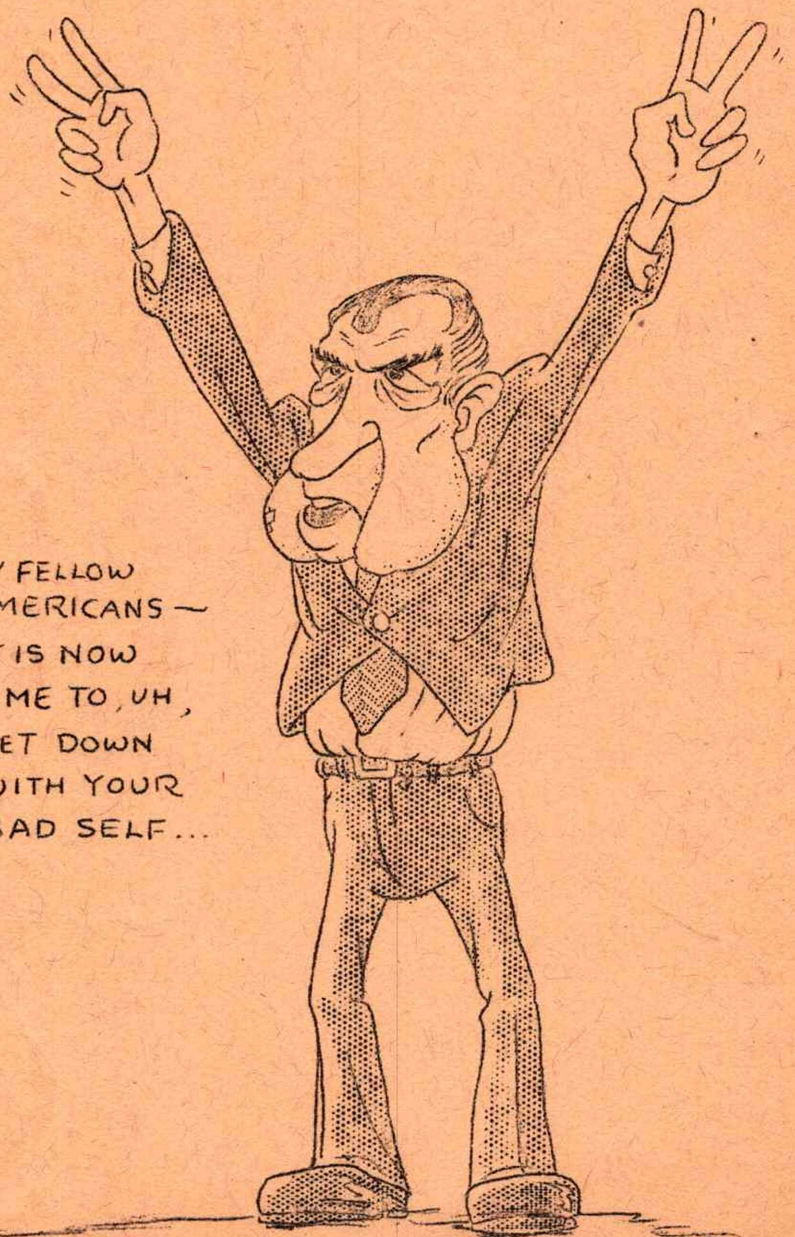


art 5-10-74

Swoon

NUMBER ONE



MY FELLOW
AMERICANS —
IT IS NOW
TIME TO, UH,
GET DOWN
WITH YOUR
BAD SELF...

CR 102C

SWOON

SWOON #1 is a product of the mind and mimeo of Arnie Katz, 59 Livingston St., Apt. BB, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201, who intends to distribute it about eight times a year, time and finances permitting. SWOON is available for contribution or letter of comment, the mailing list is limited to about 75, and this issue also appears in the May, 1974 FAPA mailing. Publication date is March 15, 1974, give or take a week.

VERBATIM

Prelude They must be putting something in the water. That's the only sensible explanation I can imagine for my sudden overpowering urge to publish fanzines. It's actually embarrassing to me to contemplate all the fanpublishing projects I currently have on the fire. This is certainly no way for a grizzled veteran of 11 hard fannish winters to carry on!

So why, you may be wondering, have I started yet another fanzine? My career as a writer and editor is going well -- I won another promotion, this time to senior editor, just recently, my sexlife is the envy of perverts all over the country and things in general are proceeding in their usual smooth manner. In short, I haven't got any of the symptoms which the Best Authorities say go hand in hand with hyperfanac. I ask you, what is this world of ours coming to when the president of the United States spends 95 per cent of his time trying to keep one step ahead of the law and a supposedly sane and healthy person like me runs around acting like a publishing giant?

The main reason for SWOON is that I'd like to have an outlet for general ramblings on whatever subjects take my fancy at reasonably frequent intervals with (hopefully) strong reader feedback. I considered reviving LOG, the diaryzine I did several years ago, but I finally decided that that particular format would be more of a hindrance than a help. I don't have the time to write fannish stuff every day, there are times when I come home from a day at the typewriter that I can't look a stencil in the heading without getting queasy, and it's silly to saddle myself with the need to do an entry for every date.

My Parents Left Town a couple of months ago, bound for a new life in Phoenix, Ariz. My father is one of those people with chronic lung and throat trouble who nonetheless smokes three packs of cigarettes a day, so even the relatively mild New York winters have started to wear hard on him over the last few years. My folks, together with a family friend and a third partner, have purchased a largish super market in Phoenix and are relocating in that city to spend their sunlit years checking out groceries for illiterate Mexicans. With the Mortgage market what it's been, it took longer than they expected to unload their house in New Hyde Park, Long Island, and there was the added complication of my mother's cataract operation, but they finally found a buyer and are now happily settled in the promised land.

I've always enjoyed nostalgia terrifically, but I must admit that I've never been one for visiting old haunts or looking up old friends whom I haven't seen in 20 years. I don't reject my roots, far from it, but all the little charades such time-trips almost invariably involve turn me off thoroughly.

Yet I did find it very affecting to visit my parents' house for the last time. Now it belongs to someone else, and the only home to which I can go is the one I'm sitting in as I type this. I was never what you'd call a doting son, but the New Hyde Park house was

always There. It was a place where I could store stuff, a place I could go to visit that felt almost like home precisely because it had been my home. I suspect my parents will soon trade their new apartment for a house, but it won't be a place that will have any of me in it when Joyce and I trek west to visit.

I remember when my family moved into that house. The neighborhood was virtually non-existent, with the only other house on our side of the street being the one right next door and the street's only other inhabitants were the Bailes family, 'way down the street on the other side. I remember watching an endless parade of tractors, earth movers and other heavy construction equipment trundling through our backyard, which was still dirt and mud instead of grass and trees.

Our next door neighbors had a kid about my age, Bruce, a runty little hyper-aggressive kid who tormented me from time to time as we were growing up. Despite my size and strength, I've always been opposed to fighting, and Bruce took advantage of my usually easy-going nature more than once while we were in grade school. I finally semi-took him apart one day in 8th grade and he left me strictly alone after that, but I thought it was somehow right that he was the last visitor I saw at my parents' home before they moved.

The interval since Bruce and I had last seen each other had not been particularly kind to him. His pugnacious aggressiveness had worn down into mere doggedness, and I had the impression that he was working non-stop at three or four jobs and getting old before his time. Bruce seemed well on his way to becoming one of those tubby little Jewish guys who live in the suburbs, are known as "devoted family men" and never seem to find anything that really makes them happy. They are Biff Lomans not yet sick of futile striving and already sorry they never cracked those books.

