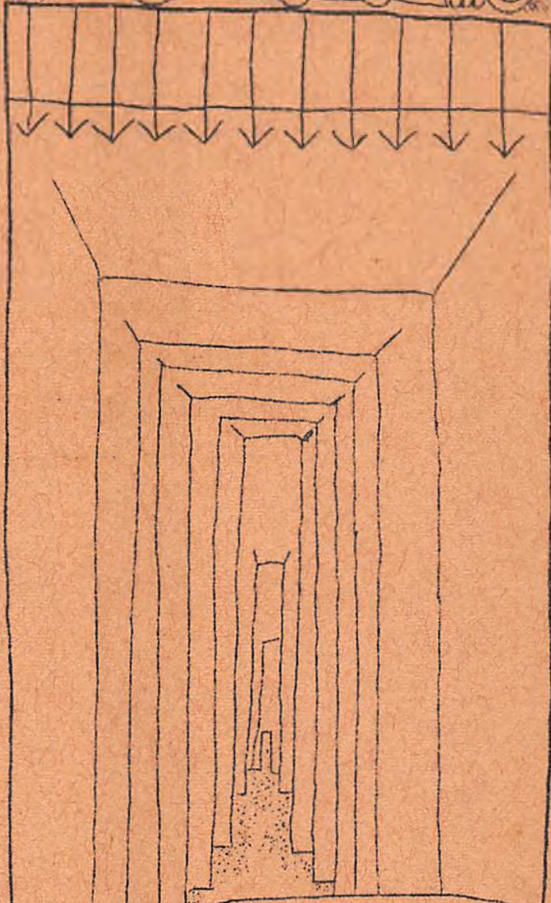


GRAN'PA



standing
Room
ONLY



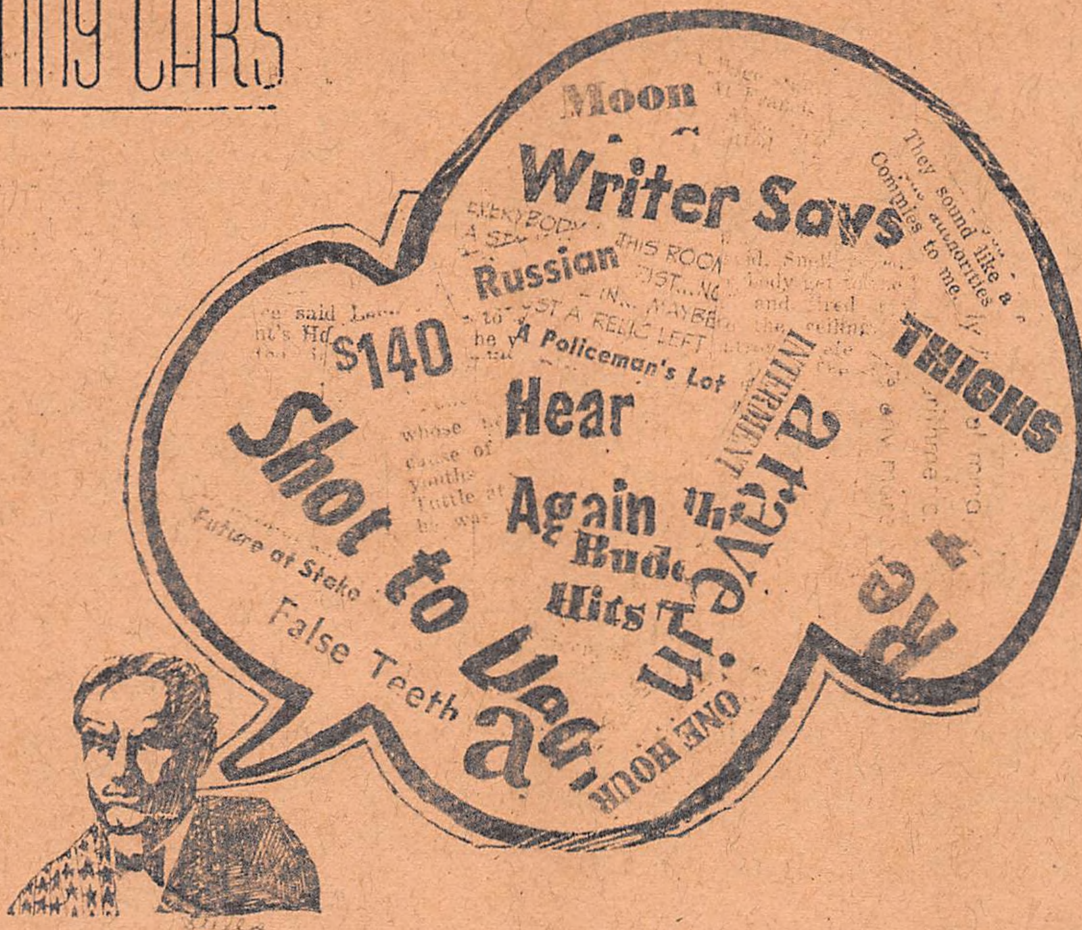
GRAN'PA! I see
yuh a-standin'
there a-beckonin'.
And there's Gran'ma,
and Mr Ipe, an' muh
ol' Dog 'TRUTH'!
I see yuh, gran'pa
---I'm a-comin'!!

