

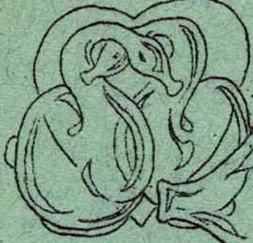
SWOON

INSURGENT FANZINE GROUP

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APPROVED  
BY THE  
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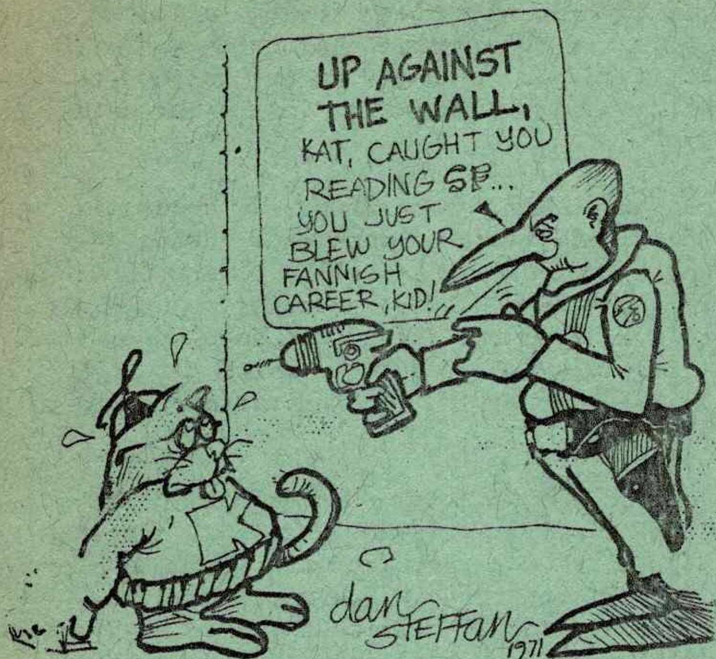
# SWOON



IS IT REALLY ME  
HE LOVES... OR  
MY MIMÉO?

YOU'LL CRY  
WHEN YOU READ- **TRUFAN LOVE!**

ROSS C.



ARNIE  
KATZ

# KATZJAMMER

We're back and we're proud Have you ever had this experience? As you walk down the street one day, whom do you see coming toward you but Good Ole Joe, that terrific friend you haven't seen for 20 years. God, the times you used to have! "Why if it isn't Good Ole Joe!" you scream as you rush to meet him. "How the hell are you?"

He grins broadly and slaps you on the back. "Fine," he replies, "and how are you?" You tell him you both sigh a little, and then he hits you right between the eyes with The Question: "Well, ole buddy, whatcha been doin'?"

What do you say to that?

I feel exactly like the guy who has just been zapped with that stunner. Of course, the separation has been closer to 20 months than to 20 years, but time whips by so quickly in fandom that I'll bet there are actifans today who hardly know the names "Joyce and Arnie Katz."

Actually, that's a pretty safe bet, because we went to a FISTFA meeting last week and there were, indeed, people there who had absolutely no idea who we were. One young woman -- we were even because I'd never heard of her, either -- walked up and, on being informed by another FISTFAN that it was, indeed, Arnie Katz who sat before her, said, "Oh, that's your name on Andy Porter's mailbox." And they said my fame would never endure!

In any case, the long silence from Joyce and me was born more of necessity than de-

Katzenjammer - II

sire. Working in concert with Bill and Charlene Kunkel, we've been trying to launch a professional magazine. As a result of a tangled chain of events, about which you will undoubtedly hear in tedious detail all too soon, the four of us pooled our talents to produce MAIN EVENT, a periodical devoted to the coverage of wrestling in the Northeast United States.

When we decided to begin this project, Joyce and I had a nice long talk about the commitment we were about to make. It would take untold hours of work and, during the course of getting MAIN EVENT established, thousands of dollars as well. After some soul-searching, we decided that we would have to put aside fanac at least until we could see whether MAIN EVENT would become a success or fall flat on its face. The four of us finally agreed that we'd give the wrestling book a year of effort, after which it would have to sink or swim, and that during that time we would resist the temptations of fandom.

