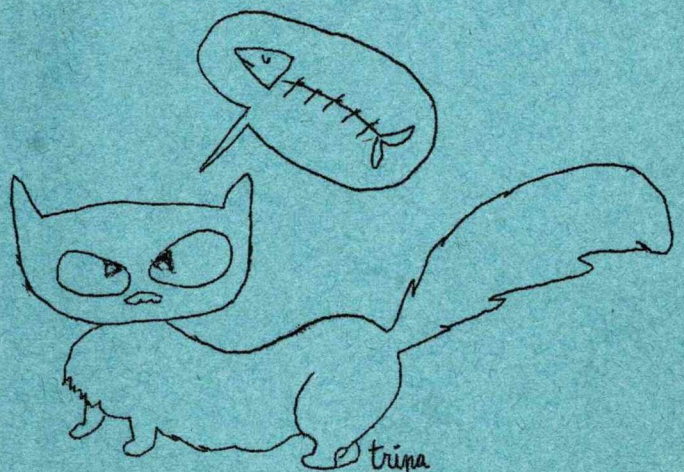


100% הארל ווהיט



# 100% האול ווהיט

This fanzine is published for the May 1965 FAPA mailing by Miriam Knight and Bob Lichtman. The editorial addresses are (Knight) 1522 Russell, Berkeley, California, and (Lichtman) P.O. Box 1226, Berkeley. Not for everyone. This is Goojie Publication #47, also Silverdrum Publication #80. Price of admission, your mind.

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## ART CREDITS

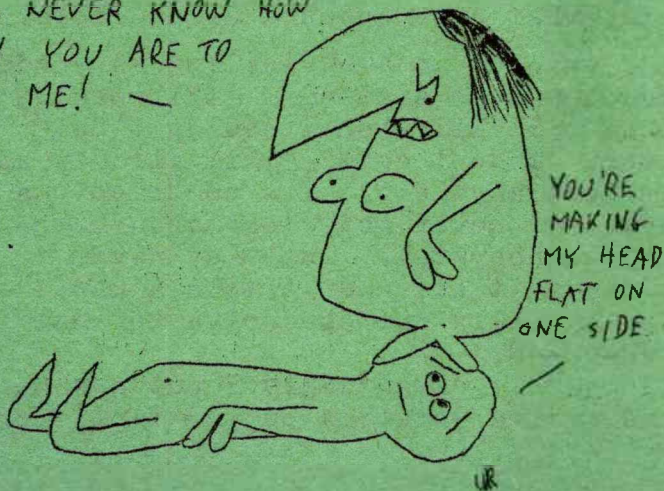
George Metzger (2), Ray Nelson (5, 6, 10, 11, 13), and Arthur Thomson (21). Cover by Bill Rotsler, Trina Robbins, and D. Manischewitz.

Egoboo to Jerry Knight who did all the stencilling in elite type.

"We are at war with Communism and the sooner every red-blooded American realizes this, the safer we will be . . . "

-- J. Edgar Hoover

YOU'LL NEVER KNOW HOW LUCKY YOU ARE TO HAVE ME! —



YOU'RE MAKING MY HEAD FLAT ON ONE SIDE



## THE TRANSCENDENTAL SKWEE

It sure as hell has been a long time since I wrote an editorial for a fanzine. Much too long. And I start it with great trepidation. Maybe I don't know how to fan anymore.

It was a little over two years ago that I wrote to you from Poughkeepsie. Things surely have changed since then. First of all, we bought a house shortly after we got back. It is a very pleasant smallish two bedroom one story stucco with the most incredible jungle of a yard you ever saw. We got it very cheap and like it a whole lot. It really is a great economy, home ownership. When we get our second mortgage paid off, our total monthly payments (mortgage, taxes, and insurance) will be \$21 per month less than our rent was on a smaller less groovy place where the landlord got to deduct all that stuff from his income tax. Also some time in 1988 it will be OURS all OURS.

I mentioned two bedrooms? We wanted that feature for a guestroom-den. We painted the smaller bedroom a sort of quiet burnt orange and furnished it with brown burlap curtains and a brown hide-a-bed and like that. But when we'd been here less than a year, we threw out the greenish rug and got linoleum. And gave away the hide-a-bed to replace it with a crib. Because of the other thing that has happened around here.

Sunday morning, July 19, I woke up at 4:00 feeling very odd. After I'd had three contractions I was so excited that I woke up Jerry. We lay in bed timing them till six when I couldn't hold off any longer calling the Doctor. I kept calling him all day and my labour's progress just never went anywhere. The contractions kept speeding up and slowing down and never got close enough together for long enough to go to the hospital. But they never abated enough to let me forget about it all and go take a nap. (Or even lie down, as my shape was really not conducive to that posture anyway. I was a trim 40-42-40.)

Eventually I put a supper of salad, steak, green beans and mashed potatoes on the table for

us and several friends. I tell you, I had boundless nervous energy. About 11:00 everybody left and I was about to drop from fatigue and excitement, though not pain. A little later Dr. Anderson called and advised me to go check into the hospital just so I could get some rest. I was very indignant about riding up the elevator in a wheelchair. "I just fixed dinner for six people. I'm no invalid!" But rules are rules. \*shrug\* Then came the "prep" -- the shaving of the pubic area and an enema. An abysmal and humiliating experience. The only thing I have against going to the hospital. Other than that (and the prices) I'd go all the time. The crank up and down bed was blissfully comfortable, the nurses were friendly, cheerful, kind, and pampered the hell out of me. The chow was great! There was even a selective menu.

The hospital sent Jerry home about 12:30 or 1:00 and I got to sleep around 3:00. I woke up sixish and called Jerry to come back to the labour room and bring some things I wanted but had forgotten. By this time there was no more progress in the birthing, but I was tired and nervous. Much of my goosieness, and excitement was giving over to petulance, fear, and a bad case of nerves.

I was afraid of the delivery, not because I thought it would be so horrible or that I was in much pain, I wasn't. It was just all taking so long. But I was afraid of the aspect of taking care of this awful little stranger who was causing so much trouble -- what would I do with him? But the real thorn was the overwhelming horrible fear that I'd never let myself think of in all the previous nine months and twenty-two days of the pregnancy--till then when I was so worn down and out. WHAT IF THIS BABY ISN'T ALL RIGHT?

So there I was and Jerry and I talked and held hands and even played a couple of hands of bridge. And the nice nurses came in and out with glasses of juice and homey sayings and progress reports on the women in the other labour rooms who were yelling the house down. Those ladies, by the way, scared me a whole lot. I didn't hurt much at all, but all that carrying on was making me very apprehensive of what must be coming. Then I found out that most of them were not even as near delivery as I. They were just flipping out and/or punishing their husbands. So a student nurse then taught me Yoga breathing, which is the big deep breathing bit in Dr. Reid's so called natural childbirth. It really worked, too. Right up until almost TIME. But toward the end, when the contractions changed into pains I finally lost my bravado and cried for the doctor to give me something for the pain. The doctor was so sweet and understanding. You see, my labour was progressing so slowly that they finally started giving me shots to speed it up. And this drug, I later found out, is famous for causing severe pain itself. So anyway I was cooked to the gills (or something) on morphine for a few hours, which in turn slowed down the expelling bit. The morphine made me feel like a dandelion seed floating on the breeze. But it also gave the effect that these pains were coming ten seconds apart instead of the two minutes that they really were. So I still thought I wasn't getting any rest. Then they wouldn't give me any more as it was slowing down the baby's egress. I'd completely given up hope of ever having a baby when I complained loudly and excitedly of a big turd that was hurting me. I had to have another enema or something RIGHT NOW. The doctor came in and said, "No, that's

the baby's head," but I refused to believe in any baby. I knew that "they" were all incompetent and sadistic and weren't even listening to me. All of a sudden in the midst of this semi-obscene harangue about this "big turd" that was hurting me so, the bag of waters broke and I was on my way to the delivery room while Jerry was suiting me up for the event.

