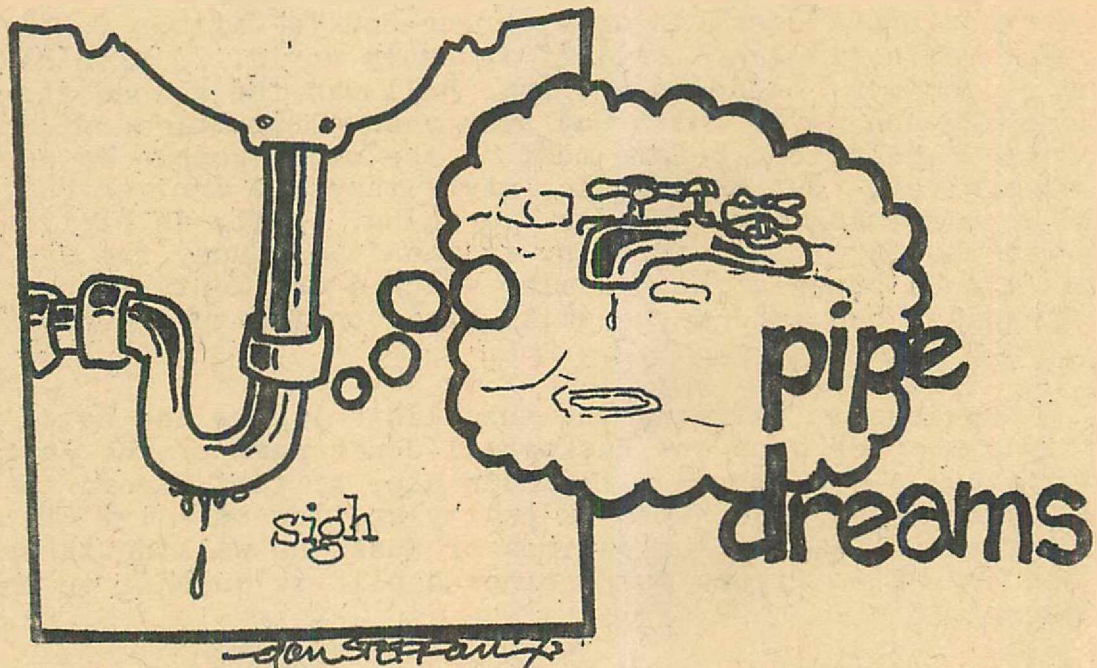


# Syndrome









GOOD NEWS FROM COLUMBIA The summer when I was nine years old, our family lived in San Diego, and in one of the surrounding areas, Chula Vista by name, there existed the Vogue theater. It only cost 25¢ for 12 and under and they had two shitty fifties horror movies every week, including most of the ground breaking early Japanese monster flicks. That's where my brother and I saw the best of the whole lot, THE MYSTERIANS. At one point in the film, when it looks like the Mysterians have the conquest of Earth pretty wrapped up, a Japanese gentleman rushes into command headquarters of the Japanese defenders and exclaims very stylistically, "Good news, good news!" A lot of the other kids in the theaters immediately pulled back their eyes at the corners and imitated, "Good news, good news." In that first case the good news from somewhere else was from the United States. They had developed a weapon that would absorb the energy rays of the Mysterians and shoot them back at double the intensity.

The good news this time is that I was finally able to get out an issue of Syndrome. In fact, this may be about my fifth year in fan publishing. If I hadn't dropped the title of BeABohema this might have been the fifth anniversary. It might have been a thick one if anyone were doing anything in fandom these days.

While fannish good cheer hasn't been finding its way onto published pages too much these days, I have managed to get to two conventions in the past couple of months. Regular readers of WOODEN NICKEL will probably know what happened to me the first night of Torcon, the best of the two and about the best convention I've ever been to be activities going on, if not better forms of action, and I'm not referring to the programming. Actually, maybe I could name a few exceptions to that.

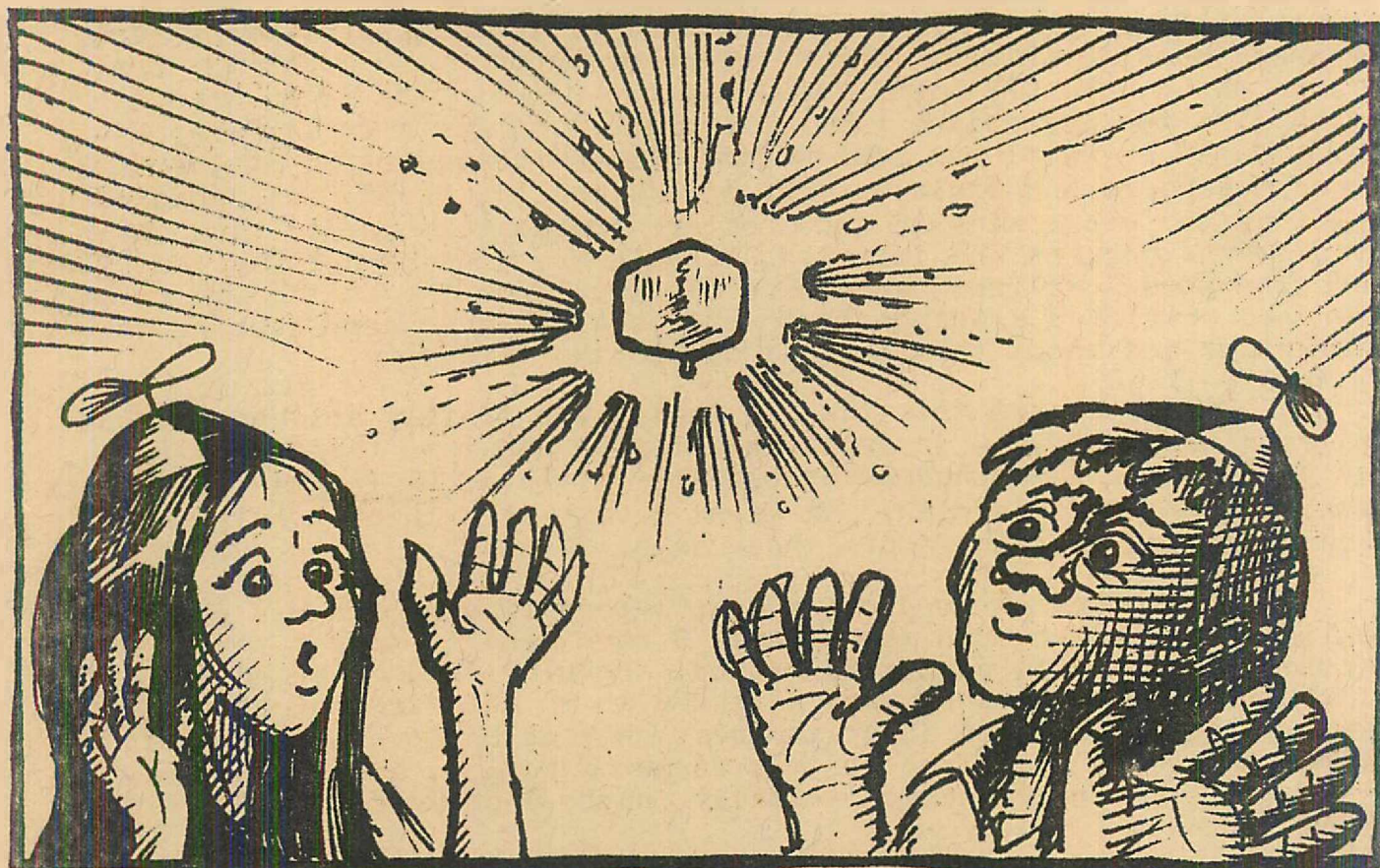
On the third page of this masterpiece of an editorial there will



be a cartoon Grant Canfield draw during Bode's Cartoon Concert, which I thought was a brilliant sell of Vaughn's world. A nice highpoint of the convention. Also in the same hall was the second showing of the Monty Python movie which Jay Kinney and I stumbled onto the first day of the convention, before most of the other people we were waiting for had arrived. But then again, maybe they had arrived but various people were getting unpacked, or something. Well, as brilliant as the movie was the first time through, it wasn't as funny the second time. By that time a bunch of us had also watched the Monty Python TV show that Canadians had (and maybe still have) on the tube every Friday night.

Previous to watching the tube listening to the hotel's muzak selections we picked up the Basketball Jones part of the latest Cheech y Chong album. I borrowed a friend's copy of that record the other night, by the way. The humor is pretty shallow on a lot of the record, as during the bit about the eskimos or Russians walking through the snow and trying to figure out whether a pile is dogshit or not--"Tastes like dogshit!"

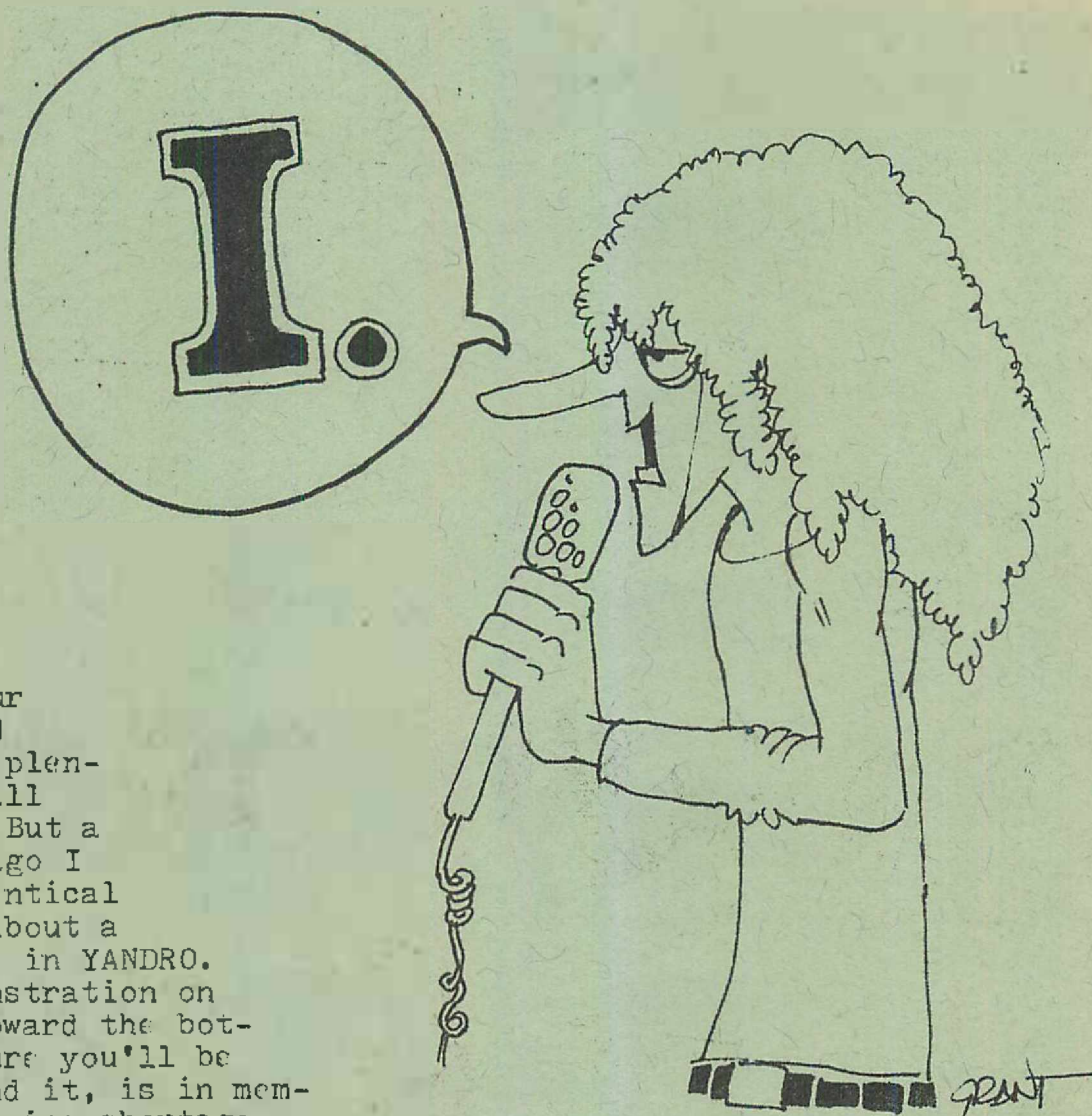
Also, I don't recall a very intense shortage of ice cubes at the hotel. I'm sure the room in which I stayed, also occupied at most points during the con by Dan Steffan, Jay Kinney, John Berry, Paul No-



Ken Feltner '73

~ Betty & Joe Phan discover  
the One True Ice-Cube at Torcon 2 ~





vitski,  
Neal Gold-  
farb, Jeff  
Schalles,  
Brad Balfour  
and Richard  
Snead, had plen-  
ty of ice all  
the time. But a  
few weeks ago I  
read an identical  
complaint about a  
lack of ice in YANDRO.  
So the illustration on  
the left toward the bot-  
tom, I'm sure you'll be  
able to find it, is in mem-  
oriam to an ice shortage.

Speaking of Ken  
Fletcher, he was the first  
person I ran into at the Philcon  
this year. I got there early Friday night, I didn't have a room, so  
I hung out in the lobby reading the new issue of New Times. I was  
tapped on the shoulder and heard a raspy, fluid voice say, "Well,  
Frank Lunney." He didn't have a room either, but as we wandered in  
confusion we passed Dan Steffan waiting in the line to register, and he  
had some Southern Comfort.

