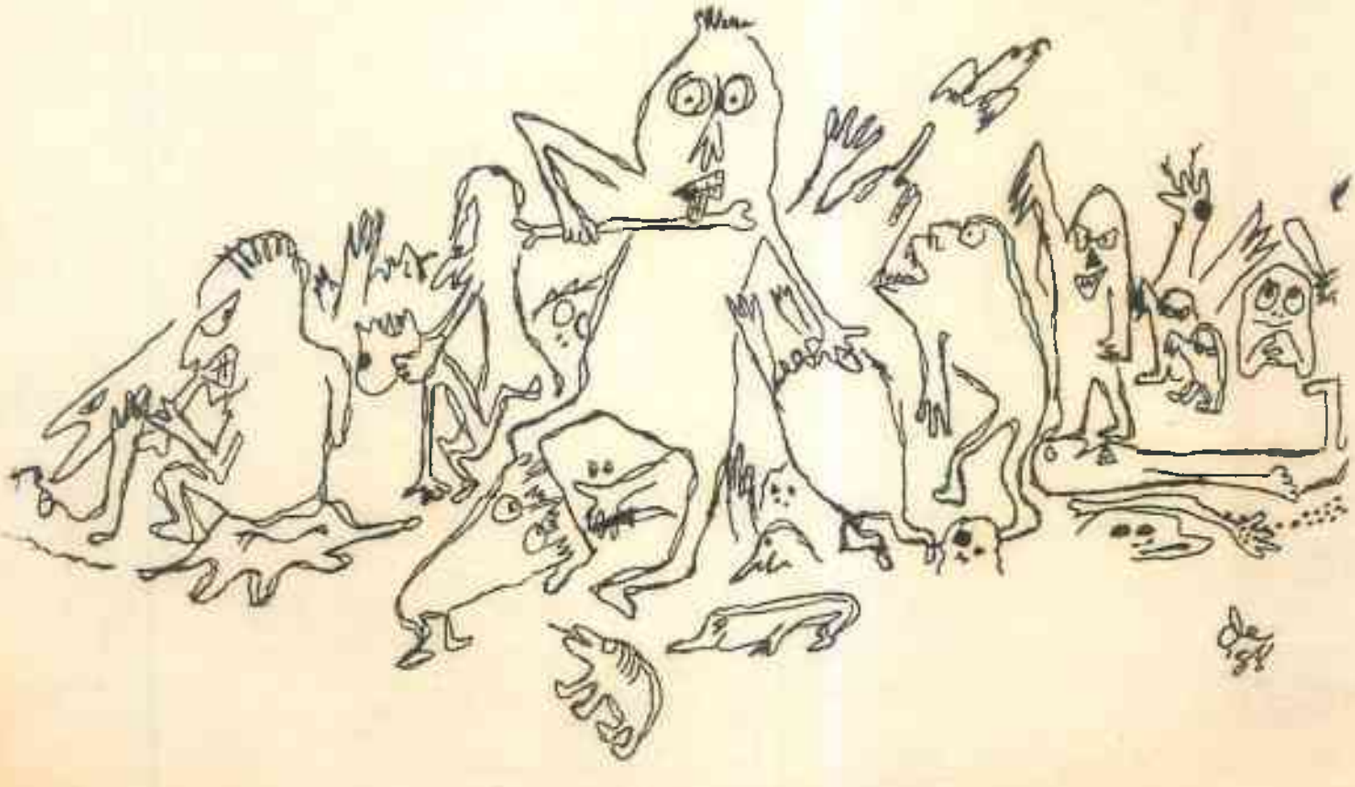
A DAVE ENGLISH SKETCHBOOK



David A. English
boy artist
January, 1958

This DAVE ENGLISH SKETCHBOOK, concieved and printed by Larry Stark, was designed as a post-mailing to FAPA Mailing #83, and a Cult FRactional. Extra copies, once friends are taken care of, will be rare, and sold for 25¢ per.
June, 1958
Of 110 numbered copies, you have recieved # 66.

WHAT HAPPENED IN BOSTON, WILLIE?

On the following pages you will find a liberal selection from one hundred and forty odd drawings done by David A. English during his stay with the Young Menage. It was my intention, when stencilling began, to cut each one of the thirty legal-length and eight standard-sized pages "as-is", making this sketchbook more a record of Dave English At Work, than a conscious selection and presentation. For the first fourteen or fifteen pages, that intention was carried out, too, with the exception of centering certain drawings better on the pages so they would print. ((Dave persists in drawing almost to the edges of the paper.)) However, about that time it became obvious that there were neither enough stencils nor enough money available to do a proper job, and therefore many partially-filled pages were filled with drawings from other sheets, and where necessary smaller drawings were substituted for larger ones. It also became obvious that some of Dave's more ambitious experiments with stamp-pad effects would have to be left out, as of course, with color. ((Eliminated also, of course, were a thin sheaf of pastel-drawings.)) However, within the limits imposed by the pocketbook, this is as accurate a record of Dave English in action as could be obtained.

Mr. English has explained more than once that his drawings do not releave him of repressions and hostility feelings...that he in fact is aware of no hidden hostilities whatever. It is occasionally frightening, however, to watch him surround a dot with a circle in the middle of a page, put a face around it, and surround the whole with a chaos of writhing, semi-human forms. Still, contrary to the evidence, Dave is a remarkably sane young man...well-adjusted sometimes to the point of virtual immobility. He is quiet, simple, and uncomplicated. He defends with taciturn definiteness his right to sleep as long as he damn pleases. While at the Young Menage, he devoured every magazine and fanzine that arrived ((as well as many which were piled in various places, and a number which had been hidden away in drawers)), and worked his way methodically through two or three bookcases, sampling as he went. He told elaborate puns ((all dead-pan, and deadly)), explained the plots of science fiction movies and novels, recounted numerous anecdotes of characters he had met a) as a major in Experimental Psychology, before he became disillusioned, and went to work, b)with Buffalo's semi-collegiate Blue Masquers' Little Theatre Group, c) in Seventh Fandom, d) at parties at "Stuckey's", e) hunting for an apartment, and later, for a refrigerator to put in it, f) working for Bethlehem Steel, in Buffalo, and for Ring Sanitorium ((as an attendant)) in Boston. Through the long winter nights, I've heard Dave discussing his favorite authors ((Joyce, Melville, Lovecraft, Bradbury, Bester, Sturgeon, Sandra J. English, and Amos Tutuola)), their works, and their critics. We viewed "The Beat Generation" through the microscopes of several magazine articles, and concluded that though we'd met people who could think these were descriptions of themselves, none of us were planning to be "beat".

Though it sounds it, those seventy-six days that Dave English spent sharing my room weren't all gay, fannish frivolity. In fact, they were made possible only by a good deal of misfortune and tension. Dave came to Boston originally because he'd been laid off at the steel mill. He moved at all to escape the pressures of in-law trouble that managed to make itself felt from three hundred miles away. Dave's intention was to stay with the Youngs till he found an apartment, and eventually to bring his wife and D aniel, his four-month-old son, to Boston. He failed to consider the economic situation, however, which was just as bad here as in Buffalo, and had been for a few months longer. I had been out of work since December ((Dave arrived the 19th of January)), and neither of us had much luck in finding jobs for quite a while.

The apartment was much easier to find ((with Stuckey's help)), however, and a week or so after he arrived, Dave bid us all farewell and took posession. We thought, regretfully, that Dave had been snatched from us by cruel circumstance, but such was not the case. The new apartment had no phone. It became Dave's habit, after checking the few listings in the morning paper, to drop by the Youngs, and to spend the afternoon, quietly, hopefully, beside the silent phone. He occupied himself with any reading-material in sight, with occasional conversation, and ((luckily)) with pen and paper. Periodically we would remind him that meals were a pleasant habit to acquire, but our suggestions never seemed to do much good. the only calls that came for Dave, though, were a succession of long-distance conversations with Sandy, who was being driven systematically to her wits' end by her parents. During the evenings when Dave stayed late, we would compare notes on our lack of success, console ourselves with conversation laced with literary allusions, and think up new curses for the present administration. They were tense, frustrating days, and perhaps the only constructive result was the sheaf of drawings included here.

Things supposedly were at their blackest, but proceeded to get worse. One morning, Dave woke to six-above temperatures to find he had run out of kerosene for the apartment's space-heater, and we had an English rooming with us once again. When Dave returned to resume life at the apartment, he found the floor missing in the bathroom, burned timbers in the cellar, and locked doors. There had been a fire in his absence ((his belongings were saved)), and the landlord had no plans to make repairs. ((“The building's condemned, anyway; they're going to tear it down to build a bridge next year.”)) Sandy called, to report on efforts to move the English's furniture from Buffalo, and news of the fire snapped her patience. She arrived the next day, sent by her parents “to come back, either with my husband, or without having any husband.”

That evening, the English luck turned. Sandy was to leave for Buffalo on the midnight bus ((Daniel was still in Buffalo)), and before she left Boston she and Dave were planning to visit Stuckey, a fabulous friend whose parties seem to bring out the best of people. While they prepared to leave for Stuckey's, Dave got the first call of the whole time which wasn't the Buffalo long-distance operator. Ring Sanitorium had decided to accept him for work as an attendant, beginning the following Monday. The tense time was over, and from that time things got better. ((In fact, the following week, I found work myself!)) The landlord found Dave another apartment, Sandy loaded the family's posessions into a van, and Dave moved out of the Young Menage into his own on the 6th of April.

At present, Dave, Sandy, and Daniel are living in a small second-floor apartment at 100 Poplar Street, Boston, near the Charles River. ((“You get off the subway at Charles Street station, turn left at the bottom of the stairs, and walk past the hospital and the Suffolk County Jail; Poplar Street is a right turn.”)) He's twenty-one, crew-cut, and would look fine in a back-of-the-jacket author's portrai portrait. After getting to know him sufficiently well, I was allowed to read his small, bound-in-black collection of typescripts: some poetry, a number of short-stories, four chapters of a novel, and a surrealistic play which, along with the drawings, was done during his seventy-six days with the Youngs. Sandy is a compulsive poet, who is at present combing through reams of poems and written-exercises in preparation for an assault on the little-magazines. Daniel, at six months, hasn't written a damn line.

lesIII, 30 April, '58

A L L O R I G I N A L S ! N O R E P R I N T S !

A word about the drawings themselves might be in order. No old fans need be told about the double-lines of the deToon; they're an often-explained trade-mark. ((I When I started, I knew I couldn't draw, so I stuck in two or three lines, hoping one of them would be right. Everyone stencilled ALL the lines, though, and by the time I could draw them right the first time, I had this unmistakeable style that no one wanted me to change.I)) Connoisseurs are warned, however, that close examination will reveal that, in a number of cases, the lines have been doubled only in noticeable places, and the original Dave English line carries its weight alone in other places. True deToon fans ((and anyone who has stencilled deToons)) will note also that the double line quite frequently adds to the correct appearance of the figure...by suggesting a spinal-line, or crossing from side to side at the wrist.

