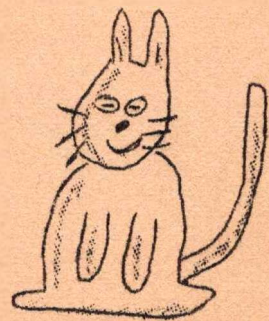


W M.

C. Powell,

a small rabbit, lived in the woods with his brother Michael. One day they were out "just hopping, out for a hop," when they were very surprised to be attacked and consumed by

m. cruil,



a bandit.

New Cat Sand

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"Why should the pleasures of folly be reserved for fools?"
--Ray F. Nelson

WALKING THE PLANE (Guest Editorial)

Because of my recent minimal activity in FAPA (something which even Dick Lupoff has noted) I find myself always beginning a new FAPazine with Introductions. In my last issue I pointed out that I was married. Still am. We are a very happy vegetarian family--that is, Wilma and I are vegetarians, but everyone else isn't: we have a small dog (which the vet assures us is "part Datsun"), two cats, and over eleven tropical fish (which are, at this writing, dying like flies from a nasty t. fish disease called "Ich"). They all eat whatever they want; we do not proselytize. Although Andy Main says that vege-

"Vegetarianism is harmless enough though it is apt to fill a man with wind and self-righteousness." -- Sir Robt. Hutchinson

tarians could just as well give up their carnivorous pets, we cannot. We love them too much and they have been with us through the good times and the bad times. Besides, as Wilma points out, the next step is obviously giving up one's carnivorous friends.

Wilma is a Psychiatric Technician at Metropolitan State Hospital in Norwalk; she also attends California State College at Los Angeles, and will get her B.A. soon. She is supporting me through USC Law School (I quit my 3-1/2 year night job with the L.A. County Probation Dept. in September so I could study Law), and I have only two-and-one-half years left to go before I get my J.D., I think, degree. I got my B.A. in June, from Cal. State at L.A., after having attended five

"The Law is a jealous mistress." -- Old Legal Maxim

universities & colleges, and after having given up on Higher Education in disgust at least five times.

I am already fairly well-known in Law School, although I've just begun, for having long hair (can even comb it down on weekends and pass for a hippie, though have never done so, being too poor to afford being hip here in L.A.), a beard (which I usually keep trimmed), and a Bad Attitude, and for wearing old Levi's and old tire-soled huaraches. Sometimes I even wear my Black Power button. All these externals help me to feel less that I am Selling Out to the Establishment.

"The Law is a ass." -- Chas. Dickens

(A professor, on the first day of school, pointed out that just by being Law Students we had already taken an enormous step towards becoming part of the Establishment. "However," he said, "when you graduate and become part of the Establishment, you will soon discover that the Conspiracy Theory just doesn't hold up. You will get together with some friends, three or four other members of the Establishment, and conspire, and nothing will happen.")

I smoke too much (not pot, you silly!) and we both drink a little wine now and then for our stomachs' sake. We live in a funny place which a child of a friend describes as an "indoor-outdoor house." We have a sort of patio next to our living-room; the patio used to be outside, but is now inside, thanks to a skylight which was added over the top, and the removal of appropriate connecting doors--but you'd have to see it. It's very cozy & all and visiting fans are welcome; call, however, in advance for confirmation. (Wilma, who sleeps during the daytime, does not answer the telephone or door when I am at school, so do not be discouraged. Sometimes it takes our friends two or three days to get in touch with us. A letter is best. Wilma never reads the mail unless she is Expecting Something, but I have spent a good deal of my life on useless trips to the mailbox, sometimes going out there three or four times in a morning before the mailman comes. I have never met a fan who didn't feel the same way about mail that I do. Wilma, however, claims that just because she doesn't get excited about the mail, that doesn't make her a Bad Person.)

Oh, and we have two cars: a green Chevvy of a certain age and the Morgan Coupe that I mentioned a couple of issues back (yes, F. M. Busby, it is "rather a hairy beast," although it needs a little work now and is not as hairy as it used to be--but we both love it & have just popped for a new top).

I think that brings everything up to date. We don't have a television, so we cannot engage in discussions of Star Trek or anything else. (I was surprised to read the other day that Bonanza has been on tv now for something like 8 or 9 years. I've never seen it.)

I'm 25, Wilma is 23; she's a Libra, I'm a Leo. And that's Introductions for this issue.

"A fool's paradise is better than none."
-- Ray F. Nelson

THE PROTEST MOVEMENT
-- an expose

The other day at school, hard on the heels of New York Mayor John Lindsay's enormously successful speech to the student body on the Problems of our Cities, the USC Chapter of the Students for a Democratic Society napalmed a pork chop in protest to Dow Chemical's recruiting on campus. It took four tries to light the napalm, which kept extinguishing the matches. It burned with an intermittent flame like a cigarette lighter. The napalm had been mixed up the night before by a chemistry major.

