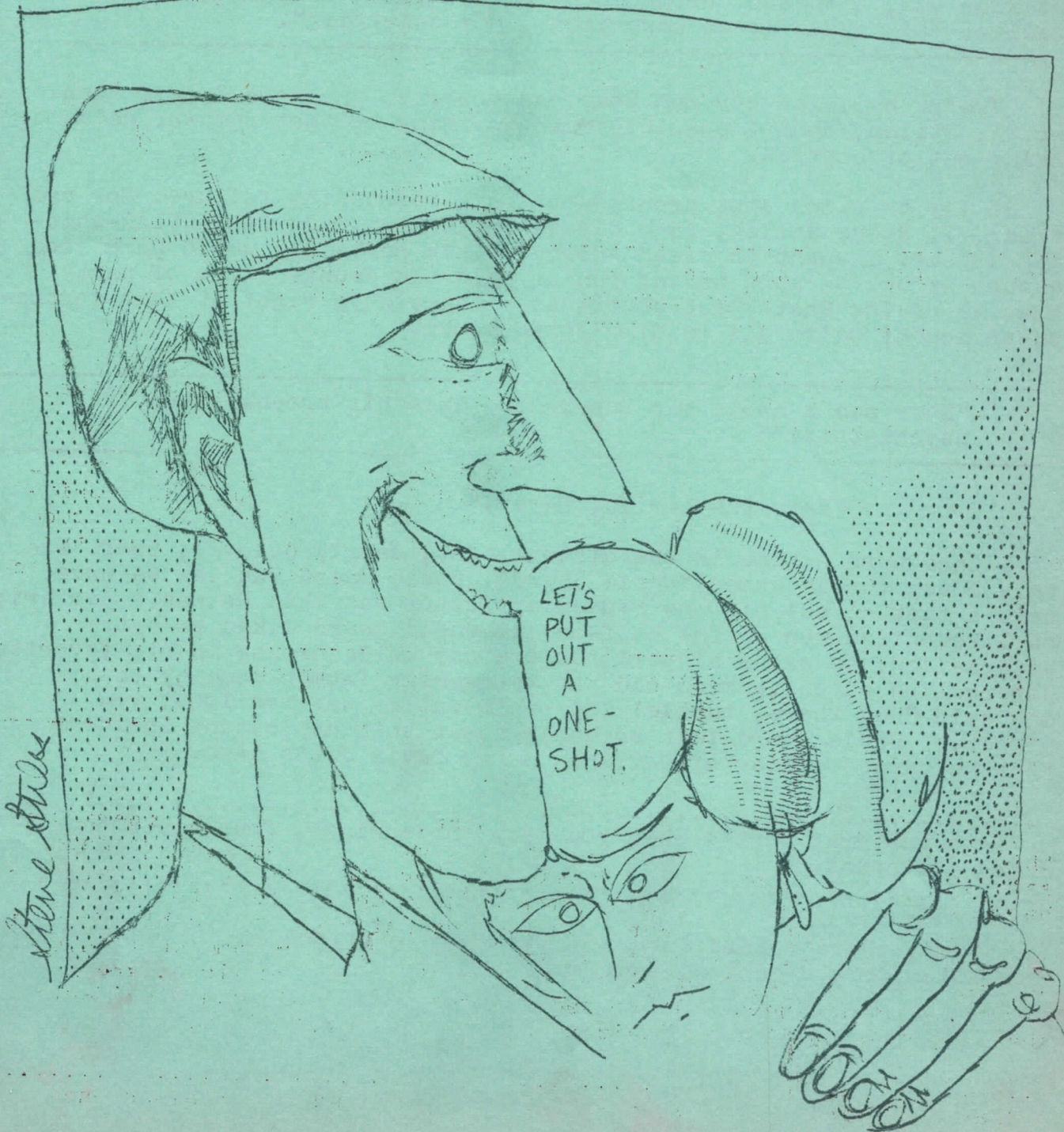
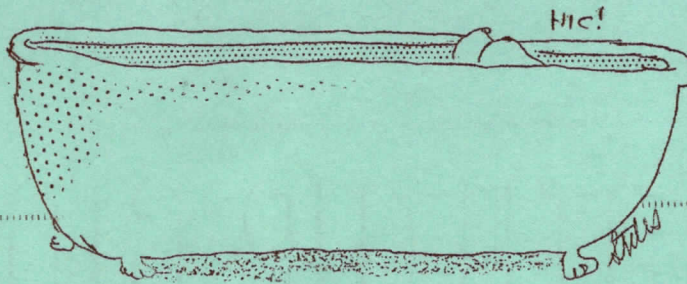