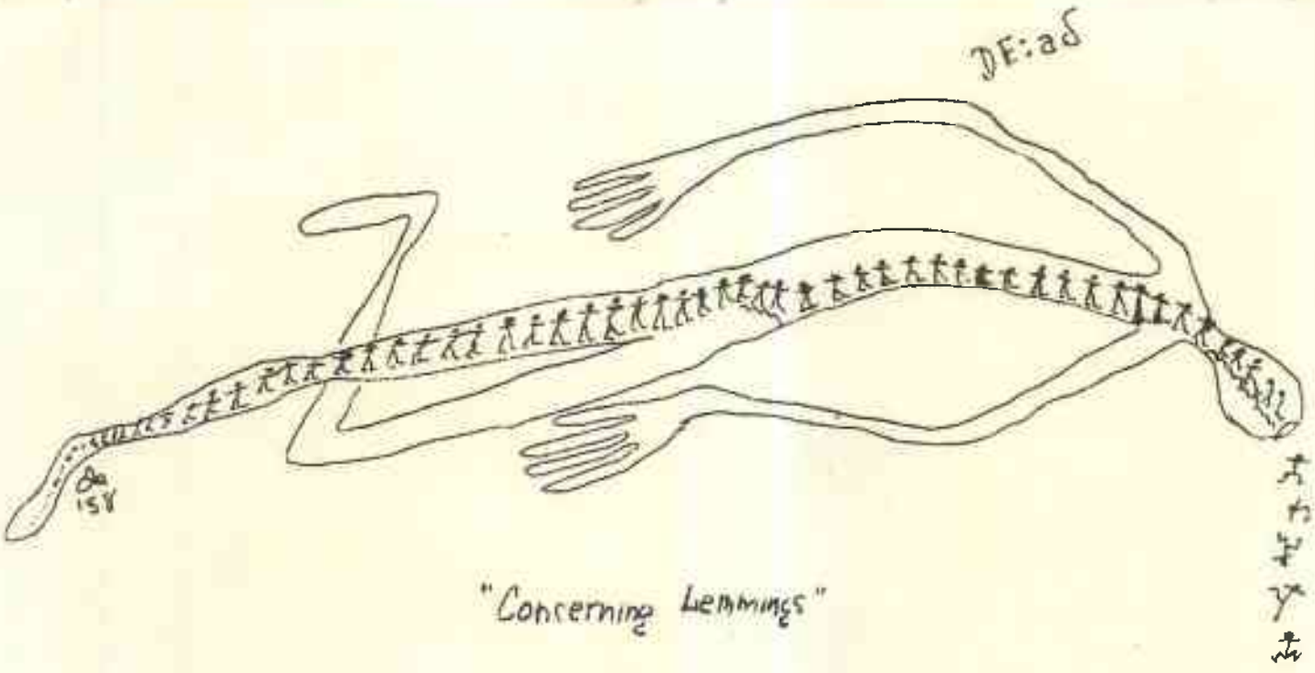
The cartoons themselves had several points of inspiration. When Dave first sat down with vellum and quill, he asked for some favorite line of poetry or fannish saying, to use as inspirational title. Collectively, we could only think up one; however, we referred him to the Jack Harness FAPA ATTITUDE POLL, and you can see most of the results. But that wasn't all. A while later Dave discovered the Youngs' collection of rubber-stamps, including a make-your-own set of letters, and for a couple of days these figured prominently in his drawings. Jean Young has done her best to stencil these, in the included cases...however, those which featured fingerprints had to be left out, as were a couple of others much more complicated than that.

The drawing used as a cover was drawn at my request for Dave to "Draw me a mural". 'Adam and Eve' followed soon after, as did three unreproduceable others. I suspect that Dave was a little flattered at their going immediately up on my wall. The first night Dave was here, he did some drawings using colored inks, in pale washes and stippled-effects, usually only red and green, or some other combination of very few colors. He used color sporadically throughout his stay. Eight or ten pastell drawings are also around the apartment somewhere.

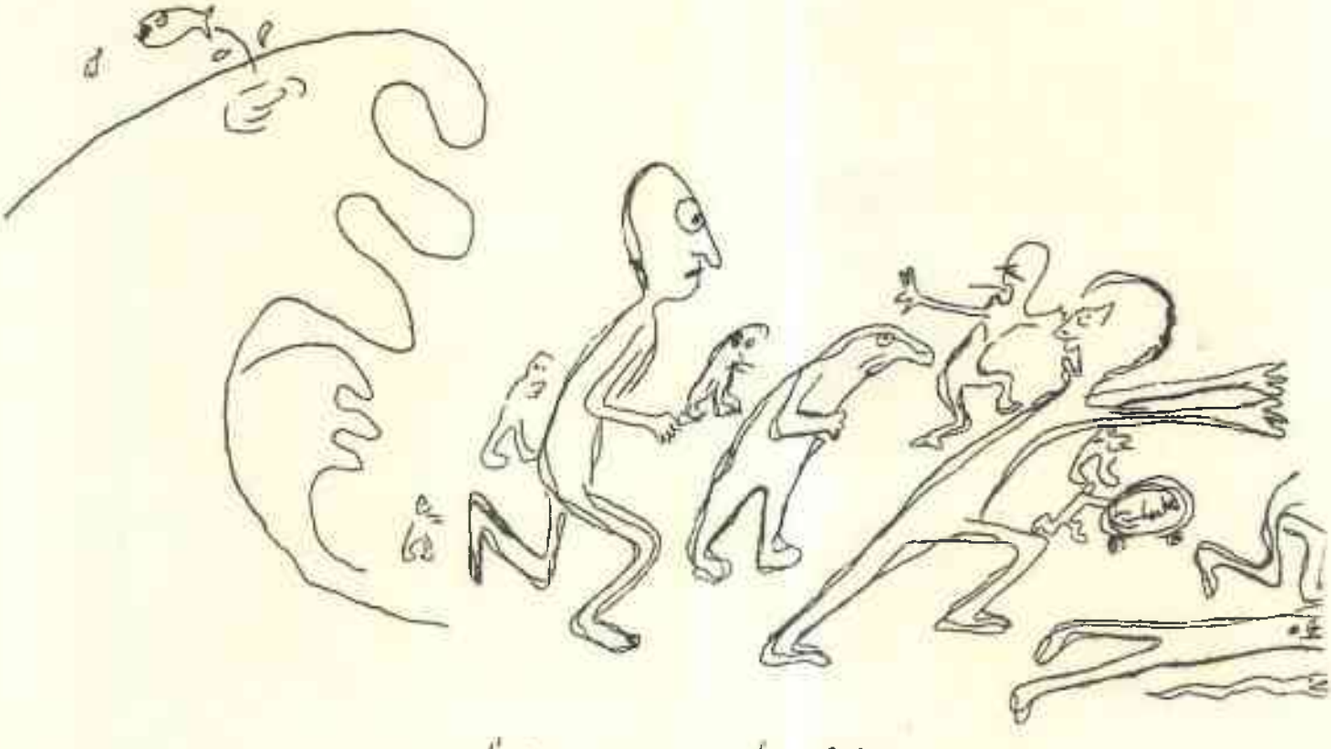
Some of my favorite Dave English drawings were done, not so much as cartoons, to idle away afternoons, but more or less as doodles, while listening to tape-letters. They have more surreal, unsettling qualities about them; almost as though they were cartoons to the unconscious rather than the conscious mind. 'Flight from Unendurable Evil #1 and #2', the little thing called 'Bat,' and the 'Warning from The Past' pair are all such drawings. It's the Dave English who drew those who occasionally frightens me.

Most of the faults in cutting can be laid at my feet; these were the first stencils I ever attempted to cut with a stylus instead of a typewriter, and many dire things are expected to have happened. As of today, nothing has yet been printed, and until it is I will neither gloat nor apologise. My thanks to the Y Youngs for the use of the equipment, for the donation of the expensive stencils, for their egging me on and their complimenting my industriousness. And, special thanks to JeanY for advice, and for taking over when the going got too rough for inexperienced little me.

lesIII 30 April, '58

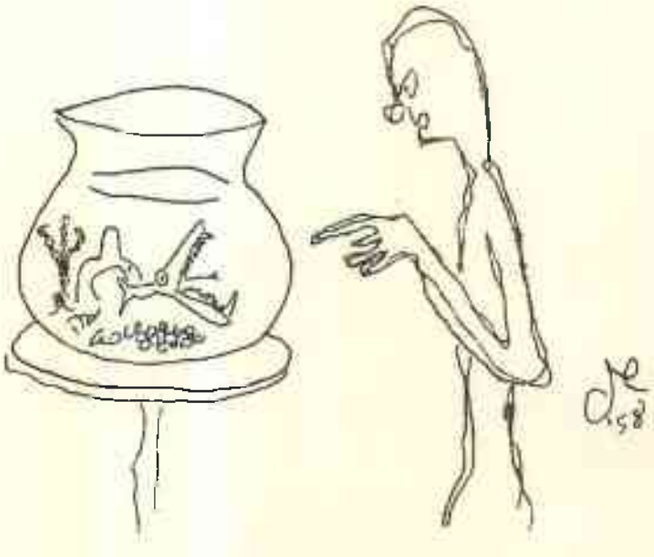


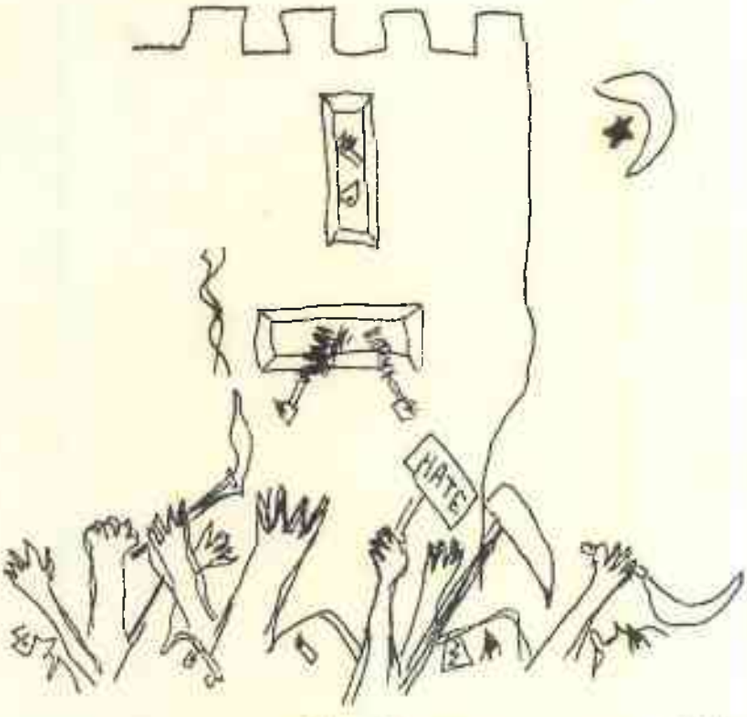
"Concerning Lemmings"



"Apres nous, le deluge!"

"Naughty... ~~naughty~~ Peter!"

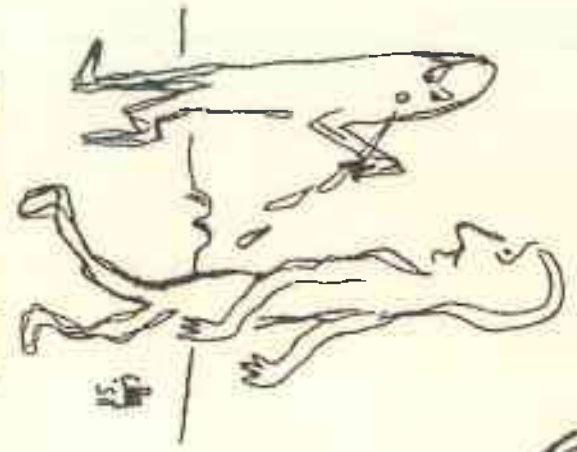




"I own what I own in spite of them!"

"I get openly angry with people."

"I enjoy all my possessions and always have!"



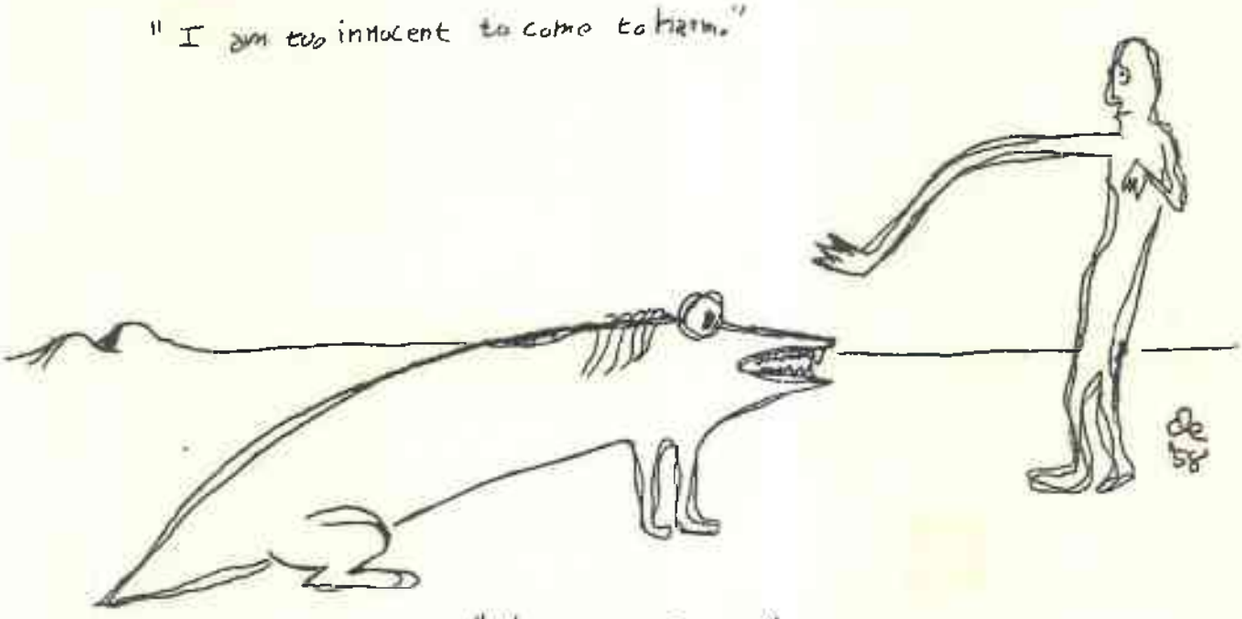
Some people are hateful

"I like to have people talk to me."