The week before, at UCLA, a student napalmed a portion of his arm. He said he wanted to experience what the Vietnamese people were experiencing.

My photographer friend Phillip Jackson and I spent an evening a few months ago trying to get a decent picture of a dollar bill burning up. We burned several dollars. It was Phill's idea, and it was an idea which, we discovered, has occurred to some other people recently. Phill pointed out that money is more sacred than the Flag or practically anything else in this country, and that it would enrage people if we burned money. He was right. It enraged his girlfriend and my wife.

Phillip has a lot of good ideas. One involves a series of constructions of Deadly Art. He would, for example, mount a live hand grenade in the middle of a frame, with the pin exposed, so that anyone who wanted to could pull it out. He would post signs above and below, warning that the grenade was real. Art is too safe, Phillip thinks.

Of course, one of the biggest protests seen around Los Angeles lately was the June 23rd Demonstration against President Johnson's Vietnam Policy. The President, as you may recall, was speaking at a \$1000-a-plate fund raising dinner at Century City, and about 15,000 anti-war demonstrators showed up. Wilma and I and Phillip were among them. The L.A. Police Department, panicked by a rumor from a "reliable source" that the demonstrators would try to charge the hotel where the President was speaking, charged the demonstrators, pushing and swinging nightsticks. We were caught in an immense jam of human bodies and we were afraid. Phill took some excellent pictures of the police swinging at old ladies & mothers (yes, Old Ladies & Mothers), but in the excitement he forgot to synchronize his flash and none of them came out. (Plenty of other photographers did get pictures though, and the ACLU has published a collection of them.) We were pushed down onto a heavily travelled street, where we watched policemen on motorcycles charge through groups of people who were clearly trying to get out of the way. Andy and Barbara Main were there, though we did not see them. We did meet, however, Paul Krassner, who was enjoying the whole thing; he was with Ron Cobb, our famous local Cartoonist who will probably be very well-known nationwide shortly--he has just done a cover for a new Jefferson Airplane album, and he is an ex-fan (watch for him). We finally escaped, sorrier and wiser. Oh, we had managed

to get Muhammed Ali's autograph earlier in the day, so it was not a total loss. But I will never again take my wife to a peaceful demonstration. Cops are too violent.

A month or so ago, in Los Angeles, the mother of two teenagers burned herself to death on the steps of the Federal Building. Four hours later the City had not removed her remains, which consisted, in part, of several burned-off fingers and the metal clasps from her underwear.

JESSE JAMES WENT HOME

Jesse James went home and his
Wife took off his shoes and brought his
Pipe and his kids brought his
Slippers and he sat down to read his
Paper and Robert Ford shot him in his
Body.

IN MY YOUNG BED

In my young bed I was awake and thought of getting up.
Motionless, I knew exactly how my legs would feel in motion,
and remained unmoved.
Not paralysis. Semantics.
Got up later, when I wanted to.
Now in the morning in my enormous bed, I think of
getting up, know how it will feel, and remain still. If
later I move it is not because I want to but because I have
to go to the bathroom.

A couple of issues ago we ran an essay on "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf" which had been written by a college freshman in a composition class for which we were grading papers. It was nearly unintelligible, and everyone in FAPA expressed proper amazement and made terrible remarks about California's Higher Education. Well, today's lesson is from the world of the College Graduate. In order to become a Deputy Probation Officer at Los Angeles County Juvenile Hall, one must have at least a B.A. Here are two items, then, which we gathered from the daily log books at Juvenile Hall, written by college graduates.

"Somebody please fix that dam heater. It bang all night,
keep the boys awake."

"C----- should be in a room with a toilet because when he want
out he usually wake up the whole unit banging on the door with
a very onery attitude."

The first example was written by a man who had taken a voluntary demotion to night-duty so he could moonlight for awhile. His new day job: teaching grade school.

JONATHON PRICK, WRITER

Jonathon Prick was a "writer." He had a corner in his house especially set aside for writing. His wife had set it up for him. He read all the Modern Novelists. He read "Writer's Digest" occasionally on the newsstands, but of course never considered subscribing to it--feeling himself to have advanced beyond the point where such things as "Topics for the Day" would be of any real use. Whenever anybody asked Jonathon Prick what he really wanted to do in life, he answered, "I really want to write."

Jonathon Prick was a Published Writer. He had had several short stories in small (but national) magazines. Somehow, though, the past two years (or three or four) had been barren for him. He had written little other than an occasional letter to friends out of state. But he was a writer. Writing was in his blood. He wrote in his head--and everything that happened to him was worked over into some sort of coherent pattern. Everything that happened to him became part of his Material. He relied upon his subconscious to release it when the right time came. He seldom committed a word to paper, and when he did he felt awkward about it. It was okay in his head, or nearly okay, but it wasn't perfect--and, lacking perfection, it was not ready to be set down on paper.