BATHTUB GIN





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BATHTUB GIN, a oneshot produced by Dick Lupoff, Rich Brown, & Steve Stiles. This issue is an experiment, "or something".  
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"We're building our own beer can tower to the moon," said Rich Brown. I, Stiles, cannot possibly make anything of that remark. We're drinking out of bottles.

So far this one shot promises to be a resounding failure. For one thing, I, Steve Stiles, am a dismal FAILURE AT THIS PARTICULAR-shit-typewriter. I ought to plead \*drunk\*. This certainly would be a good excuse as boy we sure having fun at this old drunken kind of party that we of the East Coast continually have. Why, right at this particular moment we're all reading comic books.

-----  
"Ever see a comic mag Super-Hero take his troubles to a psychiatrist?"  
-----

"Pass the corflu, Meyer."

Once upon a time in the distant past, dearly beloved, there was this lousy turtle named "Uncle Snerd". Uncle Snerd was, as we have said a turtle, but his one redeeming factor was that he was a pervert; he liked his women on the half-shell. Uncle Snerd liked to eat Watermellon; he was a Nigger! So one day while he was in his favorite Watermellon patch, a mean old hate-mongering farmer came up to him and said "Hey there, turtle! You can't eat my watermellons, you nigger." Uncle Snerd felt so badly about this unpleasant incident that he burned a Star of David on Sammy Davis Jr.'s lawn.

.....  
"Bath tub gin? That's when you have three kings, four nines and four bathtubs."  
.....

"See, there's this future world where everyone is either a Donahoian or a Breenian, and..ah.."

"I really don't know," said Steve Stiles slowly, "I really just couldn't say. I mean, like, you know how it is, if you just don't know."

"No," responded Dick thoughtfully, "As a matter of fact, I wouldn't say I knew how it was at all. That is, I'd rather hear you say how you thought it was, I mean, not knowing and all. How is it, when you just don't know."

"Well," said Steve, "Let us take an example, shall we. Perhaps that will make things clearer."

"Clearer?" asked Dick suspiciously.

"Well, yes. Suppose, just suppose," he began, in the manner of one about to score a telling point, "that Dr. Carson had just strapped you to a table, and was preparing to turn you into a bug."

"Clearer?" Dick asked again, unwilling to relinquish the point.

"We can come back to that if you like," Steve said airily, feigning indifference.

"Do you think we should?" queried Dick, suddenly hesitant.

"You expect me to decide everything?" Steve shot back, bluffing magnificently.

"How would it be if we used 'excrement' instead," Dick muttered compromisingly, returning to the issue at hand.

"I don't know," said Steve slowly, "Really, I just don't know."

\* \* \*

The point at hand, you will recall, was the problem of obscenity in fanzines, and the growing prevalence of this unfortunate practice. There was a time, once, when I was a young neo, that a fan could carry a fanzine home and show it proudly to his parents. "This," he could say, "is a fanzine. It is an amateur periodical produced as a hobby by a number of science-fiction enthusiasts. We are going to make over the world. We are going to apply scientific method to the solution of Man's everyday problems. There is no reason why the fruits of science should be applied only to the bloody business of war and the cruel exploitation of the poor for the lining of the pockets of the rich.