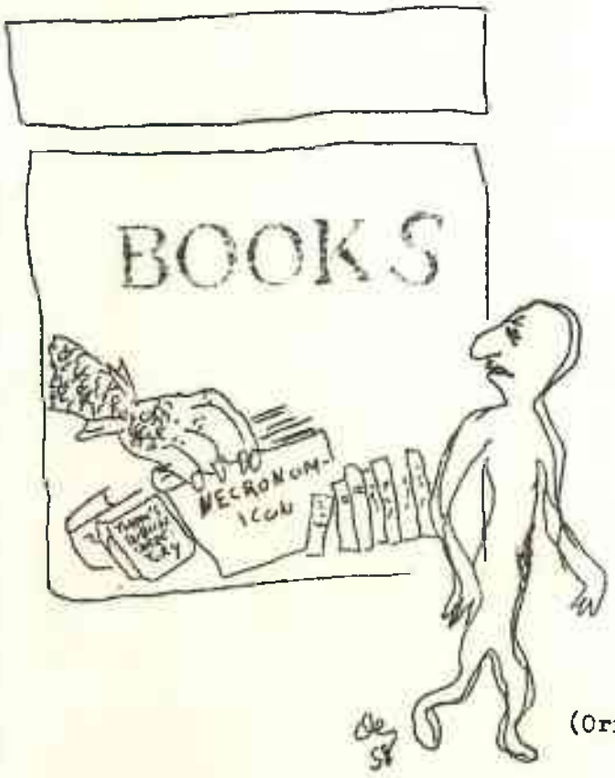
The page is pretty grateful.

"I am well all of the time."

"I am too innocent to come to harm."



"Nice.... nicedoggie."



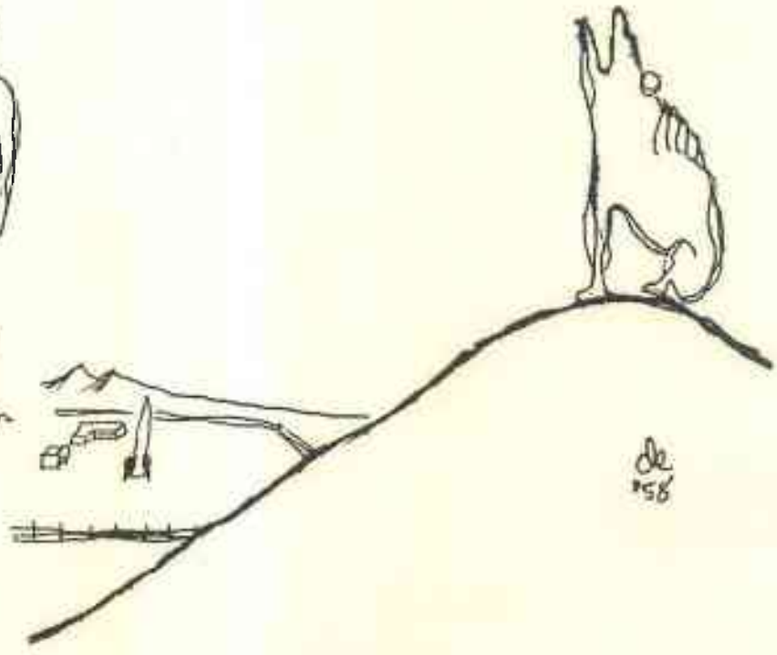
(Original used rubber-stamp)

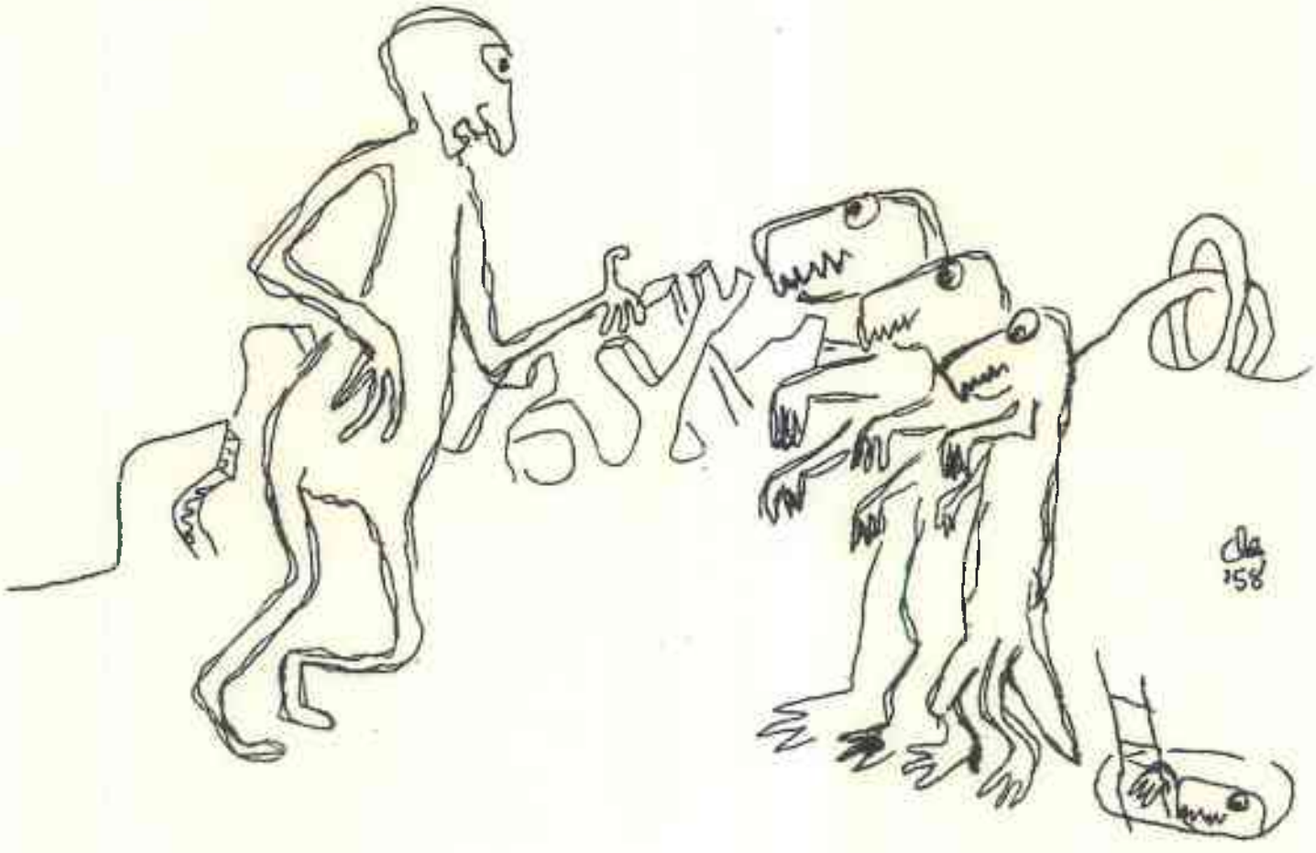
"One who came calling..."

"A dangerous enemy"

"You call that a shaky cog?"

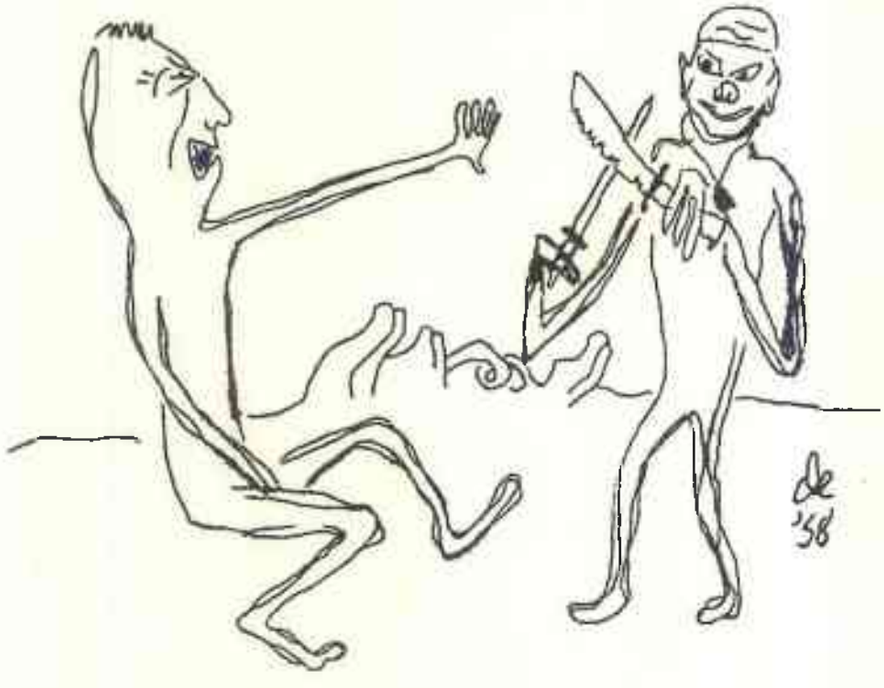
—horn the snake,
with candles and g.k.m.





" A Roubidoux World full of Crocodiles"

(Original in color)

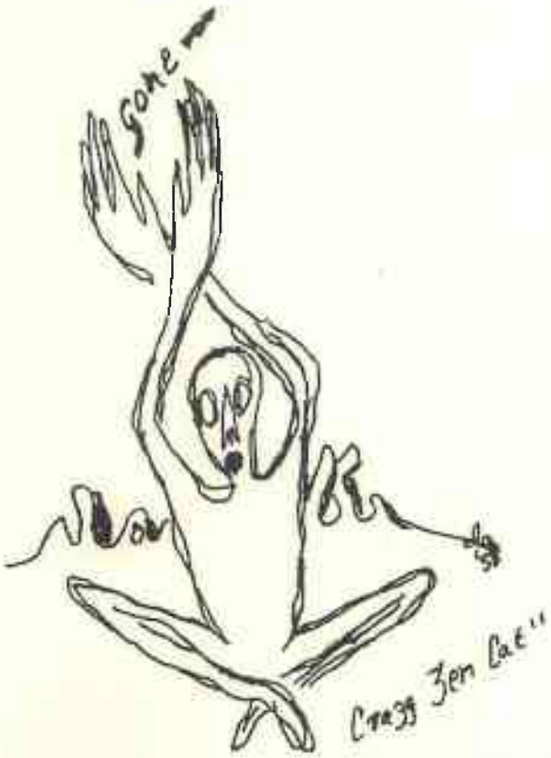


" Hold on tighe and it won't hurt...."

Yes ☐ NO!! ☐ Maybe... ☐

"....close behind him tread."

