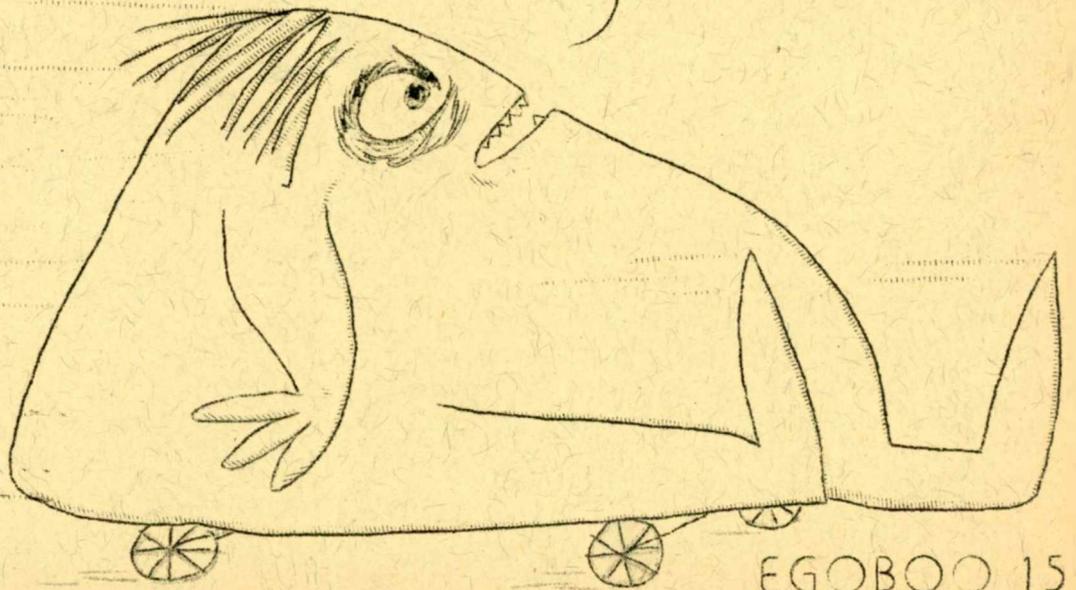


I AM THE
VANGUARD
OF
FANNISH
FANDOM!



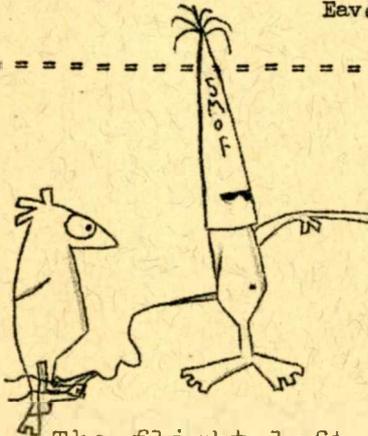
EGOBOO

is brought to you by those hyperactive fans, John D. Berry (625 Scott, apt 607, San Francisco, Ca., 94117) and Ted White (1014 N. Tuckahoe St., Falls Church, Va., 22046). EGOBOO is available for most, if not all of the Usual Reasons, or for \$1.00 an issue, if you insist on sending us filthy lucre. This

issue we're running a special on Original Letters of Comment. If we publish your letter next issue, you'll win a special bound set of Typos from Galaxy--or, a cancelled check for \$10.00 made out to Cy Chauvin. Write now! Act without thinking! Write now! Art by Rotsler, ATom, and anyone else whose signature you recognize. QWERTYUIOPressed on March 17, 1972--Hi, Fanoclasts! Deimos Publication 64.

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"DANCE BENEATH THE DIAMOND SKY"
 A PLAY IN MANY ACTS by JOHN D. BERRY

The flight left at eight o'clock in the morning, and I had been up until nearly four packing. Stuffing a knapsack and a suitcase with the little rit I wanted to take with me was nothing; packing away everything I was leaving behind took hours and entirely too much lifting and carrying. At about midnight I had rendezvoused with Ken Brubaker and sold him my car, after using it to carry innumerable boxes from Stanford to Joe Rolfe's attic in Palo Alto. At six o'clock I rose and set out bravely to meet the bus that was going to the airport. I wore a large knapsack on my back over my winter coat, and I was carrying a very large suitcase in one hand and a typewriter and a Pan Am flightbag in the other. It just seemed heavy when I started out; by the time I reached the center of campus, I was staggering and sweating and changing hands every fifty feet. When you're carrying that much weight, little detours make a lot of difference; I found the way through Tresidder Union locked and I had to walk around the building, cursing. There was no one around at that hour to hear me.

The bus was where it should be, and as soon as I had deposited my bags and climbed aboard I assumed the position that I was to occupy, with variations, for nearly twenty hours: collapsed exhausted in a cramped seat. There were subtle differences in the seats--bus, airport waiting room, plane (with a brief break in New York), and finally bus again, from Orly airport to Tours--but my exhaustion didn't diminish much the whole time. I find it nearly impossible to sleep on airplanes or in any of the other scientifically-designed seats for travelers in various vehicles. It's not a matter of being unable to sleep while in motion; it's simply that such seats are designed for smaller people, and I cannot curl up or stretch out in any really comfortable position. I was tempted to lie down in the aisle of the airplane.

All the passengers in the plane were on their way to a Stanford overseas campus, either France or Italy. There were people who social-

dance beneath the diamond sky--II

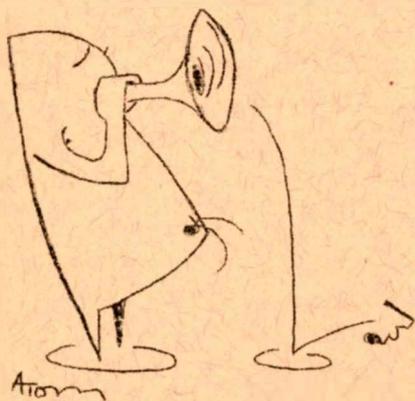
ized and regarded the whole ride as one long party, but I contented myself with getting to know the two girls beside me and spent most of my time trying to sleep. Pan Am showed itself flexible and adaptable, able to keep up with changing times: this meant serving us four meals in the course of our two-part flight, just as if we really had spent twenty-four hours in the air. (We spent about twelve, not counting a two-hour stopover in New York.) By the time we reached Tours, where we were immediately fed lunch, there were those of us whose stomachs had embarked on a concerted plan of protest. There was a March on Washington in my small intestines, a Democratic National Convention beneath my belt. It was a relief to reach Tours and stretch out on a soft bed at last. Even if it was a foot too short.

I had no feelings of shock and amazement on arriving in France, since I had been there twice before. But there was, as always, a sense of wonder that I really was there, physically, with my feet on French ground. I have spent so much time in my life taking mental journeys to far corners of the earth that to put my mind in France is nothing, but to feel my body there is indeed wondrous. For each of us, where we are determines our view; it's the seat from which we look out on the world. That's our perspective. One of my greatest joys in life is to see from new perspectives, but there is a qualitative difference between imagining myself someplace and actually being there--a difference that I obviously can't communicate here, since you are only with me in your imagination.

The first few days were punctuated by a series of meetings to introduce the staff and administration and to discuss such things as field trips and "Life at Stanford-in-France." The French professors impressed me as being the kind of extraordinary teachers you only find on occasion at Stanford. I was prepared to have my time planned out for me during that nebulous time called "orientation," so I was caught off-guard when they gave us lots of free time. At first I used it to sleep off my exhaustion, but as I adjusted to the new life I found lots of extra time on my hands. (Breakfast is always at 7:30, and a couple of days after arriving I said to someone else at breakfast, "Now I know I'm getting used to the local time; it really feels like 7:30 in the morning.") The first organized expedition we had was on Friday, the day after we arrived, when twenty of us visited a wine cave near Tours with M. Loyau. He makes Vouvray, a fine white wine, and he owns and runs the entire operation himself. He is seventy-five, short, white-haired, and slightly hard of hearing, and he has a gleam in his eyes. He doesn't speak a word of English, but he speaks French slowly and with the clear accents of Touraine, and as he does so he leans very close to you, sometimes less than six inches from your face. He has been hosting Stanford students at his winery for over ten years, and he loves us and always recognizes you once he's talked to you. He has a slow way of releasing his sentences one by one and letting them flow out upon the waters, but all that's required is a nod or a remark and he'll go on at length and tell you all sorts of things you didn't know before. While we sat in his cave, which is part of the network of pre-Christian caves cut into the bluff that parallels the river, M. Loyau regaled us for an hour with the entire history of wine-making, with parentheses and four-part harmony, from ancient Egypt to the present day. I will not attempt to explain it here. M. Loyau is one of the finest products of Tours, a vintage winemaker aged to perfection.

Sunday the entire group piled into a sumptuous tour bus and went to Loches, a historic town some thirty-odd kilometers southeast of Tours. On the way we had ample time to observe the French countryside. It reminded me of the East Coast of the United States; there were the same thin trees with their haze of bare grey branches waving in the late-winter wind, although the hills were more gentle and rolling than the parts of the East Coast that I'm used to. At Loches we took, alas, a guided tour: sixty-six American college students all crowding through an ancient chateau. Loches is a unique place in that there are some five or six separate historical monuments there; we walked through the chateau, built in parts from the Middle Ages on and having served as one of the many residences of the itinerant French court; the chapel, which I wandered into briefly to admire the stained glass; and the dungeon. The dungeon was no simple affair. Part of it was a building many stories high, whose walls were built entirely of stone but whose floors might have been wood, since they had all collapsed or been removed from the central area of the building. We climbed up a winding, spiraling stairway to reach the top, which was just a fenced-in place on top of the outer wall; from the top we could see the entire town and the countryside all around, and we could also peer down several storeys to the floor of what had once been the basement and see a nice deep oubliette, where the keepers of the dungeon used to throw people and forget them. (An oubliette is essentially nothing but a stone hole in the ground, in this case extending maybe a hundred feet straight down. I could imagine the prison guards laughing and cursing and pissing in the hole.) From this looming building we went around to another where an incomprehensible guide took us through a number of chambers and holes and finally led us down into the depths of the dungeon--to the rooms where prisoners had scratched designs into the walls in the only spot where light ever struck them, to the deep cells where people hung in cages and perpetually swung. After getting out of the dungeon (we, I suppose, had persuaded the powers that be that it was safe to let us roam the earth), we had an hour or so to explore the town on our own, but four of us--my roommate and I and two girls, Nancy & Chris--decided to rest our feet and quench our thirst in a local cafe, where we were entertained by the antics of the slightly drunk local clientele until the bus left.