The Eskimoes' Worldcon The National Frozen Food Convention is absolutely nothing like one of our worldcons. It offers none of the treats we all expect to find at our event, but, on the other hand, I never have to spend a lot of time worrying about whether or not I should attend. That worry is completely lifted from my shoulder by QUICK FROZEN FOODS Magazine, my employer, which sends me to cover it annually as part of my job.

Out of town assignments have definite pros and cons, though I much prefer to stay off the road. The main drawback is that I have to go alone and miss being with Joyce. We have an informal agreement around the office not to bring wives to conventions and frankly, if Joyce did go with me, she'd be more of a distraction (albeit a welcome one) than I really need while trying to make like an editor. The good points of out of town assignments boil down to the facts that it is a change-of-pace and it allows me the rare luxury of slipping into an alternate lifestyle for a few days and careen around like the adults do. High living in the establishment manner can be a gas, especially if someone else is paying the bill, and I dine in fancy expensive restaurants, dial room service and hail cabs with the best of them when I'm on the road.

Miami Beach is a place with an ambience unto itself. One must either be rich or a Cuban expatriate to enter its gilt-edged precincts, and since the Cubans are barely considered people down there, the visible sector of the population is chiefly composed of elderly Jewish guys in expensively tailored super-mod clothes and their gem-bedecked middle aged wives, who have been somehow goaded into maintaining the apogee of their brassy sexual allure in a manner that defies their obvious age. In a wierd way, I admire those little old fellows in their Pierre Cardin sweaters; to be 70 and yet still be so much in the thick of life! That must be a wonderful thing. To be able to dress more stylishly than a man 50 years younger and, to some extent, get away with it...

The last day of my stay at Stan and Biggie's Ivanhoe Hotel, I woke at 6:00 am, despite the

fact that my wake-up call wasn't due until half past seven. It was a cool week in Florida, and I had the beginning of what would eventually develop into a solid nose cold, but I thought I smelled smoke. My room, which adjoined one shared by the magazine's editor and the national sales manager (I wouldn't want you to think that senior editors are quite that powerful; I had a separate room because I was keeping radically different hours than anyone on the scene for our magazine) had a refrigerator and stove, so my first thought was to check them. I slithered from my bed and hunted for gas leaks around either appliance without success. The air duct was all right as well.

I was caught in a dilemma. I could either go back to bed and forget about the smoke or I could, on the basis of my flimsy suspicions, pound on the door between the two rooms and rouse my boss and Frank the sales manager, in the middle of the night no less, or I could get dressed and carry out my own investigation.

I was buttoning my shirt when someone rapped at my door. "There's a fire!" a voice yelled. I buttoned my shirt with one hand as I banged on the connecting door with the other. Frank and Joe were throwing on their clothes and trying to contact the desk. "How the hell do we get out of here!" I heard Frank shout into the phone. There was a pause and I listened intently as I stuffed my money, my credit cards and my plane tickets into pants pockets. "What do you mean, take the elevator?" screamed Frank. "You some kind of nut?" I somehow decided it was going to be cold outside so I put my suit jacket on over my still half-buttoned shirt. There was a tie lying by the shirt, so I took it and draped it, unknotted, around my neck.

We opened the door to the hall, and all we could see was white, billowing smoke. It was an impenetrable fog rolling down the corridor at us. It was hot and I could feel my lungs begin to labor as the smoke hit them. Momentarily, I thought of policemen and firemen who have been overcome by smoke, and I understood how it had happened to them. I looked up and down the passageway, but I couldn't see anything, much less an "exit" sign. Our hall intersected another in a "T" configuration near our rooms, and it was obvious that the smoke originated near the junction of the hallways. The elevator would have been impossible, even if we'd been willing to risk it, since anyone waiting for a car would surely have passed out from the smoke before it arrived.

From down the hall in the opposite direction from the fire I heard the nearly hysterical voices of people obviously milled about in bewilderment at the turn of events. I took a couple of steps in their direction and shouted for them to follow us as Frank, Joe and I plunged deeper into the smoke. By this time, I was using the lapel of my coat as a mask against the smoke. The desk had finally told Frank to go to the intersecting corridor and turn left for the exit. We tried, but the minute we turned left into the hallway he were forced to draw back, since the fire was burning hottest in that direction. We hurried down that corridor in the opposite direction. I was scared clear through as I helped lead some of the other guests into the safety of the exit stairway. I looked back, and it seemed like everyone was either already descending the stairs or was right behind me waiting their turn. I hurried down the stairs and reached the lobby. As an almost unconscious nervous gesture, I straightened my shirt (even the one button I'd done was mated to the wrong hole) and knotted my tie. Just what the world needed at that point, a well-dressed survivor.

It turned out I wasn't the only one acting irrationally. Joe had decided to save his favorite pair of white shoes from the blaze, but he'd jumped into Frank's pair instead. In addition, he was clutching a rag tightly in his hand which turned out to be his favorite sportshirt.

The fire itself was localized in one room, despite the abundant smoke. A young couple set fire to their mattress, a mistake compounded by the fact that some scuba gear they had

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in the room with them had a defective cock on its air tank, thus enriching the oxygen content. The fire took place no more than three rooms from the one in which I was staying, which is how I got the early warning. I subsequently learned that it had been smouldering since 1:30 in the morning and that all the immediately adjacent rooms had been phoning in complaints to the desk periodically all night. The bell captain even went up to the room that eventually burned about 2:30 to see what all the complaints were about, but the lady of the couple had sent him away with the assurance that there wasn't any fire.

After the fire was out and the smoke dissipated, everyone went upstairs to have a couple of brandies. Except me. I loaded up my camera and went off to cover the eskimoes' world-con one more time.

Out With the New As I mentioned earlier, I recently got promoted and became the world's youngest senior editor. I plucked this plum at the end of one of the most bizarre chains of events I ever ever heard of in my four-year editorial career.

It all began the first working day after New Years. I was sitting at my desk, still recovering from the gala Insurgents New Years bash, when Frank Roberts the National Sales Manager hobbled in on crutches with his left leg heavily swathed in bandages. Since I knew that Frank was going to head for his cottage in New York's ski country for the long holiday weekend, I instantly knew what had happened. "I warned you about skiing," I said, whereupon he hiked up his trouser leg to reveal the phrase "Not from Skiing" emblazoned across his cast in magic marker. It turned out that Frank had stopped for provisions at a super market on his way to the slopes. As he blithely shopped through the store, he had stepped on one of those large, soft pretzels, "with big salt," as Frank put it.

That set the pattern for the day. When editor and general manager Joe Angione arrived, he and Frank immediately went into an extended conference with Bob Edgell, president of Harcourt Brace Jovanovich Publications, our magazine's parent company. A couple of hours later, Ross Chamberlain, who also works at QFF as assistant editor, and Len Natter, a salesman, were summoned to the meeting.

"Joe, Frank and I have been discussing some new directions and plans for the magazine," the company president said to us as we took our seats. "We kicked a lot of suggestions around, and Joe and Frank are going to leave QUICK FROZEN FOODS." I wondered whether it had been Joe or Frank who, in the course of the long meeting, had leaned forward and excitedly suggested that they both get the ax. Mr. Edgell never elaborated on this point.

Not content with this blockbuster, Edgell continued, "Sam Martin is going to be editor and associate publisher and Saul Beck is going to be National Sales Manager." This was a double jolt since the gentlemen and titles were not, shall we say, unfamiliar to me. The fact is, they had held their newly acquired titles as recently as January, 1973. Further explanation included the fact that Virginia Ross, the managing editor who had been severed when Harcourt purchased QFF from Cahners in February, 1974, was returning to the fold in her former capacity. Tom Clements, who had served as the magazine's West Coast salesman for several months was also sacked in favor of erstwhile incumbant Jay Eisenberg.