If I can breast-beat a little, I'm very proud of the progress we made with MAIN EVENT. The 24-page monthly, liberally festooned with photos snapped by Bill at ringside and printed by Joyce in our own little photo lab, reached a circulation of 2,500 copies as of March 1. It's sold at concession stands of major Northeast arenas, including Madison Square Garden, Nassau Coliseum, Boston Garden, Capitol Civic Center in Washington and too many smaller places to list here. With advance arena orders for our mag topping 3,000, and with a newsstand distribution deal in our pocket, we began to feel that there was nothing further to be gained by the single-minded attention we had lavished on MAIN EVENT.

It had reached the point at which outside factors were more decisive than anything we were likely to do, short of failing to publish on schedule. The magazine was solidly in the black, but only time would tell if MAIN EVENT could generate enough revenue to pay us the salaries which would justify continuing it.

The truth is, Joyce and I have really missed you people. MAIN EVENT has been very challenging -- and very satisfying -- but fandom has always had an irresistible lure for the two of us. I mean, Joyce and I met through fandom and between us have published more than 300 fanzines. (How many more? I dunno. I lost count in 1968.) Old habits are hard to break, and this is one we certainly didn't want to kick.

With MAIN EVENT demanding somewhat less work, our interest in returning to fandom began to mount in recent months. Finally, over dinner at a local Italian restaurant about three weeks ago, Joyce and I experienced our own Moment of Truth. Putting down my fork, which I had been wielding with deadly accuracy only moments earlier, I looked at Joyce across our little table. I got down on my knee and, placing my beanie on my head, said, "My darling, will you do me the great honor of becoming my coeditor?"

With these fateful words, the High Priestess of Brooklyn Fandom returned from the Elysium to which she had flown on the wings of Saltan Baca. "Oh, yes!" she exulted. "Oh, yes, yes, yes, a thousand times yes!"

"You have made me the happiest fan in the world -- or at least this restaurant!" I said as I led her home to see what we might have in the way of raw material to construct the first issue of a fanzine. We had pieces by Carr, Warner and Tucker on which to build our comeback fanzine. Best of all, the three just-named pieces were already on stencil, the result of a sneaked fanac session over the Labor Day weekend (except the Warner piece, which was on stencils in my closet, ignored until I saw a stray mention by Harry that I had not yet published it. I was laboring under the delusion that I already had).

Deciding on the title of our new fanzine, usually a matter for weighty deliberation over a period of several weeks, was decided in less than 10 seconds. That's how long it took us to find the cover Ross Chamberlain had done for the never-published second issue of SWOON. Joyce had been scheduled to join the high-powered SWOON editorial staff as Assistant Editor roughly two years ago. The lay-off from fandom has evidently done her good, because she's signed up as a full partner this time.

It was only a few days after we decided that we could resume some fanac that we got the Bad News about MAIN EVENT. The World Wide Wrestling Federation, a collection of the halt, the feeble and the downright insane who operate wrestling in this part of the country, decided that the press was too much trouble to have around. No one is quite sure how they came to this decision or what prompted them to turn against all the good folks that boost them to the skies on the printed page, but make that decision they did.

The catastrophic result: all press has been banned from both the locker room area (where interviews are obtained) and ringside (where pictures must be taken) from all arenas they control. MAIN EVENT, being limited to coverage of those very arenas, now has no way to obtain the material needed to continue the publication. The loud wails of the concessionaires and our newsstand distributor were some small comfort, but there is simply no way to go ahead with MAIN EVENT under these circumstances. It was a hard, and a heart-breaking, decision for us to make, but all efforts to get the WWWF to unbend have failed miserably.

Where do we go from here? When we decided we couldn't stand being fafates any longer we didn't have an inkling that MAIN EVENT would almost instantaneously go belly up and leave us with quite as much time available for fanac as we now seem to have.

Now that the decks are cleared for SWOON, I guess it's time for one of those high falutin Statements of Editorial Policy (bring up the drum roll, please). Our "policy" is to publish SWOON just as frequently as possible -- after doing all those Big Deal wrestling mags, I'd say monthly wouldn't be an undue strain -- and throw ourselves on your mercy for contributions of artwork, articles and, of course, letters of comment. Our cupboard is chillingly bare, and we need your help.