* * *



That was the beginning of my six months in France. I left in March, almost exactly a year ago as I type this, and I lived as a student in Tours until the beginning of September, when I came back to the United States just in time to catch the worldcon in Boston. There isn't room in this rigidly 24-page issue of EGOBOO for more than a few snatches of incident from out of the whole six months, so we'll leave chronology behind now and skip ahead three weeks. I had attended innumerable classes, gone to England for the Eastercon (which

I've already written up in FOCAL POINT), spent a first weekend in Paris. It was time for a Field Trip.

Clackety-clack, clackety-clack. Up and down, side to side we bounced. We were in a railway car, all sixty-six of us plus a couple of administrators and professors. There was only the one car; it was our train.

dance beneath the diamond sky--IV

From the outside it looked like a wind-up electric toy, kind of rounded at the ends with funny-looking bumpers sticking out, and standing there alone on the track. Inside, there were no compartments, as there are in most European trains, but there were rows of facing seats sticking out of either wall, so that you were always knocking knees with somebody anyway. I guess Europeans feel it's friendlier that way. But we weren't strangers, so we all took off our shoes and stretched our feet between each other on the seats and we were comfortable. We spent a very long morning in that little train, traveling south across France to Bordeaux, where we turned around without quite getting to the city and went east into the valley of the Dordogne.

The region is also known as Perigord, and it is known for its prehistoric cave paintings and its cuisine. We began our stay with one of the finest meals I have ever had. We pulled into the tiny town of Les Eyzies, nestled into one of the many valleys worn down into the land. Dordogne is not so much covered with hills as it is rutted with valleys. The hill-tops form the ancient level of the land, and rivers and other erosion have cut deep, wide valleys through it all. Before lunch, Patti Barnett and Phyllis Petersen and I walked down the road that ran through the town and we climbed a steep hill beyond where the road split. We clambered through leaves and tree branches to the rock outcroppings at the top, where we could look out over Les Eyzies. The white and tan buildings gleamed in the sun, with sporadic bursts of the bright colors the French display on their streets. Occasional knots of American students moved on the streets. A little river curved away to the left. Nous nous parlions francais l'un a l'autre. We spoke French exclusively.

Someone had a watch. We clambered and slid down the hill again and got back to the restaurant where we were to eat lunch. All of us sat at tables in a covered porch, separate from the real interior of the restaurant and a few local patrons. The cuisine of France was spread before us. Trays of hors d'oeuvre, exquisite trout, vegetables and sauces of all kinds, pate, white wine, red wine, bread, cheese, and fruit. It was formidable. It took hours. Several people didn't quite survive it. (The meals at Stanford-in-France had not prepared us for either the quantity or the quality of this "lunch.") We never ate quite as well again, although we were wined and dined sumptuously throughout the trip.

Our day in Dordogne had just begun. We piled into a pair of tour buses and went to see prehistoric sites. That was one of the prime academic reasons for the trip. M. Borius, the tall, smiling, crew-cut professor with a booming voice, who lectured in dramatic French and had lost the tip of his little finger after being caught by the Germans for Resistance work during WWII, was our guide to the archaeological sites. Best were the ancient cave paintings, which we reached only after climbing a trail up the side of a hill and walking for hundreds of feet into the depths of a twisting jumble of cave. Paintings are only found in the most inaccessible parts--not where the men who painted them lived at all. Some of the pictures were beautiful, but they were painted over each other (and they had faded since the caves were opened). Coming down after viewing them was the most fun: rain clouds were sweeping into the sky, and before we were all down it began to rain. I don't think the French really understood the madness of the young Americans who ran out and danced in the rain. Les Americains sont fous. Everyone was smiling as we set off again.

The two busdrivers were friendly, and they had tapedecks in each bus.

dance beneath the diamond sky--V

In one of them the driver soon found that his passengers were enamored of "On the Beautiful Blue Danube," which made fine music for the curving, swooping ride through the hills and valleys of Dordogne. We spent a lot of time driving each day, to the tune of Strauss's waltz, and we often stopped where there was a view to look and take pictures out over the beautiful river valleys. (At one picture stop, everyone stood along the side of the road photographing the fields and the chateau spread out below them; I walked down the road and took a picture of everyone else taking pictures.)

That first night we discovered that cheap French "vin ordinaire" can be bad. "Gorge d'Enfer" it was called, and it came in plastic bottles with screw-on tops. This is a sure sign of crap in France. We stayed in a fancy hotel on the main square of the small town of Sarlat, and after dinner at the hotel we were taken on a walking tour of the town. The clouds were still rolling overhead, and we threaded our way through narrow stone streets past medieval houses and churches, trying to hear the quick-talking lady guide who was always way at the front of the group. Lightning flashed and it began to rain, just a little. Our group became more and more thinly spread through the streets, which had taken on an eerie cast. The walking tour finally ended as the rain really started coming down.

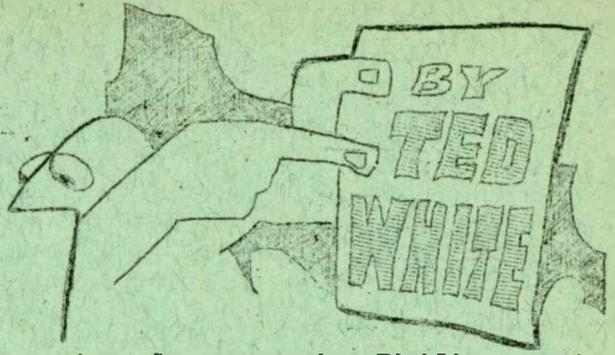
The most amusing scene of the whole weekend occurred the next afternoon. We had just gone down into le Gouffre de Padirac, which is a gigantic hole in the ground (like a couple of hundred feet across) at the bottom of which is the entrance to an underground river that runs through fantastic caverns. We had ridden by boat and dragged our hands in the water and smelled the dripping limestone. When we came out, across the road from the entrance to the Gouffre we saw a playground. Les Americains sont fous. All sixty-six of us dashed across the road and into the playground, where we began playing on the swings and the strange rotating jungle gym and other, less identifiable contraptions. A couple of French kids were herded out by their mothers, who kept casting glances at us. We laughed and played, reverting instantly to childhood. You should see the pictures that were taken by a few people with presence of mind.

One of the great meccas of Christian pilgrims in the Middle Ages was Rocamadour, a narrow town about the base of a cliff with a chateau perched on top of the cliff at the edge of the flat-topped plateau. There are paths down the cliff, with "stations" at each turn where religious processions would stop before a shrine. The jutting battlements of the chateau hung over the town, as did those of us without a strong fear of heights.

The last morning we spent in Dordogne, we drove up to another cliff-top town, this one, Domme, being stuck on a little plateau with cliffs down on all sides. I climbed down the hill again by hidden paths that I found, passing the entrance to a barred-off cave. At the top, we leaned against or climbed over the ramparts and watched a few tiny farmers working their fields far below. That was our last view of Dordogne; in the afternoon we went back to Les Eyzies and found our toy train again. On the way back it bounced and clattered somehow more than before.

In the next issue I'll try to give you what falls between the lines of my capsule summary of six months in France that I wrote in #14. I don't like chopping things up this way, but making promises like this is the only way I can get myself to sit down and write it up. --John D. Berry

UFFISH THOTS



THE CONCERT FOR BANGLA DESH: Norman Granz's Jazz at the Philharmonic has finally come to rock music. It was inevitable, I suppose--a stage of development through which the emerging new-jazz (which is what rock is these days: the successor to jazz) must pass.

The original JATP, you may recall (he said, quite well aware that almost no one but Boyd Raeburn and Norm Clarke will recall), was an aggregation of "jazz greats" assembled on one big stage (originally, that of the Los Angeles Philharmonic Hall; hence the name for what quickly became a touring show), where they proceeded to demonstrate that the sum of the parts was an unimpressive whole. Virtually all the "stars" of the late thirties and forties passed through the JATP at one time or other--the great Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, Lester Young--even Les Paul and Nat "King" Cole. And all the major concerts (such as they were) were carefully recorded and released as a never-ending series of albums (on several labels, starting with Mercury and ending with Verve) up into the late 1950's, so that the general mediocrity of these musical events could be preserved for all time.

Most of them were simply jam sessions. You brought a dozen "all-stars" onto the stage, the piano player would start either a stock blues riff or the changes for a "standard," a song everyone knew from its opening notes. A long series of solos would follow until everyone there had taken a few choruses. Then the song ended and the next began. It didn't take too many pieces to fill an afternoon's program or an lp--two was about average: one blues and one "standard". Every so often a trio or quartet would be assembled out of the rhythm section and maybe one hornman, and they'd play. For variety.

The JATP never, to my knowledge, introduced one fresh arrangement or one new tune written for just that occasion.

Rock, as I said, has now arrived in an analogous position--has been, actually, since the second "Super-Session" album came out, and definitely since Leon Russell took over rock as its ultimate session man. And about the most disappointing thing to come out of this "phase" is George Harrison's album from the concerts he gave last August.

I might have expected it--but didn't--from the film clip (of Harrison playing "Bangla Desh") shown on the Cavett Show a month or two back. I excused it then as an example of bad tv sound; it wasn't.

Basically, this album is a rip-off in the name of charity. As such, it is, I guess, acceptable. I mean, if we must be ripped-off, best such a genuine charity be the beneficiary. But it saddens me because it is so revealing...because I had wanted to give and this crude attempt to grab first thwarted me and dealt my sense of charity a blow. And because--somehow--I'd expected better of George Harrison.

The most immediately obvious rip-off is the timing of the record. For this you must go to the labels on the records themselves, where the timing is given only for each track. But when you glance at the flip side of the first record (side six, *sigh*) and see only two songs listed, one a little over three minutes long and the other just over four...

uffish thots--II

well, it takes very little mental agility to realize that this side--of a fucking twelve-inch lp record!--has only a little more than seven minutes of stuff on it.