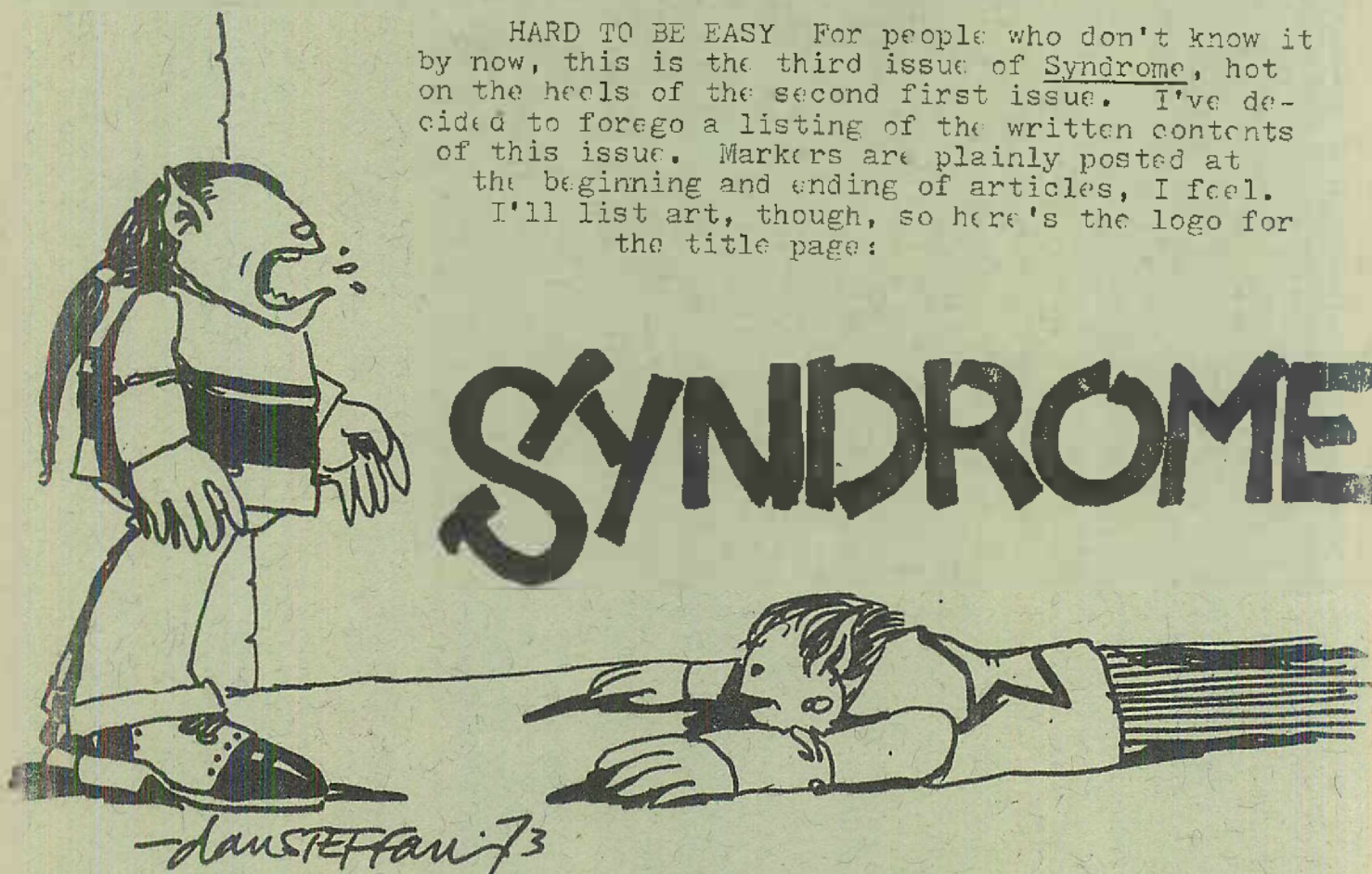
Emotionally, the hotel picked for the convention was great.  
Seven or eight wings connected in devious ways to make for a labyrinth  
of room any of which could take hours to find if you don't learn to  
read the hotel map pretty soon. Much time was spent in the Marriott's  
game room. Saturday morning I was up very early playing some pinball  
machines before anyone else had gotten out of bed. Later, a few of us  
managed to commandeer the Air Hockey table, and, at times, the bath-  
room.

But the hotel really was a bomb for any straight-ahead think-  
ing person. It's nothing but an overgrown motel, spread over acres

and surrounded by parking places so people can have their cars near their rooms. There was nowhere to eat outside the hotel within any kind of exploring distance. Shit, I doubt if there were sidewalks to walk on to nearby Gino's or Roy Roger's Restaurants or not. The only place close was Happy's across the street, where you were lucky if you got your food before the prison-like qualities of the architecture drove you to quietly leave the place.

The Marriott would definitely provide an impediment to the enjoyment of any future convention.

HARD TO BE EASY For people who don't know it by now, this is the third issue of Syndrome, hot on the heels of the second first issue. I've decided to forego a listing of the written contents of this issue. Markers are plainly posted at the beginning and ending of articles, I feel. I'll list art, though, so here's the logo for the title page:



Artwork for this issue's exterior was by Jay Kinney on the cover and by Dan Steffan, Grant Canfield and Jay Kinney on the back cover. Inside we have: Dan Steffan--1,4,6,8,9,10,11,12,13,15,24-25,30; Ken Fletcher--2; Grant Canfield--3,36,38; Bill Rotsler--5,31,33,39; Jay Kinney--16,17,18,19,20,21,22,23; Joe Staton--27; Ray Nelson--29; Bill Kunkel--34,35; Randy Bathurst--37.

I know most of you won't believe it, but this is the first issue of the revived daily Syndrome, formerly of the yearly schedule. I publish this fanzine at 212 Juniper St., Quakertown, Pa. 18951. Until May my address at school will be Box 251, Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pa., 18015. It would be nice if you sent mail to school during those times when you figure I'll be up there. All the egoboo will reach me so much faster.



Don't send mail to any Lehigh U. address after this year, however, because I'll be graduating in June and I doubt that they'll enjoy forwarding mail to me when I'm not lining their pockets with gold any more. This is a Deutsch Noodle Press Publication, the press being Mark II.

COMPLETEZ LE BIBLIO A couple of the book publishers still send me books for review, and this part of the editorial is very important in being directed to both those publishers and people who read books. I like getting these books for free. It's pretty tough for me to work up some really timely reviews for Syndrome, though. As an alternative, I'll pass out some egoboo for these books and the publishers, and then maybe some more people will send me free books and pick up the free egoboo from this regular section in future Syndrome editorials.

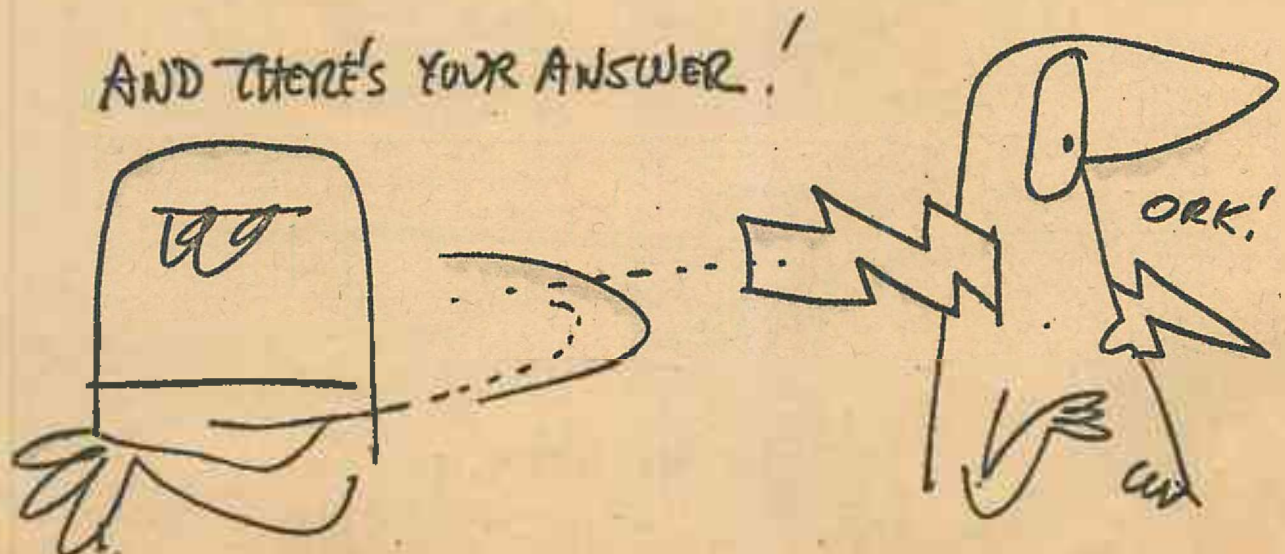
I will now scour my room and come up with some books. Aren't too many this time, lots of those companies must be cutting me off the list. Well, here's hoping I get back into some good graces.

The good guys this time are Avon and Random House and Pyramid and Neville Spearman in England. From Avon I've read one of the books so far: New Dimensions 1 edited by Bob Silverberg. Good book. Go buy it or get it free. Not yet read are Holding Wonder by Zenna Henderson, Young Demons and Demon Kind by Elwood/Ghidalia, Wander's Ride by Roland Green, The Lathe of Heaven by LeGuin, and Assignment:Nor' Dyren by Sydney van Scyoc.

Pyramid sent The Ice People by Rene Barjavel. Random House sent The Man Who Folded Himself by David Gerrold and the duo of Clark Ashton Smith books, The Abominations of Yondo and Genius Loci came from Neville Spearman. I haven't read any of these books yet, I haven't had time, but I'm still going ahead and extending some egoboo to the companies involved. Keep sending that free stuff, companies. (Houghton-Mifflin sent a flyer for a Tolkien book, but not the book, so they missed out this time around.

Everything out of the way, this issue is finished, and I may even mail it out tomorrow. All of you respond, please, for more foolishness in the future.

--Frank Lunney





ec/dc

part one

# it all started with

# PUD

by

## R. MELTZER



ILLUSTRATED BY

dan STEFFAN

1973



Way back around, oh let's see, around 1949 or so there were these things you got in with the bubble gum all wrapped in the same thing. They were just little pieces of paper covered with wax. They were wax paper and there were cartoons on them and most of the time they got ripped along with the wrapper which was also waxed. The gum counted the most but the difference between the wrapper and the thing inside counted for something because the latter had comic stuff on it. It had Pud. Pud and all his pals and their old picket fence and all of that. They lived on a street just like the same street everybody else lived on in 1949--with the possible exception of the heinous, horrible, terrible, terrifying inner city. Pud's place was rural, semi-rural, suburban, semi-urban, urban, anything. It just wasn't real hard-core city, that's the only thing it wasn't as far as mere geographical abstraction goes. And it wasn't really hillbilly either but that's obvious because hills have no streets and few fences.

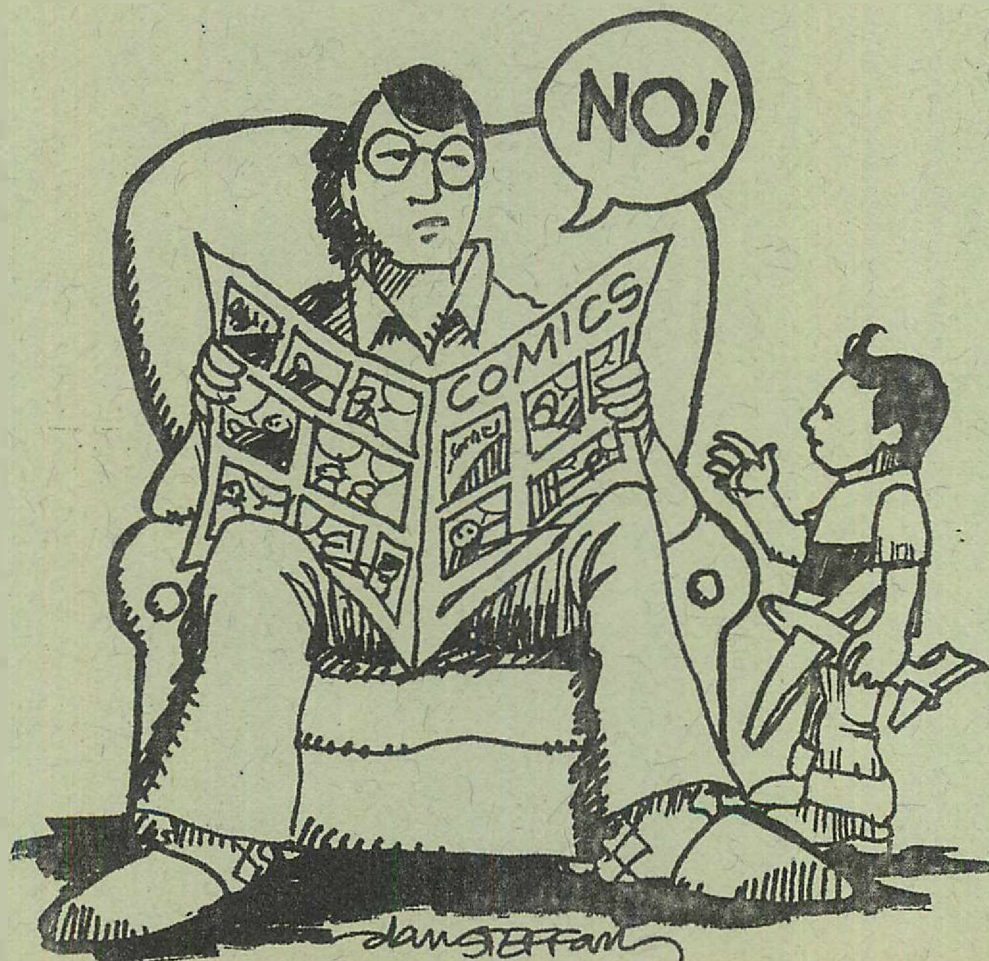
And both strip and gum cost only a penny. Those were the days when bubble gum cards were beginning to appear in 5¢ packs exclusively. Six for a nickel but a nickel was still a heck of a lot for a dumb illiterate kid of four. Parents could easily fool small fry like that into accepting a ration of one six-pack a week over the option of seven daily one-packs. Being worth waiting for, anything bought for a nickel had to be relished and/or cherished. Penny items were different, nobody ever bothered saving them even a tenth as often as they saved the pennies themselves. And pennies could be found just about anywhere--in the dirt, in the bushes, in the back seat of the car, in a crack in the shingles, in a puddle. So the penny stuff --and particularly the mere offal of penny purchases which is all the strips were--passed in and out of kid's hands only to be blown away by the wind to some other random spots in the neighborhood. Pud strips were completely ignored except in passing while baseball cards and Hopalong Cassidy cards and Frank Buck bring 'em back alive cards and our army at war cards and famous fire engines of the past cards were stockpiled and traded and flipped. The whole gamut of possession moves.

And Pud strips weren't really ever possessed, they were just trash. Not that trash wasn't saved. But Pud was official trash, trash even kids acknowledged as such. In fact the only kind of thing which could possibly have led to actual Pud collections would have to have been something like an unusually boring lazy afternoon. During which to walk up and down and down and up the street and around the corner face down checking out the litter. But the normal one-at-a-time means of acquisition was far more conducive to throwing the stuff away than keeping it. Like an individual Pud strip was, after all was said and done, all covered with wax and who wanted wax except in sufficient quantity to chew? And it ripped real easy so why not just rip it, even if it happened to have survived initial hasty removal from the gum package? Crumbled real easy too. So it got crumbled. The Mad Peck has in his collection some bubble gum cards from the early 40's when even the cards were covered with wax. But they were

cards not papers. And on cards instead of papers the wax must've been fun to peel off with the edge of a fingernail. Without damage to the card's own source of relative permanence, its rigidity.