As I walked slowly back to my office, I was buttonholed by a salesman on another Harcourt book. "Out with the old, in with the new, eh?" he said.

"Nope, out with the new, in with the old," I replied. "Our new editor ran this book for 17 years, the guy who's leaving ran it for about 12 months."

Verbatim - V

I feel like the Bob Tucker of the Frozen Food trade magazine business. People come and people go, but I just roll along, writing about frozen fish.

Shopping Spree One of the things I like best about New York City is that it offers such a large potential market for retailers that extremely specialised stores which might not be economically feasible in other cities can be established here. I visit a couple of such places on a recent Saturday with Joyce and Charlene Kunkel (Bill had band practice), the Science Fiction Shop and Murder Ink.

The SF Shop, which has been getting lots of play in the fanzines, attempts to stock everything that's current in books, magazines, posters and other items having to do with science fiction and fantasy. It succeeds fairly well, though it would come in a very poor second to the hucksters room at a large regional such as Lunacon. It's one of the few places in New York where I've seen VERTEX, which has yet to achieve anything like comprehensive distribution in the East. Also available at the shop is a broad selection of British paperbacks, which are definitely hard to find in American bookstores.

I don't know if it's profitable, but the SF Store appears to be doing brisk business. We arrived just as it was opening to find quite a crowd on hand, but I think they're missing some good bets by not carrying merchandise which would increase store volume appreciably. For instance, they're trying to sell fanzines, but since they don't have a lot of contact with fandom, they're often selling the wrong ones. They ought to be trying to handle ALGOL, ALIEN CRITIC, and SF COMMENTARY, which are fanzines likely to have the greatest appeal to sf reading non-fans. I've heard from Andy Porter that the store is now doing a land-office business in ALGOLs, so perhaps they've been clued in on this aspect. Another thing they could probably do successfully would be to handle a small selection of sf original artwork, much the way The Pleasure Chest has its little gallery of erotica.

I didn't buy anything, but Joyce picked up a nice stack of Famous Fantastic Mysteries and Fantastic Novels at prices which I think might be slightly lower than from the usual hucksters.

I don't mean to blow the whistle this way on fandom's foremost fannish femmefan (and high priestess of Brooklyn Fandom in the bargain), but Joyce really enjoys hell out of those old pulp mags. Give her the enchanting story of a race lost to the ken of man or a chilling tale of mysteries which man was not meant to know, and you have yourself one happy little science fiction fan. Myself, I get a kick out of the letter columns.

Murder Ink, which I assume inspired the Science Fiction Shop, performs a similar service for mystery lovers, though the emphasis is almost entirely upon hardback books. This was the stop most eagerly anticipated by Charl and me. She was hunting for Sayers novels while I was trying to complete my run of Parker and Grofield novels by Richard Stark. Joyce rarely reads detective fiction, but she amused herself somewhat by playing with the proprietress', two huge, lazy cats.

Charl and I were both partially successful in getting what we wanted, though the selection was skimpier than our hopeful imaginations had led us to believe. My haul was several Parker books in unusually attractive British editions which I had not previously read. Each paperback sports a silver cover with the title of the book peeking through a die-cut hole in the stiff outer cover from the slick inner cover beneath. I was surprised to find that Richard Stark's secret identity -- Donald Westlake -- was proclaimed on each volume's back cover. I had thought Westlake was taking considerable pains to cloak his true identity, and here the British just blurt it out for everyone to read.

This brings up an interesting point; I wonder what other juicy secrets are revealed on

the covers of British editions of American books. Could it be that the overseas edition of "Six Crises" reveals the date upon which Nixon will finally resign from office? Or perhaps the British version of "The Dragon Masters" carries the scoop that Jack Vance is really Henry Kuttner.

The Universal Baseball Association Those who've read Robert Coover's book of that title about a man who invents a tabletop baseball game which becomes so important to him that it supplants the real world may be surprised to learn that there are real-life J. Henry Waughs. Table sports game fandom, though clearly in its infancy compared to sfandom, is hardy enough to have held conventions, produced a number of fanzines and, of course, form a plethora of leagues to further the enjoyment of their hobby.

The products of the APBA Game Company of Lancaster, Pa., which produced the first skill-oriented table baseball game in 1950, are the focus of the liveliest segment of sports game fandom. Each player's card is mathematically computed to produce the same degree of effectiveness in a variety of quantifiable categories as that particular player enjoyed in the previous season. The game uses two differently colored dice to produce 36 equally probable numbers which are used in conjunction with 36 numbers on each player card and charts to figure the results of each play. Actually, the process takes less time to perform than it does to explain.

Some APBA players glory in replaying the previous season using the actual teams in an attempt to try to improve upon the performance of the clubs' real-life managers, while more venturesome gamers join leagues in which the managers draft their teams from a common pool and update them each year with the new edition of cards. Some leagues even have ingenious systems by which managers "earn" money with which they must "buy" players each season, though this is considered a little extreme.

Len Bailes and I got interested in APBA baseball (and APBA football, which performs the same service for the gridiron that the baseball game does for the diamond), but I'd more or less ceased playing table sports games by the time I discovered fandom. A couple of years ago, I came across one of the ubiquitous APBA Game Company ads in a sports magazine, sent for info and shortly found myself playing.

I subscribed to the two main fanzines, and since there was no league in New York City to join (there is extensive play-by-mail gaming, but I was primarily interested in face-to-face play), formed a new one. The result was the New York APBA Baseball Association, a six-team aggregation that meets every two or three Sundays to play off a 100-game schedule in five-game installments.

Despite my resolve not to become more than peripherally involved in another fandom, I find that I am gradually acquiring the status of BNF (with a lot less work than it took to get a like rating in our little microcosm). It seems that NYABA, now entering its third season with the same six participants, is one of the most successful leagues in the country. Two of the guys in the league have fair-to-middling sized reputations in APBAdom, and I found that copies of a little newsheet I did during the first season were being bootlegged to APBA BNFs around the country by league members. The other five members wanted to have their activities publicised and, as the group's professional writer, I ended up doing a couple of fairly serious pieces for the two main fanzines, further intruding into the fandom.

How did I do, ask the skeptics. Well, the first year, my team, the St. Louis Aliens finished in a tie for second powered by such all stars as Bobby Murcer, Billy Williams, Rod Carew and Manny Sanguillen. The second season didn't go as well, I'm afraid. After being in first place for the first half of the season, the Aliens went tentacles up and

Verbatim - VII

plummeted toward oblivion during the second half, going so far as to lose the completely ridiculous total of 13 games in a row.

But wait till next year!

Fangs for the Memories The long-awaited Jack Palance remake of "Dracula" was finally telecast on February 8 after a two-month postponement, and I thought it graded out as a qualified success. While Palance's interpretation of the vampire is interesting, adding a depth and sensitivity not often brought to the role, I think Bela Lugosi will always symbolize the Count to me.

Palance portrayed Dracula as an evil menace, yet also as a man of feeling as much to be pitied as feared. Great stress is placed on the loneliness of the vampire's existence. Mina is chosen as a victim because Dracula feels that the woman's beau has thwarted his plans to turn a look-alike of his long lost love into a vampire to provide the Count with eternal companionship. The scene in which Dracula discovers that the good guys have driven a stake through Lucy's heart has an unexpectedly touching quality that is totally unexpected.

Incidentally, for those who are not unduly put off by comic books, there's an excellent adaptation of Bram Stoker's novel running in Marvel's 75-cent black and white magazine "Dracula Lives" by Roy Thomas and Dick Giordano. Thus far it is following the novel, or as much as I remember of it from my reading of a dozen years ago, very faithfully. I hope Marvel will reprint it in one place at some time in the future, but meanwhile it's worth picking it up serially.

