

July 15, 1975

Dear Bruce,

I notice in ARDY #8 that Ned Brooks put you off kangaroo tail soup. (1) kangaroos hop, using their tail for balance, and therefore (2) said tail never comes in contact with kangaroo feces, ~~sitka~~



And in the third place, if (2) were untrue, the nasty, shitty hide would be peeled off anyway. Ned evidently confused kangaroos with brontosauruses. Eat your nice soup.

Best wishes,  
Alefis

## UNDULANT FEVER

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UNDULANT FEVER #3 is the hopefully April 1979 issue of a personalzine published every so often (and not so often) by Bruce D. Arthurs, 4522 E. Bowker, Phoenix, AZ 85040. Available for the usual, trades and/or loss preferred. Print run: 125.

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IT HAS BEEN A HELL OF A LONG TIME since I did a fanzine for general circulation. And there have been a hell of a lot of changes in my life since UNDULANT FEVER #2 came out about three year's ago.

I am drafting this in the middle of one of the Friday Night Inevitables, a weekly open house held at the home of whoever is willing. The person willing this particular week is me.

Perhaps to be more accurate I should say "us", since I seem to have become half of a couple since I last pubbed an ish of anythings besides apazines. I married Hilde in July of 1977, after about a year of dating and a month or so of living together.

I had never thought of myself as ever marrying. It always seemed like one of those things that other people did, not me. I never thought that there would be anyone willing to share their life with me. It still seems a bit strange at times, if no longer terrifying.

Terrifying? Hoo-boy, you betcha. I remember the first thought that passed thru my head immediately after proposing to Hilde: "Oh my god, what have I done?" The same thought went thru my head again some months later, right after I'd finished repeating the marriage vows in the JP's office. The commitment, the responsibilities...hole-e-e-e-e shit! Anyone who isn't married reading this, don't be surprised when you find out that the first year of marriage is the scariest.

One of the scariest of the responsibilities is Aric, Hilde's son by her first



marriage. There was one respect in which I was extremely fortunate; Aric was almost out of the diaper stage by the time I started dating Hilde. (I am still rather leary of children younger than that.)

We moved out of my one-bedroom apartment (where Aric's bed had to be set up in the walk-in closet) into this two-bedroom-and-study house in August of 1977. It's a fairly nice neighborhood in the southeast part of Phoenix, a couple of blocks from the Phoenix-Tempe line. The house itself is also quite nice, well laid-out, good privacy, and I would say it has plenty of wall space for bookshelves if I didn't know better; we have seven bookcases of varying size in the livingroom alone, and I'll probably have to do some rearranging before the year is out.

The front yard looks like hell. One of the reasons the front yard looks like hell is that I almost never go out there; the carport is in the back of the house with access via the alley (which is the first paved alley I've ever seen) and the only reason I ever have to go out the front is to get the mail...and who gives a damn what the yard looks like when you're getting the mail?

(One of the reasons that I am trying to publish something generally available again is that I'm not getting anywhere near as much mail as I used to. I am to a great extent out of touch with many fans that I used to trade and loc with, not to mention the new generations of fans springing up. I'd really like to get back some of that feeling of kinship.)

One of the other reasons the front yard looks like hell is that most of the back yard has been converted into garden. We started this last year with a fairly small plot, planting snow peas, broccoli, lettuce, cauliflower, onions, chinese cabbage, and one or two others, with mixed results. The soil is very bad and takes a lot of work, being mainly clay and silt from the old riverbed, which has baked in the sun for years and has almost the consistency of rock; in fact, I used a pick to turn some of the soil over, and a hammer to break up most of the clods. (The clods that were too tough to smash with the hammer got piled up on the sides of the garden to help form irrigation levees.) This year, when I expanded the old garden and added a new section in the side yard, I got smart and rented a roto-tiller. The new crops included rutabagas, carrots, and kale. We also tried to grow tomatoes, peppers and cucumbers this last season, but they got wiped out in the first of several bad frosts this winter. We'll be trying those again this spring, along with corn, melons, two types of squash, and okra.

(Incidentally, a hint to slightly-more-than-casual gardeners: One of those little tiny boxes of seed corn you get at the five-and-dime will cost you about 60¢. I found I could go to a seed warehouse about a mile from here and buy a full pound (minimum) of seed corn for a buck and a half.) (Of course, if I tried that with carrot seed, it would be a bit much.)