OMAHA #1

Steve Allen

STEVE STILES'
FIRST FAPAZINE

FUNNY CARS



I wrote the first draft for these pages a few months ago --it was a masterwork of my own style, let me say; happy, cynical, thoughtful, ne'r-do-well, candid, unreserved, forth-right, straightforward, sincere, unambiguous and true hearted. However, it didn't tell a story. No matter, I lost it. The main bit was that I was, wow!, real pleased to get into FAPA.

Still am, in fact. Hello!

Changing the subject, some months ago I visited Mike McInerney on the Lower East Side, meeting a hippy there. "Hello, fellow," she said in greeting, "I understand that you're a member of --and thus a supporter-- the U.S. Army, that band of professional murderers and fascists." For a moment I was nonplussed by this.

"why, yes," I replied --withering her with my scornful smile.

But not now. No, now I am a civilian. Looking for jobs and publishing for FAPA. The civilian status came about on the 8th of June, and since then a lot of people have been asking me if the army

was a lot of fun. "Why, no," I've been forced to answer, "quite the contrary." T.S. Eliot's "On Margate sands I can connect/Nothing with nothing/The broken fingernails of empty hands." tells us where it's at. Or, as the Buddha-mind reveals, "Weeds in the rice field/ Cut and left drying just so --Fertilizer!". (If you don't understand this one, you just haven't achieved Buddha-mind. Sap.) In other words, the problem was essentially the Existentialist dilemma; trying to cope with an artificial environment which DEPRECIATES earlier, natural values! Thus cutting you off from the Good Vibrations, you see.

All very unfannish.

Processing out of the army was a weird & perverty experience; games were played with my mind: "Oh, did we tell you to come in today with your Armpit File ('DA AF 3-1635B')? We meant Thursday." And so it went. In my last week I walked clear across Fort Monmouth to take my seperation physical, only to find out that it had been cancelled; "Come back June 12th," they told me. "B-but, sob, sob, I get out on the 8th...". "Ah, but do you?".

"Not the Smoky the Bear?"

It's been a long two years, but not without its interesting aspects. After basic training, my first six months were spent at Ft. Leonard Wood, Missiouri --"Little Korea". In keeping with the "Little Korea" image, and because the fort was so isolated, there were four whore houses in the area.

1. Big Daddy's.
2. The Green Hills Social Club.
3. Rosie's Chicken Shack.
4. Sister Bee's.

These, I hasten to add, were closed down after I arrived at FLW. They were closed by concerned citizens in far-off Kansa City, to protect the morals of our boys in uniform.

Make war, not love.

I worked as a sign painter with one other man in this huge quonset hut, the one with my abstract paintings all over its walls. My fellow painter and artist was a black nationalist, a former member of LeRoi Jones' Black Arts Workshop, and an admirer of Malcolm X; we became good friends. We had many things in common. We both dug the Van Gogh/Gaugain mythos and would spend many hours talking about cutting off ears, starving, and the South Sea islands.

Tony said that come the revolution, he would let me hide in his house. We whites have more guns, but I appreciated the gesture... I appreciated this whole bad race scene even more when I saw a good

man deep in gloom over the sudden thought that his baby daughter would grow up in a mean world. It was with Tony that I had my first encounter with race discrimination; we were turned away from a public roadside bar that mysteriously became a "Private Club" the minute Tony and I stepped through the door. It was a hideously shameful and embarrassing experience for me, but a good one --it opened my eyes a bit more. Meanwhile, riots are deplored, we bomb Hanoi.

