



SYNDROME
ONE

SYNDROME #1

CONTENTS

Pipe Dreams +++ Frank Lunney +++ page 2
The Cracked Eye +++ Gary Hubbard +++ page 6
How I Got to be a BNF in only Ten Years by Accident +++ Calvin Demmon
+++ page 15
The Confessions of St. John the Fakefan +++ Justin St. John +++ page 18
The Old Bottle Cap Fandango +++ Richard Meltzer +++ page 24
I Fell Into An Avalanche +++ Jerry Lapidus +++ page 27

Artwork by

Joe Staton +++ Cover
Dan Steffan +++ 2, 3, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 27
Dany Frolich +++ 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14
Bill Rotsler +++ 15, 24, 34
Richard Flinchbaugh +++ 17
Jay Kinney, +++ 25, 26
Jim McLeod +++ 28, 29
Dan Osterman +++ 33
Bhob Stewart +++ Back cover

SYNDROME is edited and published by Frank Lunney at 212 Juniper St., Quakertown, Pa. 18951. Copies are available for 50¢ each, for as many into the future as you want to gamble on. I'd feel better about sending you an issue for a letter of comment or trade or one of the many ways one goes about receiving a non-profit fanzine. Send me some old fanzines and I'll be eternally in your debt.

SYNDROME will be published on no schedule at all. Today is June 1, and this afternoon while I was running off portions of this issue, a screw came out of the Rex in a place inaccessible to my non-mechanical mind. That happened with two pages left to be run off. Here's a quote to fill up empty space:

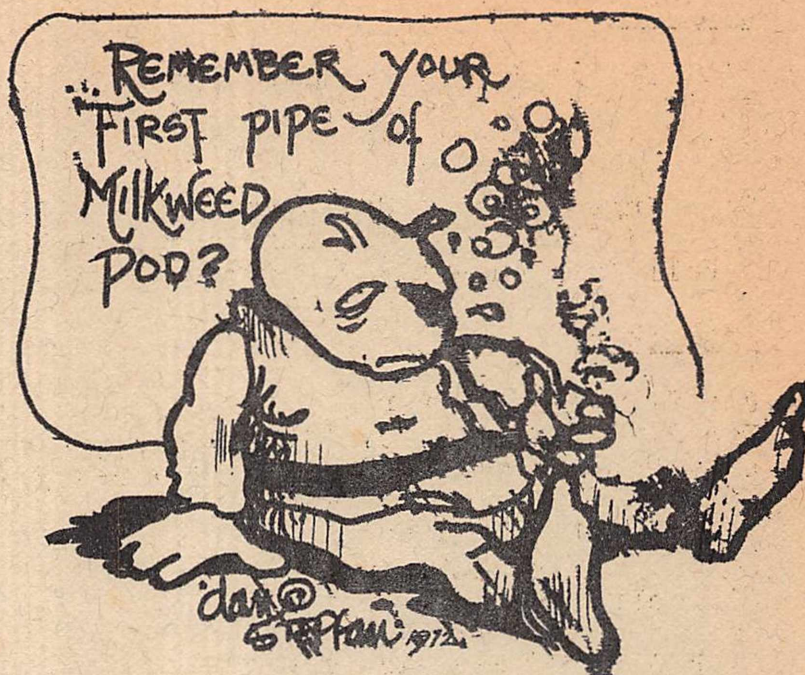
"Evidently Parent spotted them coming in and he said, "Hey, what are you doing here?" Watson seems to have believed, luckily for Garretson, that Parent was the caretaker. Parent must have been slowing down to touch the exit button when Tex ran up in front of the white, 1966 Nash Ambassador two-door sedan and yelled, "Stop! Halt!" It must have been around 12:30 A.M. Through the open driver's window, Tex jammed his formidable weapon up against Parent's head. It was a weapon right out of the spirit of the American West: a .22-caliber, nine-shot walnut-handled, blue steel, long-barreled, Ned Buntlined to Wyatt Earp, longhorn, fifteen-inch revolver, loaded with .22 long rifle bullets. Parent said: "Please don't hurt me. I won't say anything."

"Bang, bang, bang, bang.

"Mrs. Seymour Kott, living just over the lip of the hill, on the other side of the driveway, about a football field distance away, heard, just as she was about to go to bed about 12:30, four shots fired in quick succession. Bang. Parent was shot in the upper chest. Bang. Once in the back of the left forearm, exiting on the other side. Shot in the left cheek--exit wound through the mouth....."

The Family by Ed Sanders

Pipe Dreams



A TALE, LONELY It's been a while since I produced a fanzine for general consumption, and I'm sure most of you have been wondering if Frank Lunney had finally made good on the threats he's been making since the first year he became a fan. For those of you who have kept the faith I'd like to say thank you, or something, especially those fanzine editors who have continued to send me their fanzine. (I don't know why I'm making such a big deal of this...it's only been six months. Surely I've gone through six months before without publishing a fanzine. Surely.)

Nevertheless, I'm sure all but a handful of you must be surprised to see this fanzine. BeABohema is no more. It's gone...and it purposefully left the world wrapped in pounds of ink.

SYNDROME shouldn't be all that different from a few of the later issues of BeABohema, but that six months did give me a lot of time to think, and at this point, on the last day of May, I can see that a lot of this issue resembles BAB too closely for me to be fully satisfied with the result. Most of the material in SYN 1 was on hand by about November of last year, and most of it went onto stencil before the end of the year, or during my semester break from classes at school. It was all part of a plan for those last two issues of BAB to be out by Christmas, the first issue of a BRAND*NEW*FANZINE to be out before the end of January, another issue by Easter, and on and on. It didn't work out that way.

Instead, I lost that enthusiasm for a while...the cover sat in my room...the last installment of Cum Bloatus and this issue (except for "Pipe Dreams," which I'm writing now, of course) lay in the basement. I worked on the weekends...vegetated at school during the week, and gen-

erally I didn't feel like sitting at my desk and typing stencils. Other activities somehow struck me as more enjoyable.

I might not even have started the editorial if it hadn't been for something Bill Rotsler did last week which gave me a spurt of enthusiasm, so that now, though I've been spending the last couple of days looking for a job (in addition to the pizza stand, that is) I knew that I wanted to publish a fanzine.

The problem is that I would rather start out a new fanzine with an issue other than the one I've already published. My ideas have changed though ever so slightly, and I feel what I'll be sending out in the next couple of days is an anachronism. But I also feel it has to be done. If I let this chance pass, another one may never turn up again. And I did spend a hell of a lot of time working on #1, messed up a lot of times and went ahead anyway, and I think my simply throwing away the whole conglomeration at this point would be more an admission to myself of the needless unreality of fandom than the fact that it's a bad foot to start off on.

And if that happened....

THE HEARTY SPECTROMETER Two days ago while I was in the process of moving all my "property" from my room at school to home, I saw Ben Bova delivering mail on Route 191 in Bethlehem. I was in the Dodge station wagon, pulling out of University Ave. onto the highway, bordered on both sides by residences, when I looked out the driver's window and saw Ben walking in the opposite direction from the one in which I was travelling. The big burlap bag was over one shoulder, and he had a handful of mail in the left hand, getting a batch ready for the next house.



It was a warm day, but he still had one of those Russian hats everyone wears in the winter time to ward off the frost. Maybe that's why he didn't hear me when I waved my hand out the window and said, "Hey there, Ben!" The hat was over his ears, so he probably didn't hear me.

Actually, he probably didn't wave because he didn't know who I was. I'm able to recognize him from seeing him at a distance at conventions, of course, but we've never spoken to each other.

I don't get LOCUS regularly any more, so I'd really appreciate it if someone would give me the news on why Ben Bova is a mailman in Bethlehem, Pa. Last I heard he was the editor of ANALOG, and I'm sure if he didn't like that he could get a good job. Write and tell me what's going on, OK?

IT'S ONLY TEENAGE WASTELAND At last year's Noreascon, a group of us poor youngfans, not able to afford a banquet ticket (or, more likely, not wanting to get involved with the ceremony) sat in the balcony during the Hugo awards ceremony. There was a little discussion of the probable winners in each category, and there was some agreement on the people who would surely not win. The biggest surprises were, of course, Dick Geis for best fanwriter and "no award" for best dramatic presentation, when all were sure either Firesign Theater or Jefferson Starship would win in that first year a record album garnered a nomination (or two).

Some of us young people were pretty pissed off. But also I don't think any of us voted for last years Hugo awards. I know I didn't.

*

This year's Academy Awards were a real treat. I was at school, sitting in my room in a condition in which I was slightly unable to cope with the world, and the memory of the awards being on TV that very night popped into my head. "Great," I thought to myself, "it must be just about time for them to announce the winners of the Best Actor and Actress and Picture and all the biggies."

I left the shelter of my room and moved into the TV lounge in my dormitory, already filled with people. I took a seat in the back, fully prepared to sit out the ten minutes or so until the significant awards were announced.

Actually, I'd started watching about ten minutes after the show started on TV, but it took a while for me to understand what I'd done. I sat through the entire Academy Awards ceremony, including Alan King, minus the first ten minutes. Jesus, what a bore...

*

I can't remember ever making my Hugo choices, or, more accurately, my thoughts on the nominees, apart of one of my fanzines before, except for perhaps an offhand remark in the lettercolumn. In no way am I making recommendations. I don't even give a damn who you vote for. I'm not going to vote this year, either. I've never voted for the Hugo awards, not even the year my fanzine, BeABohema, was nominated for one. And I'm not going to pay \$6 for the privilege of casting a few votes this year. (Maybe it's less than \$6, but that doesn't really matter....) But as a method of boosting the ego they're where it's at in fandom, if only because people who regard the Hugos as meaningless have to argue their point of view so often.

Last summer when I worked as a painter I worked for this real asshole. "Be there early," he'd say when I asked what time I should be at the job. Then he'd stop along the way to eat breakfast, go to the post office, a camera shop and stop to buy some paint he wouldn't need for a few weeks. I started reading sf while waiting for this guy in the morning. I read Jack of Shadows by Roger Zelazny on two consecutive mornings and it sure was great stuff to read while waiting for the painter to come.

The Lathe of Heaven struck me as similar to Zelazny's book in that it was produced by Ursula K. Leguin immediately after some great critical success, and most people regarded it as good, but not as good as... I like books by Phil Dick, so I liked this story.

I never did read A Time of Changes. GALAXY was sending me free copies of the magazine (for a reason I never did understand, though I

didn't complain) and I received the issues with the Silverberg serial in them. But while I was saving the issues so I could read the novel in its entirety, I lost the first or second installment and didn't want to read it then. And I thought it would be a waste of money to buy the book if I already had the serial for of it, so I still haven't read it.

I'm amazed at the reception To Your Scattered Bodies Go has been receiving. A lot of people think its great stuff, but it struck me as enjoyable as long as I was able to recognize it was nothing more than good pulp. The narrative is straightforward with no complications at all, no style of its own. It's a working man's novel. And that's all.

If you've read one Anne McCaffrey story, you're done for life. So out of a bunch of not-such-great-shit books, I'd choose between the Zelazny and the Leguin.

I've probably read but remember none of the novellas or short stories but for George Alec Effinger's "All the Last Wars at Once," a funny little story, don't you all agree? Ha ha...

"I Think We're All Bozos on This Bus" and "A Clockwork Orange" are the ones fighting it out this year for dramatic presentation. Once again I can't see enough of the people who are familiar with Firesign Theater spending the money or wasting the time on voting for it. Anything by Kubrick is safe for a Hugo award. It's too bad they couldn't have given it to the book in the first place.

I'd like to see Jeff Jones win as best artist for no particular reason. Nice stuff for the National Lampoon, and other places, but's it's going to be Frank Kelly Freas...because of his promotional posters for NASA. Sf fans can always appreciate a public service from a Hugo award nominee, and sometimes they even treat him for it.

It's gotta be Bill Rotsler or Grant Canfield, and already familiar with the stuff Grant's been doing this year, I know he should get the award for 1972, and why the fuck has it taken so long for anyone to recognize Rotsler with an award. Wendy Fletcher? Don't be ridiculous.