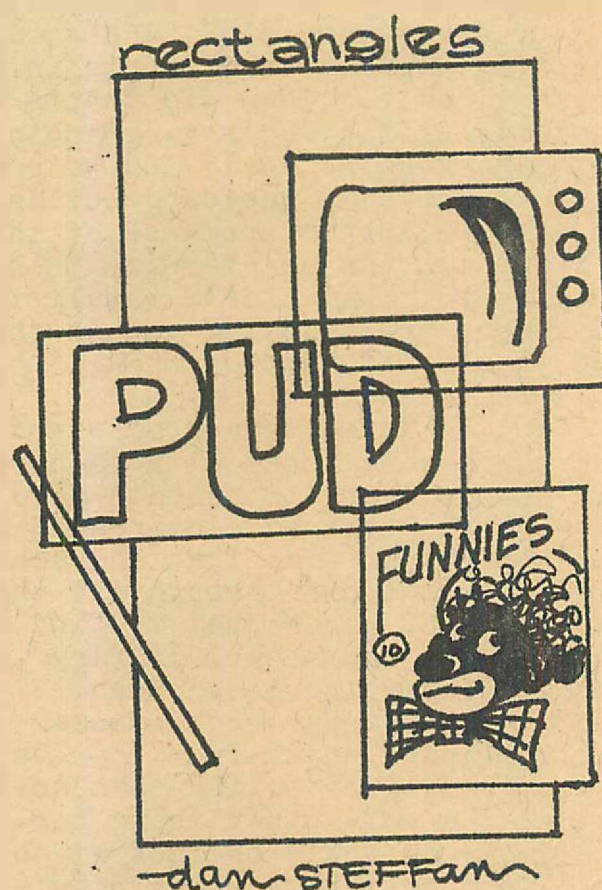
Anyway, everybody but everybody came in contact with Pud. And also the funnies section of the newspaper. But the funnies were just one section of what actually belonged to the domain of the parents proper. And being such they were likely to be read aloud to the offspring while Pud was personal and silent and far less related to reading and words and meaning and all of that. But the funnies did share one thing with Pud's little two-dimensional stomping grounds, their fragility and transitoriness. What's more fragile than newsprint except maybe for old newsprint? And what exposure did any child have to old newsprint? Particularly when only souvenir-generating occasions like wartime are gonna lead the folks to save the newssheets long enough for decay due to age to enter the picture. This was peacetime and the battle against jap and hun predated everything and of course no more scraps were required for the struggle. So most of the old coots threw the papers out way before the next Sunday color section hit the house.

Well anyway what these aforementioned Pud things had the most to do with in the world of archetypes was rectangles. They were white rectangles with smaller colored rectangles juxtaposed within them, each outlined as distinctly as any of the figures contained therein. Except the outer white one, it had no outline so it was just really a white border around the rest. The activities of the characters





transpired on streets that met at right angles, just as did those of the real-lifers who chewed the gum and noticed the illustrated doings of those characters like themselves. But the streets were more like their streets than the characters were like them as mere kids--so street archetypes had crept in before they were even on the verge of confronting the eyes of babes. Many of these young gum people weren't even old enough to cross the street, oldsters had to cross them or so they were told. They were confined to the sidewalks alone and if they were lucky they were allowed to drag their little feet from one end of the straight line parallel to their stoop to the other. And--if curious--catch a perpendicular peck at the ends. The courage to extend geographical freedom probably meant checking out the pavement on all four-or-whatever sides of the block more often than it meant crossing the great gutter. Or at least earlier. Danger or parental intimations of such dramatic potentiality kept one rectangle of a block (as the case was more often than not) separated from the next and all the others. And the paper-bound Pud was scattered throughout this geographically repressive environment. A bit of paper with its constant but phenomenologically encapsulated visual echo of accustomed rectangularity in small doses of smallness of scale (hence intimations of at least ground-level universality). So Pud with all that obviously was the single most prevalent artifact condensing things so conveniently. And since geometry as an archetype is just about the same thing both visually and structurally as repressive, constipated and claustrophobic geography Pud is where it all (all) stems from. At least as far as rectangles go.



Rectangles. Cards, papers, pages, streets, boxes in the pavement, box ball, football fields rather than baseball diamonds because of the direction they get observed from as far as best seats go, TV screens (television was just coming in) or at least the TV sets taken as a whole since the sets themselves weren't curved, those candy store sheets with the lick-on tattoos on them, coloring books, drawing paper in school, envelopes, stamps, stamp collections in stamp albums, books, less solid and no outline but the part of the book pages with the words, potholders from arts and crafts, paintings, paintings in painting books, walls, ceilings, windows, fronts of houses, beds (the context of the dream qua sleep and it's a rectangle), blankets, table tops, comic books. They were all rectangles.

So then you've got your comic books proper, they cost a dime

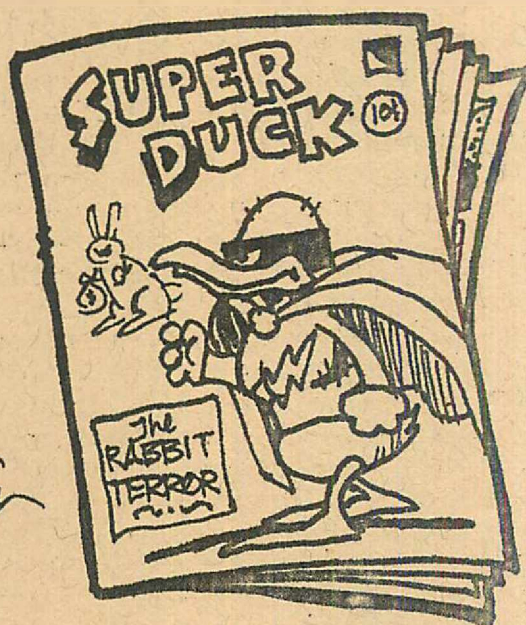
then so they were real luxury items. But not that inaccessible to a six-or-seven-year-old. The good thing about them is they never--until recently--forgot their roots in the garbage, both commercially and aesthetically. They did that's all. And all the while they worked squarely within Pud's geographic/geometric confines. This is the late 40s and the early 50s we're talking about, the rococo ornateness of Captain America's outline-defying arms and legs was already an arty wallpaper pretense of the distant (early-to-mid-40s) past. A few years was an eternity then and no one had any notions of archaeology yet that didn't result in unfathomable shivers. Space and time were pretty solid and in the comics things were back in the boxes and that's all anybody knew.

So there were comics and there were books with just words and there were books with an occasional picture on every thousandth page or so.

Nice bright-colored pictures of pirates and stuff like that and school-kids had to thumb through all those thousands of pages just to find the pictures in the school library during library period. Even three pictures per book (those falling-apart books from the 20s and beyond) were better than nothing, the only other thing for a body to do would be look at the gold-framed Winslow Homer prints on the wall. Or deal with the mere printed page--that abominable black-and-white prison that sure could hurt a tiny tot's eyes--like any other amusement park. Plenty of v's and y's and u's to dive into, g's to swing from, n's to sit on and h's to sit on with a little more comfort, a's to break a knee on, hyphens for a rest, just the right amount of room between lines to

dangle a rope ladder--fastened from an x--down to some high edifice like an f or a t or an l, k's to use as clubs to beat up e-demons with mean faces and hungry mouths, and there were even wider mouths on c's but then again a petrified mouth could serve as a cave if necessary. Of course books were capable of inspiring vision in the juvenile reader. But it called for awesome discipline and appeared most often as a vision of escape. And it called for a shrunken self to make page-meandering possible (it was easier to work out being smaller since everybody was small except a few kids who were left back and nobody was big enough--even with Wonder Bread, which of course relied heavily on the prior grandeur of Wonder Woman for its imagery--to just get up and ram the book down the librarian's throat). So kids got off by means of metaphor in action in spite of themselves, they had a firmer grasp of the roots of literature than any of their worthless teachers.

Meantime they all knew how easier it was to deal with comics,





there wasn't even any need for a deal. And they couldn't help but be aware of the advantages of such forbidden fare: had over approved/recommended/compulsory relics of the days of Gutenberg. Such as: they were experientially infinitely more direct, they hit the nail on the head far more often (if not exclusively), they employed color and operated accordingly in terms of actual pleasure principles incorporating far more aspects than plot and character development, and they embodied far more sophisticated concepts of visual space than a complimentary black-on-white foreground/background-by-implication was capable of. In terms of the little nippers themselves they were, respectively, more fun and more enfrossing, more to the point, more enjoyable for their look alone, and more readily evocative of both the physical and fantasy worlds as they are sensed via the optic nerve. So comics were the obvious foreshadowing of rock 'n' roll, drugs, '56 Chevys and multi-media.

And speaking of mediahood and natural superiorities of this media over that, comics were always doing a fine commendable job conditioning kids against other (more limited and more dependent upon force-feeding from above) forms of rectangle-bound culture packages. For one, comics were always less technological/more craftsmanly in general appearance. Hence they seemed more possibly analogous to personal creation possibilities than did any random typeset leather-bound mere book. Not that comics weren't even further down the line technologically. It's just that they employed decent means of camouflaging whatever the hell impersonal industrial revolution professionalism had crept in (this is already getting ahead of things to high school, where contemporary cosmologies were never allowed to be introspected upon anyway). Style and camouflage all rolled into on, like letterers and cartoonists and colorists. And when there weren't letterers there was movable type that at least looked pretty funky and shoddy just to cover things up (but the kind of thing the comics people were trying to cover up was the ease of production, so their own commercial paranoia helped them in more ways than one) and when it wasn't even shoddy but merely superbooklike the rest of the printing was so ridiculously worthless that the whole context served to parody mere readable lettering.

As far as the coloring goes coloring books were of course big items in the realm of visual synthesis. Outlines provided and no shading necessary, fill a space and you've done your job, you versus the blank page, you in cahoots with the original penciler/inker. But there was obviously too much burden placed upon the colorer to equal the work of the outliner and to do so in a sudden performance of creative intensity. The hardest work always being guesswork, decisions as to what color out of the crayon box went where and what thing got what color were real mind warpers. At least the customary casualness of





the whole coloring book experience prevented actual traumatic whatchamacallits.

But as paradoxical as it may seem it was much less work to work on drawing paper. The blue band of sky was always the convention for the very top and a radiating yellow sun always went right underneath it, usually on the lefthand side. The point being that coloring books were halfway houses between blank pages and the comics themselves and as such were thought of by parents and teachers as a compromise measure. To the kids they were seductive because they provided black-and-white versions of many of the same stars and situations to be found in the comics themselves but then again it would have been a lot easier if the coloring book people and their stupid advisory staffs of educators or whatever provided stuff like already-colored books with matchup crayons with which to merely cover up the colored areas with wax. And the big blunder of not outlining the colorable goodies with rectangular borders other than the edge of the page removed the whole thing too far from comics anyway, leaving even a finished page looked like one of those paintings of the Virgin Mary up in the clouds. Sheer cultural irrelevance.

(But of course to expect coloring book reform would be like expecting educators to get hip to the fact that Cézanne summed up the whole mathematics-in-visual-metaphor routine far better than Galileo who gets all the credit in terms of scientific methodology as taught. That is they could easily substitute courses in comic books for courses in geometry--simple dimple irrelevant mere abstraction when you get down to it--and more esoteric stuff like cubism for natural science, cubism and Virgin Mary by Titian being esoteric only because of all the schoolroom bias against comics to begin with.)

Anyway there were other factors too in the issue of coloring



books versus drawing paper versus comics. Like the color and texture of the paper itself. The paper stock of the comic books themselves had a great deal to do with conditioning youngsters against the other stuff. Not that kids actually detested coloring books off-white or the thickness of off-tan art paper to the point of refraining from their use, nothing that far out at all. But they did seem like pale imitations of the stuff that comics were printed on--the utter givenness of color-on-blank-background in comics must have had something to do with it, as well as flexibility of pages in bulk and other factors of commercial origin well beyond our ken--and the papers young artists preferred were things like colored construction paper and crepe paper. Both of which bore no reference to comics at all and thus were in another ballpark altogether.

Also there's the small business of the bindings involved. Staples were great, nobody didn't like staples. They made possible the great leap forward and upward to three-dimensionality and were at the same time an elusive concept, at least as employed in the actual machine-construction of the comics. Nobody could figure out how to get the staples in there in the middle of the page and through so many pages. So staples as they were used were the single technological factor which was utterly beyond the child's comprehension, and in so being they were the source of some more mystery and awe and all that sort of great stuff.

The only thing better than an ordinary stapled comic book was a fatter comic book--annuals, specials, etc.--for a fatter price. There must have been staples in there somewhere but they weren't readily visible or as singularly functional. These fatsoes also featured the ironic addition of another rectangle--albeit a rather thin one--on the side of the book (a more obvious solid one on the closed end unlike the implicit rectangle composed of the cut edges of the pages on the open end of the original thinnies), inadvertantly extending the



whole system to the realm of length-of-book manipulation. And that was precisely what was so good about it, the fact that it was inadvertent. Enabling mere greed for greater length to get the kid barking down the path of ad hoc sensibility, the source of all aesthetic advance.

Not to be forgotten are the black-and-white strips in the dailies. Coloring them in was out of the question and they sure didn't accomplish much just sitting there with that sickening bleached look. The best that can be said in their behalf is that the color of newsprint was better in showcasing mere outlines than was the slightly darker shade of coloring books of the time, better contrast and all that. And the fact that the New York Times refused to publish anything cartoony except for political swill had to have been the earliest indication that whatever coverage of the official real world they had to offer was necessarily of dubious quality and validity.

So there was never really any coalescence between any of the various forms of two-dimensional visual amusement for janitors. That's as far as still stuff goes. It was different for movies and TV, even when animation entered the picture. Cartoons were great and all that, they were always preferable to everything but monsters and Abbott and Costello (and, on some occasions, cowboys and Indians). But comics had it all over the motion picture and its small-screen relative in terms of overall whoozis, most of all in the all-important erotics of spatio-temporal formalism department. The reader/viewer could go back and forth through his comics with equal ease and quickness in either direction, picking up largely visual and/or positional cues to continue at a pace greater than that provided by simple frame-to-frame sequence. He could go back to check up on stuff he was uncertain of (and unlike in books he could spot the spot he wanted with precision and immediacy) or blaze ahead to check out intuitions or avoid unnecessary surprise. The level of dramatic involvement was entirely up to junior, not even the writers or illustrators could force him into their patterns of thought. Unlike with movies the eye wasn't passive, it couldn't be. It couldn't be with all those dandy frames there calling for the attention of one's peepers on a double-page spread in an open comic, and no two busters ever read the same comic the same way. Even a rigidly indoctrinated school reader would have needed blinders in order not to notice other fun-filled boxes while reading. Boxes which couldn't help but interrupt his stream of sequential concentration. Even dull boxes, like they had to have exerted more of a pull on the optic muscles than simple book lettering with all its similitude. And even the arrangement of speech and thought balloons and narrative text had to have presented enough ambiguity of sequence to call for decisions as to which to read first even to preserve any idealized sense of immutable order. Particularly since each of the word-containing capsules had to be consulted in order to ascertain whatever that order could possibly be (or even make guesswork in that regard possible). Hence there was no such thing as immutable order. Bravo.