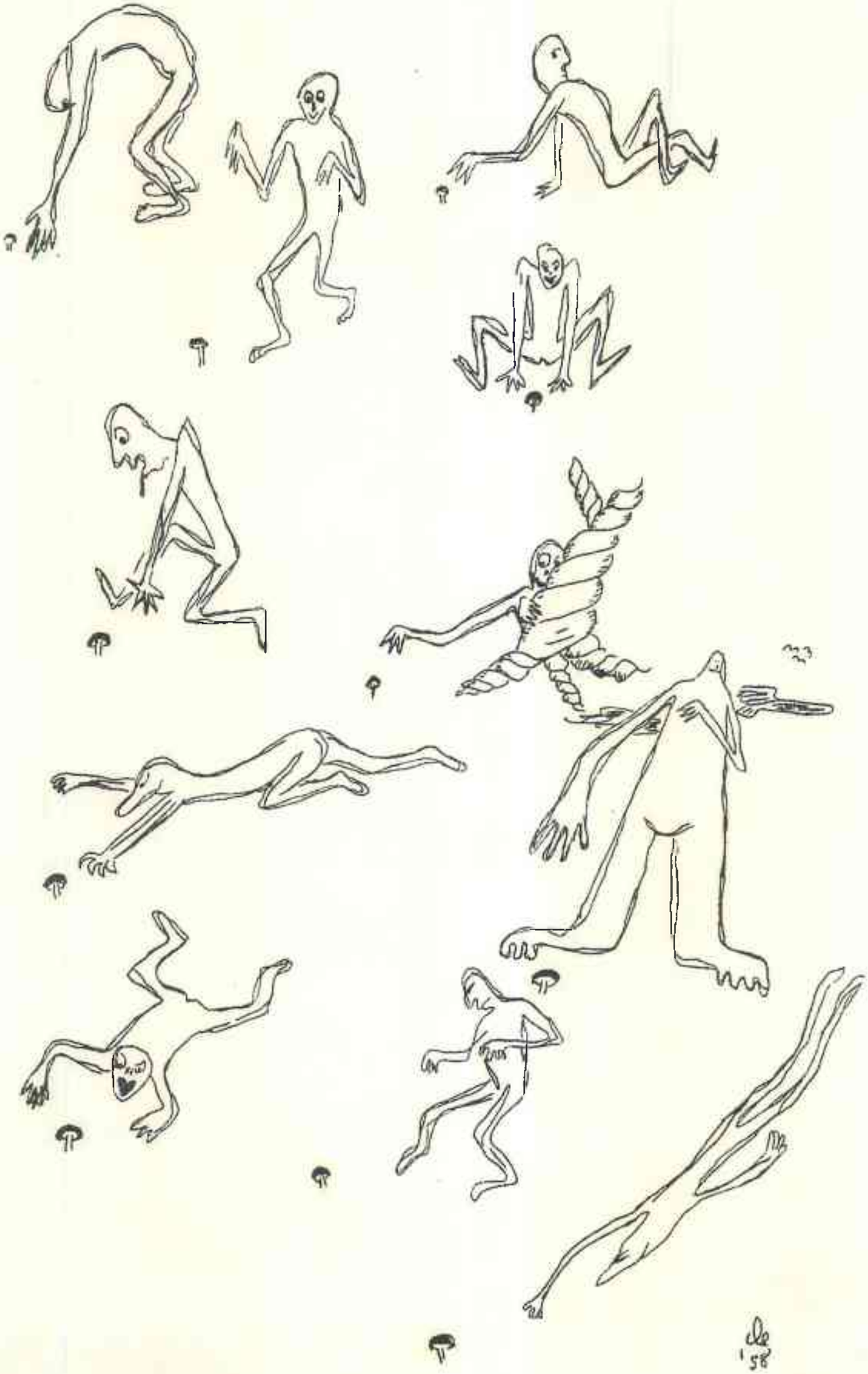
George Gone and Alice

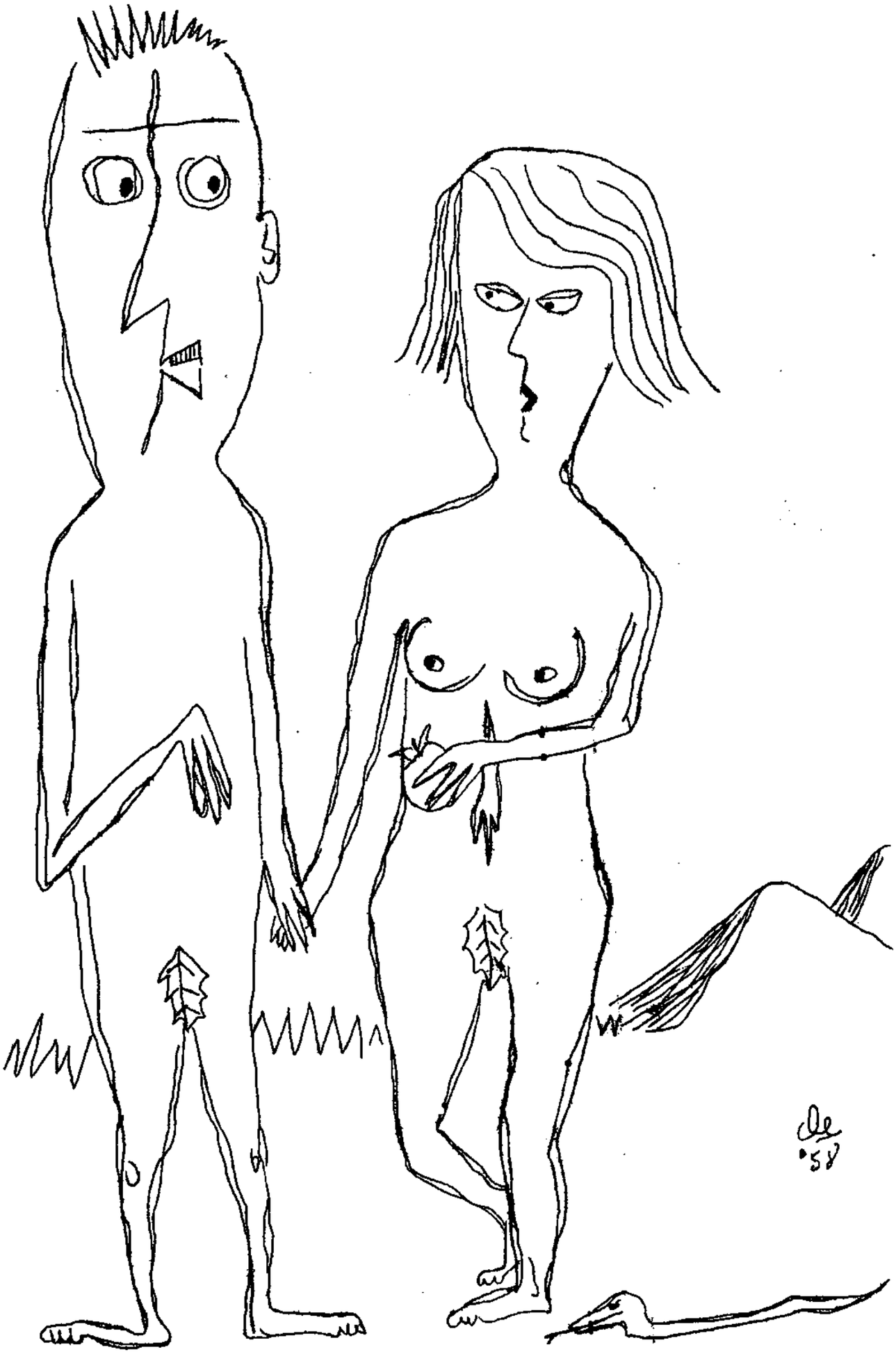


Cross Zen Cat"

SHEPHERD my
is Lord the...."

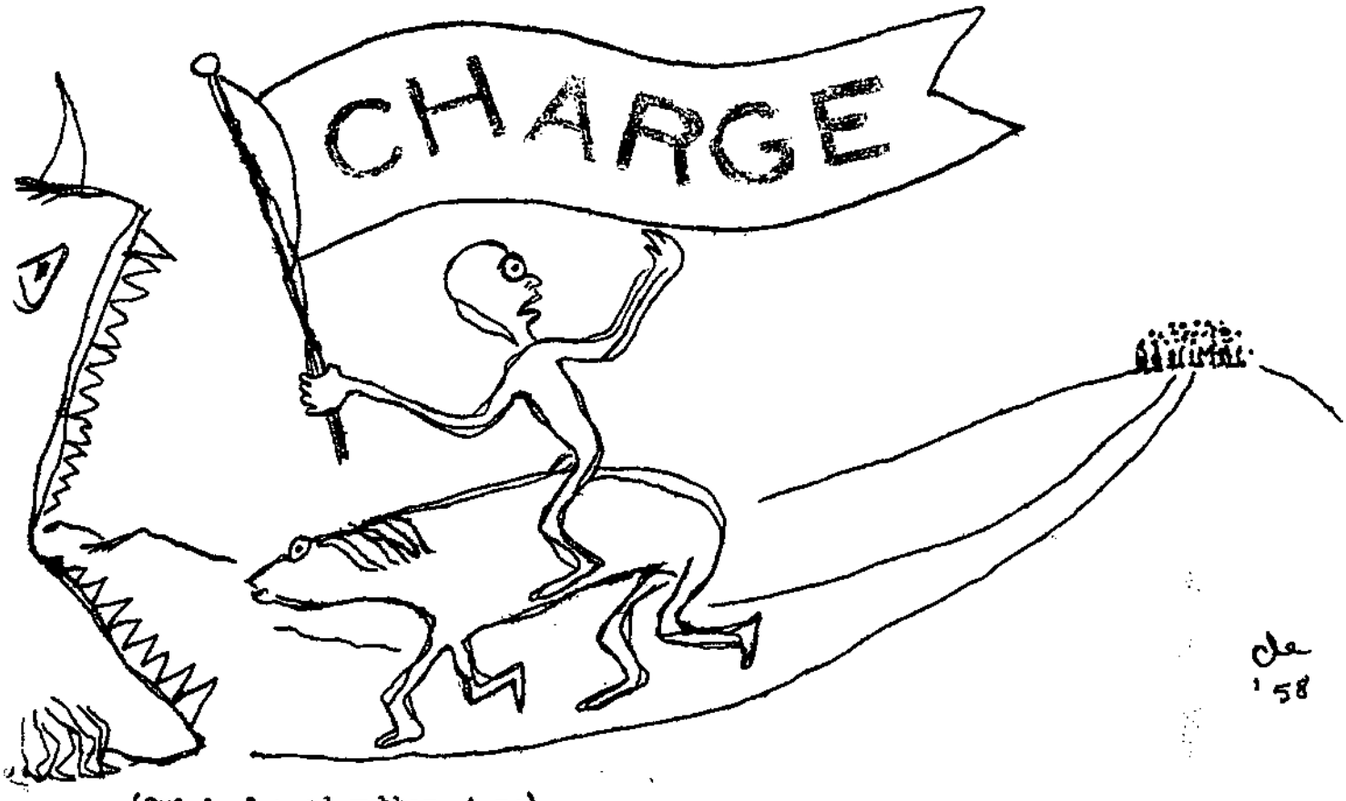
METHODS OF APPROACH –



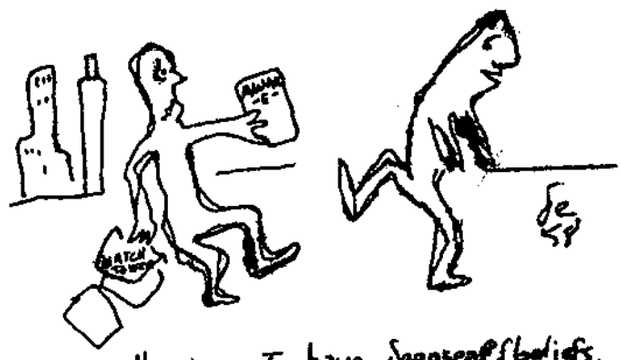


" Adam and Eve "

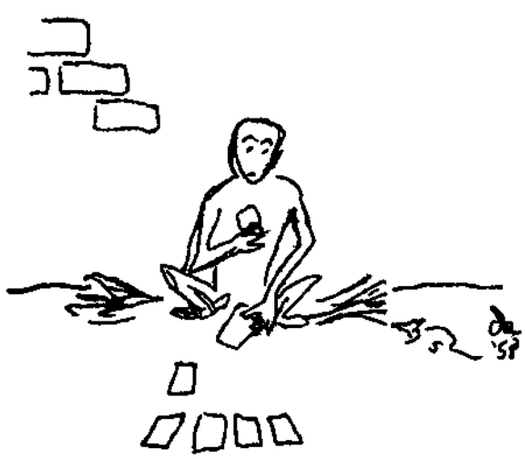
(Original in color)



(Original used rubber-stamp)