In Praise of Ummanagumma I got a letter from Mike Glicksohn in which he expressed great surprise over ENERGUMEN's runaway victory in the Actifan Poll to select 1973's top fanzine which Joyce and I conducted through FIAWOL. I hope this is merely an indication that a taste of success has brought new-found modesty to Toronto's own publishing giant, because I could've told you that ENERGUMEN would win before we even sent out the ballots.

It won so easily because of one thing and one thing only; it is/was a damn fine fanzine. Since all voters were familiar with current fanzines, differences in circulation exerted a minimal effect on the outcome, and NERG took first place on merit. It featured an effective mix of faanish and science fictional material complemented by attractive artwork and fine layout. (Fine layout is a graphic design which is appropriate to the material presented and keeps the reader turning the pages, in my opinion.)

Though Mike was prone to occasionally take things a little too seriously to be comfortable within 9th Fandom's Insurgent Element, ENERGUMEN certainly rated as the premier general interest fanzine of the period. If STARLING, with its heavy emphasis on pop cultural subjects, was 9th Fandom's XERO, then ENERGUMEN, with its impeccable production and generally high-quality and varied selection of material, might be thought of as the era's LIGHTHOUSE or WARHOON. It was published too infrequently to serve as a focal point, but its greater size made it possible for Mike to publish some fine material that would have been too lengthy for the topflight monthlies like POTLATCH, FOCAL POINT and RATS!.

ENERGUMEN was also one of the fanzines which did the most to expose the writings of the actifan group which dominated 9th Fandom to the less visible portions of fanzine fandom. Though a "fandom" in the fanhistorical sense, is usually defined as a period of relative homogeneity, the accent is decidedly upon the word "relative". There are always many disparate currents in the fannish river. ENERGUMEN was a unifying force in that, while it offered plenty of material by top fannish fans, it had enough sf content to satisfy those weaned during 8th Fandom which was dominated by SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW and enough

quality graphics to satisfy fans whose interests centered on that area.

And when 9th Fandom passed away during the spring of 1972, ENERGUMEN continued to appear at regular intervals, offering fandom good material at a time when little else of value was being published. Sure there were things which I didn't like about ENERGUMEN, and I think I've written about them enough, but during 1973 (and a large portion of 1972, come to that) I think ENERGUMEN was markedly superior to other fanzines by a considerable margin. I don't think Mike should be surprised that his fanzine won the poll, only that it didn't win even bigger.

We've Waited So Long I'd almost given up hope and abandoned by vigil for the electrician (or someone like him), but he's finally arrived in the latest from The Firesign Theater, "The Giant Rat of Sumatra". Frankly, I was surprised to see any Firesign album, since "Not Insane" was released in an uncompleted version and two of them, Bergman and Proctor, have already produced their own record, "TV or Not TV." But here they are again, and I think it's their best effort in a long time, at least since "I Think We're All Bozos on This Bus".

"Sumatra" is a parody/pastiche of Sherlock Holmes. Those who are more familiar with the movies and radio dramas than I say that this album includes a lot of heavy satire on Holmesian productions in both of these media, but "The Giant Rat of Sumatra" is most enjoyable without this dimension.

I felt that "Not Insane" suffered fatally from having too many layers of information super-imposed upon each other. I'm sure the perpetrators knew what they had in mind, but most people I know who listened to the record got very little out of it, even the second or third time. "Rat" is highly complex, abounding in all types of puns and wordplay, but I think it is, much like the earlier albums, a potentially comprehensible denseness. It may take a couple of listenings to sift through the many many jokes and encompass most of what the foursome are setting out for us.

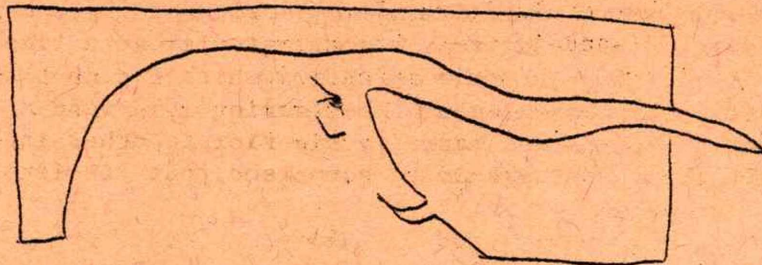
The dialogue is the most striking feature of "Rats"; it has the rich texture of the "TV or Not TV" segments which parodied soap operas, "Decline and Fall of the Roaming Empire" but carried to much greater length.

It's really a great job, and those who've felt that the Firesign Theater has turned away from the audience in recent outings to produce an intellectually appreciated but not very funny mosaic, can take heart, the electrician is here at last, and all is well.

FAPA Forever is the name of a column of comments on the FAPA mailing which will be included in at least the copies destined to appear in the May, 1974, mailing of that group. At present, I'm vacillating about whether I should also include them with the generally distributed copies. Let's leave it up to you; would you prefer to get your copy of SWOON with several additional pages of Katzian meanderings, or should SWOON reach its audience clear from any connection with FAPA? Either is fine with me, so when you write your letters of comment, you might hit me with an opinion either way.

Acknowledgements The cover of this issue of SWOON, like virtually all covers of my fanzines in recent years, is a collaboration between Ross Chamberlain and me. I come up with the idea, toss it over the wall which separates our cubicles at work and soon (or truthfully, sometimes not so soon...) a beautifully drawn cover washes up on my desk, all neatly stenciled. For those who demand deep intellectual meaning in covers for fanzines, let's say that the cover of SWOON #1 symbolizes the difficulty of attempting new directions when we have become well known for our old ones. And if you believe that, you've been reading too many fanzines lately.

BLUE JAUNT



JOYCE KATZ

Saturday mornings may find some people drowsing in their beds, but not so for Arnie and me. It takes a powerful inducement, as you may imagine, to rouse two such hedonistically lazy people from the warmth of Mr. Westinghouse's finest achievement (with both temperature controls set all the way up to "Africa") and drive us into the windy, too-often snow-filled streets of Brooklyn Heights.

Necessity is, of course, the only thing that compels us to do our duty. Were it not for the need to do otherwise, we would no doubt lie and roast ourselves till far past noon (when it would, naturally, be time to return to slumberland for a nice afternoon nap).

Only one greater need could drive a Brooklyn fan onto the icy streets on Saturday morning, yet the pleasures of the super market are not sufficient to make us really happy about it.

Only by spicing our marketing trip with other inducements can we feel any joy about rising so early. I'll admit to being the most reluctant, and each Saturday Arnie coaxes me from my covers with the offer of one treat or another. Frequently, the additional attraction will be a trip to the post office to pick up a parcel that the postman has advised us is waiting. Like two children, we always look forward to packages with great glee and are always anxious to find out what they contain. On a good day, perhaps it will be some game for Arnie, whose interest in sports table gaming has sparked an additional influx of mail over and above fannish material. Or perhaps there'll be a cook book for me. I confess to being almost compulsive about buying cookbooks, despite my reluctance to ever use them. Infrequently, it will be a FAPA mailing...that's on a really good week. Most of the time it's our monthly allotment of free books from Ace, Berkeley or whomever.

On an especially cold day, even postal pleasure are not sufficient to cause me to turn my electric blanket off and face the day. On those occasions, the promise of bagels and cream cheese at Picadeli will always work.

Once out in the street, though, neither of us are too eager to face the florescent starkness of Bohack's Supermarket. Therefore, we've made it a permanent part of our routine to stop at the newsstand and gather up the week's accululation of comics, magazines, newspapers and whatever, before we go to the store.