Jonathon Prick had friends who were writers, and who knew that he had written, and who were surprised that he did not write more. In addition, he had friends who weren't writers, but to whom he had shown his four or five published stories, and who always supposed that he would publish again someday, or that their friendship would somehow pay off when he was (belatedly) recognized. Or, if they were lucky, perhaps his friends would run across somebody on a bus who had read one of Jonathon Prick's stories (hence they paid close attention to them) and whom they could impress: "You ever read anything by Jonathon Prick? He's a friend of mine.. As a matter of fact, I'm on my way over to his house now." But they would be disappointed; nobody on a bus would be likely to have read any of Prick's Works.

Jonathon Prick lived the life of the writer, surrounded by books, constantly reading, constantly criticizing, constantly recommending books to his reading friends with writer-like reasons for why they should read them. Constantly, Jonathon Prick understood the problems of writers as reflected and expressed in their works. If the protagonist ("hero") of a novel were a writer, Jonathon Prick would understand him, and if he were a writer who hadn't written much recently, Jonathon Prick would weep.

Once in a while, Jonathon Prick would get out his typewriter and turn on the desk lamp in the corner his wife had prepared for him. He would spend a pleasant hour or so searching for his stash of white typing paper. He would then relax in a chair for a while, letting all the fantastic material buried for future reference in his subconscious come to the surface. He would sit down at his desk, get comfortable, tell his wife to be quiet, put on a soothing record, banish the cats to another room, have a glass of wine or two, and begin to write.

Jonathon Prick was, and he never forgot it, first and foremost, primarily, when it got right down to it, if anybody asked, if you really wanted to know, in that hard center of his actual being, a Writer.

PORNOGRAPHY IN THE LAW

From time to time people ask me what I am studying in "Law School." It seems that most people have an idea that the "Law" is some sort of really stern old man back there behind the judge's bench, back in that little room the judge comes out of, or else that it is a collection of "laws" written down in books, to be looked up. Well, I'm only a first-year student, so I can't say anything about any of that. Instead, I can offer an actual example of "The Law." This is a case (Lason v. State, 12 So.2d 305; citations given for Mr. Speer) which has had a good deal of currency among the members of my class. The book falls open to this case when you lay it on the desk. I quote the relevant portions, in the hope that I may bring an understanding of the workings of the judiciary to the everyday FAPA member.

There is no question about the facts in /this/ case. Aside from the evidence produced by the State, the accused testified as a witness in his own behalf, that he was seventy-six years of age; that he had not experienced an erection in many years, but that on several occasions he had indulged in venereal affairs with each of the girls named in the information when both girls were present; that in accomplishing these affairs he had licked and extended his tongue into the genital orifice of each of the girls and had allowed and permitted each of the girls to take his sexual organ into her mouth, the result of which he testified was "pleasurable".

The controlling factor to be determined is presented by appellant's first question posed in the following language:

1. "Does the one specific crime definitely defined and limited by Section 7567, C.G.L.--1927;....comprehend or include the action of a 76 year old, aged Indian War Veteran, feeble physically and mentally, in, after having met the two girls of 11 and 13 years of age who solicited him, went to his residence and there they both get on the bed, pull up their dresses and drop down their panties, when he in turn on his back in the same bed allowed them to diddle with his rag-like penis, unerectable, lifeless and useless except to connect the bladder with the outside world for more than six years since the death of his wife, utterly incapable of either penetration or emission, and wad it like a rag into their mouths, and then, in his feeble and aged condition impelled by the irresistible impulse, in turn he would kiss and put his tongue in their little though potentially influential and powerful vaginas?"

MAILING COMMENTS

Yes, Mailing Comments.

Note: These Mailing Comments Are Not Included in the copies of New Cat Sand #3 sent to those outside of FAPA. Therefore, kindly disregard them.

In all my eight joyous years in "fandom," I have only attempted mailing comments a couple of times--once in OMPA, I think, and surely once in SAPS; never in FAPA--and always with disastrous results. I seem to be constitutionally unfitted for this line of work. However, I really enjoy reading the mailing comments of other FAPAns--especially when they are about my own fanzines, but also when they have been written by someone of the calibre of, say, Harry Warner or Terry Carr; when they have been written by people who make everything they write interesting anyway. Well, sir, since I enjoy mailing comments, I've been feeling guilty recently--for several years, in fact--about not writing them, about not responding in Kind. Follows my humble attempt. I have surrounded myself with cigarettes, wine (a modest Italian Swiss Colony Port, v. 1967; this note for Ron Ellik), the recorded sounds of the late Otis Redding, and the 121st mailing of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association.....