Jerry was wearing a white coat a la Ben Casey over his clothes and some green boots. I didn't like the anaesthetist -- she forced me to take a whiff of nitrous oxide which I didn't even want. But I was sort of trapped. The whiff of gas made me punchy again and I agrilly accused Jerry of smoking in the delivery room, an inexcusable breach of protocol, I thought. Of course, he wasn't, even couldn't have been, due to the surgical mask he was wearing.

All this time things were pretty uncomfortable but I don't remember suffering so much as being incredibly angry at all the pointless indignity. (You'll remember that I'd ceased to believe that there was any baby. It was all a vast conspiracy to inconvenience and humiliate me.) So I was roaring and yelling and when they catheterized me I made a vulgar but rather complex and witty crack considering the occasion.

One more huge push and there was the baby girl we'd wanted and hoped for. And even more beautiful. They let me lie beside her for a while before they took us to our separate rooms. I'd forgotten all the pain and fear and everything. I was very tired, but completely exultant and satisfied. I'd been awake and fairly with it and Jerry and I together had produced and watched our wonderful daughter come into the world. And she was ALL RIGHT.

We named her Jennifer Lloyd (Lloyd was my mother's name) and somehow we knew what to do with her. She is still beautiful and still all right and though only nine months old she's as big as the average one-year-old. She is bright and winsome and funny and much nicer than guests for our second bedroom.

So that's what I've been doing.

I highly recommend it.

Love,

*Mimi*

# a Sound of Wonder

by John Champion



The sign on the wall seemed to quaver as through an alcoholic haze. Johnson felt his eyelids blink over his stare, and the sign burned in the momentary darkness:

THE CONVENTIONERS, INC.  
CONVENTIONS OF ANY YEAR IN THE PAST  
YOU NAME THE CON  
WE TAKE YOU THERE  
YOU TAKE IT

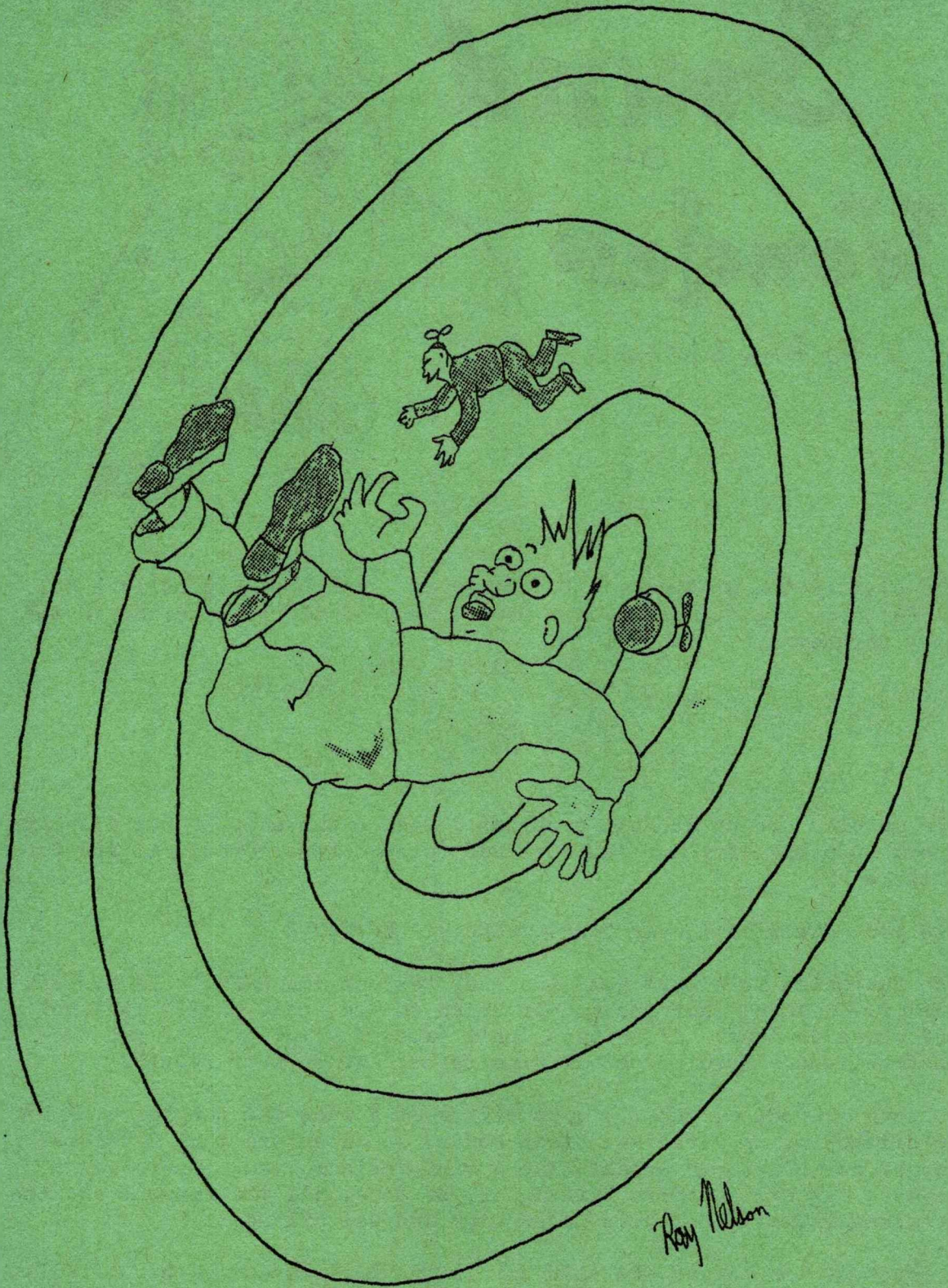
The muscles around Johnson's throat forced a smile as he put his hand slowly out upon the air, and in that hand waved a Solar Credit at the fan behind the desk.

"Do you guarantee I come back...safely?" he asked.

"We guarantee nothing," said the fan, "except the BNFs." He turned. "This is Mr. Hillman, your Convention Guide in the Past. He'll tell you what and where to tape. If he says don't tape, don't tape. If you disobey instructions, there's a stiff fine to be paid on your return."

Johnson glanced across the vast office at a mass and tangle, a snaking and slithering of wires and steel boxes, at an aurora that flickered now orange, now blue, now green, like a vast Nuclear Fizz. There was a sound like a gigantic bonfire burning all of time, all the fandoms and the lined calendars, all the years piled high and set aflame.

A touch of the finger and this burning would, instantly, beautifully reverse itself. Johnson remembered the wording in FanCyc LXIX to the letter. Out of blackened crudsheets, out of old stencils and empty beer cans, like the legendary Tucker, the old fandoms, the green fandoms, might leap; corfla sweeten the air, grayed tendrils turn to Irish black, furrowed brows vanish; all, everything, fly back to creation, flee the final



Roy Nelson

gafia, rush down to beginnings, suns rise in western skies and set in glorious easts, moons set themselves opposite to the customs, all and everything cupping one in another like bheer back into cans, crudsheets into virgin white, all and everything returning to the fresh death, the seed death, the green death, to the old beginning of the immortal storm. A touch of a finger might do it, the merest touch of a finger.

"Ghu and Roscoe," Johnson breathed, the light of the Machine on his sensitive fannish face. "A real Time Machine." He shook his head. "Makes you think. If the results had gone badly in the election yesterday, I might be here running away from it. Thank Ghu that Wagner won. He'll be a fine President."

"Yes," said the fan behind the desk, "we're lucky. If Swanson and his NSF Party had gotten in, we'd have the worst kind of fuggheadism. There's an anti-everything man for you: anti-trufan, anti-bheer, anti-convention. Fans called us up, you know, joking but not joking. Said if Swanson became President they wanted to go live in Sixth Fandom, back in the time of Hoffman and Keasler. Of course, it's not our business to conduct escapes, but to form Convention Parties. Anyway, Wagner and the FANS are in now. All you have to worry about is..."