(An analogy might be drawn between comics and other such truck, and records and tapes. Tapes are having their first go-round of potential moment-in-the-sunhood right now and what makes them so tangibly interesting is that they can be cut up and resequenced with splicing tape. Or they can be used to just pick up anything from outside the realm of tape itself in any selected sequence under the sun



with the utmost ease, as off records or from out of previously un-recorded speech, noise or music. No more sitting uncomfortably through unfavorable cuts on an album or having to get up and move the lousy needle over to more promising grooves, that's what it means in terms of conventional packaging. But the drawback is you can't with any decent immediacy or precision pinpoint on a tape the location of any single item. But you can with a record, so take your pick. Same with a comic. But who

((The second and concluding part of "EC/DC: It All Started With Pud" will appear in Bill Kunkel's RATS.))





# HOW I GOT HERE FROM THERE



— by Jay Kinney —

(This letter has managed to receive the first introduction by the editor of anything appearing in SYNDROME in its brief, spastic life. The following was a letter from rowdy Jay Kinney "when I got to Illinois for a summer of relaxation from heavy demands of the rapidly-declining Underground Comix scene in San Francisco." Quite a tale of woe is this. --FL)

Telone, Ill.  
July 12, 1973

Dear Turkey,

Getting here was an ordeal... I was supposed to get a ride to Illinois thru the Ride Center, and I got set up with one guy in a truck who was supposed to call and pick me up on Saturday morning around 10, but he never showed up, the asshole. So there I was on Saturday, all ready to go, all my stuff packed up and moved to Art Spiegelman's and my ride pooped out. Of course the Ride Center was closed from 1-5, so I had to wait till 5 to check back with them. When I went over there at quarter to 5, I met a guy sitting on the steps who wanted to go to Milwaukee and had a truck and needed riders. Well, swell! I thought. This is all working out after all; so we got two other guys and loaded us all up in his truck (an old Milk Delivery truck converted to a camper, which he had bought two weeks before) and took off Saturday night. He had a 2 month old puppy named Cosmo, who was white and cute and things looked good. So zoom we're off, except picking up the guy in Berkeley we leave Cosmo behind and have to go back when we discover he's gone and get him. Then, of course, the truck only goes 48 MPH at best, and about 15 MPH up hills, and there are the Rocky Mountains to get over.

So we drive thru the night and chug on thru Reno at about 1 in the morning and have trouble finding a gas station open and have to

go back to 5 miles before Reno where there's a gas station still open. Then on thru the night and on into Utah. We roll across the Salt Flats as the day stretches before us and hit Salt Lake City about dinner time. Cosmo has been carsick the whole time, popping surprise vomits and shits on us in the truck when we least expect them and the smell gets worse as time goes on. In Salt Lake City we stop a block from the Tabernacle and park by the curb in a residential area and heat up Pork and Beans on the stove in the truck and sit on some folk's lawn and eat a meal. Cosmo discovers some discarded disposable Baby Diapers which some previous travelers had thrown out on the lawn and he gets into energetically tearing them up and eating them, eluding all attempts of ours to wrest them away. Baby piss in Utah! Hotcha. So we move on and try to zoom on to Wyoming. Things are going okay, though the truck only gets 11 miles to the gallon. Night comes and we make it into Wyoming. I drive for a while and it goes smoothly but then a knocking develops in one of the gears that comes and goes and sounds more like the fan hitting something. Well, let's stop the truck and investigate this..Hm. Can't see anything wrong. Maybe the flywheel needs more oil. Of course we don't have any oil do we? No. Chris decides to put margarine in there. That's oil, right? I object but am overruled.

Of we go again and it's driving along all right. Still the weird noise now and then, but it may just be the altitude and then the engine dies altogether. Surprise! It's 4 in the morning, natch. These things always happen at night. So we open up the hood and wonder what the story is, this? that? They all look bad and the wiring is all bad to begin with. Chris looks in the battery and, lo and behold, there's no water in the battery. Very clever, Chris. It's getting to be sunrise and we try to figure out what to do. Chris tells us that he has only 60 dollars and from the looks of things can't afford to get it fixed and go on East. Hey, fantastic! Here we are in the middle of nowhere, Wyoming and I have my handbag and laundry bag of clothes, not to mention sleeping bag and portfolio. One of the riders is only going as far as Wyoming to do 5 weeks of back-packing, so he gets a ride from someone who stops and that leaves 3 of us. There's Mark who is going to New Hampshire where he lives in a cabin, Chris, Cosmo (who shits especially to celebrate the occasion), and I. Mark only had \$15 to put in towards gas to begin with and now he's stuck in Wyoming. He wants 2/3rds of his money back. I'm sweating out what the fuck I'm going to do. I wanted to oil paint this summer and have all my paints and brushes as well as a tool box full of ink and exactos and brushes and pencils and books I wanted to read and photos to give to the Corn Crib and sheets for my bed and shampoo and and and. And I can't go back to San Francisco. I'll use up all my money going back and be stuck there without an apartment and bummed out. But I can't hitch with all this stuff. Stuff. Goddamn.

So here we go, let's get down to basics, Jay. What do you really need? Uh, clothes, sleeping bag, my two notebooks, the I Ching (well...), and my portfolio (I ain't leaving that on a truck in Wyoming for nothing, kiddo).





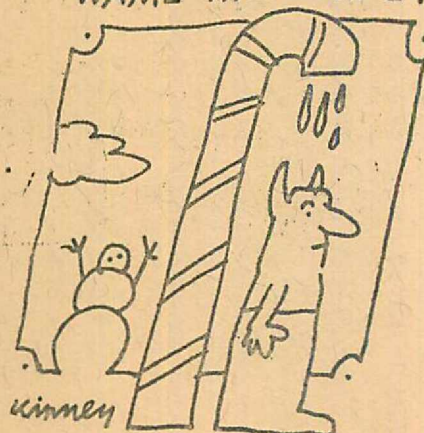
So I settle for those bone minimums. Chris has hitched on with the battery to get a new one and Mark and I are going to try and hitch out of Wyoming. I leave Chris a note to take my remaining belongings to Griffith in S.F. Hope he does. Later realize that my camera and checkbook are back there in a box. Nice. Of course I only have \$16 in the bank anyway, but...

Mark and I are next to the truck, with thumbs out for six (6) hours before we get picked up. Nobody but nobody picks up anyone in Wyoming! Finally a weirdo in an old Mail Truck picks us up. He's going to NYC, however he plans on stopping every day for 4 hours and playing saxophone and besides he has something go wrong with his truck every day, he says, and 50 miles later, just past Rawlins, his re-capped tire begins to come apart. So long, bud. Mark and I are outside Rawlins, it's evening and we stand there for a couple of hours. Cowboys drive by and throw a cherry bomb at us. Shit. It's July 4th in 2 days, and we don't want to be on the road for then. Then a guy comes along and picks us up. 19 year old longhair from Laramie who was a brakeman on the railroad and saw us hitching when his train went past us. He makes \$1800 a month for a 4-hour train ride a day, \$75 daily. Tough life. But he's real friendly and a breath of fresh air in Wyoming. Takes us 50 miles to Laramie. Stuck outside Laramie.

It gets dark. No rides. No luck in sight. So we walk back into town. Greyhound for Cheyenne: \$2.47, leaves at 11:30 PM. We go to a cafe named Tricky Dick's and eat chili, listening to "Lay, Lady, Lay" by Dylan on the jukebox. Greyhound bus to the Little America oasis outside Cheyenne. Oughta nab a ride out of there pretty easy. Sure. 9½ hours later...

A guy in a gravel truck passes us for the 3rd time and takes us 5 miles to the junction of 80 East and a few other roads. It's 9 in the morning and hot already, and our luck has been miserable. Three roads come into a fork and Mark and I decide that we may have better luck by each taking 1 road and just being solitary hitchers. Then if we get a ride we can yell over to the other. It works pretty soon! A Man in a pick up truck stops for me. He's going to Michigan and already has 1 hitcher in the cab and another in the back. Mark and I make 3 in the back. Zoom we're off. Whopp! Quick stop for one

NAME THIS TUNE!



other guy who is a friend of the guy originally in the back. And we're off. In the Wyoming-Nebraska sun, it's over 100 degrees and we're going to Illinois and the wind is blasting our pores open and there's spare tires and metal equipment in the back of the truck and what the fuck.

I take a shirt and button it up to the collar, pull it over my head so that it covers everything but I can see out of the collar hole like an Amish lady's bonnet, and tie the sleeves behind my head and I'm an Arab. Push on, Mister.

On, on to Iowa. It's late and getting towards dark. The sky is clouding up and it looks like rain. Water in the back of an open pickup. Hey, real fine and dandy. The only way to travel, but the rain holds off, though there is heat lightning on the horizon on three sides.

It's night and now we're cold. Hot to cold. Yin to Yang, and what to do? Get in our sleeping bags and leave our noses out to breathe. We stop at a truck stop in Davenport at midnight and I call home. Here I come. Sorry it's so late, but can you pick me up near Joliet at 3 in the morning when I get there? Heh heh, sure Jay. So I get there and call home and my father comes for me at 4 AM and we drive home. I'm greasy and frizzy and sunburnt and Home! I take a shower. It takes a half hour to unknot my hair. As I get out of the shower, the sun is coming up and it's sprinkling out. Time for my own bed. HMMMMMM.. That feels good! I dream of Robert Kennedy. And sleep until 4 in the afternoon.

--Jay Kinney





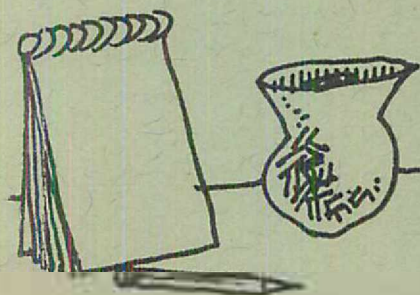
CARTOON JAMS  
by Canfield & Kinney

TWO  
FOR THE  
PRICE OF  
ONE

HONEST,  
HANDSOME  
STRANGER, I  
JUST DON'T HAVE  
ONE MORE LINE  
LEFT IN ME!

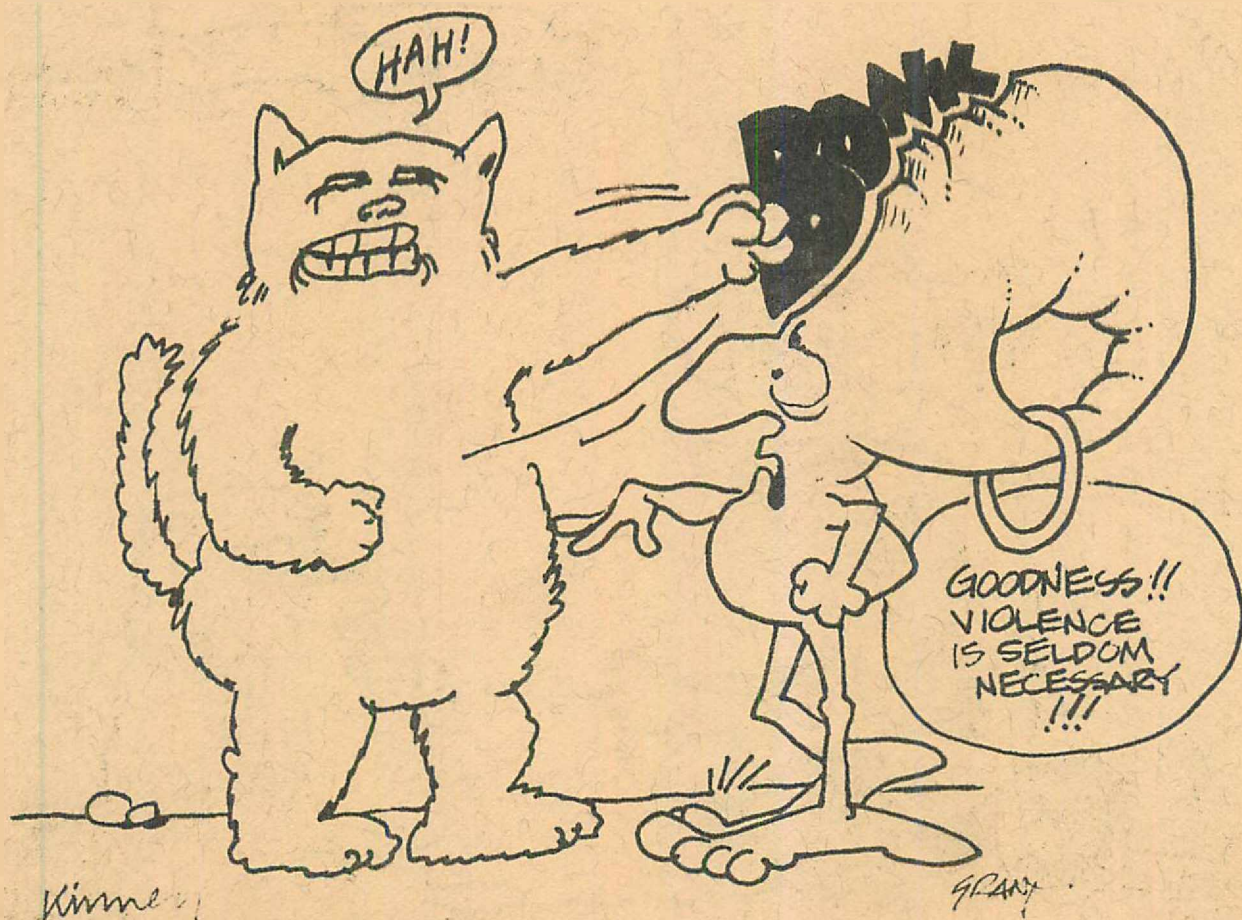
... sorry...

WHEN I SAY  
DRAW....  
I MEAN  
DRAW!