"The day is coming," the neo could say, "mark ye well, paternal parent o' mine, mark ye well, mamma. The time will yet be when science and logic are used to decide the vital issues of the world's affairs, when international disputes will be settled by means of a marvelous device, which is dubbed the Auto-electrophocile Gernsbackophone. This incredible invention is actually composed of two cuprous tubes, copper being the twenty-fourth element in Lamarck's Periodic Table, with an atomic number of 084.66°, a specific gravity of twelve, and a relative electroconductive capacity of approximately six or forty.

"The atomic structure of the copper molecule is composed of a nucleus of tiny sun composed of pronouns and elections about which rotate in their respective orderly orbits, neutrals and satellites. The copper molecule is one of our more better-known monatomic molecules, meaning that A SINGLE COPPER ATOM MAKES UP AN ENTIRE MOLECULE! This is in distinction from diatomic molecules, such as that of helium or gold, and triatomic molecules such as ozone and selenium, and ammonium molecules which do not exist at all!!!"

\* \* \*

"Now I have been taking obese and copious notes," said the learned dissertationarian, "and this is only as it should be. The molecules and atoms produce, altogether the effect as so pertinantly described, if I may be allowed."

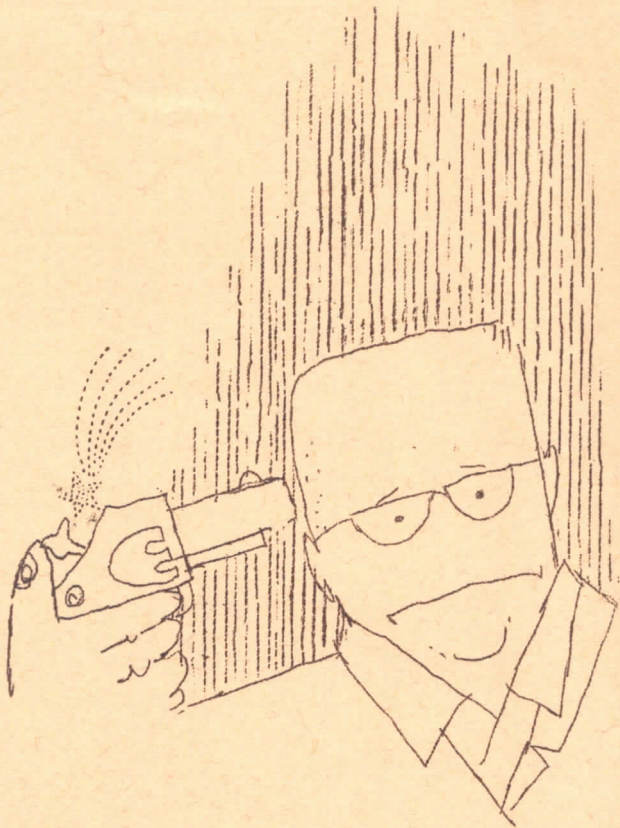
"Yes."

"But if I may for the moment digress," he continued after the interruption, "That is, to return to the formative point or, as we say in certain intellectual fan circles, 'something.' Tantamount in this discussion, I should think, is the question: This not only leads us to consider the reproussions inherant in blowing soap=bubbles in the sink, it leaves one with a sinking feeling upon ultimat contemplation as well."

"But isn't there a basic dichotomy there?" the neofan was wont to ask. (So, naturally, being a neofan, he did. Ask.)

The learned dissertationarian did not, at first, deign to reply; rather, he wrinkled his forehead in consternation. He sighed a sigh for which he was famous and said, "Please, if you can't talk sense, don't talk to me."

And the great discussion was at an end.



WHY WE DECIDED NOT TO....