Seven minutes and nineteen seconds, to be exact. Why, 45 singles have been longer. ("Hey Jude" was only eight seconds shorter.)

As it turns out, the entire three-record set has almost ninety minutes (of music and other stuff, like tuning up, introductions, and audience noises)--89 minutes, 44 seconds, which averages to fifteen minutes a side, which isn't disgraceful although it's cheap. But this is distributed peculiarly. Side one, for instance, has (counting some six minutes of people walking onstage, applause, tuning, more applause, etc.) 22:35. Side two has only 14:13; side three, 13:43; side four, 12:02. Side one was Ravi Shankar's side, and allowed him a generous 16 minutes for it. Sides two through four, however, and side six (the seven-minute one) are devoted to George Harrison's own JATP. On these four sides, two thirds of the album, we are treated to eight Harrison songs, all but the closing "Bangla Desh" available on other albums in better performances--and much better sound--plus one song from Ringo ("It Don't Come Easy"), one from Billy Preston ("That's The Way God Planned It"), and a two-song medley from Leon Russell. All four sides add up to only 47 minutes and 17 seconds, and could easily have gone on three sides, to say nothing of the fact that they could have been put on just two sides.

The fifth side, almost twenty minutes long, is given over to Bob Dylan's superstar trip. I am not a big Dylan fan (I don't dislike him, but I haven't bought too many of his records, either), but those who are have assured me that they too found this entire side a drag and a complete waste of an lp side. The material is mostly old Dylan, sung in a voice half-way between "Freewheeling" and "Skyline" and almost completely without feeling. Since the melodic possibilities for these songs are low anyway, I'm not too surprised that the assembled band did nothing with them at all (although others, like Kooper and Stills, have managed better in the past).

So here's what the album, on three lps, adds up to: A quarter of an hour's worth of Indian music (on which I am not qualified to judge; Robin said she'd heard better at a live Shankar concert she once attended). A side of live Bob Dylan which will excite the Dylan completists (among whom Stephen E. Pickering now numbers himself, take note!) and almost no one else. And three-quarters of an hour (that's the equivalent of an "hour" tv show, folks!) of Harrison, Clapton, Russell, et al, messing around.

Of those 47 minutes, about ten--the Leon Russell sequence--are musically worth while. Russell understands stage-shows, and has learned (from Delany & Bonnie?) how to sweat fashionably. The medley of "Jump-in' Jack Flash" and "Youngblood" is a real medley--"Youngblood" is interpolated in the other tune--and makes good musical sense.

The actual sound, however, is poor. The soloists are reasonably well-miked, but the backup band and especially the backup singers are almost completely lost most of the time. Badfinger is part of the backup band, but is never audible as more than part of the background din. I don't know whether the fault is that of Madison Square Garden or the engineers from Apple, but one need only contrast the recorded sound on this record with that of any number of other recent live recordings (like Chicago's Carnegie Hall concert--which takes up four lps, and a lot more honestly, too) to appreciate what has been lost in clarity.

Despite the fact that the music is sloppily performed (on one Dylan tune the accompanists and Dylan abruptly lose each other) and badly recorded, it marks an event, and as such will undoubtedly sell millions

uffish thots--III

of records. The fact of this "eventness" was obviously not lost on the sell-out audience, either. They applauded everything--even Ravi Shankar's tune up. To them the fact that George Harrison and all were right there in front of them was more important than the music played. (From the way they applauded the opening notes of each piece, I assume they'd have been unhappy had he introduced any new songs at all.) And when Bob Dylan walked out--they went crazy. Wow! Event!

Well, that's what the record preserves. Big names pulling a JATP, turning out short, perfunctory versions of very familiar songs, indulging themselves for a good cause.

But, I keep thinking, it didn't have to be like this. The record is culled from two concerts (there's no information as to what came from which--nor even on the actual personnel for each piece), and if each concert was virtually a duplicate of the other, still two versions of a song could've been spliced together, or simply placed side-by-side--the record, if it had to be a three-record set, did not have to be so stinting.

And, finally, there's the booklet. Sixty-four pages, all in color. It must've cost plenty--money which didn't have to be spent so frivolously if indeed it could have gone to a Good Cause--and it too celebrates the event and little more. Lots of photos (some very poor in quality), no captions. Very little text. Listing of musicians, but not what they played. Mindless.

Is this the best George Harrison could come up with? Has he too been wearing the Emperor's Clothes?

OTHER BEATLES: Well, I continue to buy all the former Beatles' records, balking only at Yoko's (I haven't gotten Fly yet and undoubtedly won't for a while--until I see it dirt cheap), but it's a mixed bag. I keep getting this stubborn feeling that Phil Spector is obsolete and that his production techniques (whatever they may be these days) are the kiss of death. Of all the records he's produced for various Beatles, only Harrison's first 3-record set had clean sound. Lennon's latest, Imagine, sounds as if it had been taped on an old Pentron. I keep coming back to it after a week or two and I've forgotten how nothing a record it is. It seems like another aspect of the JATP syndrome too much of the time--musicians have been assembled and the songs are performed, but the interpretations are shallow and uninvolved. When John's songs were done by the Beatles, they were at least better realized. Of course, they were usually better songs, as well. My contempt for Lennon grows with each new revelation of himself in public: what passes for intelligence is more and more obviously just smarty-pantsness; Lennon is still stuck in his early adolescence, still welded to a desk in some grotty Liverpool schoolroom, thinking up ways to cause trouble. His "How Do You Sleep At Night" is the sort of cheap shot he undoubtedly excelled in doing when another kid got one up on him.

McCartney's Wings/Wildlife album comes off on first hearing as not much better--just a group of musicians playing some rather thin tunes. But on rehearsals I've decided it has a lot more to offer--that it is in actuality the most sophisticated album Paul has yet done--and curiously like George's solo album. For instance, although only four people play on Wildlife, Paul has slipped in a lot of subtle production devices--over-dubbed voices for choral effects, and the like. This album is not what the group will sound like when it performs live. The pieces are long --many of them reminiscent of the extended coda on "Hey Jude". Both Paul and George seem fascinated by the technique which Terry Riley exem-

uffish thots--IV

plifies: endlessly repeated riffs with subtly varied counterparts. In the early sixties this was called "modal jazz" and Miles Davis did a great deal of it.

200 MOTELS: I bought Frank Zappa's album of the music from 200 Motels a couple of months ago, right after Chris Couch visited us in fact (I first saw it on a trip into Georgetown with Chris). As an episodic album it's most like the Uncle Meat album Zappa put out several years ago--and also intended to be part of a film. It is almost similar to the Filmore East Mothers album which came out this fall and Zappa's Chunga's Revenge of last year--the areas of overlap are, respectively, about 60% and 40%, although not much actual material is duplicated.

Well, anyway, as a Christmas present to ourselves and in celebration of the fact that my mother was babysitting Kitten and we had our first opportunity to go to the movies since our daughter was born, we splurged (\$2.50 a ticket) and went into Georgetown to stand in line with other freaks for the first performance of the day of the film, 200 Motels.

Personally, I liked it fine and thought it was worth the money.

This despite the almost uniform bad reviews the movie's gotten.

About half-way through the film I realized in a blinding flash of insight not only why the picture had turned so many critics off, but what Zappa was really doing.

Ostensibly he is showing, in a visual collage of sorts, just how "touring can make you go crazy." In fact, what he is doing is using all the materials most familiar to him--i.e., rock touring and allied phenomena--in the creation of a Dadaist artwork for film. (Actually, not for film, but for videotape; the whole movie was taped, then transferred to film. The use of tape allows marvelous television-type effects, rendered in color as good as any I've ever seen in a movie theatre.)

Everything about the movie--the non-linear assemblage, the various pieces of material used--is designed to assault the senses in a Dadaistic fashion. Nothing is as it seems; everything is a delight. The movie is a fantastic trip in a way which puts 2001 totally to shame.

It helps to have listened closely to the album in advance--some aspects of what is going on are clearer on the record (or, more specifically, in the accompanying booklet) than in the movie, especially the escape of the newts from Motorhead's Midnight Ranch. And it's a lot of fun to listen to the album after seeing the movie, for the restimulation of ones senses it provokes.

But, I would guess, one has to be in tune with Zappa to really want to listen to the record or go to the movie. Not everyone is. Most movie critics aren't. Oh well.

FANDOM: I would like to make a definitive statement to all you fen out there currently brawling over "fannish fandom" vs. "sercon fandom:" Here it is:

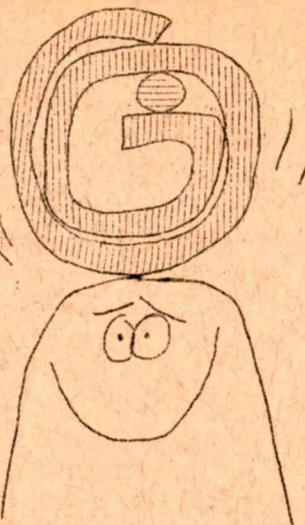
Nobody "runs" fandom--any part of it. Neither Charlie Brown nor Arnie Katz has the inside track on proper fanning. Take a good look around you. See those guys getting off on having fun in fandom? They are "fannish fans." See those other guys digging on sf? They are "sercon fans."

You can get your chuckles from fandom. You can also pop your rocks on sf. The two are complementary and not ideological opposites. And the Word on fandom is not handed down on high from New York fandom--either the Brooklyn branch or the Bronx branch.

Dig yourself.

--Ted White

CALVIN DEMMON'S
WHOLE
HOG!



:::Calvin's column this time is culled from the pages of HOT SHIT, a very small-circulation weekly fanzine that Calvin and I have been doing this past winter. As I type this, HS is still thriving, but by the time you read this, weekly fmz being what they are, it will probably have run its course. But here's some of the best stuff, just for you. -jdb:::

I'm not as Young and Cute as I used to be, but I want to write in the same old way. The last time I was into publishing a weekly fanzine each week meant New Adventures and New Friends. Now, well--the big news in my life today, for example, is that the company is undergoing its annual audit by the State.

Yet there is much to be said for growing conservative and hard. I can ride the bus every day without freaking out. I shave every day and only notice it every other day. I yell at the kids, watch tv, have a few beers, pay the bills, and go to sleep. It is a small, tidy life, and almost completely misleading.

