON 2, IN 1956, AND THREE YEARS LATER THEY STILL DID SUCH THINGS AS SHOOT PEOPLE WITH WATER GUNS AND LIKE THAT, ALTHOUGH ANDY WAS NO LONGER SHORT AND FAT (HE WAS NOW TALL AND SKINNY). IT OCCURS TO ME THAT THERE ARE A LOT OF GOOD STORIES IN REISS AND GERBER AND MAYBE I HADN'T OUGHTA SKIM THEM HERE BUT FLESH THEM OUT FOR SOME FUTURE FANZINE ARTICLES (WHICH PEOPLE KEEP DEMANDING OF ME, *SIGH*). WELL, ANYWAY, ANDY WAS BECOMING AN ARTIST AND HE WANTED TO DO CARTOONS FOR VOID.

UP TO THIS POINT I HADN'T USED ARTISTS TO ILLUSTRATE SPECIFIC PIECES. I'D JUST PICKED APPROPRIATE DRAWINGS FROM MY ART FILE. TERRY HAD BEEN USING BJO AND RAY NELSON TO SPECIFICALLY ILLUSTRATE PIECES IN INN, AND I WAS KEEN TO TRY IT TOO, BUT SHORT, UP TO THEN, ON LOCAL ART TALENT. SO WHEN REISS TOLD ME HE WANTED TO CARTOON FOR VOID, I SAID, "OKAY, HERE'S THIS ARTICLE I JUST WROTE. SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH IT." AND THE ARTICLE WAS "A DAY WITH CALVIN THOS. BECK," AND HE ILLUSTRATED IT. THIS BEGAN A LONG SERIES OF THINGS HE DID FOR VOID, INCLUDING THE ABSOLUTELY INCREDIBLE DIG CARTOONS.

YOU KNOW, YOU REALLY OUGHT TO REPRINT THEM. I REALIZE NOW THAT ANDY WAS TEN YEARS AHEAD OF HIS TIME AND DOING HEAD CARTOONS. (WELL, EVEN THEN I REALIZED THEIR 'HEAD'ISHNESS. AND I GUESS THIS IS BECAUSE I KNEW ANDY WAS, AT THAT POINT, A MODERATE SORT OF POTHEAD. YES, IN 1960. AT SIXTEEN. AND NOW HE TEACHES ART AT BROOKLYN MUSEUM. YOU SEE HOW IT ALL FITS TOGETHER...) I LIKED THOSE CARTOONS MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE HE EVER DID. AND I LIKED A LOT OF ANDY'S STUFF. [YEAH, THEY WERE TERRIFIC. STEVE STILES WAS JUST RECENTLY SAYING HOW HE'D LIKE TO CONTACT HIM AND MAYBE GET SOME REISS ARTWORK, BUT WAS AFRAID OF "GETTING THE HORSELAUGH." YEAH. I CAN SEE WHERE AN ANDY REISS HORSELAUGH COULD BE PRETTY HEAVY. WORSE THAN HIS DIRT CLOUDS EVEN. A HEAD AT 16 AND IN 60, SHIT. FAR OUT.] [OH I FORGOT. YES, I SHOULD REPRINT THEM. NEXT ISSUE, MAYBE. IF AND WHEN.] [THANKS FOR THE SUGGESTION.] [MY MIND IS GOING.]



The truth now... can you really understand Phil Dick when you're -- you know -- not stoned?



Ray Nelson

I used to be a science fiction fan, but you know the kind of futures we're getting these days!

LATELY. HE'S BEEN ABLE TO CATCH JUST THE FLAVOR OF EACH FANZINE FOR WHICH HE'S DONE WORK. THE STARLING COVER, FOR INSTANCE, WAS A BLEND OF NOSTALGIA AND SF -- AN ANCIENT STEVE TEARFULLY LISTENING TO "TEEN ANGEL", WITH A FUTURISTIC CITY JUST OUTSIDE HIS WINDOW. "1960: THE CAVALIERS RUMBLE WITH THE NEW YORK FUTURIANS" CAPTURES NOT ONLY YOUR CONTINUED INTEREST IN FAN HISTORY BUT ALSO THE ROUGH AND TUMBLING WORLD YOU WRITE ABOUT IN "PLOY", "ORIVEL" AND OCCASSIONAL OTHER PLACES -- BAD TRIPS, BOARDING HOUSES, SUDWAY TRIPS THAT LAND YOU INTO JUNKIE COUNTRY. IT'S ALSO A FINE WILSON PARODY AND IS EVEN FILLED WITH NICE ESOTERIC DETAIL, LIKE THE "AXE" COVER AND THE "EC" PATCH.

SEVERAL YEARS AGO ARE WRITTEN IN A STYLE I'D HAVE TO CALL FUSHLY FANNISH. I CAN SEE WHY A QUIP COVER OF THAT TIME SHOWED TED WHITE CREATING JOHN IN HIS BASEMENT. INSTANT SUPER FAN. [I DON'T REMEMBER THAT COVER...]

RAY NELSON CARTOONS, AND THE WORK FROM DOUG LOVENSTEIN, THE MAN FROM THE HEART OF THE SUN. YOUR OWN WORK KEEPS IMPROVING BOTH IN DRAWING AND IN WIT. I REALLY LIKE THAT SERIES OF TALKING TV'S, FOR INSTANCE.