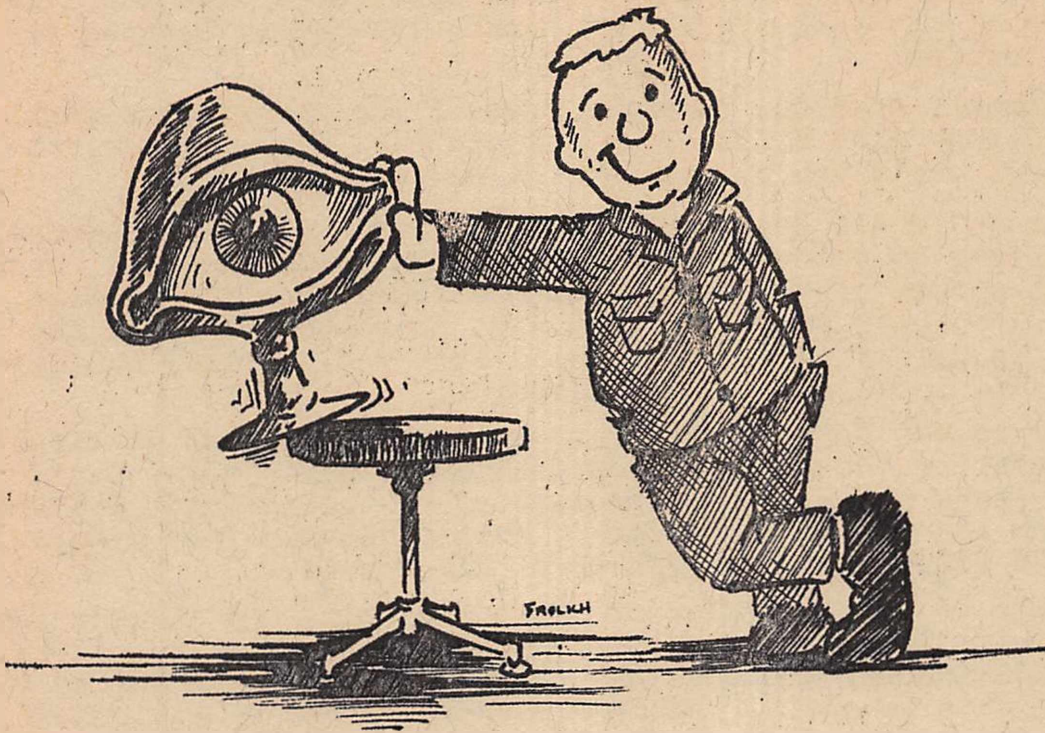
AMAZING and FANTASTIC are the only magazines I buy any more. I was over at the Quakertown News Agency two days ago and looked through an ANALOG, but I didn't buy it. Got CRAWDADDY instead.

At Lunacon Mike Glicksohn seriously tried to convince Arnie Katz (and a few other people, maybe) that FOCAL POINT would be nominated for a Hugo, and Arnie gave him figures to show it was impossible, and it looks like it was. If any fannish fanzine were to make the ballot in the next few years, it would have been last year's FOCAL POINT. Instead, this year's "fannish" part of the ballot went to GRANFALLOON. ENERGUMEN, appealing to a wide variety of people with its instant readability (but inability to publish anything which makes a lasting impression on the mind, beyond carrying on the Ted Pauls vs. lots of people feuds), should get the award this year since LOCUS got one last year. But watch for those LOCUS Hugo pushes everyone is so fond of hearing about.

Tom Digby made the ballot again. I've read one article by him, a boring explanation of how to make chocolate covered manhole covers, I think it was; and a few competent letters...along the lines of the kind of letter Mark Mumper would write. I'm amazed Bob Vardeman made the ballot, and I'd like to see Terry Carr, naturally, for his FOCAL POINT column, the discontinued ENTROPY REPRINTS, and maybe even because he wuz robbed last year.

THE CRACKED EYE

GARY
HUBBARD



There comes a time in the life of every young man when he must leave the home his parents have provided for him during his childhood and go off and live with a bunch of other young men who have also left their homes. Society, in its great wisdom, realizing the great need for every young man to mingle elbow to asshole with his peers, has established certain institutions to fulfill this need.

Some of these institutions include: the Boy Scouts, College, or the Army.

When it came my turn to leave home, I chose the Army. I was too old for the Boy Scouts, after all; I couldn't afford College; and I didn't want to get a job.

As it turned out, being in the Army was something like a cross between the Boy Scouts and College.

However, I am not going to talk about the Army as such. It seems as if everyone who has ever been in the ser-

vice has written a book, or at least an article, about all-the-wild-things-he-did-when-he-was-in-the-service. Humor in Uniform I will leave to these other clods and Reader's Digest. I only mention the fact that I was in the Army to establish a background for the events we are going to be talking about this time around. These things could just as easily have happened in the Boy Scouts or at College.

But, it so happened that I was in the Army.

And it was while I was in the Army that I met Popeye.

Popeye's real name was (Something) Philips. I never knew his first name. In fact, I never knew the first names of any of my roommates (there were fifteen of them; it was a very large room). We all addressed each other by our surnames... or by nicknames.

Such was the case with Popeye.

Actually, he didn't at all resemble that famous spinach-eating sailor. His general appearance was rather dead-pan, but he had large bulging eyeballs that had a lustreless appearance.

In fact, he resembled a dead fish.

But it wouldn't have been very kind to call him Fishface, would it?

A friend of mine--a girl--once told me that I am "thing-oriented" rather than "people-oriented." She said this with the implication that there is something superior in being "people-oriented" and something inferior in being "thing-oriented."

Well...people are things, aren't they? You make friends with a person because he's something besides being just another human being, don't you?

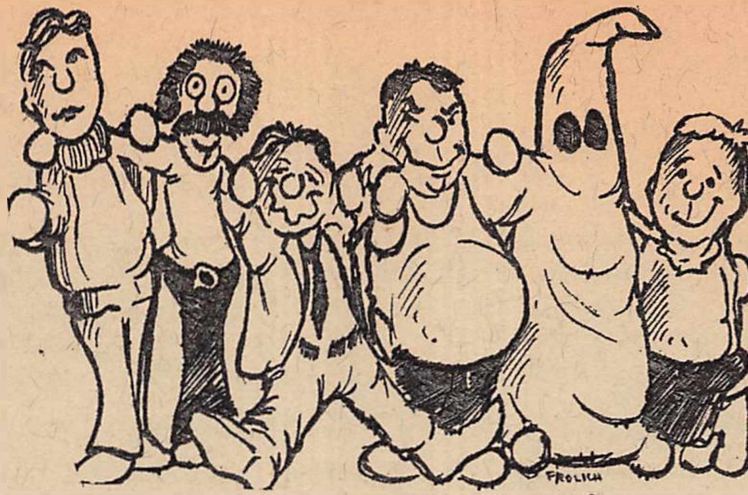
I hate people who say, "I love people." That strikes me as being really phoney. How could you love everybody?

Friendships are situations of exploitation. A friend is useful to you because: he can bolster your ego by agreeing with your point of view, or he can bolster your ego by disagreeing with your point of view (thereby showing himself to be a dolt in comparison to you). A friend can lend you money or his car; he can buy you a beer or share his stash with you; he can get you a job...sometimes.

A female friend, of course, you can screw.

I, myself, am a collector. I collect friends that no one else seems to want. I've known homosexuals, speed freaks, drunks, wife beaters, and bigots, and liked them all. You can get an interesting perspective from the people everybody else sneers at.





Popeye was like that. Most people considered him boring, and he was, too. But he was sufficiently strange to maintain my interest. For one thing, he was a big fan of Kahil Gibran. Kahil Gibran was an Armenian (or else Lebanese) philosopher and artist. His paintings are fairly good, although they are imitative of William Blake. I personally consider his philosophical writings (which he churned out between the years 1918 and 1950) as pretty mediocre. They are about on a par with those "Thought For The Day" columns you find in the newspapers. But Gibran has a pretty big following, and his book The Prophet runs second only to the Bible as all-time best seller.

Popeye knew The Prophet by heart. I used to open the book at random, give him a page number, and he would recite the passage that was on the page from memory.

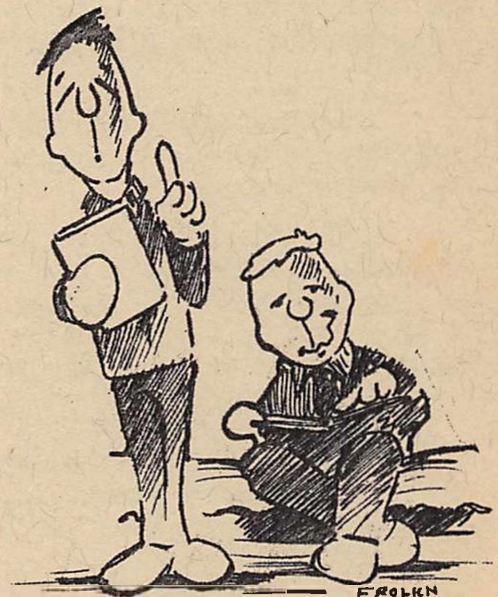
For example: I could say, "Page seventeen."

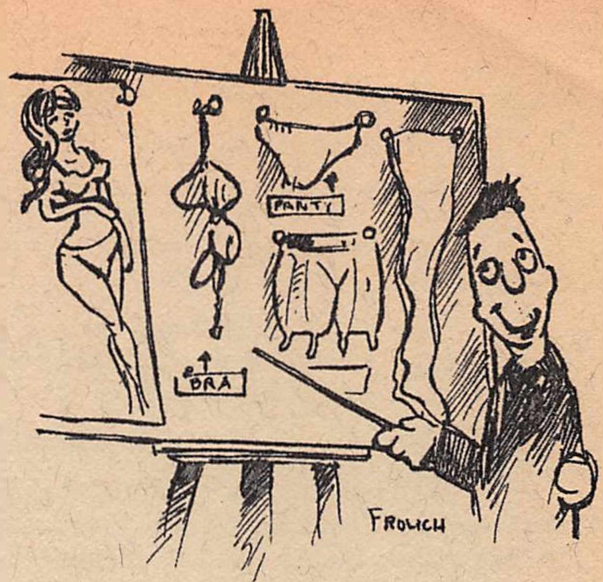
And he would reply, "Your children are not your children. They are the sons and daughters of Life's longing for itself. They come through you but not of you. And though they are with you yet they belong not to you..."

And so on.

Popeye used to get letters addressed from the Indonesian Embassy in Washington. He was very mysterious about these letters and never showed them to anyone. However, he had a large file of transcripts of President Sukarno's speeches (this was back in 1965), and he would quote long passages from these speeches and explain the glories of Indonesia to anyone who was foolish enough to bring up the subject.

Also, he used to spend a lot of time in the Housing Project.





The Housing Project was an area of the military complex where I lived that had been set aside for married officers and enlisted men and their families. It was strictly forbidden to unmarried G.I.'s, but Popeye made frequent, mysterious excursions into the Housing Project. Some of my roommates speculated that he had relatives living there, but when I asked him once why he went there, he replied that he was trying to entice little girls to come back to the barracks with him.

Popeye's sexual orientation seemed a bit unusual. He collected pictures of women in their underwear--never in the nude--, and he knew all sorts of fascinating things about bras and girdles and corsets.

He used to say that once he got out of the Army, he was going to open a laundry in Birmingham, Alabama.

"Because it really gets hot and sweaty at night there in the middle of August and when I came by to pick up the laundry, I could pull out the panties and sniff the crotches."

The place we were living at was Fort Devens, Massachusetts, and it was a bit different from most military compounds. Most of the time, if the Army wants to build a base somewhere, they kick off the local inhabitants, erect a bunch of flimsy buildings, and fill in the open spots with gravel.

But at Devens something had gone wrong and a lot of the land had been left in its natural state.

As a matter of fact, you could leave the Training Regiment Barracks (my "home"), walk across the ball field, cross a road, and step into a forest. A real forest, too, with nothing in sight but trees for miles and miles. It consisted predominantly of evergreens, but there were some birch mixed in there too, I think.

In a clearing in the woods there was a large pool. On occasion, we would meet near this pool. We would sit down on the grass near the edge of the pool, and Popeye would usually say something like:

"Aye, in the grove of the temple and in the shadow of the citadel I have seen the freest among you wear their freedom as a

yoke and a handcuff."

And I would reply:

"What's that mean?"

And we would be caught up in a discussion of freedom, handcuffs and things in general.

One day we were out by the pool...or...rather...I was out by the pool. I was sitting on the bank, my shoes off, dangling my feet in the water and throwing stones at a piece of wood I'd set adrift.

Popeye was out in the woods, thrashing around.

Presently, he came into the clearing. He was holding a twig in one hand that he had fashioned into a bow with a piece of wire he had found from somewhere. In his other hand, he had another twig that he had sharpened at one end.

"What in the world...?" I asked.

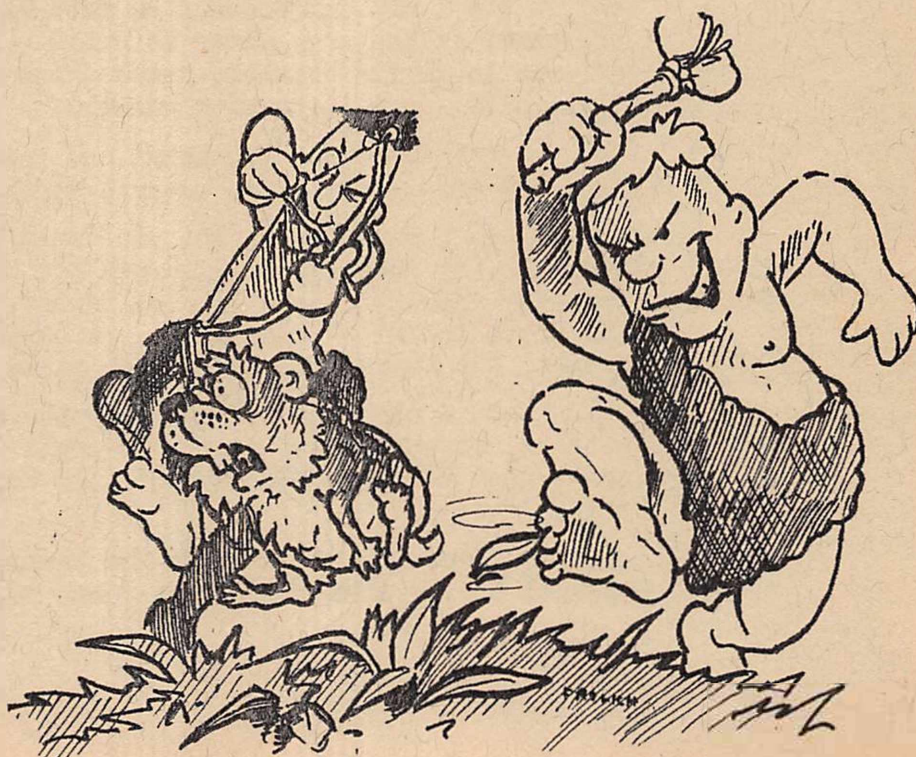
In a fit of weirdness, he said, he had imagined himself to be a caveman and had fashioned himself a crude bow and arrow.