For example, the only reason I can ride the bus without freaking out is that I spend the entire time in the prone position, speaking to God, pulling my vibes together. And when I yell at the kids, they yell back. Also I don't pay bills. It is very hard to get at the truth about one's own life.

* * *

CABLE CAR STORIES :: One night it was raining and I was on the Powell Street car with some friends. This was years ago; one of the friends may have been Andy Main. We came over the top of a hill and saw below us, parked across the tracks, a Chinese Hot Food Delivery Truck. Now, each cable car has three sets of brakes, plus the "natural braking action" of the cable itself. However, none of the brakes work in the rain. "Hang on!" said the gripman, and we crashed into the side of the truck and derailed. Soon a truck with a big rubber bumper appeared, pushed the smashed truck out of the way, and pushed the cable car back on the tracks. Weeks later I got a form in the mail to fill out and return to the Muni, explaining my side of the accident. I sent it in anonymously. Apparently because of that experience, I am now recognized wherever I go as a seasoned cable car vet. I don't ride the cable cars very often, though I occasionally take one home from work as a sort of joke. But whenever I get on a cable car I am immediately swamped with questions from the other pas-

whole hog--II

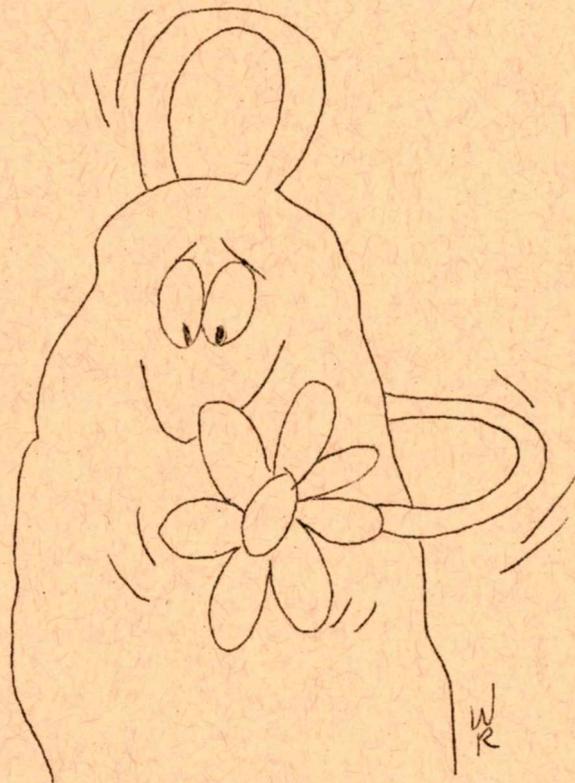
sengers. "Where's Union Square? Does this car stop at Sutter Street? How many sets of brakes does a cable car have?" I figured it out finally: it's because I always ask for a transfer. I have to transfer to the Geary Bus in order to get home. And of course the tourists don't ask for transfers, because they get on the Hyde Street car, ride down to the turntable at Market Street, then jump off and wait for the Mason Street car and ride back to Fisherman's Wharf. And somehow I think this applies to real life as well.

* * *

The Demmon Family Christmas Tree, one of the Bay Area's most cherished traditions, is Up. It may be viewed from the street. Look carefully for the annual Yule Frog, which Wilma Demmon has fashioned lovingly of paper mache. (This is the frog, you may recall, which turned into the little Baby Jesus when kissed by the Virgin Mary.) On Christmas Eve Mr. Demmon will take down his 120-bass accordion and play "Adeste Fideles" and "Silent Night," and Mrs. Demmon will place a lump of coal in the landlord's mailbox.

* * *

MARLOWE :: Grant Canfield has loaned me his paperback set of Raymond Chandler's Philip Marlowe stories. I had read one once before, but then got hooked on Travis McGee and filed Chandler away in my head for a rainy day. It rained hard last week. I'm through with The Big Sleep, and I'll have finished Good-bye, My Lovely and The Lady in the Lake before you read this. Chandler is some kind of writer. Philip Marlowe makes Travis McGee look like a neurotic pervert. Maybe because I've been away from L.A. for over a year I get excited about the locale of the Marlowe series. It's set in the L.A. that I knew as a kid--red interurban cars, clear skies, orange groves, traffic lights with gongs, seedy front-page crimes. (I remember the headline in the late forties on the Los Angeles Mirror outside Schaefer's Grocery on West Boulevard, about Robert Mitchum's pot bust.) The neighborhoods have changed, and you can't hang your hat on a telephone any more, but it's still all there forever in my head. And in The Big Sleep.



Yes indeed you can't go home again. My childhood Los Angeles is as dead as Raymond Chandler. But when Philip Marlowe drives past Exposition Park, I remember playing there, later walking through the park with a girl, later yet taking a nap under the trees between classes at the University. It's the kind of relationship I can never have with San Francisco. I was not here when trolley cars ran up Geary Street; I don't remember what used to be where the Jack Tar Hotel is now. In the Chronicle some weeks ago there was an article about an old lady who remembers

whole hog--III

when the streets were opened so that cables could be laid for the cable cars. If we survive the earthquake, my sons may remember coming to see me at work and looking down into the big ditch where they're putting the BART subway.

I like my kids. I think I'll start to work on the juvenile detective novel I just got an idea for. Watch for it: The Big Nap. (To be followed by The Tricycle in the Lake and Farewell, My Cookie.) Okey?

* * *

I've finally discovered, after eight months, how to talk to my boss. He has always been unimpressed by my education, by my publishing credits, by my manner of dress (I wear a Hart Schaffner & Marx suit to work but I got it from the Salvation Army for \$3.00). His is a lusty, vital world. It came to me almost as an inspiration from above. We were looking out the window, watching the construction of a new building on the other side of Market Street. A pile driver was being erected, and a giant screw was drilling holes in the ground in which pilings would be inserted. "That's sure a big drill," I said to my boss. He said, "It's not as big as the one they used up the street." I said, "You'd think it was pretty big if they stuck it up your ass." And he fell into uncontrollable laughter and has treated me with a new respect ever since. I think I am getting the hang of Business.

* * *

My office at work faces out on Market Street. About a month ago a wrecking crew tore down the old Southern Pacific Building. Then a pile driver was carted in in pieces and assembled on the vacant site. Soon it was hammering away all day driving us all crazy. Then one morning I heard a funny noise from across the street and looked up just in time to see the pile driver come apart and fall in an inevitable arc down across the street and punch through the roof of a Muni Bus. It turned out later that nobody was hurt. But my boss said, "I'll bet it takes them a week to clean the shit off the driver's seat."

My boss's lawyer was in the office the other day. I happened to mention the pile driver accident I saw out the window. He convinced me that as a public-spirited citizen I ought to call the Muni and volunteer myself as an expert witness. I called. The Muni took my name & address & sent me a form in the mail, asking for my answers to questions like this: "Describe the relationship of the Muni Bus & the other car. What was the man in the crosswalk doing? What did the busdriver do to avoid the accident? What color was the busdriver? Did he use obscene language when the other car creamed the bus? Was there a KSAN ad on the back of the bus? What color was the ad? Do you listen to KSAN frequently? Infrequently? Only when stoned on dope?" I wrote a nasty note back to the Muni telling them I hadn't seen anything & thought 25¢ was too much to pay for a busride anyway.

* * *

We are now offering our special San Francisco Cockroaches to the public for the first time. Each roach comes in a special gift box with a card saying "Souvenir of San Francisco." Many of the roaches are in excellent condition, although some have been slightly squashed in processing. This has been an especially good year for our special roaches,

whole hog--IV

so our stocks are large enough to ensure that none will be disappointed. (We are reminded of Carol Carr, whose earliest memory is of her mother trying to kill a raisin.) They make excellent business or personal gifts. Live delivery can be arranged at a slightly higher cost--be sure to specify "regular" or "extra-large." The live roaches can be encouraged to multiply in your own kitchen or bathroom and require little or no attention. No messy cat-boxes, no expensive "obedience-training" courses. Just a few table scraps, and soon you will have them eating out of your hands.

* * *

DOPE THOTS :: I don't know why my thoughts keep coming back to dope. I haven't had any dope for a long time, and have no particular desire to have any more. There was a time not so many years ago when I flew 500 miles in an airplane just to get my stomach around one LSD cap. (That was before you could buy it at grade-schools and science-fiction conventions.) Now, though, I don't anticipate taking LSD again.

I learned some stuff from dope. I can't say it didn't affect me. How else can I explain that I run my mantra through my head over and over again on the bus every morning on the way to work. ("Me and my Mantra . . . We got a real good thing.") It's got something to do with my dope experiences. And yet--Wilma and I saw a grisly documentary on tv the other night, full of speedfreaks and acidheads and heroin addicts, and I began to realize that I had only skimmed the surface of all the possibilities in drug usage. Why, I only took LSD twice. I had peyote three times. I haven't smoked very much grass--maybe ten or fifteen lids at the most, in a space of nearly ten years. (That figures out to about 680 hours of being stoned out of my mind, or 68 hours per year. I spend more time each year picking my nose.)