"Taping my convention," Johnson finished it for him.

"A Seventh Fandom BNF. The damndest monster in fanhistory. Sign this release. Anything happens to you, we're not responsible. Those BNFs are vicious."

Johnson flushed angrily. "Trying to scare me?"

"Frankly, yes. We don't want anyone going back who'll goshwow at the first word. Six convention leaders gafiated last year, and a dozen conventionneers. We're here to give you the biggest thrill a trufan ever asked for. Taping a con of a hundred years ago." He studied Johnson's face, saw that it was set determinedly. "Good luck," he said. "Hillman, he's all yours."

First a day and then a night and then daynightdaynightday! A week, a month, a year, a fandom! A.D. 2058. A.D. 2050. 2020! 2000! 1984! Gone! The Machine roared.

They put on their beanies. They tested their tapers, put them back in their pockets. Johnson swayed on the padded seat, his face pale, no longer sensitive and fannish, his jaw stiff. He felt the trembling in his arm and he looked down and found his hand tight on the new taper. There were four other fans in the machine: Hillman, the Convention Leader; his assistant, Brown; and two other conventionneers, Donovan and Wood. They sat looking at one another, and the fandoms blazed past them.

"Can these tapers get a BNF down cold?" Johnson found himself saying.

"If you use them right," Hillman replied. "Get your mike right up next to his mouth. Loud and clear."

The Machine howled. Time was an electric Gestetner run backward. Suns fled and ten thousand moons fled after them. "Good Ghu," said Johnson. "Every fan that ever lived would envy us now. This makes Belfast seem like



an Oklacon."

The Machine slowed; its scream fell to a murmur. The Machine stopped. The sun stopped in the sky.

The smog that enveloped the Machine blew away and they were in an old fandom, 1958, a very old fandom indeed, three fans and two Convention leaders with their blue Metal tapers nestling in their pockets.

"None of us exist yet," Hillman said. "Don't forget that. You, I, Wagner, Swanson, all our BNFs...none of them exist."

The fans nodded.

"That" -- Hillman pointed -- "is the Convention Hotel of one hundred years before President Wagner. Los Angeles, California, 1958."

He indicated a metal path that struck off into a mass of people, over smoldering cigarettes, among trufans and neos alike. "And that," he said, "is the Path, laid by Time Conventioneers for your use. It floats six inches off the floor. Doesn't touch so much as the lowliest neofan. It's an anti-gravity metal. Its purpose is to keep you from touching this fandom of the past in any way. Stay on the Path. Don't go off it. I repeat... don't go off. For any reason! If you fall off, there's a penalty. And don't tape any fans we don't okay."

"Why?" asked Johnson.

They sat in the ancient hotel lobby. Far fannish conversation blew in on a breeze, and the smell of the bar and freshly-poured beer, the oily smell of a mimeo and the sharp smell of cigarettes.

"We don't want to change the future. We don't belong here in the Past. We have to pay much graft to keep our franchise. A Time Machine is tricky. Not knowing it, we might gafiate a small neo. If we gafiate so much as one neo, we might very well destroy an important link with our own fandom."

He paused a minute, looking at the conventioneers. "Say, for instance, we gafiate one neo here. That leans all the future output of this one particular neo is destroyed. And all the fanzines of that one neo! With a harsh word, you annihilate first one, then a dozen possible new fans!"

"So they're gone," said Johnson. "So what?"

"So what?" Hillman snorted quietly. "Well, what about the fanzines those fans will publish? For want of them, a neo never enters fandom. Maybe twenty years later a prospective BNF goes looking for some fanzines to read, the fanzine that would introduce him to fandom. But he never finds it -- for you, friend, have destroyed that zine, by gafiating one neo! And that fan is not expendable, no! He is a future BNF! From him might have arisen a whole new fandom! Gafiate this one particular neofan, and by doing so you perhaps shake the foundations of our own fandom! Perhaps Oblique House is never rebuilt atop Mount Shasta. Perhaps Bloch is never pickled for posterity. Brazilian fandom is forever a dark forest of mundanity! Fandom in 1958 was a fragile thing, and it remained so for years afterward. Fannish continuity must be preserved. Snarl at a neo and leave your mark, like another GEMINE across eternity. Fandom might die out altogether, and eighty-first fandom never exist at all. So be careful.

Stay on the path!"

"But the other fans, the ones here in the hotel," Johnson protested. "They see us on the Path. Won't they notice us, think it strange?"

"No. You've never been in Seventh Fandom. It was a strange and wonderful place. They'll only guess that you're TIME reporters who don't want to soil yourselves, or maybe some fanclub has put it up as a prop, or perhaps Willis has given you a kind word."

"How do we know which BNFs to tape?"

"They're marked with nimeo ink. Today, before our trip, we sent Brown back here with the Machine. He studied this particular fandom, this convention, he studied its BNFs."

"Right," said Brown. "I track them through their entire fannish life, noting how long they remain active. Very few remain more than a few years. Fannac is harsh, a struggle. When I find one that's going to gafiate, I note when. I shoot an ink pellet. He thinks it's merely from the one-shot session last weekend, but we can't miss it. Then I plan our trip here in the past, timing it to coincide with the last con this BNF will attend. So we meet him only a short while, perhaps only a few days, before he would have gafiated anyway. We choose BNFs with no future, the ones that will drop it all and never have any connection with fandom again. See how careful we are?"

"But," Johnson said, "what difference does it make whether the BNF we tape gafiates within a month or not? Why would our taping make him lose interest? How could this affect Seventh Fandom?"

"A tape has an odd psychological effect," Brown said, "especially when it's being wielded by a stranger. Once the BNF knows his words are on tape, he most likely forgets them. But otherwise, those few words might have stuck in his mind; maybe something he wanted to say to, well, even Bloch. Perhaps they'd form a new fannish saying, perhaps lead to a whole new fanzine! Since we pick BNFs that will gafiate shortly, it makes no difference. But the other fan -- the still active ones -- stay away from them!"

Johnson smiled palely.

"Everyone on his feet!" Hillman said suddenly. They were ready to leave the Machine.

The hotel lobby was high and the hotel lobby was broad and it was fandom forever and forever. Sounds like modern jazz and sportscars downshifting filled the air, and these were the trufans, flitting past with dark lines under their eyes, throbbing hangovers out of blog glasses, out of last night's party in the Detroit suite. Johnson, balanced on the narrow Path, pointed his microphone playfully.

"Stop that!" Hillman said. "If that thing should go on..."

Johnson flushed. "Where's our BNF?"

Brown checked his wrist watch. "Up ahead. We bisect his path in sixty seconds. Look for the nimeo ink, for Ghu's sake. Don't tape until we

give the word. Stay on the Path. Stay on the Path!"

