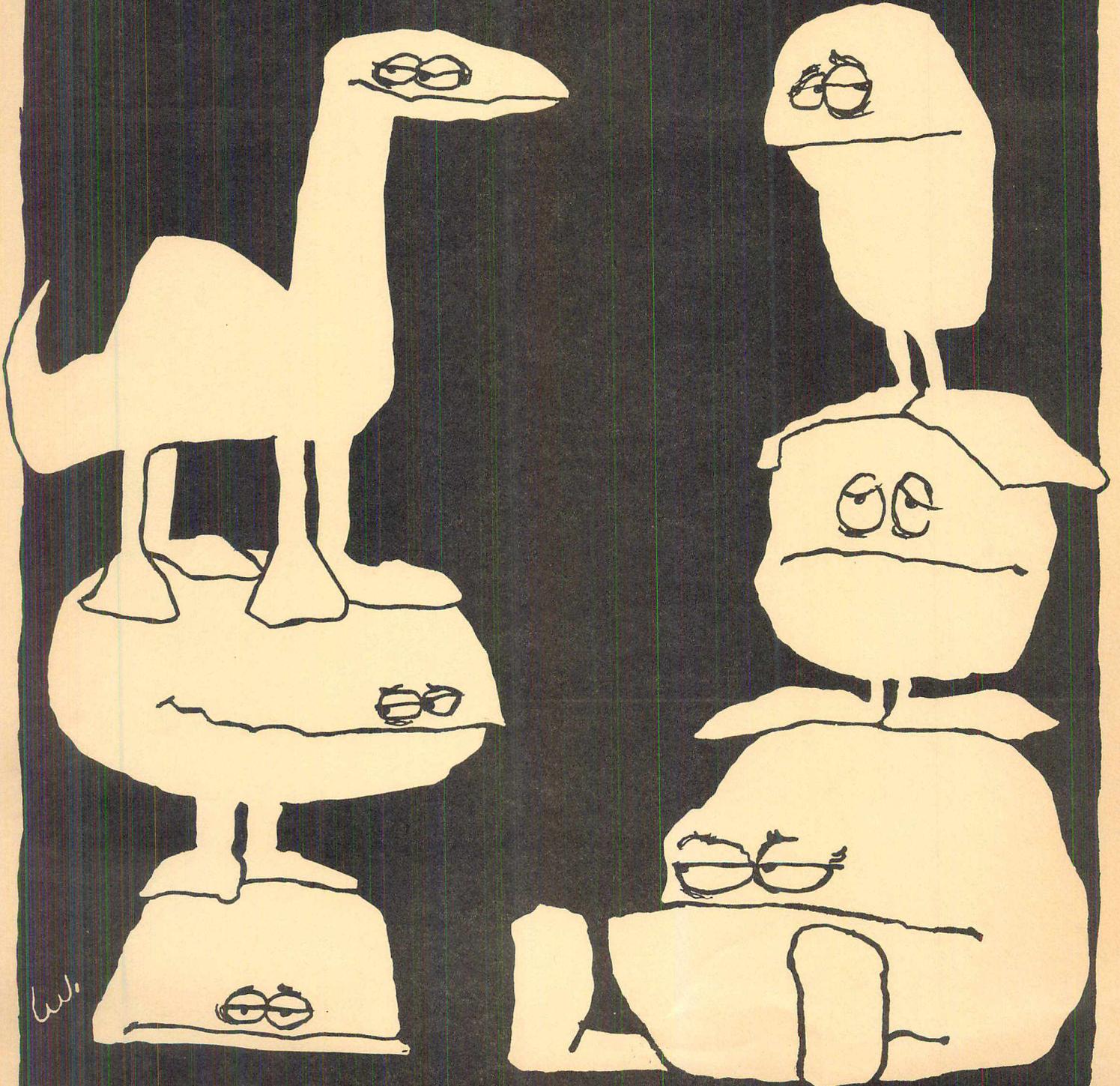


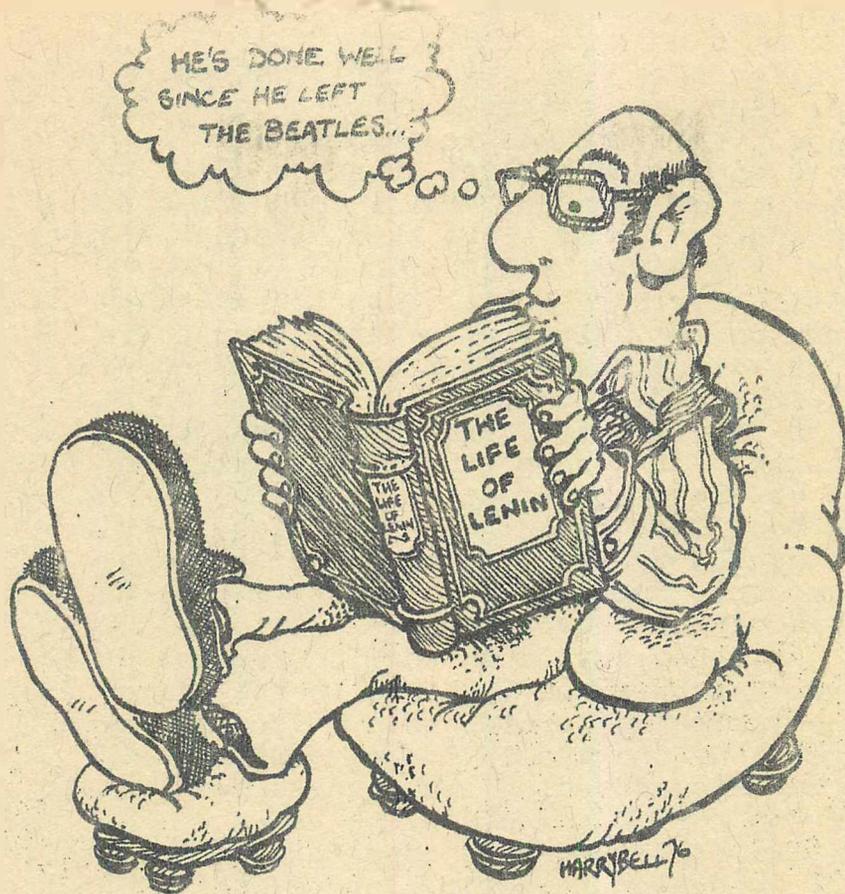
# FOOLSCAP

SEVEN



WS.





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FOOLSCAP #13, "The Trufan's Occasional Journal of Fact and Fancy," is published by John D. Berry, whose address by the time you see this will have changed to 1203 18th Avenue East, Seattle, Washington 98112 (a move of five blocks). FOOL is published for the February, 1978 mailing of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association, and for a random assortment of friends. This is Quand Meme Publication 103; January 15, 1978.

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Despite what it says on Doug Lovenstein's cover, this is not FOOLSCAP Seven; this is FOOLSCAP Thirteen, the last issue published for FAPA. That cover is a piece of artwork that I've had around for nearly ten years. At the time Doug sent it to me, he said that he considered it his best piece of art to date; I promptly folded FOOLSCAP, and when I revived the title for FAPA, the cover was in storage on the opposite side of the continent from me. Although it can in no way represent the development of Doug's art in the years since then, and he'll probably be embarrassed to see it in print and will hit me over the head or something, it's still a nice cover and I like it. (The "Seven" is part of the graphic design, and I didn't feel like trying to black it out and replace it with a "Thirteen"; so there it is, to confuse fan-historians for years to come.)

In the real issue number seven, I wrote up a trip I took from the Bay Area to Los Angeles, where I met Calvin Demmon, visited John and Bjo Trimble, and had my car break down. When I met Calvin, in his "San Francisco house on a San Francisco hill in the middle of Los Angeles," he talked John Trimble and I into putting out a oneshot--my first of the genre. Unfortunately, the ancient ditto masters that we typed on wouldn't give an impression, so those pages didn't save Cal-

vin's membership for that year. (He wrote something else.) A few months later, he sent the masters to me, to do with as I liked. Unlike most oneshots, this one was reasonably intelligent and had some good lines, and I wanted to publish it after all. Well, Calvin Demmon hasn't been a member of FAPA for years, John Trimble has been out and I think back in and out again since then, and now I am dropping out; but that oneshot is finally seeing print.