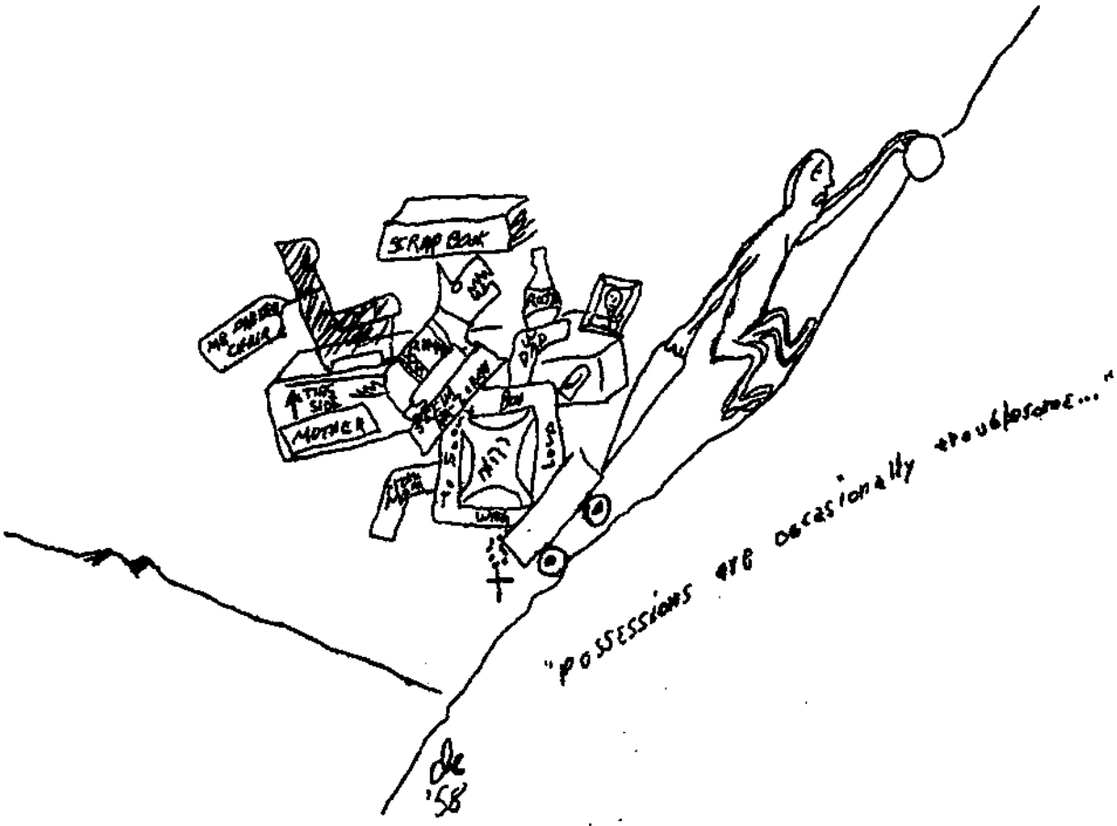


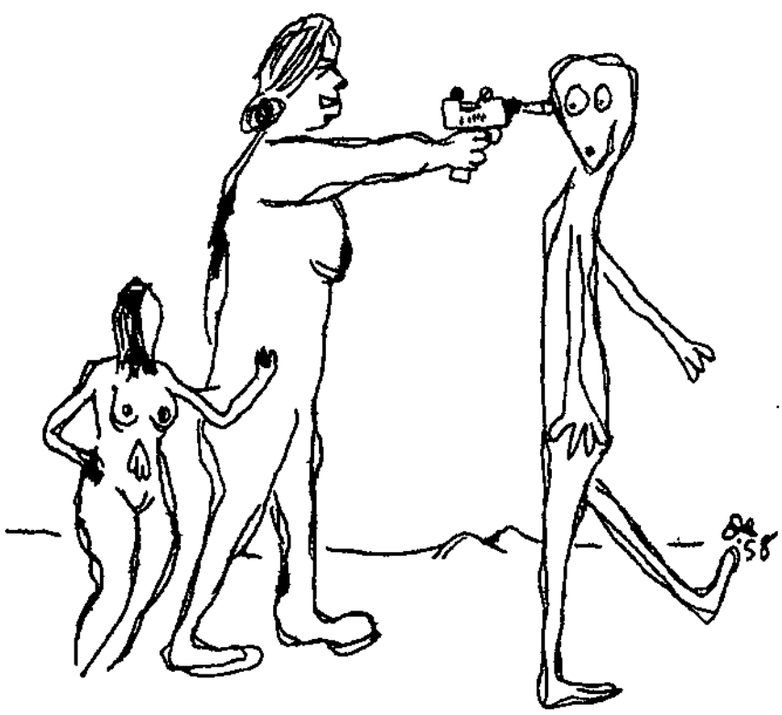
"When I have deepseated beliefs, I tell other people about them..."



"I adjust myself to situations as need be...."

"I do not listen to bad things"

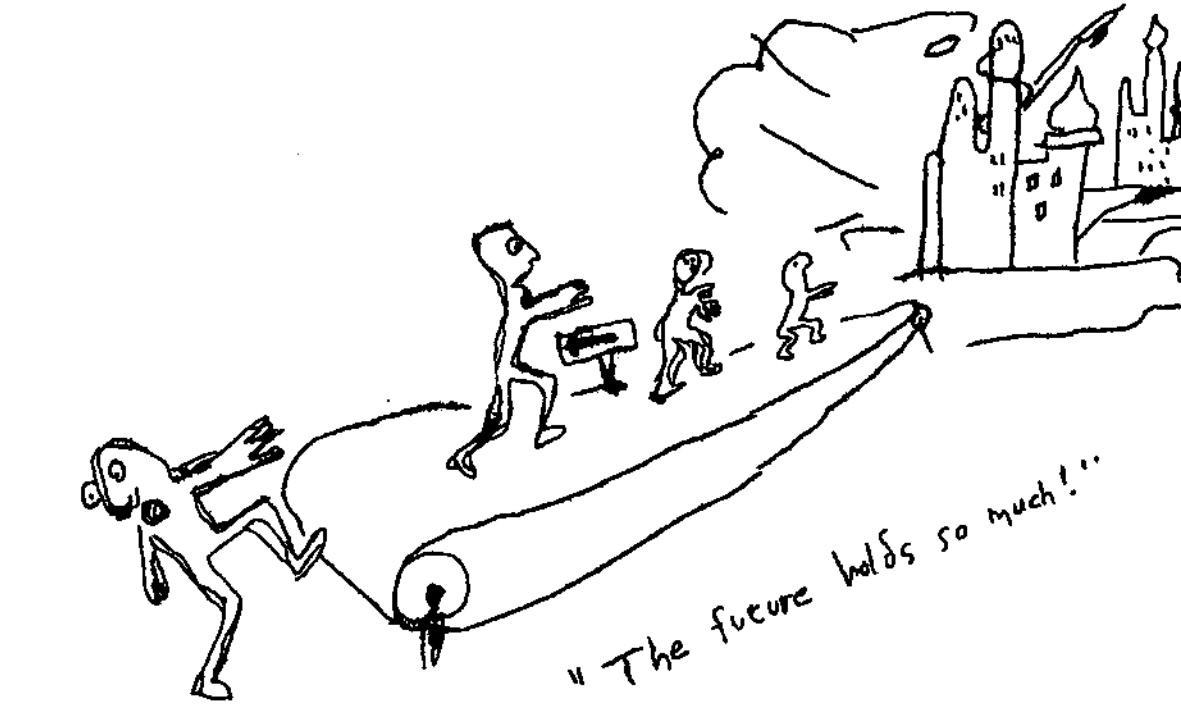




"I am free to do anything I choose."

" I enjoy talking to people "

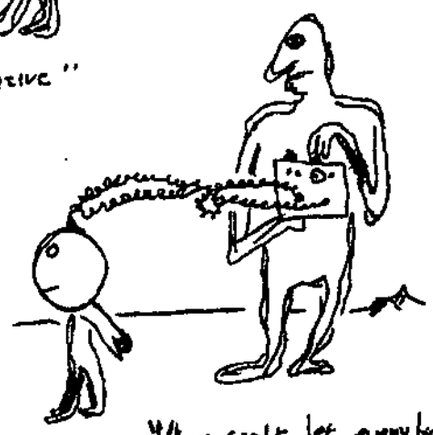
All children are wonderful;
or,
" Maybe he'll be a surgeon when
he grows up "



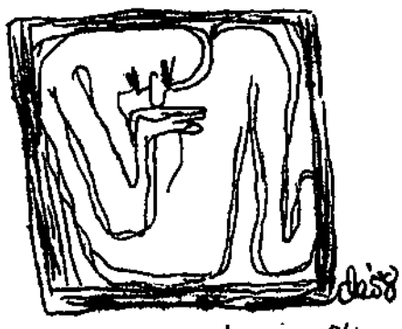
"The future holds so much!"

"Sometimes I'm afraid I'll lose things...."

"People are very coöperative"

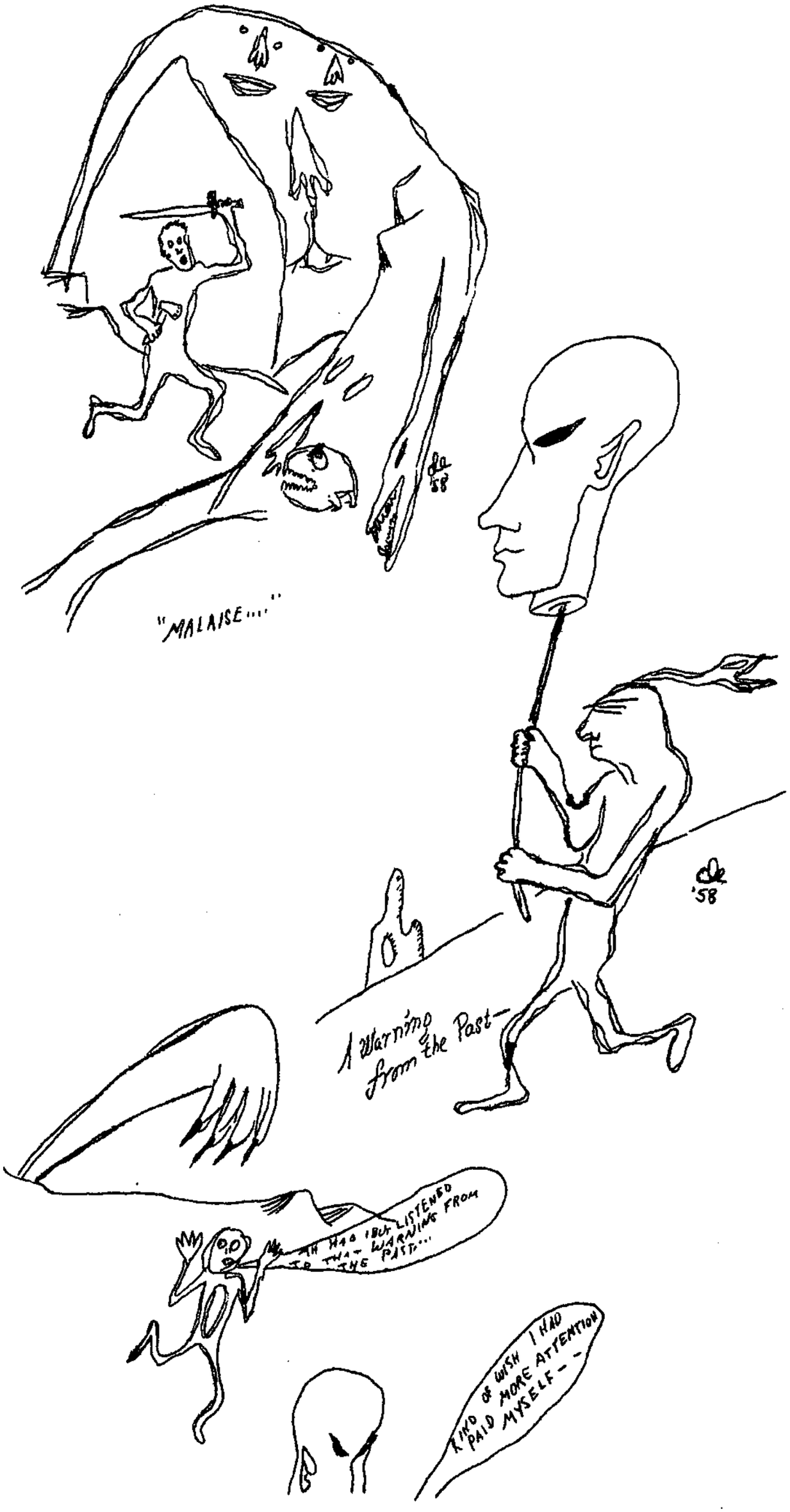


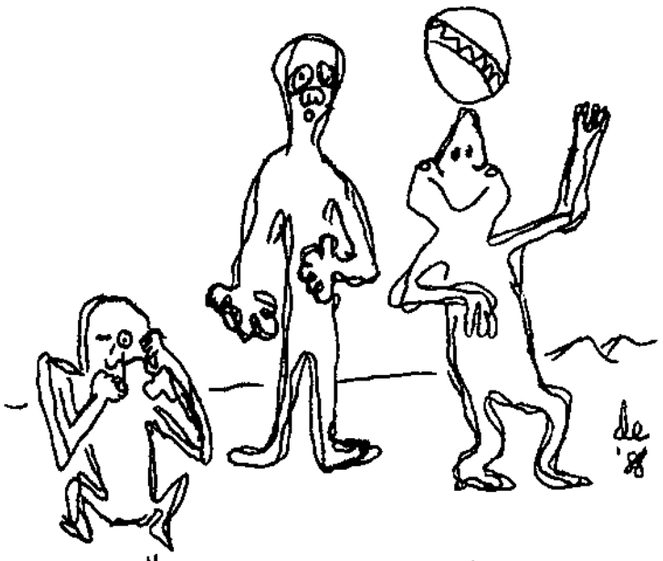
"You can't let everybody do as they please."