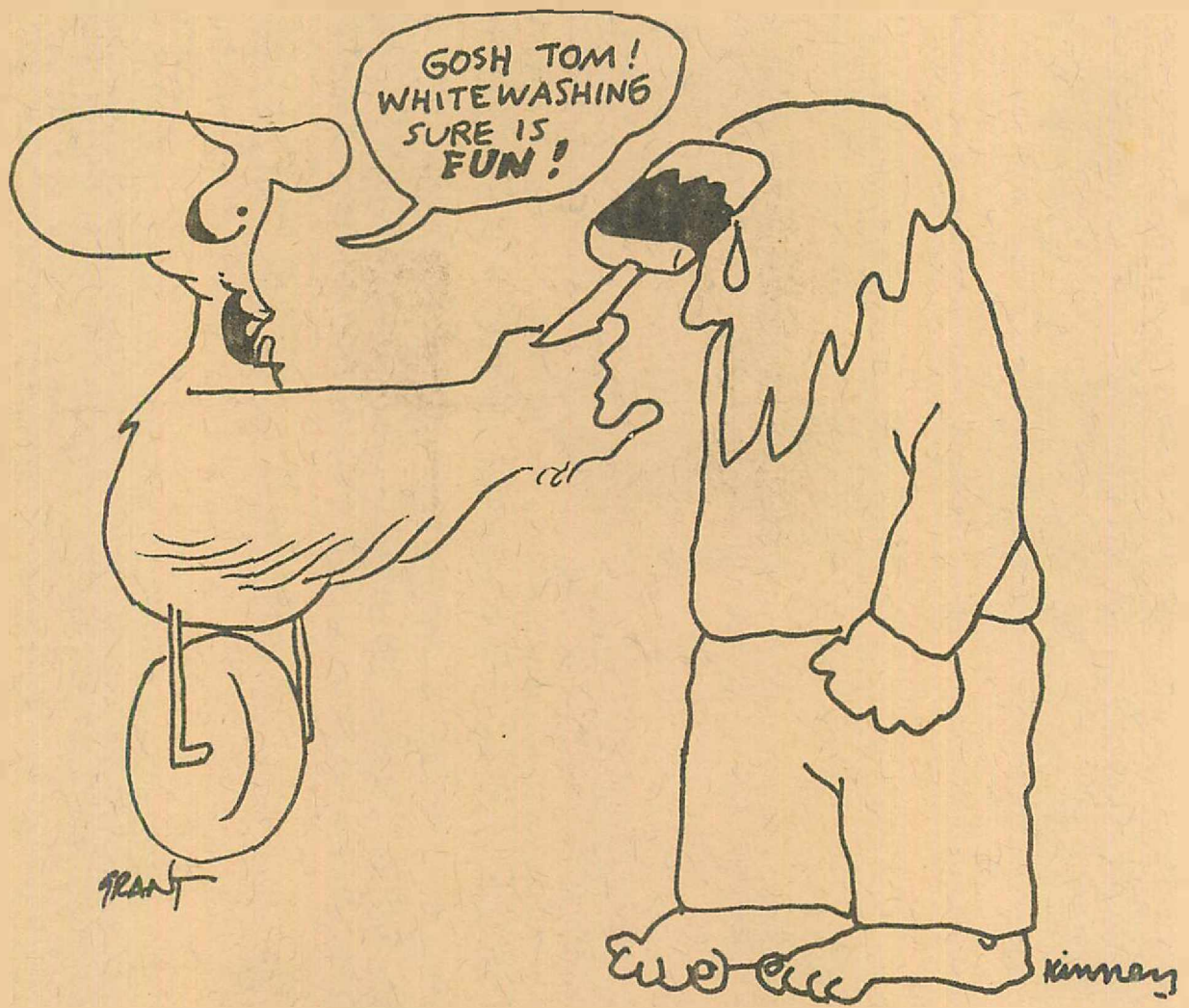


Kinney &  
Grant

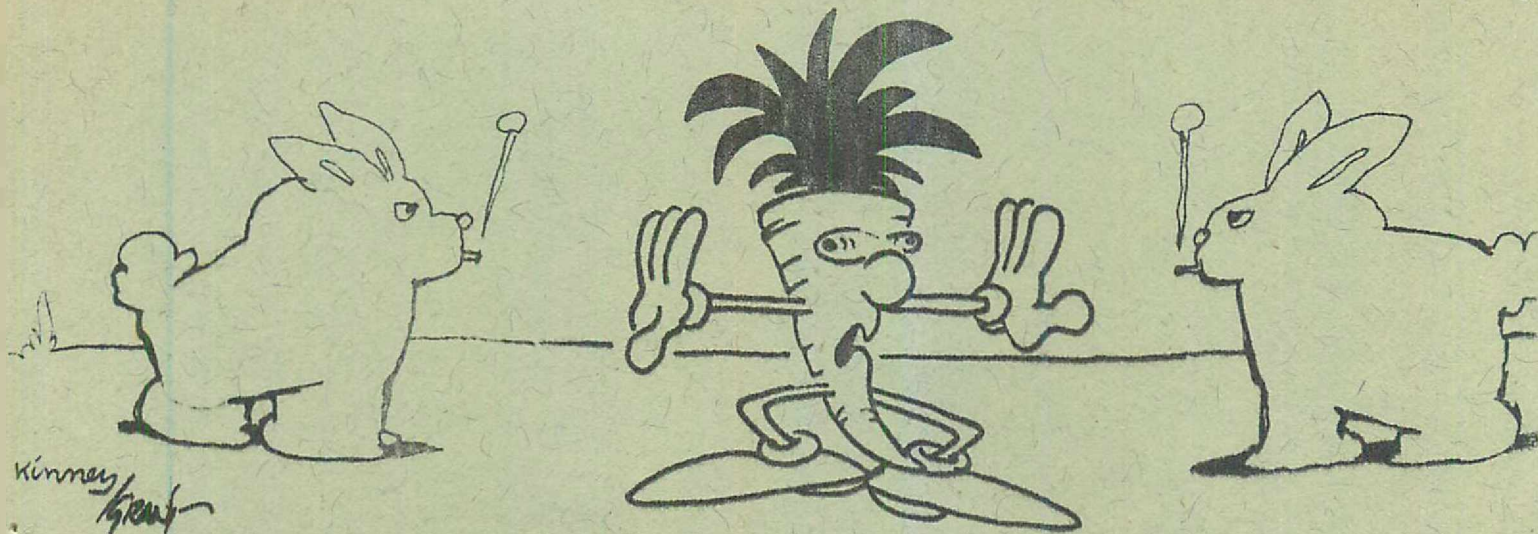




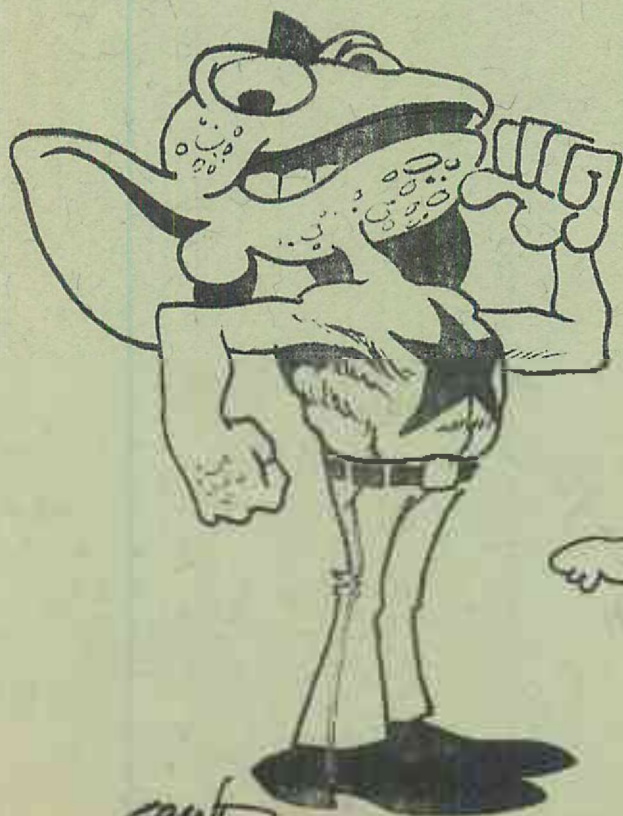
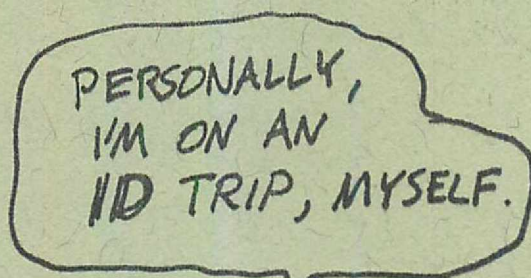
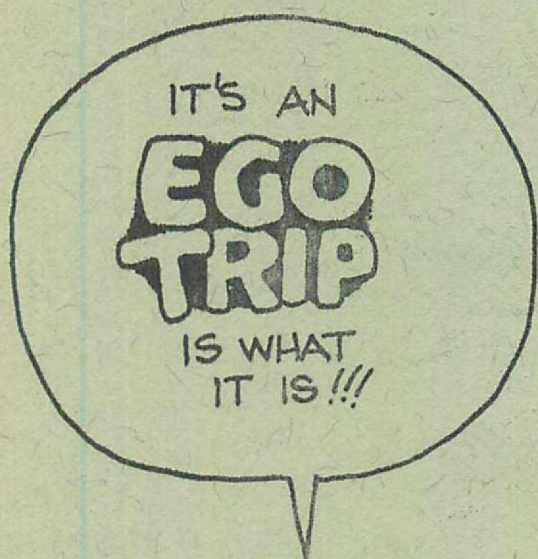








... NOW, BOYS...







"Know thyself. (Biblical)"

--Robert Dills

".....Come you spirits  
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,  
And fill me from the crown to the toe to-full  
Of direst cruelty..."

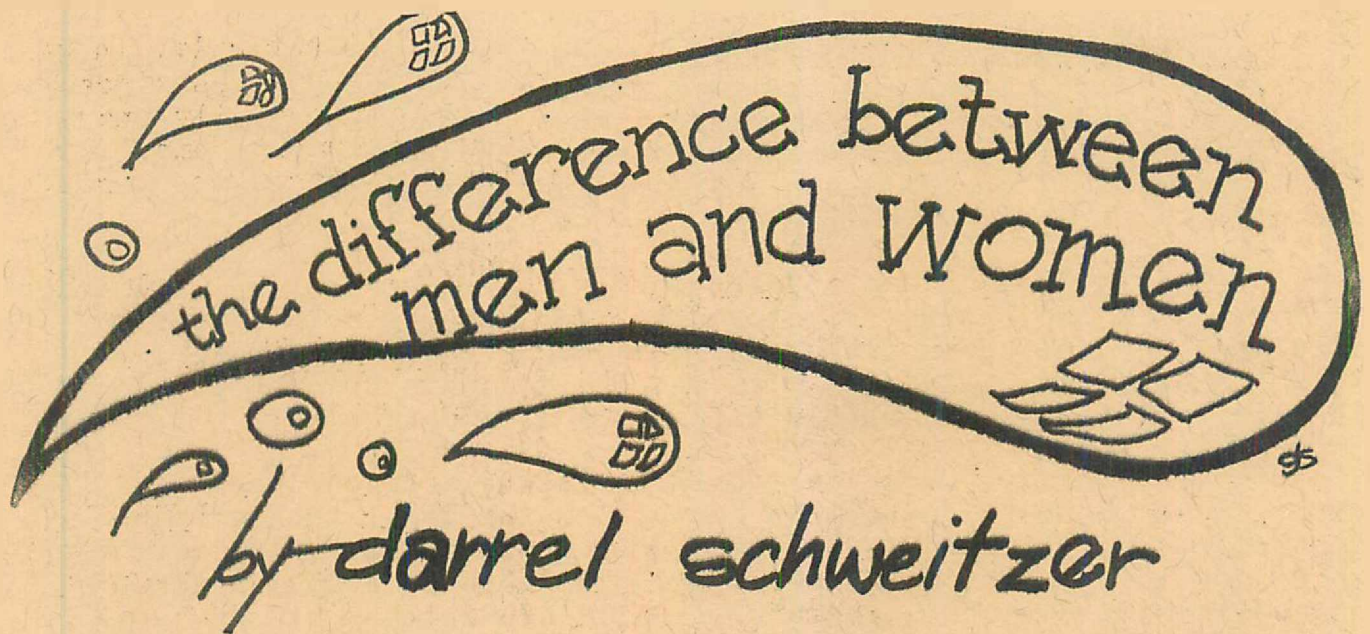
--Macbeth Act 1 sc 5  
(Lady M speaking)

"That is not dead which can eternal lie  
And in strange aeons even death may die."

--Abdul Alhazred

"Abraham begat Isaac; and Isaac Jacob;  
And Jacob begat Judas and his brethren;  
And Judas begat Phar-es and Za-ra of  
Tha-mar; and Pha-res begat Es-rom..."

--St. Matthew ch 1, vs.2-3



# the difference between men and Women

by darrel schweitzer

"When I was six or seven I was of course curious about the allusions which I did not understand in adult books ... Being of a scientific and investigative cast, I naturally followed up the mysteries step by step... Ending with the medical books of my physician-uncle, I knew everything there is to be known about the anatomy and physiology of reproduction in both sexes before I was eight years old, after which curiosity was of course impossible."

--H.P. Lovecraft (letter to  
Frank Belknap Long, 2/7/1924)

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When I was young, especially before I reached puberty, I didn't have to worry about sex. I went to a parochial grade school and the nuns always shied away from inquiries as to the theory and practices of making babies by rolling their eyes heavenward and saying "You wouldn't understand." With kids that age, perhaps they had a point, but as time passed this comfortable bubble began to burst.

Since I was aware of things, I had always believed that the scientific world was still debating the matter of human reproduction, with all the experts divided into two camps, one favoring the stork theory and the other big on cabbage patches. I never knew which one to accept, because both have their strengths and their drawbacks. The stork sounds more plausible at first glance, but I must confess that throughout my childhood and adolescence I saw lots of babies but not one single stork. Even when my younger brother mysteriously appeared in the household, no stork. Cabbages on the contrary are commonplace objects. So are babies. Proponents of this view usually insist that no more evidence is necessary, but then again if they're right the making of cole slaw must have at least at one time had enormous significance (a fertility/sacrifice cult?), but no one has cared to take this into consideration.



As a result, I didn't become a devotee of either cult, though as I grew older I leaned a bit more towards cabbage patches since I wasn't even sure what a stork looked like. I went peacefully and merrily through life, missing nothing save for the humor in most "dirty" jokes. I couldn't see anything funny in either storks or cabbages.

Then I grew up and entered fandom. I began to read Dick Geis fanzines with their obscene watermarks. Things began to happen. Slowly my carefully constructed private world began to crumble. It all started and all ended with the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society, so I suppose I should tell you a little about it.

The Society, known as the PSFS, is the second oldest SF group in the country. The most ancient of the local fannish sages assure me that the LASFS was formed only hours earlier, the difference being due to time zones or something. The club is such a respected and well-known cultural landmark of Philadelphia that its name has been placed atop a giant skyscraper, emblazoned in neon lights. Anyone driving along the Schuylkill Expressway in the vicinity of the Vine Street exit can witness this remarkable tribute.

