

# Fanzine #1

is put out by Sylvia White, 107 Christopher St., New York 14, N.Y. at the sign of the Towering Twonk. FANZINE is free for fannish news items, contributions (not over 3 pages, please), trades, and letters-of comment. Occasionally you may see hitherto unpublished items from the dusty files of FLAFAN.

---

NEWS DEPT.— A NEW FAN CLUB, the Fanoclasts, has been formed in New York.

The Fanoclasts are a group of fans who are tired of the politics which till now have split New York fandom into (a) the ultraconservatives, who too often include Rotarian types who epitomize unfannishness, (b) the liberals, who have often been misidentified as "bohemians" (spoken with a sneer), who have attracted equally unfannish types from among party-loving Villagers, and (c) those who, because of dislike or distaste for the poorer aspects of each of the previous groups have remained separate from them.

The Fanoclasts are the first fannish club in New York in many years. The meetings might be likened to personal-level FAPA mailings, with unrestricted discussion along all lines mutually interesting, but with the understood background of common fannishness. A common feature is to adjourn after the meeting to a downtown Chinese restaurant for a midnight dinner.

The membership is restricted to fans conversant with active fandom and mutually approved of by the rest of the club. This mutual approval is not through any desire to be snobbish or black-balling, but simply in order to keep the group harmonious, without any possible internal dissension. Out-of-town visitors are welcome, providing they check with one of the Founders first.

The club has no official officers, but so far the following people have either joined or expressed interest in joining: Larry Ivie, AJ Budrys, Jock Root, Dave Foley, Martha Cohen, Bob and Barbara Silverberg, Andy Reiss, Les Gerber, Jeff Wanshell, (Bhob Stewart), (Bill Meyers), Marty Fleischman, Pete Graham, Hal Lynch, and Steve Stiles. The founders are Dick and Pat Lupoff, Ted and Sylvia White, and Larry and Noreen Shaw.





BOY FANARTIST LARRY IVIE has sold a series of illos to John W. Campbell of Astanalog. The drawings (which I think are some of his best) illustrate a story by Randy Garrett and Avram Davidson. Larry also has work coming up in issues of Amazing and Galaxy--and watch future Amazings for illos by Dan Adkins and George Barr.

THE JANUARY ROGUE has a six-page spread on the Newport riots by Ted White. The article is a sort of sensationalistic version of Ted's jazz "con report" in FAPA. The photo of the charming bearded fellow on the inside front cover was taken by Dick Lupoff on his terrace.

---

Ol' Josh Brandon's Blues — by TERRY CARR

NEW YORK FANDOM BLUES  
(to "Black Mountain Blues")

In New York fandom the fans are mean as they can be.  
Yes, in New York fandom the fans are mean as they can be.  
Well, each fan saves all his money just so he can pay his lawyer's fee.

Now, in New York fandom there is no sweetness and light.  
No, in New York fandom there ain't no sweetness and light.  
'Cause if you make friends with one fan his enemy will start a fight.

Well, when I moved to New York I didn't know what it was all about.  
When I moved to New York I didn't know what it was all about--  
Five feuds and a lawsuit later I finally began to find out.

Well, if you move to New York, boy, you're surely sealing your own doom.  
No, don't move to New York, boy--you'd only be sealing your doom.  
'Cause there are twenty feuding fanclubs, and they all meet in the same courtroom.

I can't move away, boy, though stayin' here ain't no fun.  
I'd like to move away, boy, 'cause stayin' here ain't no fun.  
Well, they'll sue me if I stay here, but they'll extradite me if I run.

Yeah, the fans here are mean, they read court dockets to get all the news.

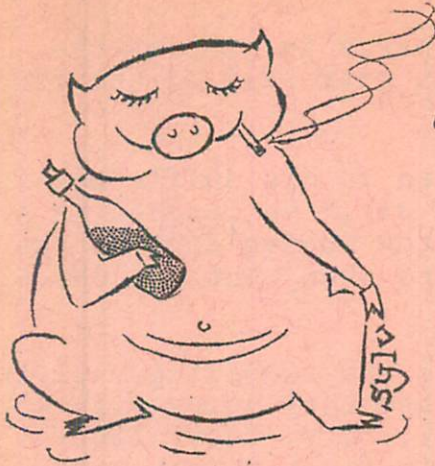
The fans here are mean, they read court dockets to get all the news.  
And I'm caught in the crossfire, I got the New York fandom blues...