AN UNUSUALLY BROAD CROSS-SECTION OF FANDOM, WITH LOTS OF NEW NAMES AND SURPRISES LIKE TOM DIGDY POPPING IN. IT'S NICE, EXPANSION LIKE THIS, AND THE ENTHUSIASM AND BRIGHTNESS OF RATS! IS ONE OF THE CAUSES.

JOHN LEAVITT (MAPLE AVE., NEWTON, N.H. 03858) HOW COME NOBODY KNEW THE STORY ABOUT TED WHITE'S PICTURE WHEN HE TOLD IT HIMSELF IN AN EDITORIAL IN AMAZING A WHILE BACK? DOESN'T ANYONE IN THE INSURGENTS READ SF MAGAZINES ANYMORE? OR IS THE QUESTION IN BAD TASTE? [GAK.]

JOHN BERRY'S STUFF AGED WELL. WAS THIS A REPLACEMENT FOR ENTROPY REPRINTS? I ONLY HAVE ONE QUESTION: WHAT'S THE N3F? FROM THE CONTEXT IT MUST BE SOMETHING LIKE A (O WONDER OF WONDERS!) FANNISH TREKZINE, RIGHT? [DON'T ASK.]

SO THE PIECE IS HISTORIC (FANNISHLY SPEAKING) FROM SEVERAL POINTS OF VIEW. DID YOU KNOW THAT. [I HADDA FEELING.]

ALICE SANVITO (APT. 304, 4917 McPHERSON, ST. LOUIS, MO. 63108) HMMM, I WAS JUST BROWSING THROUGH THE THESAURUS AND IT'S DEDICATED TO "MARY, MARGIE, DEBRA." IT SEEMED WEIRD TO ME TO STICK A DEDICATION IN A THESAURUS. I CHECKED MY DICTIONARY AND IT DOESN'T HAVE A DEDICATION. NEITHER DO EITHER OF MY COPIES OF THE BIBLE. CAN YOU IMAGINE HAVING A THESAURUS DEDICATED TO YOU?

I CAN SYMPATHIZE WITH YOU ON YOUR TRIP TO COLUMBIA. ONCE, WHEN I WAS A LITTLE, TINY FRESHMAN IN HIGH SCHOOL, AN OLDER FRIEND AND I WENT TO SEE SOMEONE WHO LIVED IN THE CITY. WE TURNED ONE BLOCK TOO SOON AND FOUND OURSELVES IN THE MIDDLE OF ONE OF THE WORST SLUMS IN ST. LOUIS. DOGS BARKED AT US, KIDS SPIT ON US, AND SOME MAN STOOD IN HIS DOORWAY WITH A SHOTGUN POINTED AT US. NOW I LIVE FOUR BLOCKS FROM THAT SAME PLACE.

BARRY SMOTRCFF (147-53 71ST RD., FLUSHING, N.Y. 11367) JERRY EXPLAINED ABOUT THE INTERLINEATION ON PAGE 6, BUT WHAT DOES THE FIRST ONE MEAN. [!]

DAVE HULVEY (RT. 1, BOX 198, HARRISONBURG, VA. 22801) I AM INTERESTED IN YOU AS PERSONS AND MYTHS.

WILL STRAW (303 NIA GRA BLVD., FORT ERIE, ONT., CANADA) I USED TO MAINTAIN THAT MICRO-ELITE MADE WRITING LOOK OF A POORER QUALITY THAN IT ACTUALLY WAS, AND I STILL NOTICE IT AFFECTING ME IN THAT WAY, BUT I'D JUST AS SOON YOU CONTINUE IT IN THE LETTERS SECTION IF IT MEANS WE GET TO SEE MORE.

I ME CAN PAS SPEAK FRENCH ALL THAT BIEN, BUT I HOPE THAT HOMMES LIKE JOHN BERRY WILL KEEP USING IT IN LES FANZINES. I PLAN TO ALLER TO QUEBEC CITY THIS FEBRUARY FOR THE HIVER CARNIVAL THEY HOLD EVERY ANNEE, AND I NEED ALL THE HELP IN THE LANGUAGE PEOPLE LIKE LUI CAN ME DONNER.

JERRY KAUFMAN (417 W 118TH ST., APT 63, NYC 10027) I NOTICED THE COVER FIRST. IT'S A LOVELY JOB, AND JUST ONE OF A NUMBER THAT STEVE HAS BEEN DOING

JOHN'S THINGS FROM SEV-

I'M GLAD TO SEE ALL THOSE

THE LETTERS SEEM TO BE FROM

DAN GOODMAN (626 South Alvarado, #231, L.A., Calif. 90057) ON RICK SNEARY'S BIT ABOUT APA L PUBLISHERS BEING BIG FROGS IN A SMALL POND: DEPENDS WHAT YOU MEAN BY SMALL. WITH PAGE COUNT AROUND 100 PAGES LATELY, IT'S A BIT HARD TO BE A BIG FROG IN APA L. AND RIGHT NOW, A NUMBER OF PEOPLE OUTSIDE LA ARE CONTRIBUTING TO APA L; MOSTLY MEMBERS OF THE LOCAL APAS IN BOSTON AND THE BAREA, BUT ALSO PEOPLE FROM ROTTERDAM AND MELBOURNE.

A FAIR AMOUNT OF APA L MATERIAL WILL BE REMEMBERED BECAUSE IT'S BEEN REPRINTED IN GENZINES; SFR REPRINTED FRED PATTEN'S BOOK REVIEWS AND SOME OF TIM KIRK'S ARTWORK FROM THERE, FOR INSTANCE.