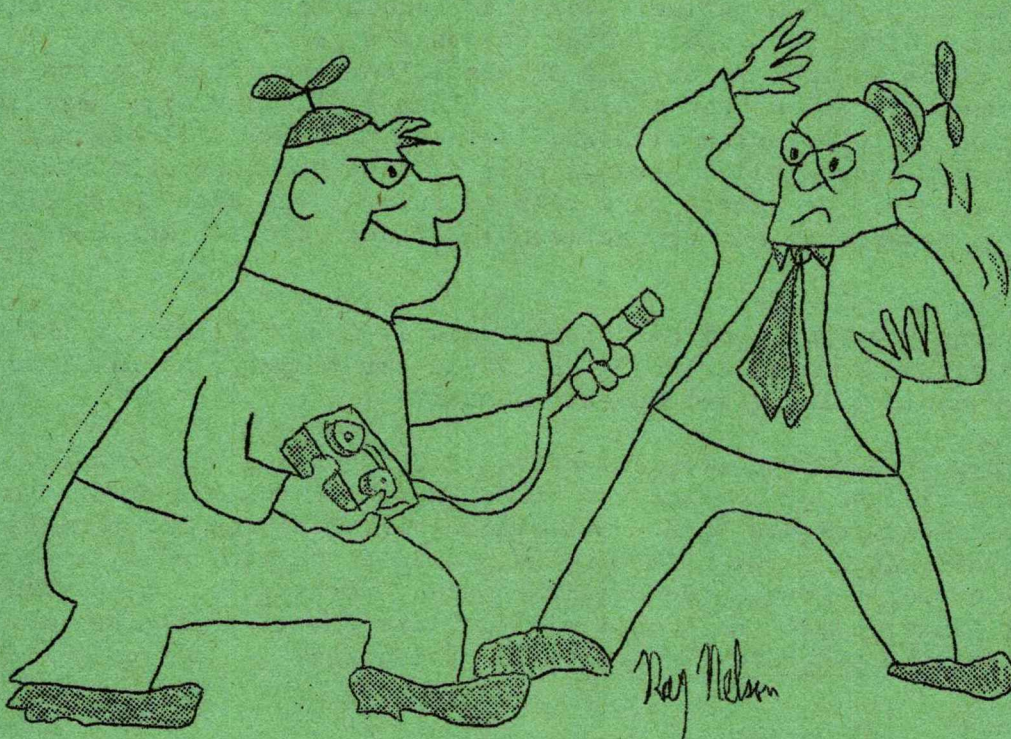
They loved forward in the breeze of a thousand beanie props whirling.

"Strange," murmured Johnson. "Up ahead, a hundred years, election day over. Wagner made President. Everyone celebrating. And here we are, 1953, and they don't exist. Not even born, not even thought of yet."

"Power on, everyone!" ordered Hillman.

"I've taped cons everywhere in 2053, but this is it!" said Johnson. "I'm shaking like a neo."

"Ah," said Hillman.



Everyone stopped. Hillman raised his hand. "Ahead," he whispered. "Next to that couch. There he is. There's his Majesty now."

The hotel lobby was wide and full of chattering, campaigning, puns, groans. Suddenly it all ceased, as if someone had shut a door.

Silence.

A sound of wonder.

Out of the haze, only yards away, came the BNF.

"Great Chu!" said Johnson.

"OH!"

It came on thin, striding legs. It seemed to stand out from the surrounding fans, a slinking, ghoul-like thing, its delicate hands folded at its waist. An aura of power, of majesty surrounded it. Although it was not great in size, it seemed mighty and awesome. Its body seemed golden somehow, covered by dark slacks and a faded sports shirt. From its bony yet kingly shoulders, two delicate arms dangled, arms that might pick up and examine fans like toys, while the thin neck quivered. And the head, a finely-chiseled thing, lifted gloriously to the sky. A thin black mustache lent a sinister air to the gaunt face. Its mouth parted, exposing a row of teeth, a forked tongue flickering in and out. Its eyes, covered by shining glasses, gleamed like diamonds, empty of all expression save an occasional sneering glance at a cowering neo nearby. It strode along, its hands brushing aside lesser fans, its long, thin fingers clutching at fellefans, leaving brownish nicotine stains. It walked with a graceful, assured step, far too poised and balanced for its hangover; it moved into a brilliantly lit part of the lobby, warily yet confidently, its sensitive fannish ears plucking sounds from the air.

"Great Ghu!" Johnson twisted his mouth. "It could frighten away Ellison himself!"

"Sh!" Hillman said angrily. "He hasn't seen us yet."

"It can't be done," said Johnson quietly. The taper in his pocket seemed a mere toy. "We were fools to come. This is impossible."

"Shut up," hissed Hillman.

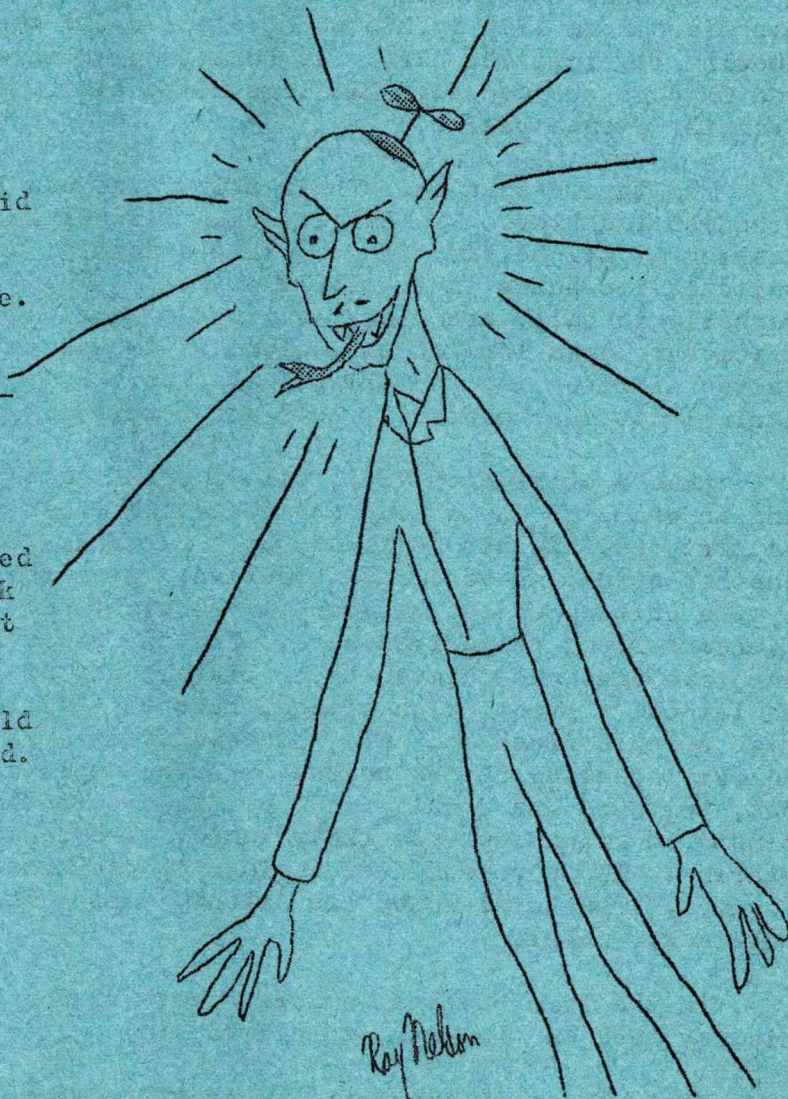
"Nightmare."

"Turn around," commanded Hillman. "Walk quietly back to the Machine. We'll remit half your fee."

"Didn't realize it would be like this. Miscalculated. I want out."

"He sees us! There's the mimeo ink, on his shirt!"

The BNF straightened his shoulders. His short black hair seemed to prickle suddenly. He ground out his cigarette in a neo's ear. The BNF exhaled.



The smell of stale tobacco blew down the surrounding fans like a hurricane.

"Get me out of here," said Johnson. "It was never like this before. I had good convention parties. This time I figured wrong. I've let my match, I admit it. This is too much."

"Don't run," Brown said. "Turn around. Hide in the machine."

"Yes." Johnson seemed to be numb. He looked at his feet, as if he were trying to make them move. He gave a helpless groan. He took a few steps, blinking, shuffling.

"Johnson! Not that way!"

The BNF, at the first motion, lunged forward with an ominous chuckle. It covered the few remaining feet in less than a second. The tapers clicked and spun madly. A storm of fire and invective from the BNF's mouth engulfed them in the stench of bourbon. The BNF laughed, teeth glittering in the hotel lights.