Because Tony felt that the government truly did not support his people, he fell out of the habit of saluting the flag and wearing his uniform. Strange, shortly after this his job classification was abruptly changed from illustrator to infantryman and he was sent to Viet Nam.

A month after Tony's departure, I discovered three dedicated Realist fans in the barracks. I discovered them when they started swapping Krassner jokes after lights out; zot!--Instant Fandom! One of them was quartered in the detention barracks, under investigation because an unfriendly NCO had decided that his collection of The Realist and The Evergreen Review constituted subversive material...

"Report to Fort Eustis, Virginia for further move to restricted area overseas" my orders said. "Restricted area" fit a number of categories; there was Viet Nam, and then there was Viet Nam, and lastly there was Viet Nam. However, it so happened that Fort Eustis needed an illustrator, so my orders turned out to be a "mistake". And as soon as I recovered from my pneumonia, I contacted nearby Virginia fandom, in the person of Ned Brooks. Ned turned out to be one of the most hospitable fans I've ever met, arranging to pick me up every Saturday morning, transporting me into the civilian world each weekend. Later I met one Phil Harrell... The Fellowship of the Purple Tongues was formed...

Incidentally, Fort Eustis was the original post where Jack Gaughan had been stationed. Jack tells me that he had painted a huge mural for one of our messhalls... This selfsame mural was lost to history, however, when it was painted over as a backdrop for four aluminum swordfish.

I've already mentioned (in Notebook #2) that Colin Cameron, fan artist, was stationed in my own company. You can imagine my surprize, etcetera. I was also surprized to discover, shortly after Colin's departure for Viet Nam and a Purple Heart, that one of my earliest fan contacts was also on post --Lt. T.H. Milton.

Had some good times with CC Ryder and the Purple Tongues and the group of young writers, artists, and musicians clustered at the on-post coffee house & music workshop. However, most of it is highly unprintable. I will note, though, that one of my friends, a pacifist,, was sent to Viet Nam as punishment for some passive resistance... This cynical use of that unfortunate country as a dumping ground for

square pegs always amazed me. Says something, I think.

Left Virginia for Fort Monmouth, New Jersey. George Scithers was there --Lt. Colonel Scithers, that is. George threw the company into a fit when he came to visit me there --the company commander thought a sneak inspection was in the works...

I got out of the army as an E-5, a Specialist rating equivalent to buck sergeant --wow, power! ("Shape up, you schmucks!") That means I kissed boots, but maybe I earned it; things happened in my last month --like the last time I had CQ duty (or "Minding the company orderly room all night long"). In walked a man who seemed to be in an agitated frame of mind; "I'd like to see Ivan Delgado," he said, weeping. "Why?". "Well, he's been messin' around with my 14 year old daughter, and I've got a revolver, and I'm gonna shoot him fulla little round holes, is why." My goodness. "No sh--?"

Quick, the CO is called. "Tell that man to leave," our quick minded commanding officer advised us. Meanwhile, Manslaughter had left the orderly room to pace up and down in front of the company entrance... How fortunate, then, that Delgado entered the company through one of the rear exits; "Has anyone been asking for me?" he wanted to know. "Well," I told him, "someone wants to kill you." I laughed and laughed, but from the look on his face --sweaty and pale -- I realized that this was no ordinary laughing matter (my intuition). We hid Delgado in a locked room. The desperate killer returned.

TO BE CONTINUED. NEXT INSTALLMENT: "THE MPs AND THE STATUARY RAPE CHARGES".

I've been on the FAPA waiting list for some six years, and every time I've cared to think about it, I've envisioned my first FAPA zine as a thing of beauty and wonder --a fancy, elaborate cover and baccover, great layouts, experimental illos, extensive lettering guide work. And written material. Sort of a Lighthouse in minor drag, one might say.

Okay, another illusion shattered --I've gotten myself into another involved art project which is sure to win me Riches and Glory. If not, I'll run it through a mailing.

"My Day" was originally intended for Void #29. There may be some pirated material from Apex in here, too, if Ted can find his collection ...My Apex zines are away in storage... The legendary Expansive Love essay... Gosh.

Yes, gosh --it's a few days later and the essay hasn't been located; my own copy of that Apex zine is with Dick Wingate...who is mining opals in Australia...