Specifically, we're looking for interior illos (which we'll be pleased to electro-stencil) and articles on pop and mass cultural subjects, interesting personal experiences and high class fannish humor. We hope to institute a long letter column next issue, and you wouldn't want me to have to write them all and sign your names, would you?

A very sincere thank you      Expressions of gratitude in smudgey black and twiltone often seem stilted and can appear insincere even when they are truly heart-felt. I'd feel terribly remiss if I didn't thank all the fanzine editors who continued to send us their magazines while Joyce and I were taking our 20-month mike in the fields of fafia. These fanzines kept the spirit of fandom alive for us, and I know we'll never forget the kindness of faneds who kept us on their mailing lists long after they must have abandoned hope of ever hearing from us. It really made us feel good about being fans. Even though it would be impossible to list every editor who included us on his list while we were gone without inadvertantly skipping someone who shouldn't have been overlooked, I wish I could take each of you aside and personally convey my extreme gratitude.

Let's turn it over to Joyce before I get Misty.

-- Arnie

# BLUE JAUNT

In Southeast Missouri, summer starts creeping up very early in the year. My mother, always conservative and protective in the extreme, permitted me to go barefoot in March. In April I could wade in any moderately clean puddle of water that happened to catch my fancy, and in that rainy part of the country there were always a lot of puddles that seemed clean enough to me. Along with the roses of May came the privilege of swimming, and then the summer would be officially underway, stretching its golden arms toward fall, but with no urgency to reach that goal.

A splendid summer sport for a proper girl-child was visiting Miss Irene and Miss Kate. These two charmers had reached snowy-haired maturity with virtue intact, and with the grace of Tennessee Williams' heroines, they held court to the neighborhood children on each afternoon. It was from Miss Kate that I learned of the world of theatre and art; she subscribed to magazines with glowingly colored covers, and told me of events in distant places which my imagination had not yet peopled; of opening nights at the Met, of ballets and symphonies; of galleries and museums. From her wheelchair (for she was not well), she guided me into more genteel interests than the normal fare for Poplar Bluff's children, exulted with me in my girlish triumphs and sorrowed with me over every bruised dream. It was Miss Kate who lent me the rhyming dictionary that helped me win my autographed picture of Roy Rogers (by composing a slogan for Quaker Oats, but I've told you all about that...), and it was Miss Kate who listened first to my tinkling attempts at each week's piano lesson. Later I learned that she'd never been out of our town, but she'd traveled far in her mind.

While Miss Kate listened and taught and comforted and guided with gentleness, Miss Irene would serve glasses of lemonade, frosty and sparkling with sprigs of mint to express the festiveness of summer. We'd sit under the trees sipping our lemonade, and after the exciting incidents of the day had been confided to my friends, I'd sit in the grass beside Miss Kate's chair, watching the branches of the trees and the cotton candy clouds in the Missouri-blue sky. Miss Kate and Miss Irene would turn on the radio, and I'd lie back in the grass, and the peacefulness of each day would be enriched by the sound of the Cardinals game. The lemonade, the blue sky, cottony clouds and sunlight splattering through the leafy branches and Harry Caray's voice all mingled together, the essence of summer.

Miss Kate and Miss Irene passed away, Harry Caray left the Cardinals, I left Missouri and summer doesn't come just when it should any more, but the memory of how it was is still unfaded.

In March in New York, my electric blanket is as close as I can get to summer, and on snowy Saturday afternoons you can usually find me huddled beneath it. April brings no improvement, and even May is inhospitable to warm-blooded crybabies. Or perhaps by May the habit of the Saturday afternoon nap has become so ingrained that there's no chance of prying me from the bed. But souls in Brooklyn Heights, just as in the rest

JOYCE  
KATZ

## Blue Jaunt - II

of the world, grow weary of winter and long for spring. Perhaps this is as good an explanation of how it started as any. Or then again, it might have come about due to some boyish urge rising up in Arnie for bats and balls and catchers mitts. Whatever the reason, it somehow came to pass that Arnie assured me Spring was on the move, despite the weather making me believe otherwise. As proof he offered that the teams had begun their spring training.