Pelz opened the envelope casually, as he had come to open the smudged manilla envelopes containing fan publications in the weeks since his marriage. Dinner was over, he sat back content, smiling at his wife, really hardly more than his bride, he thought, with a sudden rush of emotions that he could hardly separate and identify. Joy was there, love surely and emphatically, and gratitude too... Gratitude to whom?

Pelz was not a religious man, but he could not help feeling that someone or something, some greater being than himself was responsible for the plent with which his life was filled.

He laughed. "Thanks, Roscoe!"

Pelz's eyes ran over the shelves of hand-bound volumes that lined the room, as his own hands, strong and meaty hands, competent hands, deftly opened the day's mail. He turned his attention to the newly received letters and magazines, his eye flicking across the rows of bound FAPA and SAPS mailings, and the shelves of bound volumes of complete sets of defunct fan periodicals, where the crisp new buckram of the complete XERO, Index and all, resided alongside rows of older defunct zines: OOPSLA!, INNUENDO, GAUL, VOID...all the way back to FANDANGO.

Pelz examined the day's mail. There was a note from Hal Lynch in Philadelphia, a new SCOTTISHE from Ethel Lindsay, another installment of PARKER'S PEREGRINATIONS, and here, in the back of the batch, an envelope from Pat and Dick Lupoff...familiar rubber stamped return address, red ink, and all.

Pelz slipped the slim magazine out of the envelope, wondering what new title had been selected. He turned the magazine over so that its front was visible, and read the title and number: XERO 11.

Bruce wept.

That's why we didn't do it. That's why we decided not to...  
...call this one-shot XERO 11.

=====  
WHAT IS LIFE WITHOUT LOVE,

OR DINNER WITHOUT WINE?

--HENRI IV.

OR FANPUBLISHING WITHOUT CORFLU?

--R.W.B.S.I.F.

POEM PAGE

Pussy

There was an old pussy-cat, withered and grey,  
Who sat in an alley and zrrttled all day,  
When Grrmrians landed and conquered the earth  
She zmmphed and grkkled and had kittens.

Fandom

Beanie, beanie, on my head, in the shower and the bed  
When the deadline comes each 1/4th  
No one knows how to ponounce that figure.

When We Dig the Aspiring Universe

I certainly no poet am  
And when I write poems everyone knows it.  
When beautiful birdies fly over my head,  
I wish the smelly things would drop dead.

AICFTC

When the need for something to read was about to drive us loopy  
A fannish booster named Shuster went out and drew Supe.

But now when we deluged be by Superman's deriders,  
They give us spiders.

Ode on the Death of a Favorite Clock

Tick tock.  
Tick tock.  
Tick tock.  
Tick...

A Clock On The Ode Of A Favorite Death

Whenever I ain't got enough  
money to see things through  
I look for someone to cough  
it up for me; free dough  
from anyone I can get  
it from.  
Big deal.

Retchingly, sobbingly, puking up his stinking guts, Tim Garber struggled to reach the door of his farden before the final grey blackness of deepening shadows could engulf the final feeble spark of his fast-fading consciousness. Four more steps, three, but he fell, his knees striking hard abrasive cement sidewalk.

Garber struggled forward, pulling himself painfully forward on bleeding, searing forward hands and forward screaming knees. Four feet to go, three, and he collapsed entirely, struggling to throw himself forward with the last bit of momentum that he could obtain from the sheer weight of his painfully thin body. Forward.

He had barely the strength to move his left hand, the one with three fingers left on it, to the doorsill, wanking it forward on swollen, livid fingers. He reached over the sill with his left pinky and tapped twice on the kickplate. Two feeble taps, that was the final limit of his strength, and then blackness, mercifull, blessed, holy, sacramental unconsciousness descended over Gerber's fevered brain, and he found release in sleep.

Slowly, slowly, the door opened inward onto darkness. Two eyes, glowing as if from electro-luminescence, peered out at the broken and bleeding body. There was the soft swish-swish of turning beanie-prop. Nothing more.