Nomad :: Ellik We never watch tv. Before I got married I had a tv, a little GE portable that worked well & brought in all the educational UHF programs (like the bullfights from Tijuana), but I had to get rid of it. My problem is not that I dislike tv, but that I like it too well. I found myself, after getting in from work in the morning at 6:30, turning on the tv and watching the re-runs of "Ramar of the Jungle" and "My Little Margie." When I woke up in the afternoon I would watch "Divorce Court" and "Chucko the Clown." For me, you see, the medium is the message; I was an addict. I traded the tv finally, not without tears, for a 1957 Ford and a few dollars, and have not had one since--nor will I permit one in the house now, for it would mean the end of my career in Law School. But as a matter of fact Wilma doesn't miss tv too much either, & we amuse ourselves, when we just have to see Moving Pictures, at our local theatre, which, up until recently, only cost 50¢. It has gone up now to a dollar, but we still don't want a tv. :: Good Lord, Sir, have a lot of fun in Europe.

Bobolings :: Pavlat Sure, man can live on meat. But can also live on *vegetables*: in fact, with his (our) technology & good common sense, man has the actual choice of killing & eating his fellow beings or not, & still remaining healthy. I admit the argument that biology made man a carnivore, and that biology, and in fact all of science, is the ultimate authority and reference--and after all, what are all those tearing teeth for in one's head, if not for ripping flesh from bones? But I feel more than "a certain sympathy for the calf or lamb or steer or chicken that I eat." Talked to an ex-dairyman the other day, who assured me that each cow has its own personality; I would presume so, since our two cats, though mother & daughter, are enormously different--one is haughty, aloof; the other affectionate to us but will not show herself to Visitors. If small cats have such differences, what differences

there must be in mammoth cattle. It came to the point where I couldn't eat anything that could be classified as "feeling," "loving," "sentient." The thing is that my body, which is me, can "draw /lts/ punches simply because /animals/ are presumed to be sentient and /vegetables/fruits/ are not." Given my human mental Thing, I can do that. "I" am not ruled by my biology in this instance.

But I hate preaching about not eating meat, nor do I say that anyone who does is wrong. My reasons for eating the way I eat can't really be subjected to logical analysis. I have no reasons, actually, but feelings. As for "missing a pleasure to no benefit," you'd be surprised how quickly you get over the taste for meat. The sight of a big raw steak, instead of quickening my digestive juices, now has no effect one way or another--neither do I feel revulsion, nor eager hunger.

The whole point being that I don't have to eat meat: if starving in airplane jungle crash, would eat another "being" along with the best of you, and feel only slight sorrow, or maybe none at all, depending on how hungry. But so long as the choice is open, I choose to eat stupid vegetables.

On the Vietnam War
(A Policy Statement)

I had planned & rough-drafted a fairly long explanation of why I think the current war is morally wrong, politically wrong, and wrong in any other way you might care to mention, to respond to various comments by various FAPAns. I am especially amused by those who say, "Well, the war may be good or bad, necessary or unnecessary, but I just don't have all the essential facts, and therefore don't feel qualified to express an opinion." Baby, the facts ain't that hard to get, and besides, when has not having all the facts ever stopped anyone before? Given all that goes down in any particular instant of time ("Can we realize for an instant what a cross-section of all existence at a definite point of time would be? While I talk and the flies buzz, a sea gull catches a fish at the mouth of the Amazon, a tree falls in the Adirondack wilderness, a man sneezes in Germany, a horse dies in Tartary, and twins are born in France." -- Wm. James), given all that, and given the limits of perception, &c &c, one never has more than a particle of all the facts about anything. It is a particularly human quality to make do with what you've got, to edit experience into something you can deal with, even as it is edited before it ever reaches your wondrous head.

But in writing my article I got Pissed Off. I'm tired of arguing about the fucking war. People are dying Over There, Friends, and at some point argument becomes too refined, too civilized, too pointless to explain all that away. The realities of the situation are too gross to allow me to argue any more. The facts are all out, easily accessible to anyone who wants to spend a few minutes at his local library, and arguing about them just isn't going to change the situation--I mean, even if all of FAPA came out against (or for) the war, signed petitions or wrote letters or whatever, who would notice?--nor do I feel good about such arguments, when the realities of wasted blood and melted flesh, the almost tangible smell in the air, are too overpowering. Time enough to argue about it later, after it's all over--if they'll Let You.