I've changed employment several times since I last pubbed. When last seen, our hero was a professional student at Arizona State University, skimping along on GI Bill payments. After getting back from Midamericon in '76, I found myself more and more dissatisfied with my presence in college. I dropped out and began looking for honest work. After a couple of months of fruitless applications and livingin off of dwindling savings, I was about ready to settle for dishonest work. At this point I landed a job as secretary to a local attorney, which I guess is somewhere inbetween.

I have encountered very few things as depressing as extended job-hunting. I really detest those oh-so-kind people who say "Well, we'll give you a call when we decide to hire you or not," and you never hear from them again. (And there are so many of them!)

Legal secretarying was rather interesting. On at least one occasion, one of the people calling the office refused to believe that I was not the attorney he was trying to reach.

After about nine months with the one secretary job, that attorney gained a staff position with the Arizona Court of Appeals and left private practice, closing his office. I switched over to working for another attorney, which only lasted a couple of months; I finally turned in my notice when I admitted to myself that not only didn't I enjoy working for that particular person, I was going to go crazy if I tried to stay on. And so I got ready once more to go into that goddamned job-



hunting market.

At which point, the day after my final day as a legal secretary, I received a piece of mail from the Phoenix Post Office. My name had, after three years, finally came up to the top of the register for a career letter carrier position.

Which is where I am today, and expect to be for the foreseeable future. It's a job very well suited to me; I'm not good at working closely with other people, and as a letter carrier I work almost entirely alone.

I started out skipping from station to station and route to route throughout the Phoenix area, generally spending from two weeks to two months at a station before being reassigned to another. I'm now permanently assigned to the Northeast station as a floating relief carrier, working wherever needed.

Working on such a variety of routes has its points of interests. Among other things, I've delivered mail to A. Merritt and Robert W. Chambers. (Dead letters, why of course.) Not to mention the fellow with the unlikely name of Barsoom Barsoom.

And on one occasion, I S\*A\*V\*E\*D a fanzine!

I was working route 1603 that day. It was hot in Phoenix. I was sorting the flats. I came across a large envelope addressed to Ken St. Andre, a local fan. Ken had used to live in one of the apartments on route 1603. The envelope had been mailed bulk rate, so it didn't qualify for forwarding to Ken's new address. As I prepared to toss it into the throwaway stack, I noticed that the return address on the envelope was Frank Denton's. "An issue of ASH-WING," I thought to myself. "Frank is a friend. Ken is a friend. I can't just trash a fanzine that has two friends of mine personally involved with it."

So I tossed the zine into an unused corner of the sorting case, sorted the rest of the mail, delivered the route, got back to the station, explained (sorta) the situation to my supervisor, got permission to take the zine, clocked out, drove to the Phoenix Public Library, and hand-delivered the zine to Ken at his desk in the cataloging Section.

One of the other benefits of being a letter carrier is that a lot of the money you people out there spend on postage stamps ends up being given to me. (And on the other hand, I find that Parkinson's -- or whoever's -- Law is true; expenses do rise to exceed income.

I think I've pretty well covered my life and the changes and major events in it the past few years. What's that? Did someone mention Iguanacon?

Don't mention Iguanacon. Not even mundanely. I've written elsewhere at considerable length about that thing and various of the people involved with it, and I'd rather not do it again. I can sum up my impression of the whole shebang and leave it at that: emotional cesspool.

Oh ho, one more change in my life I've thought of:

Priss, the cat I shared my old apartment with, died in 1977 of infectious peritonitis. It was a very painful way to die, and it upset me rather badly.

When Hilde and I moved into this house in August of '77, we discovered hanging around a large, grey, fluffy, soft-voiced cat, whom we took in and named Aslan. ~~This~~ large grey cat turned out to be a kitten that grew even larger. Aslan is a great deal different from Hilde's own cat Kali, a temperamental, neurotic, pure-bred Siamese; Aslan is cool. He never gets excited or upset over anything. Anything. One time, when Aric was just beginning to learn to use the big-sized toilet, he accidentally pissed on Aslan. Aslan just sat there, the expression in his eyes obviously saying. "This is not happening. If this were happening, I would lose my dignity. Since it is impossible for me to lose my dignity, this is not happening. Therefore I will ignore these non-existent wet spots on my fur." Cool.