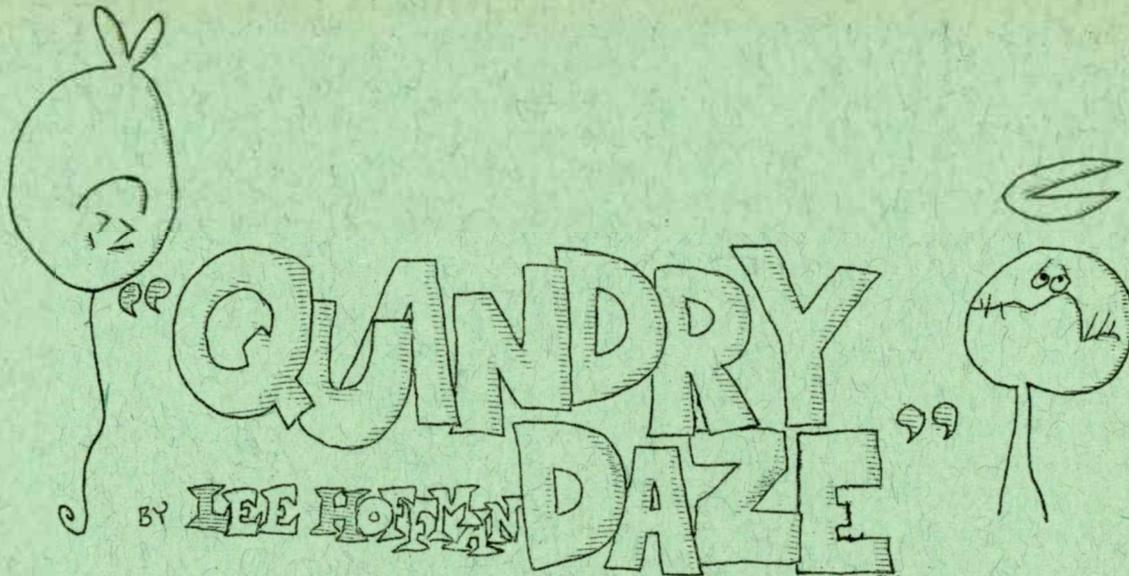
When it comes to dope, I'm virtually a poseur. (I was reminded of this when Dick Ellington mentioned once that he had smoked his first dope in 1949.) Yet people come to me with needles hanging out of their arms, acapulco gold smoke puffing out of their noses, their lapels smeared with spilled glue ("Never trust a man with glue on his lapels," my Uncle Angus, a bail-bondsman, says), and LSD painted under their fingernails for instant access--and they ask me about dope.

So I thought I had better cop to my inexperience. Don't ask me. I don't know. Ask your doctor. Ask the first eight-year-old kid you meet coming down the street. I don't know anything about it. If you find me in the park some Sunday morning sitting with a lot of freaks chanting Om and watching the sun come up, pay no attention. I have no information about it and I don't know how I got there. As a matter of fact, I've decided to stop drinking, too. And I've switched to low-tar cigarettes.

Still, my thoughts keep coming back to dope. Quick, will somebody please send me a joint?

* * *

My 3-year-old son Peter and I watched part of an Oakland Raiders football game on tv yesterday. I have never understood the game myself but Peter likes it and he described the plays carefully to me. "See, Calvin --there's a man running! Oh,oh, he fell down!" When he gets a little older I'm going to have him explain Science Fiction. --Calvin Demmon



:::The following was originally written as a letter of comment on FOOLSCAP 6. Since it seems unlikely that I'll ever publish all those letters, I've taken Leeh's, which stands up well on its own, and made an article out of it. -jdb:::

It was interesting to see Ted White referring to QUANDRY in reference to layout. It points up to me one of the basic differences between the old "Sixth Fandom" mob and you of the younger generations. You're an analytical lot, always figuring out what you're doing and why, and what you want to do and who influenced you and all that jass.

When I was putting out Q, I never even thought about "layout" per se. I just put the book together the way it fit and seemed right to me. Walt Kessel's tastes influenced headline styles in that he gave me a fistful of lettering guides left over from COSMIC DUST. I used the materials and ideas at hand, without any analytic consideration. I bought the cheapest paper I could get, and the first time I ran an ish on assorted colors, it was simply because I couldn't get enough of a single color to do it all. Putting out a fanzine was something I did for fun, somewhat off the top of my head. My own meanderings in it were committed in the stick, and the whole business never seemed of Vital Importance or Significant. It was for kicks. I had no Editorial Policy, except to run things I liked. I messed around with multicolored inks and some elementary experiments in mimeo technique because I enjoyed messing with the mimeo. I put out the first issue of SFFY primarily because Bob Tucker told me none of my fancy color work approached what had been done by PLUTO (which I'd never seen at the time--but who was I to refuse a challenge?).

QUANDRY certainly was influenced by predecessors, but I was not aware of that at the time. In retrospect, I'd say the primary influence was Joe Kennedy's VAMPIRE, but I couldn't pin down any other definite influences. (I leave that to the scholars.)

I think that many others of us, like Max Keasler and Shelby Vick, felt the same way. We weren't aware of the influences that acted on us, and we didn't have Purposes and Goals and Policies and formal type jass like that. We just had fun doing what came naturally. Like, doing our own things, as it were.

Well, Berry, that's the history lecture for today.

Graham Boak's letter was rather amusing. His comments about "Traveling Giant," "ghod" and "Bheer" indicate that he doesn't speak fannish. He relates them to "Traveling Giant," "god" and "Beer" as if each was an exact synonym for the other. As any trufan knows, they aren't. But that is not an uncommon error. I've even seen an article written on the "superstitious" aspect of the word "ghod" which indicated that the writer didn't know the difference between "ghod" and "god."

Despite the various guides and dictionaries, etc., that have been published, the full richness and variety inherent in fannish language is something one learns only through a using acquaintance with the language. And some appreciation of fanhistory. Some of the more callow types think it is a purposeless "secret jargon," but like the ingroup language of any specialized group (see stagehands, TV repairmen, road racers, etc.) it is the evolved (and evolving) set of terms for making quicker and more precise references to specialized aspects of the field than general-purpose English allows.

One of the troubles with people who don't dig history is that they see their environment in only three dimensions. Having no idea and no feeling of What Has Gone Before, they don't know the basis of the present. And they are seldom aware of how much of what they consider to be New and Unique is really nothing more than a few variations on ancient themes.

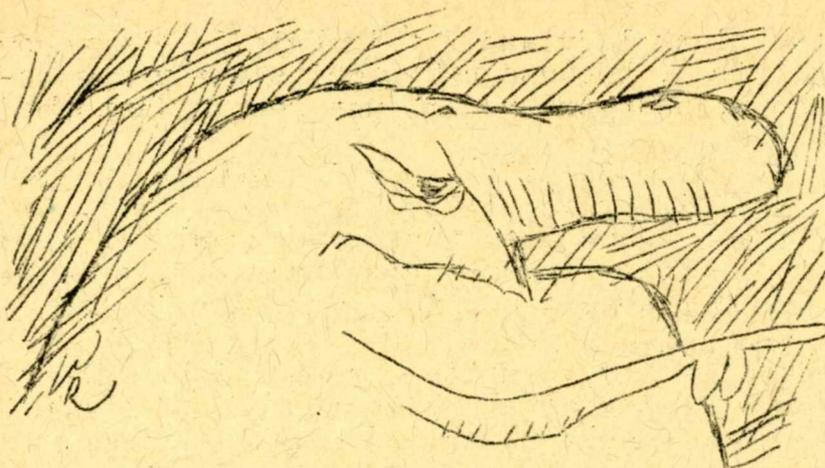
On the one hand, Berry, you might pity them because they have such narrow viewpoints and see the world with so much less depth than people who dig time as well as space. On the other hand, you can envy them their sense of Importance and Uniqueness. They are able to feel like much bigger frogs because they can see so much less of the puddle.

Rick Sneary is marvelously acute. His comment, "Different fanzines have different personalities, and you can write for one what you wouldn't for another," hits home. With me, the big classy formal fanzines like WARHOON and LIGHTHOUSE scare me off completely. I'd admire to write for a market like that, but--geez! Whereas, if I did have a notion to write something for a fanzine, I'd happily go hunting a home for it in a friendly, warm, cozy, informal zine like FOOLS-CAP or QUIP. But even they constitute a middle ground where I wouldn't send something I'd publish myself in FAPA. And then there are subtler distinctions, too...

Another good point Rick makes is about the complaint that the older fans don't help the young fans not being very valid. As he says, older fans gafiate. The failure of a BNF (Ret.) to respond to the pleas of a young fan most likely is neither a personal affront or a class refusal to associate with another class. It usually means the BNF (Ret.) just doesn't have the fannish spark to surge into activity. Old fans get tired. Often one will keep a thumb in the pie and indulge in scant spotty fanac. When he does, his work will usually appear in a zine pubbed by someone he is friends with. In such a case, it is the friendship, rather than the fannish spark, which stimulates him. Or maybe it is some specific item that calls forth a brief burst of activity.

This apparent paranoia on the part of a mass of fandom these days is a curious thing. There seems to be a very vocal group that thinks the BNFs (or the Pros, or Ghod, or somebody) is Against Them. I don't recall that attitude being around back in Sixth Fandom days, though there may have been seeds of it in the Seventh Fandom Fiasco. But paranoia seems to be the popular delusion of the Western Culture these days, doesn't it?

--Lee Hoffman



STUJIT:

BILL ROTSLER

FIFTY-FIVE NAKED LADIES IN A ROW

First we had this big idea to do a western. A sex film, naturally, but not too bad an idea. A girl gang instead of a boy gang. Paul and I formed FUTURE FILMS and were all ready to go when the money people started playing point games. Delaying & delaying until we were pressed by the weather for time. They never said this, of course, but we know. So we just said forget it and "wound down" the film. Which is too bad because the momentum is lost that way. As it turned out it poured rain the day we were to start so we were right in that estimate.

Second, we found ourselves without a film to do and no money.

Third, we talked to our distributor and cast around ideas that could be done whether it was raining or not. I casually mentioned I had 15 or 20 hours of edited 16mm footage and in it was at least an hour of a slave market. I had shot this over a period of two years, while I was packaging those nudist magazines. I would say, "Okay, everyone take their clothes off and get into the backyard!" There I built a highly changeable set of plaster walls, fabric hangings, props, etc. I did subjective as well as objective camera work. In the subjective "you" are the viewer, the girls look at "you" and "your" hands come out to caress these naked bodies.

Well, Dan Cady, the distributor, flipped. Suddenly we had a film to do that would incorporate this stuff. And the money. Not much but enough. Paul & I hired Tim Powers, a local fan (well, east LA area) and they did the sweat work for a week while I bought an editing table & equipment and took a fresh look at all these girls and re-edited it.

Then for two weeks Paul and I, and sometimes Neola, worked ourselves to the bone up at my ranch setting up a very complex L-shaped Arabian street and a sort of nightclub. Paul built a huge 8x10 arch, very Arabian, and we just did all sorts of things.

We hired many people and the first day we had four naked ladies, one of them a lovely black girl named Pandora (really Pamela) that I fancied. Neola was in it, too, but she had to sleep with the producer to get the part.