Null-F :: White Steve's cover is enormously funny. :: You seem to respond to pressure the same way I do, Ted. Right now I should be studying like a mad fiend, like the worst possible tortfeasor, for this semester's finals. Instead, I am producing the biggest fanzine I've done for years. You've contracted to write books, and instead you turn out a huge Null-F. The other day, in the face of a research paper which I was supposed to be working on (about the legal rights of the Zap-Bang Bomb Company, which sold bombs to the government that went neither Zap nor Bang), I wrote the first short story I've written since 1964. I'm going to send it to F&SF, and if you reject it I will rip off your arm.

As one of the four or five people who were present when you and Dave Van Arnam, on the way back from Washington D.C., decided to bid for the 1967 World Convention, I regret more than anything else I have recently regretted that Wilma and I could not attend. We had even planned to; we were going to fly into New York and surprise you. But we couldn't afford it. Your con report, however, and the others I've read, mitigate somewhat--if I couldn't be there, at least I can find out what Went Down. It sounds like it was a fine convention, & I'm sure that, despite everything that went wrong--and things are bound to go wrong whenever you do more than get out of bed, & maybe even then--I'm sure you're happy; it sounds like it was a gass.

Day*Star :: MZB Your (and Walter's) "1001 More Ways to Beat the Draft" is at least as funny^{as} if not more than, the original. :: As for your "Haight-Ashbury Dictionary," after reading it I prepared, in an idle moment during my Criminal Law class at Law School, a list of about fifteen words which are fairly common in L.A. hippiedom (according to reliable reports), and was going to append them here, but I have just gone through my class notes for the last five decades and am unable to find anything except the definition of felony manslaughter--surely not the hippest definition one might peel off the top of his head. For the moment, I might suggest the following, however:

OH, WOW! : Interjection, which can be interjected at any time.
Example: "I got busted today, during a bummer, and it was really a bad scene, man, they got my stash and everything." "Oh, wow!"

POPPER : A little glass tube of anyl nitrate, which you break and inhale. It makes you feel like you're blowing into another Place. You can buy it without a prescription at your friendly corner drugstore, if you look Straight and lay a good story on the man about your aged grandma who is having a heart attack. It is widely used as a sort of assist to "turning on" with pot, and I understand that "swingers" (see "Swinger") use it as a way of magnifying the effects of orgasm, breaking it and inhaling the fumes just before "coming" (see "Coming," "Second Coming"). Me, though, I don't think I'd have enough discipline for that. I remember terrible hot moments trying to rip off the top of a Fourex container with my teeth, nowhere near orgasm. And the stuff Fourex's are packed in tastes terrible. (Enko tastes terrible too, but, say, did you know you can get Enko absolutely

free by writing to the Enko Co., St. Louis, Mo., and telling them you're poor and you don't want to have any more babies? However, so far as I know, Enko has no hallucinogenic properties.)

SWINGER : A square who swaps his wife for somebody else's and thinks he's hip. "Swingers" advertise in the L.A. Free Press all the time, trying to meet other swingers. Swingers sit around and talk about the Vietnam war, drink a little gin, take off their paisley ties, and retire into dark corners with evil intentions & another's spouse. Swingers are terribly boring to talk to, working, as they do, for Large Corporations, & only coming out on the weekends to Swing. The reason I know all this is that there is a Swinger who lives next door to us who tried to interest Wilma and me in his hobby. We told him that we were perfectly happy with ourselves, and with an occasional assist from our dog.

LOVE FEAST : Hippie answer to Swinger's party. Everybody gets loaded (on "pot," "hash," or whatever), takes off his clothes, and maybe or maybe not goes off & has sex with somebody. Reason I know this is, there's a hippie who lives next door to us who tried to turn us on to "pot," but we told him we were happy with an occasional gallon of Red Mountain Wine. He took his beads and feathers and left, not contributing in the least to our Society.

UPPER : Amphetamines are often called "uppers," or just "ups." Alcohol or other depressants are "downers," and, as somebody said, "Nobody wants to feel that way anymore."

::: Well, and, there're a couple of expressions, like "What's happening?" and "Where it's at" that have been so universally Used Up that they now appear in advertisements for cola drinks and the like. And for "Monkees" shoes.

And I'd like to see a satisfactory definition of "groupie," since there seem to be a couple of opposite meanings lately, both very dirty.

This ain't hip, but there are a lot of interesting things black people call white people, which are already fairly well-known (& have therefore probably been replaced): a white man is a beast, an ofay (obsolete), a honkie, a paddy, a grey, a cracker, or "chuck" (from "Mr. Charlie.")

Whew, MZB, your article was a real trip.