I joined this respected and timeless organization five years ago, but it wasn't until recently that things began to happen. As with most such groups, the really important part of the meeting takes place afterwards at the bar. And it was at such informal get-togethers at Cavanaugh's Restaurant that in the last year or so a group began to form, consisting of myself, Robert Whitaker, Donald Keller, Bob Dills and his girlfriend Nancy Whateverhernameis, plus Judy Weiss, Bill Wagner (sometimes) and assorted hangers-on. I didn't know it at the time, but I had fallen into Bad Company.

Specifically, Dills started it all by passing around a little slip of paper, whereon was written in his seductively gorgeous calligraphy, the first quote reproduced at the front of this article. Everyone got a slight chuckle out of it, save for Donald Keller who went into hysterics, and myself. I didn't see anything in it.

They, however, seemed more puzzled than I was. Each worse an expression that said one thing: "CAN HE REALLY BE THAT THICK?" (Except for Donald, who was much too contorted to say anything.)

No, I wasn't that thick. Thicker. Unbelievably filled with knowledge on all sorts of esoteric subjects. Noting the reference to the Bible, I promptly unzipped the appropriate place and whipped mine out, and looked up all the references to "knowing" I could find. There are lots of them, I assure you, but they all boil down to one thing.

It says Boaz "knew" Ruth. What could be more natural than that? After all, they were married and it figures that they should get acquainted. Besides, in those days people lived in more close-knit communities than we do now, and in general everybody knew every-one else.

Well, by this time Donald had calmed down, but after such an explanation he was at it again, while the others sat in an awe-stricken silence, overwhelmed by my scholarship, no doubt.

Whitaker almost recovered for a minute, and asked me to explain all that "begatting" in the Bible in terms of what I had just said. Obliginglly I then related how the ancient Israelities had named their country the "land of milk and honey" for a good reason. Besides keeping lots of cows, they tended hives. And it was customary for the head of each household to go to the market every once in a while and get some bees. For the hive, of course, to make the honey. This was considered to be so important that accurate accounts of the transactions were kept in the writings of the time, and the bees were given names so that they might be kept track of more easily.

It was about this time that Nancy, who had tried to go to sleep in the middle of the lecture, suggested that I shut up. Donald fortunately arose to my defense, pointing out that anyone who talked over the phone for as long as she did had no right to tell anyone to shut up. Nancy then suggested that the members of the circle chip in to buy us His and Hers muzzles.

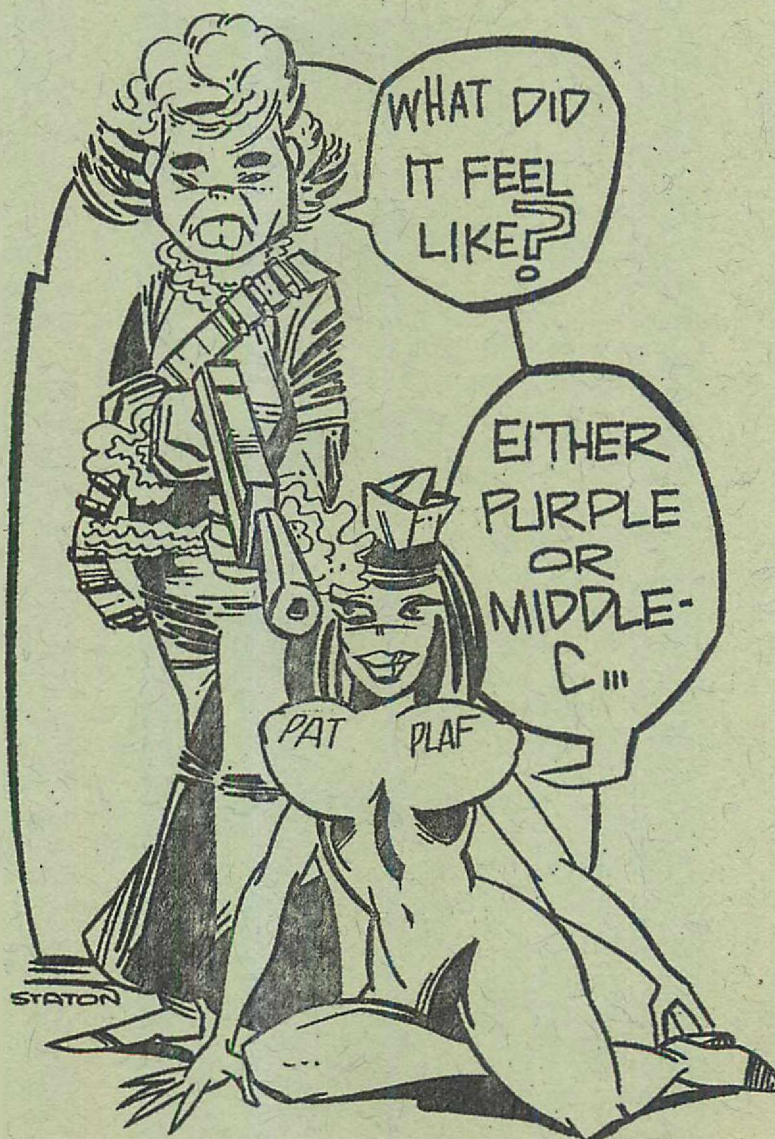
The meeting broke up on that note.

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I got through that first encounter seemingly without damage, but deep down inside me I began to wonder. Could it be that my parents and teachers hadn't been telling me the whole truth? Was there something more to life than cabbages?

I found a certain disturbing passage in Shakespeare (see quotes), which clearly implies that there is, or at least was in Elizabethan times, some sort of distinction between men and women rooted in sex. You see, Lady M wants to be "unsexed" so that she can be brave and unflinching like a man when she and her husband bump off the king. The secret isn't in storks and cabbage patches, either.

By the time the next PSFS meeting rolled around, I was deeply troubled. At the first opportunity I brought





the subject up. No one was really affected by this (save for Donald, who went into hysterics), and finally Nancy asked me in her marvelously sweet and condescending manner:

"Darrell, did you ever hear of such a thing as gender?"

"of course, uh..." I blushed. I hate to show ignorance in public.

"I mean, do you see any difference between you and me?"

I pondered this a minute, trying to avoid the glances of all the people who were now listening intently. Finally I answered faltingly: "Gee... I know!... You're a a... You're a girl!"

She smiled a kindergarten teacher's smile. "Yes, that's right, but what's the difference?"

"Uh...You... I... I got something you don't!"

"YES??" echoed from the peanut gallery. "What is it?" asked Nancy calmly.

I was more confident now, and answered straightaway:

"Whiskers, that's it. Whiskers. You don't have whiskers."

"Froggy doesn't have whiskers either. How do you explain that?"

Froggy is her nickname for Bob Dills. She was right; I couldn't explain it. I braced myself for the final ghastly revelation, but it never came. The meeting ended, and utterly crushed I shuffled home. If humans had tails, I would have undoubtedly been dragging mine between my legs.

I pondered this question of whiskers for a whole month after that. At first it seemed that something was dreadfully amiss, and that Nancy and Bob ought to get together sometime for a long talk. Then I remembered that when I first met the editor of this magazine we were both 18 years old (I am one day his senior) and he was wearing a thick beard. I hadn't started to shave yet. Either there was something wrong with me or this is a variable trait, and has no more to do with the difference between men and women than cabbages and storks.

At the next meeting Donald monopolised the conversation, expounding on the virtues of the poetry of Clark Ashton Smith or some-damnsuch, but after a while I managed to work my problem up. I explained all, and asked (nay, begged) to be enlightened.

So they enlightened me. Nancy was the first to oblige, but eventually they all got their things in, and I was told point blank, blunt as could be, everything there was to tell about the Facts of Life. They emphasized that two can play. (Fortunately, I still had enough of my wits about me to bat down a couple cracks about auto-eroticism by pointing out that I don't own a car.) Nancy coined the line which may someday be famous: "Darrell, what you need is a good lay."

(With a cabbage? Who would go to bed with a cabbage? I've never heard of such a thing.)

Now, what did I do when I finally knew all? I bellowed out:

"IS THAT ALL THERE IS?" Stunned silence. I continued: "I READ SCIENCE FICTION FOR KICKS! WHO NEEDS SEX WHEN THERE'S A NEW PIERS ANTHONY NOVEL OUT?" (Piers Anthony, Var the Stick, Faber & Faber, London, 1972)

At which point everybody went into hysterics.

Except me, of course. My whole stork and cabbage patch world had crashed down around me and it wasn't a laughing matter. Maybe Lovecraft had the right idea after all. Certainly I don't see any sense in wasting my time on sex when there are far greater thrills in life.

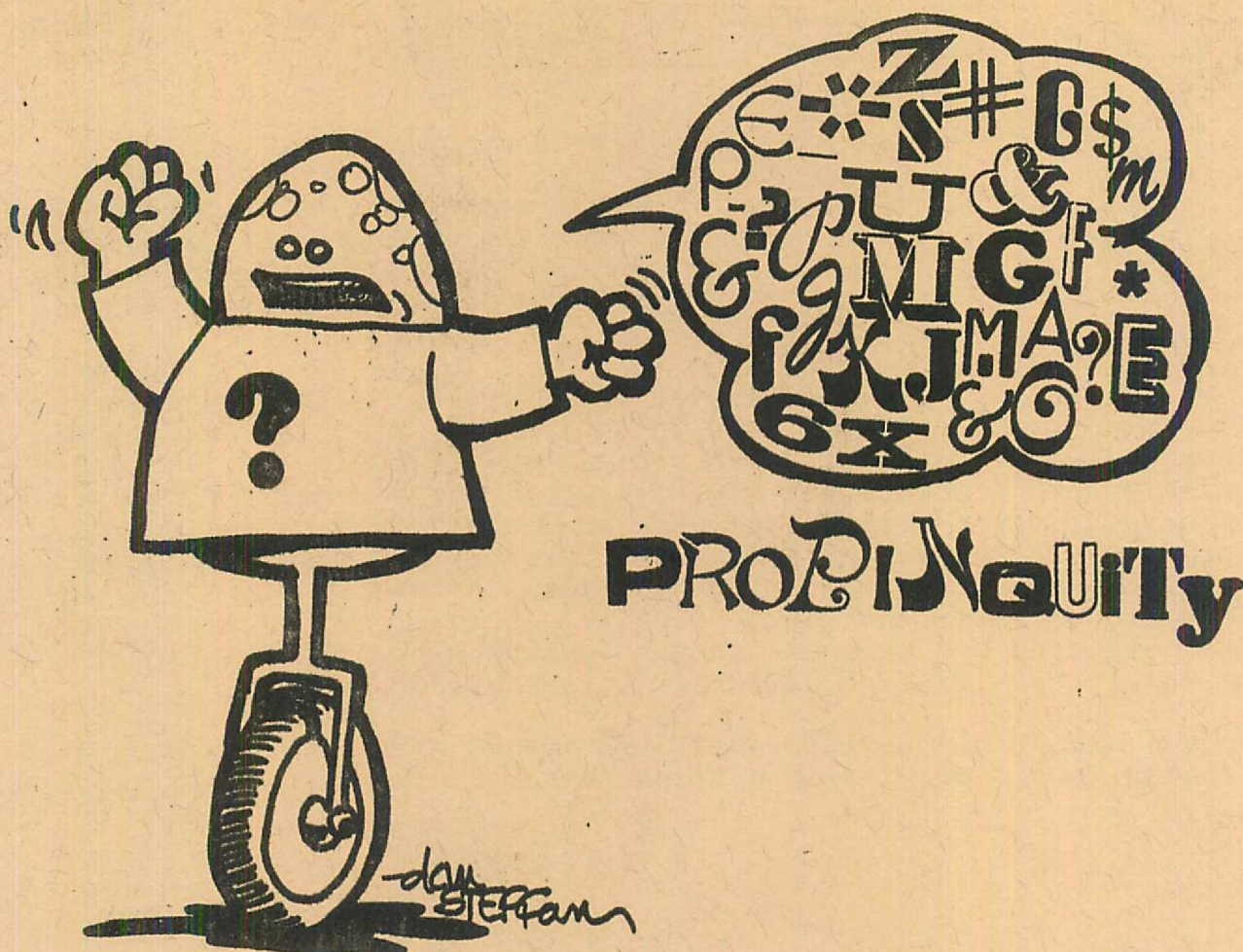
Listen, I'll tell you the whole truth. Like many writers, I have certain odd habits. This is what I do: When the urge within me is especially strong and I can contain myself no longer, I sit down on the proper pedestal and begin to gently caress my typewriter. After a minute or so my breath quickens and I begin to perspire heavily. My entire body convulses with spasms of greater and greater intensity. I begin to drive my fingers into the deep, private parts of the machine, pounding down onto the keys. Finally, in one great orgasmic spurt, a flood of words and phrases and punctuation marks streams forth, and the result is a fanzine article. This one, for example.

What's sex next to that? Who cares about fucking when there's a chance to get printed in a Frank Lunney fanzine? --Darrell Schweitzer



My husband is what you might call a Santa Claus lover. He only comes once a year.





Ray Nelson 333 Ramona Ave. El Cerrito, Ca. 94530  
 I liked Gary Hubbard's frank statement, "I'm scared to shit of black folks." It's a breath of fresh air after all the liberal bullshit I've been subjected to for years about "I don't care if a person is black, white, yellow, red or purple" or "I don't even notice a person's color."

In the '40s and '50s I had quite a few black friends; jazz music, civil rights, grass and (in one case) computer programming formed a bridge between what were, even then, two quite different lifestyles. Now I don't have even one black friend, and no reasonable chance of finding any. Jazz music is no longer, for me, a live movement, civil rights have been shoved aside by a kind of Black Militant trip that has no decent place in it for whites; I quit smoking grass (and the Black Panthers did too) and I'm not into computer programming any more. If computer programming looks funny in there, it isn't really. IBM was a pioneer in equal-opportunity hiring and, more important, equal opportunity training.

As it stands, I can't honestly say I'm scared of blacks, but on the other hand a lot has happened to erode away what was once a very friendly feeling I had for them. I used to live in a black neighborhood in Chicago by preference, because it was more colorful

and seemed more alive, but now I don't really like to even walk through a black neighborhood.

It bothered me when I parked my car on a public street in a black neighborhood to go to the dentist, and when I came back my battery had been stolen, and the black people who had been sitting on their porch the whole time claimed they "didn't see nothin'."

It bothered me when, at a convention of the Peace & Freedom Party in Richmond, Calif., I submitted in perfectly proper form, a proposal for a plank in the party platform, only to have the Black Panther who was presiding "table" the proposal...in his back pocket. (It was obvious that, for the Panthers, the Peace & Freedom Party was nothing but a pack of chicken white liberals from whom to extort money.)

It bothered me when a store window I had painted was deliberately smashed by a black vandal.