As Arnie browses the comic books, I locate my weekly copy of Life's "History of the United States", look to see what female oriented magazines are new and stare intently at the week's cover of "Man, Myth and Magic", the newest of the occult publications that have been flowing from the nation's presses since before the beginning of the Age of Acquarius.

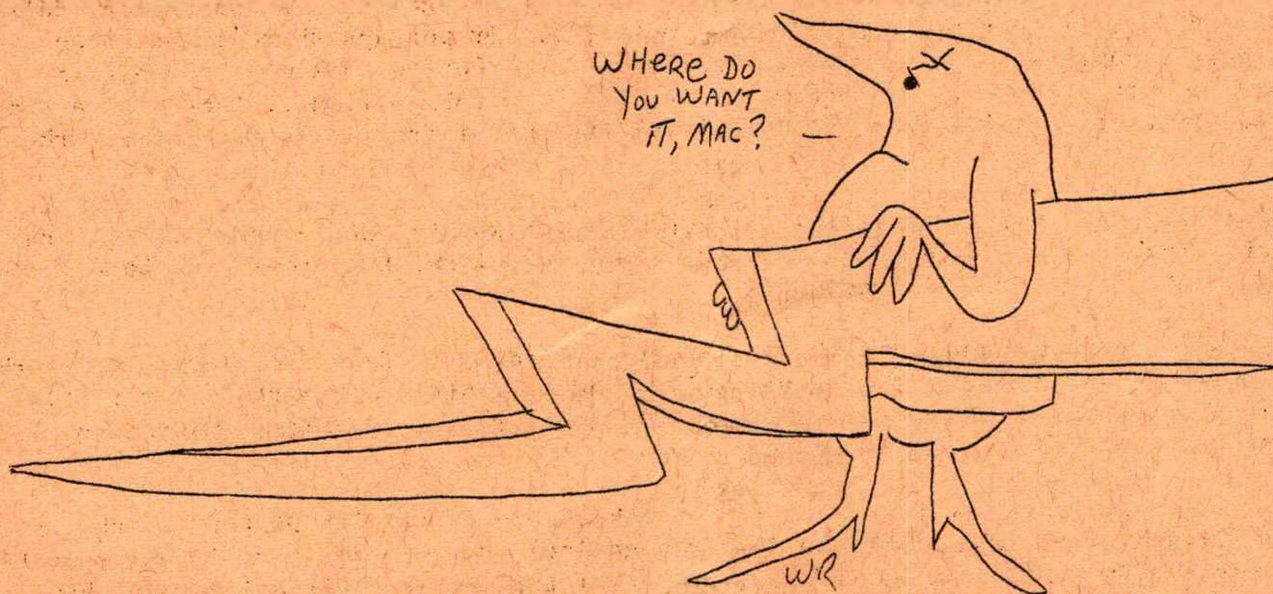
Blue Jaunt - II

Even before Linda Goodman's "Sunsigns" became a topic of conversation among the Beautiful People, Americans (and for all I know, everyone else, too) have been searching for some method by which they could learn what was going to happen to them next week. I personally felt great disappointment when astrology rose to such heights of popularity -- even at my most fanciful, I found it impossible to get serious about any science based on the movement of the seven planets, as astrology was explained in the first book I ever read on the subject. When I'm feeling psychical, which is rare these days, I dislike all methods which purport to possess exactness.

Contrarywise, I used to be very fond of palmistry, and I tried my hand at it quite a lot. I especially liked it because it leaves a great deal wide open to interpretation and doesn't pretend that the lines and crosses are an exact roadmap. (Oh, once in a while you run into someone who tries to give that type of interpretation to some specific palm marking. They're always on shaky ground, though, and if they continue talking they will invariably find themselves in a contradiction.)

What the question really comes down to on all these methods of trying to determine the future course of your life is, do you believe in psi powers? It's part of my Indian cultural heritage that I should, of course, and for a good part of my life, I was no disappointment to my maternal grandmothers, all of whom were prophetesses, or at least reputed to be.

My mother also had The Gift. (Pause now for sane consideration of my belief in all this. Don't reflect too intently on my here-and-now opinion of the existence of psi powers. I'm not certain how I feel, so you surely can't know my mind on this.) Manifestations of some type of psi or other around the house were commonplace; if my mother said she knew such-and-such, or that some event was going to happen, it was accepted as gospel, prepared for and followed to the letter. This isn't really the time for any long debate as to whether this was superstition, genuine psi power or perhaps only a powerful ego asserting itself. Suffice it to say that in my generation of the family, I was supposed to be The One, and the older I got the more I became aware of my tendencies in that direc-



Blue Jaunt - III

tion. (Or, the more encouraged in that direction I was by my mother.) By the time I started high school, I had developed an acute interest in things psychic and began combing the shelves of Poplar Bluff's library for information on the subject. I very quickly discovered palmistry, and it became a hobby, an entertaining party trick, a way to get to hold the fellows' hands, a means of expressing and focusing the psi powers I might have had. (Choose any or all of the preceding to believe; they all had a bit of truth in them.)

The entire point with palmistry is that it provides a focus, something to concentrate on, and also a means of establishing physical contact with the subject (which most mediums find desirable.) By using the palm in this way, I imagined that I could give a slight boost to my psi and offer a more entertaining reading. I imagined I could do far more than entertain, but we Scientific People in fandom are far too full of Quant Stuff to discuss my youthful imaginings.

I did palmistry off and on for years. Sometimes I'd go for long periods and never give it a thought, and then I'd get involved in a flurry of readings.

My last major period of activity in this field occurred while I was living in Los Angeles, circa 1960-1961. I used to sit in a mildly bohemian Hollywood coffeehouse called "The Brothers" and do readings for whomever asked. Usually for free, but never for more gain than a cup of hot spiced tea. I'd also spend a couple of nights each week at Shelley's Manhole, listening to jazz. Though I didn't enjoy doing readings in that environment, I would do them for anyone who asked. That's how I got acquainted with Shorty Rogers, Paul Horn, Shelley Mann, et al. Paul was a fairly good friend of mine and hung up on psi phenomena, so he often used to have me "do my trick" for his friends.

All was going along smoothly enough that I guess I would still be reading palms if a couple of things hadn't happened. The two owners of "The Brothers" began to proposition me, encouraging me to let them set me up as a pro. They had pretty elaborate plans for me too, evidently, since they wanted me to stop working, take an appropriately stagey name for myself and wear some type of razz-ma-tazz costumery bespeaking philosophy and religion. Flowing white robes and sandals, you know the bit. They promised to provide all the necessary hoopla; they seemed to understand that it would be unseemly for me to have to cope with the business and advertising and management end of it and were willing (anxious) that I should continue to be a Pure and Spiritual Soul, so this particular unicorn wouldn't be frightened away.

Well, I wasn't so innocent that I didn't understand. Betty McCann was the hottest piece of property on the coast at that time, working two weeks in the Bay area, a week in LA and a week in Hawaii each month. Once in awhile, when this routine became too stifling, Betty'd fly off to London to frolic with some English spiritualists. I had heard her readings; for \$30 she gave 15 minutes of some of the heaviest bullshit I've ever heard in my life.

Her only bit was Past Lives and, lemme tell you, that's a wonderful racket, since no one can deny what you say. The window dressing on her act was that she delivered her spiel from "trance-state" and claimed not to remember a word afterward. Neither did the people who paid the money. It was really mushed up stuff; hard to follow and frenetic. From what I heard, no one lost anything by forgetting it.

At the same time, coming up on the horizon was what I think might have been the first of the big time Indian Yogas. He was doing great. His schtick was that he founded "prayer gardens" and "meditation rooms," and had already built two in LA and one in Hollywood. There was talk among his managers of maybe expanding the movement to include San Francisco. This ultimately proved to be the most profitable move.