I wasn't so sure that cavemen used bows and arrows, but, not to be outdone, I made myself a stone axe. It was pretty crummy as far as stone axes go. The twig I used for a handle was crooked and the head would fly off if you swung it too fast, but Popeye's bow wasn't much better. He couldn't bend it back too far for fear of breaking it, and his arrow, not having anything like feathers on the end to stabilize it, flew an extremely erratic path, seldom landing where it was pointed.

But we got caught up in the game of playing at caveman and started stamping through the woods grunting and making Tarzan-like yells and making more noise than any self-respecting caveman probably would have.

We spotted a chipmunk and started to chase him. Popeye tried to shoot at him with his bow, and I tried to bash his skull in, but the chipmunk was a lot smarter than we were and got away.

At one point, as we were wandering around, we came to the crest of a small



hill. There was a fence at the top of this hill, and on the other side of this fence we looked out at a beautiful valley with gently rolling hills and willow trees and clumps of flowers.

I wondered what that place was and why they had it fenced in and what it was doing on an Army base.

But I never did find out.

On the other hand, there was the Dump.

I was going to school at the time which usually left little time for other activities, but occasionally the school would not schedule certain classes on certain days, and that constituted a little extra free time which was very welcome.

However, the Training Regiment, where I was living, was a separate organization from the school, and they felt that just because you got time off from the school did not mean you got time off from the Army. So, every day, after everyone had gone off to school, they would send somebody through the barracks to see who had stayed behind.

If they caught you, they would put you to work painting rocks, cleaning out the johns, and unsavory things like that.

There were, of course, ways of avoiding this.

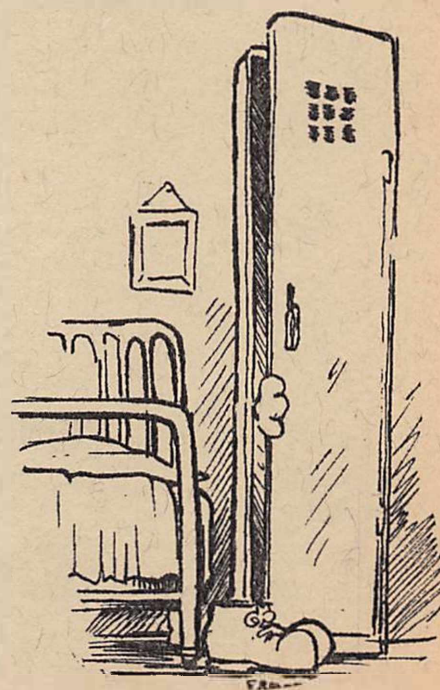
You could, for instance, go on to school with everyone else. Then, instead of going to your class, head for the snack bar or someplace like that. Of course, if somebody from the Training Regiment caught you in the snack bar, they would probably set you to work picking up cigarette butts by the side of the road.

My own personal method of avoiding work was to hide in my wall locker.

You see, instead of closets, we had these big metal boxes next to our beds. We kept our clothes and personal articles in these. They had doors that locked in front, but I had sheared off the hinge pins on one side, so I could open it without undoing the lock.

On the days that I had no school, I simply got inside my wall locker and fastened it shut with a latch affair I had rigged up on the inside. There wasn't much room on the inside there, but I could sit down, and enough light came through an airvent I had cut out in the side to enable me to read a comic book.

However, early one morning I was in the mess hall eating breakfast when I ran into Popeye. We started talking, and it turned out that we both had the day off. He suggested that we go down to the Dump. A place where, evidently, he spent much of his free time.



"What," I asked while examining a black little shard of something that was supposed to be bacon. This mess hall really had an evil reputation. They say they once had to carry off the ptomaine victims by the busloads. "What is the Dump?"

"It's the place where they put all the trash," he replied.

"That," I said, "is something that might apply for all of Fort Devens, for all of the Army. This is the place where they keep all the trash."

"But the Dump is where they keep all the good trash."

"Oh, well, that's different."

So we went to the Dump.

We sneaked out the back door of the mess hall and got onto an asphalt road that wound away from the Training Regiment. Gradually, the buildings started to thin out, and the landscape took on a flat, featureless appearance. Presently, the only thing on the horizon was a small brick building with a huge smokestack.

"What's that for?" I asked, pointing to the smokestack.

"That's where they burn the classified trash. The Dump is just on the other side of that building."

"The Army classifies its trash?"

"Yeah, they have lots of secret shit."

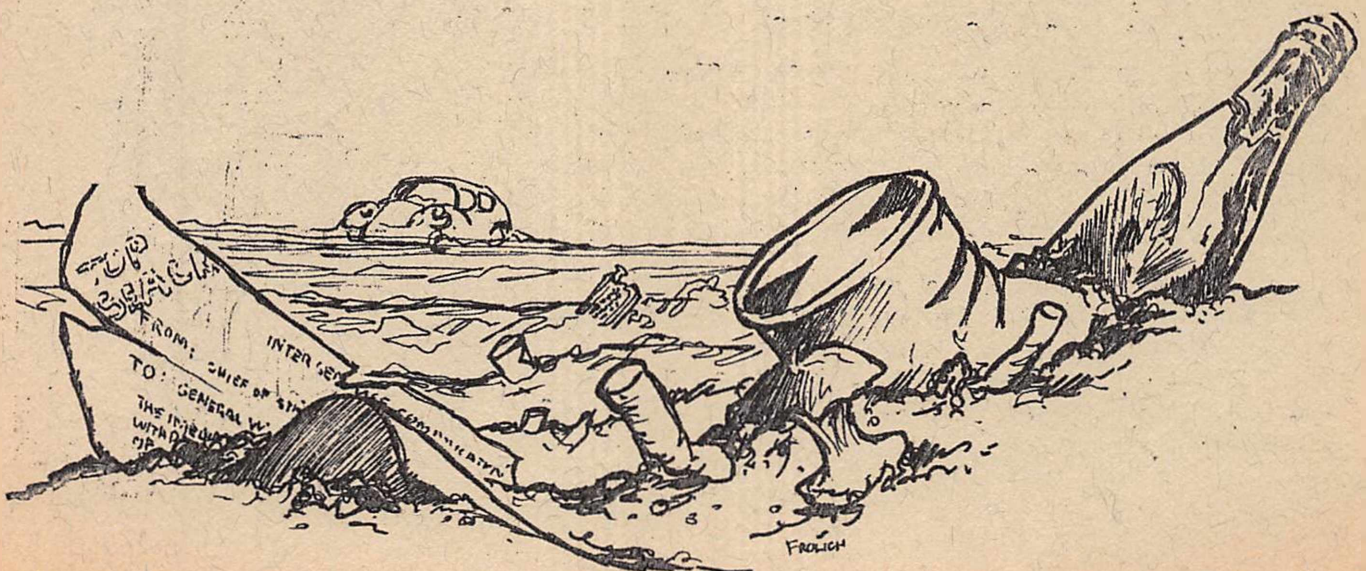
The Dump was a vast desert of discards. It looked like a beach full of litter looking for the seashore. It was an acre of sand--like a monster catbox--full of shit.

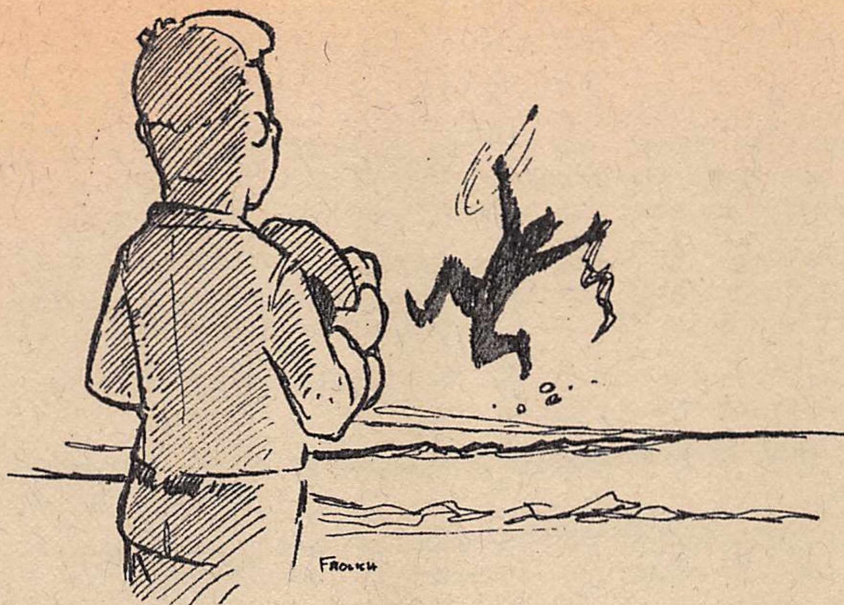
Junk was everywhere: paper and old clothes, beer cans, soup cans, bottles, old radio parts, torn shirts, ragged pants, unrecognizable stuff buried in the sand; there was even an old car rusting away in the distance.

We started to dig around to see what we could find (that, after all, is the natural thing one does in a dump). I found several items that I thought might be of interest to me: a belt, a Boy Scout hat, a speaker from an old radio, part of a plastic model submarine, and a dirty novel, Raging Flesh.

It wasn't too bad, either.

Besides going through the garbage, it was interesting to speculate on the history of the items spread on the sand: where did those old shoes lead their former owner? How many times was that faded Davy Crockett T-shirt handed down before





it was finally discarded? Who drank from that RC Cola bottle? Was it some teen-aged dude? Was it his girl? Did he slip a little Spanish Fly into it before he gave it to her?

Who owned that car? There was really no way of telling now. It was just a rusting old hulk. The glass had been smashed out and the upholstery ripped up. A spider had built herself a web where one of the headlights used to be. Judging from the number of dead insects dangling from her netting, the pickings must have been pretty good.

Popeye, meanwhile, had come across a pair of nylon stockings and an old brown-spotted kotex, that he insisted on showing me.

I wasn't interested.

But he was so excited by his discovery that he did a little dance and ran off across the sand waving the kotex over his head.

It was at that moment that I decided he was a very strange person.

But he returned a few moments later and announced, "Somebody's coming!"

He pointed in the direction of the road, and I could just make out a car approaching in the distance.

We decided to hide behind the car. We weren't, you know, too sure that we were allowed to be messing around in the Dump, and the approaching car might be the cops, or, at least, some officer who might take a dim view of enlisted men fooling around in the trash.

Besides, Popeye's kotex would be hard to explain under the best of circumstances.

The car pulled up to the entrance of the Dump, stopped, and from it emerged a man, a woman, and two children of indeterminate sex (but they were probably boys). The man I judged to be an N.C.O. You can usually tell the rank of a soldier by his stomach. Young officers are athletic and have flat stomachs, old officers are fat. Non-Commissioned Officers tend to grow such large pot-guts that they look like they're pregnant.

The man, the woman, and the two children gathered near the rear end of the car where the man undid the trunk-latch. Then they all dug into the innards of the trunk and proceeded to pull out several shopping bags and large cardboard boxes.

Had they come for a picnic? I wondered. They had picked a nice day for it. The sun was shining brightly and there was a gentle breeze blowing. The man and the woman could sit and enjoy the scenery while the kids played in the trash.

But no, they unceremoniously dumped their bags and boxes onto the sand; then they got back into the car and drove off.

"The family that dumps together bunks together...or something like that," I said to Popeye after they had left.