Or as I've sometimes suspected, Aslan is really just mildly retarded.

One other thing of interest about Aslan: Mike Glicksohn likes him! I kid you not. Mike stopped over here one evening about a week before a convention whose name will not be mentioned. Aslan jumped up into his lap and not only did Aslan get stroked and petted, but Mike Glicksohn actually said "This is a cat I like."

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This fanzine will never use inter-ineos to fill up a page. Never.



# KICKBACKS

I suppose the lettercolumn is as good a place as any to get into a few editorial matters. I'm publishing UF again mainly as a method of getting back into some

sort of regular contact with fanzine fandom. This means I'd like to trade. I'd also like to get locs and locs of comments from the people I send this to. But I realize that this isn't always possible. I realize this because I rarely have the time to loc the fanzines I still get now and then; I think I've written three or four locs in the last year, if that many. But lemme hear from you.

My intentions at the moment are to send this and the next two issues of UF to everyone on the mailing list I've compiled. Anyone I don't hear from by then will be dropped. UF will, hopefully (he said), come out on an approximately quarterly schedule.

And what about GODLESS, the genzine I used to publish. The bells have tolled at least for that title. However, I still do have a fairly large amount of material and artwork still sitting in my files. So I think I'll try to do what Donn Brazier did with title: Every fourth issue of UF will be double-sized, with articles by other contributors, more artwork, maybe even \*gasp\* book reviews (if I find the time to read any books).

When I first started looking thru my old card files in order to compile a new mailing list, I realized just what a goddamnedly mobile group of people fans are. Maybe not, but it seemed like at least half of the cards were out of date. So my primary source for addresses was a copy of Iguanacon memberships from about a year ago that I borrowed from Curt Stubbs (thx), plus various updatings I culled from fanzines, apas and other sources. However, I STILL NEED UP-TO-DATE ADDRESSES on the following people: Alyson Abramowitz, Mike Bracken, D. Gary Grady, Patrick Hayden (for whom I have an address I think is good, but who I hear is moving to Seattle soon or already), Paula Lieberman, Tim Marion, Eric Mayer, and Chris Sherman.

The people who are getting this for sure, if the addressi I have are correct, are: Sid Altus, Lon Atkins, Don Ayres, Don Bailey, Mike Bailey, Todd Bake, Frank Balazs, Rich Bartucci, George Beahm, Allan Beatty, Doris (the Younger) Beeton, Doris (Elder Ghoddess) Beeton, Carl Bennett, John Berry, Sheryl Birkhead, Mark Blackman, Janice Bogstad, Lester Boutillier, Bill Bowers, Donn Brazier, Bill Breiding, Ned Brooks, Brian Earl Brown, Ed Cagle, Linda Bushyager, Marty Cantor, Mike Carlson, Jackie Causgrove, , Cy Chauvin, Rich Coad, Eli Cohen, Ed Connor, Buck & Juanita Coulson, Brett Cox, Ctein, Tony Cvetko, Don D'Annassa, Garth Danielson, Frank Denton, Leigh Edmonds, George Fergus, Jan Howard Finder, Jane Fisher, Jeff Irane, Gil Gaier, Dick Geis, Alexis Gilliland, Mike Glciksohn, Mike Glycer, Jeanne Gomoll, Michael Harper, Richard Harter, Fred Haskell, Norm Hollyn, Denys Howard, Terry Hughes, Dave Hulan, Ben Indick, Rob Jackson, Ken Josenhans, Arnie & Joyce Katz, Jerry Kaufman, Leroy Kettle, Mike Kring, Bill & Charlene Kunkel, Eric Lindsay, Dave Locke, Sam & Mary Long, Hank & Leslie Luttrell, Barry Kent MacKay, Don Markstein, Gary S. Mattingly, Jeff May, Mike & Pat Meara, Linda Ann Moss, Jodie Offutt, Brad Parks, Ken Ozanne, Bruce Pelz, Tom Perry, Randy Reichardt, Neil Rest, Peter Roberts, John Robinson, Sue-Rae Rosenfeld, Joe & Ruby Sheffer, Mike Shoemaker, Jon Singer, Al Sirois, Willie Sirois, Paul & Cas Skelton, Fran Skene, Jeff & Ann Smith, Milt Stevens, Mae Strelkov, Curt Stubbs, Dave Szurek, Riy Tackett, Gary Tesser, Don Thompson, Bruce Townley, Bob Vardeman, Victoria Vayne, Paul Walker, Harry Warner, Doreen Webbert, Bud Webster, Robert Whitiaker, Laurine White, Kevin Williams, Susan Wood, and Joe Woodard. Plus the people listed in the previous paragraph if I get good addresses for them (I have, incidentally, just now found an up-to-date on Alyson Abramowitz, so scratch that one), and there'll probably be a few more given out here and there as the mood strikes me.