Like flowers turning their faces to the sun, our longings slowly pivoted southward, and week after week my Saturday nap was prefaced by Arnie reading me tidbits from the baseball magazines he bought each week. Finally, when I was softened to acceptance, he informed me that This Was The Week That Spring Comes. The first exhibition baseball game of the year was to be played that very afternoon and, he promised, even as the shout of "Play Ball!" echoed through the land, daisies would begin to push their way through the snows. I settled into the blanket's summery embrace and drifted into dreams as the Ft. Lauderdale citizens shouted their appreciation.

Even artificial summer proved better than none at all, and the Saturday naps were dreamiest when accompanied by the sounds of a baseball game.

I had known for some time that, among the multitudinous things that make up a life, I desired to have the Baseball Experience. In truth, for the most profound example of this experience, I really wished to go to Ebbetts Field and see the Dodgers, but lacking the Dodgers, I realized that the only appropriation would be to go to Shea Stadium and root the Mets to victory. Hints and requests and cajolery, and Arnie brother Ira produced four free box seat tickets for a Friday night game in mid-May.

Excitement ran high when Ira and his wife Carol came to pick us up for the game. Their first words to Arnie as they walked in the door were, "You can't wear that!" referring to his yellow shirt with the sequined phoenix. "It's not a Shea thing," explained Ira. Lacking any interest in argument, Arnie changed into something that offended them only slightly less. "I don't like that hat," said Carol of my blue denim cap, but feeling that enough was enough, I ignored her.

Shea Stadium, contrary to my expectations, is not a bowl, but is open at one end rather like a soup ladle to accommodate what Arnie told me was the outfield. My next surprise, as we walked down to our seats, was the size of the diamond. It looked teeny-weensy; I had expected a baseball diamond to be more comparable to a football field. As we neared our seats -- satisfyingly close to the field -- a uniformed man wearing an enormous blue furry mitten on one hand turned down our seats and dusted them off with a flourish and a smile. Hawkers were already running up and down the aisles carrying metal boxes filled with goodies -- hot dogs, peanuts, crackerjacks.

A multitude of orange-suited stadium employes bustled around the field, pretending they were working. Like farmers they studied the ground, the grass and the threatening sky. Giant tarpaulins were rolled up and lying around the perimeter of the field should the heavens open. My secret hope was to see them unfurled before I left, but the rains didn't come until the next morning. Arnie pointed out the television camera a few rows over and a level up; I hadn't realized what an important role the tv camera play for the spectators. The fans were constantly aware of them, eager for each swing past and ever-ready to spring to their feet and wave madly to catch the electronic eye. The orange-suited men rolled down the last foot of the diamond, and I'm sure that every blade of grass was combed into its precisely correct position by the time they finished. They swiftly repainted the white lines around the batters box, rather similar to the gardeners who painted the white roses red.

We were treated to a special exhibition before the game: the American Legion was presenting an award to some particular baseball noble and treated us to a short, but nonetheless dull, presentation ceremony, then filed away after Jerry Koosman said his courteous thank-you's to a scattered round of applause.

A very buxom blonde in a long green dress came out and sang "Oh Canada" in French, while a translation flashed across the scoreboard. Then she sang "The Star Spangled Banner"; I was surprised at the number of people who sang along. When the blonde lady reached The Note, her voice cracked along with the voices of every other patriot in the stadium. It was kinda grand and glorious to know that we were part of a famous old tradition (voice-cracking, that is), and no one appeared to mind the lack of musical expertise.

Now the players took the field. First the announcer called the name of each Montreal Expo as he ran out to his position. It was sort of ghastly to hear the fans boo each player in turn, and I was disappointed at their lack of sportsmanlike hospitality. Arnie admitted in a whisper that the Met fans were a rather Low sort, and agreed that it would be nicer if they could at least be polite to the other team. Then the Mets were introduced one by one, each to a rousing cheer, and Tom Seaver got the biggest hoorah at all.

The vendors began to get into the swing of things, and they darted up and down the aisles offering their wares. Arnie and I each had a hot dog. I had been looking forward to my ballpark hot dog for years and, as I expected, it was the best thing I found at the game. Having waited so long for this experience (and also all day for food of any kind), I really wanted another. But Carol and Ira don't really understand renegade culture and seemed aghast at my longings, so I regretfully declined Arnie's offer of a second hot dog and instead asked for a bag of peanuts (which were perhaps the worst thing I found at the ball park).