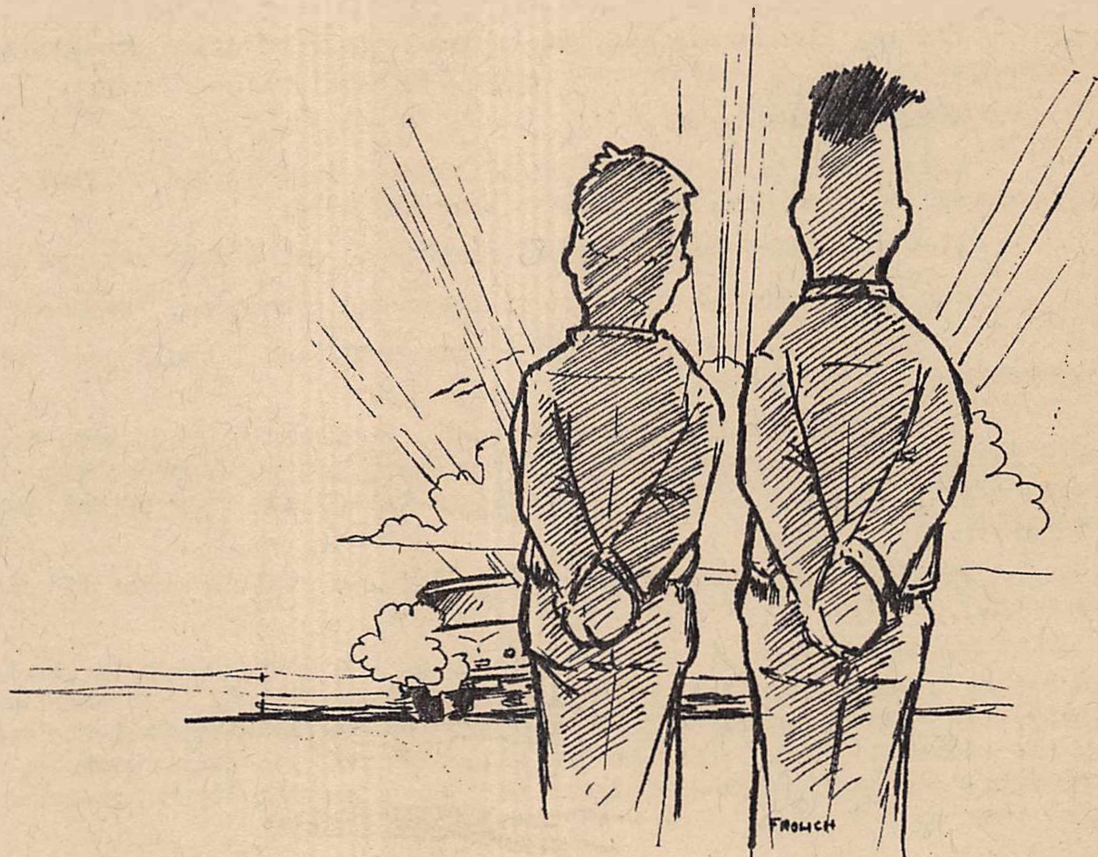
"Yet the timeless in you is aware of life's timelessness, and knows that yesterday is but today's memory and tomorrow is today's dream," he replied.

"What's that mean?!"

"I don't know," he shrugged, "but let's go see what they left. Maybe we'll find another kotex."

Fortunately we never did.

--Gary N. Hubbard



How I Got To Be A BNF in only ten years, by accident BY CALVIN DEMMON

Baba Ram Dass (Richard Alpert) says if a man says, "I'm enlightened," he probably isn't. A similar relationship holds in fandom: if a fan says, "I'm a BNF," he probably isn't. With that out of the way, then: I'm a BNF. Here's how I did it.

- Chapter One: The Early Days

My mother never raised me to be a fan. I was going to be a Minister of the Gospel--or a Scientist or a Race Car Driver. My father was a funeral director. I used to pedal over to the mortuary on my bike and eat lunch with him in the Prep Room, surrounded by stiffs on marble embalming tables. I read hundreds of toe-tags before I ever saw an EC Comic.

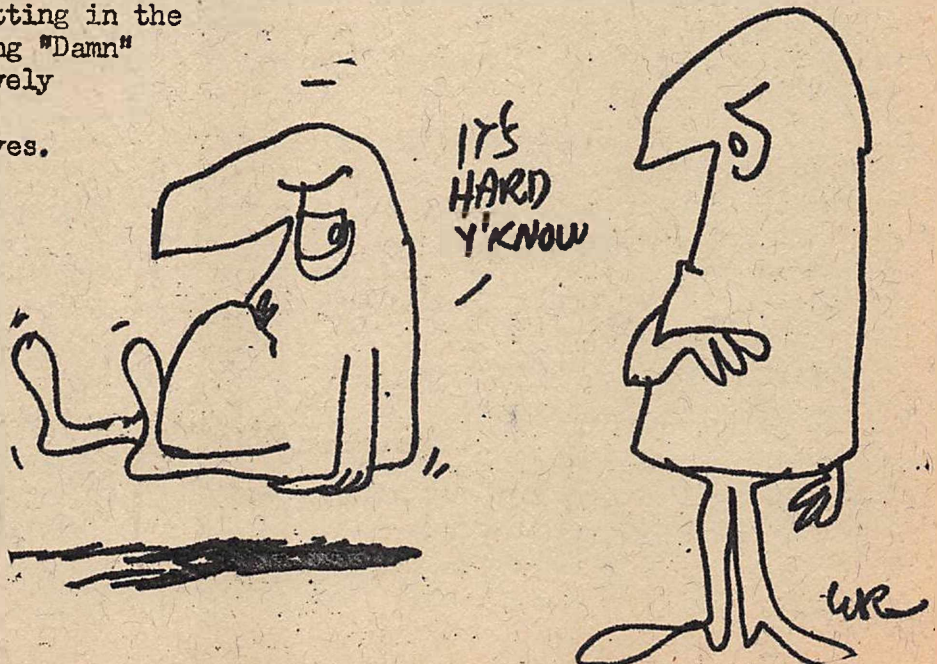
Chapter Two: I Hear The Call

At Inglewood High School, where I spent four deliciously perverted years doing push-ups, there was a tall, skinny youth with a peculiar gleam in his eye. While the rest of us worried about our studies, about our zits, about whether we were ever going to go to College or get Laid, he loped through the halls by himself with a stack of mimeographed sheets under his arm. His name was Bob Lichtman. Bob and I had Algebra and English together. In English, he turned in essays about Dorcas Bagby. In Algebra, he wrote letters to Guy Terwilliger. His fingertips were purple.

Slowly, deviously, he began to Turn Us All On.

Arvid Underman, who had spent his time up until then sitting in the back of the class muttering "Damn" and "Hell" in an impressively deep voice, showed up one day with bags under his eyes. He had spent the evening before at Bob Lichtman's house, publishing a fanzine.

Don Durward, a friendly enough sort until Bob got ahold of him, joined an organization called SAPS, and started hanging out with Underman.



Jerry Knight, who was easily the smartest kid in the school, disappeared one weekend and returned with a wild tale about having been on location in the desert, playing the piano for a movie called "The Musquite Kid Rides Again."

The four of them huddled in corners, muttering about Ganzines. They alienated themselves from their fellows. They began to speak in tongues. "Yngvi is a louse," they would say. "It's Eney's fault."

The fannish vibes are still very heavy there to this day.

Chapter Three: In Over My Head

Jerry Knight and I graduated and went away to College. I don't remember why we decided to go to Berkeley. I had no idea that it was a major fan center. So far as I was concerned it was just a chance to get away from home for a while. In Berkeley, we rented an apartment on Addison Street and began to get things unpacked. As we were polishing our shoes for ROTC, we heard a knock on the door. Jerry opened it. It was Terry Carr. "Welcome to Berkeley," he said, and handed us a bunch of onions.

Some weeks later we went to a party at Bill Donaho's. I was at that time affecting pipe-smoking. Every time I did it for more than five minutes I got sick. Bill Donaho saw me turning green. "Don't swallow," he said. "Spit it in the toilet." And I have never smoked a pipe or gotten sick from one again.

Before I knew it, Jerry and I were members of CRAP. We went to Berkeley Typewriter and bought some hectograph jelly and some ditto masters. We published a CRAPzine, and, having tested the apple, we began publishing our own weekly fanzines. We started hanging out with Dave Rike and Ron Ellik. I started cutting classes so I could spend more time on fanac. After one semester, I flunked out.

Chapter Four: The Adventure Continues

Back home after my experience with University life I enrolled at a junior college and took two part-time jobs. I bought a used ditto and a used mimeo. I joined SAPS, OMPA, and the FAPA waitlist. I published bi-monthly *SKOAN*s. I got a letter of comment from Walt Willis, which I printed of course, even though the real thrust of it was that he was happy to see that I, unlike some other neofans, could spell. I started hanging out at LASFS meetings.

Finally, getting the urge to travel again and feeling that the fannish action was hotter in the Bay area, I packed my mimeo and ditto into my car and moved back to Berkeley.

In those days it was just one Berkeley party after another. I met everybody and did everything. I grew a beard. I finally got Laid. I drove Avram Davidson across the Bay Bridge. I went shopping with visiting Walt Willis. I went to a party at Tony Boucher's house where everybody was a pro except me and Jerry and Miriam Knight. I went to conventions and water-bounced with the Busbys and ran around with the Benfords. I drank nuclear fizzes at Poul and Karen Anderson's house, and I threw up on their floor. Yet in spite of my adventures and my important contacts, I remained an obvious neofan.

Chapter Five: New York Days, And An Amazing Discovery

I moved to New York, drawn, like the moth, closer and closer to the fannish flame. I hung around with Ted White. I was chased by subway police with Les Gerber. I went to church with Steve Stiles. I spoke on the telephone to Calvin Thomas Beck. I threw up on Carol Carr.

And it was in New York City that I discovered the Secret which I am now about to impart. (Some writers in recent fanzines--Rick Sneary, I think, for one--referred to my New York period as "Calvin's dope-fiend days." Well, dope had nothing to do with it. In fact, it wasn't until several hours after I made my unusual discovery that I took my first dope.)

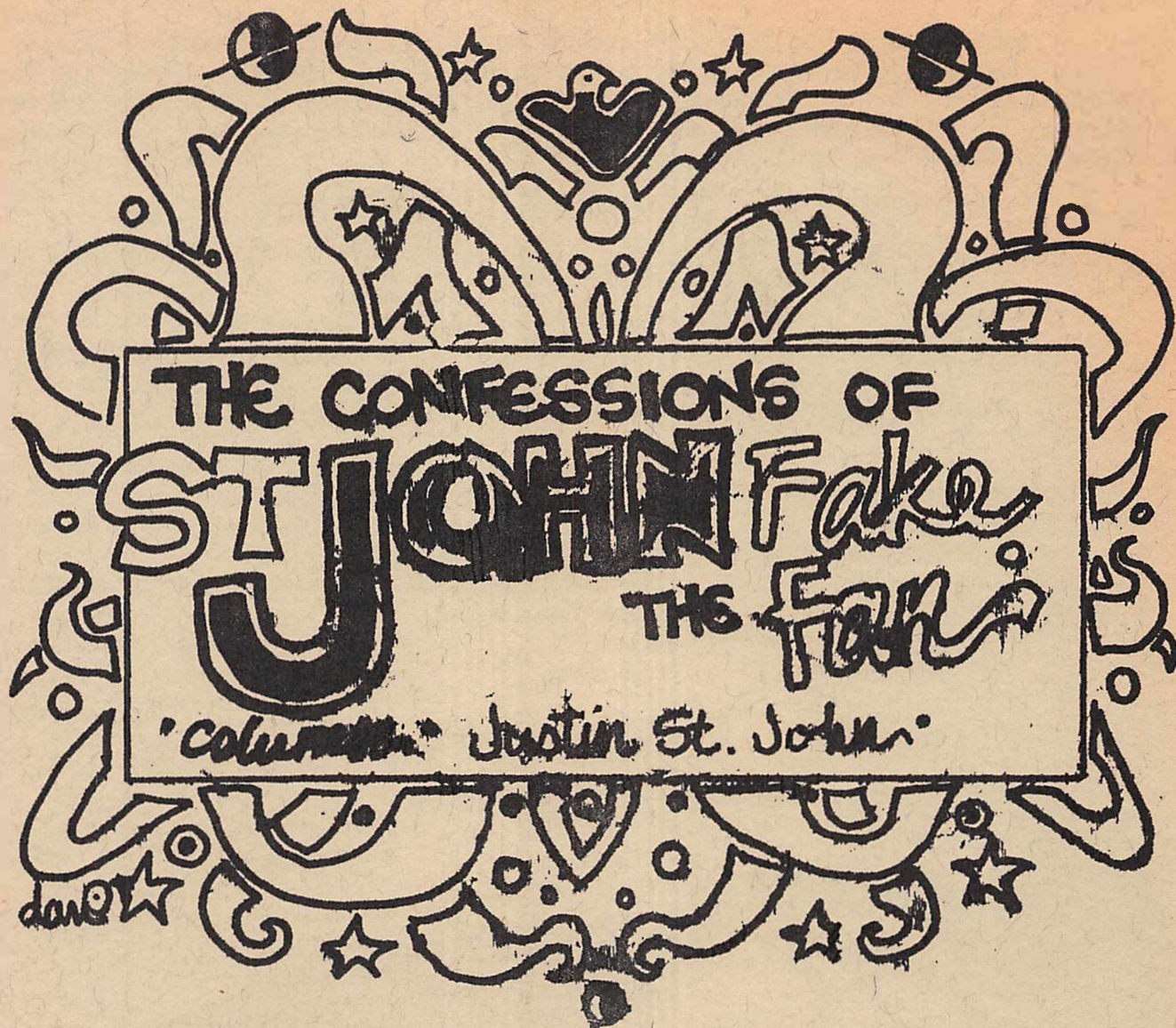
I discovered that the really big BNFs don't do anything.

