

B E T E NO I R E number 58, autumn 1976, edited and published for the Fantasy ~~XXXXX~~ (no corflu) Amateur Press Association by Grey Boggs, General Delivery, San Clemente, California. This issue is intended for FAPA mailing No. #157 and APAL Distribution No.626.

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My Life and Loves, by Grey Boggs

No, it will soon be ~~XXXXX~~ White Boggs, because my hair is almost white now. "Nor grew it white in a single night" (Byron). It has taken a dozen years to whiten my hair and bring me to this low state. I am now a beachbomber on the beach at San Clemente.

It all began when Goldwater was elected president of the U.S. in

November 1964. I managed to escape to Guadalajara, where I became a taster in a tequila plant and published the Mexican edition of Lighthouse and of Shaggy on a handpress in an abode hut back of the Cuarto Azul, a local casa de putas.

But after 7 years of Goldwater the mail service from the U. S. began to break down. The U. S. postal employees began to steal my mail too. I didn't mind their taking contraband like the underground POINTING VECTOR BUT when they stole the May 1972 issue of QUARK -- which featured artwork by Kathryn Trimble -- it was the last straw and I made plans to return to the U. S. Finally I sneaked back over the border disguised as a bracero coming to work in the California girlie magazine industry (under the Republican morality no 100% American would work there). I had nothing but the clothes on my back and my choice tequila bottle collection.

The administration of President Weclch was even more of a fiasco than the 8 years of Goldwater, and despite the appointment of Al Halvvy as the head of the FBI, I felt safe enough. I knew enough to stay out of mezzanines. I hid out in the L. A. Public library, which of course was empty and deserted after they had banned all the books and burned them in Pershing Square.

Then came the ~~xxx~~ appointment of William Lloyd Donaho D.D. as the Postmaster General. During his famous campaign to assure the purity of the ~~xxxx~~ mails, he banned SERCON'S BANEM and I knew things were getting worse. I escaped from the library, disguised behind a copy of GONE WITH THE WIND (the only Real Literature still allowed in the country) and walked down to San Clemente beach, where for two and a half years I have been living on raw shrimp and seaweed salad.

Luckily a ship was wrecked off shore just then and a mimeograph and a battered typewriter ~~was~~ were washed ashore. So I have managed to publish BETE NOIRE REGULARLY (oops), even though I have had no contact with Terry Carr, Bill Rotsler, Harry Warner, Ted White, Walter Breen, and all the rest of my old FAPA associates, and I don't even know who the OE is. I have stacked up all my issues dated from San Clemente ~~xxxx~~ beach and will forward them when I learn who to mail them to.

I have high hopes that things will get better at last just as soon as John Boardman is elected president of the U.S. this November. (The Party's Best Plank is Boardman!). Then I can shave off this beard and rejoin civilization.

**BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE:**

This sheet is really being circulated with FAPA mailing #109, autumn 1964, and with APA L Distribution #3, 5 November 1964. A few extra copies of this sheet in both editions (for information on the first edition, see below) are available on request, from Redd Boggs, P. O. Box 57242, Los Angeles, California, 90057.

**HISTORICAL NOTE:**

This Bete Noire #58 comes (thank God!) from another time track. The other side of this sheet was originally published for distribution at the LASFS costume party, Halloween night 1964 at the Labyrinth, 619 South Hobart, Los Angeles. About 25 or 30 copies on sleazy yellow paper were Gestetnered for the party. The fanzine went with my costume, that of a beachcomber. Gretchen Schwenn (who went as a worshipper of Kali, a Thug) depicts me in my beachcomber identity in the cartoon to the right. For my impersonation of Grey Boggs/1976/ I grew a beard (now happily extinct) and greyed my hair and whiskers by copious application of Nestle Streaks 'n' Tips hair color. This foul and poisonous paint shampooed out and now I am once again,

**REDD BOGGS**