We shot all sorts of slave market stuff with a young man we like and a sheik-type we don't, plus four Mexican winos we got for \$10 a day that made great Arabs in the Bible picture costumes I had picked up a year or so ago at a costume house auction. It was a long hard day. A phoney arch fell on my head. It was COLD and WINDY and I'm going to have to explain those winds, which we could not hide from the mike, as hot desert winds. So I bundled the sound man, the sheik, and the pretty black lady in my van and take off. Paul takes the rest in Neola's mustang, partially so that one naked lass could escape the clutches of the Dirty Old Man sheik who had done a naked sex scene with her & was eager to make it real.

stuff--II

I drop my passengers and the black lady and I talk briefly about how said it is we are both cold and tired, because c*h*e*m*i*s*t*r*y was definitely at work there. I go home, undress and am just getting into bed at 12:30 am when the phone rings.

It's Paul, and the mustang had died 35 miles away in Thousand Oaks. He can't rent a car and he's been waiting & calling for a long time. I tell him it was a good thing for him I had been tired or I wouldn't have been in that bed. I climb back into the van and drive back out, expecting to find three girls, Paul and one actor huddling and shivering and mad.

Instead I find them all naked, sweaty, laughing and partially drunk in the ladies sauna of the Howard Johnson motel monster. If Paul hadn't dressed and come out hunting for me I would never have gone in there, I'm sure.

One of the girls had gone into the dressing room part and was wearing only a pair of bikini panties and earrings when a middle-aged woman came in, looked at her, looked at the sign that said "Bathing Suits Must Be Worn," looked at the combat boots on the floor, and left.

The next day (groan!) Paul and I completely redressed the set, moving everything around and redoing it. We went home dead-tired, our hands feeling like we had been making Christmas wreaths out of barbed wire, and infected and paint-splattered.

But early the next morning I am packing my cameraman and two actors into a plane at the Oxnard Airport for a scene and later we thwart an assassination of the sheik in the parking lot. I hung Arabian signs that said Baghdad Airport on fences and had others free standing to put in the way of things that were too American. We had an interested audience, but they couldn't have been nicer. The county fireman even took us in his truck to the runway edge & cleared it with the tower so we could shoot takeoffs & landings.

Then we went to the beach, a couple of miles straight west, where we blocked out the action. Then we sat. Our "star" was not yet with us. We told show business stories (which personally I find hilarious) for an hour or so and then she arrives. We quickly, in the cold & wind, did the runaway scene and where our stuntman takes a flying leap off a sand dune to kill our hero. In the first take he misses and falls flat bang full length on the sand, a sad sight. But eventually we kill off the bad guy and our people escape and we go back to the ranch to get the sex scenes between whoever is left.

I find that Sue Davisson is a great friend of The Infamous Thea (Hi, Harlan!), or Joyce Gibson as you girly mag fans might know her. Seems she has spent two years living with some guy who got her into religion or something and she's much less--Sue says--selfish than she was when she lived with me. But I still don't want anything to do with her! (Alas, alack--she is Sooo Beautiful!)

Eventually this day comes to an end and things return slowly to normal. Except for one day when I dress up in the sheik's robe and Paul shhots me meeting the hero at LA International. Also going into Moorish type places. We ran all over LAX, which was interesting. I even did one of those Giant Jetliner Coming Straight At You and Passing Close Overhead With Swish Pan to TailEnd Shot shots.

Now we are in the passive phase. Syncing film, breaking down shots, catching up on our other lives. I had stripped the house bare to take every sheet, fabric, pillow & prop up to the ranch and right now the place is chaos. I had Neola sew up what plush lush fabric I had been buying over the years for pillos and Paul & I rigged up a strange device to hold the 6-foot long, 2-foot diameter bags of foam in slings. With a big can taped at the bottom and a reversed vacuum cleaner plugged in it looked

like an obscene thing was being done to a captured alien. But we now have a pile of pillows the size of a VW microbus. Cut velvets, rich wovens, etc. Neola, however, cannot make more than 2 or 3 plain rectangular pillows in a row without freaking and she's made some weird ones. One orange one we call El Monstro because it is huge, with a somewhat flattened peanut shape that has protuberances all around the edge. It looks like a waterskin made from the hide of a very alien something. I want her to sew eyeballs to the ends of the lumpy extensions.

We still have no name for the film. They consistently ignore my favorites, ones you all know and love: "Frankenstein of Sunnybrook Farm" and "Tarzan and the Secret Discotheque."

NEW BODIES FOR OLD

I just returned from the optometrist and mah eyeballs are in trouble. Almost twice as bad as two years ago. Actually, it's the muscles that hold them. Coupled with the bursitis, the kidneys, the everything I want to turn this ole bod in. Grump. Where is that golden greek god of yesterday? (I never knew him, actually.)

I feel the need of an ego-fix and so I'll tell you a story told me by Mitch & Wendy Evans the other night.

They told me this same story many months ago and I refused to believe it and put it in the Forget file. I'm telling you this because I feel very remote from it, like it happened to someone else and isn't it curious?

Remember me mentioning Vincene Wallace, a model/actress/dancer/stripper I know? They ran a spread on her in either KNIGHT or ADAM recently, a "personality" spread, with a lot of my pictures. Well, anyway, she's a very pretty girl and a very nice girl and married and touring the country stripping & dancing, with her husband Wally. They are nice folks. Vincene is the girl that was on an acid trip once (only I didn't know it) that I was telling how I had made her--the Burbee bit. "You remember a childhood, don't you? Skinned knees, school, swings, crying. High school, losing your virginity, studies, the Kennedy Assassination? All memory implants. I made you in a tank, Vincene. I didn't clean it first, though, and that's why you have those spots." (She has a lot of either "beauty marks" or moles, depending how you look at it.) On and on about how she had blanks, things she couldn't remember, blank times. "Faulty programming." I had her rather confused, because I was so casual and straight about it.

Anyway, that's Vincene. Outside of a few hugs and kisses and one terrific (simulated) orgy in "The Secret Sex Lives of Romeo and Juliet" (where if there hadn't been people we would have made it more realistic) I have never touched the lady.

So it seems, according to Mitch & Wendy, that she was on an acid trip at the home of Antoinette "Supertongue" Maynard and her husband and went racing naked around the house screaming "I WANT TO FUCK BILL ROTSLER!"

I stand in awe of that story. That's not me. We're friendly, yes, but it is as remote as Jacqueline Onassis running around the house saying the same thing. (Well, not that remote.) I guess I don't know what to do with it. So I'm putting it in here and maybe it will ferment & age & turn mellow. I had forgotten it entirely. However, if I had heard it



stuff--IV

before she went off on their tour I would have tested it.

Why can't I recognize it when girls desire my lily white bod? Probably because I don't ever believe they do. Not my kind of sexual ego, I guess. I can believe they might want to fornicate my mind, because after all, that's gorgeous, but the physical me just doesn't excite me. (There's a weird statement, but what the hell, let it stand/sit/lie/fold/spindle/or muckup.)

So that's my ego-trip story for today.

ROTSLER MEETS THE KID

Started casting our film today and did and shall do that round of looking at naked ladies. Coming out of the market today I was going to the van and had two small bags in my arms and was fishing for my keys when a wee tiny child stepped out from behind the van and pointed a snub-nosed .38 at me. I looked right down the barrel and saw it was (1) real (2) loaded (3) it was very definitely pointed at me. Without a moment's hesitation I said, "Look at that!" and pointed away. (I forgot: he said, "Bang! Bang!") He looked as I moved to one side and took the gun ...and probably his first two finger joints across his hand.

He squalled to high heaven which almost instantly caused a 35-40 year-old-man to appear, obviously in the process of search, very distraught and anxious. He quickly checked the child & the gun in my hand, flipped out his ID and said he was a police officer. I gave him the gun and he just apologized all over hell, saying he didn't know the child (who was about 2) could even open the glove compartment, thought it was locked, etc. etc. He was very distressed and apologetic, ending with, "Well, I'm glad he pointed it at someone who knew what to do."

--Bill Rotsler

Which reminds me of a Burbee story. (Hah--bet you were wondering when I'd get around to that!) The last time Miriam and I were in the L.A. area, we spent Saturday afternoon and evening with the Burbees, as usual. During the course of the afternoon I got to thinking about Burb's article, "Love at 80°," which we had reprinted in THE INCOMPLETE BURBEE. I asked Burb who that article had been about, since he had mentioned no names in it, and he told me.

I asked, "But why did you make it such a point not to mention his name? There was nothing derogatory in the article."

"Oh, I don't know," said Burbee. "It seemed like a good idea at the time. I don't know exactly why. I mean, you ask us artists--" He stopped. "You ask us artists--" A strange expression came over his face. "You...ask...us...artists....."

Suddenly he burst out laughing. "You ask us artists--" he said again, and whooped and laughed and slapped his knee. He fell to laughing so hard that he could hardly get his breath. He dissolved into laughter, belching, "...us artists!" and setting off again into more gales of mirth.

Soon he was laughing so uncontrollably that he left the room, and through the doorway we heard gradually diminishing bursts of guffawing and murmurs of "...us artists!"

In a little while he came back into the room, and said with a stony face, "You'll have to excuse us artists."

I don't think Burbee considers himself an artist.

--Terry Carr, INNUEENDO 9 (June, 1959)

like an obscene thing was being done to a captured alien. But we now have a pile of pillows the size of a VW microbus. Cut velvets, rich wovens, etc. Neola, however, cannot make more than 2 or 3 plain rectangular pillows in a row without freaking and she's made some weird ones. One orange one we call El Monstro because it is huge, with a somewhat flattened peanut shape that has protuberances all around the edge. It looks like a waterskin made from the hide of a very alien something. I want her to sew eyeballs to the ends of the lumpy extensions.

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Remember me mentioning Vincene Wallace, a model/actress/dancer/stripper I know? They ran a spread on her in either KNIGHT or ADAM recently, a "personality" spread, with a lot of my pictures. Well, anyway, she's a very pretty girl and a very nice girl and married and touring the country stripping & dancing, with her husband Wally. They are nice folks. Vincene is the girl that was on an acid trip once (only I didn't know it) that I was telling how I had made her--the Burbee bit. "You remember a childhood, don't you? Skinned knees, school, swings, crying. High school, losing your virginity, studies, the Kennedy Assassination? All memory implants. I made you in a tank, Vincene. I didn't clean it first, though, and that's why you have those spots." (She has a lot of either "beauty marks" or moles, depending how you look at it.) On and on about how she had blanks, things she couldn't remember, blank times. "Faulty programming." I had her rather confused, because I was so casual and straight about it.