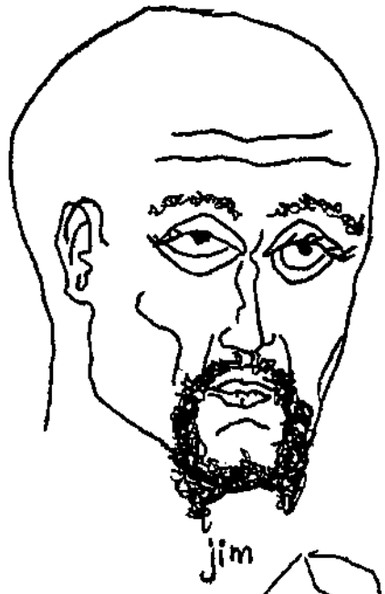
"I can't be myself"

"No matter what happens to other things, I'll like that...."


"MALAISE...."
'58
A Warning from the Past—
'58
AH HAD IBUT LISTENED TO THAT WARNING FROM THE PAST...
I'MD OF WISH I HAD PAID MORE ATTENTION MYSELF--

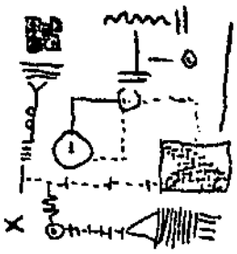


"The world is too full of competent people..."

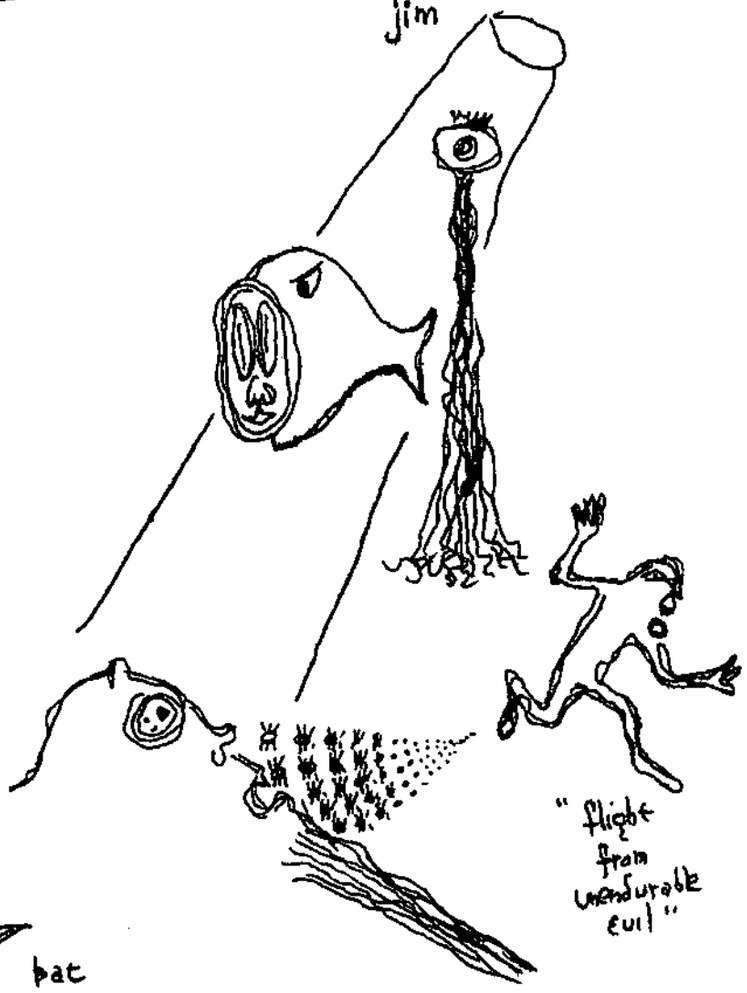


jim

cuberd



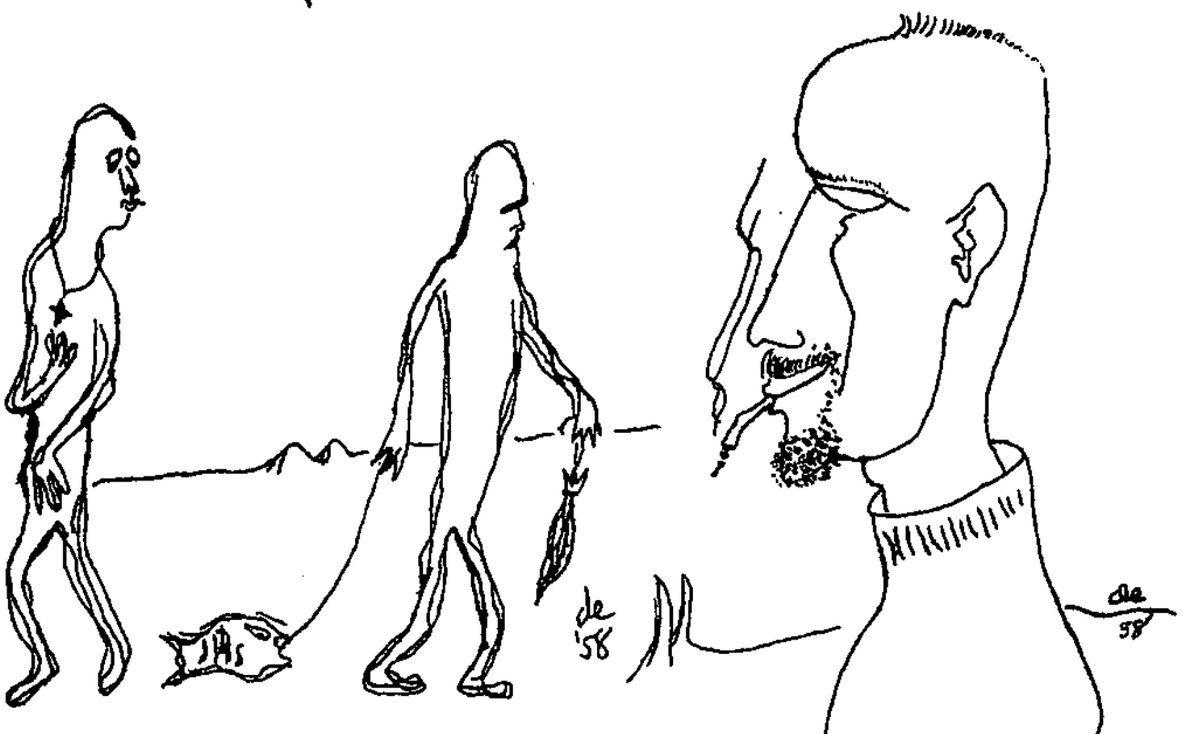
a structural jungle of the year 3,000



"flight from unendurable evil"

staff

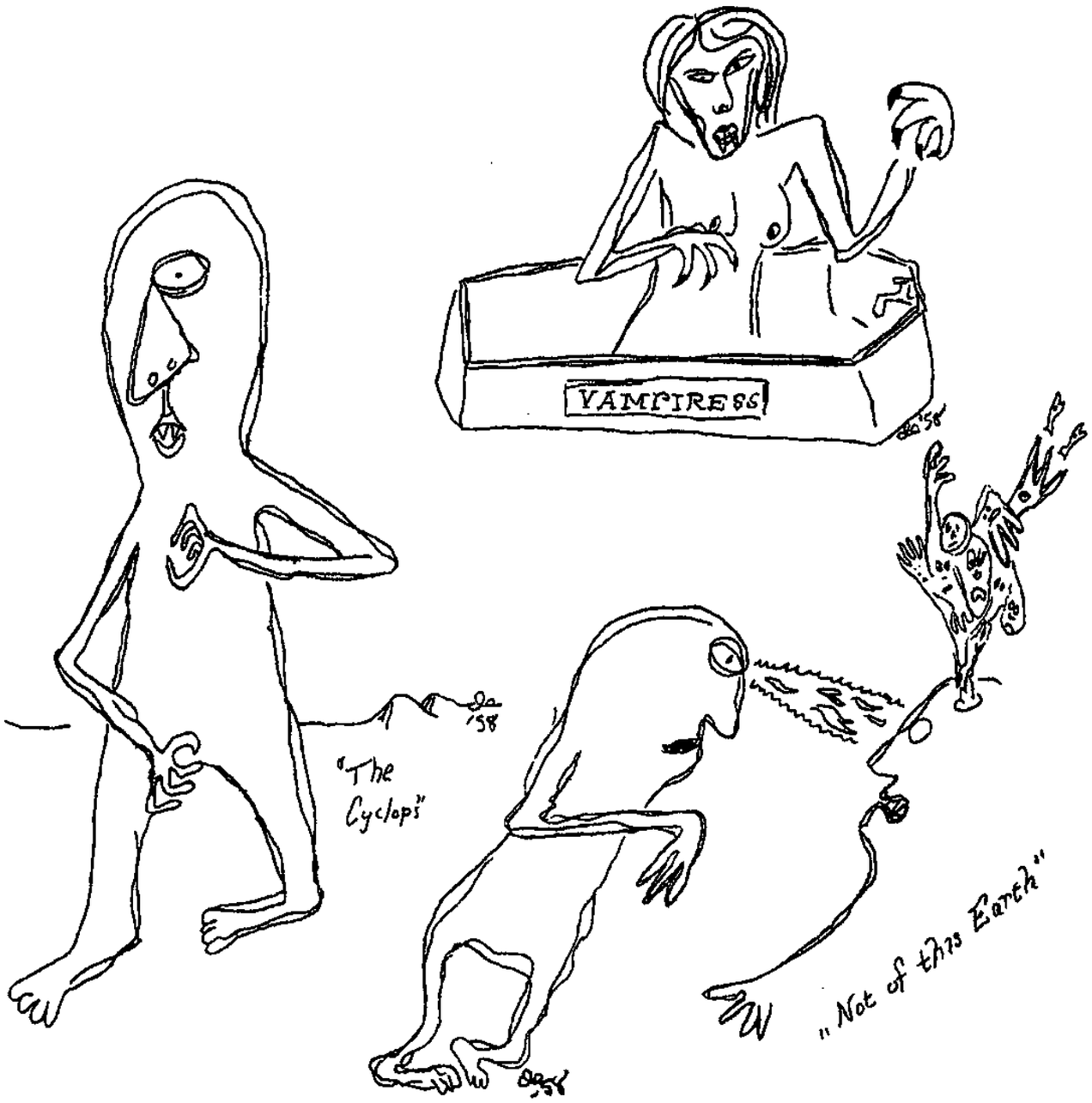
bat



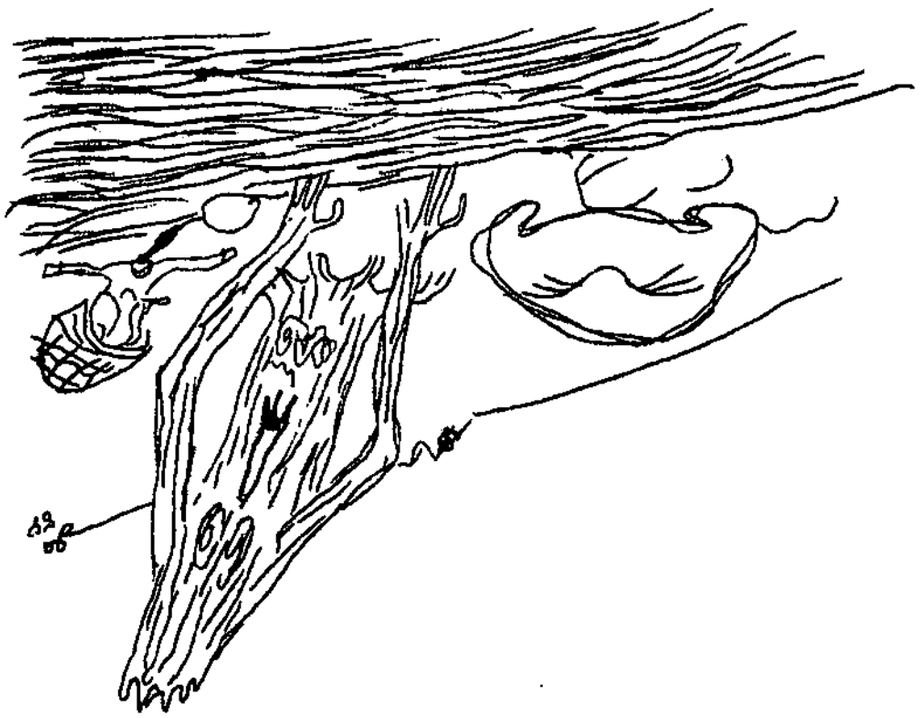
portrait of larry gerstell


"Jim?"