Recieved my first questionnaire from the Enlisted Reserve today. I also recieved one stamped and addressed banana. Unwrapped, yet. Wow, what an experience; to reach into your mailbox and pull out a banana... Enough...

THE TEN COUNTELDERS By Steve Stiles



WHAT DID YOU THINK OF KENT MOOMAW'S 'THE ADVERSARIES'?

WHAT?

"THE ADVERSARIES"

WELL...

A CLASSIC OF ITS GENRE.

THEY WENT ON, BUT I HAD TO TURN AWAY FROM THAT PARTICULAR BIT OF CONVERSATION TO CONCENTRATE ON THE FLY ON THE WALL: WHY DO FLIES RUB THEIR LEGS TOGETHER? IT CAUSES GERMS.



JOSH TRUNK WAS DISSECTING WESTERN RELIGION.

"THEY KEEP THEIR WORLDS INSIDE A LEATHER CUP."



... SAID JOSH, SMILING AT THE NEAT PHRASE ...

JOSH WAS DISSECTING SOMETHING ELSE NOW, EITHER MUSIC OR ART, I WASN'T SURE; I HAD BEEN DRINKING A LOT -- I LIKE TO LOOK AT THE FANS THRU EMPTY GLASS BOTTOMS.



GEEZUS, I'M PRETTY SICK OF YOU PEOPLE & YOUR UNCORRELATED ASSUMPTIONS; THAT'S ONE OF THE SYMPTOMS OF, WHY OF, CLASSIC SCHIZOPHRENIA (can excess of ribonucleic acid in the system!!)



IF ANYONE CARES TO KNOW, YOU MAY BE INTERESTED TO KNOW THAT THE MEDICAL TERM 'SCHIZOPHRENIA' WAS ORIGINALLY DERIVED FROM A SPECIES OF...



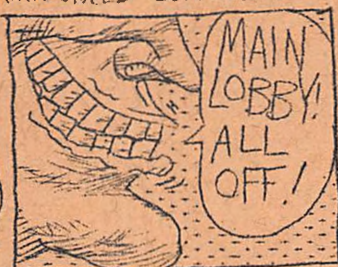
...LAND BIRD KNOWN AS THE 'SHIBBOLETH' OR 'FLYING SHELLFISH!' NOW, THIS CREATURE...

LET'S GO EAT!





I SENSED THAT THE ELEVATOR OPERATOR DIDN'T LIKE US....
...BY THE WAY HE SNEERED WHEN HE ANNOUNCED OUR STOP.

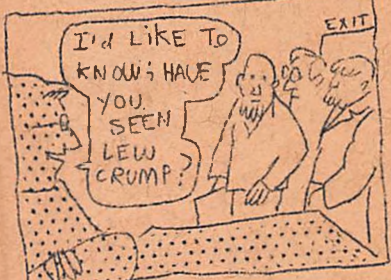


DOWN IN THE BAR, WE RAN INTO BARNEY FOSS. HAD WE SEEN LEW CRUMP, BARNEY WANTED TO KNOW...

LEW CRUMP! JLL-FAMED HATE MONGER OF FANDOM... HE WOULD BE MAKING THE CONVENTION... AS WAS GEORGE WASHINGTON FINEBERG; FAMOUS BNF OF JUDO-AFRO HERITAGE!

THAT'S A GOIN TO BE TROUBLE!

HOT DAYUM!



LATER THAT EVENING, OVER COOKIES AND MILK IN THE NSF HOSPITALITY ROOM...

LEW CRUMP!

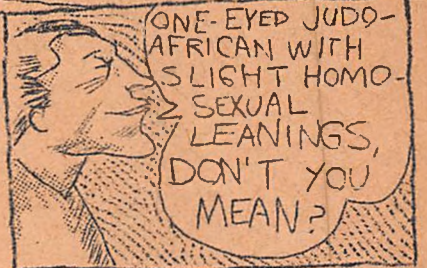
ISMELL A ONE EYED NIGRA KIKE FAG!*



GOOD LORD! IT'S... IT'S...