(For example, the biggest BNF at that time was F.T. Laney, who was dead and therefor almost completely gafia.)

I stopped publishing fanzines, moved back to my home town in Southern California, and severed all ties with fandom. Although I married and fathered several children, I became a total recluse so far as fandom was concerned. And the rest is history. From that moment on I have been deluged with requests for articles, with complete press-runs of new fanzines, and with telephone calls from fans all over the world. I was, the moment I dropped out, transformed into an instant BNF. During the time since my discovery my BNF status has slipped only on a couple of occasions: when I actually published or wrote something. I learned from my mistakes and haven't written a word for a fanzine from 1964 to the present. I only risk committing this to paper in the hope that it will help another. Burn your mimeo! Kiss the fannish friends goodbye! Fame awaits you.

--Calvin Demmon





A jaded nation, bored with the pleasures of the Fleshpot and the eating of peeled grapes, has dismissed its naked dancing girls, sold its vineyards, and gone on to the bigger, the better, and the more bizarre. Having realized that their New-England-prep-school-and-four-years-of-Liberal-Arts-Education is utterly without economic value, and having made the delightful discovery that this is nothing for an upper/middle class American to worry about, You (--not to mention Affluent--) Americans (having abandoned Hoola Hoops, Monopoly and dolls that simultaneously pee in their pants and sing the blues) are desperate for something to do. Collecting stamps, watching television, and eating large quantities of peanut butter and jelly sandwiches are definitely passe. After all, this is 1972, so it's got to be something exotic. But, most of all, it's got to be something new. Now, I ask you, what could be newer to the children of the 50s and the 60s than the 20s, 30s and 40s? Having observed that, all things being equal, the future promises to be as bleak and as boring as the present, only more so, everyone is going in the only direction left--backwards. Back to Ruby Keeler. Back to baggy pants. Back to innocence. Back to back.

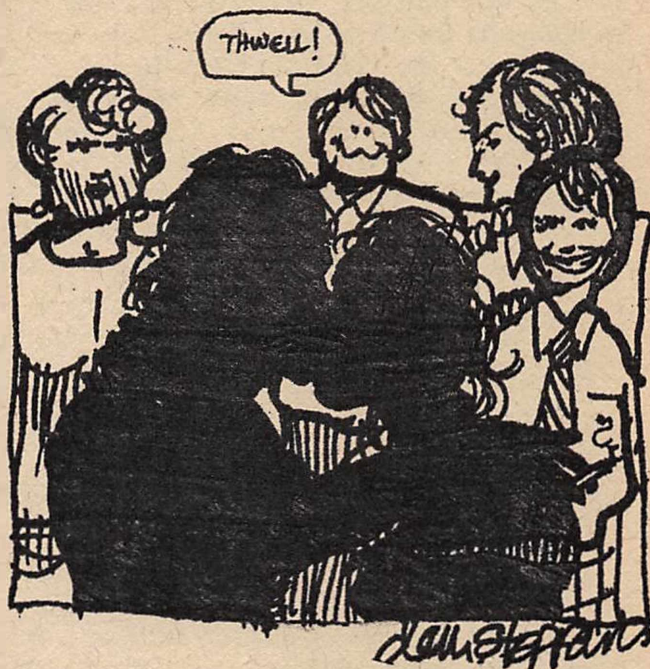
Ennui is the Mother of Invention.

FADS I HAVE KNOWN, AND VICE VERSA I walked into The Roundtable, a popular NYC discotheque/bar, at the end of a long evening of Christmas Eve reveling and routine holiday season moral degeneracy, for just a little more Christmas Eve reveling and holiday season moral degeneracy. The Roundtable is an expensive, over-decorated, piss-elegant dance hall, with liquor for those who--having lost their friends in the crush of expensive, over-decorated, piss-elegant Upper East Side denizens who haunt the place--wish to get drunk, forget about getting laid, and stumble home. Well, I hadn't been there in months, in fact I hadn't been in NYC for months, and so, walking into it all straight from the by-now-relatively-deserted streets, I wasn't ready. Standing there, a ghostly apparition in a mist of cigarette smoke, is what appears to be a 30's chorus girl, complete with Scarlet Harlot lipstick, gold lame flapper skirt just 1/4 of an inch within the law, long rhinestone-studded cigarette holder dangling decadently from her painted mouth. I am staring at her, but then again, everyone is always staring at somebody in these places, so it's ok.

Under the carefully coiffured mass of blonde Ginger Baker curls, I notice something familiar in the studied lasciviousness of her eyes, which are now looking in my direction. We recognize each other simultaneously, and amidst shrieks of surprise and hugs of welcome, Katie and I pick up where we left off six months earlier. (We were a minor sensation; people are often seen kissing passionately in the middle of The Roundtable, but this is probably the first time it involved persons of opposite sexes. Everyone thought it was a charming novelty.) An hour or so later we stopped dancing and getting introduced to each other's friends long enough to look at each other. There I was, decked out in what I called Farmer Drag--blue jeans (complete with red seat patches and rolled up cuffs), the top half of my New Hampshire long white underwear, and a pair of criss-cross red suspenders. Katie's eye flashed more with contempt than with silver eyelid glitter: "My God, Justin, what have you done to yourself???" Pause. "But Katie, sweetheart, I was just about to ask you the same..."

You may cross swords. You may cross your suspenders. But under no circumstances are you to cross your fads. So, I got drunk, forgot about getting laid, and stumbled home...

WHO KNOWS WHAT EVIL LURKS IN THE HEART OF THE MEDICINE CABINET? As for myself, I have nothing to get all nostalgic about, with the single exception of my long lost health. I pine for the days when I was a rosy-cheeked youngster, like the children in aspirin commercials--back when I fully expected to grow up into something like the monstrously healthy adults in Pepsi commercials. And so I have recently become active in Vitamin Pill Fandom, in search of my fast fading, much mourned for youth.



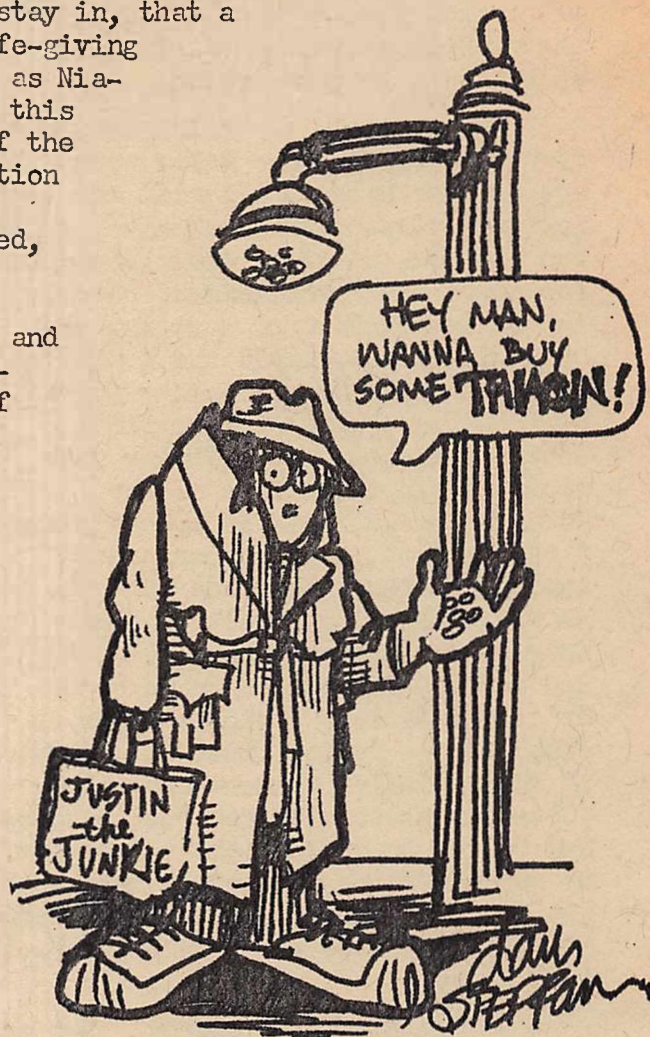
Vitamin Pill Fandom, like our own fandom, consists of a number of various subgroups; there are Vitamin E freaks, Vitamin C addicjanados, and enthusiasts of the Vitamin B Complex (B1, B2, B12, etc.) Your specialty depends, I suppose, on your deficiency. The best known of the pill panaceas is, of course, Vitamin C, sometimes known as Ascorbic Acid; its prime defender is Nobel Prize winning physicist Dr. Linus Pauling, who recommends up to 3000 miligrams per day, and promises relief not only from the common cold, but from eye, ear, nose, and throat infections of every variety. I remain unimpressed by the miraculous.

In my infinite medical ignorance, I had considerable trouble settling down to a single cure-all; in the company of fellow faddists, browsing amidst the Tiger Milk and Instant Energy Chocolate Sticks at Harry's Health Emporium, I played it safe and bought them all, from A to Z; the all-encompassing enthusiasm of neos being a phenomenon that tends to be universal.

And then it came to pass, one dreary Monday night, when it was too early to go out, and too late to stay in, that a friend of mine informed me of the curious life-giving properties of the mysterious substance known as Niacin. For lack of anything more novel to do, this friend had one day ventured to take 6 tabs of the stuff--the results were dramatic, not to mention croggling. She reports that her face turned bright red, her ears burned, her heart pounded, and that she was suddenly forced to tear off her clothes and lie naked for 45 minutes, as her skin had suddenly become super-sensitive and could not bear contact with rough cloth. After this ordeal, she asserted, she felt as if she were veritably G*L*O*W*I*N*G with health and vitality. The ultimate effects, she said, were beneficial, but she had absolutely no intention of ever going through anything like that again. But I wasn't listening, being already on my way to pick up a large-size bottle of the mysterious substance.

Forty-five minutes later I am back, lying naked on the bed, my face has turned a nice shade of scarlet, my ears burn unmercifully, and I am laughing hysterically. Not only was I getting healthy, I was getting high in the bargain. I now take 10, sometimes 20 tabs a day, with somewhat less dramatic (one tends to build up an immunity) though no less beneficial results. My friends call me "the Niacin junkie", and I wonder now if I can scrape up some capital and start dealing...

While Vitamin C is still the rage, and I'm the only Niacin nut I know, Vitamin E is currently enjoying faddist status. This is understandable when it is revealed that it is supposed to act as an aphrodisiac of sorts; while no one claims, so far as I know, that it increases your appeal, at least, they say, Vitamin E freaks are Ready, If & When...

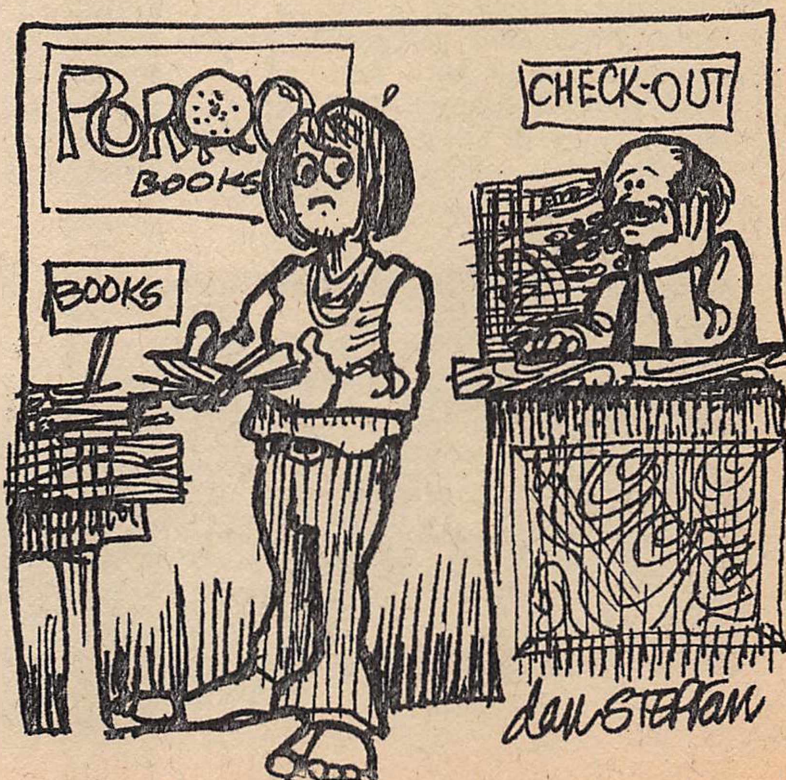


Which brings us to our next little episode rather nicely...