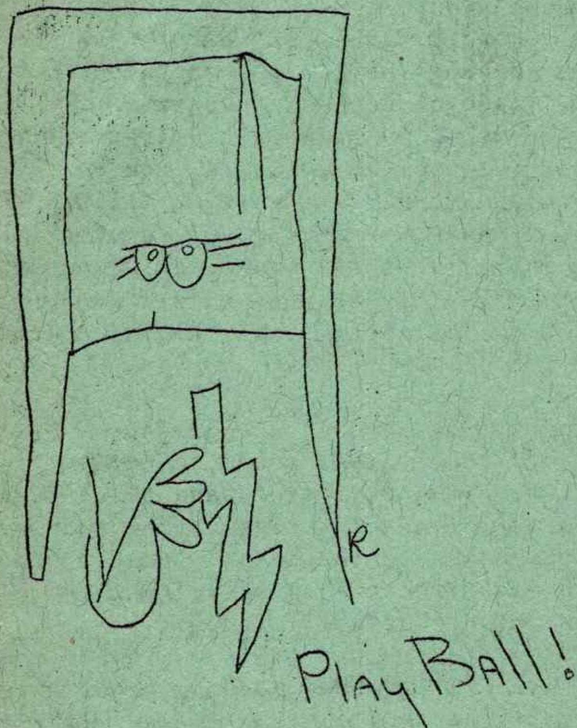
Various fans had their individualistic ways of relating to the proceedings. One guy a few seats over was evidently a frustrated announcer; he was giving a non-stop play-by-play description of the game. "Seaver winds, kicks...there's the pitch! It's a slow outside curve. He swings and misses...strike!" and so forth inning after inning. I found it homey. Not only did it relieve me of the need to watch (which necessity I didn't much feel anyhow), but it also made me a little drowsy. The lady three rows in front of us was mad; she kept shouting more or less violent phrases, exhorting the pitcher to kill whomever was at bat. Two fans carried a great big sign which read "Tom Terrific?" and kept parading it back and forth in front of the stands.

I wanted beer in a paper cup, since this is such a baseball thing to have, so Arnie and I were keeping a steady watch for the vendor. There was one working our section, but each trip he'd only satisfy about two rows of our aisle before he'd be sold out and have to go back for a fresh supply. Finally, after almost a half-dozen tries, he worked his way back to where we were sitting. As SWOON's on-the-spot reporter I think it's important that you should know that baseball beer in New York is no longer served in paper cups; it comes in plastic containers with a thin saranwrap top. A fairly generous glassful costs 60 cents and tastes just about the same as beer does everywhere else. Evidently they forgot the magic ingredient that turns it into the nectar I had been led to expect was served at baseball parks.

Every now and then the tv camera panned past, and the people in the stands would go crazy. A lady wearing practically nothing jumped up and down and waved her arms and blew kisses at the cameraman, but though she was the most enthusiastic, she was certainly not alone in her courtship of the big eye. It was clear to me that this was what the trip to the ball park was actually all about, despite rumors to the contrary. "Stand up," said Arnie, "and you'll be on tv." I protested heartily. "No one I know will be watching anyhow. No

one I know watches baseball games." But Arnie insisted that this indignity, too, was part of the experience, so we both stood and waved. I suppose everyone who does it must feel as foolish as we did, nevertheless, it seemed like a good idea at the time.

All in all, I guess it was a pretty successful ballgame for me. I saw one three-run homer, which was very exciting. I would've seen a base stolen, except that I was looking at something else at the time, and by the time I noticed what was happening, it was all over. And I saw a whole bunch of hits, though quite a few of them didn't count because someone caught them on the fly. I saw at least one fairly spectacular (so everyone said) catch in the outfield. The Canadians got mad at their pitcher and brought in another one. They brought him from the bull pen in a little cart shaped like a baseball cap, and that was pretty exciting.



The scoreboard was interesting, too. Along with all the standings and scores and other dull stuff, they kept flashing cryptic messages about coming ball park attractions and riddles such as, "What player had the most strikeouts in a three-game series in the National League?" Arnie and Ira always knew the answers. Then, too, the scoreboard would occasionally flash a typographical error. I had to sympathize with the person who made his typos in neon before 30,000 people.