It bothered me when the place where my wife works was held up by black stickup men, and when other black stickup men shot an old man who had a store across the street...after the old man had done everything he was told to.

It bothered me when my son got a job tutoring a little black girl, but the girl's grandmother (who couldn't read and was proud of it) sabotaged the whole thing by insisting on playing the TV full blast during the lessons...and then the little girl's father called it off because "we don't need no help from whitey."

It bothered me that the writing class I teach for the Berkeley Free University has been attended, in all the years I've offered it, by only two blacks, and both were only interested in bullshitting, not in writing at all. (And blacks have given absolutely no support to the Free U, even though a "Black Studies Dept." was started there.)

It bothers me to visit the black studies department at the University of California and see what little studying that does go on is a hokey effort to turn drumming and basket-weaving into a foundation for "black culture," while most of the real action is in massive stealing of university supplies and equipment, with a sideline in drug dealing and violence.

It bothered me to hear white liberals tell me that I had to give money to organizations from which whites were excluded in order to "fight racism."

I've never seen anything to indicate that blacks were different from whites in any important way racially, but I've seen plenty to indicate they're different culturally. For a long time I've believed that this difference was a good thing, that it made for diversity in our so-





ciety, that in spite of it we were all "Americans" or at least "human beings" together. Now I'm beginning to think that certain aspects of black culture are pure poison. It's pure poison to say "the Brothers" and mean only blacks. It's pure poison to say only blacks have "soul." It's pure poison to say, "Don't steal from your brothers," meaning it's all right to steal from whites...it's actually a virtue! It's poison to say "Black is beautiful," implying that white isn't. It's pure poison to say that if blacks can't meet certain educational standards, the standards must be lowered. (The result; the sought-after degree becomes valueless and meaningless as if it was a breakfast cereal premium.) It's pure poison to say you have to fire a few Jews and hire a few blacks to get "racial balance."

How can whites react to this poison?

We'll probably just have to learn to live with it, but it sabotages all hope of any true integration, and ultimately forces us whites into the same kind of search for ethnic roots and separate way of life the blacks have undertaken. In self-defense we will have to have "White Studies," Euro-American Studies," "White Pride," "White Traditions," "White is Beautiful." In self-defense we will have to adopt a kind of new racism, more based on culture than on skin-color, a racism unlike the blind hate of the Southerner, but even more militant in matters of language, art, music, custom and values. It would have been nice if the African culture, such as it is, could have been put in the melting pot and combined with the general American culture, along with the contributions of all the other world's people, but if that isn't going to happen, then we whites have our own traditions and values to cultivate, our own history to look back on with mingled pride and horror.

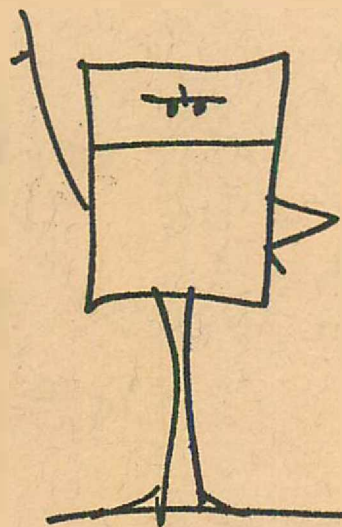
If the blacks don't want to be a part of that, it's their loss, not ours.

Dave Piper  
7 Cranley Dr  
Ruislip Middx HA4 6BZ  
England

Now, if I was gazing at you over that Pizza stand, each of us holding an illicit aspirinated Coke I reckon I could put this over to you a bleedin' site more coherently than I'm going to...but...you're Over There and I'm

Over Here so I will carry on thus:

It ain't geezers like Carr, Demmon, Boggs, Shaw, White, Willis, et al's fault that the fans of today continually heap praise on 'em and keep up that incessant whine about how lousy the writers of today are in comparison. For that reason I don't want you to read this as a vicious personal attack on those BNF of yesteryear (and this year in some cases) but...but...here, right here, in the lettercol you have Terry Hughes rhapsodizing about Demmon's bit last time - 'marvelous style' 'funny as hell,' 'devastating punchline' etc etc. And even ol' Glicky-sohn gets in on the act. Now, I dug out the issue and read the thing again 'cause I couldn't believe they were talking about the same thing I remembered. All I can say it's either Terry & Mike or it's me (and I hereby refuse to acknowledge that it could be me!!), but, but, it bloody isn't as funny as hell, doesn't contain a style any more marvelous than competent and if Terry is devastated by any of those punchlines he's gotta be some kinda nut! S'just a fairly predictable piece which if it was written by a nobody like yours truly you wouldn't



I TELL YOU  
THAT I AND I ALONE  
CAN SAVE THE WORLD

CUE UP WITHOUT FUSS  
HAVE YOUR MONEY READY

lye

give 'ouse room too but because it's by a B\*N\*F gets published. Now and herewith my comment about gazing into your big brown eyes (you do have big brown eyes doncha?) and talking instead of writing, you might read that as sour grapes. Please don't, It isn't. I hover just on the edges of total embarrassment if an editor has the bad taste to publish anything of mine and I don't wanna make any kind of name for myself. S'just that I'm chessed off with this slavish type praise heaped on fans of the past...

((But...but...my eyes are blue, usually trying to slam themselves shut.))

I enjoy most of said fans' writing but I don't think it's that great, that's all. Most of the Entropy Reprint-type things I've seen have been embarrassing specially for me in that I don't enjoy coming to the conclusion that my idols have feet of clay. In many cases it's not just feet...it's whole limbs! Not much bottle. Me(?)...I'd rather read BAB/Syn with its 'today' fannishness (in the main) that, f'rinstance the NY fannish fanzines with their preoccupations with days and fans gone by. Jerry's comment about 'the current era not producing anything equal to the greats' is a loadacrap. With respect, I'd rather read 10 pages of Philosophical Gas than 100 pages of Golden Age stuff and in my book Bangsund makes the vast majority of fans, past and present, look about as talented as David C Piper. Which on reflection is an awful thing to say.

George Senda  
340 Jones St.  
Apt. 1163

San Francisco, Ca. ((Sure, George.))  
94102

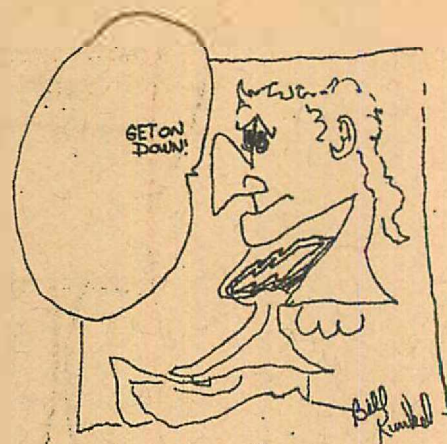
How about the copy of Syndrome you promised?  
Next issue, maybe?

Gregg Calkins  
150 Las Juntas Way  
Walnut Creek, Ca. 94596

I thought your artwork was very good, particularly Gary Hubbard's article and accompanying illustrations. Makes for a very interesting duo, and Hubbard sounds like he can be quite an entertaining writer. I have to grotch at the editor more than a little bit, though, for thoughtlessly cramming the Kunkel continuation on the bottom of page 11. It detracts greatly



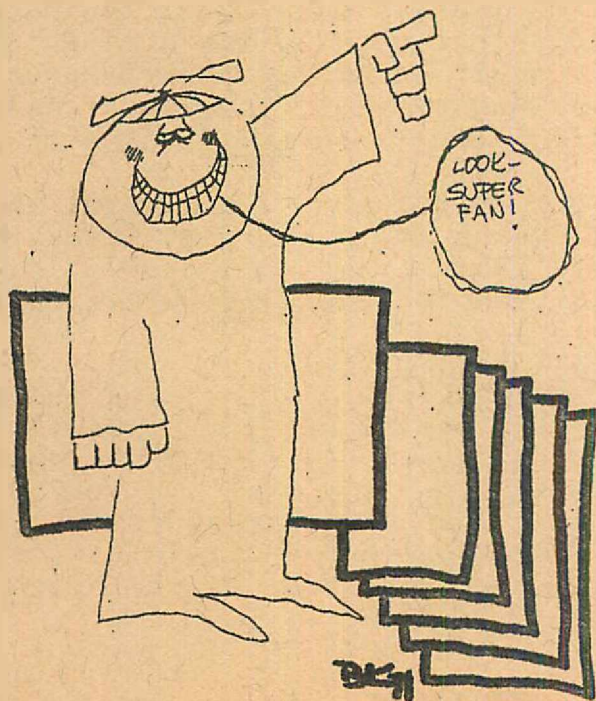
from the nice layout otherwise found throughout the article and it also detracts from the effect of his final line. Fie, Mr Editor, and for shame.



Regarding Jerry Lapidus, I'd like to point out that it seems to have escaped many would-be fan writers that to write good material, even from the personal point of view, one must first be an interesting person and secondly a good writer. Many fan editors are neither. Since the only requirement for being either a fan writer or a fan editor is desire, fandom always has a lot of marginally interesting material around. Greg Shaw, John D. Berry, Ted White and Calvin Demmon are several of the best writers around, all using the personal style, primarily because they are basically fascinating people to whom things happen. That they also understand writing technique is mere frosting on the cake. Burbee, Tucker, Grennell... all of the great writers of earlier days fit the same criteria. Too many of today's writers do not. Why not is another question, but I'd venture to say that today the fan with only minor urges to write and publish has money and equipment available to satisfy his craving. In previous times this was more difficult, and the successful writer/publisher had to be somewhat more motivated. Ability and motivation seems to be closely related, so that would be my interpretation.

Harry Warner, Jr. 423 Summit Ave. Hagerstown, Md. 21740

Actually, Hagerstown has had something almost as exciting as the great aspirin pogrom that you describe. Authorities decided just before Christmas to enforce the old blue laws involving Sunday selling. The laws date back to the era when Hagerstown was the Western frontier, and haven't been changed much since except when this or that lobby got strong enough in Annapolis. So it's legal to sell fruit but not vegetables on Sunday, by following the letter of the law a service station could sell gasoline but couldn't refill a leaking automatic transmission fluid well, it's legal to buy camera film but not Band-Aids. The main victim of the enforcement is a chain of three large local drug stores whose hired help was rushing around frantically getting contraband merchandise out of sight and drawing enormous signs warning people not to touch the big stuff that was too bulky to hide. Since then, a dreadful argument has erupted over whether the blue laws are constitutional when a good many people around here are Jews and Seventh Day Adventists who observe another day of the week for their Sabbath. The



state's attorney decided it was all right for the Jewish operator of one small variety store to sell anything he wanted on Sunday if he observed the rules on Saturday; I don't know where this leaves Friday night.

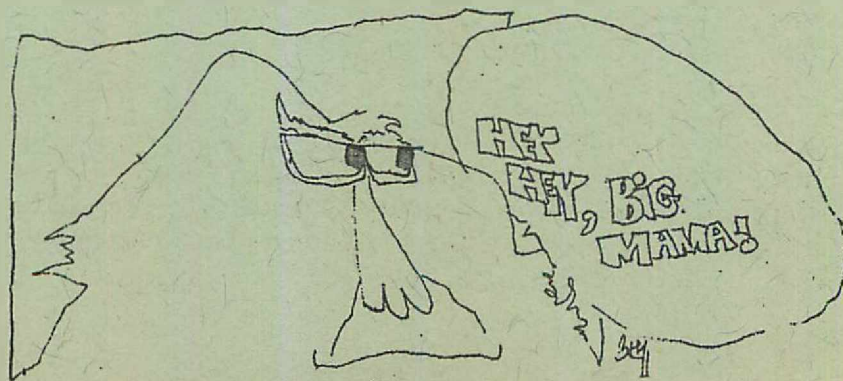
Gary Hubbard's column is wonderful, once again. I wonder, if equal time regulations ever should be applied to fanzines, would any future reprints of these columns need to be accompanied by reprints of equal wordage from Richard E. Geis? I can't wait to learn how all this comes out, so I hope you publish more frequently even if it forces you to put out your second issue sooner than expected. I also wonder if anyone will ever put into a fanzine the full story of the one occasion known to me when a famous fan really did lose his virginity under the observant eyes of quite a few other BNFs? I heard it from his own lips some years back, after having received garbled and fragmentary accounts of the great occasion in letters from time to time.

The Sufis would have been welcome no matter what its subject matter, because Alexei has written so little for fanzines in recent years. Come to think of it, he must be the only winner of a fan writing Hugo who is not known for quantity, and his Hugo must be the only one ever awarded pretty much for one accomplishment, the critique of Heinlein.

I don't have the kind of mind that would ever undergo Sufi transformation. Knowing nothing about the Sufi philosophy, I still feel like risking one complaint, that there is seldom just one reason for any aspect of human behavior, and I doubt that the existence of fiction can be explained completely by this demonstration of how humans can grow and change. Too much fiction is respected that could hardly qualify. Something like Proust's Remembrance of Things Past, for instance, wherein the narrator doesn't really do anything and hardly anyone else would want to accomplish the few feats he does achieve, or Farrell's Studs Lonigan novels, or lots of shorts by Chekhov. I don't doubt that this is among the reasons why people tell and read stories. But I doubt its exclusive claim as much as I doubt that all mistakes are Freudian in nature or all fans got that way because of handicaps.

Bill Kunkel's column had an odd effect on me, for an accidental reason. I suddenly felt that I was reading in the wrong place. This is because I've been going through David Amram's autobiographical book, Vibrations, and vast areas of it are written in much the same style and on much the same subjects as the beginning and end of Bill's column.

(The book is currently in the Marboro catalog for 39¢, a stupendous bargain; I bought too soon and paid a whole dollar for my copy. It's enormously funny, and if it appeals to an old fogey like me, it should be perfect for anyone who likes pot





\_and wild young geniuses and weird characters.)

Jerry Lapidus's column holds up pretty well despite its antiquity. One possible reason for the lack of people producing big quantities of first-rate fanzine writing just now is the lack of frequent big fanzines. I don't keep records of what I turn out for fanzines, so I can't be certain, but just at a guess, I'd say that not more than one-third of the formal articles I wrote on request from mid-1971 to mid-1972 have seen print, leaving out of the calculation my columns and the occasional two pages in Locus. The frequent fanzines are mostly small, written in large part by editors and a few close associates. The big, large-circulation fanzines rarely appear oftener than two or three times a year, sometimes less frequently. So I stick into FAPA a lot of stuff that I'd like to reach a larger audience with, simply because I'm pretty sure it'll be circulated in a month or two. All this might explain the reason for SFCCommentary's extraordinary ability to get fine material: Bruce publishes often enough a big enough fanzine to encourage people to contribute.

You have no idea how much egoboo I get out of finding myself the topic of a Rotsler cartoon. I wish he hadn't chickened out from that series he started about my sex life.