Anyway, that's Vincene. Outside of a few hugs and kisses and one terrific (simulated) orgy in "The Secret Sex Lives of Romeo and Juliet" (where if there hadn't been people we would have made it more realistic) I have never touched the lady.

So it seems, according to Mitch & Wendy, that she was on an acid trip at the home of Antoinette "Supertongue" Maynard and her husband and went racing naked around the house screaming "I WANT TO FUCK BILL ROTSLER!"

I stand in awe of that story. That's not me. We're friendly, yes, but it is as remote as Jacqueline Onassis running around the house saying the same thing. (Well, not that remote.) I guess I don't know what to do with it. So I'm putting it in here and maybe it will ferment & age & turn mellow. I had forgotten it entirely. However, if I had heard it



stuff--IV

before she went off on their tour I would have tested it.

Why can't I recognize it when girls desire my lily white bod? Probably because I don't ever believe they do. Not my kind of sexual ego, I guess. I can believe they might want to fornicate my mind, because after all, that's gorgeous, but the physical me just doesn't excite me. (There's a weird statement, but what the hell, let it stand/sit/lie/fold/spindle/or muckup.)

So that's my ego-trip story for today.

ROTSLER MEETS THE KID

Started casting our film today and did and shall do that round of looking at naked ladies. Coming out of the market today I was going to the van and had two small bags in my arms and was fishing for my keys when a wee tiny child stepped out from behind the van and pointed a snub-nosed .38 at me. I looked right down the barrel and saw it was (1) real (2) loaded (3) it was very definitely pointed at me. Without a moment's hesitation I said, "Look at that!" and pointed away. (I forgot: he said, "Bang! Bang!") He looked as I moved to one side and took the gun ...and probably his first two finger joints across his hand.

He squalled to high heaven which almost instantly caused a 35-40 year-old-man to appear, obviously in the process of search, very distraught and anxious. He quickly checked the child & the gun in my hand, flipped out his ID and said he was a police officer. I gave him the gun and he just apologized all over hell, saying he didn't know the child (who was about 2) could even open the glove compartment, thought it was locked, etc. etc. He was very distressed and apologetic, ending with, "Well, I'm glad he pointed it at someone who knew what to do."

--Bill Rotsler

Which reminds me of a Burbee story. (Hah--bet you were wondering when I'd get around to that!) The last time Miriam and I were in the L.A. area, we spent Saturday afternoon and evening with the Burbees, as usual. During the course of the afternoon I got to thinking about Burb's article, "Love at 80°," which we had reprinted in THE INCOMPLETE BURBEE. I asked Burb who that article had been about, since he had mentioned no names in it, and he told me.

I asked, "But why did you make it such a point not to mention his name? There was nothing derogatory in the article."

"Oh, I don't know," said Burbee. "It seemed like a good idea at the time. I don't know exactly why. I mean, you ask us artists--" He stopped. "You ask us artists--" A strange expression came over his face. "You...ask...us...artists....."

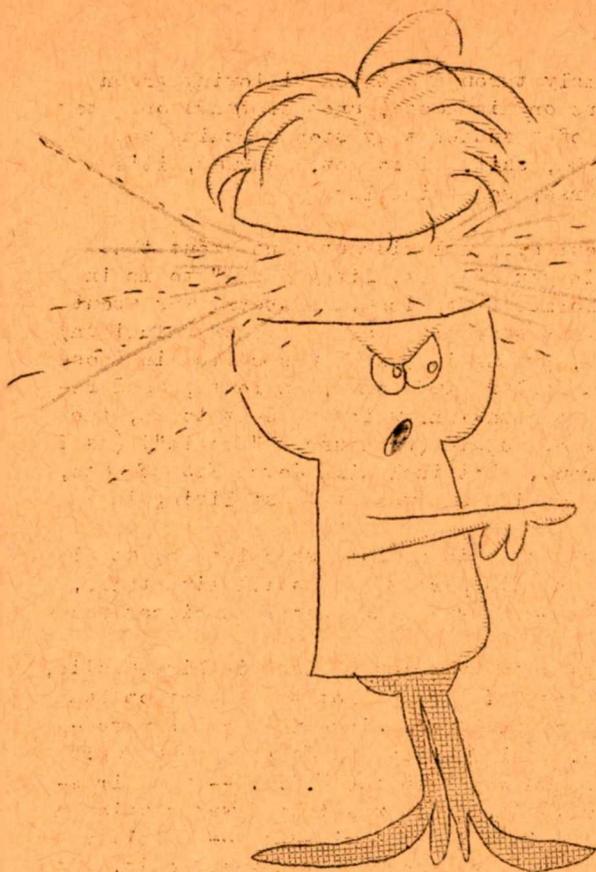
Suddenly he burst out laughing. "You ask us artists--" he said again, and whooped and laughed and slapped his knee. He fell to laughing so hard that he could hardly get his breath. He dissolved into laughter, belching, "...us artists!" and setting off again into more gales of mirth.

Soon he was laughing so uncontrollably that he left the room, and through the doorway we heard gradually diminishing bursts of guffawing and murmurs of "...us artists!"

In a little while he came back into the room, and said with a stony face, "You'll have to excuse us artists."

I don't think Burbee considers himself an artist.

--Terry Carr, INNUEENDO 9 (June, 1959)



MAD?
ME,
MAD?

DNQ: LETTERS

Bill Kunkel
72-41 61st St.
Glendale, NY 11227

Ted's account of the birth of his daughter was particularly enjoyable. And when he mentioned that thing about why babies have to be slapped, to get them breathing -- cause they're so stoned, I just smiled and thot, hell, that's the most beautiful thing I've ever read. Plus, it's just one more verse on that old blues classic, There Ain't No Doojie In Heaven, to be sung by Howlin' Georgia Ready, the Delta Blues Smachhead gravel voiced Blues Jiant:

Came into this woild (world, to you non-spades)
on a morphine sleep
Came into this woild
was on a morphine sleep
Had to shoot up salt to get me breathin'
I'll be dreamin when I'm six foot deep

Bill, your comments above strike me quite strangely--and, although I'm sure that wasn't your intention, they leave a bad taste in my mouth. Without debating with you the various qualities of "stoned" as manifested by various drugs, I must point out that babies who are born of anesthetized mothers are by no means to be envied for their "stone", and those of us who are aware of the danger to newborns from drugs of that sort (let alone others) find very little to smilo at. -twj

Calvin Demmon is beautiful. Somebody was saying at an Insurgents meeting that the thing of importance here is that it demonstrates the importance of the writer, as opposed to the subject the writer's going on about. I mean, andy offutt's been on that same riff for ghod knows how long now without managing to be even vaguely interesting, while the Demmon column shifts from very interesting to engrossing and back again and you'd never guess he was talking about the same thing. Both writers are obviqusly in love with the word and connotation of the word "writer," but one is a good writer and the other isn't. I guess that's it (of course it is).

I liked this and I didn't like that (this is one of those letters).

Speaking of vegetarians, I wasn't present, dammit, when Jay ate his first hamburger in so long. I did see him eat his second one, tho. Somehow it just didn't meet my expectations, though. I don't know, perhaps I expected a gasp of surprise from the chopped meat or something, as if Jay was the last person it expected to be eating him.

Alpajpuri
1690 E. 26th Ave.
Eugene, Oregon 17403

Well Doctor, it all started many years ago when I was but a tad, I was but a mere prat at the time, knee-high to a pop bottle... I have this recurring dream, see, about this small group of extremely important top-secret

high level government officials marching high-kneel and solemnly through a thick billowing green fog. The leader of the group is blowing a staid marching tune on his kazoo, another bangs on a toy snare drum, another clashes cymbals, and so on, and then all of a sudden they stop marching and playing and the leader turns to me and says... he says..... Oh, shit. I forget. Anyway, it's very pithy, vitally important to the fate of the entire universe, something like

Redd Boggs
PO Box 1111
Berkeley, CA. 94701

OK, you weren't putting us on in your original misstatement about the "InVention," but you certainly must be in your "Short, Pithy Reply" to me in Egoboo #13. If not, you ought to be informed that Richard Elsberry was about as much of a Poplar Bluff fan as I (in that same era) was a Saginaw (Michigan) fan. He wrote a lot of material for fanzines published there, by Duggie (as he was called in those days) Fisher and, especially, W. Max Keasler, and he visited Poplar Bluff once, en route, as I recall, to the Nolacon. He even made a wirecording there on that occasion, which he sent to me, the usual trivial chatter that preserved, nonetheless, the voices of Duggie (pronounced "Doogie") (as I was surprised to learn) and others of the Poplar Bluff fan group. Not including Joyce Fisher Katz, unfortunately, although from her memoirs in Potlatch I would imagine she was at least living in that area then, if unaware of fandom.

But Elsberry lived (as I said in my published letter) at 413 East 18th Street, Minneapolis; he had lived there for years, and his parents may still live there, for all I know. If he came from Poplar Bluff -- which I doubt -- it was long before he discovered fandom.