Blue Jaunt - IV

Like I said, I knew what the two brothers wanted. And, oh well, of course it was tempting. Who wouldn't like to live in sybaritic ease, surrounded by admiring followers, doing something he really enjoyed? But the more I thought about it, the more inclined I became to miss my own apotheosis, although Little Tin Godhood is undoubtedly the career for which I am best suited. I decided I couldn't go along with the bit.

This isn't the only reason I left LA, but those people were really very anxious to cash in. All things considered, it seemed like a good time to split. It wasn't long after that I gave up giving even quasi-serious palm readings. One day I caught myself dolling up a reading and tossing in bullshit just to please the listener, for the sake of the \$20 he had laid in front of me. I didn't want to be that particular kind of prostitute. The final motivation for my giving it up was my increasing awareness of just how influences some people are by fortune tellers. If told, in the properly mystic tone of voice, "I see you have the tendency to jump out of airplanes," there are a lot of people who'd go right out and do it. I didn't want that kind of responsibility attached to something that shouldn't have been taken any more seriously than a game.

Obviously, not many of the psychic crowd shared my hesitation to become a guru, as is evidenced by the enormous popularity experienced by others less reluctant to Do Their Trick accompanied by theatrics and hoopla, to a very costly tune.

The published material I browse on Saturday mornings at the newsstand represents only the tip of a very large iceberg of the Phenomena Age that has rolled over this country since 1960, which when it melts away (if it ever does...it seems unending) will probably leave as many scars as did all previous psychic ice ages. But the mediums will, at least in many cases, be left with large fortunes, which is, after all, where it's really at for them.

As I said, I never really got into astrology. It just didn't allow enough leeway for "psychic phenomena". I have read palms, crystal balls, tea leaves, Tarot cards, regulation cards, and the I Ching, plus learning a smattering of Voodoo from a Cuban cultist and maybe one or two other "methods" which temporarily escape my memory.

And it's my experience that, while there can be honest communication using any of these methods, it's usually so buried beneath the motivations of the reader that you'll never find it.

-- Joyce Katz

There's no more ice in Poland... the woman who knew the recipe died

REB UNDO

ARNIE KATZ

This may look very much like a fanzine review column at first glance, but it's something completely different. Leaving an examination of the merits and demerits of the fanzines mentioned here to other times and other columns, "Rebound" will emphasize my comments sparked by topics mentioned in recently received fanzines. I'm including addresses and ordering information in case someone wants to order one.

DYNATRON 57 Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Rd NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico 97107. Irregular but frequent. 25¢ or the usual.

Art Rapp's article debunking the Biorhythm cult recalls my own fleeting and tangential contact with it several years ago. I heard the chief proponent of this piece of dubious science a bunch of times on Long John Nebel's radio show during the period in which it regularly featured the weirdest guests imaginable -- men who'd been to Mars, people who habitually spoke to the dead and Harlan Ellison. I'd also seen the same pseudoscientist fiddle with his custom made sinewave templates on television.

I was unimpressed.

As Art so astutely points out, any date selected at random is liable to be a day or so in either direction of a critical point in the one of the three charted cycles. Therefore Biorhythm's big selling gambit, it's list of famous people who faced crucial situations on days on which one of their cycles was at or near a crisis point, doesn't bowl me over.

You can imagine my great surprise, then, when I subsequently found out that one of New York fandom's leading lights had begun regulating his life according to his biorhythm charts. I observed him closely after that, but I could find no evidence that this new science of the mind was doing him any particular good.

Funny thing, though. One day this fellow accidentally sat on his sinewave drawing guides and broke them. He died five seconds later of mysterious causes.

LE MOINDRE, Boyd Raeburn, 189 Maxome Ave., Willowdale, Ontario, Canada. This is published for FAPA, so you'll have to inquire about availability.

In commenting on Harry Warner's uncanny ability to turn out such a quantity of literate and interesting material over a span of so many years, Boyd draws a distinction between "writers" and "reporters" which probably goes unnoticed outside the journalistic professions. In fact, it's been my observation that writing and reportorial skills often don't go hand in hand, and it's a rare journalist who's equally strong in both areas.

The best reporter with whom I've ever worked, a guy named Tom Finnegan, is also about the worst trade magazine writer I've encountered. And let me assure you, that takes in a lot of territory. When it came to going out and getting a story, there was no one who was better, and when it came to setting it down on paper, there was no one less skilled.

Rebound - II

Newspapers have long recognized the fact that reporting and writing are not necessarily found in the same person by having a corps of rewrite men. There are many reporters who simply call their stories in to a deskman who actually puts the words on paper. On a longer news story, the rewrite man may reconstruct it from its essentials with only casual reference to what the guys who brought back the scoop contributed.

TITLE #23, Donn Brazier, 1455 Fernvalley Dr., St. Louis, Mo. 63131. The mailing list of TITLE, like that of SMOON, is limited, so a querying letter is your best shot.

I disagreed with Tony Cvetko's assertion that only lack of exposure keeps science fiction readers from becoming fans. Tony may have been a profan wandering in the outer dark looking for a fandom, but I'd think such cases are the exception rather than the rule. Hundreds of people have some contact with fandom for every one who takes an active part in the hobby.

Why do some people become fans while others don't feel a similar attraction? If we ever get a satisfactory answer to that one, we'll probably have gained a great insight into what makes fandom (and ourselves as fans) tick. I think people become fans not merely because of exposure to it, but because fandom fills some need they haven't been able to satisfy by other means.

Taking myself as an example, I think fandom satisfied some previously unfulfilled needs. I was something of a loner as a kid, introverted and in need of a healthy transfusion of egoboo. I was also in need of a creative outlet, a place where I could develop my writing talents outside the restrictive confines of school. It may be hard to believe in light of my fannish production of about the last 8 years, but I was also looking for a place where I could discuss science fiction, the grand literary passion of my teens, with people who didn't automatically sneer at it.

I suppose I could have satisfied some or all of these needs some other way, but fandom just happened to supply the right combination while the other alternatives, such as the underground, did not.

I'm a very different person than I was 11 years ago (or five years ago), but here I am, still a fan. I guess I'm still here because there are good things I can get from fandom that I haven't found elsewhere, albeit not the same things that roped me in when I was a high school kid. So, why are you a fan?

SF ECHO 19 Ed Connor, 1805 N. Gale, Peoria, Ill. Available for 3/\$1 or by the usual methods.

Darroll Pardoe makes a good point, I think, when he says that the epitome of fanzine publishing is not necessarily to publish a semi-prozine. One could even advance the idea that publishing a large-circulation semi-prozine which pays for contributors and strives for the appearance of a professional magazine cancels out many of the most enjoyable aspects of fanpublishing.

Though I would be hypocritical to deny the pleasures of printing good written material and artwork, I think the area in which fandom particularly excels is in its ability to provide participants with an opportunity for direct self-expression. It always pains me when I get a fanzine in which the editor is a shadowy presence most noticeably manifested in a multi-page flyer which essentially the same stuff one could put in a two-paragraph colophon. Of course, it's possible that, as someone who earns his bread as a professional editor, my reasons for publishing differ markedly from those not playing the editing game for real stakes, but communication seems to me to be so ingrained in fanzine fandom that I can't help but feel that the would be semi-prozine editors are, in the long run, robbing themselves of a priceless chance to say what they want the way they

Rebound - III

want to say it, something that is not readily available outside the microcosm.

CELEPHAIS February 1974, Bill Evans, 14100 Canterbury Lane, Rockville, Md. 20853

This is for FAPA so availability is questionable.