The oneshot's original subtitle was to have been "VOID 30," which was purely a joke on Ted White, with whom I and Arnie Katz had just published VOID 29--seven years after the appearance of #28. I had brought copies of VOID 29 with me to LA on that trip, and fantisted not only John and Calvin but several other fans who remembered VOID's earlier incarnation. It's some kind of commentary on fannish timebinding that it has now been longer since we published VOID 29 than it was between #28 and that last issue. At that time, Calvin and Wilma Demmon were about to leave LA to live in San Francisco, where I later became good friends with them and published a weekly fanzine with Calvin; they later moved to Edmonton, Alberta, where Calvin became an editor of THE EDMONTON REPORT and they joined an Anglican religious commune. Just recently I heard that they had returned to the United States and are now living in Southern California again. Nine years, and a circle is made--but with so many changes in the circumference. (Lest anyone who doesn't know them be confused, Wilma changed her name to India at about the time they moved to San Francisco.)

The pagination of the oneshot doesn't corroborate its internal evidence, because I condensed it a bit by removing the spaces between paragraphs, and so forth; we were originally trying to fill space, and it ran to six pages.

The other part of this issue is a letter than Loren MacGregor wrote on the last issue of this fanzine, which saved my FAPA membership last year at this time. Loren's letter was so evocative, so much a good example of personal journalism, that I had to print it; that's another reason I'm doing this final issue.

Why final? Oh, the reasons have all been said, by other people letting their memberships in FAPA lapse. I had intended to have this issue in the November mailing, but at the same time I was getting out the pilot issue, with Loren MacGregor, of our new project: the Pacific Northwest Review of Books. It's just what the name implies, and that's one good reason why I haven't got the time or energy for FAPA. But there are other reasons. FAPA doesn't really serve its purpose; it is neither so central to fandom that you can save effort and postage in sending a fanzine out because most of your mailing list is in the apa, nor is it brilliant enough or fascinating enough that I can't resist staying in the group for its own sake. I've never been much of an apa person, and if I'm going to be in any, there are others more interesting than FAPA. I have always appreciated the gems to be found in each FAPA mailing, but I realized that most of them I had been getting anyway, even before I joined, and I don't like getting a big bundle of fanzines all together. I am not very interested in FAPA for its own sake, and I find that there are easier ways to stay in touch with the friends I have who are members. (I must give some appreciation to Peggy Rae Pavlat, whom I did not know but who told me, at a con, how much she liked my contributions to FAPA; that helped keep me in for another couple of years, knowing there was someone I didn't have other contact with who read and enjoyed my fanzines.) There will always be things in FAPA that I'll want to read (among them, of course, your fanzine), but I'll have to acquire them in some other way. When next you see the title FOOLSCAP, it will have some other purpose. 'Bye!



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and we called it "The Patchwork Girl of Ours" and ran it through one of those "Apas," maybe SAPS or OMPA. Then in 1962 I got drunk for the first time in my life and wrote something in a one-shot at Poul & Karen Anderson's place in the Bay Area, something like, "Gosh, shit, I've never been drunk before & I certainly recommend it to everybody." Steve Stiles & I did a one-shot in New York once, called "Wake Up, Stupid!" Well, I never thought that today I would become a co-editor of Void.

John D. Berry tells me that I ~~look~~ sound like Andy Main ("Mr. M," as we will call him) on the telephone, but the absolutely hilarious fact is that John D. Berry looks like a Giant Andy Main. John is about six-four (I'm six-one myself, and not used to looking up to people, but I swear that if he got down and walked around on his knees he would look like Andy Main, or maybe Lon Chaney Sr.) and is just like a Regular Person, so far as I can tell. If I met him on the street I would never suspect him of being a Fan ("Mr. F"). I think instead I would just scream and run.

The whole trouble with one-shots is that you get a lot of fine people together and get them drunk and then they produce a one-shot. Mr. Berry, however, will now rescue us from this situation.

MY LIFE AND TIMES AND CAR BREAK-DOWNS: It was a fine, cloudy day when I left the BArea. I had climbed into my dumpy, little middle-aged semi-sportscar (a 1960 Sunbeam Rapier) and Set Out--only returning twice for articles of clothing I had forgotten--for the glorious city of Los Angeles (and, ultimately, La Jolla). It was groovy driving down highway 101; I kept thinking I had outrun the rain that descended on the BArea just as I was leaving, but then it would peek over the hills to my right or my left. I got to stop at a real, genuine Cruddy Road-side Greasy Spoon, where I ate cheeseburgers and gawked at the locals and all like that.

The mountains about 30 miles north of Santa Barbara are lovely. I drove around sweeping turns and under looming green cliffs, and I was enjoying it all immensely. (Part of my enjoyment came from being able to travel at freeway speeds and over; parts of the magnificent \*Highway 101\* south of the BArea ran right through towns with speed limits of 35 and 25). I came out of the mountains proper and the road ran along by the sea. At this point the sun finally came out to stay --I had outrun the cloud cover at last--and I was reflecting happily on how wonderful it was to drive along at 80 mph in the sun, with the Pacific to my right and the mountains to my left. Then my car began filling with smoke.

Now smoke is not of necessity a Bad and Evil thing, but when it is welling up out of the gearshift and the floor, it certainly makes an impression on one. It did on me. I pulled over and stopped the car, cursing and batting at the smoke with my hands. On examination it was found that One) I had left the handbrake on, and Two) the radiator was dry and the engine was all hot and bothered. In a few minutes I got back in and discovered a Three)--the car would not start.

It definitely would not start. So I hitched a ride with a couple of Army fellows in a big plush chunk of Detroit iron to the nearest service station. I had the car towed in, and as night fell I found that in getting overheated the engine had had unspeakable atrocities performed upon it from within (even the mechanic couldn't say what they were), and it would take days to fix. Bad news. I had intended to drive down to La Jolla, in the San Diego area, that afternoon,

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visit Jim and Hilary Benford there the next day, then drive back to LA the next evening (Friday) to stay with the Trimbles and visit people. So I got a ride to the Greyhound terminal in Santa Barbara (I had been going to take the bus, but a couple with a Chevy or Dodge or Ford microbus came along and saw me and offered me a ride) and there called the Trimbles. I said I was taking the 8:30 express bus to LA, and they told me they'd give me a ride over and put me up a day early.

I made the mistake of getting a "meal" in the Greyhound station. There was what someone called a "Post House," otherwise known as "cheap, cruddy cafeteria," within the building. I bought some food there. Oog. I got the raunchiest, mangiest-looking chili I've ever seen in my life, much less eaten. It wasn't as bad as it looked, but no chili with white beans in it can taste very good. The salad was wilted. The salad dressing was a very light-colored, almost white Thousand Islands dressing, but it had a dark brown skin that had formed across the top. I ate some cubes of orange jello with whipped cream on top--a safe food if I've ever heard of one. The whipped cream had hardened. This was not a good meal.

Anyway, 8:30 came and went and I stood in a long line and got on a bus and left. Two hours to LA, where I called Trimblehaus again. "Hello, John?" I said.

"No, this is Bjo," said Bjo. "We've sent Fred Patten out to the bus terminal to pick you up. He'll probably have trouble parking his car, so just stand around the central area of the station and look wistful; he'll find you."

I hung up and did so. And lo and behold, in the door of the Los Angeles Greyhound Terminal (which looks exactly like the N.Y. Port Authority Bus Terminal, and probably is) walked Fred Patten. We piled into his car, which contained a couple of other local fans, and drove off; first to Kal's to eat and run into fans from the LASFS meeting, then to the meeting itself to get handed a copy of the new SHAGGY, and finally to 417 N. Kenmore, where several Trimbles were lying fast asleep.

But John Trimble is muttering that he likes this kind of one-shot where someone else does all the writing, and I've been cleverly working in the Trimble name, so I think I'll let him fill up the rest of this page....

You're a rotten thing, John D. Berry; rotten!

Here Calvin & I were just congratulating ourselves on finding someone who'd put out our whole one-shot, and you hand it back to us. That shows the depths of your soul, Berry!

Not that I blame you.

It has been a littel confusing (or even, little) to have two people around the house named John for a couple of days now. Every time Bjo would say John, both of us (or neither) would answer. I'd answer 'cause I usually do when she says my name (it is the thing to do when your wife addresses you...unless you have that kind of marriage, which we don't...have), and because I think of John D. Berry as "Johnny," a name which I find he regards in the same light as do I.

Yech!

Looking back at previous masters, I can see that my part will be the unreadable portion. Not solely because of content, but I'm used to my Olympia, or Ken Rudolph's Selectric, and I haven't been hitting the keys with the same ferocious determination as has John Berry. Neither has Calvin, I notice. Owell.

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John D. is the forgetful type, also, I notice. Although it does not make mention of the fact above, this is page **\*\*4\*\***. Gawd! Isn't there some sort of law that one-shots cannot be more than six pages? I guess not, but there definitely should be!

When he arrived, John D. handed us a copy of VOID #29 (actually, he gave it to us next morning; we'd already flaked out before Fred got him back to our place), saying that there were letters by us, written back in '62, in the lettercol.

So I turned to the lettercol, and beheld my sterling letter.

At St. Louiscon, I'm gonna paste Ted E. White, Esq. right in the mush!

I couldn't have been sober when I wrote that letter...I just couldn't've.

How times change. Calvin & I have spent a fair amount of time here this afternoon going back over our Lives and Times in Fandom. Wow! Calvin hauled out the long shelf-paper twenty-first birthday card Bjo did for him...so long ago!

Hell, the last time I saw Calvin, he was a blonde (from what wild impulse neither he nor Wilma can remember). He showed us a great set of shots of Wilma and him taken during his blonde period, and he dug out copies for us. That's something that's going to be saved, man!

Who'd have ever thought that Calvin W. "Biff" Whasisname and I would be sitting around comparing our kids?! (Who'd have thought we'd have had kids?)

I remember when the sum total of fandom was wild young kids, like John D. Berry...except for some old fogies like SaM, or maybe Len Moffatt...or Ed Cox.... You know, the ancient types among us.

And now...kids...third-generation fans.... Wowie!

"Are you going to put this through FAPA?" Mr. Trimble asked me (Mr. Demmon).

"No, I'm going to tear this crap up," I said, but I didn't & here we all are agin.

Mr. Berry & I just spent an amusing ten minutes going through a cardboard box in my Office which contained duplicate copies of my old fanzines, such as "W'Basket" and "Grunt" and many others just too numerous to mention here. I gave John some old copies & he faunched & pee'd on the floor in an appropriate manner. Now, however, both Johns have left to go to dinner with Fred Patten--and they have left me here alone (Wilma having gone to the Store again; she is always going to the Store & I only see her once or twice a month to sign her checks) to finish this One-Shot Fanzine. "Oh, hey, you can't do that," I said to them as they were putting on their coats & wiping down their mounts & putting extra fuel in their little Coleman lanterns. "I need eight pages to stay in FAPA, and you have only provided me with five."

"Piss on you," John said, only I forget which John it was who said it.

We were earlier discussing the phenomenon of fans who are very interesting in print but who are tremendous thumping bores in person. Mr. Berry admitted that he had been accused of the same--at Fanoclast meetings, he said, he just sits in a corner sometimes for the whole evening, and people say to him, "Johnny, shit, you are just sitting in the goddam corner like a m.f.," but then he goes home & writes it all up. Me, too. (Mr. Trimble, however, is as good in person as he is in print.) (John Trimble is one of the nicest people I know, and I was most pleasantly surprised, today, to learn that he lives virtually in

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my neighborhood, and I suspect that I will see him again before you read this fanzine, as I intend to go over to his House.)

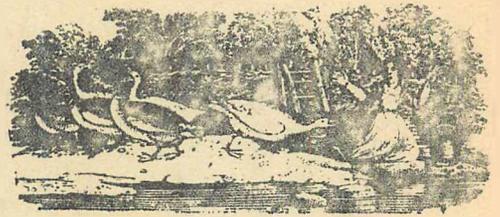
I happen to know Terry Carr fairly well, & know that he is easy to be with & is an oral wit in his own right & is apt to say something with his mouth which will make you laugh. John D. Berry pointed to Terry, though, as an example of what we had been discussing: the fan who comes in, doesn't say anything, and then sits down at the typewriter and writes two or three paragraphs which are forever being reprinted in Kipple and SF Weekly. I have known a couple of Novelists who give this appearance: Willard Marsh, for example, who has written a fine novel (available in paperback) called Week With No Friday, about his experiences in Mexico (or somebody's experiences in Mexico), a novel with balls & guts, is a rather quiet and shy man in person. Ted White, who has written a number of sf novels & several things for "fanzines," is practically a catatonic, and stutters pathetically if you try to talk to him. Avram Davidson hasn't uttered a word now (except such practical things as "pass the gravy") for nearly six years, and will blush and turn away if you look at him, and yet he is the former editor of The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction and recently wrote a novel which was recommended in the Saturday Review. These people have a lot on their minds and cannot be bothered with the everyday bags which occupy most people's time, but just get them in front of a typewriter and then--watch out!

On the other hand, there are some fans who are gregarious and personable, in fact, pushy, in person, who will regale you for hours with stories of their lives and other people's lives, and yet when you sit them at a typewriter they will turn out utter drivel and it sounds like they are complete assholes. Such a fan is, for example, Steve Stiles, who can keep a party going all by himself for hours, and yet has never written anything in a fanzine worth mentioning.

John and John have left now, both of them promising to return at the earliest possible moment. I have a most peculiar feeling of having been touched again by Fandom, but only for a moment, and now the moment has passed and I am once again Calvin Demmon, a Teaching Assistant at the University of Southern California in the English Department, a father, a vegetarian, a surfer and a mass murderer who has little, if anything, to do with "ditto masters" and the "FAPA." But I expect that, just before I begin to forget about fandom altogether again, somebody will call up and say, "Hey, Calvin Demmon, a fan in need is a fan indeed," and I will again be thrust up into FAPA and FANDOM, out of my GAFIA, for the person on the other end of the phone will be a fan.

\*Press\* 1969





## A LETTER FROM LOREN MACGREGOR:

On Whidbey Island I feel most at home, in a strange way. Strange because I've not spent much time there; strange because I have no ties there; strange because it is, in the long run, no different from Bainbridge Island or Camano Island, or any of the other island and almost-islands that surround us.

But Whidbey Island has staunchly resisted most change. The residents have tried to keep the island a community rather than a resort and, though restaurants and shops acknowledge and welcome tourists, it is an acknowledgement that says: you are a guest. Don't dump ashtrays in my front yard, and don't litter my land with disposable blankets of paper and glass. You are a guest.

The same seems to be true of Vashon Island. Once, in a tavern, I met the editor of the Vashon Island newspaper, a young man comfortably drifting into middle age, and not perceptibly concerned about the change. In the course of a conversation, he mentioned an art show he had just attended. He'd planned, he said, to cover the show for his paper. He hadn't quite decided to proceed.

"It was interesting. Here were all these people I knew from high school and college, old friends and drinking buddies. Now they were in tuxedos, featured artists with a reputation to uphold.

"I kept going from place to place, listening to conversations about the importance of art, the integrity of the artist, the loneliness and despair of the painter, the crowning joy of recognition....

"I kept wanting to go up and say, 'Hey! Louie! Louie Roberts! I haven't seen you since '68! You remember that time we were walking home from the Deluxe and you were ripped out of your skull, and we all had to piss, so we went out on the houseboat docks on Lake Union, but you fell in and it took 45 minutes to get you back out again?' Instead I went out and got a job on the Vashon paper, and I've been there ever since."

Whidbey and Vashon; Vashon and Whidbey. Two islands, both trying to maintain a gentle, rural atmosphere as long as possible.

As far as sea use goes, I have few aspirations. I'd like most to have a small boat (preferably a row boat, possibly a small sailboat) and get out...and drift. Just drift. I used to rent rowboats at a small shop along the shore of Green Lake, row out to the middle and lie back until I'd drifted in to shore.

On that level, I'd like, someday, to sail; to go down the shore with a specific destination in mind--to the Canal, perhaps. Perhaps through, and on to the other side. But mostly I'd like to just sit, and stare, and let myself be hypnotized by the blue-on-blue of a clear day, or the patterned grey of clouds over water.

Ultimately it's the water itself that fascinates me, and the melancholy chords it draws. For when the water's out, it's rolling to shores I haven't seen, and when it's in, it is rolling in only to draw me closer, to draw me away again.

Sadly, I've not gotten into much history ("Historical romance" or theoretically-factual books) recently, though my conscience twinges when I realize this. I enjoy history thoroughly, and used to make it

a practice to read some form of historical presentation as often as I could manage. (Parenthetically, obviously, I've just begun to wonder if I've used "sadly" properly; I've also just realized that I haven't. Goddamn Harlan Ellison. Why does he have to use proper grammar, anyway? In the sentence "Goddamn Harlan Ellison," which is the subject and which is the verb?)

My conscience twinged most strongly at work today, when out of nowhere I found myself suddenly embroiled in an impassioned defense of Washington History classes in schools. One of my co-workers made the statement that she had hated Washington history and couldn't see why she had to take it, a statement and question I felt I had to challenge. I did so, and realized suddenly that I didn't remember any Washington history.

Oh, there were vague glimmerings and sudden gleams, wisps of information that nudged me and fled, but as for anything concrete...it didn't exist. I couldn't remember settling dates. I barely remembered the date Washington was entered into the union (they wanted to call it Columbia, but didn't). And as far as the counties in Washington state .... Well, there's King, and Okanagan, and Snohomish, and Whatcom, and Pierce, and...uh...well....

Regional history is important, as is national history, world history, and family history. Each provides a backdrop of information against which to shape your life, and a context into which you can fit yourself. It provides a background you can adapt yourself to, or enlarge upon, or depart from, and it saddens me to realize how much I've neglected my education in this area.

The first time I read the third section of FOOLSCAP 12, my mind absorbed the last line as: "I would like to live on the edge of the sea, but not on the edge of the land."

Both things are true; what I'd thought you said, and what is actually written.

When I was growing up, it was a short walk to the shore. I grew up entangled in railroad tracks and shoreline, along rocky, sandy beaches strewn with driftwood and thousands of fragments of lives. I used to collect driftwood and glass, shells and dried fragments of seaweed--the type with large rubbery balls that popped loudly when you squeezed them.

They were all the same, the glass and the wood and the dying sea life; they were all bits of a life I didn't understand. I didn't know why my grandfather had sailed out on that water, nor did I know why my father talked about him and the long trips of his childhood.

All I knew was that, in the afternoons after school, I'd leave home and walk the mile or two to the beach, pick the salmonberries along the way if they were in season, pass the brambles by if they weren't, and I'd sit on the beach, watching the tide roll in. And I'd count the trains, one or two an hour when I was younger, less as I grew old, until finally I'd sit until it was dark and the wind started blowing over the water, and no trains would have gone by. (Each time they passed, though, I'd sit and count the cars, every one, and wonder why there were so many passenger cars, and so many box cars, and, finally, why some trains had one caboose and others had two or three, why some trains had one engine, and some had three or four. I didn't find out till the trains were gone, and I had the tracks to myself.)

This was along Richmond Beach, a timeless, weathered stretch of land, lined with cliffs and muddy paths through moss-hung woods: a





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