* For the weak-kneed (blech!) LIBERALS in the readership who OBJECT to the poor taste of this terminology -- SO NECESSARY TO THE REALISM OF THE STORY -- JUST REMEMBER THIS! I AM TWICE AS LIBERAL AS YOU! - Steve Stiles





MY DAY

by Carl Brandon

(as told to Jacob Edwards)

Hot. It was awful hot. The speedometer needle nudged 55, and the temperature gauge said it was 50 % hotter than it ought to be in the engine. Fiery blasts of wind, channelled in an acutely pointed side window, licked the sweat from my bare chest, while dazzling pin points danced on the road ahead.

That's the way my day started. Pulling a heavy trailer along the New Jersey Turnpike for the Pennsylvania Turnpike connection, thence to the Ohio Turnpike, the Indiana Tollroad, and the Illinois Tollroads and finally Chicago and the long-awaited Chicon.

I could wait.

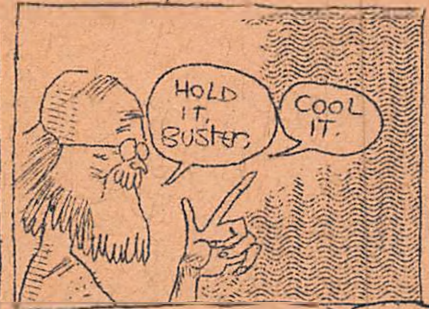
...And did.

The cop pulled us over after we'd been on the Jersey Turnpike for



WHAT MEANS THIS?
HOW TO DEAL WITH
A MAN WHO LIVES
BY THE VIOLENCE
OF HIS FISTS &
SNEERS AT
SPOKEN PHILOSOPHY?

Perhaps Beat him up?
But, just then the
wise man of fandom
spoke up....



CRUMP, YOU DO WRONG TO SO
FUGG HEADISHLY SPEAK OF OUR
FRIEND, GEORGE W. FINEBERG!

Late last week, I happened to be in your
hometown -- I discovered facts that
you yourself were ignorant of; your
name, f'example, is CRUMBERG -- UNKNOWN
TO YOU, YOUR GREAT GRANDFATHER WAS AN
ARMENIAN JEW. SECONDLY, AT THE AGE OF 9,
YOUR ARM WAS CAUGHT IN A THRESHER -- AN
IMMEDIATE TRANSFUSION WAS SUPPLIED BY
A NEGRO FARM HAND, SAVING YOUR LIFE
& GIVING YOU NIGRA BLOOD! AND YOU
LOST YOUR EYE IN THE ACCIDENT
AS WELL!

WAL,
I'LL
BE
DOGGED!



..and, oh yes, you're
OBVIOUSLY a

ah now
see the error
of mah ways! THAT
ALL MEN ARE
CREATED WIF' LIBERTY
AN' JUSTICE FAH ALL!

FAG!



'an you mus' BE G.W.
Fineberg -- I JUST
WANNA SHAKE YOUR
HAND...

LEW?
LEW
CRUMP?



MORAL:
VIOLENCE
+ BEGATS
VIOLENCE!

LATER:

GEE GOLLY, CLYDE, DID YOU SEE
WHAT HAPPENED AT THE NSF ROOM
LAST NIGHT?



.. we caught this
CANADIAN FOOLIKI'
around with AN
ALLIGATOR ON THE
STAIRWELL...

so we picked
him up, AND
THREW HIM
DOWN AN
ELEVATOR
SHAFT.



I squee-geed the sweat from my brow with one hand just before my glasses were inundated, and waited for the men to finish working on the truck. Just then, two pretty young girls walked up. One of them inquired sweetly of the mechanic in a voice inaudible to me. I could hear his reply clearly, though: "Sure, honey. I'll be finished here in a minute, then we'll look your car over right away!"

I glanced at my watch. Carol Carr will be coming home from work about now --that lucky Terry!-- and they'll have a quiet, pleasant meal in that quiet, cool apartment.... I could see them chatting about their day, and then the buzzer sounding and Pete Graham walking in with his can of Chicken Grunch Soup. "I've got a can of Chicken Grunch Soup," he'd say, flourishing it. "If you'll fix it for me I'll share it with you."

Carol would probably say something like, "But we've got our dinner cooking and besides, we don't like Chicken Grunch Soup."

And Pete, wielding a canopener, would reply, "Well, that's your problem,"

"Buddy," a voice said just behind me, "If you want to have that trailer fixed, you gotta go off the turnpike. Find a U-Haul dealer, who'll take care of it for you. We can't do anything for it here."