AS FAR AS I CAN FIGURE OUT, TOM DIGBY WAS NOMINATED FOR THE FANWRITER HUGO LAST TIME ROUND ALMOST EXCLUSIVELY ON THE BASIS OF HIS APA L MATERIAL. AND ACCORDING TO INFORMED SOURCES (AKA MARSHA ELKIN) A GOOD SHARE OF HIS NOMINATING VOTES CAME FROM THE EAST COAST. DID TOM MAKE ANY APPEARANCES OUTSIDE THE APA? BK7

ON FANFEUDING AS A SPORT: ALJO SYOBODA, TO THE BEST OF MY KNOWLEDGE, HASN'T SEEN A REAL-LIVE FEUD YET. I GOT INTO FANDOM JUST BEFORE THE BOONDOGGLE. I DO NOT CONSIDER FEUDS FUN. I THERE WERE A FAIR NUMBER OF PEOPLE ON BOTH SIDES WHO ENJOYED THE BOONDOGGLE DISPUTE, BUT FEUDING FOR THE FUN OF IT DID BECOME RATHER LESS RESPECTABLE FOR A WHILE.

I HATE FEUDS; THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A FEUD TO RUIN A GOOD ARGUMENT. STILL, IF ALJO REALLY WANTS TO TRY ONE, I HEREBY VOLUNTEER TO TRY TO RUN HIM OUT OF FANDOM (NEVER MIND THAT I ACTUALLY HAVEN'T DONE ALL THAT MUCH, OR THAT A GOOD MANY FANS HAVE BEEN AROUND LONGER THAN I HAVE) I CAN SPOT A DANGEROUS NEO WHEN I SEE ONE.

I HAVEN'T HAD ANY FANNISH DREAMS, I'M AFRAID. I DID DREAM ABOUT BEING IN BED WITH A GIRL WHO TURNED INTO A COPY OF THE LA TIMES, BUT THAT'S PRETTY MUNDANE.

PREDICTIONS OF A GOLDEN AGE: A COUPLE WEEKS AGO, I REREAD ARNIE KATZ'S ARTICLE ON THE APA BUST IN FOOLSCAP 5 (I THINK.) HE WAS HAILING THE GENZINE REVIVAL; ESPECIALLY DICK GEIS' REVIVED PSYCHOTIC. I BELIEVE HIS ADMIRATION FOR PSYCHOTIC/SFR COOLED SOMEWHAT.

THE GENZINE REVIVAL HAD ARRIVED, ARNIE WAS RIGHT ENOUGH ABOUT THAT. BUT FROM HIS POINT OF VIEW (AND MINE, TO A CERTAIN EXTENT,) DICK GEIS LED IT OFF IN THE WRONG DIRECTION.

I'M CERTAIN THAT DAVE NEE WOULD BE INTERESTED IN TRADING SANDERS FOR RATS! IN FACT, HE MENTIONED IN APA L THAT HE DIDN'T GET TO SEE THE BROOKLYN FANZINES BECAUSE THE EDITORS WOULDN'T TRADE FOR SANDERS. THIS, THEN, IS TO BE SENT TO DAVE, AND THIS IS A PUBLIC INVITATION TO TRADE-- TO BOTH EDITORS, OF COURSE.

AFTER THE DISCUSSION OF TRADING POLICIES, IT EMBARRASSES ME TO MENTION THAT I'LL SOON BE ASKING FOR TWO COPIES OF FANZINES. AND WELL YOU MIGHT BE ASHAMED, SENOR GOODMAN, AFTER THE WAY YOU WENT ON...TSK TSK TSK... STARTING IN FEBRUARY OR THEREABOUTS, I'LL BE REVIEWING FANZINES FOR THE LASFS NEWSLETTER. REVIEW COPIES WILL GO INTO A LASFS LENDING LIBRARY; COPIES SENT TO ME FOR LOCs, ETC. I'LL KEEP. COPIES FOR REVIEW SHOULD GO TO DE PROFUNDIS, c/o LASFS, Box 3004, SANTA MONICA, CA. 90403. I'LL BE REVIEWING ZINES SENT TO ME PERSONALLY, AND LOCING ONES SENT FOR REVIEW--BUT I DO RATHER PREFER A COPY FOR MYSELF AND ONE FOR THE LENDING LIBRARY. SOUNDS LIKE A FINE IDEA.

RICK STOCKER (735B HUDSON HALL, U. OF MO., COLUMBIA, MO. 65201) I'M STILL TRYING TO DECIDE IF GREG SHAW IS PUTTING US ON ABOUT SPACE FUEL OR NOT. I WOULD LIKE TO KNOW JUST WHO IS DOING ALL THAT EXPERIMENTING AND RESEARCH INTO NEW PSYCHEDELICS. CERTAINLY NO LARGE COMPANY. CERTAINLY NOT -- THEY'RE MUCH TOO BUSY TURNING OUT AMPHETAMINE AND BARDITURATES. BUT IT'S NOT BEYOND BELIEF THAT A RADICALIZED CHEM MAJOR COULD SET UP A LABORATORY AND TRY SUCH RESEARCH. BUT THE PROPERTIES CLAIMED FOR SPACE FUEL SOUND TOO MUCH LIKE NORMAN SPINRAD'S STORY "NEUTRAL GROUND" WHERE THE HERO IS TRANSPORTED TO AN ALIEN PLANET OR DIMENSION BY MEANS OF A SUPER PSYCHEDELIC.