One other thing I want to mention is my policy towards letters or sections of letters marked DNQ: I'm not going to honor the DNQ, folks.

Of course I realize that such would be a horrible breach of fannish tradition which is why I'm giving you fair warning. Time and time again, I have seen or heard



people use a DNQ, but almost never have they actually meant "Don Not Quote." What DNQ actually seems to mean is "When you spread this around, don't tell anyone you heard it from me." And I've seen too much backstabbing and character assassination being done in this manner.

So it's very simple: If you don't want something quoted, don't tell it to me. If you don't want something printed, don't tell it to me.

And now it is time to actually get into a letter or two:

AL SIROIS, 550 Dixwell Ave., New Haven, CT 06511

Thought you might be interested in this. Brad Parks is a normal human being! If you met him on the street you'd never realize that he was Brad Parks.

MIKE GLICKSOHN, 141 High Park Ave., Toronto, Ont. M6P 2S3 CANADA

Unfortunately I don't have the time to read the issue of UF that was among the pile of seventy fanzines I got while away during the summer. I thought you'd like to know that. Therefore I didn't see scurrilous remarks by Sam Long about my identity and its dependence on a certain item of attire. Because of all these things that didn't happen, I won't have to mention to you a certain picture in Toronto this summer showing a certain Sam Long in a state of disrepair, lying on a couch, vast amounts of flesh exposed, gazing in total rapture up at one Sheryl Smith. This is fortunate indeed for Sam, because publication of that picture might well cast some doubt upon the integrity of his identity. But I didn't read about it, so he's okay. Coff, coff.

Rich Bartucci, Box 369, KCCOM, 2105 Independence Ave., Kansas City, MO 64124

When you pick yourself up after your physics course debacle, allow me to commiserate with you. I did myself a nose-dive in a calculus course in college and nearly killed myself making it up in my junior year on top of the MCAT's. I suggest that you consider the following probably ~~various~~ causes for your defeat:

1) You're An Old Fan, and Tired: I know older students in KCCOM who have a better grasp on the subject matter of our varied courses than I do. These older students are failing, for the most part, in droves. Their experience with handling the practical aspects of life cripples them irrevocably; once back in academe, they can no longer handle the plethora of bullshit so easily assimilated by their younger compatriots. In a physiology exam where I got an A (thereby cue yourself to the fact that the exam must've been ungodly easy), one of these old war horses was gelded. He froze up. Over coffee in the hospital cafeteria, immediately after the exam, I quizzed him on the subject matter. He knew it as well as I did, if not better; he could discuss the ins and outs of estrogen synthesis, of the menstrual cycle, of neurohumors and releasing factors with facility and fluency. It was just that he was incapable of toddling thru a mass of multiple choice questions (a physiology exam at KCCOM looks like one of Korzybski's wet dreams) and putting the answers down on the computer-graded answer sheet. He blew it -- and he may be flunked out of the school. Scratch another future Marcus Welby, victim of the computer age.

2) Your Professor is a Whirligig Bastard With Triple Screws: One can never overlook that fact that the average college professor, especially in the hard sciences, is not primarily a teacher. On the contrary, most of the little lovelies are more interested in their next paper in The Journal of Obscure Research than they are in Joe Q. Student's troubles with the mathematics of inductance fields or whatever it is they're spouting. Accordingly, then, you may regard your instructor as a subject besotted fool who hardly notices the difficulty of his area. Like a fish in the ocean, he can hardly understand why us poor humans drown in deep water.

Also, a good many professors hate their students. They smile in a cordial fashion, they attend society meetings and student-faculty parties, etc. -- but they secretly despise their students, they resent their youth and aspirations. They consider the rising generation to consist of nascent nihilists bent on obliterating the order and stability they'd fought so hard to obtain.