Dynatron :: Tackett "The Humanist cries 'I am! I exist!' I answer: 'Right. And that's your problem, friend, not mine. You take care of yours and I'll take care of mine.'" I, too, have some "strong, and perhaps peculiar, feelings about our social structure and such things as public welfare." The mere fact is that there are people who can't get work--for lack of education, sometimes, but often for lack of pink skin. "Able-bodied" doesn't make it if you're black. "There is always some kind of work available for those that want it," you say, but the facts contradict that. There are all sorts of able-bodied people who live in our own Watts here in L.A. who would like to work and can't--I've met a few, in my capacity as a

Member of the Establishment. "There is some shit I will not eat," says e. e. cummings. There are some kinds of work you just won't take--not because you are lazy, or because you feel that the world owes you a living, but because you are aware that, were you White, you would not be forced into the disagreeable position of having to pound the streets for weeks before you can even get a job as a lousy part-time day-laborer, a job that won't begin to pay the rent and feed your family. And how do you look for a job if the busses run only every hour and then don't go where the work is? In L.A., you have to have a car to get a job--but you have to have a job to get a car. Sure, industry and hard work are the American Way, and many a man who is now rich started out at age ten working an 80-hour week and starving himself. But he knew, this rich white good man did, that if he applied himself he could rise to the top. He might not rise, but he could. He'd always been told he could. What if you'd always been told that Industry and Hard Work were the things which would admit you to the society, but you also knew, after the first time you tried to get a job, that no matter how hard you were willing to work you had an excellent chance of being turned down without being able to prove yourself? What if you knew that, once having a job, you would always be turned down for "promotions," "advancement," "raises". What if you knew that because of the peculiar social structure, you were to be kept down so that others could live in Beverly Hills? Would you hate Beverly Hills? What if you knew that there were a certain amount of jobs, nasty jobs, but jobs, nevertheless, that were open even to the blackest man (or the Mexican with the worst accent, or the funniest-looking American Indian), but that there were many more black men (and Mexicans and Indians) than nasty jobs? Could you then say, "You take care of yours and I'll take care of mine"?

It's easy to describe oneself as a self-made man. It sort of puts you right out there with Lincoln. It's easy to say that everything you have you have worked for (and worked hard for), but it's easy to forget, too, that besides your own sweat there were other factors making you what you are. There was the fact of your class/status, and the fact of your skin color, and the fact that you spoke the language; those things were working with you, and you really didn't make it on your own. In fact, it's sheer luck that one is born white and is educated. (Does one make his own education?) Well, sir, I don't want to make more of a polemic out of this than it already is, but it seems to me that it's pretty easy to sit up and say, as the late Police Chief Parker of L.A. said during the Watts Riot, "We're on the top and they're on the bottom." It's pretty easy if you're already on the top, and it's pretty easy to forget just how many seemingly unimportant factors helped put one on the top, factors completely out of one's control, but factors which are vitally important if you have no possibilities of gaining from them. Other than that, how's Albuquerque?

The Vinegar Worm :: Lenan Your expose of "Leslie Goodwins Productions" is one of the funniest, and most tragic, things I have read in the last five minutes. I once, out of curiosity, took a "Writing Test" offered by a mail-order writing course, using a phony name and misspelling everything and making it perfectly plain that I was a complete fool. Back in the mail came my notice of

acceptance to the school, with "one of the highest scores recorded on this test." (The test measured "aptitude," not "general ability," so I suppose they could forgive my mistakes.) I wonder how many other mail-order schools are operated on the same basis, and how many poor people scrape up their last (maybe next-to-last) dimes to pay for the courses, and how many graduates of the writing courses, for example, actually go on to write The Great American Novel. :: The Great American Novel, by the way, in case it has escaped your attention, has already been written. When I was working in the Strand Book Store in New York --the same Strand Book Store which now employs Leslie Gerber--I came across about twenty copies of it, remaindered, dusty, no call for a copy in ages. The book was a story about a newspaper man who set out to write The Great American Novel. The book was, of course, entitled, "The Great American Novel." But maybe you already knew that. :: This seems as good a place as any to tell you that I really enjoyed your recent story in F&SF, so much that I was moved to write a letter to the editor about it. However, I mislaid the letter before mailing it. I was so gassed by your story that I had to read it twice through to make sure I wasn't making a mistake about it. I wasn't.

Simulacra :: Lupoffs, Gaughans Very funny. After reading Gaughan's expose of my life as a simulacra, I stopped eating vegetables (or anything else) for two days and, in fact, Dropped Out. But then remembered that mathematical models do exist--in the pages of textbooks and obscure journals. Crawled out of the textbooks & obscure journals & here I am. I presume that by now the poisonous substances in our atmosphere, harmless to us but incompatible with your genetic structure, have melted you to a sticky blot, alien.