LIKewise, LOREN MACGREGOR SEEMS TO BE PUTTING US ON. THE LIBRARY HE DESCRIBES AT FIRST COULD EXIST, BUT HE GIVES HIMSELF AWAY WHEN HE BRINGS IN THE BIBLE. TRUE, IT IS FULL OF SEX AND VIOLENCE AS WITH CENSORED BOOKS, BUT PEOPLE ALWAYS FORGET THIS; NO LIBRARY WOULD TREAT IT IN SUCH A NONCHALANT WAY. AMERICA IS A NATION OF CHRISTIANS AND THE BIBLE IS CONSIDERED HOLY; WHATEVER ITS CONTENTS REALLY ARE, IT'S GOOD FOR YOU TO READ.

ALICE SANVITO FORGETS THE NATIONAL LAMPOON. ITS HUMOR IS RATHER HEAVY-HANDED AT TIMES, BUT IT IS A GOOD SOURCE OF LAUGHS ASIDE FROM FANDOM. THE LATEST ISSUE, IN FACT, FEATURES A COMIC SATIRE IN THE MARVEL TRADITION, SCNOF GOD, WHICH IS SIMPLY BRILLIANT.

AFTER JUST FINISHING AH, SWEET IDICCY, I FIND IT HARD TO BELIEVE THAT LANEY WOULD NOT WRITE ABOUT SOME FAN JUST BECAUSE HE ATE DINNER AT HIS HOUSE. LANEY WASN'T MAKING ENOUGH MONEY TO GO ON SUCH A VACATION TRIPS; AND THE FAMOUS MEMOIRS ARE FULL OF ANECDOTES OF FANS LANEY KNEW FOR YEARS AND UNDOUBTEDLY ATE DINNER WITH AT SOME TIME OR OTHER. YOU CERTAINLY DO DOUBT OUR CONTRIBUTORS THIS TIME OUT, RICK.

DAVE SZUREK (c/o 6328 PERKINS, DETROIT, MICH. 48210) YOUR "RANDOM STROLL" BROUGHT A TOUCH OF NOSTALGIA TO YOURS TRULY. HELL, I REMEMBER THE GOOD OLD DAYS WHEN EVERYONE IN MY AREA WAS ALWAYS HIGH ON SOMETHING OR OTHER, AND THE ACID HEADS AND SPEED FREAKS WERE CONSTANTLY FEUDING. DURING THAT TIME, A LOCAL RESTAURANT BECAME ONE OF THE FARTHEST OUT HANG-OUTS EVER. THO THE GOOD PERCENTAGE OF THE DETROIT FREAKS AND BIKERS AND A LARGE PORTION OF THE SURROUNDING BLACK COMMUNITY SPENT MOST OF THEIR TIME IN THIS 24-HOUR PLACE, RARELY DID ANYONE PAY FOR ANYTHING MORE THAN A COKE (I STILL WONDER HOW THEY MANAGED TO STAY IN BUSINESS) AND STILL THE MANAGER, AN

LOCSMITH:::