Without thanking him, I returned to the car, replaced radiant heat with a baking oven, and slowly led the car out onto the turnpike for the next leg of the trip. It would go on like this, I knew... hour after hour of delays, breakdowns, heat and weariness, until at least twenty-four hours later we would somehow have arrived in Chicago.

Somehow I would manage to drive the car without material rest and without relief, the entire lenth of the 900-mile journey, before collapsing into an overpriced bed in the antiquated convention hotel.

While back in New York my friends would be lazing about, enjoying themselves with leisurely meals, air conditioning wherever they went, and, no doubt to top their day off right, a night at the movies.

"God," I said to no one in particular, as we drove through the connecting toll-gates into Pennsylvania and a cop told me the right front tire was shredding and dangerous, "I sure wish I were in New York where all the fun is."

--Ted White

((And this ends Omaha #1 --I call it "Omaha", not because it's the name of the place in the state, but because it's the name of my fanzine and I like it. Heading illo for "My Day" by bhob Stewart...))

only fifteen minutes. "Your trailer's brake lights and turnsignals aren't working," he said. Then he noticed a jug of water I kept in the car for just such emergencies as about then occurred, such as boiling radiators. "What's that?" he asked. "Give it here."

Larry Ivie passed the cop the gallon jug which was neatly labelled "Distilled Water" (although the water in it had long ceased to be that pure) and the cop unscrewed the lid, sniffing the contents cautiously. Then he tilted it, wet one finger in it, and carefully applied it to his tongue.

I wonder what Terry is doing right now? I thought to myself. I'll bet he's sitting up in that air-conditioned apartment of his, quietly "doing research" for his next story by reading a book... I could just see him, reclining on his big bed, White Fang kittenishly biting his toe through a small hole in the sock, the air conditioner wafting gentle breezes across the prostrate form. Every so often he would turn a page or take a swipe at the kitten. All else would be silence...

"Okay, buddy," the cop said. "Stop in at the next service area and have 'em fix those lights. It's dangerous for you to drive without 'em working. Okay?"

Thankful that we hadn't gotten a ticket, I pulled slowly and carefully out onto the shimmering hot asphalt and accelerated painfully back up to the 50-point beyond which my radiator would certainly boil over...

It was seven agonizing miles till the next service area, and when I pulled in, next to a pump, I inquired of a young attendant where I could put the car to have the trailer's lights checked.

Heat waves distorted the man's face, but I thought I saw a sneer as he replied, "We don't do nuthin' like that. We just sell gas." I was sure that the cop had not directed me to pull in here for the sheer fun of it and when I so advised the fellow he replied "Well, if yuh wanta, yuh can pull over there and maybe somebody'll look yuh over."

Once pulled off to one side of the area, we sat in the car, sweltering in the oven-like shade my black Ford afforded us, waiting for someone -anyone- in authority to show up. Finally I climbed out and began looking. I found one man hanging into the engine compartment of a car, but he was its owner, he informed me, and he had no idea where a service attendant was to be found. Finally, tottering out back into the truck area, I found the Head Mechanic assisting two Chinese to put a tire onto their truck. The truck's side was emblazoned with Chinese characters. I didn't bother to decipher them.

"Say, pardon me, mister--" I began, when he said, without glancing over his shoulder, "Wait'll I'm finished here."

HELP, I'M RUNNING FOR TAFF! * MY VEINS HAVE
SONNY GRIPEs * THE PUMPKIN IS BREATHING
HARDER * MCLUHAN SAYS THE ONLY MALES WHO DIG
TWIGGY ARE FAGS * BUFFALO BILL'S DEFUNCT *
WHY, THOSE ANTS DOWN THERE LOOK LIKE PEOPLE
* SUDDENLY IT'S 1960! * THE MIND PIGGLES *
WHO READS PURPLE? * TEENYBOPPER IS OUR
NEWBORN KING * MOST PSYCHIATRISTS AGREE THAT
SITTING IN A PUMPKIN PATCH IS EXCELLENT
THERAPY FOR THE TROUBLED MIND * I SWEAR NEVER
TO LIVE MY LIFE FOR ANOTHER MAN --WHICH IS
REASONABLE * CLAMS GOT FEET * PET APES EAT
TOO MANY PRUNES * JOIN THE WORLD AND SEE
THE ARMY * HER MAJESTY WILL CUT THE FIRST
SOD * MAN, 73, SAVES BEES IN HEAT* ENOUGH!