Of course, you might consider your professor to be an exception to the rule. Pardon me while I snicker into my handkerchief.

BEN INDICK, 428 Sagamore Ave., Teaneck, NJ 07666

I don't remember what your "four essentials" for living are, mentioned by Gil, but I usually list only three; three things which are (aside from food and shelter) indispensable: 1. Music (one can enjoy music under any circumstances, even pitch black nights). 2. Art (very important for me). 3. Coffee.

A friend was willing to go with parts 1 and 2, but felt number 3 should at least be girls. I pointed out he is a young man.

Anyway, coffee is funnier.

And aside from occasional indigestion, is less trouble.

JACKIE CAUSGROVE, 3650 W. Newton St., #15, Torrance, CA 90505

The USPS does charge more - within the 2nd class rate - for zines with advertising, and it is already based on page count. MOTHER EARTH NEWS upped its folksy "Positions & Situations" rates (a sort of help wanted/for sale/swap list/lonely hearts/commune seeking collection that resembles an unclassified column in a small town paper in format) 500% because USPS ruled P&S was advertising instead of public service pages.

Now if the system were altered so as to make magazines bearing inordinate amounts of advertising really cost, take them out of 2nd Class entirely, then we might be on the road to solving things. Catalogs could be charged for (and some companies already do, said fee refundable with first order). Wards, Sears and Spiegel could save by using UPS in Metropolitan areas.

I somehow doubt if D. Gary Grady knows anyone who has worked for the PO. He couldn't defend then if he did. I know five PO employees, and all damn the organization. If even your personnel can't support you, who can?

DON D'AMMASSA, 19 Angell Dr., East Providence, RI 02914

Idi Amin serves a very definite purpose, despite his idiocy. His blatant actions reflect upon all nations who ally with him, in the UN for example. As hypocritical as the US position usually is, it is somewhat reassuring to note that all of these emerging nations who condemn Israel, South Africa, and the US see nothing wrong with claiming Amin as an ally. Obviously, hypocrisy is not confined to the developed nations alone. Amin (along with the UN actions expelling Taiwan, throwing Israel out of many organizations, expelling South Africa, etc.) has finally gotten me to reverse my stand. I am no longer a strong supporter of the UN, and am mildly pleased with the idea of getting out and watching them struggle for other funds. This may make me a blatant right winger, but even though I admit that the industrialized nations got that way largely at the expense of the underdeveloped nations -- and therefore have some obligation to assist them -- I don't think that removes all obligation from the latter. I see no reason, for example, why we should go without food so we can donate to a starving nation, if that nation is vastly over-crowded and is taking no serious steps to solve their own problems. I'm thinking of India, of course, but the same kind of thing holds true elsewhere.

And I think that's enough letters, men. When I first dug up the packet of locs I had received on UF #2, I discovered to my surprise that I had already sorted out which letters I wanted to print a couple of years ago. If I'd printed them all, the lettercolumn would have been twice or three times as long. But some of those locs had become outdated or obscure (not surprising, considering that I have some trouble remembering what these locs refer to in the last issue.) Next issues will probably be a bit longer.

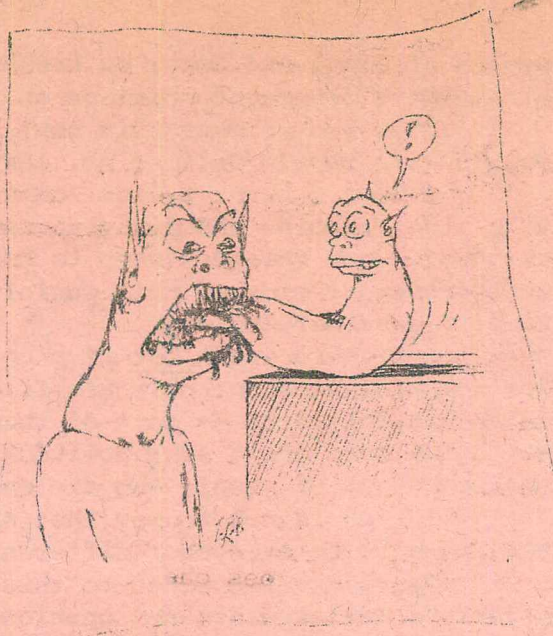
Oh, and one thing more I almost forget to mention about the mailing list. There are a few (very few) of you who are on the list as privileged characters. This means that I'll probably keep on sending you UF even if you don't respond, because you're a particularly Neat Person or somesuch. But I'm not going to tell you who you are; swelled heads are already a bit too prevalent in fandom for more.