Garber's parched lips moved, a withered and cracked tongue tried to for words. "Ungh, argh," he said. "Ungh, ungh, argh." Then the dark shape came from behind the door; it was obvious from the slow shuffling step, the ink-stained beanie, that it was a fan.

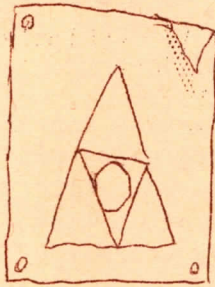
Despite his condition, the mangled body tried to lift itself from the floor. Violently, it pushed back, despite the broken condition of its hands, despite the painful convulsions that were brought on by this. For the first time, intelligible words came from the excuse of a mouth: "Fan...no...can't...oh, ghod!" There was one final painful convulsion before the looming shape was upon him; he lapsed into painful and soul-searing sobs, a veritable sea of unstoppable tears.

\*\*

There was the period of time during which a soothing blackness engulfed him and nothing of the dreadful reality he had faced could hurt him. How long this period lasted he could not say, but eventually he became aware that he was lying on a soft bed and that someone was forcing a soothing liquid -- bheer! -- down his throat. He opened his eyes to what was obviously a fan's room.



4B  
0



3A  
0

BLEED  
BLEED  
BLEED

BLEED  
BLEED  
BLEED

BLEED  
BLEED  
BLEED

BLEED  
BLEED  
STUESILES



A stern face looked at him. "My name's Stylus. Steve Stylus. You're obviously Tim Gerber. Want to tell me about it?"

CHAPTER TWO: GARBER'S EXPLANATION

Garber looked about him, trying desperately to stall for time while he collected his thoughts and prepared to tell Stylus. All about him, Tim could see the artifacts that had been, for so long so dear to him, but were now only the bitter reminder of a past not merely lost, but utterly proscribed to him. The complete bound set of Miracle Stories on one shelf, their Dold-illuminated pages laminated in plasticlear elastipreservative. The two-yard high set of Fantasy-Times -- INCLUDING THE RECORD EDITION! The autographed program booklets from Cons all the way back to the Beginning. The lifelike statuette in flesh-colored plastic, of a beautiful, voluptuous femme standing on her toes, making her ankles look thin, her arms raised to the fullest height bringing into play the pectorals, stretching them to tautness, raising and pointing the perfect, tiny nipples of the figurine. And in each hand, raised above the spike-braceletted wrists, two tiny daggers, their miniature points needle-sharp, tipped with lifelike blood-colored dye. Or was it die?

Garber let his eyes track back across the room, along the shelves containing the complete mint run of Arkham House books, passing lightly over the fresco of Frazetta originals, to the stern face bending over him. Garber's eyes widened in horror and amazement as he looked deeper into those steel-grey eyes, and down, past the granite-like chin to the soft smooth neck and the richly rounded curves so poorly concealed by the wispy adornments of the figure bending so close above him.

Steve Stylus was a girl -- the girl in the statue!

CHAPTER THREE: GARBER'S EXPLANATION

But then the waves of fever lifted from Garber's burning (but fannish!) brow, and he was then able to percieve reality, and not get so damned confused about genders and suchlike. "Ah, Dupoff!" he murmured through clenched jaws, "Lick Dupoff! The f-fakefan!"

Stylus stared at the broken body of his once cheerful and gay friend. "Want another beer? Or perhaps a smoke?"

"Must t-tell you..." It was a supreme effort. Sweat stood out like plastic tears of Jesus an Garber's contorted face.

"Tell me what? You purchased a new record? Say, that reminds me; remember all the times you used to discuss esoteric facts about music, and I, an art student, hadn't the slightest idea of what you were talking about? Well, I've turned over a new leaf. I know everything about music. Wow!

Are you familiar with the Harold Arlen Song Book?!"

"Stylus, you dope, this important! I've got to tell you..."