Self-Preservation :: Hoffman Well, Lee, after reading what you said about people who come up to one and ask, "You don't remember me, do you?" I feel somewhat better. Actually, I have been a little embarrassed ever since the day a couple of years ago at the Tribbles' house in Garden Grove when I met you but didn't meet you. I had driven out to see Ted White and Dave Van Arnam & a few other good New York friends, and there you were, famous Lee Hoffman, sitting there quietly. Naturally I couldn't be expected to go up and fawn all over you--I'm really very shy, as Ted or Dave will tell you, and I was a little awed at being in the same room with you and still being unable to say "Hello." Because nobody introduced us. Fans are terrible on introductions, & I only found out who you were during a later conversation with Arnie Katz. But now, having read what you might do to someone who came up to you and made some fatuous remark like, "You don't remember me, do you?" I feel somewhat better--I'm glad I didn't say anything at all.

But you don't remember me, do you?

Poor Richard's Almanack :: Brown My congratulations, which I should have sent before, on your current fatherhood. Wilma and I want to have a lot of kids--maybe up to a dozen (we plan to adopt a few and have a few of our own)--& we are always heartened when we hear of other people having kids and Really Digging It. :: Well, I had a horrifying and permanently damaging

LSD trip. I got scared out of my gourd. I thought I'd killed several people, including Wilma, who was thirty miles away at the time. I became convinced that my friend Al Pogrund had punched a square hole in my gut and taken out my liver; I could see the hole. I was afraid to go outside because of the sniper fire. I called up my brother and told him I was dying, he should come over, then hung up the phone. (He came over, to his credit, and was a great help in calming me down.) All this happened over two years ago, and I am afraid that I feel the effects in some way nearly every day even now. Certainly a day hasn't passed since then that I haven't thought about it.

On the other hand, I'm not against LSD. I, too, believe that "bad set, bad setting, and a struggle ensuing from fear of ego-loss" can produce a bad trip. Certainly all those factors were working when I dropped acid that last time. (It was my sixth and last psychedelic experience--even now I'm afraid to try any of the mind-expanding drugs again, and, besides, though they weren't illegal then, they are now, and I'm sure that just knowing that I could get busted would give me a bumner.) I was alone, virtually: Pogrund, my friend, had to go to work at ten PM, & couldn't stay to help. I was in a dismal small apartment in what I then thought of as a hostile neighborhood. I saw ego-loss as loss of my actual self--me--and resisted it with everything I would use to resist death. After all, I thought, that "ego" that I'm told I should lose is me, me who is thinking these things; if it goes, I who am thinking these things will go, will cease to exist, and I do not want to cease to exist. I held onto existence & suffered no ego-loss, but instead suffered great confusion & emotional pain. Had there been someone there to assure me that I was merely experiencing the effects of a "drug" and that ego-loss didn't mean body-death (for I am also my bod), I might have been a happier tripper. But I was alone during the most intense part of the experience, and, alone, suffered the worst imaginable hallucinations & consequences. I'm not against LSD, though I'd had a previous bumner the year before when I'd dropped acid with a friend & become convinced that the friend was After Me--a conclusion which, it turned out later, was not wholly untrue. But I'm not against Acid, because the first time I had a Psychedelic Experience I utterly blew my mind, and to this day I regard the Experience as the most valuable in my life--to this day, over four years later, I am unable to go through a day without at some point remembering what I learned then. As a matter of fact, I haven't had a waking second for four years which has not been colored by what happened to me that time--and it is a Good Color, one which has helped me through these four years and one which I will undoubtedly experience/remember all my life.

I spent a great time after my initial experience trying to recapture it, but have since found that there are other Good Things in life besides being Turned On all the time, and that even being Turned Off is very valid & helpful. And how's the Staten Island Ferry?

Bete Noire :: Boggs

Well, I remember Ted White telling me that the reason he had a "Support Your Local Police" sticker on his car when he came West year-before-last was because he'd found it a help in travelling over the well-policed highways of our

nation. In any event, I know that such a bumpersticker tends to have a soothing effect on the Heat (hey, there's another term for MZB; cops are also called, sometimes, "Nab John"). More than one friend of mine has been grossly hassled because of a peace sticker or an "equality" sticker on his bumper--and, in some places & at some times, a "Black is Beautiful" bumpersticker is a virtual guarantee that you will get busted. The Fuzz are amazing. They stopped an acquaintance (word used advisedly; not a friend) of mine recently because they didn't like his looks--long hair & all, you know, greatly detrimental to the U.S.A. Pulled him out of his car & patted him down. Found that the poor bastard was "holding"--and busted him. Now, the thing is, you can't just stop somebody, if you're a cop, without "probable cause." That is, you can't stop anybody in Calif. and search him for drugs or weapons or counterfeit bread without having some reason to stop him. So, after busting this acquaintance of mine, the fuzz kicked out one of his tail-lights--broke it with his boot. Then, in court, was able to testify that he had originally stopped acquaintance for not having a working tail-light. I am assured that this is fairly common police practice. But anyway, a "Support Your Local Police" sticker on your bumper could, conceivably, save you not only a traffic ticket but maybe your life. I understand that the Resistance in France used to sport Nazi banners right and left--swastikas over every doorway--and I wonder if there could be a connection. :: God, that's the worst pun I've ever read. "Mark Schorer." God.