EXTREMELY GOOD-HEARTED PISCAN OFTEN TOOK ON THE TASK OF FEEDING ALL THE "STARVING HIPPIES." THE LOOSENESS OF THE PLACE, AND THE FACT THAT THE MANAGER NEVER OBJECTED UNTIL THE POLICE "FINALLY" STARTED GETTING DOWN, IS WHAT MADE IT UNIQUE, THOUGH. THE SMELL OF MARIJUANA WAS USUALLY IN THE AIR. THE DEALERS WORKED OPENLY, ASTOUNDINGLY SO, NEVER EVEN BOTHERING TO SNEAK THE STUFF UNDER THE TABLE, OR HAVE THE CUSTOMER FOLLOW HIM OR HER INTO THE JOHN (ONE DUST DID OCCUR WHEN A QUANTITY DEALER TOOK TO COUNTING HIS ACID TABS TABLE-TOP, WITHOUT FIRST NOTICING THAT A NARC WAS NEREBY). WHENEVER A PAYING CUSTOMER DID HAPPEN BY, MUCH PANHANDLING TRANSPIRED, AND I EVEN REMEMBER A COUPLE OF INSTANCES OF DUDES SHOOTING UP IN PUBLIC. [I NEVER HEARD THAT PHRASE "SHOOTING UP" USED HERE IN NEW YORK. HERE IS CALLED, "GETTING OFF". POINT OF TRIVIA.] IN WARM WEATHER, MOST OF US ALTERNATED BETWEEN THE RESTAURANT ITSELF, AND THE FRONT SIDEWALK, WHICH WAS GENERALLY CROWDED, UNTIL THE COPS CAME ALONG AND CHASED US AWAY. THEN, ONLY A FEW FEET AWAY WAS A "SOCIAL SERVICES/ADC" BUILDING, WITH AN ENORMOUS LAWN. WE NICKNAMED THE LAWN "PEOPLE'S PARK" [THAT WAS ORIGINAL.] AND CONGREGATED THERE DURING BREAKS FROM THE RESTAURANT-RAPPING, MAKING-OUT, GETTING HIGH, BUMMING MONEY AND CIGARETS FROM PASSERS-BY, EVEN CATCHING UP ON SLEEP. SURPRISINGLY, THE LAW RARELY HASSLED US HERE, PRACTICALLY NEVER EVICTED EVEN THE SLEEPERS. THE ONLY INCIDENTS I RECALL CAME WHEN ONE COUPLE DECIDED ON OPEN-AIR BALLING, ONE FIGHT WITH ABOUT SIX PARTICIPANTS, AND ONE CASE WHEN A BLACK GUY GOT PISSED AT HIS WHITE CHICK, AND STOMPED HER ALL OVER THE PLACE. THINGS THAT WENT ON INSIDE THAT RESTAURANT WEREN'T ALWAYS THE PLEASANTEST. THERE WERE A FEW BRAWLS, AND ONE NIGHT, A GUY GOT A BULLET IN THE ARM. WHEN THE PRESSURE CAME DOWN, THE AMIABLE MANAGER'S PERSONALITY ALTERED UNBELIEVABLY. THO STILL A NICE GUY WHEN THINGS WENT RIGHT, HIS MANNER OF BARRING PEOPLE BECAME (QUITE POSSIBLY OUT OF FEAR) IN A WORD, VICIENT. EVEN THOSE WHO PUT UP NO ARGUMENT OFTEN GOT HIT AT LEAST ONCE BEFORE LEAVING, WITH THE ONLY SEXUAL DIFFERENCE BEING THAT, WHILE A MALE WOULD GET PUNCHED IN THE MOUTH, A FEMALE MIGHT GET KICKED IN THE ASS. THE ROUGHER CHARACTERS, LIKE THE BIKERS, SOME OF THE BLACKS, AND OTHERS WHO HAD SHOWN A VIOLENT STREAK IN THE PAST, WERE OFTEN USHERED OUT AT GUN POINT, OR BY THE THREAT OF A PHONE CALL TO POLICE. TWICE, VICTIMS PRESSED CHARGES BUT, IN THE FIRST CASE, THE PLAINTIFF DROPPED CHARGES BEFORE PROSECUTION. THE SECOND WAS OPENLY PERPETUATED BY THE "VICTIM" WITH "NO" IMMEDIATE STIMULI FROM THE MANAGER, SO, WHEN WITNESSES STEPPED FORWARD, HE, TOO, WITHDREW CHARGES. THESE DAYS, THE LOCAL "FREAK" HANGOUTS ARE THE NEIGHBORHOOD BARS (AND I PITY THE UNDERAGE FREAKS WITH NO FALSE ID) WITH DRUG USE BECOMING LESS FREQUENT. OH, GRASS IS STILL SMOKED A HELL OF A LOT, AND UNFORTUNATELY, THERE'RE A LOT OF HEROIN ADDICTS, SOME OF WHOM, IRONICALLY, ARE THE SAME PEOPLE WHO USED TO TALK ABOUT "CONSCIOUSNESS EXPANSION" AND DERIDED ANYONE WHO TOOK TWO DEXIES. BUT ACID-FREAKS ARE FEW, AND THEIR OLD ENEMIES, THE SPEED FREAKS, ALMOST NON-EXISTANT. [SITUATION SAME HERE, TO QUOTE A FRIEND: "YOU SHOOT SOME SPEED AND FEEL FINE FOR A WHILE, BUT THEN...FUCK. YOU DROP SOME ACID AND MAYBE YOU'LL HAVE A GREAT TIME AND MAYBE YOU'LL FREAK. YOU GET OFF, MAN, YOU KNOW YOU'LL HAVE A BALL."] NOWADAYS, BEER AND WINE (THE "HARDER" DRINKS DON'T SEEM TOO POPULAR) ARE THE BIG THING. YEAH, ALL THESE MEMBERS OF LIFE MAGAZINE'S "TURNED-ON GENERATION" NOW SIT AROUND GETTING STINKING DRUNK [HI, GREG SHAW!], WHETHER IN THE BAR OR NOT, AND I SINCERELY BELIEVE THAT, WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE "OLD DRUNKEN ALCOHOLIC" CATEGORY, AS A GROUP, FREAKS DO MORE DRINKING THAN ANY OTHER SEGMENT OF DETROIT'S POPULATION. WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE DAYS WHEN WE WERE JUST-NORMAL, UPSTANDING DOPERS? [I AM VERY FOND OF PORT MYSELF..] OH WELL, CIRRHOSIS SHALL NOW REPLACE HEPATITIS AS OUR STATUS DISEASE.

FANNISH STAR TREK ZINE? IF I SEE STAR TREK MENTIONED AGAIN ANYWHERE, I'M GAFIATING.

JIM MEADOWS III (62 HENLOCK STREET, PARK FOREST, ILL. 60466) ARNIE THE KATZ WAS GREAT, AS ALWAYS. EVEN THO I'VE HEARD THE PHIL DICK STORY FROM TED WHITE (IT'S IN AMAZING, NOVEMBER 69, ALL YOU COMPLETISTS WHO ARE READING THIS LETTERCOL ONLY YOU'LL PROBABLY NEVER READ THIS LOC BECAUSE MY LETTERS HAVE A HABIT OF NOT GETTING PRINTED. AFTER SOME SMALL SELECTION FOR FOCAL POINT, IT'S BEEN WE ALSO HEARD FROM IN FP AND POTLATCH SINCE THEN. IN FACT, CHARLENE, YOU PROBABLY NOTICED THAT BILL CREATED A SPECIAL WAHF JUST FOR ME IN RATS! 13. SOMEDAY I'LL BE THE MOST ALSO HEARD FROM ENTITY IN FANDOM.