STICK WITH ME, KID--AND I'LL MAKE YOU A STAR There I was, dewy-eyed young innocent that I am, browsing among the pornographic paraphernalia of the Christopher Street Gallery Book Shop & Pick-Up Palace, like a newborn fawn nipping at dandelions. A girl of my acquaintance nipped along with me, and together we walked hand in hand, Babes in Babylon, past the dildoes and on to the photography display. Porno shops are great for eye games; you know, like MacDonald's is great for Making An Unforgettable Entrance games, and drug stores are great for Whisper The Name Of That Embarrassing Disease You've Got games--well, porno shops are great for Eye Games. While looking over the latest issues of Fabulous Femmes Fatales, Mighty Masculine Musclemen, Terrible Torture Tales, not to mention Animal Lovers Quarterly, people have been known to perform the most amazing ocular acrobatics, sometimes succeeding in observing for minutes at a time the Cute Young Thing directly in back of them while ostensibly engaged in avid literary research. Being an amateur, but also being a very fast learner, I soon noticed the proprietor of the establishment out of the corner of my eye--and, lo and behold, it turns out he's watching me out of the corner of his eye. What a coincidence.

At any rate, before long Kathy wearied of looking at all the cocks, and my eyes, unused to the exercise, were about to fall out of my head, and so we decided to leave. But Fate--in the person of the proprietor--had other plans for Justin. "Haven't I seen you someplace before?" he says, standing in the doorway sounding very much like Mae West for a moment, and that gleam in his eye was definitely not a contact lens. Kathy, always one to Keep It Together in situations like this, started giggling uncontrollably, while I uttered a few polite generalities. To make a short story even shorter, it turned out that he wanted me to make a skin-flick for his Gallery; I am just the type he's been looking for (oh, sure), surely I must be a professional model (more like a bad example, actually), do I have any American Indian blood in my golden veins (how did you ever guess?), etc., etc.

Well, off we go to the counter, and there he is taking down my essential characteristics: weight, height, hair, face, race, build, size-of-cock..."Size of cock???" I say, looking for a moment very much like Dondi. He looks at me in that Very Business-like, No-Nonsense, Nothing Personal manner of his, like he is a government inspector looking over a somewhat dubious leg of lamb, and says, "Of course, if you don't want to do the film..." He's got me, and he knows it; I need the bread like Abbott needs Costello. I acquiesce. He smiles. "Just step into here for a moment," he says, tape measure in hand, as we enter a small, unobtrusive, vaguely sinister-looking back room, beaded curtains and everything. Through a series of rather elaborate devices,



which I will leave to your seedy little fannish imaginations to conjure up, I managed to get measurable in record time; and after agreeing to what seemed like a fair price, and after insisting on half payment in advance (now that I've hit the big time, I have certain prerogatives), I walk out considerably wealthier than when I walked in. "Just think," I say to Kathy, "I entered the Christopher Street Book Shop & Pick-Up Palace a veritable nobody, and I left an X-rated star of stage and screen!" Other people hang out in drug stores, waiting to be discovered by some bof producer who just walked in to pick up Vicks Vapo-Rub, and never get closer to Hollywood than the Late Show. Little do they know that, true to the signs of the times, porno shops are where the action is. The road to stardom begins--and, no doubt, ends--on 42nd St. Shakespeare, Sarah Bernhardt, and Orson Welles, take a lesson...

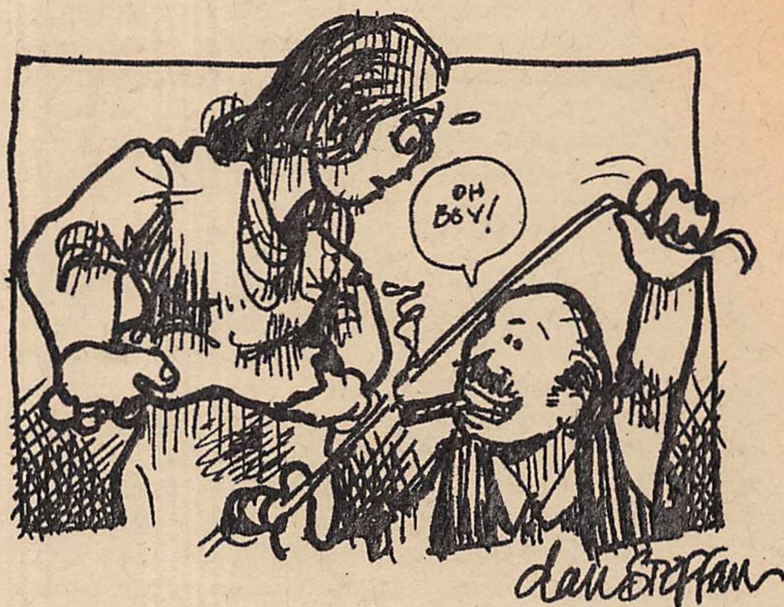
(Note: An account of the actual filming of this extravaganza of the flesh will be included in the next "Confessions.")

HALCYON DAYS My recent gaffation, which lasted close to half a year, was an unhappy but necessary result of my somewhat curious lifestyle. You see, once every two months or so, I get this strange feeling that I have to get some \$\$\$ together and take off (I usually wind up in either San Francisco or NYC--although next time it looks like either London or the far reaches of Ireland, but, then again, that's another story altogether...)

Anyway, by the time I'd gotten back, this time, and resumed contact with things fannish, fandom was unrecognizable. Oh, the changes... I mean, no John J. Pierce (I feel very much like I've lost the old familiar dartboard that once hung on the gameroom wall.) No SFR (losing SFR, where I first saw the fannish light of day, is, for me, very much like losing my Birth Certificate or my baby shoes. *Sigh*). No more battle-scarred lettercolumns (all the feuds I started in CROSSROADS apparently dead and forgotten--not to mention

CROSSROADS itself, which looks equally dead and forgotten).

Well, I say to myself, what NEW game is everybody playing, and what are the rules...? Well, it's called harkening Back to the Good Ol' Days, when things were nice and simple, the bheer was ghoud, and fans slept untroubled in their beds by nine. Fanhistory's the rago; and people drop names faster than anybody can pick them up, names like Burbee, Laney, Willis,



VOID, etc. I must say that I wasn't all that overenthusiastic about it, at first; that is, until I stopped seeing the trendiness and all, and started noticing the quality of writing that has been appearing in fanzines since my gaffiation. The difference should be obvious--especially to veteran readers of BAB. And while appeals to my nonexistent sense of nostalgia, and equally nonexistent sympathy for the cries of "The Golden Age Is A'Comin" revivalism, leaves me with a feeling of unabated ennui, I am ready to endure--if only for the sake of good (not to mention excellent) writing. A small price to pay, but, as a has-been science fiction writer remarked in one of his better books: "TANSTAAFL" N'est-ce pas...?

Naturally, there is more than one fly in the proverbial ointment.

Not long ago I received a really very strange fanzine, AFAN #1, published

by one of the more "vociferous," to use a politely neutral word, friends of the Revival. Within, I was treated to a series of articles (all written by the editor) which pointed out the respective evils of book reviews, Charlie Brown, "sercon" fans, and offut (designated, with unsurpassed bad taste, "Andy Awlfuck"), and a very long list of individuals who apparently did not live up to Dave's fannish standards. What it amounted to, actually, was about 24 pages of namecalling, on a level with some of the less intelligent aphorisms very young children tend to write on fences and lavatory walls. Appropriately enough, AFAN #1 was published on bright yellow mimeo paper. Karma is as karma does, wouldn't you say?



All of which goes to make one wonder--in view of this little charmer, not to mention the FP/Locus

affair, whether all this sudden ancestor worship isn't just another excuse to rant, and rave, and carry on. Ego, ego, and yet more ego--all is Vanity, dear fen, and don't you forget it.

THANK YOU & GOODNIGHT Things I wanted to talk about but there ain't no room dept: the little known, but delightful Eleanor Cameron Mushroom Planet series of books which, back when I was 10 or so, stirred up my first embryonic sense of fannishness; How I Made A Skinlick In Less Than Half An Hour--and lived to tell the tale!; and more... But alas, that's all the confessing you're going to get in this installment. Eat your stoney little hearts out. Tune in next issue and find out what new depths Justin St. John will sink to. All this and MORE, in the continuing story of...

--Justin St. John
January 4, 1972



the old bottle cap tandango BY R. MELTZER

Yes they are intrinsically tied in with the condom if you haven't already guessed, just as bottles are essentially molded glass phallic structures that not only have wide-rim heads upon which the caps are placed but a liquid content which when jostled, heated or excited will spurt out and bubble over. What prevents this of course is the cap--important therefore from economic, psychological and poetic standpoints all rolled into one which is primarily and primordially sexual and nothing but. By coming to grips with his situation the beer and pop bottle cap collector--and drinker alike--may learn to forge his own destiny and at least add a little interest to his humdrum obsession.



Most hobbyists are of course young, between the ages of 4 and 11, and therefore their handling of their caps will indicate quite frankly just exactly what their attitude will someday be towards the scumbag. In fact in this postbag era such cap play will provide an outlet within the realm of the conventional since bag play will inevitably lead to labels such as "oddball" and "weirdo." Yet there is of course the matter of the unfulfilled longing for eventual scumbag hanky panky which the tastemakers and trendsetters must take into account in writing and fashions for the penis. For instance take the usual method of storage for one's caps: caps in a box. The child who handles it this way wants his condoms to fall off inside a pussy where they will remain safe and sound for collection purposes: but what of the safety of the little missy's ovaries? Clearly education is essential but not just for the purpose of contraception. There must be taken into account the psychological well-being of the young male would-be fornicator and his rampant imagination, so cunts must be found willing to supply such receptacle services, even if only temporary. And perhaps sonny boy can be convinced to remove the prophylactics from the twat and store them more permanently in a sock or stocking--or an unused inflated Shiek or Trojan. Not that it doesn't feel real great for a broad with all those wet rubbers and skins hibernating in there for a few weeks.

Then there's the even more prevalent system of filing known as storing them in a cigar box. These boxes originally contain cocks of the crudest sort. The two types of consumption that make this possible are therefore smoking, burning cocks and liquid into the body thru the mouth and into the tum: oral self-pollution, always impossible as long as the diz is stoppled over. Whether you find your caps in the street (and to do that you have to look down with your head bowed like a limp pecker) or purchase the bottles too therefore has a great deal to do with blow jobs as purchasable hot items. Say you're a real young kid and you feel like paying for

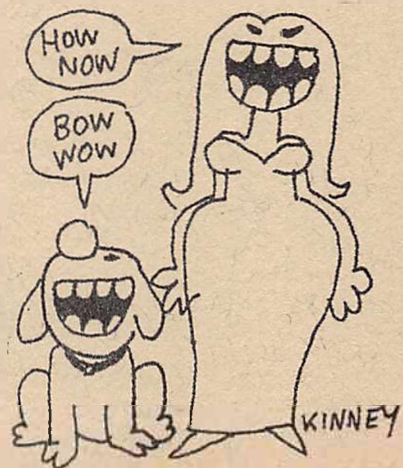
one or not. You do if it's from a girl unless she's a slut. You don't necessarily if it's from a homosexual but you pay even more if it's from a male who isn't gay. And the only way you get both the cap and the fluid sealed behind it is if you put your money where your mouth is.

Wide mouth bottles of the Rheingold Chug-a-mug variety and the recent Piels Wide-Mouth type are very much like a female orifice, a diz diztended to become a snatch. Pour a bottle into a glass and you get the same result but with the added extra that there are no such things as glass caps while there certainly are wide mouth caps. Yet they are not widely collected and even fewer are treasured as their function has sped away from their aesthetic solidity. They're pull-tops and everybody knows that people begin pulling on it while still young and even in their pre-teens but very few drink beer from the bottle, thus explaining the lack of tie-in. You can pick a pull-top off the pavement but unless you do the pulling it's got as much to do with your experience as a tub has to do with starch.

Then there are the twist caps, the ones you need no opener to remove. Not only are they the easily removable/replaceable lube job but they are most likely the scumbag becoming the cunt: what else do you do but twist? That is, a cunt properly used will put a few twists and turns into its action and so will a bag properly used. A bag inside a cunt will be two proper uses rolled into one, which is just what a twist-off cap happens to be: ease plus comfort. And in the comfort department many caps have a cork cushion liner, just the thing for many a weary head. Many cap manufacturers have thrown their weight toward the plastic liner--well the whole world's gone plastic anyway. An important innovation--important since it makes liners irrelevant since they are in no contact with vital parts--is the tall twist cap: caps as cocks! Which means they can be used to cover the rim of the bottle for masturbatory purposes without danger of suction or vacuum.