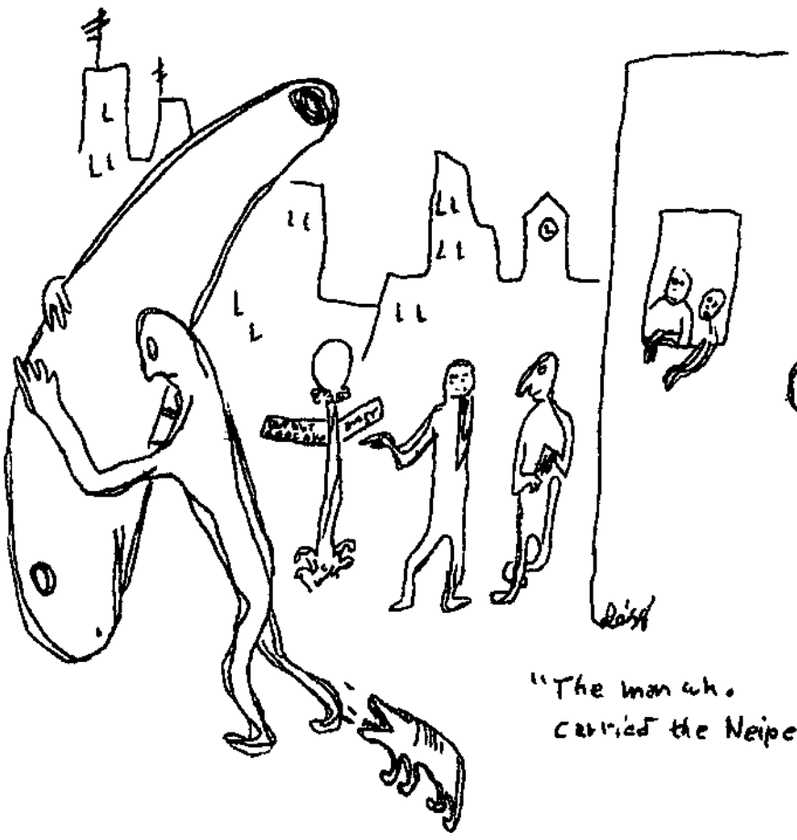

"Here you!
Don't excite
him!"


VAMPIRESS
"The
Cyclops"
"Not of this Earth"

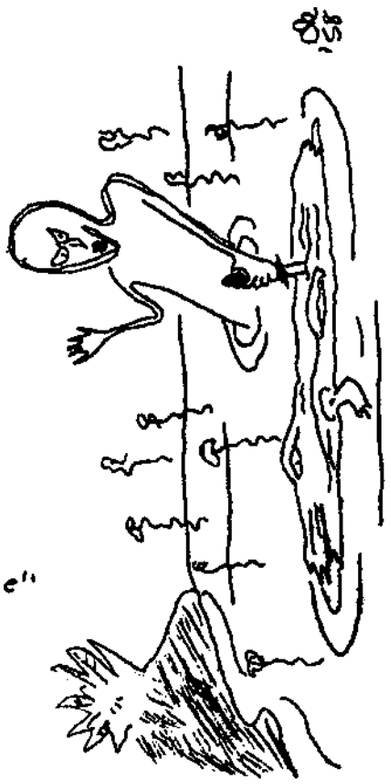
Flight from unendurable evil
#2



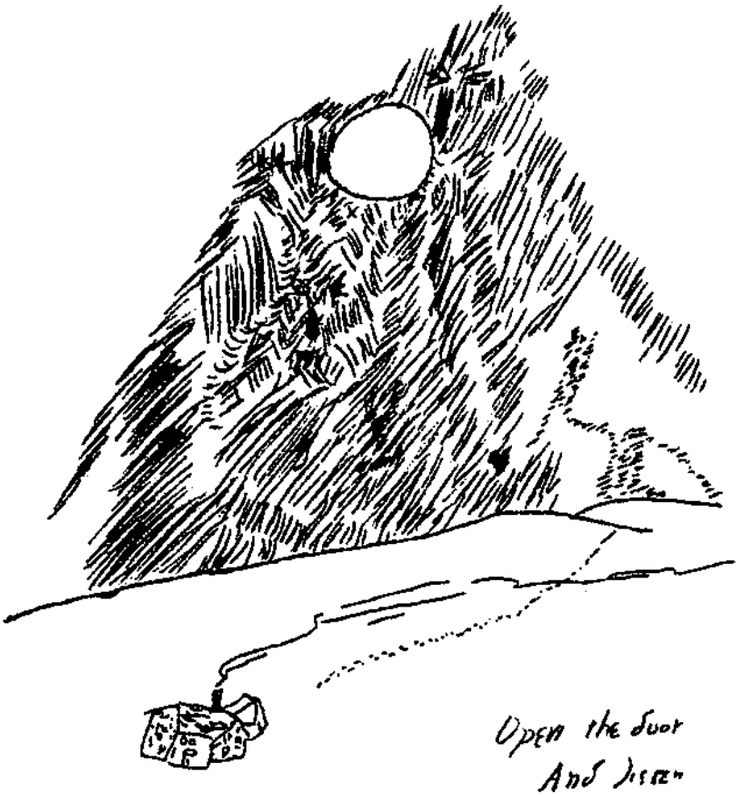
"My foos wore woos"

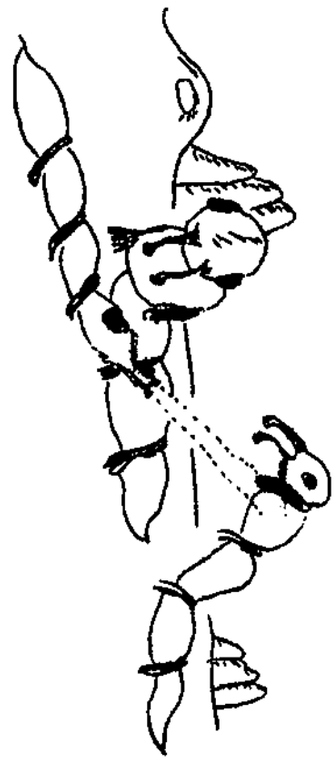


"The man who carried the Neipe"

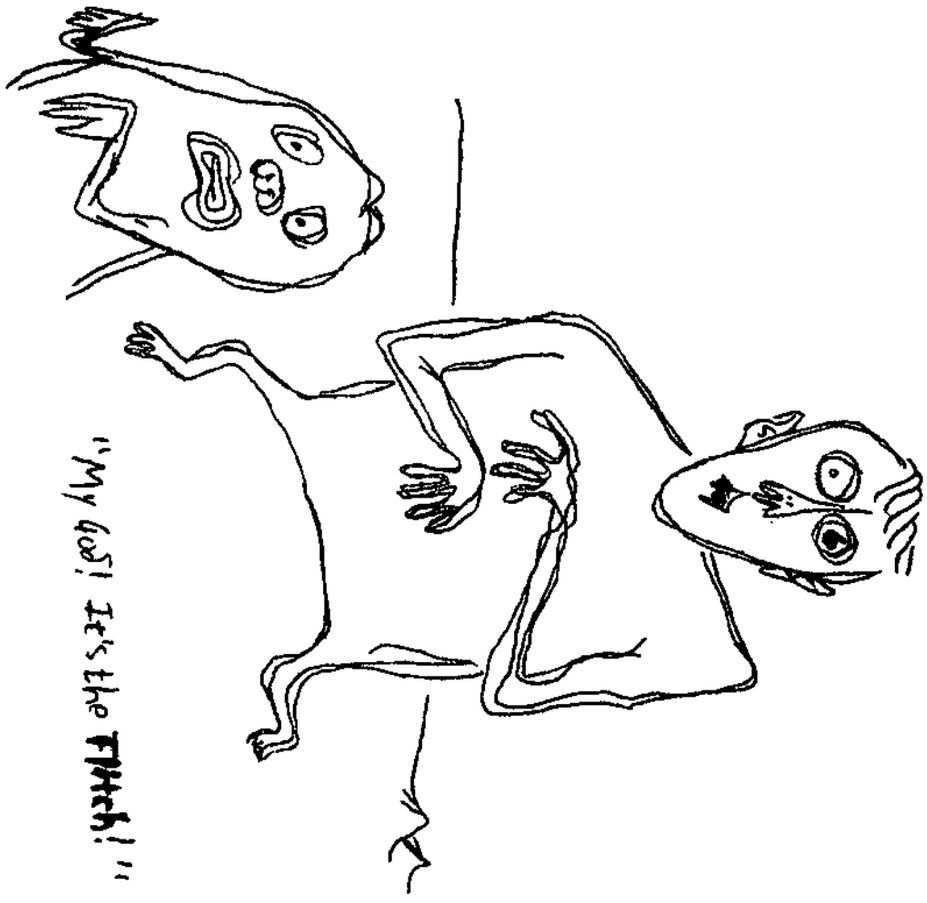


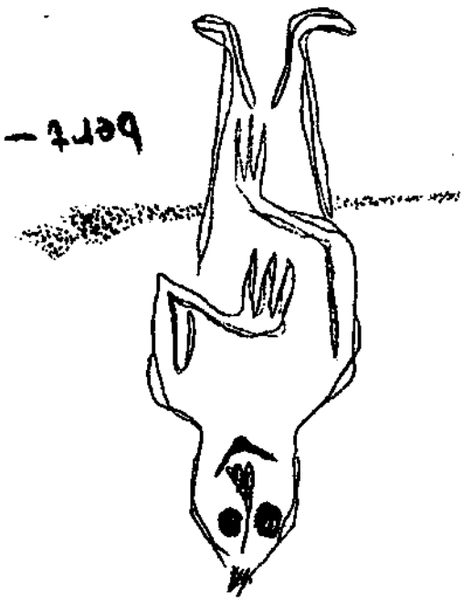
"Let sleeping logs lie!"





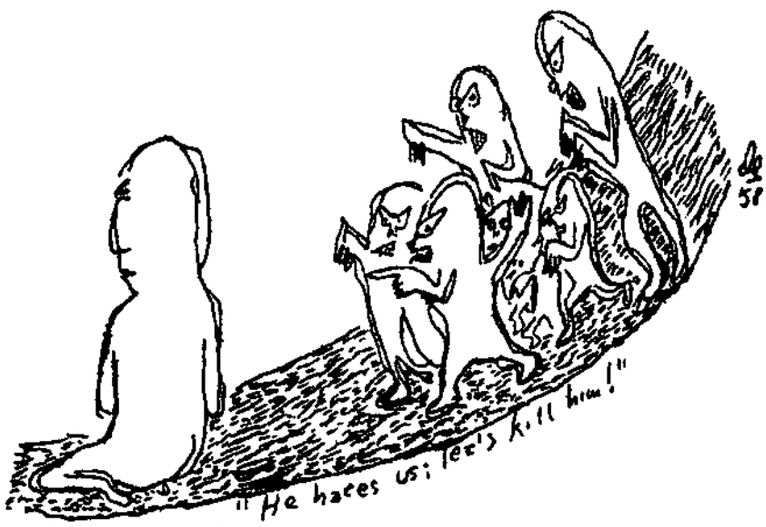
Open the door
And listen
Only the wind's
Muffled roar
And the glisten
Of tears round the moon
And, in fancy, the tread
Of vanishing shoon
Out in the Night
With the dead.
— W. H. H.



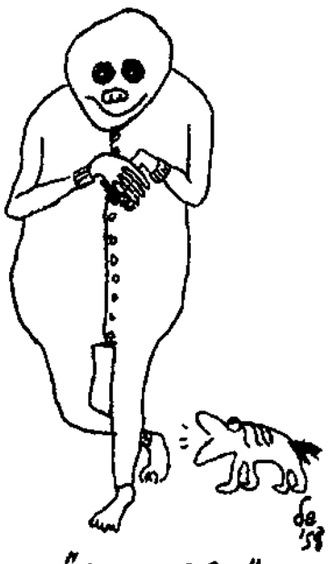

Bert —


"Therein
lies
the
Secret..."

"I'd wanna' down ace War!"