Johnson, not looking back, walked blindly to the edge of the Path, his microphone limp in his hand, stepped off the Path, and walked, not knowing it, into the bar. His feet dragged in a mass of cigarette butts and Chicago propaganda. His legs moved him, and he felt alone and remote from the events behind.

The tapers spun on. Their thin whine was lost in spitting scorn and fiendish laughter. The BNF's tongue flicked in and out, faster, faster, lashing at all he saw. Fans jerked suddenly, and ran. The monster twitched its hands as it slowly walked forward, gesturing, slicing fans verbally in half, crushing them into a dazed and helpless pulp. His glittering eyes leveled themselves at the conventioners. They saw themselves mirrored in the polished glasses. They thrust their microphones daringly at the monster's mouth and horrifying pink-red tongue.

Like a clayfooted idol, like a wobbling top, the BNF stopped. Snarling in wrath at these fearless fans with their tapers, he clutched for support, pulling his followers back with him. He belted the Path with another stream of venomous invective. Even the hotel detective, attracted by the cutting noise, stopped at the sight and backed away. The conventioners flung themselves back. The BNF reeled in anger at these presumptive fans who pointed their microphones at him without his permission. He let out a great, high-pitched roar that filled the lobby, and fans, a mass of cold flesh and pale, bleached skin. The tapers spun again, eagerly gobbling up the sudden surprised uproar. The BNF lashed his hands out, twitched his jaws again, collapsed onto the couch, lay still. Fans clustered around, waving their hands. The conventioners stood still, staring. The uproar faded, a glass of Jack Daniels was brought, the BNF revived. The hotel lobby was silent. After the storm, peace. After the nightmare, morning.

In the Time Machine, on his face, Johnson lay shivering. He had found his way back to the Path and climbed in.

The BNF sat in a chair now, chest heaving, eyes bloodshot. Small choked sounds could be heard trying to escape from his mouth as he sat

there, dumbfounded, taken aback at the effect of his wrath. Puns spun madly in his brain, flickered, and died in a cloud of black anguish. Gafia settled over him like a cloud, slowly, insidiously. He was through. His reputation was gone. Something clicked, his eyes glazed, and he lay back weakly. A friend waved a copy of A B&S in his face. The BNF stared blankly at it and motioned it away.

The conventioners let themselves be led back along the metal Path. They sank wearily into the Machine's cushions. They gazed back at the ruined BNF, where already strange-looking fakefans and clustering news swarmed about. A sound on the floor of the Machine stiffened them.

Johnson sat there, quivering.

"I'm sorry," he said at last.

"Get up!" said Hillman.

Johnson got up.

"Go out on that Path alone," said Hillman. He raised a plunger threateningly. "You're not coming back into the Machine. We're leaving you here."

Brown seized Hillman's arm. "Wait!"

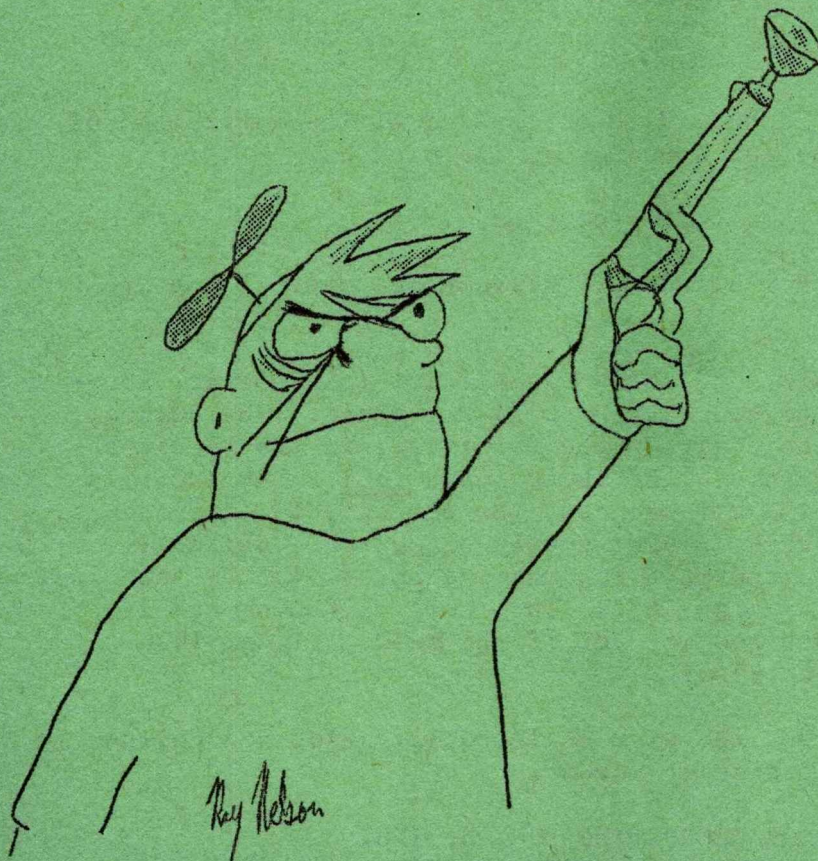
"Stay out of this." Hillman shook the arm away. "This fugghead nearly

ruined us. But it isn't that so much. Did you see him? He ran off the Path! Ghu, that ruins us! Who knows what we'll have to pay? We guarantee no one leaves the Path, and he did it. Oh, the damned fugghead! Ghu knows what he's done to fandom!"

"Take it easy. All he did was brush a few neos aside."

"How do we know? Who were those neos? It's all a mystery. Get out there, Johnson."

Johnson fumbled for words. "I'll pay anything. My complete file of PLYBOY. Don't leave me here in Seventh Fandom. Don't!"



Hillman glared at him, and spat. "Go out there. Take this con program. The BNF's sitting in a chair at the end of the Path. Get his autograph. Then you can come back with us."

"But that's unreasonable! You can't--"

"He's just an old, tired fan, you yellow... Get out there!"

The hotel lobby was alive again, full of the old conversation and repartee. Johnson turned slowly to stare at that primeval mass of fans. After a long time he shuffled out along the Path.

He returned, shuddering, five minutes later, his clothes wringing wet with perspiration. He held out the program. There was the unmistakable signature of the BNF, but weak and sprawling.

Then Johnson fell. He lay where he fell, not moving.

1969...1984...2000...2030. They changed their beanies, wiped the sweat off their faces, silently. Johnson was up again, silent also. Hillman glared at him for a full ten minutes.

2040...2050...2058. The Machine stopped.

They got out. The room was as they had left it. But not the same as they had left it. The same fan sat behind the same desk, but the same fan did not quite sit behind the same desk.

Hillman looked around. "Everything okay here?"

"Fine. Welcome home!"

Hillman did not relax. He seemed to be looking at the very atoms of the air itself, at the way the sun streamed in the windows.

"Okay Johnson, get out. Don't ever come back."

Johnson did not move. "You heard me," Hillman snapped. "What are you staring at?"

Johnson smelled of the air, and there was a faint thing to it, something lacking, but so subtle he scarcely knew it was there. The colors, white, gray, blue, pink, in the wall, in the furniture, in the fanzines stacked on the desk, were...were... And there was a feel. His tendrils twitched. He stood drinking the strangeness, the oddness, the difference. Something was different, something seemed subtly unfannish, just a bit mundane. Beyond this wall, beyond this fan who was not quite the same fan, lay an entire fandom of fans and fanzines. What sort of fandom was it now? He could feel the oddness seeping out of the walls, almost like cigarette ashes drifting to the floor.

But the immediate thing was the sign on the wall, which was definitely not the same sign he had seen yesterday:

TEMPORAL RECRUITING BUREAU, INC.  
FANS RECRUITED FROM THE PAST  
YOU NAME THE PERSON  
WE RECRUIT HIM

Johnson felt himself fall into a chair. He gasped. "No, it can't be! Not a little thing like that, no!"