Jay Kinney Real good issue of SYNDROME, hyuk! The cover came out en transit nearly perfecto, though you could have given it about a quarter inch of additional margin at the top...heh... however let's not quibble about trifles when the overall effect is Mucho Coolo. Kudos to the printer.



In lieu of the usual crank letter I'll stick to succinct comments this time and save the automatic writing for next time around. By the way, I was sitting around with a few friends tonight and we decided on the upcoming fads of the 70s...

Hypnosis, Suicide, Automatic Writing and something else which I forget. Just you wait and see.

By the way--they're building 3 14-story mausoleums down in Tennessee with vacuum chambers for that life-like preservation of the corpses which we all crave.

Gary Hubbard is really funny. He really better get hopping on this coitus business, though. At this point he is still merely unlucky...but if he hits 30 and is no better off he'll begin to be hopeless. Good luck Gary! Read some Ian Fleming for handy hints I always say. Take Dr. No to heart and buy a double sleeping bag. Then invite Linda to go camping and the rest'll happen like magic! No kidding!

Frolich is improving I have to admit, though his caricature of Hubbard is TRULY GROTESQUE. (Now you'll say it looks just like him... I know, I know...)

Alex on The Sufis was a right meaty article for a fanzine. I ain't read nothin' that solid in years. However this business about fiction and its undelved-into cryptic amazingness is a bit...uh.. hmm...well...is it really so unstudied? Isn't fiction another name for Myth and/or Fantasy and didn't Frazier and Jung and ~~Zan/Flying~~ get into that area of speculation? At any rate, the area is still worthy of lots of study and I ain't saying boo to the Panshins. As for the Sufis...Yay! That's all I have to say.

Bill's column was a real charmer. He's getting better and better in the writing department. (What kind of twisted cliches are we coming up with here, Kinney? It is getting late, but really...) His explanation of "history" was particularly enlightening.

And then here we have exactly year-old Lapidus on fanzines. Amazingly enough most of what he said about '71 could easily double for 1972. Where was Jerry in July?

Mark Mumper	Received <u>Syndrome</u> 2 some time ago; read it some time ago; am now attempting to loc it (so I can then lock it away and not let it stare at guilty, procrastinating me--ha ha!). Onward, then.
1227 Laurel St.	
Santa Cruz, Ca.	
95060	

See how much space short paragraphs take up?

I didn't like the front cover, Frank; too bad for me, I guess. But I did like Foster's bacover, a whole lot. As usual I enjoyed Frolich's caricatures, and was glad to see Bill Kunkel doing stuff in a magazine I get. (How's this shit for art comments?)

What can I say about the second issue of Syndrome? That's the basic problem here-- I don't have anything to say about it. You want letters of comment, right? I can't give you one this time around. Gary Hubbard made me laugh, Alexei Panshin intrigued me, Bill Kunkel did something or other to me, Jerry Lapidus didn't do anything to me, and the lettercol was there. Etc., ad ridiculosum.

I confess, not only have I nothing substantial to say regarding





the zine, I have no desire to try to dredge some bit of trivia from the cesspools of my imagination. Hah! That oughta fix you fannish fanzine fans.

What a drag. Now I'm left with the whole bottom half of this page blank. Maybe I'll put something there. (If I don't this'll be the most laughable letter I've ever written.

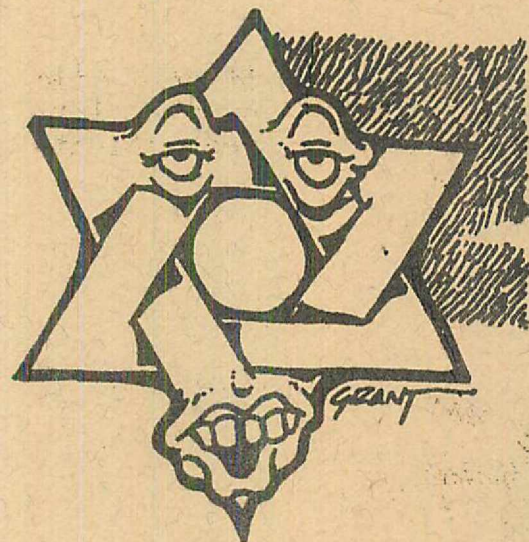
((The bottom of the page is filled with a large, blue, magic marker-made star, and handwritten is "The stars come down like a bus stopping after a forty-minute drive." To the right is written "instant poetry" with an arrow pointing to the preceding phrase. Your desperation overwhelms me, Mark, really.))

Bruce D Arthurs  
57th Trans Co  
Fort Lee, VA 23801

Jeez, I thought to myself, Lunney's bringing out a goddamned doperzine. Who needs this shit? On second thought, tho', that's probably unfair. But first impressions do give me that impression of SYNDROME.

((Well, Bruce, first impressions aren't always right. What made you think SYNDROME was a doperzine is beyond my understanding or even speculation.

In reality, the situation is quite the opposite, Bruce. When I graduate from school I hope to be able to get a job with the government and be a narcotics agent, because I'm high on life. I'd like to see dope kept out of the hands of the wrong people.))



funny....  
you  
don't  
**LOOK**  
fannish....

A few things in the Lapidus column struck my interest, especially the belief that there are no great writers in fandom any more. Well, in my own case (no, no, no, I am not trying to claim that I am a great writer! I'm not that egotistical.), I have a pretty small output of stuff, because, basically, I'm lazy and don't like all the effort involved in creativity. So I'm usually not willing to go to the trouble of taking any real care with what I do write. Most of my output is letterhacking, anyway, which is naturally first draft. Thus, I will probably never win a Hugo for best fan writer. (I say probably because who knows?) But did the old "greats" invest effort in their work, or did it flow forth like some magic slot mill? Most fans have probably never seen any work by the people mentioned as past "greats," so they're trying to live up to an unknown ideal, which is a pretty discouraging thing.

Oh-oh, rotten cover!

I have a good idea (yes, really!). Why don't you organize

something similar to the Bob Shaw Fund, but with the purpose of buying Gary Hubbard a night with a high-class whore? It might not be the same as "do-it-yourself," but it's obvious that the poor guy's getting desperate. Also, it would make a hell of a good subject for his column.

Terry Hughes      Jay Kinney's cover is the perfect counterpoint to  
827 Walker Rd.      the more detailed style of art used on the covers  
Great Falls, Va.      of the oh-so-art-conscious fanzines. Both types  
22066      of covers are fine and be enjoyed for what they are.  
These two types make up the "ah" and the "um," the  
"yin" and the "yang" of fanzine cover art. While several artists do  
astonishing fine-line work, Jay Kinney is the first artist with enough  
courage to tackle the heady subject of dandruff. It should be obvious  
to everyone that Jay is fandom's dada-ist, perhaps our only true  
dada-ist. (Some people will now josh and say that I said that Jay  
was fandom's dada. I would do no such thing since there are scores  
of children across the USA who call Jay Kinney "dada" without adding  
fandom to his list of dependents...) Jay's dada-istic tendencies are  
not limited to his artistic brushstroke but extend to his typewritten  
words as well. Your lettercolumn in this issue featured his second  
(my fanzine had his first) dada-istic letter. I am, of course, re-  
ferring to his stream-of-semi-consciousness letter of comment.

Dany Frolich seems to do his best work for illos for The Crack-  
ed Eye. At least I prefer his humorous, cartoony illustrations here  
to his more serious work. Speaking of The Cracked Eye, Gary Hubbard  
turned in another marvelous column for you. I can't help but wonder  
when some fan is going to begin a drive to collect enough money to  
rent the time of a lady of the evening so that Gary can get laid.  
The only trouble is that might mean his stories of his unsuccessful  
attempts would draw to a close, which would be a loss. Of course,  
then there would be the chance that he'd forge ahead and write an  
account of his sexual triumph in his enjoyable fashion.

((Terry, you and Bruce really ought to get together. Fandom  
is in a pretty sad state these days. The Fuck Fund sounds like a  
great idea. Since fan politics has nothing to do with the goal of  
the fund, all of fandom should find it easy to unite and achieve that  
goal of getting Gary laid, letting him have some Dunkin' Donut. Every-  
one get on the stick!))

Don Keller      Here's Gary Hubbard again. How does he do it?  
((would you      Total honesty, but not without being enormously  
believe I can't      amusing while baring his soul. And everything  
find his address))      he says rings so true...he drags akin reactions  
out of the reader's soul, and that's scary. Like,  
I worked in a bowling alley for two solid years (I was never so glad  
to quit a place), and Gary's comments on the bowling-league mentality  
and suchlike could evoke reams of similar material out of me...if I  
were as capable and honest a writer as he, which I'm not. Ditto on  
reactions to black people. (My problem is not really prejudice, but  
xenophobia.) And the more I read of Hubbard, the less sure I am of  
his mental and emotional health. But then, neurotic people make the  
best writers.

Good as Hubbard (always) is, the most enthralling piece in



the issue was Panshin's piece on the Sufis. Firstly is the material about fiction as an analogical device: it's not true, and dovetails with some theories about fiction I've come to conclusions about independently, though his are much fuller and applicable. I'm very much looking forward to a complete treatment of this in The World Beyond the Hill, when it comes out. And another reason for that is that Panshin seems to be doing the thoroughest possible job he can with it. He's growing and learning a great deal in the writing of the book, and this article seems a felicitous offshoot of this.

Halfway through the article I knew damned well I was going to have to look into this material. It's exactly the kind of mind-bending, philosophical, wisdom-filled system I admire. It is probably, for example, unSufic to be proud of myself, but when I read the little piece Panshin quoted, I did not groan as though at a bad joke; instead, I shook my head and said "Huh?" Perhaps that is one step on the road--but perhaps that, too, is a preconception I'll have to discard. At Panshin's behest I've gotten The Way of the Sufi from the library, and it looks good--my only complaint is that Shah goes out of his way to deal with all the stupid ways Sufi can be misinterpreted. But I'm caught, and I thank Panshin for telling me about it, and you for publishing it.

Bill Kunkel's column was most entertaining: a fine piece of fannish lore sandwiched by two sliced of what it's like to play in a rock band, which as per typical gave me a case of galloping vicariousness, because I lust to play in a band, though I know I'm nowhere near good enough to play rhythm guitar in one I'd like.

Tim C Marion  
614 72nd St  
Newport News, Va.  
23605

I must be a juvenile delinquent because there were actually some parts of the second issue of Syndrome #1 that I enjoyed.

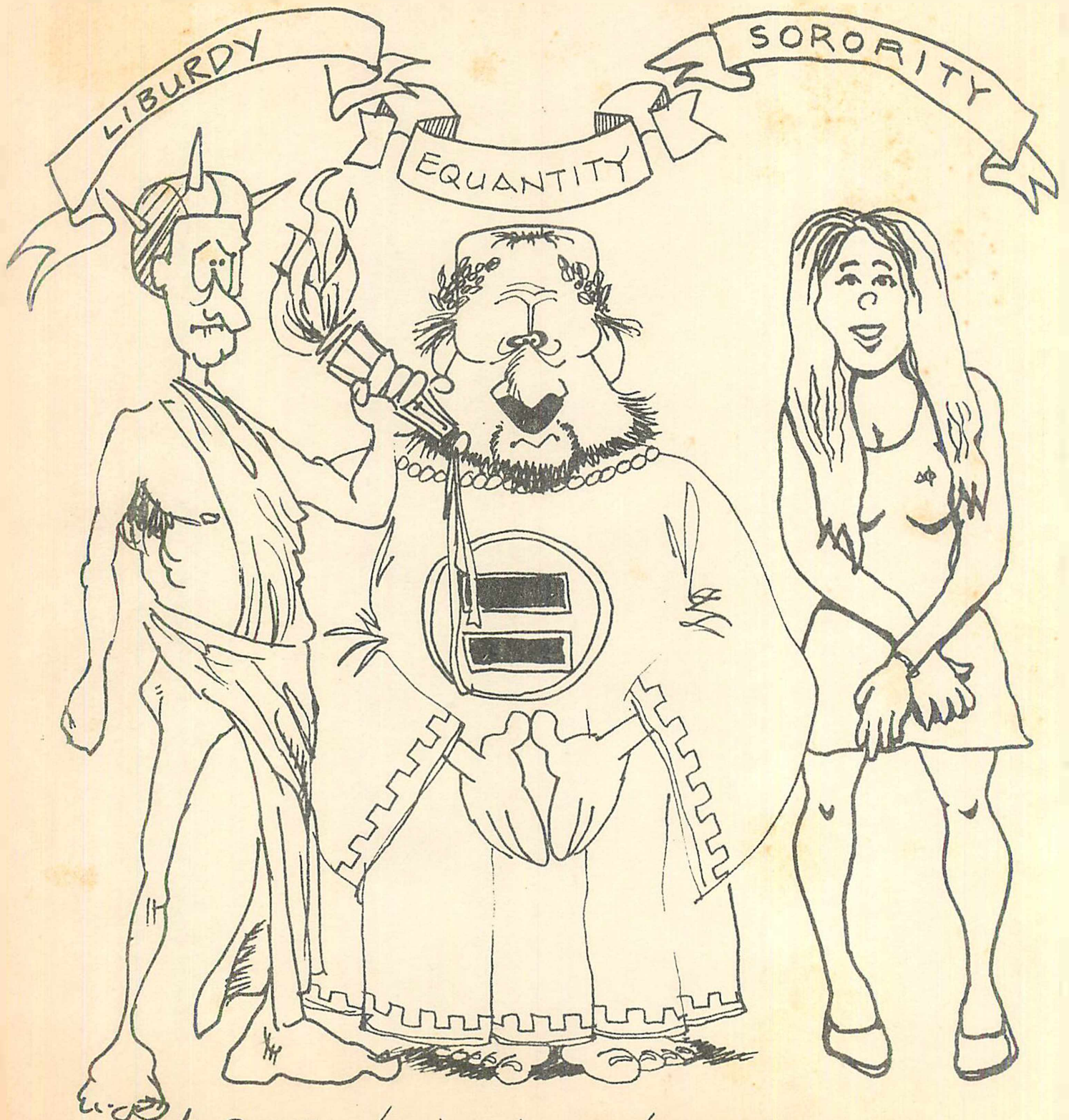
Jay Kinney's cover was not one of them. The lettering at the top is nice, and so is the idea of having red on white offset for a cover. But "oh-oh, Dry Scalp!"--is that supposed to be hilariously funny?

((Don't you get it? "oh-oh, Dry Scalp!" I Also Heard From Michael Shoemaker, Ned Brooks, Paul Anderson, Aljo Svoboda, Paul Novitski, Gary Hubbard, Darrell Schweitzer, Greg Shaw, Jeff Schalles, and maybe even Lots More.









CHRISTOPHER GRANT CAMPBELL / JAY KINNEY