Contrary to what Bill says here, my favorite fanzines are definitely not the ones which were riding high when I was only a neofan, though I think he's generally correct in saying that most fans hark back to the fanzines that were riding high when they first entered the field. I'd go even further than that, actually; I think fan careers are largely shaped by what the neofan sees when he's going through the process of socialization. People who come into fandom during a period dominated by science fiction discussion zines tend to stay in that general area, while those who debut in a period of fannish fanac usually end up holding that banner aloft.

The one exception I can think of off the top of my head is the one which applies most obviously to me; fans who become active in a period in which nothing new exciting is happening will tend to hark back to some previous period of high quality fanac and use that era as a model. For me, the fanzines of 7th Fandom (1958-1962) have always been the guiding light, though 6th Fandom, which was rather similar superficially, is not far behind in my estimation. Yet the wit, charm and, **yes**, literary excellence of the late-1950's zines such as INNUENDO, VOID and HYPHEN have always been the goal at which I have aimed. (My success is, I guess, a matter for others to judge).

OUTWORLDS # 18, Bill Bowers, Box 148, Wadsworth, Ohio 44201. Consult your copy of INworlds for availability, I seem to have misplaced OW.

Mike Glicksohn mentioned in a letter in this issue that he had just seen his first three stag films and lamented at the lack of plot. I'm not sure what Mike actually viewed, since he didn't give details, but I'd guess it must have been a trio of 200-footers which are fairly notorious for getting right down to the issue at hand. I must admit to a touch of disappointment in Mike, since I never figured that a 200-footer should have more than a vestigial plot in the first place.

After all, why are people watching 200-foot hard core sex films anyway? I suppose one can say, with a little justice, that one goes to see "Deep Throat" because it is a cult movie or because it is racy and funny, but I can't help but believe that the fact that the star is a nonpareil cocksucker might also have something to do with it, no? With 200-footers, I think it's safe to say, the only reason anyone would watch one would be to inspire sexual arousal. Either you watch a porno reel with congenial person or persons as a prelude to getting it on or you watch such a film with the idea of obtaining Solitary Release (as John Cleland might have phrased it if he were alive today and writing this fanzine).

No, I'd say that 200-foot porn flicks were basically what you'd call action oriented, with a context rather than a plot tying the action together in all but the most exceptional film. One doesn't expect Marvel Comics to equal the latest Silverberg book in literary value, why expect some 200-footer to equal "Citizen Kane"?

GODLESS 6, Bruce Arthurs, 527-98-3103, 57th Trans Co., Ft. Lee, Va. 23801. Available for 35¢ or the usual.

Donn Brazier's article on what makes certain stories memorable sparked me to recall the first few scientific things that really hooked me. Surprisingly, in view of the fact that I was a voracious reader at a relatively early age, the first couple of sf-related items that grabbed me were in other media.

The first sf stuff I can recall was a single episode of "Tom Corbett," which served as the intermission between two halves of an afternoon movie weeknights on ABC. I can vividly recall the scene of Tom and the rest of the crew, resplendent in their spacesuits,

sitting on various parts of the wrecked lifeboat which had deposited them on an airless and forbidding asteroid. To this day, I don't know how they chanced to crashland nor do I know how they were eventually rescued, enabling them to go on to further heights on another network, but what I do remember was being knocked out by the idea of people traveling around to planets and things.

The next important piece of stf was an "X Minus One" adaptation of Robert Sheckley's "Seventh Victim". I've seen since the movie and read the story and, though I enjoyed both, neither hit home with one-tenth as much power as that radio drama. I think it must have been my first exposure to science fiction above the "Space Patrol" level, and it gave me a deep respect for Robert Sheckley which is rather at variance with the lukewarm reception he got from most people over the years.

The third important s.f. work that bowled me over was my first prozine. It was a copy of Amazing, lending a touch of irony since I later became that magazine's associate editor. I had barely scraped up the price out of my meager allowance and was shocked to discover that the wonderful Robert Sheckley serial it contained, "Omega!" did not finish in that issue. Len Bailes, who went on to become a well known fan, was the other science fiction addict on the block, and I struck a deal with him that I would let him read my copy of Amazing if he would buy the next issue and let me read the conclusion to Sheckley's novel.

Len, always a tight-fisted individual, couldn't bring himself to part with the 35¢ when the time came. Later he was remorseful (and sorry he hadn't gotten to read the end of the story, either) and we spent several years and untold boy-hours of hunting in an unsuccessful effort to get a copy of that Amazing from the backdate stores that dotted mid-town Manhattan. Signet eventually put us out of our misery with a paperback version of "Omega!" titled "The Status Civilization". Len and I took no chances this time; we each shelled out for our own copies of the book.

It had a lousy ending.

::

Jophan's Lament This first issue of SWOON is going to miss the publication date I so bravely printed on the first page by a matter of about three weeks. Both Joyce and I have had bouts of illness, but the main reason for the delay has been an acute shortage of fanning supplies. As crazy as it sounds, SWOON has been swooning for about six weeks because the proper stencils have been unavailable. After fiddling around with the usual suppliers, I decided to deal directly with the manufacturer, Polychrome Corp., which maintains a sales office in New York City. I called and ordered 10 quires.

I figured my troubles were over, right? Wrong. After they didn't show up within a week after I placed the order, I phoned the salesman who put me off a couple of additional days.

He finally called up the home office, from where all stencils are shipped, and learned that my stencils were delayed because the guy who makes them at Polychrome was out with the flu. Shattering news, indeed, since I had always thought of Polychrome as a monolithic conglomerate, risking millions on bold schemes to corner the pliofilm market.

Suffice it to say that my precious stencils finally arrived on the last day of March, which accounts for the fact that you're receiving SWOON in April rather than March as originally planned. -- Arnie



WER FISH HANDSHAKE

Let me tell you about some of the things I've been doing since I was last involved in fandom. I read lots of comics, I wrote a few. I saw some movies. I wrote articles for a couple of tabloids and things. I wrote columns for Quick Frozen Foods magazine. I played rock and roll. I watched plenty of soap operas, but have had to stop because they were getting to me. On "The Young and the Restless" for example, the meanie sister makes me so mad I have to eat stomach pills every time she does something nasty. I also suspect Jay Stallings. He's a weirdo for sure, but I also hate Lisa's guts, so who cares if he rubs her out? I'd like seeing it almost as much as I'd like to see a convicted Richard Nixon give his Farewell Speech in handcuffs, flanked by two coppers wi' drawn guns. Also, to give you abreast of life in case you hafta work during the day and can't watch tv, Pierre (who was also called Pierre in "Hogan's Heroes" -- perhaps he is the same huy only twenty-five years older, except that he doesn't look more'n a few years advanced) tried to protect his wife from a burglar and got clouted on his cranium for his trouble. He's now out cold in the hospital, and Bruce Elliott can't even help him cuz no one knows he's the world's greatest neurosurgeon, since he pretended to die in that car crash and started life anew in Genoa City. Poor Brad! Plus Lorali, the Meanie Sister, has her hooks in him, and what could be worse? I certainly have no idea.

Otherwise, I still haven't recovered from the cancellation of "The Secret Storm" although they were at least decent enough to tie up the loose ends. And there are divorces a plenty, as per usual, though you'd think they'd know better. And the children are always the ones who suffer.

ABDULLAH THE BUTCHER (RAW MEAT)

I have long felt that all sports would do well to borrow (or steal, if they have to) a page from the annals of pro wrestling. That is, go phony. I mean, you can bleed a little -- or a lot -- you have to be in shape, and they're sure not gonna send some new kid up against Killer Kowalski, which would be insane. For the uninitiated, Killer Kowalski is a big tall brute with arms like Popeye; they're like tentacles that reach down to his kneecaps and climax in massive, ham-like fists with which he batters his opponents into senselessness as a prelude to administering a number of seminal punishments, the most prominent of which is probably "the claw". His legs pretty much duplicate his arms in both anatomy and function. He once took off the late Yukon Eric's ear and a couple of months ago broke Fred Blassie's leg.