Broads collect them too. Here it may be diaphragms and/or vicarious alternate cunts themselves. The lesbian collector often brags of her prowess and when it is erroneous the size of her collection can be the tipoff. A bottle is often a readymade dildo with a "little cap on top," meant as a sign of endearment (little pussy) rather than a reference to tightness. In fact asshole fucking is bigger than ever as evidenced by the enormous number of Heineken caps to be found on the streets of New York (take a look at the sidewalks, there's an average of 1.2 per city block). Heineken becomes heinie, a favorite childhood euphemism for ass, and in fanny fucking you've got a diz=asshole principle in operation until the moment of penetration. Not only that but both the prick hole is more or less a convex situation like the mouth of a bottle, both are capable of being capped whereas an asshole is merely concave without a sealable positive surface or rim. Nor is the asshole merely negative, hence an ambiguous (therefore mysterious) cap correlative, capable of neither tight seal nor scumbag analogue but only nominal connection: hence all the Heineken caps. Plus the fact that it's a beer and beer makes you piss and piss being monumental in both volume and strength upon leaving the urethra is the unstoppable flow: no rubber is up to handling it and only metal could--hypothetically--do the job. But in the real world only a very fat cigar tube could serve the purpose so the metal bag must remain merely a metaphor, as embodied in a beer bottle cap.

Other than for piss and nourishment, soft drinks may be used for far more directly relevant purposes when the cap fancier finds



himself at a loss for what to do with the stuff once he's stuck with it and not particularly thirsty. The best recommendation is a CCD (Coca-Cola douche), for more cosmic and functional a use of mere sticky liquid than the bottlers had in mind. Unfortunately no serious cap collector is ever in need of an additional coke cap, unless of course it's a regional variation. That calls for travel and travel often makes the scrotum hungry and the poon just as willing to go all the way, even if both parties are new in the game of love and of prime cap collecting age. In such an instance a delightful douche would do a world of good and by all means make it the un-cola cola.

At the 1970 Comic Art Convention up for grabs (at a 5 buck price tag) was a Blatz beer cap of days gone by. The lettering was still clear, the ridges of the cap were still firm and unruined but the big surprise was how small it was. It was the size of a dime in diameter or even smaller and the mouth of the bottle must have been equally infinitesimal. Were the cocks smaller in those days? Were the scumbags really tight, did they make a man wince when he put one on? The cocks could very well have been smaller due to fewer vitamins and skimpier diet but if the bags were that small they still would have elicited boos instead of yays since proportionally they must have been smaller than puds of the time. The answer must actually be that there was less fucking in days of yesteryear and therefore a good deal less scumbag manufacture since you can't sell what people can't use. But whether small caps were a sign of latent scumbag fantasy gone berserk or who knows what is hard to tell, let's leave it for the archaeologists to decide.

But one thing those grave diggers can't decide is the current fate of the balloon type contraceptive device known fondly as the scumbag. Will it survive? Hopefully yes. Will the pill and the abortionists scalpel turn it into a mere relic? Nope is what I hope. And the bottle cap is what may save the day if it is taken at its word and actually used as such a wall against semen. As a home brew safe it would have no equal, offering protection, safety and health plus danger. Conjuring up not so much the relationship between fucking and death as the relationship between careless, reckless abandon and blundering ("A penny saved is a penny earned"; "A stitch in time saves nine"). A fool would say "Don't use one yourself or you'll be in for it!" But he's just a fool. Slap it down, get out your favorite roll of scotch tape and get it on there real tight and hermetically sealed. In addition to safety there'll be some real good pain due to the ridges and maybe some bleeding. To the sado-masochist there is nothing as great as pain and blood is what cunts are all about so caps will surely revive interest in the scumbag.

--R. Meltzer



Beginnings

Y'know, if you start out writing a fanzine review column and make it clear you're going to be as honestly critical as you can, you usually have a certain standing or acceptance in fandom. People know your name, and they know your work. They have some clear idea who you are, and what you've accomplished. This is no problem if you're Greg Benford or Arnie Katz, the writers of the two best fanzine review columns around during my short time in fandom (Greg in Arnie's own Quip, Arnie in Ray Fisher's Odd). It is a major problem for me.

As I told you in my first column, I got into this column--and my others--both because I enjoy the work itself and because I think it needed to be done. I like writing fanzine reviews of all types, and if I owe material to people, a review column is the obvious choice for me. And when I started this bit, there just wasn't much in the way of decent fanzine review and criticism around. Buck Coulson in Yandro did a little, but in three lines he wasn't able to say very much about anything specific. Arnie occasionally ran them in Focal Point, but it seemed to me a lot of his reviews were overly slanted toward the fannish fanzines. And...that was about it. Oh, there were a couple other columns around, notably Doll Gilliland's in The WSFA Journal and Ethel Lindsay's Haverings, but all these did was list fanzines and contents. No attempt was really made to be critical, analytical--these were and are more listings than reviews. So, I decided to try to fill the gap a bit.

I FELL INTO AN Avalanche FANZINES. BY JERRY LARBUS

At this point, I'd be the first to admit that I don't have the ideal qualifications for the job. I've only been in fandom about five years, and only involved seriously for part of that. My knowledge of fanhistory and past fanzines is limited by what I've seen and read; I don't, and haven't, lived around major fan centers, and have had comparatively little opportunity to talk with the fannish greats. I must criticize from what I've seen, mainly from my time in fandom.

So, this is the first issue of Frank's "new" fanzine, something that's evolved from a well-known crudzine into an enjoyable, interesting magazine. I thought it might be particularly appropriate here, seeing that this is a Beginning, to spend this column talking about my own beginnings. This column is supposed to focus on

how fanzines and editors change over time, how they influence fandom and are influenced. That's what we'll do this time--and the magazine will be mine. I'm hoping to give you some idea of my orientation by being as honest as I can about my background and experience. I hope this will help a bit, perhaps for the future offset my general lack of experience. At least a little.

Like a lot of people, my first real connections with fandom were the columns in ANALOG and IF, P. Schyler Miller and Lin Carter presiding. I'd read science fiction, along with everything else, since I started reading; I remember early favorites included the Mushroom Planet stories (remember them?) and the Freddy the Pig stories. I moved up the standard path, through school library Andre Norton and Heinlein juveniles, discovered the library downtown and the anthologies, a few years later discovered paperbacks. Until my junior year in high school, I didn't pay much attention to the magazines, figuring that the good stuff would eventually appear in books somewhere. But I did eventually give in, and in 1966 got a subscription to ANALOG. I'd skimmed a lot of the magazines on the stand before that, and one thing I'd always read had been Miller's column. His writing--book reviews, background, history, conventions--was the first "fannish" writing I'd ever seen, the first writing about science fiction and sf people. For a couple of years, then, I read his columns about the World Science Fiction Conventions, and when he announced that the next one was to be held in New York City, I immediately sent my \$3.00 to Ted White and my reservation to the Statler Hilton.

Eventually, I got the Nycon Progress Reports, learned a bit about the whole business. Finally PR 3 came, and along with it, the Hugo nominees. Which included the Fan Achievement Awards, and particularly the nominated fanzines. Obviously, the nominated fanzines would be the best around, right? Then as now, people always nominated the best fanzines, as they nominate the best fiction--right? OK. The nominees back then were: ASFR, Habakkuk, Lighthouse, Niekas, RQ, Trumpet, and Yandro. Dutifully, I sent money and nice letters to each of the editors, asking for a sample copy.

Slowly, they came in, most of them. As I recall, I didn't send for ASFR; I don't remember why, unless perhaps I didn't notice that they had an American agent and didn't want to send my money to Australia (when I saw the issues I missed, a couple of years later, I really regretted it). RQ came in very quickly; the latest three issues, sent to me air mail--boy, was I impressed! The others came in, more slowly. I liked Yandro right off; Lighthouse overwhelmed me a bit. Trumpet came with their all-fiction issue, which did very little for me. I never did hear anything from Bill Donaho, and so Habakkuk got placed last on the ballot (when I finally saw copies, I wasn't impressed). Naturally, I was very excited, and began



sending for more and more copies and different fanzines--you know how it goes. My Hugo ballot? I voted RQ first, Yandro second, Lighthouse third. To a neo, RQ was particularly impressive, and it was going through its finest period then, printing things like Alexei Panshin's magazine sections of Heinlein in Dimension. Plus, of course, the emphasis on science fiction and criticism--I still didn't understand all of Yandro and Lighthouse.

So anyway, I went to Nycon, got really turned on to fandom, let a weird guy named Bob Toomey crash in my room, and met all sorts of people (including Annette Bristol, through whom I eventually began writing to Lisa Tuttle). And when it was all over I went to school, to the University of Chicago, fall of 1967.

Once I got established there, I started some serious work toward my career in fandom. I started organizing a group at the university, and I started planning a fanzine. The two were really one overall project, for Tomorrow And...1 (the title was something Annette and I had come up with late one night) was to be primarily a magazine for the club. I'd seen a lot of fanzines and wanted to get more (doesn't everyone!) but I knew I wasn't ready to edit something I wanted to send to a lot of people. TA...1 was produced for me to distribute to the people in the sf group I was organizing, to give them some information about science fiction and fandom (at the same time, I had printed copies of Hunting the Wild Fan, an introduction to fandom I'd written, based on The Neo-Fan's Guide and other things). I sent out a few copies (something like 20 or 25), to people who I'd corresponded, and people who had sent me their fanzines.

TA...1 was dittoed (quite well, too, very readable) on one side of the page: 17 pages, yellow covers. Almost everything there was either borrowed or stolen from somewhere else. The title page layout was based on Yandro. The cover and two interior illustrations were by the guy in the room next door, who was a pretty good abstract artist.

All the other illos were either traced or based on something else; there was one from the cover of Ellison Wonderland, one from a Fred Pohl anthology, another from Lighthouse, and a third from Nebula Awards 1; the back cover was badly adapted from a Finley illo, I think, for David Redd's story "Sunbeam Carress." There was an editorial of one page (largely pleading for material, of course), a description of upcoming events at Baycon and a Nycon report, a discussion of the Hugo and Nebula winners, a recommended reading list--and a quiz. The quiz, the title, and my editorial title stayed. Altogether, I think the issue came out pretty much as I wanted--something to tell my people about science fiction and fandom.

The club was remarkably successful, largely due to the work of Mike Bradley, who I quickly made Program Director. We decided between us to put out a real fanzine, because...I dunno why, because we wanted to. With contributions from many of the people at Chicago, we put together TA...2. This was the era of the big,



fat fanzine--Niekas had just won the Hugo, Lighthouse had just won the Hugo, Odd was huge--so we had to have a big fanzine. This time it was mimeo, very readable on white paper but with a great deal of offset and show-through. Illos were by a good local artist who really didn't know much about drawing on stencil, Mike Jump, plus a few other people--altogether, the thing ran 58 pages plus a few covers. Ironically, there were a couple of pretty good things there. Roger Ebert, a former fan and film critic for the Chicago Sun-Times (he has since received a bit of acclaim for his work there), had done an excellent three-part review of "2001" (this was 2001-time, remember?) in the Sun-Times. His was the best review I'd seen of the film, and I asked and received permission to reprint this; I still think it's one of the best reviews of the film. Mike wrote a pretty fair answer to a couple of recent fanzine articles about Heinlein, and we accompanied his rebuttal with portions of the original articles (from Niekas and Granfalloon), as well as a fine full-page drawing of Heinlein by Jump. We also had a long short story by Steve Herbst--Steve has since gone on to Clarion, and has stories in the first Clarion volume and elsewhere. I began my legendary mania concerning the Hugos with an editorial consisting of suggestions for the year and suggested changes, and there was another quiz. There also was the usual fanzine crud--poor fanzine reviews, terrible fan-fiction (not including Steve's story), awful poetry, mediocre book reviews, and a lettercolumn consisting of all four letters we'd received, printed just about in full (strangely enough, all four letterwriters are still active--three are even in apas with me (Linda Bushyager, Ed Smith, Steve Johnson)--and Terry Carr). This issue came out sometime spring 1968, and by that time, I already knew I'd be transferring to Syracuse to major in drama.

Before I left, Mike and I Made Plans. He became TA's first coeditor, and we thought about the future.

We decided that if we could afford it, TA...3 would be offset. We'd gotten a good bit of material from outside, particularly artwork. I found that my friend from high school, Mike Gilbert, had also discovered fandom, and he gave me a whole pile of good art. We got great things from Jack Gaughan, Richard Delap, and Connie Reich, not to mention local people. Other contributions included a short Bloch article and an excellent (one of the best things we ever printed, before or since) article on the problems of alien communication, written in a very entertaining style by a linguist at the university. We wanted to be able to put all this together as best as we could, particularly the artwork. We knew that we didn't have the experience to do a really good mimeo job, and in order to present everything as best we could, we decided to try offset.

We had another reason. We wanted to be Noticed. We wanted people to pay attention to us--like any faneditor. If we came out with another mimeo issue, we didn't think we'd get enough attention. At the time, we felt being noticed by people was very important, and we decided that while people could easily ignore another muddily-mimeod fanzine, they couldn't ignore a pretty good offset fanzine.

