

BEATNIQUE #1

\*\*\*\*\*  
Welcome to that famous fanzine called BEATNIQUE #1 published by those two sterling N'APANS Arnie Katz (c'est moi) and ~~Len Bailes~~ Judi Sephton. It is Wayout Publication #1, because we are way out on Long Island. It is also Katzac #55. I'm sure that this zine surprises you all to hell. I'm usually doing this type of thing with someone like Len Bailes. I will testify on a stack of apa that it is indeed the Fabulous Judi. Or else Len has taken to wearing tight skirts. We both live in various places. (Not together, you fowl minded dolts!!)

\*\*\*\*\*  
Without further ado, here's Judi:

Well, not until the annulment is granted, at any rate! A little ol' temptation never hurt anyone and there are some aspects of sinful living that would make for interesting living.... Len Bailes does not have that manner of thinking to any great length and certainly not the courage to admit to the idea (all in fun, of course, but don't all get the wrong ~~of right~~ idea. Show me anyone who professes to be a saint and I will show you a SINNER! ... After all, this is the one and only 100% off-beat, half-moral and half-immoral fanzine, herewith and truly designated as BEATNIQUE, it will try to stay within the limits of the libel and censorship laws, but laws CAN be stretched a little.... The deponents, being duly sworn (and swearing) do declare that they will ~~not~~ take full responsibility for this action:

Whereas: The above named BEATNIQUE is wholly conceived, written and published by Way Out Publications, Inc. (For all that that means!)

Whereas: Arnold Katz and Judi Sephton are the writers, editors, et. al. of BEATNIQUE

This is dated 19 March 1965, in the county of Nassau, New York State

(IT CAN'T BE PROPERLY SIGNED BECAUSE 1- we have no witnesses and 2- one of us hasn't got the License authorizing that person as a Notary Public of the State of New York - the SOVEREIGN State of N.Y.) And you all can guess who that one is!

Here's Arnie, THE KATZ:

Gee, that makes two colophons in a row. Maybe we should just continue on our merry way typing colophon after colophon. On the other hand maybe we shouldn't. In fact, I'm quite sure we shouldn't, especially since we would be stealing Rich Mann's thunder. Rich, delights in long colophons, you know.

I notice that Judi says this is a half moral, half immoral fanzine. I would very much like to know which of us is the moral one and which is the immoral. I hope Judi won't tell me, either. Perhaps we could compromise and say that we are both half-moral.

Judi is presently standing at my side reading the previous stencil and making deprecating remarks about herself. I think she is just Fishing for Compliments. Judi just almost met my brother, but I shoed him out before they could even speak.

As long as I'm typing, perhaps I should tell you all about how I was a tennage idol or something One Time. I was up at school one morning, not doing anything in particular, when I decided to walk down Main Street and stop in at Herzog's, the only place to get SF mags. Well, Herzog's is about six blocks down, and it's six long blocks. I walked down to Herzog's and had to pass one of the big movie theaters on the way. The theater, which was showing "My Fair Lady" was deserted, as one would expect at ten in the morning. I bought some stuff at Herzog's and walked back. This time there were a couple of hundred girls in front of the movie. A good number of them were rather young, but some were in the mid-teens. Now, when a girl stands in 30 degree weather with an open jacket, it's because she wants you to look. So, being a typical guy, I don't want to hurt their feelings. Right? So, I am looking. All of a sudden, they started screaming. "Ooooooo, it's the Man! It's him" So, naturally, I looked around to see who it was. There wasn't anyone around. Then, I realized that they were shouting at me. A couple rushed up to me, intentions uncertain. I played it cool and just kept walking. As I crossed the street, I could hear some of the girls crying a little. And I heard one girl sob, "I guess it wasn't him" I really felt Great. Look out Beatles here comes the Bearded Wonder, only maybe "Not". -Athe K Take it away, Judi.

I did get a chance to say "Greetings, Ira!" before the hasty departure of Arnie's brother (assisted by Arnie- with a "BUE, DELIBERATE SPEED!") Fishing For Compliments, ME?? Well, I have a lovely specimen of a 100% Inferiorty Complex. How I got that is another story and is a matter for lawyers, doctors, etc.

Well I guess I'd better tell you that my former name, Beatty, is a GOOD, HONORABLE IRISH name. The Beatty family had its origins in County Meath, Ireland and my Great-Grandfather emigrated to this "Land of the Stranger" from the ould Sod at the time of the Potato Blight and bein' a true Irishman, he probably had the English Gendarmes on his neck for trying to feed his starving relatives. The funny thing about this is that one of my relatives (distant, of course,) happens to be a titled member of the nobility; we are among the "poorer relations". So being Irish, we celebrate St. Patrick's Day from family custom. This includes the Parade (there is no parade like an Irish parade), Irish and Scotch Whiskey and Corned Beef and Cabbage. Well, I also had a class scheduled at Pace College and had to attend and therefore, I went (in all that sleet, we had snow and rain on St. Patrick's evening) but the instructor didn't show up! When I think of how comfortable I could have been (with the whiskey and food) I could put an old Gaelic Curse on her (female instructor). I learned Gaelic and the Black Arts from an Irish uncle by the name of Kelleher. Well, to celebrate the Day, I wore GREEN nail polish, a green and white ribbon