# THE ART OF MAKING ENEMIES IN FANDOM

INTRODUCTION: Back around May of 1977, I received a phone call from the younger Doris Beetem. She invited me to be the Fan Guest of Honor at Milehicon Nine in Denver the following October. After saying something to the effect of "You must be ki-ding" I accepted the honor.

What follows is the written text of the speech I gave that nervous Sunday morning. I think everything else about it is self-explanatory, so I'll go into the speech:



There are a number of people out there in the audience who have been eagerly anticipating this moment, the moment when I have to stand up here and attempt to make a coherent speech of twenty-five words or more. They are fully prepared to laugh and guffaw and throw leftover banquet food as I fail miserably, making an utter fool of myself.

I have taken a desperate move therefore, and have actually written my speech in advance. This does not guarantee my rise to the heights of raconteur extraordinaire, of course; I could faint, or forget how to read, or all sorts of nasty misfortunes. But it increases the odds in my favor, and spoils the fun of those sadists out there wanting to see the sweat break out all over me.

The sadists I am referring to, incidentally, are my friends.

Which gets me, in a roundabout way, to what I wanted to talk about. Most of the Fan Guest of Honor speeches I've heard have raised or discussed the same point. Fandom is a place where you can make friends, where you can meet people with similar interests and opinions and attitudes.

But I don't want to talk about that. Instead, I thought I'd spend a few moments talking about how to make enemies in fandom.

I've been involved in a couple of out-for-blood-type feuds with other fans since I got involved with SF fandom. The feuds took up a hell of a lot of time, caused a lot of bad feeling, and the repercussions lost me some friendships I'd rather not have. I've also had a number of strong disagreements with other fans from time to time.

So I was wondering, how did I, how do other fans get into these disagreements and feuds? These are some of the ways:

You can make enemies by telling lies about other fans. You can make enemies by telling half-truths about people. And you can make your worst enemies by telling the whole truth about people.

You can make enemies by liking Star Trek. By not liking Star Trek. By liking or not liking people who like or don't like Star Trek.

You can make enemies by being anti-feminist. Or pro-feminist. Or non-feminist. Or the wrong kind of feminist.

You can make enemies by participating in club politics. Or convention politics. Or, if you absolutely want to make enemies, by participating in Worldcon politics.

You can make enemies by stealing or trying to steal someone's girlfriend, wife, sister, daughter, mother, or -- even worse -- their copy of Howard the Duck #1.

You can make enemies by criticizing people's opinion's on writers, on artists on editors, on fanzines, on conventions, on food, on music, on sex, on the relative



merits of Pepsi and Coke, on Dasher, on Dancer, on almost anything which it's possible to have divergent opinions on.

Once you've made this neat bunch of enemies, the question remains -- what do you do with them? Believe me, they're absolutely no fun to invite to parties.

I hope I haven't been scaring away any neofans in the audience with all this talk about enemies and disagreements and feuds in fandom. The reason most fan guest of honor speeches seem to talk about making friends is because that is the most prominent side of this social microculture. Almost all of my friends are fans; I even married one.

But there are a lot of people in fandom these days. Anyone coming into fandom now will find not only new friends, but also a large group of people who do not share his interests -- some of them don't even read science fiction; some don't watch TV; some don't like politicking; some don't even like Star Wars! -- and a smaller group of people who are quite easily dislikable.

(Which is not to say that the people in this last group are completely horrible and evil to everyone; different people make different friends).

There are two sides to this: The first is that with all these different interests and viewpoints and opinions in the new, giant-size fandom, there's something for everyone. The second is that fandom is harder to get into, it's harder to find those people who share your interests.

How many people here are at your first convention? I did not enjoy myself very much at my own first convention. I attended the programming; the only party I went to was the open con suite party; I ate my meals alone, and I went to bed early, also alone. Luckily, I tried another convention, one about this size -- it was more informal than the larger one I'd first attended. I was able to meet people at that convention.