ALJO SVOBODA (1203 BUCY AVE. ORANGE, CALIF.) YOU PROBABLY WON'T BELIEVE THIS, BUT I GOT RATS! 13 SPECIAL DELIVERY FROM A SIX-FOOT WHITE RAT! HE WAS QUITE FRIENDLY AND DIDN'T EVEN CHARGE ME THE POSTAGE DUE, BUT IT'S AWFUL HARD TO COMMUNICATE WITH A GLEAMING SET OF FANGS STARING AT YOU...

HMMM, I WONDER WHERE YOU GO AFTER YOU'VE JOINED THE N3F? THERE MUST BE MANY PEOPLE PUZZLING OUT WHAT TO DO WITH THEIR (FANNISH) LIVES, AND COMING TO THE INESCAPABLE ALTERNATIVE: GAFIA. BUT...THERE MUST BE SOMETHING. UH, HAVE YOU EVER CONSIDERED REFOUNDING THE COSMIC CIRCLE. [ACTUALLY, ALJO, YOU SEEM TO BE PART OF THE NEW GENERATION OF FANS WHO SOMEHOW MANAGED TO AVOID THAT MOST DISTASTEFUL BEGINNING STAGE OF FANAC. I STARTED OUT IN THE N3F, AND I RECALL SETH McEVY MENTIONING RECENTLY THAT HE HELD IN HIS POSSESSION A LETTER OPENING: "HELLO, MY NAME IS ARNOLO KATZ, AND I'D LIKE TO WELCOME YOU TO THE N3F..."]

AND ONE MORE FAN PROSTITUTES HIS GENIUS....

IF SOMEONE HAD COME UP TO ME THE DAY I RECEIVED RATS! AND ASKED ME WHAT I'D ACCOMPLISHED IN LIFE, I'D SURELY HAVE GIVEN THEM A LITTLE SMUG LOOK AND SAID, "WELL, I GOT AN INTERLINO IN RATS! ..."

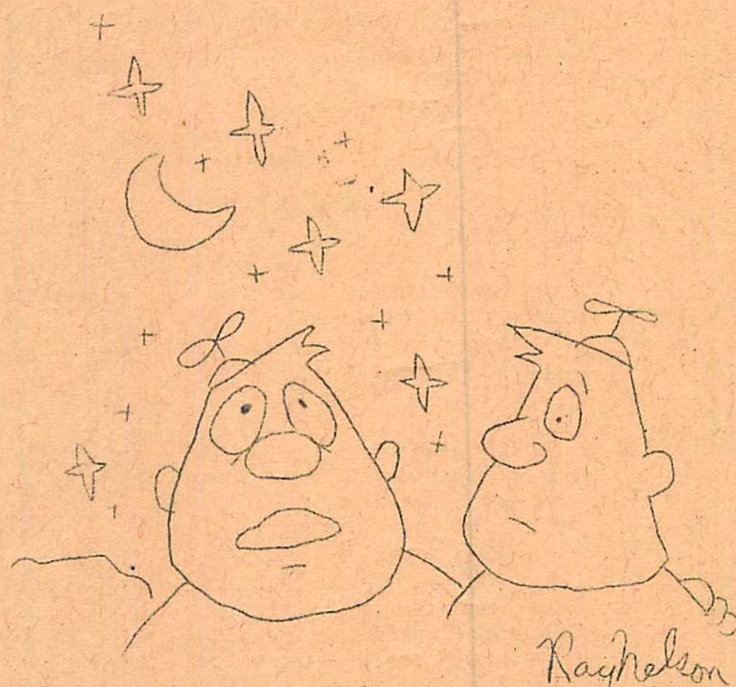
TERRY HUGHES (407 COLLEGE AVE., COLUMBIA, MO. 65201) STEVE STILES DID A GREAT COVER FOR THIS ISSUE. I REALLY LOVE THE TITLE LOGO ON IT: THE TITLE WITH HICKEY RAT STANDING BY IT. YOU KNOW, I COULD REALLY GET INTO A FAANISH PIE FIGHT. HANK LUTTRELL AND I HAVE BEEN MAKING PLANS OF GOING INTO THE UNIVERSITY ADMINISTRATION BUILDING WITH BOXES OF WHIPCREAM PIES AND STARTING A PIE FIGHT. THEN AFTER THE LAST PIES ARE THROWN WE'LL CALMLY WALK OUT. THOUGH WE MIGHT BE FAIRLY EASY TO CATCH SINCE NOT TOO MANY DUDES WALK THE STREETS OF COLUMBIA COVERED WITH PIE-GOOK.

YOU REALLY SHOULD HAVE PRINTED ALL OF THE TERRY CARR REPRINT FROM INNUENDO #11. THE LATTER PART OF IT WAS A GREAT THRUST, STRAIGHT TOWARD RAY'S EGO. I JUST FINISHED READING THAT FANZINE, SO THAT'S WHY I REMEMBER IT SO WELL.

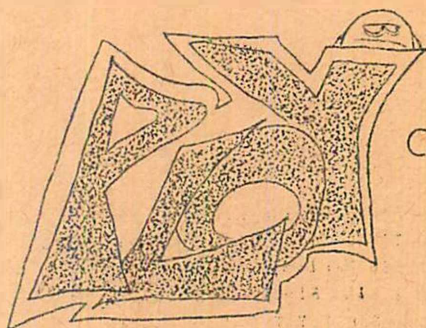
[WAHF A FEW OTHERS, INCLUDING A LONG LETTER FROM JOHN INGHAM THAT I LOST, DAMMIT. THE LETTERS WERE NOT QUITE AS PLENTIFUL NOR AS GOOD AS THEY HAVE BEEN, SO LET'S GET BACK UP TO STANDARD NEXT TIME, AND WE'LL HAVE MORE LETTERS TO PRINT. THAT IS, OF COURSE, IF I DON'T MANAGE TO LOSE THE GODDAMN THINGS.]