"What is it?" Hillman snarled. "What's the matter?"

"Not such a little, harmless, hopeless-looking neo. No!"

"What happened?"

"When I wandered off the Path... a neo asked me the way to the auction room. I didn't hear him, I pushed him away. He ran away... he said something about lousy conceited fans... Oh, Chu!"

"What?" Hillman's voice thundered in the vast room.

It was a small thing, this frightening of one neo, a small thing that could upset balances, knock down a pile of small fanzines and then big annishes, all through the tenuous thread of past fandom. Johnson's mind whirled. Gaftating one neofan couldn't be that important. Could it?"

His face was cold. He asked, trembling. "Who won the election?"

The fan behind the desk laughed, a friendly outward laugh. "The N3F, of course! Not those degenerate FAPans, thank goodness! We've got a good fan organization now, one devoted to serious and constructive activity. By the way, Hillman, who's the latest fan you've brought me to be recruited? I'll call the WelCommittee if you'd like."

Hillman picked up a typer platen. He raised it over the quivering Johnson. There was a sound of wonder.

--finis



# professional

by

# stories

..... Ray Nelson .....

## A HARLAN ELLISON STORY

Harlan Ellison, one of the writers on the TV show, "Durke's Law," dressed like a Hollywood writer long before he actually became one -- English tweed suit, Italian shoes, French tie, The Pipe -- everything. He was dressed just like that when, at the age of sweet 15, he ordered a whiskey sour in a little pin-ball and jukebox bar on the outskirts of Detroit, in the company of myself (age 20) and a rowdy mob of similarly underage kids.

We all knew then that Harlan was destined for great things because he was served and we were not. How did he manage this?

When the bartender demanded our ID, Harlan simply took The Pipe from his mouth and said quietly, "They're all right. I'll vouch for them."

-oOo-

## A PHILIP K. DICK STORY

Philip K. Dick, who once received the Hugo, the science-fiction writer's counterpart of the movie Oscar, and the TV Emmy, hates to get up in the morning. Once I dropped in on him at two in the afternoon, only to find him still in bed.

"Every day," he explained, between yawns, stretches and scratches, "I wake up just a little later." Then his science-fictional mind began functioning and he added, "One of these mornings I'm going to pull up that window shade and see whooshing by a rocket car with a robot at the wheel."

-oOo-

## A RON GOULART STORY

I recently attended a cocktail party given by Anthony Boucher, the founder of Fantasy & Science Fiction magazine, for the then-editor, Avram Davidson. Quite a number of the magazine's "stable" of writers were present, including that bearded leprechaun, Ron Goulart. As so often happens when writers gather,

they began boasting about how many stories they had sold and what good "markets" they had "broken into."

"I just sold Alfred Hitchcock the TV rights to one of my mysteries," said Anthony Boucher.

"And I," said Avram Davidson, "just sold a short story to Playboy."

Ron Goulart was silent until his turn came. Then he said offhandedly, "Why sure, I sold a few things just last week. My guitar. My tape-recorder. My typewriter."

-- Ray Nelson

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When was the last time you heard Al Ashley say, "You bastard"?

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LETTERS: A is the "silent Aleph"; silence. B is "be", existence. C is "see", the sense organs (all the sense organs are one sense organ) (I heard the stars in Acapulco one night). D is doom. E is the square. F is frivolous. G is the religious letter. H is spirit. I is the self, individuality, the letter one. J is false or imaginary self, the damned soul. K is the priest. L is the young god. M is Om or Amen, the holy sound. N is the new Om. O is nothing, zero, the sun. P is the earth letter. Q is the queer letter (always followed by U/you). R is the "mystic" letter. S is the snake, wisdom, "a man who knows the truth." T is the crucifix. U is the receptive letter. X is the unknown. Y is the forking of the road. Z is for Zebra or Zoo, I guess. (Z is 7 -- in shape in English, order in Greek and Hebrew, name in Hebrew --; B is, in shape, the numbers 1 and 3 joined in a unity (the mystery of the Trinity, plurality in unity and unity in plurality). There is a Sufi saying, "God is hard to understand because he is first One, then Three, and then Seven." Our alphabet, designed undoubtedly by Adam Kadmon, the mystic Adam ("A.K." in high school slang), begins, after the silent A of non-existence or the (some say "primary") unmanifest state of deity, with 1 and 3 (B), and ends with 7 (Z).)

ADVERTISEMENT: The above is an excerpt from various things I am writing. If you would like fuller copies of any or to see more, send some reasonable amount to: Benedict Schwartzberg, 310 Columbus Ave., San Francisco, Cal.. Titles include: ESSAY (10 pp.), POETRY (55 pp.), XMAS CARD (1 page), NUMBERS (ci. 30 pp.), ASTROLOGY (ci. 30 pp.), ALPHABET (30 pp.), etc.. I need money, in order to travel and to avoid working, which I find unbearable. Please send charity. I am Enlightened (Western term is "clear," "a clear," I think), and will 1) welcome correspondence, 2) consider any highpaying idiosyncratic job (Greek Latin Ph.D(-), Eng.B.A.). I wish to go India, need 9000 more.

(above is from a for-real leaflet)

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headline in San Francisco News-Call Bulletin, Aug.29, 1964:  
"Watered Pot May Have Saved De Gaulle's Life"

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# My Secret Affair With Betty Crocker

by Redd Boggs

heading by  
Ray Nelson

"Liquor store. Breakfast. Aha," said Jim Harmon. He closed his eyes and let his pretty pink brains churn away awhile. "Redd Boggs stopped at the liquor store to get something for breakfast."

The hair on the backs of my hands bristled dangerously. Perhaps it was because I itched to toss Jim Harmon out of my apartment for doing violence to the Popular Image of Redd Boggs. Or perhaps it was because I wanted very badly to whip a ballpoint from my pocket and note down Harmon's remark to use as an interlineation in my magazine. These two desires snarled at each other briefly in the depths of my being, then reached a state of peaceful coexistence. I decided to do both. Thus Harmon's base comment appears in Bete Noire #6, page 8, and Harmon himself turned up at the Echo Park Community Hospital, ward #10.

Fannish reaction to the interlineation in Bete Noire was cruelly disappointing, by the way. The fun-loving element in fandom seems to have crawled back into the woodwork. Nobody saw in it a glorious opportunity to twit the scholarly Boggs, ensconced in his book-lined burrow, soberly pursuing research on his monograph "R. F. Starzl: A Master of Science Fiction" and his authoritative essay "The Sex Life of H. D. Thoreau, or Walden As a Love Camp." Not one person was clever enough to send me a case of imported champagne or even a case of cheap bourbon, with a little note attached: "To guzzle with your Shredded Wheat tomorrow morning." No, I've had to quaff a can of Busch Bavarian for breakfast just as I've always done.

Or maybe most fans realize -- as many mundane people do not -- that in southern California the liquor store is usually sort of a corner grocery with an attached liquor department. One who shops at a liquor store isn't necessarily laying in a fresh supply of Jack Daniels. But people from other parts of the country, where grocery stores and liquor stores are rigidly segregated, assume that this is the case. Quotation from a letter written to me by Mr. E. R. Pirret, general sales manager, General Mills, Inc.: "I am at a loss to understand how or why this product found its way into a liquor store."

Mr. Firret is referring here to the box of Betty Crocker (don't stop here) Hot Toasted 40% Bran that I bought at the Bonnie Brae Liquor House a few months ago. This was the purchase that caused Harmon to formulate the interlineation that landed him in ward #10. En route home from dinner at Larry and Toby Green's in Culver City I stopped at the liquor house because it was the only place open at 1:30 a.m. I wanted to buy some cereal (note: cereal) for breakfast.