Also, I'm quite certain that the InVention was supposed to have taken place in Minneapolis, not St. Louis, as you state in your "Short, Pithy Reply," although I haven't got the Report on hand to check. I can't imagine why it would have been attributed to St. Louis, since none of us perpetrators of the InVention had any particular ties to St. Louis. Hal Shapiro and John (?) Shay were at the time stationed in Kirksville, Missouri, but were from elsewhere in the U.S.A. -- and Kirksville is not in the St. Louis area. And my sole connection with St. Louis was that I was stationed at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, for a month in 1942 -- that is in the St. Louis area -- hardly an experience to make me love it. No, the InVention was supposed to have happened in Minneapolis, and I believe even the "con hotel" was named in Elsberry's report. Well, until someone turns up a copy of the Invention Report, we'll never know. But wasn't there something about a tour of a brewery--in St. Louis...? -twj

As to what difference it makes, I dunno. None, I suppose -- but in my "blissful" ignorance, I thought Egoboo was devoted to preserving "a sense of continuity with a past that few fans seem aware of," and I thought maybe that past ought to be remembered as accurately as possible, with due allowance for legend and exaggeration. EG000, The Devoted Fanzine. -jdbj

In regards the purse-snatching episode, you seem to think the man was indeed a "violent" person, and if that is the case, it seems even more mad to go chasing after him in such a fashion. Robin's purse may have contained "a lot of personal stuff that was irreplaceable," but so are your lives irreplaceable, not to mention your limbs and appendages, which you risked in trying to confront a violent criminal. At any rate, calling me "Luis Zamora" is pretty silly, and uncalled-for. If you are so sure of your facts and opinions, is such snideness necessary? At least, it is pleasant to see Egoboo again; I'd given it up for lost. You're putting us on. -jdbj

Aljo Svoboda
1203 Buoy Ave.
loc FOOLSCAP. You see, this was my plan: I would loc FOOLSCAP (I got the FOOL-Orange, CA. 92665 ISH and FOOLS 3 and 5 from Chris Couch, of course), and somehow bribe the Post Awful to postmark the letter with a date right after the FOOLISH. Then, when the loc was delivered, you'd think it was just another foulup on the part of our beloved mailmen. And I would be recognized as an old and Sage Fan who in actuality had been around in the Golden Age. Why, this plan had Possibilities! Just think, I could loc old issues of even HYPHEN! VOID! Why, even SLANT! Of course, it fell through when I thought of the costs involved in bribing the P.O., but it was nice to think about. I'll have to be content to loc current fanzines and gain my fame gradually. Anyway, that's the crazy thing I was going to do.

Now for the crazy thing I'm going to do: loc EG000. First of all, you fooled me because you did not land in the mailbox with the traditional fannish marking, namely, the fold down the middle. I could see from the start that This Was No Ordinary Fanzine. The green paper, slightly weathered around the edges, was proof. It was a timeless fanzine! And I would get to time-bind to loc it! (You see, I'd always wanted to time-bind, ever since I first found fandom.) Unfortunately, I found out that I could only time-bind a year...in the future. Would you like me to toss a few infallible predictions at you? Very well...another issue of EG000 will come out, and it will be even more timeless than this timeless issue. Each issue more timeless than the last! -jdbj So timeless, in fact, that the fanhistorians will be unable to place it (of course, they'll never think of looking at the date...). Secondly, another issue of FOCAL POINT and POTLATCH will come out, or else all fandom will march on them.... You see, that's all the time-binding my beanie will take right now, so you'll have to wait for another prediction until you put out your next issue (that's incentive?...).



Greg Shaw
64 Taylor Dr.
Fairfax, CA. 94930

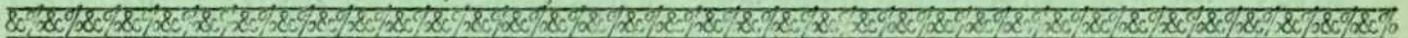
Creath Thorne is offbase throughout his fifth paragraph. Nearly all the popular slang in this century has originated in the black community, including a surprising number of the terms thought to have come out of the hippie movement. "Out of sight," for instance, I've heard used by blacks in a movie made in 1945, "far out" as far back as 1930, and even "blow my mind" back then somewhere. Can Creath really think that enough people read Damon Knight's hoary old anthology to have brought "far out" into common usage? I'm similarly unimpressed by his linkage of slan shacks to the modern day communes. People have been living together communally as long as there was poverty, and I don't even mean the real poverty of the blacks or the hillbillies, what about college students, aspiring actors, or any of a thousand other sets of circumstances that have traditionally brought young people together. I've never heard of a slan shack, anyway, that carried communal living to the extremes the hippies have -- from all reports, the slan shacks seem to have been fairly conventional multi-roommate affairs, with maybe an occasional meal in common. But as for pooling resources, sharing sexual partners, etc., I won't believe it happened in fandom until I hear it from Harry Warner.

Over in another paragraph, I take issue with both of you. Len Bailes hasn't been active in LA fandom in years (you should've seen the look of distaste on his face when I asked to be taken to a LASFS meeting last year) and has been interested in fandom, a member of FAPA, and published one issue of an acclaimed genzine last year. Tom Gilbert was never any kind of a fan, he was one of those weird introverted anal-retentive types that got roped into fandom thru comic collecting (I think) and promptly spent a fortune on amassing a tremendous fanzine collection, but I believe he failed to respond when his FAPA membership came due. I hate guys like that -- once they get their collection complete, or find some other stupid hobby-substitute for a sex life, off they go, taking with them all those priceless, irreplaceable fanzines. And without ever having contributed anything to fandom but a perfunctory page of book reviews in APA L each week.

Jerry Lapidus
54 Clearview Dr.
Pittsford, NY 14534

Harry--but part of the fun of some of those old movies is the very act of reading the titles. "Intolerance" is a particular case in point. The problem with seeing all the "great" old movies now is that they're really never presented in the same way. When "Birth of a Nation" and "Intolerance" were originally shown, they had symphony orchestra playing a specially written score, along with sound effects, etc. Going to see such a movie today -- with that accompaniment -- might just bring back some of the old feeling. Those feelings are certainly absent in the way you see it most of the time now -- in a college Cinema class, accompanied by a whirring professor and noisy projector, or perhaps at a Revival cinema, with lots of freaks making nasty comments about it.

WE ALSO HEARD FROM: Terry Hughes, Dave Hulvey, Will Straw, and Robert Lichtman. And Harry Warner. And Jerry Kaufman. And Ray Nelson. Anyone else we forgot?



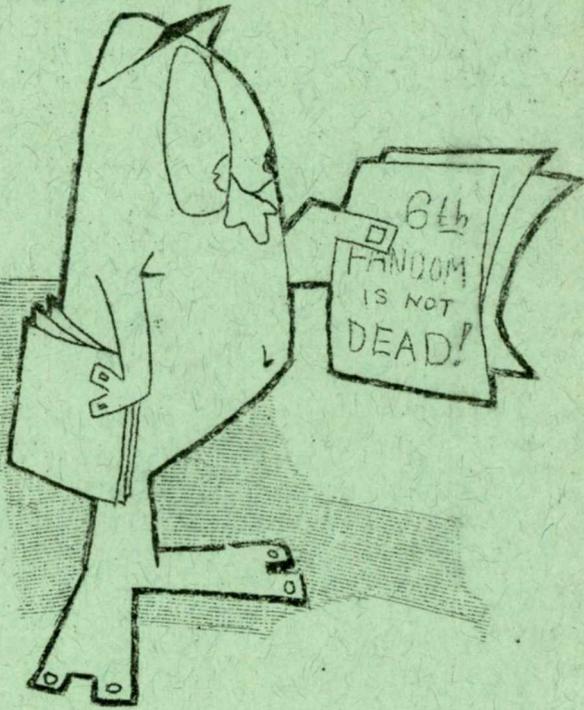
Pete Graham now has a fish tank. We stared into it for three hours the other night, trying to figure out which of the two kissing goramis was sexier -- was the catfish really hemorrhaging or are they born bloody? -- was the water cloudy because it was about to rain in the tank? -- why did the neon tetras blink on and off "Joe's Diner" instead of "Fire Sale"? All the fish seemed happy except the hemorrhaging catfish and the trout, who looked a little uncomfortable. I still prefer furry things, like coats and kittens.

--Carol Carr, LIGHTHOUSE 12 (Feb., 1965)

While we were on holiday in Kerry last summer we found on Brandon Head great lines of stone and eventually realized they spelled EIRE, for aircraft arriving across the Atlantic. It felt somehow peculiar to live in a labeled country.

--Walt Willis, LIGHTHOUSE 11 (Nov., 1964)

eavesdropping PLURAL!



EVERYBODY IN FANDOM SPEAKS IN PUNCH-LINES....I TOO HAVE A TENDENCY TO INVENT LITTLE-KNOWN FACTS AND THEN BELIEVE IN THEM IMPLICITLY....LOTS OF INTERESTING THINGS HAVE BEEN WRITTEN IN INVISIBLE INK....MOST PEOPLE DON'T REALIZE HOW MIGHTY A REPUTATION YOU'VE GOT....I THOUGHT IT WAS A PERMANENT JOB BEING A ROCK--BUT NOW I HEAR RUMORS OF GRAVEL....AND THE PRESIDENT WILL CAST THE TYING VOTEFANDOM IS TO THE STRAIGHT WORLD AS TIBET IS TO A YOUNG MAN IN HAYS, KANSAS....IT MIGHT BE EASIER TO EXPLAIN THE ACTIONS OF SOME OF THE MEMBERSHIP OF FAPA ASTROLOGICALLY THAN BY ANY OTHER METHOD WE HAVE TRIED THUS FAR....IF YOU CAN THINK ABOUT IT WITHOUT LAUGHING, THE QUESTION OF EXISTENCE BECOMES A VERY REAL ONE....THERE ARE PEOPLE ON WHOM A RATIONAL MIND IS QUITE BECOMING.... HEY, DOES DOPE ROT YOUR BRAIN BY ASSOCIATION?....IN BERKELEY NEWS TRAVELS BY ACCIDENT....A GOOD LEADER CAN CONVINCE PEOPLE TO FOLLOW HIM OVER A CLIFF....WHEN YOU ARE BURDENED WITH THE DESTINY OF FANDOM YOU MUST CLASSIFY SOME THINGS OR IT ALL TURNS TO A BALL OF GOOP....GAFIA IS A HIGHER PLANE OF CONSCIOUSNESS....I LIKE ORIGINALITY IN MY SYMMETRY....HAVE YOU EVER HAD BALONEY FLAMBE?....I WAS INFERRING NOTHING; I WAS IMPLYINGFANNISH FANZINES HAVE THE ART WITHOUT THE FART....IT CRAWLED OUT OF THE MAILBOX AND INTO MY HAND-- CAN I KEEP IT?....N3F IS THE GABBY HAYES OF FANDOM.....sources (in no order): gary deindorfer, bill rotsler 3, elinor busy, KSAN, arnie katz, gregg calkins, john smith, gerry harris, les gerber, calvin demon, dave hulvey, ted white, john d. berry 4, anon 3

TOMM D. BERRY
625 SCOTT, #607
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