LOUIE MAY DIE, THE HORSE MAY DIE....OR I MAY DIE.....

-QUEEN JANE



It's on nights like this that
I know, deep down inside, that
the Golden Age of Fandom...
is NOW!



CHARLENE KOMAR 

Lots of things have been happening here since our last issue. The biggest thing, I guess, is that I decided to quit school.

I'd been pretty much in a state of perpetual exhaustion this semester, what with working nights and Monday afternoons and trying to keep up with 18 credits worth of work. I'd taken 18 last spring, too, and had no trouble with

it, but I hadn't been working and the classes just worked out as being a lot more work this time, especially since two of the courses were Honors. These weren't really hard, but there was a lot of reading. I'd gotten the reading list for one in the spring and read the books over the summer, so that wasn't too bad (except that she didn't stick to the list too closely. Oh well.). The other, The Feminist Movement, was a lot of work. The other main problems were the two courses I was taking in History of Science, neither of which I wanted to take. My original program hadn't been too bad, but a Psych thing I was supposed to work on was limited to grad students and the Pol. Sci. professor decided not to teach what was described in the bulletin, so I had to find something out of the leftovers at Adjustments. There wasn't much left. Not only did I hate it, the work load was ridiculous, and I somehow got the feeling at the midterms that I'd been wasting my time. Well, all this and various other lousy things about this semester didn't leave me with a positive attitude.

Then came registration for the Spring semester. This, I thought, would be really good, since I'd be registering as an Upper Sophomore, my status as of this Fall, and I'd finally be able to get into the courses I needed for my major. Or so I thought. I was scheduled to register Wed.

afternoon of the first week of registration (there are two weeks at Queens; I was scheduled so early because, as a City college, we have sort of a high dropout rate). One of the Honors courses I wanted was closed by the time I tried to register for it, but I figured what the hell, it would've been too much work anyway. Another, I was told, was not being offered after all. So much for them. A History course I'd been wanting since coming to Queens was finally being offered, but it was closed by Wed.; this annoyed me a bit since I figured they wouldn't offer it again while I was in the school. But after all, it was my major that was really important.



I am-was-a Communications Arts and Sciences major (subdivision: Mass Communications). Out of 63 credits I've taken at Queens, exactly nine have been in my major. 6 of these were taken during summer sessions. One of these courses was excellent from just about every point of view. Another was not so good, mainly because it was, at the time, required for the whole school and nobody expected anything from anybody involved. The third course, which I took last summer, was awful; taught by a visiting professor, it more resembled an encounter group than a class. I was sort of disturbed by the way he kept insisting that he didn't believe in courses in Per-

PLOY::::

suasion, since that was what the course was supposed to be in. The class itself was kind of an odd group; they kept talking about how you can't really learn anything in the classroom, how you've got to get out of the colleges and onto the streets and live. All of which rather made me wonder what the hell they were doing in a classroom.

Robert (as we knew our instructor) chose not to assign any reading, but he did "suggest" three books, none of which had any direct bearing on the supposed topic of the class. I read one (The Greening of America). Never in my life had I read such crap. After a week of this six-week "course", I told him what I thought of his "class" and left, never to return (he gave me a C).

Nevertheless, my faith in CAS remained. They offered some damn good courses, and I was anxious to take them. This was easier said than done, since most courses in my division had a prerequisite of a certain course which was offered only once each term, and not at all during the summer sessions. I don't know how many of the some 27,000 Queens students need that course, but it had been a large enough number to prevent me from getting it yet. Another course I needed which didn't have a prereq was limited in another way: a semi-secret (they never did tell you when it opened or closed) pre-application. Just because the rest of the College had Open Admissions didn't mean the CAS Department was going to.

So anyway, there were three courses I could take in my major this semester which should have remained open until I registered. They all did. Unfortunately, another problem developed. All these courses conflicted with each other. (So, I noticed, did several other CAS courses.) This served to snap something, and I



PLOY:::

decided that the school could go fuck itself. This was further reinforced when I discovered that they were offering that Honors course they'd told me didn't exist.

And so I threw away scholarship (that hurt the most, I must admit), student status and hope for a degree for ceramics.

My mother's ceramic business seemed the only alternative to school. Although my mother is a talented ceramist, she isn't too much of a businesswoman, and she needs someone to put things in order (not to mention to help with the everyday business of running a store). So, now that's me.

I felt much better immediately after making my decision - a lot less tense. But it did cause me some pain; I'd always expected to graduate from college, I'd have been the first in my immediate family to have done so, I had a scholarship I was throwing away - and anyway, it was a painful decision. But I figure I can always go back - at night, if need be - and it will make a lot of things easier (for one thing, being married).

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My father has been working for the airlines for the last couple of years, and now that I'm no longer a student I'm no longer eligible for reduced rate or free passes. However, passes are good for ninety days, so with my usual cleverness I applied for one while still a student and I plan to use it in April. All of which means that Bill and I will be taking our wedding trip some two months before we get married. We've decided that since it's pretty likely that we won't have the money to go to England for a good many years (if ever) and I won't be able to get a ticket for \$35. unless I go to work for an airline (which is fairly unlikely), we'd better grab the chance while we have it. So we're going to be spending two weeks traveling through England, Scotland, and Ireland.