Horizons :: Warner Harry, your fanzine is just too goddam big and good for anything more than perfunctory comment --but perfunctory comment is what I've been making all along here on the 121st FAPA mailing. Were I to give you the attention you deserve, I'd have to spend as many pages in comment as you have in your actual fanzine. Can't. It's getting late, I'm running out of wine, & besides, I just can't. But almost everyone who comments on Horizons makes the same complaint--though it's not a complaint, really, but an apology. :: Periodically I try eating candy--& its most logical form, Hershey's Milk Chocolate--as a pickneup, as a stimulant when I'm tired. I do it because I've heard now and again that a candy bar will give you quick blood sugar and new energy. But, invariably, I get a headache and a slightly nauseous feeling. It is entirely possible that I am a latent diabetic; my father was. At any rate, I can't use candy as a stimulant, even though I forget sometimes and try to make it work. I guess I'll have to stick to cocaine.

Omaha :: Stiles Jooz, Steve, Welcome to FAPA. You, as one of the funniest & most talented people I know, are sure to make an enormous contribution to our little "group," if you don't become disenchanted & drop out, prick. :: I now appreciate the "whole bad race scene" more than I have ever appreciated it before. My kids are going to grow up in what you call a "mean world," discriminated against because of skin color. My wife, you see, my Wilma, is black. "It's always the children who suffer," say those who oppose miscegenation. But miscegenating Calvin points out that Wilma's kids would've suffered anyway. It's funny being part of a mixed marriage; we don't think of each other in those terms, but inevitably, when we go out to dinner or when we go shopping for food/clothing/shelter, people stare at us and nudge each other. We have come not only to expect it but to

ignore it. (After all, the Supreme Court is now on our side.) But it at times tires us, makes us stay at home, makes us withdraw unto ourselves. As Arlo Guthrie said, "Nobody likes to get put down." (Or, as Miriam Knight says, "Kipple.") If I were black too, living in the same neighborhood, we would still get stares. Some people are just not ready for differences in other people. (I wonder if this unreadiness is what prompts Roy Tackett to say "...I will reluctantly agree that, yes, all men are brothers." I mean, I wonder where the reluctance comes from.)

Your friend Tony, who I hope is okay and did not get hurt over there in Viet Nam, was right: the government "truly did not support his people." Chalk up another minus for the war in Viet Nam; 30% of those who die for their country are black, and if they don't die, they come back to find that, though they have presumably saved their good land from invasion by the bad commies, they still have to think carefully before going to eat in this place or that, before going to apply for this job or that, before trying to get into this college or that. Imagine, then, having to deal with these considerations at all moments of existence, and then imagine your reactions to "riots" and "anarchy in the streets." Would you feel that the basic fibre of American Life was being Corrupted, or would you feel, in fact, that what happens there in those same streets of Watts, Newark, Detroit, was more "American," in the classical, 1776, sense, than what is going down in the pages of your local newspaper or in the great Congress of the United States (where the laughter at the rat-control bill still echoes)? Well, I know what your thoughts would be on these matters, Steve, you professional fascist killer.

::: And so we come to the end of Mailing Comments for this issue, though there is still a hefty stack of FAPAZines which cries for notice. I didn't promise at the beginning to comment on every zine, though I've read all. I'd like to say, however, that noted with particular pleasure, though without specific comment, were "A Propos De Rien," from the Caughrans, and "Horib," from the Lupoffs, & also that we plan to make mailing comments a Regular Part of our FAPAZine--Real Soon Now.

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NEWSBREAKS: Bob Lichtman visited us during the Christmas vacation.

Mr. Lichtman is now a plain-clothes policeman in the Haight-Ashbury. :: Wilma & I ran an ad in the Los Angeles Free Press requesting people to send money to our friend Anne Neal, who needed it. The hip community failed us, but Anne did get \$850.00 in Confederate money from Leslie Gerber. :: There will be a letter column in the next issue of New Cat Sand, if we get any letters. Non-FAPA members are encouraged to write, as are FAPA members. We will print the most interesting excerpts and award a prize. Please, only one entry per family. :: I always make about forty extra copies of my fanzines, by mistake. I also forget to send out copies to people who should really get them. If anybody's Demmon file is missing anything, he should write and ask for specific numbers, or just say, "I haven't heard from you since 1947, the Year of the Big Freeze." And we wish him the best of luck. :: And that's Newsbreaks for this issue.

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