"Tell me what? But let me tell you about this great new record I've discovered at The Record Hunter. It's baroque, first of all....."

But Garber was not listening. He was dead, in fact.

#### CHAPTER FOUR: GARBER'S EXPLANATION

"Listen," Garber continued. "If you'd just be quiet a minute and pay attention..."

"But...but you're dead. I saw you die."

"Never mind that," Garber almost shouted. "This is important."

"Garber old friend. I knew you had a stout heart. Fandom always did mean more to you than life itself. But to think of you carrying on like this after you've, you've..." Stylus could not bring himself to utter the awful word.

"Steve old friend, please, please shut up."

"Yes, I know, there is so little time."

But time had run out. With a crack of rending wood the door split under the impact of a mighty blow. Again the harsh sound boomed, and the door fell away in fragments. Framed in the portal stood a black cloaked figure, fist half raised in readiness for a third knock had the first two been less effective than was in fact the case. The revolver in his left hand pointed menacingly at Stylus' bound volumes of Unknown. "Don't force me to use this," he commanded, scooping Garber's protesting corpse up and cautiously backing toward the door. He took one step, then another, feeling his way. One more backward step, and he would be safely away. His automatic never wavered, its deadly muzzle pointed straight at the Unknown's. Stylus hesitated.

"Well, good-bye," he said. That was the last he ever saw of Tim Garber.

#### CHAPTER FIVE: GARBER'S EXPLANATION

There was a shot in the dark. Garber was dead. "If Garber isn't dead this time the laugh will certainly be on me." mused Stylus, "But hark! A note has dropped to the floor, almost swallowed up by a stack of SATA Illustrated's." He bent over and retrieved the note which had fallen from Garber's broken and battered body\* (\*All his teeth were knocked out, his arms were broken in four places, his head was slightly split open. Ahahaha.)

\*The Note\*: "By the time you will be reading this I will be dead. Please let FANAC know. Or, um, Starspinkle. Undoubtedly, you'll be wondering about the whys & wherefores regarding my fate. This then is an explanation, or, if you will, "Garber's Explanation". Or, seeing as I'm dead and all perhaps "Less Garber!" would be more appropriate. Anyway, it all began in the early sixties. The West was in a decline, Inchmery was kaput,

and things were pretty quiet in the South and Midwest. Oh, Arn Kamp produced his two ForSorry Annuals, and they were both great, especially the first one, WHO SAVED FANDOM? ...and the Carlsons never missed with YAMCROW, but there was no cohesiveness, no sense of a movement taking place.

"Except on the East Coast. Particularly in New York. Just tick off a few of the zines coming out of New York. BANTOOM, CANCELLED, ORYX, BEACO, CHOP...even SELF-DESTRUCTION and ALLISAME, which were mere FAPA minaczines, were head-and-shoulders above anything being produced anywhere else in the fannish world.

"Fandom was obviously the secret controlling element in science fiction and everyone knows that SF was eventually going to conquer the world. But what nobody seemed to realize was that NEW YORK FANDOM WAS TAKING OVER ALL OF FANDOM!!!

"New York fandom had to be prevented from making its takeover, and the only way to prevent New York from ruling was to get the secret Master of New York Fandom: me! I had tried very carefully to cover my tracks, posing as a looney kazoo-playing little nut, deliberately talking in a squeaky voice, pretending to make more of some obscure record purchased in a fourth-rate shop for a cheap price than over such Really Important Things as, Where will I place in the GANAC Poll for three years ago? Where will I place four years ago? Five? How long will it take me to get into FAPA? Will I live that long? What does Harlan Ellison really think of me?"