with the words "ERIN GO BRAGH" on it and a big green button with a white shamrock (shamrocks are green) and imprinted in big, bold letters were the words "KISS ME, I'M IRISH!" Well, everyone looked at my hands and seemingly were either aghast or turning green (in the face of it all) and one guy had the unmitigated gall to ask "What happened to your nails?" I quickly answered "Nothing: It just happens to be St. Patrick's Day!" This character replies "Is that all it is?" Now, I ask you, Is THAT WHAT ONE SAYS TO AN IRISH person on "HIS" or "HER" day of festivities? Will someone please tell me just WHAT is wrong with GREEN nail polish, anyway? I always wear unusual nail polish on other occasions. I have blue, purple, green, coffee, beige, white, gold, silver, etc. nail polish in among my cosmetics and I do wear the appropriate shade with different dresses. If there is ANYTHING far out in cosmetics on the market, I buy it. I am going to get some black nail polish. I do remember seeing it on sale someplace down in the Village. You will all see what I mean at some Convention or Fan gathering in the future.

Arnie has some typewriter, which we are presently using, it is just beautiful. The marginal release needs repair, the keys stick to whatever is being typed and together. They especially LOVE to stick to stencils. I type 60 words per minute on other typewriters, electric and certain manuals. I have typed on every possible kind of typewriter as I do type for students, lawyers (my favorite men and bosses), myself - I do have term papers, fanac, etc.. BUT, never and I do mean never, have I ever seen or touched a typewriter like this one! I no longer have long fingernails and few typists ever have long, tapering nails. This robs one of their best weapon as fingernails do come in handy in an attack by the criminal element that now roam about this metropolitan area; and the news headlines can backup this statement.

Here, Arnie, YOU take over and don't forget the corflu!

I resent, I say I resent, that remark about the criminal element. I mean, who does she think is going to attack her here? Surely she doesn't think.... No, I should hope not.

// Of course not! But, to quote a lawyer, while he cross-examined a naive witness for the prosecution, "YOU SAID IT, I DIDN'T!"//

Later.... Much later, time has passed between inception and completion-

Here we are again, back for the fourth, and this time readable page of BEATNIQUE. As if you couldn't tell by the use of an appositive clause, this is lovable old Arnie the K. Only, maybe he isn't so lovable. Here I've been gone for three whole months and Judi, co-creator of this, the raunchiest zine in N'APA didn't even remark on by absence of Beard. What's worse, she didn't even kiss me hello. Just goes to show you how these one-shots degenerate all over the place. A kiss was the very least one would have expected one one's fellow partner in crime, especially when one's fellow partner in crime isn't a fellow but a Real Live \*femnefan\*

This zine is a FREUDIAN ~~1477~~ CREATION.... Arnie looks MUCH better without the beard. How could Arnie expect to be kissed with his family around? That is something to be done at a better time. I said that this zine was Freudian, Reading matter of late included Krafft-Ebing's PSYCHOPATHIA SEXUALIS - now that it is in paperback edition. Who hasn't read CANDY yet? I read that months ago when we first started this zine. Throughout this zine, there runs what is called "questionable wording" but who the Hell cares? Well, we had to get an 4-letter \*honest\* word in here SOME place! If we didn't, you'd never believe it. We guarantee, furthermore, that there will NEVER be ANOTHER fanzine like BEATNIQUE!

Well, Judi-Bhaby, my parents are both away now, and my dear sweet adorable little brother has gone to bed, and he is in dream land. so commere you. This is looking up, maybe fen. I don't know if this will be the last BEATNIQUE. Strange and wonderous are the ways of feh with mimeos.

Well, I left myself defenseless for that, Arnie wasn't studying for courses while away at school, at least not ALL the time. Well, I just gave him \$2.00 "for services rendered" - not what you think, people, but the Post Office has to be PAID to mail this IF IT PASSES POSTAL INSPECTION!! If this isn't the last BEATNIQUE, I can only take pleasure in surmising what the nextish will or won't contain within its pages. We should maybe do this with red mimeo ink not that that's good for the eyes but red IS an appropriate color for this sort of thing.... I wonder why....

Oh I don't know Judi, maybe I should have given you the two dollars or something. That was Quite Nice and All That. Actually, I did spend all my time studying up at Buffalo. There are no true blue gorgeous femnefen in Buffalo, like you for instance.

Just a minute! I'M NOT THAT KIND OF FEMMEFANNISH TYPE. \$2.00 is a Very Cheap Price for one of those type of girls. After all, I have a Matrimonial Action before the Supreme Court and I have to stay out of that kind of trouble. The idea isn't that objectionable but let's be logical and keep within the law. I have to be Pure as the Driven Snow in order to win that Annulment, so I can't do anything but wait til everything is legally settled, preferably soon.

Guys, I didn't do, honest I didn't she's still as pure as the East time her gay husband did his best. Really, you wouldn't suspect ole clean livin' Arn, now would you. I demand a recount. Don't go away please don't. Y ou haven't heard my explanation yet. I relly do have...