Naturally, we'd love to see any and all British fans while we're there. We'll be doing some letter-writing, and maybe we can make some arrangements.

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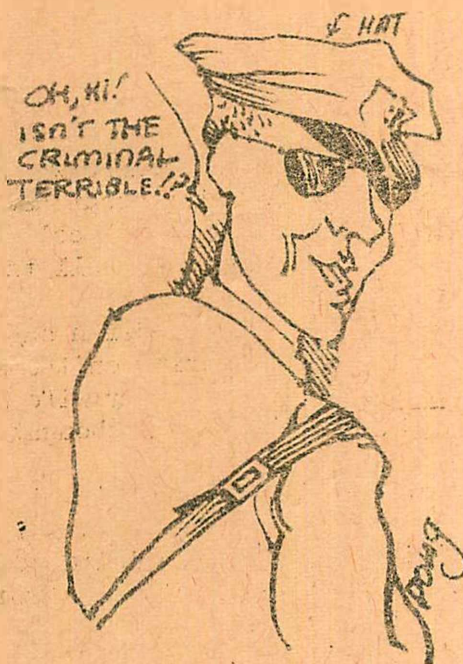
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Well, so much for our recent changes. And oh yeah, there's another: since I'll be out of school, Bill and I have pushed up our wedding date to June 10. But you'll probably be hearing more than you can stand about that in our next issue.

--Charlene Komar

That's the way I want it



It is getting very close to midnight. When midnight comes it will be Sunday. Charlene and I have have, then, spent the whole of Saturday typing and pasting electro-stencils onto Trojan stencils.

We are both very sick of typing and pasting.

THE
UNOFFICIAL
ENGINEER



I just spoke with Arnie on the phone and it seems he pulled his back muscles and it may all be for nothing, since he might not be able to run the mimeograph.

I feel very old. And tired.

Nonetheless, you won't hear any half-baked threats of gaffiation from me. Oh no, it does not bother me that there hasn't been a fanzine published in New York in months and that there may not be another one published for another few months.

I don't care. We're actually finished, you see. RATS! is complete. And I am very glad. And even if it doesn't get run off, I have the stencils sitting here, and I think it's a pretty good fanzine in spite of everything. So make the most of it, cause you may not see another one for some time.

After the great faanish tradition of last minute announcements, I suppose I shall fill up these last two pages with first draft gab concerning the latest changes.

First, you see, I have decided that I don't want to work in the ceramic shop any more. I want to do the things I can do. And somehow I have the feeling that I wasn't born to make ash trays. So what I'll be doing is I'll continue working there, full time, for a few more months, taking time after work to work with the band and start writing, professionally. I'd like to write some popular culture material, as well as fiction, and I can really see a recording future as a plausible alternative to clay watching.

After I get some money together, I'll be quitting and writing and playing full-time. This seems a necessary step in order to insure my future sanity. At best, the idea of making ashtrays and satisfying my creative impulses with fanac was a temporary solution, and not a very good one.

It was getting to me during the writing of Drivel, which I guess is pretty obvious, and I realize the time has come to take some realistic steps toward existence.

Social fanac will continue, and RATS! will be published, just not as often (this is for the benefit of those fans who don't write letters to fanzines unless they're sure they have a chance of seeing print. So write--more RATS! will appear!). As for DEAD FLOWERS, the small circulation weekly fanzine I started a few weeks ago, well it's obvious I won't be able to keep it going every week, but I plan on doing an issue of that in two weeks, with more to come at irregular intervals.

I'm very sorry that this has to be, since fanac is an awful lot of fun. Unfortunately, it doesn't pay the bills. In fact, it is becoming a big fucking expense. Charlene just today pointed out that this issue will cost upwards of \$45. Which is a lot of money for a poor cat like me to lay out.

So, we'll be seeing you then -- not quite as much is all.

unethical engineer::::

I also want to bring up the fact that quite a few of you will find X's on yer mailing labels. What with 3rd class rats going up, this is absolutely your last warning, and if you don't respond to this issue, you will be cut off. And that's that.

We still haven't heard from quite a few overseas fans. We really don't want to cut you folks off, but you can see that we have no choice.

And that's the end of the business. Thank ghod.

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There's a thing Charlene likes to do, and I hope I'm not invading the privacy of our bedroom by mentioning it. It's nothing perverse (or at least, I don't believe so) or anything, but what she likes to do is she likes to lay like spoons.

This is how you lay like spoons. The two of us (or the two of you, if you like) lay on your sides, right up against one another, fitting into the grooves of your partner's body.

To be truthful, I used to do this long before I knew what it was called. Just one night, out of the blue, Charlene told me, "I like this, laying like spoons."

She said nothing more, but the simile (or is it metaphor?) appealed to me a lot, and I thought about it a lot over the next few days. Pretty soon, I started requesting that we "lay like spoons" with obvious relish. Then, one night, after I made my request, Charlene turned to me and said, "Do you know where I got that from? I got it from a James Bond book." There was an uncomfortable pause. "I thought I should tell you," she told me. "But I see I shouldn't have said anything."

"No," I assured her, "It's perfectly all right." We were still. I thought about it. And finally I blurted out: "But why did it have to be from James Bond!"

I hate James Bond, you see.

Ta, till next. --Kunkel