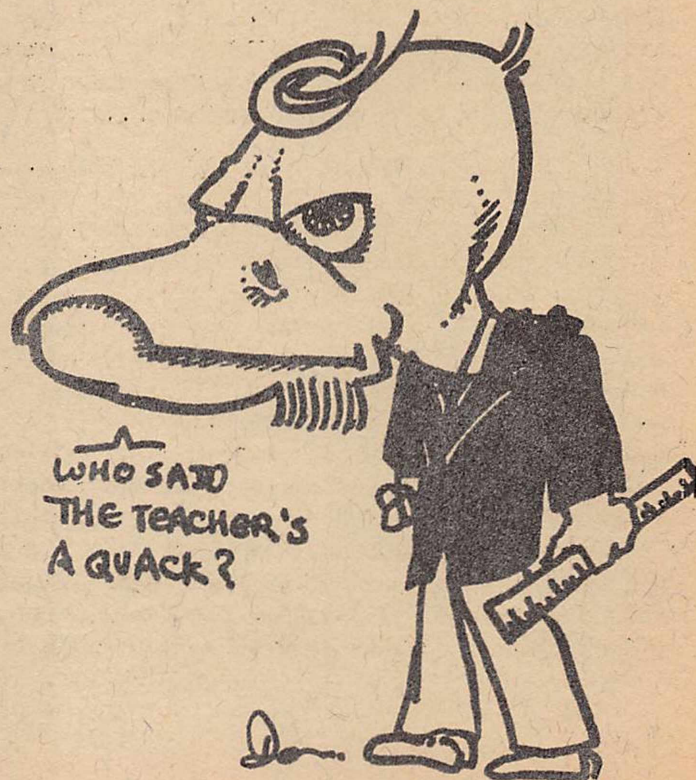
So, with Mike and a couple other people at Chicago putting up most of the money and doing the layout and design--and Lapidus getting most of the outside material--TA...3 came out, 46 reduced pages, fall of 1968. Excellent offset (better than I've been able to find at reasonable prices since), very small type: so effectively, there were probably 100 pages worth of material. And the material I mentioned above--the Bloch, the linguistics article, the Gilbert and Gaughan--came out pretty well. Unfortunately, we couldn't leave well enough alone, and added a whole lot of stuff to that, all inferior. I had an overly-involved Baycon report, highly critical of the running of the convention, enlivened only by a couple pages of pictures. There was a bit of fiction I thought was very good then, and still seems a bit better than most fanzine fiction. Also some dull comments on 2001 by me and someone else at Chicago, poor poetry, a couple of mediocre editorials, dry fanzine

reviews, a Bradley defense of John Campbell, a Lapidus-review-paen to Harlan Ellison, and a poorly edited lettercolumn. The cover, incidentally, was by Richard Delap, and was the best cover I've had so far.

Largely, I think, we were successful in our hopes for the offset issue. Although the issue as a whole wasn't all that much better than the previous issue (only the Bloch and linguistics material were appreciably better, plus of course the artwork), it got terrific response. From Harlan, I received one of my most treasured contributions so far, two early unpublished stories with an essay about them; at Harlan's suggestion, I got Jack Gaughan to do two excellent, full-page illòs for the stories, one of them still one of the best things I've ever seen from Jack. Richard Delap sent us a review of "Barbarella." We got letters from all sorts of Big Names--Harrison, Bloch, Carter, Silverberg, Asimov, Anthony, McCaffrey, Koontz, Warner--and also one from andy offut. So TA...4, about five or six months later (the material was in much earlier, but money and lack of time on Mike's part held things up), finally came out, similarly offset. Despite a poor cover, I was very proud of that issue. In addition to that material I've mentioned already, we had a tribute to Lewis Grant (a well-known Chicago fan who's passed away) plus two of his final pieces of fanwriting, two good satirical articles, another little piece of fiction from Steve Herbst, a good analysis of Harlan writing from Mike Bradley, passable editorials from the two of us, and some more wild art, with Mike Jump adding excellent work this time.

Again, the issue was too long--52 reduced pages, and a lot of material should have been held over. In both cases, I was very unsatisfied with the layout and graphics Mike has used, and said as much by letter. I felt totally dependent on him--and to put it mildly, Mike is not a particularly good letter writer. Material began to come in for TA...5, and with some reservations, I sent it to him--a Gerrold article, a two-page spread from Richard Bergeron, critical work from Delap and Toomey, a bunch of very early scratchboards from Mike Gilbert.

Dead silence. I gave Mike the last of the major material at St. Louiscon, and had sent him a little more here and there. Dead silence. Mike apparently had at least temporarily gaffiated, with all the material, money, and contracts for



printing.

By this time, I was deeply into theatre. at Syracuse. During the school year, I was active in as many productions as possible--I recall a couple of weeks when I was working on three major productions and four class scenes simultaneously. During summers, I was doing similar theatre work--summer touring and summer stock, primarily. I was becoming active in several apas, I was writing a lot of locs. I didn't feel the need to publish anything big myself, and my apazines and annual Legal Rules satisfied my publishing instincts for the moment. Meanwhile, I was becoming particularly interested in fan art and artists, getting fanzines like Odd, Algol, Trumpet, The Essence and others which tended toward either good work or comment in these areas. In high school and at Chicago, I'd done a great deal of photography, including a bit of professional work; I'd done layout and design for newspapers and magazines, too. And I'd always wanted to be able to draw, to be an artist--I realized early my talents didn't lie in that direction, but the desire and interest remained.

Actually, the rest is all andy offut's fault. What happened was this. After a year or so, I began to want to publish TA again. I didn't really have the money or much material at the moment...but the desire was still there and growing. Then, in a letter to Crossroads, I mentioned something about being particularly interested in material about how professional writers work. I'd always enjoyed this, especially in Algol, but also in SFR and elsewhere. Andy, who as you know likes to write this sort of thing, saw that, wrote me a letter, and we were off and running. Before I knew what had happened to me, andy offered me a regular column on writing, and that was that. With Lisa Tuttle coming to S.U. to major in journalism and with andy's promised column...it looked like I'd have to publish something.

Thus, TA...5 was born. I still couldn't get any communications from Mike, but luckily was able to make other connections in Syracuse. Lisa joined in the venture, as did Barry Brenesal, a fellow drama student and sf freak. With money and material from them, I put together TA...5 as best I could. I ran editorials from the three of us, andy's first column, and a cute little short story I had left over from Steve Herbst. I still had some artwork I hadn't sent to Mike, including particularly good work from Gilbert and Jim McLeod. So, putting together the whole mess, I went to the cheapest printer I could find--around \$100--(which turned out to be the S.U. printer)...and the rest ~~the rest~~ I guess you know.

Most of you have probably seen TA...6 and 7 by now; TA...8 will be in the mails by the time you read this, and when I get back from my semester of study in Amsterdam, the ninth issue of my newly-retitled (still not sure yet) fanzine will be out. It was pretty much between five and six that I began really thinking and planning what I wanted to do with the magazine. Five had of needs to be padded, but after that, each issue has been closer and closer in the "right" direction for me. A lot of my ideas about artwork and layout--about artwork that complements the written material, about illustrating work, about graphic trips and large-scale work--had developed between TA...4 and 5. I think you can see a lot of this in the layout and particular choice of illustrations in 5. The rest? Well, I guess you'll have to decide about that for yourself. Currently, I'm trying to produce a mixture of the sort of material I enjoy--material about the writing of science fiction; light, friendly writing; and a bit of sf criticism and discussion. Plus the best artwork and graphics I get and can afford--using as many graphic trips and extended pieces as possible, and attempting to use artwork that works with the text as possible. A good deal of the artwork is drawn to order, and the rest carefully

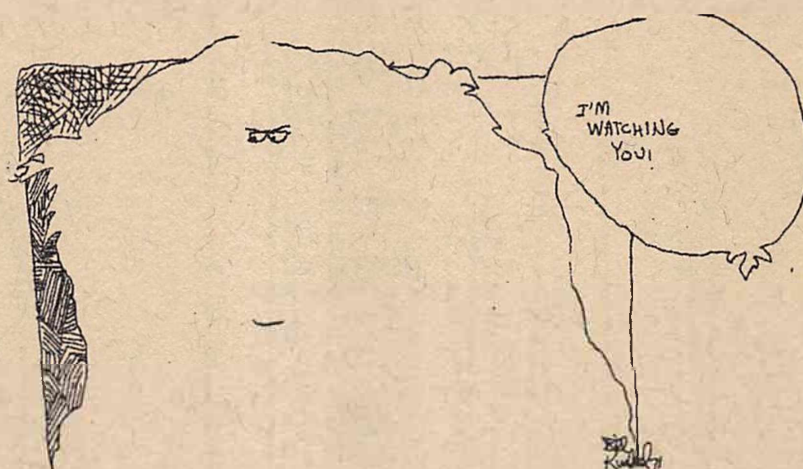
chosen. Very honestly, I'm trying to see what I can do about different formats in fanzine production. TA 5-8 have been produced in a horizontal, rather than vertical, format. I feel freer, more able to play around and look for newer, more exciting layout and design ideas. TA...9--or whatever that issue is actually called--will most likely try a couple of even wilder format ideas, things I've worked out with friends--with a very strong influence from Alpajpuri, who shares many of my ideas about layout, design and fanzine format.

I'm beginning, I guess, to be able to publish the sort of fanzine that I want to publish. I now have some idea of what I want, and I'm trying to mold both the material itself and the overall appearance. To go with my discussions in past issue, I'm beginning to become active as an editor. Whether I'm successful at it is another question, one I guess you'll have to decide.

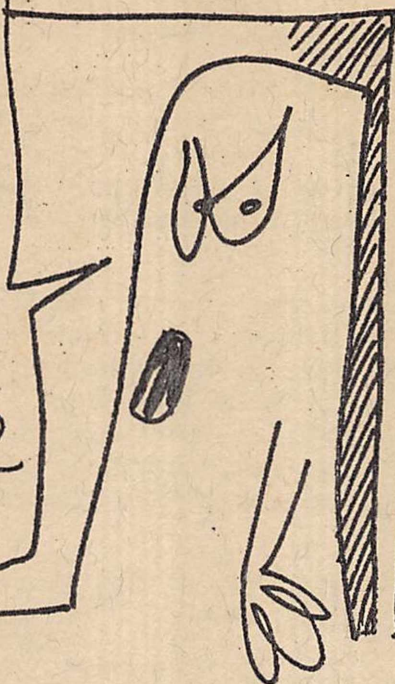
Maybe this'll help things along. I hope so. I do have one request. At the beginning of this, I told you that my knowledge of fanzines and fanwriting is basically limited to what's been printed, or reprinted, in the last five years. The only way I can really find out more is through your help. I'm always interested in old fanzines, whether you're giving them away or just loaning them. I'll be glad to trade TA for old fanzines (not crudzines, and not two years old). If any of you out there want to send me something but can't afford it, I'll even pay the postage if you let me know.

I'm trying to do my best, but you can help me.

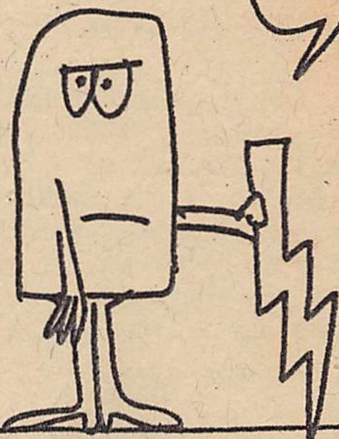
--Jerry Lapidus
November 25, 1971



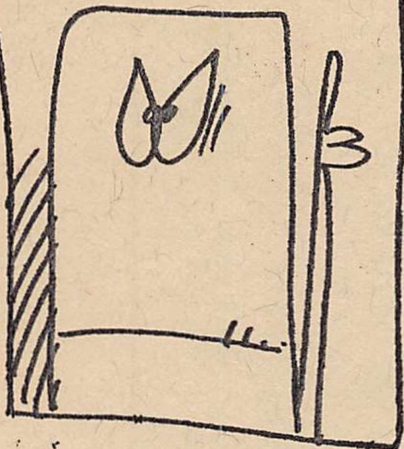
IT HAS BEEN
BROUGHT TO
MY ATTENTION
THAT THIS
FANZINE HAS
PUBLISHED
BOGUS ROTSLER
DRAWINGS



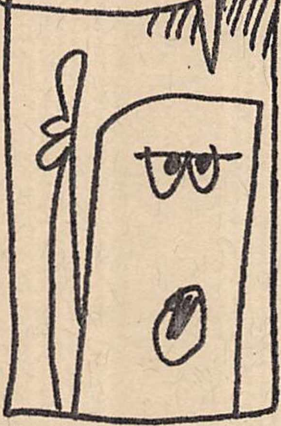
THIS
MUST
CEASE



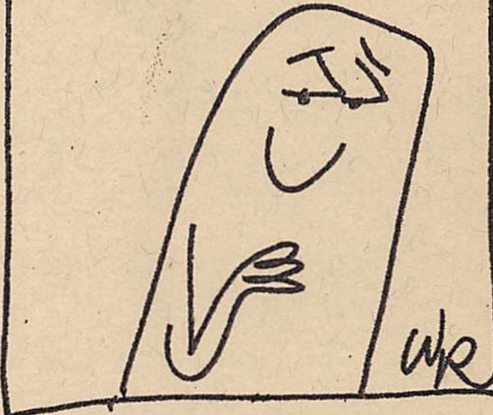
THERE WILL BE
MORE OF THAT



EVIL
THINGS
WILL BEFALL
YOU IF THIS
GOES ON



SUCH AS A PAGE OF
ROTSLER



100

100