---

Sign seen scrawled in a New York subway: Has New York made you dirty today?

---





# The Three Pigs

by RICHARD WINGATE

Once upon a time there were three pigs. Pig One was a bricklayer named Fritz. Pig Two was a carpenter named Hans. The third pig was beat. His name was Nick. His friends simply called him Pignick.

Pig One worked hard. He gathered more urinated straw around his sty than any other pig. He was fat. Pig Two did not work quite so hard. Still, he gathered a mound of rotted corncobs that made the neighbors quiver with envy. Pignick did not work. He was beat.

"Man that jazz is for the humans. Work? Like man, you just ain't with it. Here, look at this new volume on Zen by Suzuki. Like, it's the most," he would say when his older and better brothers chided him for his laziness. "Come on dad, lay off. Here, Bro', take a whiff of this pot. Genuine Red Mexican. It's crazy." And of course Pignick had women. Any hour of the day, any hour of the night, he would find girl-pigs crawling through the windows of his little stick and mud hut. Pignick was the most. He would lay on his small corncob mattress, idly puffing an Arabian water pipe, reading fanzines, and every now and then taking a long fiery draught of 89% Chianti. This was the life.

Pig One received intelligence that Wolf was back from the war in Indo-China, and decided to tighten the pig clan's defenses. First he built a brick and steel fortress. When his fort was completed, he warned Pig Two, and together they sweated and strained to erect a covering fort, on the theory that two forts are better than one. Then they both went off to bring Pignick into the plans. With a three fort triangle they could withstand any assault.

Pignick raised his marijuana-dulled eyes, propped himself on one unsteady elbow, brushed a sweet young brown pig thing from his lap, and spoke: "You're way out man; there ain't no wolf out there. Like, it's all in your mind. The concept of Wolf only exists if you BELIEVE it exists. Here, brothers, have a shot of Dago Red--best forty-nine cent wine on the market. The dago even washed his feet before he pressed it."

Pigs One and Two ran off in terror. They locked themselves behind the gates of their forts and waited.

Soon, over the hill a shaggy, flea-bitten, tick-encrusted, burbedragged wolf appeared. He surveyed the terrain, and laid his plans. Seeing the relative weakness of the three pig dwellings, he decided to attack the strong point first; and of course, knowing all



about guerrilla warfare, he tossed the first charge in just at the right spot and blew a great hole in the weakest rear wall of the brick and steel fort. He ate Pig One.

Then, wanting a little variety, he searched in his duffle bag for a pilfered thermite grenade. "Heh, heh, roast pig," he laughed as he tossed the grenade. The thermite soon burned the wooden fort to the ground. He waited for the fire to die down and then went in. He ate Pig Two.

Meanwhile, Pignick, hearing the explosions and squealings, blearily peered out his hut door. "Geez man, what are they doing with all that heat in the summer. Come on fellows! Hey, Mary, Suzy, let's make it up to the cool woods. It's like I can't fight this hot weather. Besides, that looks like a wolf eating my brother. Geez, my brother really BELIEVES in that wolf, don't he?"

So Pignick gathered his bottles of cheap wine and his nickle bags of pot, carting along a large barrel of food and stolen corn. He took his copy of "Ah, Sweet Idiocy", his Fancyclopedia, and a new book by Ron Parker called "The Secret Mythos" and headed for the cool country.

Meantime Wolf gorged himself on Pig Two, then being lonely for his grandmother in Sacramento, lit out. For all I know Pignick is still in the cool wood--eating, smoking pot, drinking holes in his liver, and don't forget... all those girls.

\*\*\*      \*\*\*      \*\*\*

The moral of this tale is: Eat, drink and be merry--it may save your life.

---

ATTENTION, RON ELLIK: I was talking with Noreen Shaw the other day and I asked her, "Read any good cookbooks lately, Noreen Shaw?"

"Yes," answered Noreen Shaw. "I've gotten loads of them lately. I like to try out all kinds of new recipes. You know, I got a really interesting cookbook from the library..."

"Oh?" I queried. "What kind?"

"Well," replied Noreen Shaw, "it's one of those books for farm wives put out by THE FARM JOURNAL or some such publisher. The first recipe, for instance, is their idea of what to serve the farmhands after a hard day's work."

"That sounds interesting," I said. "Say, Noreen Shaw, why don't you submit it to FANDOM'S COOKBOOK?"

"Well, I really don't think I should," said Noreen Shaw. "You see, it begins 'Mince 27 Squirrels'..."