So what am I trying to say? I think I'm trying to say that if anyone stays in fandom long enough, he'll find a lot of people he'll consider nerds and fuggheads and jackasses. But if he's lucky, he'll also find good friends and companionship. No person's perfect, and fandom is made up of people, good, bad, and indifferent. You might make enemies in fandom, you might ha-ve disagreements.

But despite the disagreements and fights I've had with fans on occasion, I like it here in fandom. The friends I've made, the good times I've had, have far outweighed the angry feelings and the times when I've lost my temper.

So, my advice to new fans is this: Stay in, even if your first impressions aren't that impressive. If you're lucky, you'll have some of the best times and make some of the best friends you'll ever have.

I'm getting near the end of this speech and I've been wondering how to end it. For lack of inspiration, I'm going to fall back on an old writer's trick:

Suddenly attruck ran over me.

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I would like very much to get this fanzine finished, run off, and into the mail. With some concentrated work, I think I can do so by the end of next week. I can type the address labels later this afternoon, get the stencils run off tonight, collate in a day or two, stamp & label, and take 'em to work the next morning for mailing. The thing is that I'd like to do at least ten pages, but I appear to have run out of material on hand.

One of the ideas I have to fill out the next few pages is something I've used once or twice in FAPA. On occasion I've gone thru a couple of old boxes containing old papers and writings and such of mine. Some of these are dreadfully embarrassing. You've heard of "The Best of..." collections? I'm thinking of dragging out some of that old writing and calling it

## THE DREGS OF ARTHURS

INTRODUCTION: Way, way back around 1970, when I first got involved with fanzine fandom outside of Dick Geis' SFR (who you can probably blame for my being here typing away now), there was a local fan by the name of Bob Prokop. Bob was a socialist. Nice fellow, but a socialist. And he and a few of his other friends decided to put out a fanzine reflecting their beliefs. SOCIALIST REALISM SCIENCE



FICTION actually did publish at least one issue. I wasn't- much of a writer at the time, but you can believe me, SRSF was so-o-o-o bad that I figured it would be improved a great deal if I contributed to the next issue. I had what foollows already written, but it did seem what Bob might want, so I showed it to him. He enjoyed it, the fool, and said he wanted to publish it. What with one thing and another, tho, I don't think I ever got the manuscript typed for him, and while there was another issue or two of SOCIALIST REALISM SCIENCE FICTION, I don't think Bob had anything to do withthém, and they may have been spurious parodies. At any rate, here in its first publication ever is:

# Little Pinko Riding Hood



Once upon a time, deep in the \*\* military-industrial complex, there lived a young communist named Little Pinko Riding Hood, who lived with her middle-class conservative parents in a small ranch house with a liver-shaped swimming pool. Little Pinko's parents liked to think of themselves as nonconformists.

Little Pinko's parents did not know that their daughter was a communist. Little Pinko had kept it a secret. She had become a communist when she was seven. The local cell had been short on its recruiting quota that year, so Little Pinko had signed up when they had given her a quarter. She still had a "Make Mine Marxist" button in her dresser, hidden under the box of birth-control pills her mother had given her when she was twelve.

Little Pinko was not happy as a communist, however. She felt she had outgrown communism. She ran away from home.

Little Pinko went to a Republican convention. She met a shoe salesman from Iowa there, who seduced her in the men's room at the convention center. She went with him to his motel for the night.

Early the next morning, a group of Republican elder statesmen broke down the door of their room and rushed in with shouts of "Tricky Dick forever!" They grabbed the shoe salesman from Iowa, ripped off his disguise, doused him with gasoline, and set him on fire. He had really been a flaming New York liberal all the time.

Pity poor Pinko! Not only had she been fooled and her dress gasoline-stained, but she soon found out that she was pregnant.

Little Pinko returned home. Her parents had not noticed that she had been gone. Little Pinko told her parents that she was expecting a baby. Her parents said they understood. They arranged an abortion for Little Pinko. Little Pinko's mother had the abortion preserved in a Mason jar which she placed on the coffee table for a conversation piece. Little Pinko ran away from home again.

She met a dying vegetarian in San Francisco. The vegetarian was dying because he ate only corn flakes and prune juice. The swift passage of the corn flakes ripped his intestines to shreds.