The journal went on and on in the same vein, to Stylus's increasing boredom, but when the end of the journal was reached, it was obvious that Garber was either:

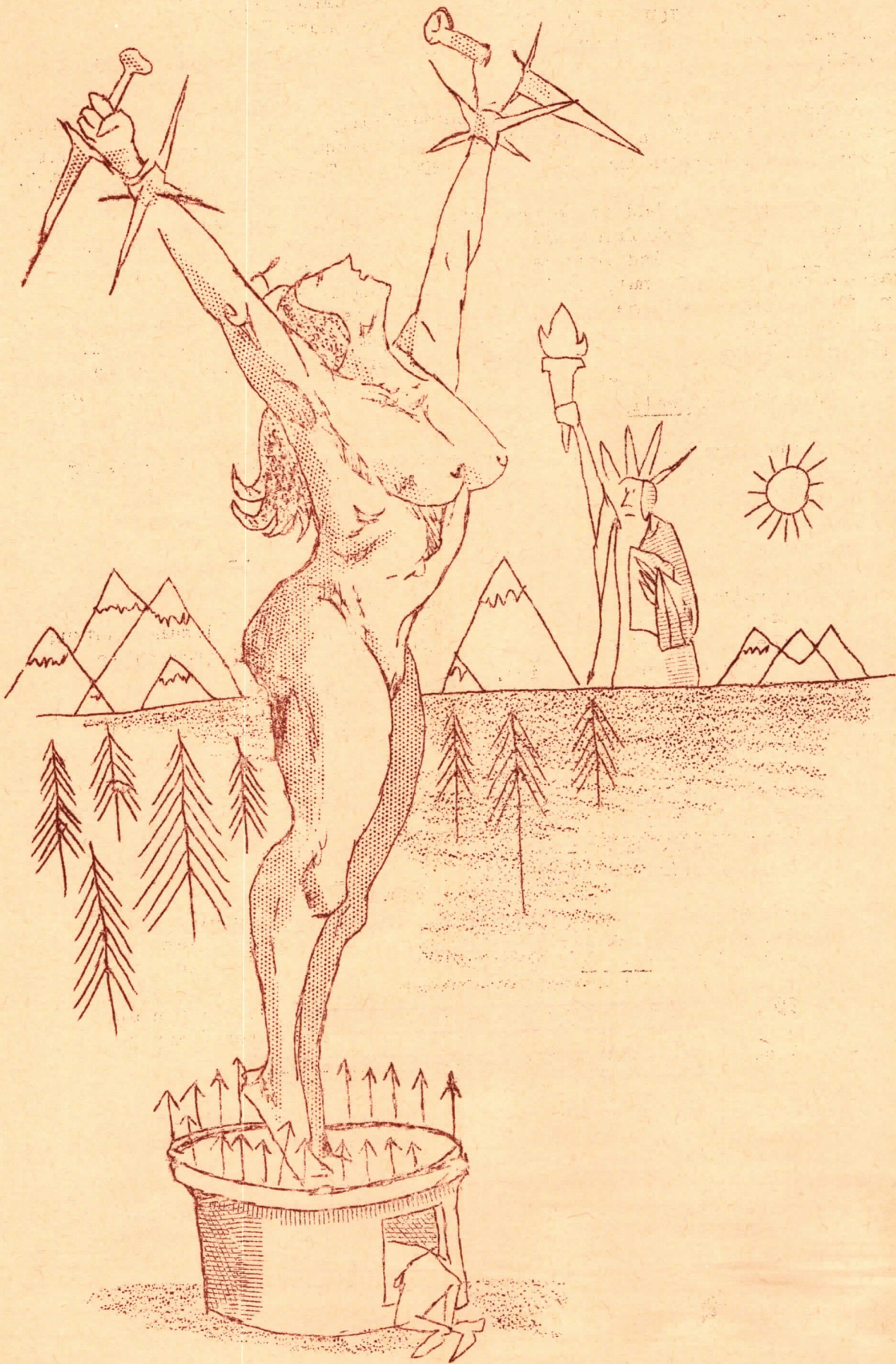
- (1) The victim of an incredibly insidious plot, or --
- (2) A hopeless paranoid who had somehow caused his own death in the process of acting out his own mad, crazy, looney, insane, untrue silly-dopey belief that he was the victim of a band of incredible bigotted hate-mongering meanies.