(Original in color)

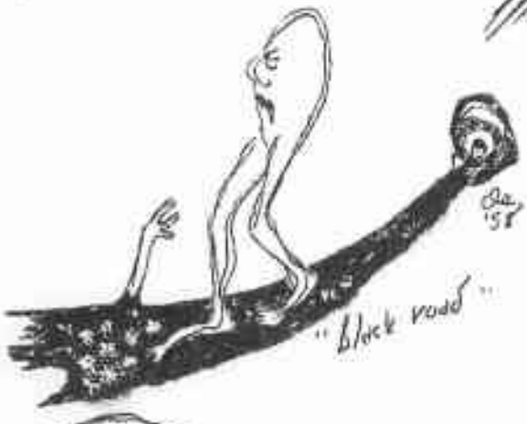


"Man and Dog"

(Original in color)

"You mean them things were in here with me?"

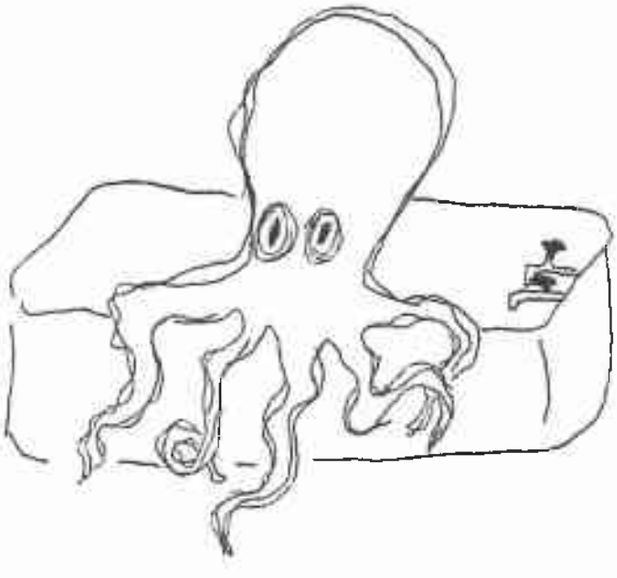
"the dark fend"

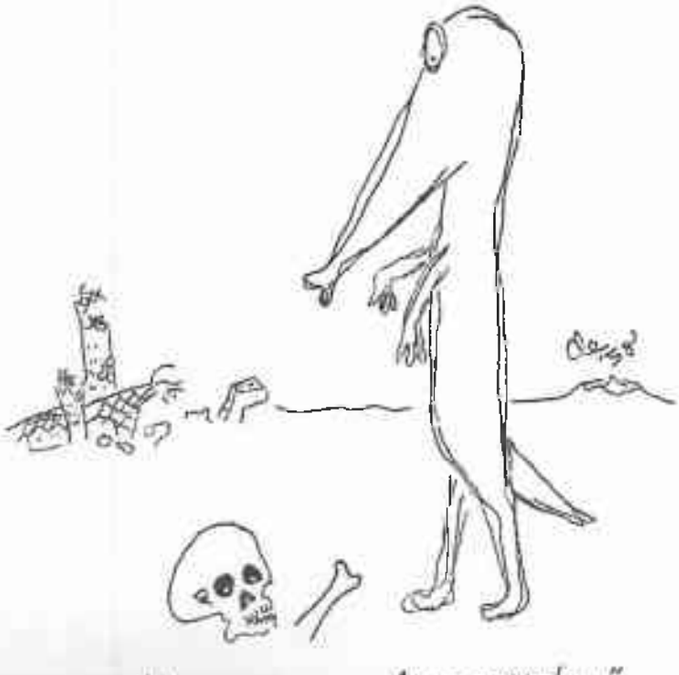


"black road"

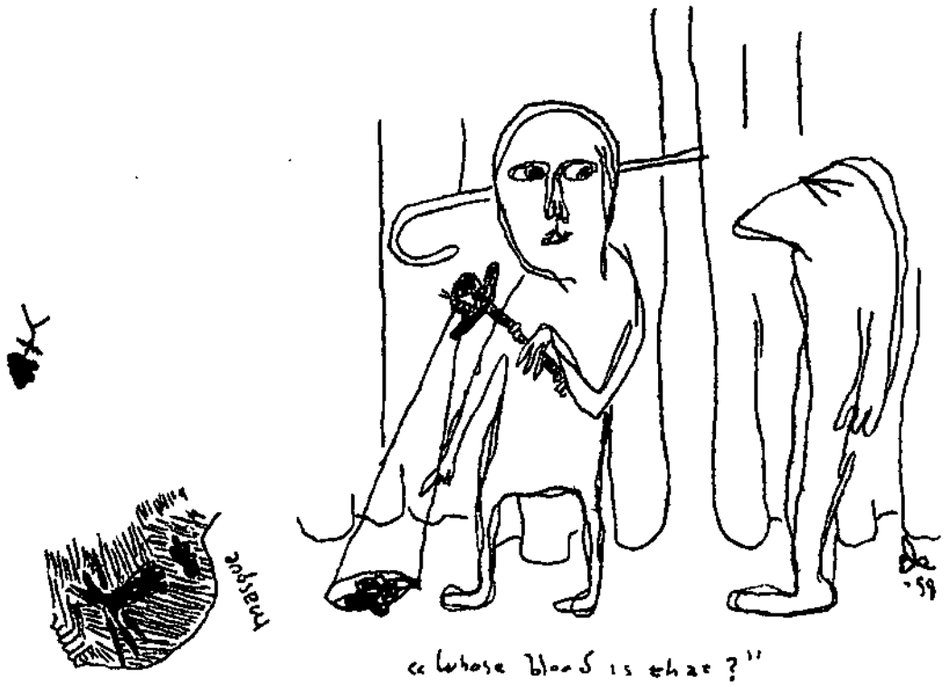
"My God! I must be flipping!"

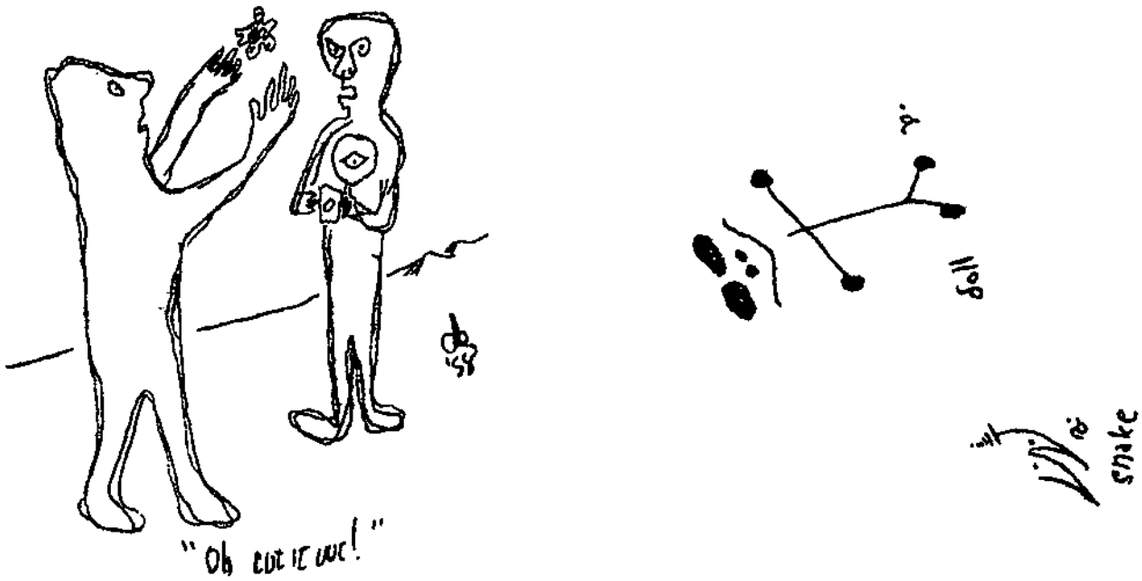
"geeks with background"

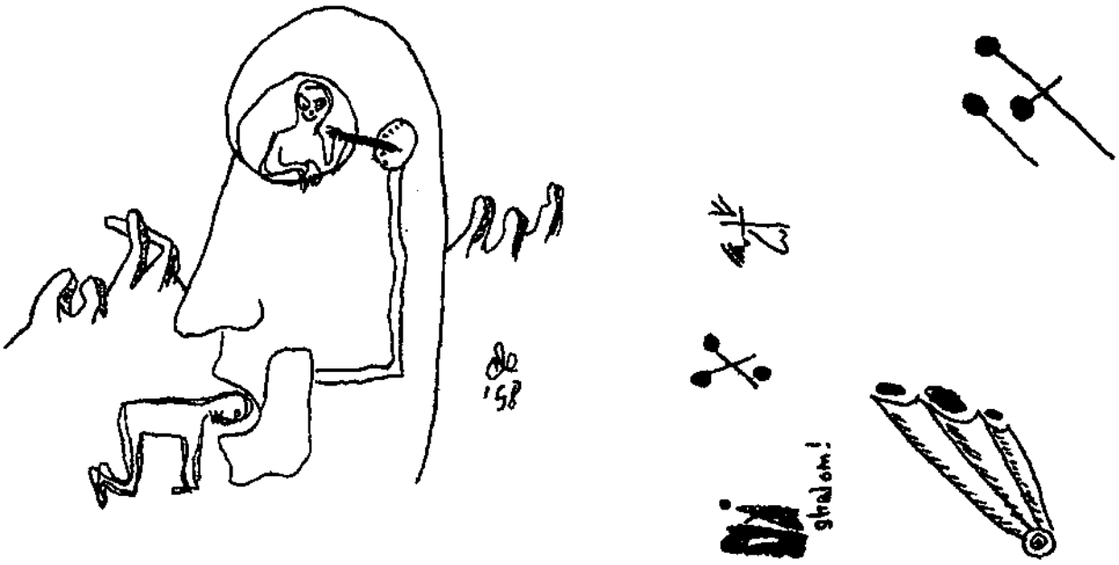


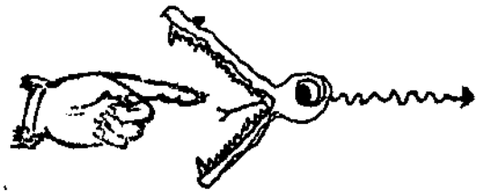


"Ah... that was my first mistake..."

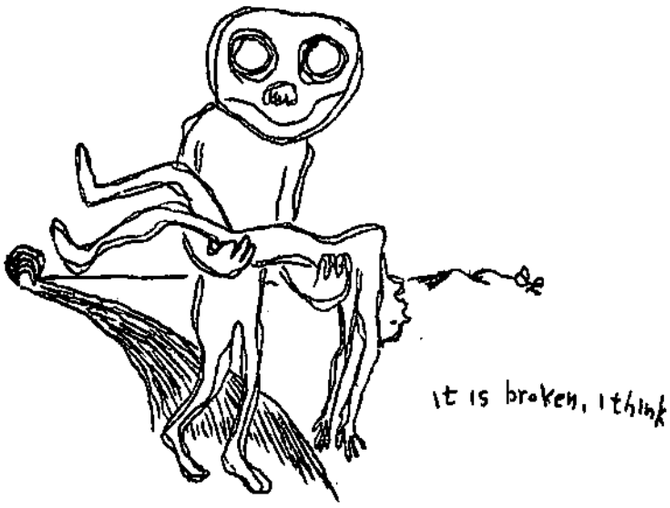






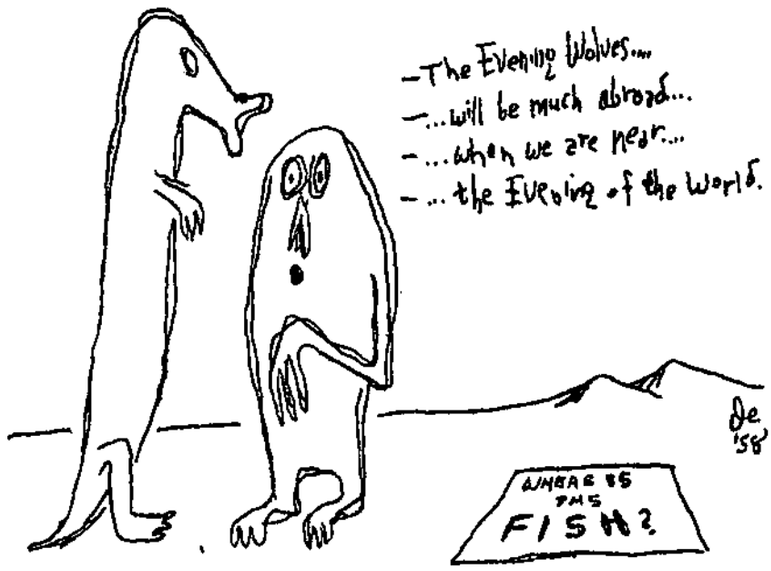


(Original used rubber-stamp)



it is broken, I think

"Fire is lovely!"



"Great moments of the Cinema"

"Great moments of the Cinema" #2