But in wrestling, you can control the results over the long haul. I mean, the good guy doesn't always win -- that is a pure myth -- but in the larger context, good triumphs for sure. And you're always assured a good show. Just imagine how much more interesting baseball would be if it were fixed. The big game would always be won in the last of the ninth and stuff like that. You wouldn't have those boring stretches during which nothing happens. The same could be done with all sports.

Pilot Error - II

Anyway, I've been watching wrestling and, when I can, roller derby, which has definitely followed the example set by the bogus grapplers. Roller derby has interviews, distfights, death matches... really gotten catch-as-catch-can, you know, and it's all the better for it!

Why, just look at Abdullah the Butcher, wrestling's latest and greatest. Managed by the Black Baron, a black dude who wears shades and a black leather ski mask over his entire head. The Black Baron says he has a debt to pay wrestling, and he intends to get his vengeance through his charge, the Butcher, whom he offhandedly refers to as, "a beast... an animal... a vicious maniac who has no heart." He adds, "He does my dirty work for me. I'd rather not let anyone know who I am, because wrestlers would try to get back at me because of what he does to them."

In the ring, Abdullah is truly a lunatic. Matter of fact, the Baron picked up the Butcher in a Tangiers insane asylum where he had been deposited after having tried to maim his former manager. The Baron controls his maniac with a dog whistle. In the locker room interviews after the match, we are treated to the spectacle of Abdullah enjoying his post-bout snack. The Baron goes to a refrigerator, takes out a raw chicken and tosses it to Abdullah, who devours it in its uncooked state. Heh, I'd like to see Tom Seaver do that during the post-game show!

For sure, wrestling has become much more brutal in the interval since I last saw a match. The Texas Death Match, formerly the highest form of barbarity permitted in the ring, is now a tame-seeming and frequent fact of life. Chain matches, in which the two opponents are manacled together in a ring completely enclosed by a steel cage, are now commonplace. Nothing is illegal, and nobody leaves till one of the contestants is stone cold out.

The use of foreign objects -- concealed in the trunks -- has become another of wrestling's bloody commodities. When I used to watch the matches, you know, we'd see someone bring maybe a piece of cardboard or at worst a silver dollar into the ring. But this was done only by the most depraved obvious lunatics. Not even the infamous team of Skull Murphy and Brute Bernard resorted to the kind of thing now typical on even tv matches -- and those two were banned from television cuz they gave kids -- and even some adults -- nightmares. Pencils are de rigeur and even sharpened pieces of metal are seen protruding from the trunks of just about everybody but Bruno Sammartino these days.

Now just imagine how it would enliven your typical football spectacular to see a frustrated tackle pounce on a ball carrier who'd gained heavy yardage and carve a tick-tac-toe board on his forehead!

Looking into the future of wrestling, I can't help but wonder if knives and maybe even pistols (a faked shooting would be a pisser!) can be far away. Last week, I saw a wrestler rip off the announcer's microphone, beat his opponent over the head with it and then wrap the wire around his neck.

Now just think about some of these ideas and what they could do to goose the entertainment potential of otherwise immeasurably lame tv sports like golf. This is Bill Kunkel -- with One Man's Opinion.

ROCK N ROLL SUICIDE People keep on saying it. Any rock star worth his salt figures it's sure to be him. So it has to happen, right? Some very big rock star has to be assassinated on stage. I only hope it happens soon. That would take a lot of pressure off those who survive, though their egos are sure to be bruised by the slight. I personally hope someone plugs Leon Russell. In fact, if they do it while he's playing "Jumping Jack Flash" I'll even contribute to the assassin's defense fund.

Pilot Error - III

But speaking of death and rock, I was given a bunch of back issues of ROCK the other day, and I found what has got to be the dopest article ever written anywhere. In was in this special issue in which they had articles on all the dead rock people. There it sat, the center spread, and it was called "I Dreamed I Was There in Rock N Roll Heaven" and it was written by a David Reitman.

It starts off by recounting the tenfold-told-tale of the deaths of Buddy Holly, Ritchie Valens and the Big Bopper without any particular elan or anything but so what. No, that wasn't what made it terrible.

That happens when Our Author starts getting wild paranoid notions and starts tying in super star deaths with vague Overpowers and Megapeople like:

Tammi Terrell was operated on for a brain tumor in 1967 and was apparently cured. She was performing and recording again when she died suddenly on March 16, 1970 in Philadelphia's Graduate Hospital. Tammi had been discovered by Berry Gordy... and signed to Motown Records. She enjoyed a great deal of success as a duo with Marvin Gaye and was branching out on her own when she died. Still more rumors, Tammi was supposedly tired of performing, and wanted to retire to become a school teacher. Certain people didn't go for the idea. You fill in the rest.

Okay, they were pissed on account of she wouldn't perform any more, so at the point at which she is performing and even "branching out", they have her killed. Well shit, that's logical. Also, she died of that aforementioned brain tumor on the operating table. Jeezus Christ, even Doctor Doom doesn't have enough fuckin' power to induce brain tumors!

We also get the sordid details involved in Sam Cooke's demise. Nothing definite, no facts to dispute the reasons given for his death (caught outside some chick's motel cabin in his underdrawers and shot by her irate pop) other than the fact that Sam was too "articulate, attractive and intelligent" to get caught in the act like that. Of course, we are assured, "...these are only rumors, folks." Right-t-o. The next paragraph begins, "Cooke was not the only artist to be 'rubbed out' by organized crime..."

Some other highlights of this Pulitzer-quality piece of foaming at the mouth journalism includes reportage involving Brian Epstein's death. He died of "God-knows-what" in case you were wondering. However, God let a few doctors and reporters in on the secret that it was booze and reds. Sheesh.

MASHER

In order that this piece may be classified as true personal writing, I guess I should mention the accompaniment to which it was written. "Hazel" "Mothers-in-Law" "I Love Lucy" and "Love of Life".

-- Bil Kunkel
March, 1974

QUOTE

This page, and as many additional ones as prove necessary, is reserved for the exclusive use of the 65 people on the SWOON mailing list and any FAFA members who bestir themselves to write letters of comment on their copies, which will be included in in the group's May, 1974, mailing.

You people on the mailing lists of other fanzines who have somehow wandered into the room Be Warned. This is an elite, invitational circle and, as editor and sergeant at arms, it is my sworn duty to keep errant letters of comment destined for such journals as ALGOL and STARLING from insinuating themselves into these pages.

As much as I value my own opinions (which are, as you all know, invariably correct) I wouldn't go to the expense and bother of publishing SWOON if I didn't also value yours. I'd like to strike a happy balance between my own writings and imput from you. In plain English, I'd like to run a big letter column and it would be nice of you to oblige this whim by sending along the scintillating creations of your mind or a substantial letter of comment, whichever is more convenient at the present time.

I'm also looking for a small number of outside contributors. The majority of SWOON will likely remain editor-written, but Joyce, Bill and Terry Carr (whose "Infinite Beanie" will appear beginning next issue) have signed aboard, and I wouldn't mind a few more. Likewise, artists who'd like to brighten up these fiber-flecked pages are more than welcome.

This box, a survivor out of fandom's illustrious past, replaces the full page devoted to incomprehensible explanations of why you you got this. You got it because I hope you'll get some enjoyment from it and possibly write me a letter, produce an article or send some illos (or dispatch your fanzine in my direction.) An "X" is a signal that it's your last issue.



SWOON

ARNIE KATZ

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