Which of the two was the actual really true valid belief to hold regarding the Garber case, Stylus had to find out.

#### CHAPTER SIX: THE MYSTERIOUS WOMAN

#### CHAPTER SEVEN: INTERLUDE IN PARADISE

(These two chapters are not really essential to the development of the plot, and might, in the opinion of the Editors, only serve to alienate the "family" audience of the Journal; therefore they are omitted from this edition of the saga. They may be obtained in sealed, plain wrappers by sending only \$14.95 per chapter to the editors. Please specify which chapter you wish. AMAZING MEDICAL DISCOVERY: Both chapter 7 and chapter 8 may be had at the special combined price of only \$29.95 if you hurry.)



## CHAPTER EIGHT: GARBER'S EXPLANATION

"Little wonder that my head feels like a crushed ping-pong ball after a night like that," Garber thought. "But, it was worth it, of course, and I certainly owe my life to that mysterious woman. Why if she hadn't..." There was, however, no time to be lost on pleasant reminiscences. Garber rose and dusted himself off. The leafy glade looked much the same as it had the night before. There was, of course, no sign of the mysterious woman, but then, how could there have been? There was nothing to be done but to make his way back to town. Garber passed through the line of trees and out into the open fields.

There just as he had left it hours earlier was the warper. To the casual passer-by it would not be noticable as a warper. It was not disguised nor was it wrapped in an invisishield. There was never a disguise that couldn't be pierced, and as for shielding...well, he'd leave such gimmicks to the boys who specialized in gimmickry. They might do all right in their own little way, but none of them had ever reached the top -- the real top -- the way Garber planned to. The top was reserved for the smart ones, the strong ones, the ingenious ones. No one would notice the warper because the warper was itself warped -- into the shape of a huge figure. Seventy feet tall it stood, to all appearance, an in actual fact thanks to the warp, a sixty-foot figure of a naked woman, cast in flesh-colored plastic. She stood on her toes, her ankles looking slimmer for it, her buttocks tensed, her abdomen drawn in, her arms reaching straight up, tensing her pectoral muscles so that her huge dugs jutted almost as much upward as they did forward, the two-foot diameter nipples straining forward as if to take flight from their rosy bases. In each spike-braceletted fist she held a sabre-tipped dagger, fully six feet long, dripping realistic artificial blood. Or was it artificial?

The sixty-foot statue, apparently cast of a single incredible blob of plastic, stood upon a hollow base, into which a door opened.

Garber entered.

## CHAPTER NINE: GARBER'S EXPLANATION

Taking down a Lemneg-Manel hyperspace voxmitter, Garber quickly established contact with Great Head Centre. In a crisp voice unlike that he used for his looney kazoo-playing little nut disguise, Garber delivered his explanation. The response from Great Head Centre was equally crisp, but far shorter. Garber replaced the voxmitter, smacked a control stud, and the entire incredible seventy-foot nude warped-off. No flash, no sound. Just, one minute, it was there. The next, it was still there. The next, it was gone. Warpings need a little warmup time, that is about their sole limitation.

## CHAPTER TEN: BACK AT THE FANDEN

Stylus sweated profusely over the stencil. He couldn't think, couldn't type, just sweat. "Your time's up," the cloaked figure said. "I gave you thirty-five minutes more than I gave Garber and you still haven't come up for a conclusion to the fan-epic I started at a one-shot session back in 1927." Stylus shuddered. "You know the punishment."

## CHAPTER ELEVEN: STYLUS EXPIRES

Retchingly, sobbingly, puking up his stinking guts, Steve Stylus struggled

bathtub gin

c/w jr w b s i s

dick lupoff steve stiles

rich brown rick norwood