Unfortunately the grocery shelves were badly depleted of stock; the store looked as if it stood on the tottering brink of bankruptcy. I had a big choice in breakfast foods: I could buy either Grape-Nuts or Corn Flakes. Then I found something else, tucked away under the counter crammed with dry soups and cake mixes: a small stack of Hot Toasted 40% Bran. Dusty and forlorn, the packages looked as if they had been there since the last issue of Fanac came out.

I bought a box of the stuff, nevertheless, and took it home. Next morning when I started to open it, I noticed that the package was badly shopworn, looking like a survivor of a flood and a fire. The printing on the carton was badly faded and smudged from some ancient calamity. Squinting closely at it, I realized that the package might actually have come through the biblical deluge. This was an old package. There was a coupon printed on the side of the carton, offering "FREE for 2 boxtops... a 14 oz. pkg of Betty Crocker Pancake Mix." I noted that I was just a bit too late to take advantage of the offer, however. It had expired 1 January 1961.

1 January 1961. That meant that this package had been knocking about on the grocery shelves since sometime in 1960, and probably a year or two longer than that. It was not less than three years old, possibly four or five. The cereal inside had been milled in the days of the Eisenhower administration -- maybe even in the real dark ages before they'd even begun filling "Cleopatra." I held the package up to my ear and fancied I could hear a faint grinding noise, as if the bran inside was being devoured by little green worms.

Instead of eating the stuff, I stuck the package into the cupboard, and sat down and wrote an annoyed letter to General Mills. I asked them if they thought their Hot Toasted 40% Bran was still fit to eat after three or four years, or whether time might not have taken its toll of the fats, proteins, crude fiber, thiamine, and even the riboflavin and the niacin the label claimed was inside. I told them I didn't intend to eat the cereal till they reassured me.

A couple of weeks later, I received the letter from Mr Firret I referred to above. He explained that my letter had been referred to him -- he operates in Palo Alto, California -- in a double-play, "From Tinkers to Evans [sic!] to Chance." He belatedly extended his sympathy and "extreme regret" that I had gotten stuck with an ancient box of cereal and promised to have the Los Angeles sales office provide me with "a completely fresh package of this excellent product."

The next mail brought a letter from Mr E.C. Nelson of the quality control department of General Mills in Minneapolis, who also thanked me for my letter and extended his sympathy. However, he backed his words with a refund of the money I had spent to buy the over-age cereal and also enclosed a special coupon entitling me to a free package of the Betty Crocker Pancake

Mix I was three years too late to obtain otherwise. I hurried out and spent the 35¢ refund in rictous living immediately, but stuck the coupon into a drawer and forgot about it.

A week or two later, two salesmen from the Los Angeles office knocked at my door. They were laden with apologies and regrets, and some parcels as well. They told me they had checked out the stock at the Bonnie Brce Liquor House and found that according to the code numbers on the remaining packages I had not exaggerated the age of the product. They were unable to provide me with a fresh package of Hot Toasted 40% Bran, they told me, but they wanted me to accept a package of Betty Crocker Wheat Hearts, which is another General Mills cooked cereal. They also provided me with a complimentary package of Betty Crocker Noodles Romanoff, which they impressed on me proudly was General Mills' biggest selling product at the moment.

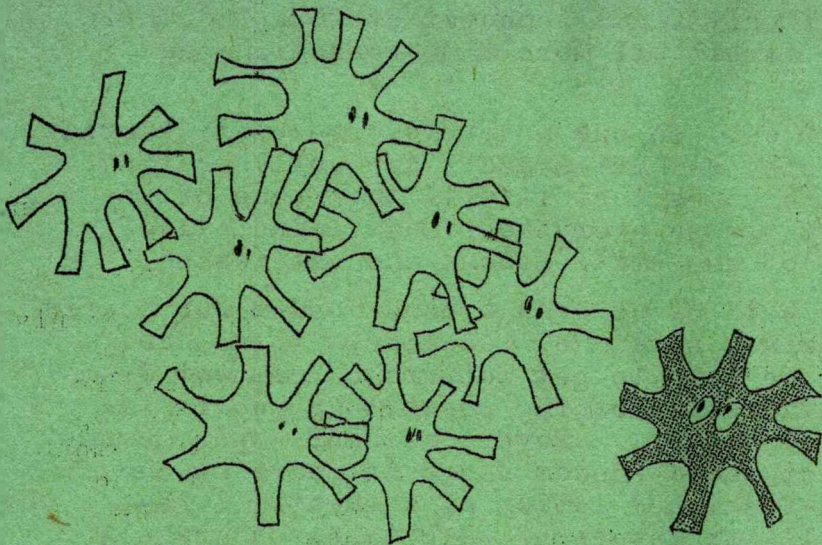
They asked for the unopened package of Hot Toasted 40% Bran in exchange. After holding it up to their ears to see if they too could hear the buzzing sound made by little green worms, they went away. Altogether, I had done well: I had received a refund on my original purchase, plus two free packages of General Mills products, and a coupon for still another product.

I remembered about the coupon and fished it out of the drawer. Next day I stopped at the supermarket at Third and Alvarado to redeem it. As I was searching for the pancake mix, I noticed a supply of Hot Toasted 40% Bran on a nearby shelf. The packages were a little dusty, but otherwise in good condition. I glanced casually at the Betty Crocker silverware coupon that appears on all General Mills products and noted that it expired in August 1964, where the coupons on Wheaties packages next to the Bran expired in 1966 and 1967.

I blew the dust from the package and squinted closely. There was a special offer printed on the back of the carton, offering a Twin Star serving set for \$1. I looked at the expiration date in the fine print. 30 September 1962. That meant that this package had been kicking around since sometime in 1961 or even earlier. A year or maybe two or three.

I wonder what General Mills will do when I bring this package to their attention? I wonder what I'll get? Probably murdered.

#



Atom

"Death to the MUTANTS!"

BOB  
LICHTMAN:

# doorway

## OLD FAN AND TIRED

Dean Grennell said it before me, but it's true: fanzine publishing is the easiest thing under the sun when you do it regularly and make your mind up to keep plugging at it, but when you don't do it much, time has a way of catching up with you and you find yourself staring at a deadline and gasping for breath.

Back in the Good Old Days of 1959 and 1960, my first two full years as an active fan (I got into this scene in 1958, but floundered around pretty much as a Subscriber until I got together with Arv Underman and we put out the first PSI PHI in December of that year), I actually published over 300 pages each year. Then one compares that to my 1964 output of under 100 pages and to my 1965 output, which you are presently reading, it's fairly astonishing.

Or maybe not. When I was publishing 300 pages a year, I was in my last years of high school, I didn't date much at all, and I had little or no responsibility to anyone or anything. So it didn't matter if I shot my wad publishing fanzines for five apas, plus a general zine on the side. But that was 1959.

Last year's FRAP was something or a return to that sort of productivity, but it proved to be too much. Not only was it difficult soliciting and getting material to fill a 24-page bimonthly purporting to be "faanish," but the actual work of editing (I didn't do the printing myself), even though it consumed perhaps only three evenings out of two months, infringed on things I preferred to do. After the final double issues of last August,

I entered into a deadly 17 unit final semester at UCLA and that was the cut-off point for almost all more time-consuming and expensive fan activity.

But just as one must eat, so one must preserve one's sacred FAPA membership at all costs, so Miriam and I are collaborating on this joint effort in the hopes that it will turn some of you on, some of you off (you can't please everyone), and remind all of you that we are, the both of us, still around and interested.

Even though we have both of us been around fandom for nearly seven years, we still retain a streak of the neofan in us, and that is in this respect: we love to get letters of comment from people when we publish. There is nothing worse than publishing a fanzine and getting no response. However, as FRAP amply demonstrated to me, today's fast-paced fandom seems to leave no one with time to write an old-fashioned letter of comment. I received less response on all six issues of FRAP taken as a whole than I did on any one of the last three issues of my earlier subzine, PSI PHI. I hope that this offering won't meet with the same fate.