Little Pinko moved in with the vegetarian and his roommate. The vegetarian died. His roommate wanted to marry Little Pinko. Little Pinko told her no.

Little Pinko became an alcoholic. She became a prostiute so she could buy her liquor. One day, her liver rolled over and died.

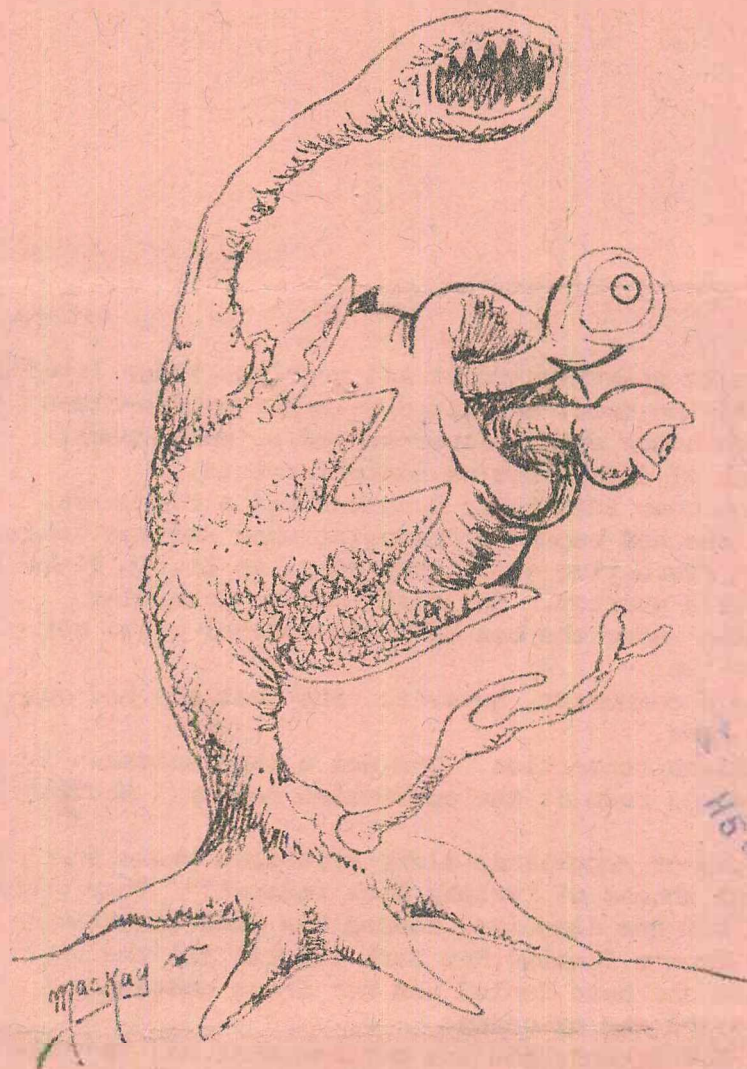
Little Pinko was taken to a hospital to die. Her parents came to see her. They said they understood. They said she was looking well. Little Pinko dropped dead.

Little Pinko was buried two days later. Her parents and friends and johns



chipped in together for a monument. The inscription on it said:

One hell of a daughter,  
One hell of a friend,  
One hell of a lay,  
She lived one hell of a hell.



And we appear to be just about at the end of this zine. I'd like to thank those people who have continued to send me their fanzines for the last three years or a good part of it, even though they've had no response. Two particularly faithful senders have been Dick Geis and Garth Danielson. I'd also like to thank Mike Glicksohn, Susan Wood and Bob Vardeman. The first two for having published ENERGUMEN, and the latter for having sold his copies of NERG to me at Bonicon last; it was reading those NERGs that really inflamed me with the urge to do a fanzine again. Also to Bill Bowers for XENOLITH #1, which just arrived earlier this week and gave me the final push necessary to get this finished. Final stencil typed 4/14/79. A Malacoda Press Publication. Art on page 1 is by Alexis Gilliland, page 7 by Todd Bake, and this page by Barry Kent MacKay.

Bruce D. Arthurs  
4522 E. Bowker  
Phoenix, AZ 85040  
USA



Jackie Causgrove  
3650 W. Newton St., #15  
Torrance, CA 90505



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ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED