

FRAP



IN MY BLACK

LEATHER JACKET

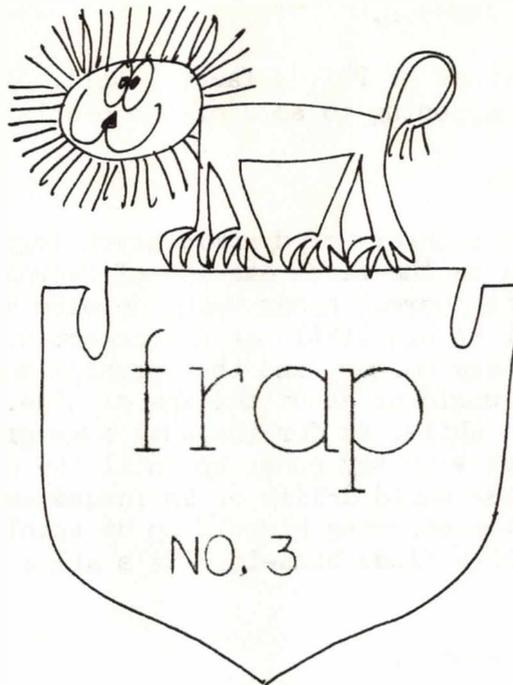
In my black leather jacket and my neat blue jeans,
I'm the beatnik boy who makes all the scenes.
Got a pad in North Beach, I'm a man of means.
Whatever's coming off, I'm with it.

In my black leather jacket and my scraggly beard,
I dig any sound so long as it's weird.
When they launched the Sputnik, I only sneered,
Whatever you're gonna do, I've done it.

If you think it ain't right
To stay up all night
Reading poems and digging the Bird,
If you ain't a poet
And you let the cats know it,
I know what you are, "square"'s the word.

In my black leather jacket and my sandal shoes
I can paint abstractions and play the blues.
Got a gambling system that just can't lose.
You found me a job? You take it!

-- RAY NELSON



FRAP #3: Edited by Bob Lichtman, 6137 South Croft Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90056. FRAP appears bi-monthly and is available for accepted contributions of suitable nature, publishable letters, trades, or 25¢ per issue (5/\$1), not necessarily in that order of preference. This issue the cover is again by Ray Nelson, who shares the interior illustration credit with Bill Rotsler. This is FRAP's January-February 1964 issue, published, as always, on the Half-Folio Press, Covina, California. (S75, Norm)

The last good president we had was George III

LAST WEEK a number of us were sitting around at Kal's in Los Angeles after the LASFS meeting and I was thinking about my editorial for this issue. I was marshalling an intricate and fantastically complicated argument in my head which would prove beyond any shadow of a doubt that I was unable to write anything due to lack of any ideas, when Phil Castora, who was sitting next to me, and who was nattering about SAPS, began rifling through a handful of fanzines he had in his hand.

I saw some unfamiliar titles and so I turned to him and said, "May I see that handful of fanzines you have in your hand?" He gave them over to me and I sorted out the two that had attracted my eye.

Both of them were dittoed on colored stock. One of them was called Witdip and was dated Spring 1901 and also January 9, 1964. The editor gave his name in the colophon as "Herman Gessler of Switzerland." The other was called Worldip and was dated Spring 1904 and also January 9, 1964. The editor gave his name in the colophon as "Victor Emanuel, Rei d'Italia." I looked at the two fanzines in a close perfunctory manner, noticing that they were as similar in appearance as the sentences I used above to describe them, even down to the proclamation in the colophon of each one that it was an "Incunebulous Publication." Both of them were in the format of a

newspaper, and each presented what was apparently a bunch of fabricated history in journalistic fashion.

Waving the fanzines in front of Phil's face, I said, "You know, I think I know what it is that's happening to some of the people in the LASFS."

"Yes?" said Phil Castora.

"I have just now evolved a theory of dynamic psychology, Freud-like in its scope. These people may be the first example of retrograde psychological development. How does the normal human being develop mentally? He works up from childhood, where he has little or no contact with reality, through a series of elaborate fantasy worlds, and then perhaps settles down to one well-worked out fantasy world at about the age of nine. If he likes that, he may stick to it for a while, as for instance some girls still play games with dolls, and some boys with toy guns, up until the age of 12 or so. But eventually the fantasy world drifts or is forced away as he gets more involved in life and after screwing himself up on involvement with life a couple times, he eventually finds himself. It's all a matter of development."

"Well, yes," said Phil Castora.

"But have you noticed what has been happening in Los Angeles? A few years ago these people entered fandom as apparently well-integrated personalities. Then Coventry began to be popular, and people each picked out an identity so that they could participate in this group fantasy world. When everyone had a secret identity, things really began to swing. Coventry stories began to be acted out in real life, just like children act out their fantasy worlds. Why, there were almost a couple of lawsuits over Coventry stuff that crept out into the real world."

"I remember reading about that in FANAC the other day," said Phil. "That happened about two years ago, didn't it?"

"Yes, but now Coventry is passe. People around here aren't satisfied anymore with just one secret identity. A need is being felt generally for multiple identities. That's where this new game, DIPLOMACY, comes in. It's some sort of board game, like Monopoly, where the players each take on the identity of the ruler of some European power around the turn of the century. They have wars, and intrigues, and all that; it's just like the real world except that it only exists in their minds and on the Diplomacy board."

"Why, that's fantastic!" exclaimed Phil Castora.

"Yes, these people are working backwards. They've started at the top of psychological development and are backing down the slope, a little faster than they came up it. When they feel the need to add a new secret identity, why, they simply start another Diplomacy game. Bruce, for instance, is apparently in two games, judging from these magazines. It all adds up."

"You're right, you're right," said Phil Castora, nodding his head.

"But don't you see what this means? We can take advantage of all this. These people pay money for their Diplomacy games--they'll go to any length to get what they want. And now we know what they'll want next. We know

which way they'll jump. All we have to do is go around the area and find an old, abandoned nursery school and buy it up cheap. Something like this will be heavily in demand soon. We can charge people according to how long they want to stay in the nursery -- daily, weekly, perhaps even monthly. We'll provide them with games like hopscotch, jacks, and tag. We'll give them rubber balls to bounce, sand to build castles, toys to play with. To heighten the situation, we'll dress them up in little kids' clothes and put the girls' hair up in pigtails. For the more extreme cases, we'll provide diapers and rubber pants. We'll give them everything they need to be totally out of contact with reality."

I waved my hands expansively. At this point things began to break up and Phil had to go catch a ride home, so I never found out his reaction to this idea. But about a week later I was talking to Greg Benford on the telephone.

"You were all wrong in your article last issue," I began, and I told him about all these latest developments. I told him I thought it would make good editorial material for FRAP. But it did not strike him as a good idea. He said it would be good material for a psychological casebook, but that it was strong, much too strong, for a fanzine.

"You're right, Meyer," I said, and hung up.

-oOo-

A copy of this issue is going to the offices of the American Institute of Psychological Studies.

-oOo-

I DON'T THINK I've ever told this true story in a fanzine before. This happened in Berkeley in late August, 1961.

I was riding home from Bill Donaho's house late at night. Not in a car, because this was before I had a driver's license, but on a red English racing bike that used to belong to Jerry Knight. Calvin Demmon has one just like it stored away in Inglewood. (All this detail is to placate those people who used to mark "Too general; be specific" on my college exams. Maybe there are some people like that reading this fanzine. I hope not.) I was riding out of the slums on my little red bicycle when, without warning, a cop pulled out after me on his motorcycle.

I wasn't much up to outracing him, because I was pretty tired, so I stopped and let him overtake me. He rushed up, citation book and pencil in hand, all hustle and efficiency.

"What are you doing out this time of night?" he asked. It was around 12:30.

I thought it over for a minute and said, "Riding home from visiting a friend of mine."

He looked at me sort of funny and said, "Don't you know it's illegal to ride a bicycle at night without a light?" He opened his citation book.

I watched him copy down the license number on my bike and said, "I haven't lived in Berkeley even a month yet, and I didn't know that was illegal. I have never been stopped for it in Los Angeles."

"This is not Los Angeles, this is Berkeley," the cop said. Obvious point. I could have told him that. He began to ask me questions. "Your name." "Your address." "Can you prove you're you?" I showed him my social security card, my draft card, my GDA card. "You aren't drunk, are you?" As a matter of fact, I was, just a bit, on home brew, but it was windy and I kept my distance. "What do you do for a living?" I told him about my job with the University Press. And so on, and on. Finally, "Date of birth?" I told him.

"August 27th!" he said after considering it for a moment. "Why, that's today!" I nodded my head. "Well," he said, with an elaborate flourish, "I don't give anyone a ticket on his birthday. Just get that light fixed right away, you understand?" He tore the ticket up and scattered the pieces all over the street. They blew away in the wind that had come up out of the bay. I thought of the anti-litter laws, thanked him profusely, accepted his happy birthday wishes, and got the hell out of there.

The next day I told Andy Main about what had happened. He accepted it, but looked sort of skeptical about the whole matter. I tried to tell him that I was not just making it up to sound as though the same things happened to me that happened to Ted Pauls (in old issues of HABAkkUK), but I don't think he believed me.

-oOo-

MY GUESS IS that most of you received the last issue of FRAP on or about November 22, 1963. Judging from the delayed response to the issue, apparently not many were in the mood to consider or comment on a fanzine that purports to be "humorous." About all the humor I heard in those first few days had to do with the subject of What happened to Vaughn Meader? and it grew thin very rapidly. In the spate of renaming everything after Kennedy, I momentarily considered lettering KENNEDY on the cover of this issue and making some sombre/pompous remarks inside. I immediately rejected this as being in as poor taste as the rest of the "humor" during that period, all of which seemed to be pretty strong attempts to cover up the fact that everyone I came in contact with was pretty shaken by the whole matter.

I'd like to step "out of character" for this fanzine for just a few minutes and give you some of my own reactions to the Kennedy assassination.

I first heard about it just before my 11 o'clock class that Friday. My first reaction was disbelief, then, on rushing to a nearby radio, I think the following passage from James Joyce's Ulysses emblematically sums up my feelings at that moment as I stood there listening to the frantic announcer reading off the last moments of Kennedy's life: "The cold of interstellar space, thousands of degrees below freezing point or the absolute zero of Fahrenheit, Centigrade or Reaumur." I felt as though something I had counted on strongly, if subconsciously, was being taken away. A girl next to me burst into tears.

In addition to the sense of loss I mentioned just above, I also felt as though something that Just Couldn't Happen was taking place. I realised then how much Kennedy had been built up in the public mind, from which none of us are free though we might like to be, as someone who was not only a great leader, but a warm, living human being. The countless reports that appeared during his term of office concerning his family, his wife, his young son dead several days after arrival -- all this had built up a strong im-

(please turn to page 10)

APPLIED 'PATAPHYSICS

LESSON ONE

zen and the
art of cooking

-Ray Nelson



IN ANSWER TO CLAMORING REQUESTS and not a few veiled threats, I have finally consented to illustrate how I manage to combine the highest philosophical development of the East, Zen, with the highest philosophical development of the West, 'Pataphysics, to produce a new outlook and way of life that is equally useful in psychology and religion, game playing and politics, science and art, in the highest pursuits and the lowest. Listen and learn, my little one, because this is a message that can bring you peace and joy and high spiritual development, and also this message is the "in" thing this season.

I have decided that in these peaceful times the simple elements of Zen 'Pataphysics are best illustrated with examples from the kitchen, rather than the battlefield, and besides, someone has already beaten me to it in writing a "Zen and the Art of Archery" and "Zen and the Art of Swordplay," not to mention numerous manuals on judo, karate, and other forms of honorable Holy Dirty Fighting.

Ah so. Let us enter the kitchen. Let us look about us with satisfaction, rubbing our hands together. All is clean and neat, ready for us to begin. No? It is not? Then I should perhaps have begun with Zen and the Art of Housecleaning. By beginning with cooking I have assumed you have at least the desire to elevate your spiritual development.

Let us, however, say it is clean.

First, we select a frying pan and some slices of bacon. Our first exercise will be in frying this bacon in the Honorable Frying Pan. We examine the pan. Is it clean? Is it in good repair? Is it handsome in appearance but not gaudy? When all these conditions are satisfied, we examine the bacon. Is it of good quality, thin slices, fresh and not too fatty? If so, we are ready to turn on the heat. Gas or electric...it does not matter. Both are "kosher," as we say in Israel.

We place a few slices in the pan. They must lie flat, not all scrambled up, and not be crowded in the pan. They must not overlap, though it is not regarded as vulgar if they gently touch each other. We then set the pan over the heating unit and stand watching, our every sense alert.



In ordinary bacon frying, it is customary to flop the bacon slices around any old way in the pan and, after a while, take them all out at the same time. Not so Zen bacon frying. Each slice of bacon must receive individual attention. When you observe that a slice of bacon has ballooned up in the middle, it is time to turn it over. Care must be taken so that after turning the slice lies as

nearly flat as possible. It should not be permitted to curl up into a ball, even if you have to hold it down with a fork. When a portion of bacon is done, it will, usually abruptly, cease being translucent and become opaque. A slice of bacon may be considered done when all portions of it are done, when it is opaque in all areas, not before. At this instant it must be whisked from the pan and placed on a few layers of paper towel to drain. If some portions stubbornly refuse to turn opaque by themselves, you may have to force them to fry by pressing them against the pan with a fork. If some slices fry faster than others, move the slow ones into the fast ones' places when the fast ones are taken out. No frying pan is ever uniformly heated.

When the last slice is done, you deftly fork it from the pan, then wait a minute for it to cool, then taste it.

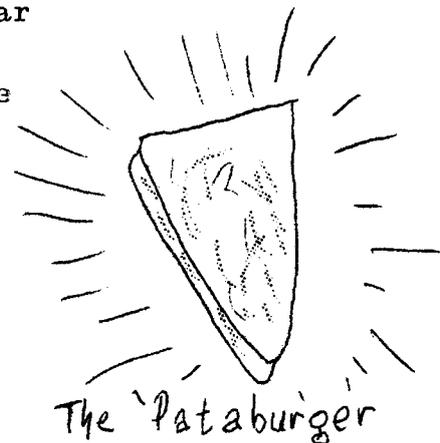
At this moment you will be blessed with the Great Awakening, what the wise men of the East call Satori.

No?

Never mind. Perhaps hamburgers will succeed where bacon failed. Hamburgers are practically glowing with spiritual power, crammed full of the indwelling Spirit of the Buddha, not to mention many valuable vitamins and minerals.

It is no ordinary hamburger I speak of, no vulgar drive-in product, but the holy 'Pataburger, triangular and delicious.

To make this delicacy, this exclusive creation of Nelson of El Cerrito, you first cut up a small onion into very small bits and place them in the bottom of a large bowl. (I assume you have inspected these onions and all the other ingredients I will name with the same care you used while frying Zen bacon.) Next you place on top of the onions one pound of top quality hamburger meat, fresh and firm. You flatten out the meat somewhat, using your fingers (you did wash your hands, I hope), then salt it lightly and pepper it lighter still, hardly at all, in fact. You then make a little hollow in the center and into this hollow break two small eggs. Chicken's eggs will do if eagle's eggs are unavailable. You then add oatmeal slowly, mixing it with the eggs until it makes a fairly



firm mash. This mixing is best done daintily, with just the tips of the fingers. Your feet, with or without shoes, should not be introduced into the bowl.

When this mash is mixed, you transform yourself from a dainty piddler into a ferocious masher, plunging your fingers ruthlessly into the meat, crushing it, rending it, capturing it in your hands and squeezing it, so that it oozes out between your fingers like toothpaste from a tube. By this means you mix all the ingredients into a shapeless pink mass with about the consistency of warm modeling clay.

When this has all been done, grease the frying pan liberally with fat from Zen bacon; nothing else is kosher. This greasing is fast and easy in a hot frying pan. When the fat is liquid but before it starts to smoke, you place the hamburger mix in the pan and, with your fingers, tamp it down in the pan until it forms a disc that just touches the walls of the pan on all sides, a disc about the size and shape of a pancake, though perhaps a bit thicker. Perhaps you fear burning your fingers, handling the contents of a hot frying pan, but if you are alert, deft and careful, you have nothing to worry about. I have been doing this for many, many years and have yet to receive my first burn.

You then wait a moment, letting it fry, then cut it into triangular pieces with a dull knife, like the pieces of a pie. This cutting should be done with a sort of vibratory movement of the knife, so that little channels are left between the individual 'pataburgers.

You then fry them with loving care, turning them often with a fork, being very careful not to burn them. When they are done they will be dark brown on both sides and grey (not pink) on the inside. If there is any doubt in your mind they are done, cut one open and have a look at the inside. If one is done before the others, take it from the pan and leave the others in. You must use the same policy of individual attention on the 'Pataburger as you used on the Zen Bacon.

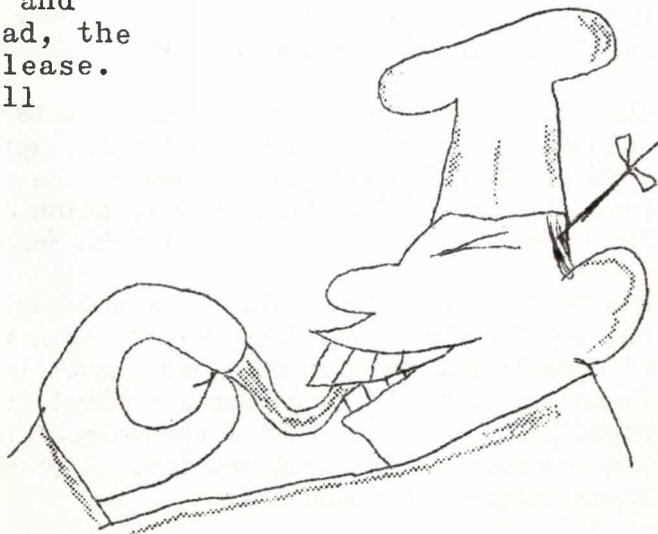
When each lovely little triangle is done, take it out of the pan and place it on a slice of dark bread, the darker the better. (No buns, please. Ech.) Add salt to taste, as well as lettuce, catsup, mustard and whatever you like (but don't overdo it). Then, when all is in readiness, eat it.

At this point you most certainly should experience satori.

No?

Well, let's try just one more thing, the most awesomely powerful force for spiritual awakening known to man.

The peanut butter sandwich.



To prepare an Open Face Peanut Butter Sandwich of the Awakening, you need fresh 100% whole wheat bread and pure, top quality peanut butter...the gooey kind. You spread the peanut butter on a slice of this bread, then place thin slices of cold butter on top of the peanut butter. (I should mention that it is only decent to precede the eating of this kind of peanut butter sandwich by reverent fasting and meditation which lasts 24 hours.) You then open a capsule of mescaline and sprinkle the mescaline crystals like an autumn snow over the barren rocky ground of the peanut butter and the occasional boulders of butter, then sit crosslegged at a low table and eat it in a dim light.

At this point.... Ah, but now I see that you have become as the old wise men, those who know and do not speak.

--Ray Nelson

(continued from page 6)

pression of a great human situation in my mind. I found myself listening to the radio reports and thinking in very concrete terms like, "Good grief, the red blood on her dress, the warm red blood on her dress." It affected me that way, too. It affected me that way very strongly, and when I went to see what others were doing in reaction and heard a young member of the Young Socialist Alliance calmly putting down Kennedy for all the times he had not acted strictly in faith with the radical movements in this country, I was incensed, I wanted to strike back. I ended up just leaving. Kennedy for me was not too important on a conscious level as a politician--I felt him important mainly in that he seemed to be maintaining an atmosphere of freedom running against the aims of the more "conservative" elements in the US today--but I had a great feeling for him as a man.

Well, that was the immediate reaction I had to the assassination. Later on, when the weekend of Official Mourning was abruptly shut off on the stroke of midnight the Monday following the assassination, I felt an immense sense of falseness in the public reaction to the assassination. It was not so much that individual people were not changed and affected by it, but that the Official reaction was, to sum it up very bluntly, "Business as usual on Tuesday," as though nothing had ever happened.

When they began renaming everything after Kennedy, I also felt a sense of falseness. It seems to me that this rapid spate of renaming things the Kennedy this and the Kennedy that is one of the most inapropos memorials you can give any man. After all, what relation does an airport or a civic auditorium have with the life of John Kennedy?

But this is all aftermath. I am and have been for many years unhappy with the way in which some Higher Voice than the people's controls the expression of opinion and emotion on a mass level in this country, but there is nothing I can do about it and personal protest is useless as a means of changing it rapidly, if at all. What I wanted most to communicate in this section is my own reaction to the assassination. I've done that, and so the piece is over. There need be no punchline.

--- Bob Lichtman

HER SENSITIVE FANNISH
FACE — LEN MOFFATT

HER NAME, SHE WROTE, was Alice Dulce, and the name of her proposed fanmag was to be BEMBOLT. Don't ask me why. I asked her why by return mail, and she said the reason for her fanmag title was so obvious that only a "naïve child" would have to ask such a question.

The year, I think, was about 1941, and I was busy trying to build up an organization called the Western Pennsylvania Science Fictioneers. The WPSF was a "chapter" of SUPER SCIENCE Magazine's "Science Fictioneers" club. We did manage to have as many as nine or ten members at one time, living in various parts of western Pennsylvania. We even tried to produce a small fan conference in Pittsburgh but it flopped due to lack of support from the science fictionists in that area.

Alice had read about us in the Science Fictioneers Dept. in the old (original) SUPER SCIENCE, and penned me a l-o-n-g letter of inquiry. It was obvious that she knew a little bit about fandom, and she was eager to join a club--and to publish a magazine. In her first letter she offered to make her mag the WPSF organ. She lived in a small town not too far from my home in Ellwood City, and I suggested we get together. For some reason I was reticent about extending an invitation to my home, perhaps because she was a girl and some of the remarks in her letter sounded a bit naughty to my then tender ears. I was probably afraid of certain complications; I lived with my mother, and we already had a girl member, a Weird Tales fan who was in every respect a perfect, well mannered young lady. Alice sounded a little on the "wild" side, and I may also have worried about the effect she would have on the gentlemanly members of our group. Not that we weren't interested in girls, but I was pretty sercon in those days and a girl who wrote the way Alice wrote might tend to disrupt the serious science-fictional nature of the club.

On the other hand, I was naturally curious and I think I made it quite clear in my reply that I would not be adverse to visiting her. We could talk things over, I could tell her a little more about the WPSF, its aims and purpose, and she could tell me more about her proposed fanzine. I decided that her knowledge of fandom was based primarily on the fan departments of the promags, and wondered just what kind of material she wanted for her mag. But most of all I wondered about her.

In her letter she announced--in caps yet--that she was a NUDIST. She said that she rarely wore clothes "around the house" and told me of "an hilarious experience" when once she forgot, and answered the door before donning a housecoat. Most of this "experience" had to do with the shocked expression on the face of the newsboy who had come around to collect for the daily paper. According to her, he blushed, gulped, and backed away. She went to get the money, taking time to put on her robe, but when she returned to the door he was gone. But he had left a scribbled note stating that she could have "this month's papers for free." Now she was wondering what he would say or do when he came around to collect the following month--and she half-suspected that he might come back sooner. Somehow she got the idea that he thought she was a

"loose woman" and that as soon as he "mustered his courage" he would return for something more than a mere newspaper payment. The way she wrote about this gave me the idea that she rather relished the thought, though of course she had no intention of complying. Or so it said.

At any rate, this and other items in her first letter gave me, as the saying goes, pause. She had asked for a snap of me, and I enclosed one with my reply. I can't remember whether or not I asked for a pic of her, but when her second letter arrived I could tell there was one inside. Hastily, I retired to the privacy of my Den, and tore open the envelope. The foto was a garden-variety snapshot, a little blurred, so that I couldn't determine her age from her face. Still, she didn't look much older than myself. As for her figure I couldn't make much of it at all. She was completely wrapped in a long, flowing housecoat, which made her appear taller than perhaps she really was.

The letter was short, compared to her first epistle, and I thought a little cold. Not only did she imply that I was a "naive child" for asking her about her fanzine title, but she could see from the snapshot I had sent that I "wasn't dry behind the ears yet." She suspected that the WPSF was composed of "drwoling juveniles" in which case she wanted no part of it. She was interested only in "mature science fictionists" and BEMBOLT would be devoted to those "off-trail" stories which were professionally written, but which the editors--much as they wanted to--could not accept because of "the immaturity of the publishers and the magazine-reading public." However, if I wanted to visit her, she might be kind enough to give me some tips on how the WPSF could better itself, improve its no doubt childish official organ, and so on. Also she would send the club (c/o me) a copy of her first issue, and if the club as a unit wanted to subscribe we could have the mag at special rates given only to "serious s-f organizations." Individual subs for any one of us though would cost a bit more. I can't remember now what her rates were, but they did seem exorbitant at the time, and even more so when the first issue of BEMBOLT arrived. It was sloppily hectographed, two sheets, unstapled, held together by the postage stamp and a small piece of regular adhesive tape. The four pages contained a pointless story about a girl space pilot marooned on Mars. The byline, which I assumed on the spot was her pseudonym, was Lisa Starlove.

I was a bit surprised to receive this "fanzine" as I had not as yet answered her second letter and this was at least two months later. I wrote a brief postcard, thanking her for the "mag" without commenting on it, and apologizing for being so slow in answering her last letter. Almost by return mail she postcarded back, saying that she hoped her letter had not offended me, that she was only trying to be helpful to those younger and less-experienced than herself, and would I please tell her what I thought of Miss Starlove's little classic. She added that she had mailed out fifty copies "all over fandom" and that thus far no one had responded. Was it possible that s-f fans did not recognise literature when they saw it?

I replied to the effect that it was a little early yet to expect letters of comment on the mag, and that I honestly had to admit that I didn't understand the story. I couldn't resist adding that this was probably because I was "naive," and not "dry behind the ears," etc. Actually there was nothing salacious or "shocking" in the little four-pager; it was just dull and pointless. (The girl space pilot crashlands her "tiny rocket" on Mars, dons her space suit, gets out and wanders around, staring at the red sand, staring at the stars, staring at the crumpled ship, etc. I showed the mag around at our

next WPSF meeting, and somebody said that obviously the marooned girl was "stare-crazy"...)

Days went by before she replied this time, but finally a letter on perfumed blue stationery arrived, inviting me to visit her on the following Saturday. I tried to get one of my local buddies to drive me there in his car, but he had other plans for that weekend so I took the local bus. Finding her street and number in the little town was more difficult than I thought it would be. She lived in a rather shabby section of the town, and there were no street signs to speak of. After half a dozen inquiries in stores and on street corners, I finally located her house. It was an old two-story frame building badly in need of painting, and I wondered if she lived there alone.

The front yard was full of long grass, weeds, several untended flower beds, and three noisy kids. "Is this where Alice Dulce lives?" I asked, as the kids surrounded me and wanted to know what I was selling. (I was carrying a small bundle of fanzines, including VOM, FANFARE, SPACEWAYS, and STELLAR TALES, hoping to impress her with the fanmags of others, as I was reasonably sure she had only read of these mags in the prozine review departments.)

"Yes!" piped up the boy, who was the oldest of the trio. "That's her. That's my sister..." He pointed to one of the little girls, who couldn't have been more than four years old. She stared up at me with large round eyes, unblinking, clutching a ragged doll to her food-stained dress.

"You're...you're Alice Dulce...but she's a...a woman!"

"O, rats, you want our mother," said the boy. "I thought you was from the school..."

"Yes," I said, "your mother. Is she at home?"

"I'll go tell'er!" shouted the other little girl, suddenly. "Sometimes she forgets..." Her voice trailed off as she ran to the house.

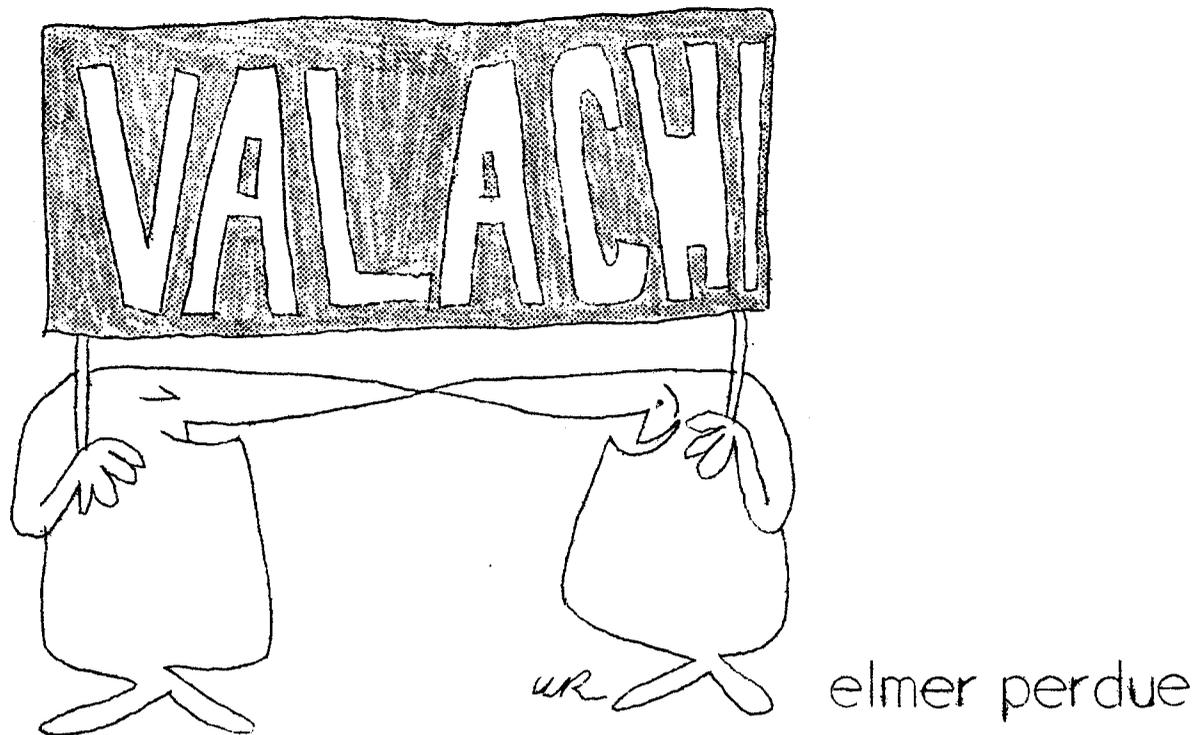
"Better watch out!" shouted the boy after her. "Daddy ain't gone to work yet."

At first I thought he was speaking to me, but then I decided it was sort of a warning to his messenger-sister. The four-year-old, Alice, was still staring at me, but the boy darted off across the yard, tossing a ball into the air. Suddenly I felt very much alone--and unprotected. But I went to the door. Just as I raised my hand to knock, it opened and a man stepped out. He was a big, husky fellow, dressed in mill clothes, and needed a shave. But his smile was friendly enough.

"You must be the kid come to see Ally about this crazy space stuff," he said. He didn't offer to shake hands, but he did hold the door open for me. "I'm late for work, goddamn swing shift, never will get used to it. She's in the kitchen, right straight through. You really believe in going into space?"

There isn't much more to tell. She was (to me at least) a typical housewife, wearing regular clothes, probably in her late 20s, not bad looking but no great beauty either, and I only stayed a couple of hours, using the uncertain bus schedule as my excuse for not staying for "supper." The afternoon with her was as dull and pointless as her little story.

We exchanged a few more postcards after that, and as far as I know she never published another issue of her fanmag. I'm sure I answered her last postcard with an invitation to attend a WPSF meeting at my place, but I never heard from her again. Did anyone?



IT AMUSES ME to watch the disappearance of racial identification in the mass media. They tell me that the gangsters on "The Untouchables" now have such fine American names as Kelly, Armstrong, and McGonigle. No more Italian names.

Well, maybe it's for the best. The graying hand of obscurity outleavens Sambo, Three-Fingered Pete (who would expect the three-fingered people had such a strong lobby?), and Dead-Eye Dixon. Now, we have a powerful tabu against national identification by name. And what does this bastard Valachi do? He violates the tabu by naming a batch of people with names of Italian origin.

Bowdlerization is going too damn far anyway, and praise be to Valachi for reversing the trend. I understand Lovecraft's "The Rats in the Wall" will be filmed this year. What odds am I offered that the protagonist's cat will not be named Niggerman? Basin Street is now, according to the verses, the place where the people all meet. Not, mark thee well, where the light and the dark folk meet. And tell me, Meyer, how many years has it been since you have heard Stephen Foster's folk classic, Old Black Joe?

This trend, which Mr. Valachi may succeed in reversing, has still a long way to go. Remember Frankie and Johnnie? Not only did he have a twanty-dollar gold piece on his watch chain, to let the good Lord know he died standing pat, but he was driven to the graveyard by twelve coal-black horses. I kid you not, Ralph, I have heard this song once where he was driven to the graveyard by a dozen palominos.

The worst Frankie and Johnnie, though, is a rare item by Guy Lombardo and his Gin-Bottle Five. Frankie went down to the drug store to buy Johnnie a malted milk, for Chrissake.

Let this little praise, faint though it be, mark my good thoughts about Valachi. He names names, Sicilian though they be.

One little afterthought. I just got out of the hospital, and in sheer boredom while there read the astrology column. What hit my eye was the forecast for those born June 21-July 20, and it called them Moon Children. Moon Children? Since when in the hell has Hearst had the authority to change three millennia of astrology and rename a sign? Actually, this period is Cancer, and ten to one it's the American Medical Association lobby that has fucked up thirty centuries of history to create a new tabu...

Oh hell, I forgot the punch line. Manechevitz has been using the slogan "Wine like mother used to make" for several years. I tried to sell them this slogan: "Manechevitz! It's the real McCoy!" They didn't buy it.

-- Elmer Perdue

"No, thank you, I'll stand."

D. H. Lawrence on Moby Dick:

It is a great book.

At first you are put off by the style. It reads like journalism. It seems spurious. You feel Melville is trying to put something over on you. It won't do.

And Melville really is a bit sententious: aware of himself, self-conscious, putting something over even himself. But then it's not easy to get into the swing of a piece of deep mysticism when you just set out to tell a story.

Nobody can be more clownish, more clumsy and sententiously in bad taste, than Herman Melville, even in a great book like Moby Dick. He preaches and holds forth because he's not sure of himself. And he holds forth, often, so amateurishly.

The artist was so much greater than the man. The man is rather a tiresome New Englander, of the ethical mystical-transcendentalist sort: Emerson, Longfellow, Hawthorne, etc. So unrelieved, the solemn ass even in humor. So hopelessly au grand serieux, you feel like saying: Good God, what does it matter? If life is a tragedy, or a farce, or a disaster, or anything else, what do I care! Let life be what it likes, that's what I want just now.

For my part, life is so many things that I don't care what it is. It's not my affair to sum it up. Just now it's a cup of tea. This morning it was wormwood and gall. Hand me the sugar.

--from Studies In Classic American Literature

HAPPY BENFORD CHATTER

a guide to fandom

Most people think becoming a fan is an easy thing. Well, it's not. Not many make it, do they? No. So I think it's useful to the ordinary soul of mundane inclinations to run through some of the high points of fannish behavior, and allow him to think through his response to these situations. In the mundane world, this is called "finding yourself." In fandom, it is called "finding yourself." There is no score, for the clever author has left out the answers.

IMPORTANT RATIONALIZATIONS

Nothing comes easily in fandom, so you will lose out somewhere. Here is how to lie to yourself:

1. Nobody really cares whether I slipsheet or not; as long as they can make it out in a strong light, it's okay.
2. I spend all year making up clothes for the costume ball just for the fun of it.
3. He spelled my name right, didn't he?
4. I'm too busy writing to my other friends to join APA X.
5. Of course Willis knows who I am. He just didn't recognise me.
6. Just because I'm moving to Kansas doesn't mean I won't be in a stimulating intellectual environment and have fannish contacts.
7. A monthly fanzine is a waste of time, anyway.
8. I am not looking for sex in fandom.

MAJOR CRISES

These are major catastrophes you may have to deal with. Think carefully, then answer. If you answer off the top of your head, you have not found yourself.

1. In 30 minutes the FAPA deadline falls due, you must have a zine in the mailing, and you come home to find your package has been returned for insufficient postage.
2. You skip a LASFS meeting and learn later that you have been elected to 5 terms as Director, to be served consecutively.
3. You meet Burbee at the worldcon and use one of his lines, but get the words wrong.
4. You pan the latest FANAC for being late and make personal comments about the editor. Then you take a business trip by jet to the west coast, only to find yourself sitting next to Walter Breen. The flight is five hours long.
5. You arrive at your first worldcon only to find you have been reading year-old fanzines. The convention is 3000 miles away.
6. You are to appear on a panel called "Fans Look at the Prozines," and suddenly realize that you haven't read a word of science fiction in three years.
7. Your mother writes a letter to the #1 fanzine denouncing fandom as a bunch of perverts. They print it.
8. You are necking with Karen Anderson at a party when you suddenly realize your wife is with you, and she doesn't understand fans.
9. You take the intelligence tests at the worldcon like everyone else, but you tell all your friends and some of your enemies your identification number.
16. Your score is 67.

2. "Why shouldn't your primary interest be science fiction, then?" someone asks you when you're on the fan panel at the worldcon. "_____", " you say, and next week you get a letter from Sam Moskowitz's lawyer.
3. You have just moved to New York. Ted White asks you why. "_____", " you say wittily. You wake up the next morning to find yourself the only person in the city who is not a co-editor of VOID.

SOCIAL INCIDENTS

On the left are parties you may not be able to avoid. On the right are incidents ditto. Match the proper party with the improper event.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Los Angeles costume party 2. Little Men picnic 3. Los Angeles drinking party 4. Donaho-type Berkeley party 5. Fanoclast party 6. Dallas party 7. Berkeley poker party 8. Closed-door convention party | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> a. You set fire to Walter Breen's beard. b. You do your Charles Burbee imitation. c. You put out a bad oneshot fanzine, Meyer. d. You talk about science fiction. e. You are admitted to Coventry & assassinated. f. You leave with someone else's wife. No one notices. g. You lock yourself in the bath room. h. You leave. |
|---|--|

--- Greg Benford

God invented the orgasm so we would know when to stop.

RAY NELSON SPEAKS OUT ON INTEGRATION

In case you happen to be a Negro (I'll pause a moment here to give you a chance to cast an apprehensive glance in the mirror) I think it's only fair to warn you that your Image is in danger. It used to be that people thought if you had a black skin you must be musical. You could play some musical instrument like the banjo or kazoo in your own primitive but joyous way, tap dance, or at least whistle Dixie. As you colored folks elbow your way into the human race, you are in grave danger of losing your historical role as the canary bird of Western Civilisation. A role that had its drawbacks, but at least could provide a living (and then some) for those who could play it convincingly. Even if they had to use a burnt cork to do it. The originators of that role in the American theatre and life are just waiting for their chance to grab it back. Yes, I mean the Irish.

In the first (and perhaps final) issue of the ABC TV HOOTNANNY SHOW magazine Bobby Scott does not come right out and say so but very strongly implies that the blues came from Ireland. "We all know," he seems to say, "how jazz came up the river. From Dublin."

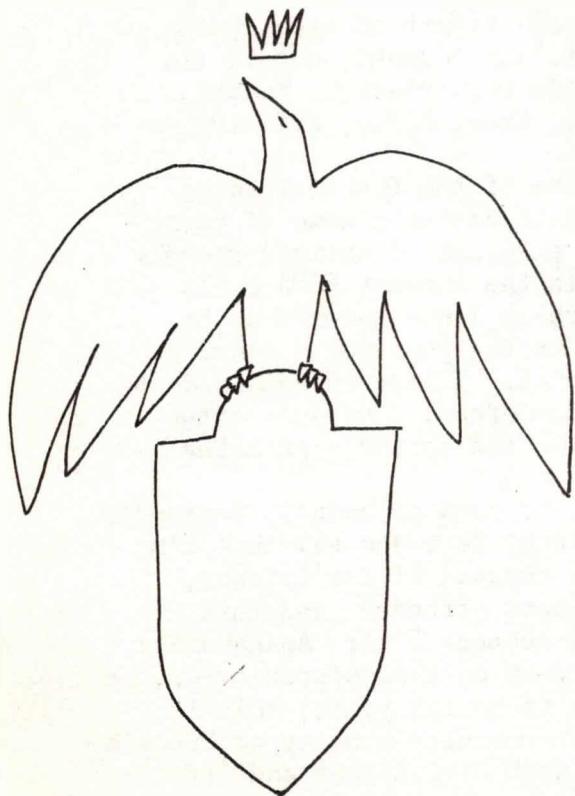
"We all know how, when you get the blues, man, and they turn you every way but loose, man, why you, like, just pick up your bagpipes and wail." There's another article in the same magazine by Tommy Maken that sort of backs up this point of view. I just wanted you to know, in case you are a Negro, that if you don't want the job of canary bird, there are thousands of guys out there in the street who do want it. --R.N.

It was a choice between CORE & comic books, so you can guess what I picked.

NORM CLARKE I suppose by now you have had hundreds and hundreds of indignant queries about the Esoteric meaning of (S72); well, this makes one less, because I am going to disappoint you all to Hell, and make believe that I never even noticed it. Noticed what? Your first subscriber, this R. Eney, is, I think, the same person who sent me an all-but-illegible postcard, several months ago, asking me if I wanted to part with my spare copy of A Sense of FAPA; naturally, I never bothered answering him. I do think it would be a good idea to prune your mailing list, sending your fanzine only to, say, those people you have known for four years or so; in this way, you would be doing your part in getting rid of the twerps and nitwits with only a passing interest in fandom (such as that R. Eney). ((That is a nonpareil suggestion you make about trimming my mailing list. Since I haven't known you four years, you aren't getting this issue, ahahaha.))

For years and years, I've been asking, "Whatever happened to Slim Gaillard?" In fact, every time Boyd Raeburn visits us, those are the first words I say to him (after "Let's publish a one-shot," of course), because he is so knowledgeable in the Obscure Music field, and about Whatever Happened to people ("Oh, I think something happened to him."). But anyway, now I know; old Slim has gone straight. But do you only know Gaillard as "a character from a beat generation novel"? Have you never actually heard him? If not, I could send you a tape (if you have a tape recorder) of some of his stuff like "Opera In Vout" or an old LP titled Slim Gaillard and His Musical Aggregations, Wherever He May Be; so let me know.

Greg Benford's theory of dynamic history, while certainly of great clinical interest, contains one highly dubious statement, i.e., that "the normal human being...works up from Dick and Jane...to magazine fiction and the better stf novelists." I think it could reasonably be contended that some of the most normal human beings on earth have never even heard of the "better stf novelists." Perhaps, in fact, that's what makes them so normal.



letter column

"That certainly is an unexciting title for this column."

"Well, Meyer, at least it's descriptive..."

"Log of the Honeybee," by Redd Boggs (is he the same "Redd Boggs" who appears in Greg Benford's column? It doesn't seem likely.) is slight, but pleasant; I liked it, I mean. Actually, it would be difficult for Redd to write something I wouldn't like. Is this "unabashed egoboo"? All right, then. ((No, it's just writing a kissy comment.))

Why, I never knew that Calvin Demmon could write poetry! And it rhymes. Calvin Demmon is just an Old-Fashioned Romantic (or a "Pile of Crap"). ((And this is a crappy comment.)) /Box 911, Aylmer East, Quebec, Canada/

JOE PILATI FRAP continues to amuse and amaze. It amuses because you're publishing more funny material per page than any other fanzine extant; it amazes because you and your cohorts seem to be doing this effortlessly. You have first-rate material by fans who aren't working to be funny; they're just funny and fannish, period. Good show, Meyer. FRAP is a breath of fresh mimeo ink in a roomful of stagnant serconishness. ((Hey, Norm, this is a kissy comment, too!))

Calvin's poem is better than anything Ogden Nash ever attempted. After all, Ogden Nash never had a Calvin Demmon side of his personality, whereas Calvin is able to draw upon an Ogden Nash side, a George Ade side, a James Thurber side, a Virgil Partch side, a Lewis Carroll side, and "God" only knows what else. Just when one thinks one has Calvin pegged as an hexagonal humorist, he proves himself to be an oxagonal humorist. This is an Essentially Praiseworthy characteristic. ((This is an essentially confused comment --what does geometry have to do with humor?))

I'm awed at the way Benford takes this reverse evolution theory of his, and instead of presenting it as straight dissertation (in which case it would probably turn out to be tedious and ponderous) presents it within the context of a conversation with Redd Boggs. He has Boggs breaking up his narrative thread to utter such devastating bon mots as "Well, yes," and "Perhaps so, perhaps so." This is an extremely imaginative technique, albeit not quite cricket to the popular image of Redd Boggs.

I hope that the use of a familiar old running head is intended to announce the acquisition of Boggs as a FRAP columnist. True? ((Sort of true, but false.)) Redd's contribution doesn't inspire me to any comment, but it did provide a few pleasant minutes of reading. ((That's most readers' reaction to the entire magazine...)) /111 S. Highland Ave., Pearl River, N.Y. 10965/

GALVIN DEMMON It strikes me that FRAP #2 is one of the Bunniest things you've ever published, Bob, and it contains some of your best writing. Your Scientology piece in Psi-Phi, although (I notice) roundly attacked by scientologists from around the world in the current FAPA mailing, clued me in to your lighter humorous style, which I had never seen before, and you have developed this style even more in the past few months, until you emerge in your editorial as a good humorist. I laughed out loud at more than one point in your editorial, and, I must confess, I haven't often laughed out loud before at your stuff. ((And that's the editor's printing his own egoboo for this Letter Column...))

And the rest of FRAP is good, too. In fact, v. good or Great. Benford's Happy Chatter is very funny, although I must be stodgy here and say that I'm sorry to see him put down Bruce in that way -- not because it isn't funny, but because I'm afraid Bruce will be hurt, or at least offended, and that isn't Good. (If I sound like Don Fitch here it is because I am. Ahahaha.) Besides, Benford, you prick, your whole thing is based on a misapprehension, or a "pile of ----." Bruce has been collecting comic books for years; this is not a recent thing to replace Coventry. Why, I can remember a party at Bruce's house at which Mr. Lichtman and I attended, along with Miri Knight and (if memory serves) Ted Johnstone and Dian Girard. Bruce was collecting comic books

then, and had been for years, although that was in 1961. This has been an on-the-spot remembrance by Calvin, who found H. B. Chatter in poor taste but extremely funny, nonetheless, and who has just turned Sercon for Lent.

And Redd Boggs is funny. And Norm Clarke is funny. And Elmer Perdue is forgivable for his pun. And that is a Good Letter Column. And even your interlineations are funny.

I will not threaten to kill you if you print this in your next FRAP, but you should use your own judgment, because this is not Constructive Criticism (oh, and the Nelson cartoons are funny, although I think I've seen them somewhere before) ((You saw them when Ray drew them, you prick)) -- oh, shit; I never could write letters of comment; you never taught me how to do it when you introduced me to fandom, you peahead. /1002 E. 66th St., Inglewood, California/

BOYD RAEBURN Your editorial made highly entertaining reading. I was going to mention the bits I particularly enjoyed, but on checking I find that I particularly enjoyed all of it. It is interesting to learn that Slim Gaillard is still Around. He seemed to drop out of sight several years ago. Let me point out that, while Gaillard was mentioned in a "beat" novel, Gaillard himself was never by any means Beat. Gaillard was a Commercial Hipster, and his doing singing commercials is really not at all crogling.

Ha, another fan who (shudder, blench) breaks up apa mailings. I too periodically winnow my fanzine collection, although these days the inflow is much smaller than it once was. However, I neither throw out nor sell the zines...I put them in a big box and take the box to Norm Clarke's, where Gina says "Shiffuh" but she pronounces it as two words. I also enjoyed various subtle cracks in the editorial.

I also enjoyed all the rest of the material, but particularly the item by Norm Clarke. Seeing that Norm wrote this thing in a drunken stupor, I wonder what sort of thing he could write when sober. It would probably be awful. /189 Maxome Avenue, Willowdale, Ont., Canada/

HARRY WARNER I still think that the belief that discussionzines are new exists only among those who haven't been in fandom for such interminable periods of time as idiots like me. When I think back to the 1940s I can recall quite a few publishers and publications that were indistinguishable in type of material from Kipple, Pointing Vector, and the others that are hailed as something significantly new. VOM, the letterzine successor to the old LASFS Imagination!, was quite similar in every way except quality; in that respect, it far surpassed anything appearing today. Some fans and even groups of fans published little or nothing but serious discussion in their entire fanzine publishing careers. This was true of Lowndes, Wollheim, and Pohl to a greater or lesser extent. Then there was Jimmy Kepner's Toward Tomorrow, which may have been an ayjay publication part of the time but not exclusively. British fanzines were very heavy in non-fantasy, non-faanish material during World War One days, and they dealt almost exclusively with mundane matters during the years when most British fan publications were mailed out with Rosenblum's Futurian War Digest. Now, I can't remember as much discussionzine publishing during the early 1950s, but this may be due to two factors. I wasn't very active at that time, got few fanzines, and was more likely than not to be missing from the mailing list of those who aimed at the peripheries of fandom. And the 1950s were the years in which the great trend towards ayjay publications developed strength, causing a greater proportion of all the fanzines to appear in apa mailings than previously; it was only natural that an apa was more likely to get this borderline stuff than during the time when there was only FAPA, the brief VAPA, and the early inane years of SAPS.

A fannish parody of A Christmas Carol was accomplished brilliantly by Don Francon a short while back. I believe it appeared in the 1960 Christmas issue of Shaggy, because I have a blurred mental picture of me attempting to remain motionless in traction while giggling violently while in the hospital for my first broken hip. But that story would undoubtedly submit to more than one fannish conversion. It's long enough to provide fresh paragraphs for parody for repeated use, since fan equivalents usually run to only a fraction of the length of the particular story, and can't cover everything in it. I wish I had some ability at that sort of thing. My personal ambition is to transmute into a faanish story the Kafka yarn about the man who turns into a cockroach. My hero would turn into a BNF, of course, but I'm sure that I would spoil it if I somewhere found time to make the attempt. ((The transmutation you suggest isn't very good. Since in the Kafka story the man turns into an insect, you should have the fan in your parody turn into Bucky Bug or some other insect comic book character.))

Two years ago, I would have refused flatly to believe that Redd Boggs could and would write anything as light and humorous as Log of the Honeybee. I like it very much but I am somewhat alarmed at the possibility that the scholarly Boggs will be totally consumed, digested and ejected into the nearest sewer by the extroverted, trivia-recounting Boggs. Moving to California obviously does something to a person.

You shouldn't spring surprises on people without preparation, when the surprises are of the magnitude of Guy Terwilleger in the letter column. I hope this is a quiet reintroduction into fandom for him. ((It must be; he didn't write another letter.)) For that matter, to have both a letter and an article in one and the same issue from Elmer Perdue is an accomplishment of its own magnitude. I feel a trifle more kindly towards his little tale than I do towards most of the breed, because the punchline derives consistently and logically from what precedes it, and there is some effort to hold the attention and to write entertainingly in all the preliminaries to that punchline. Too frequently the yarn that exists only for a culminating pun is unbearably dull and the reader starts to skip lines after the first paragraph and to skip paragraphs after the second paragraph in order to arrive at the outcome faster.

Most of your interlineations sound like ingroup jokes but I liked the last one very much. Then I realised that this is a slightly less localized ingroup joke of its own that would be meaningless to the general public or even to a few fringe-type fans and I began to wonder if there is anyone anywhere in fandom who is fully aware of all the significances of fannish humor and the deeper allusions of fannish satire. /423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Maryland 21740/

GREG BENFORD FRAP is one of the best fanzines being published, I think, and shows signs of improving rapidly for some time. Cover not too good, but Calvin's poem is a gas. If he would write about 99 more like this they would certainly be publishable, and he would be a Minor P et (or something). Your own editorial is excellent. Page 4, with your fannish parallel of Xmas Carol, is probably the best thing in the issue; there are more funny lines and obscure allusions per inch there than I've seen in a fanzine all year.

Boggs' Log of the Honeybee is a fine thing. Of course, it's probably all false, and the characters don't exist, but it's funny anyway. The interlineation that ends it is so well-done I would guess you put it in as a last thought before pulling the stencil out of the typer, for it has the gloss of spontaneity still dripping from the edges. Norm Clarke--you know, I didn't realise Georgina Ellis was Georgina Clarke until this article. The only thing I can remember about Miss Ellis and WENDIGO was her claim to have

found a copy of GRUE lying on a bench in a bus station way off in the wilds of Canada, hundreds of miles from the nearest fan. I always thought that was fantastic, so I decided she must be a hoax. I was fully convinced of this when someone speculated upon the likelihood of her wearing falsies, and this elicited no response. Only a hoax would decline to answer a leading question like that. I wonder if Norm Clarke is a hoax, too? Either that or he's exceptionally unobservant, having lived for years with a woman who doesn't exist and is probably just a figment of Boyd Raeburn's imagination.

I note that Mrs. Willis is astounded at my assertion that all female fans look alike to me, and says "He doesn't feel the same way about negroes and chinese, I hope?" Of course not. I can almost always tell a chinese from a negro, But female fans, never. If I were ever to marry a fan, there would be Real Trouble, I'm afraid.

The thing about FRAP that reminds me most of A BAS and PSY, not to mention INN and others, is the countless little tidbits that are tucked in here and there in the issue, showing that you are an "alive fanned," as Raeburn once said. It's this sort of thing that communicates to the reader the enthusiasm you have for what you're doing, and I think it adds enormously to the sense of reader participation and puts a lot of atmosphere in the zine. I don't think anyone since Terry Carr has done it so well. ((Well, something had better contribute to a "sense of reader participation" in this zine, since damned few readers participate.)) 19344 Redwood Drive, Apt. H, La Jolla, California 92038/

ROB WILLIAMS Norm Clarke was enlightening in a way. But in a way not. The Gina Clarke in the CRY lettercolumn bears but little resemblance to the fervid authoress of "Blood, Sand and Bullshit" (in Wendigo #10) which contained such bristling lines as "I am a carnivore, too. I eat meat for lunch and supper and often for breakfast." Who did the dishes then, I wonder?

The lucid, crystalline logic by which Benford extrapolates Freddy-the-Pig fandom frightens me. Already there are signs that this hoped-to-be-avoided turn of events is around the next corner. Greg's co-inspirational and conspiratorial cohort, Redd Boggs, has let drop the first salvo by disseminating throughout fandom the first issue of Empty Pigbladder Balloon. Boggs, under the pretence of parodying Calvin Demmon, has actually laid the groundwork for this dreadful business. Those of us who watch for trends recognize this fact. I am shuddering while I type this. 1420 S. 4th Street, Elkhart, Indiana, 46514/

OUR VERY OWN ALSO-RANS:

KRIS CAREY, who says that Calvin's poem was "a bunch of frap." Also, Kris says "I wouldn't want to hear a singing commercial about Skippy Peanut Butter by Ray Nelson anyway." Kris also has a few good things to say, but we won't mention them here.

ARCHIE MERCER, who becomes our Second Subscriber and will be spared the treatment given "R. Eney" (whose sub has expired, anyway). Archie observes that he "would now like to see Georgina Ellis' version of 'Whatever Happened to Georgina Ellis'."

AVRAM DAVIDSON, who wrote: "This is an LOC on FRAP #2. How come we did not get FRAP #1? End of LOC." We sent him a spare of #1, but nary a word since. Perhaps the volcano he lives under erupted.

BETTY KUJAWA who told us all about where she has flown lately, and FRED GALVIN, who wrote us a postcard.

And that's "Letter Column" for this issue.

They wouldn't let me in the LASFS party because I left my Secret Identity out in the car.

BOB LICHTMAN
6137 S. CROFT AVE.
LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90056

printed matter

TO:

return requested