We'd really enjoy hearing from you.

#### NOT BEHIND THE PLOUGH

I don't know if I should even bring this subject up in FAPA, lest it arouse self-righteous yelps from the likes of Larry Shaw (who has so yelped before), but because of that war in Vietnam, it is altogether possible that I may soon be drafted. As I write this, I am awaiting scheduling of a pre-induction physical in the Bay Area to replace one that I was supposed to take in Los Angeles but could not because the distances involved were too great.

This is not going to be another one of those articles against the draft per se, although I could easily write one of those at great length. This is specifically a feeler on the matter of the war that this country is presently engaged in over in Vietnam, a war which I, along with many others on both sides of the political spectrum, feel is a war created and wholly sustained by foggy-minded political and military thinking in our government.

At this point I wish to quote in full Lewis Mumford's letter to the President, which appeared in the March 3, 1965, issue of the San Francisco Chronicle:

"Mr. President:

The time has come for someone to speak out on behalf of the great body of your countrymen who regard with abhorrence the course to which you are committing the United States in Vietnam. As a holder of the Presidential Medal of Freedom, I have a duty to say plainly, and in public, what millions of patriotic fellow citizens are saying in the privacy of their homes. Namely, that the course you are now following affronts both our practical judgment and our moral sense.

Neither your manners nor your methods give us any assurance that your policy will lead to a good end; on the contrary, your

attempt to cure by military force a situation that has been brought about by our own arrogant, one-sided political assumptions cannot have any final destination short of an irremediablenuclear catastrophe. That would constitute the terminal illness of our whole civilization, and your own people, no less than the Vietnamese and the Communists would be the helpless victims.

In embarking on this program, you are gambling with your country's future, because you have not had the courage to discard a losing hand and start a new deal, though this was the magnificent opportunity that your election presented to you. Your games theorists have persuaded you to play Russian Roulette. But you cannot save the Government's face by blowing out our country's brains.

From the beginning, the presence of American forces in Vietnam, without the authority of the United Nations, was in defiance of our own solemn commitment when we helped to form that body. Our steady involvement with the military dictators who are waging civil war in South Vietnam, with our extravagant financial support and underhanded military co-operation, is as indefensible as our Government's original refusal to permit a popular election to be held in Vietnam, lest communism should be installed by popular vote. Your attempt now to pin the whole blame on the government of North Vietnam deceives no one except those whose wishful thinking originally committed us to our high-handed intervention: the same set of agencies and intelligences that inveigled us into the Bay of Pigs disaster.

Instead of using your well-known political adroitness to rescue our country from the military miscalculations and political blunders that created our impossible situation in Vietnam, you now, casting all caution to the winds, propose to increase the area of senseless destruction and extermination, without having any other visible ends in view than to conceal our political impotence. In taking this unreasonable course, you not merely show a lack of "decent respect for the opinions of mankind," you likewise mock and betray all our country's humane traditions.

This betrayal is all the more sinister because you are now, it is plain, obstinately committing us to the very military policy that your countrymen rejected when they so overwhelmingly defeated the Republican candidate.

Before you go further, let us tell you clearly: your professed aims are emptied of meaning by your totalitarian tactics and your nihilistic strategy. We are shamed by your actions, and revolted by your dishonest excuses and pretexts. What is worse, we are horrified by the immediate prospect of having our country's fate in the hands of leaders who, time and again, have shown their inability to think straight, to correct their errors, or to get out of a bad situation without creating a worse one.

The Government has forfeited our confidence; and we will oppose, with every means available within the law, the execution of this impractical, and above all, morally indefensible policy. There is only one way in which you can remove our opposition or regain our confidence; and that is to turn back from the course



you have taken and seek a human way out.

LEWIS MUMFORD

As Mumford points out, many people voted for Johnson because they felt that Goldwater would lead the United States into an unwarranted and unwanted "local war" which might well escalate into a worldwide conflict. This was one of the reasons I voted for Johnson, despite my uneasiness over his stands on civil rights which I felt and feel are equally as dishonest as his treatment of the Vietnam situation.

Speaking as a citizen of this country, I can feel nothing but disgust and reprehension at the wholesale slaughter -- including the use of gas, an atrocity we rightfully condemned the Germans for during WWII -- of Vietnamese citizens, both north and south. As an individual and possible unwilling candidate for participation in this shameful slaughter, I feel thoroughly repelled at the prospect of being forced by an unfriendly government (ours) to assist in such a madness.

Unfortunately, due to the insanities of the Selective Service Act, I am unable to do much more than cross my fingers and hope that I won't be among those at whom the finger is pointed to go out and do LBJ's dirty work. All I can do is sit here in my quiet corner of the universe reading about how the United States makes repeated raids and night bombings over North Vietnam, gloating over how many native villages and industrial installations are destroyed each day, while at the same time acting horrified and put upon whenever, in retaliation that is surprising only in its restraint thus far, a few U.S. owned buildings in Saigon are bombed.

Although the situation in this war, which I believe will be World War III before 1966 dawns, changes from day to day, I would be interested in hearing a FAPA dialogue about it. I believe the political spectrum in FAPA is sufficiently broad -- from Dick Ellington to Dan McHail -- to make this something a little more interesting than the Ed Martin affair.

As one of the more entertaining political clowns of the day is fond of saying: how do you stand, sir?

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As a footnote to the above, one should note that the usual flood of utterly preposterous anti-enemy prop. genda that accompanies every war in which the United States decides its position in needs bolstering amongst the general public, so that it will be swallowed whole, is well underway, as witness this recent article in the San Francisco Chronicle:

#### DOPED UP SUICIDE SQUADS

Some communist Viet Cong guerrilla units may have recently made suicide attacks while under the influence of opium, reliable American military sources said yesterday.

They said that the Chinese communists used similar methods of attack in Korea and that their suicide assault units were drugged in the same way.

The military sources claimed that opium was found on

many guerrillas killed while trying to overrun military outposts in "human wave" charges. They said these guerrillas showed strong evidence of having been heavily drugged.

The U.S. sources reported that unidentified light planes with no markings were observed recently flying into South Vietnam and dropping opium in areas where the Viet Cong had been massing. (Reuters)

### WHY I STAY IN FAPA

(An addendum for Bruce Pelz)

Everyone else has written something about this, so I might as well not remain silent. I remain in FAPA to the exclusion of all other fan activity because I find it the easiest and most painless way to stay in touch with what's going on in fandom. I find that simply being in FAPA not only brings me a quarterly bundle of fanzines, but my presence on the roster means that on occasion I am surprised by fanzines from members who use that roster to cull their mailing list for their hopeful young genzines.

I find a lot of the material published in FAPA to be enjoyable and worthwhile. Lee Jacobs, Norm and Gina Clarke, Terry Carr, Andy Main, Boyd Raeburn, Ted White, Bill Rotsler, and many others provide me with entertaining magazines.

On the other hand, I most emphatically do not find pleasure in stomachcurling stuff of the type included in the February bundle by the Ellerns -- specifically the crudely drawn comic book which appeared from a glance to come out of that old Coventry/fantasy/aren'twesickbutnice orientation that spoiled most of the publications from certain elements of Los Angeles fandom for a time several years ago. I thought it had passed; apparently not. If the Ellerns really feel the need to play Secret Agent 8X, how much more relieving it would be for FAPA (no one I know dug that comic book) if they'd get all dressed up like Secret Agents and play it in the privacy of their own home.

But this is a minor cavil, for after all one is free to (as I ultimately did) throw away the parts of the mailing one does not wish to retain. FAPA being the large group it is (just like the world is a big place), one can hardly expect or demand that everyone be as interesting or vital as everyone else.

Anyway, that's why I stay in FAPA, because I find some of the material entertaining and enjoyable. By extension, that's why I stay around, period, because enough of life is worth having to endure the rest.

-- Bob Lichtman, 1965