The best part of the game of all (except for the hot dog which was transcendental) was what Arnie called the Seventh Inning Stretch. The organist started playing at the end of the Seventh Inning and all the people stood up and stretched, sort of like creaky calisthenics, and then they clapped along with the music. It was very jolly; the people clapping, the music, the camera panning over the audience. But even good things have to come to an end, and soon they started playing ball again.

The mets won the game. As best I recall, the Canadians didn't score any points at all, which seemed sad, because they had such pretty blue uniforms that they surely deserved something. But that's sports for you.

And the next morning, when Arnie and I made our usual Saturday trip to the newsstand, the dealer said, "Hey, I saw you on tv last night."

True Fame.

-- Joyce Katz

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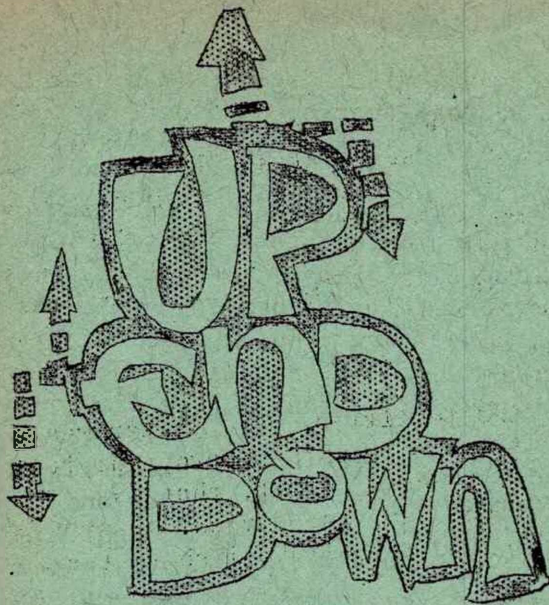
We sat around and chanted famous fannish punchlines

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"It's hard to be brilliant in two line," I said to Joyce. "Well then," she replied, why not just beg for contributions of art and articles. OK. Pl-e-e-a-a-s-s-s-e-e-e.



# BILL KUNKEL



IT HADDA HAPPEN JUST  
WHEN MY VOICE WAS CHANGING!



## ELECTRICITY KINGS PART ONE

"You gotta turn that damn thing down!"

I got my first guitar at the harrowing age of 13 in the year of our lawd, nineteen hundred and sixty-three. I was born at the center of the century and now, having just passed my first quarter-century on this whizzing mudball, I look back through a chrono-telescope found in an attic, all dusty and rusty, and scarred by a jagged crack running through its center. It produces illusions, so beware that what passes for fact may be only an enchantment, created by the thickness and crazy angles of the glass.

The guitar was beautiful, a bowl-topped Harmony acoustic with a sharp steel sound, especially metallic as you strummed further toward the bridge. I later replaced the metal strings, when she was very old and her sound was no longer so clear, with a new prototype plastirubber-coated softstring, and the sound was muted, but still lovely.

One day, after I had been playing about three months, my father, a construction worker without musical background and not much more than a seventh grade education, asked me how to read the music and play the notes. He was a natural musician -- had always played the harmonica beautifully -- and in about 10 minutes had learned how to read the notes. When I got my next guitar, I gave the Harmony to him, and when he'd come home from work, he'd go down to our basement and play for hours and hours.

My dad bought the guitar for me at the same store where I was to take my lessons -- Nick Clesi's joint a flight above a store that was always changing from a men's shop to a luncheonette to a pizzeria.

Nick had a band, or at least the remnants of one. Once, years back, he had been very prestigious, playing the big ships like the USS United States and becoming musical director for the two swank catering houses in the area. He held that job until he lost the band's entire paycheck at the trotters. For the fifth time.

So he wound up with a rinky-dink musical school.

## Up End Down - II

Joe, the guitar player in Nick's band, was my teacher. He was a terrible teacher, and I was a terrible pupil. He was always eating hero sandwiches or onions or carrots and looking at his watch. He was a short, squat Italian man whose sweat smelled like vinegar in the small pseudo-soundproofed room. After teaching me the rudiments, we moved on to the Mel Bay books, which are so ridiculous and confusing. He was always trying to get me to play "Charade" and "Dream (When You're Feeling Blue)" in inversions. I was too ignorant to realize that we weren't going to eventually get around to "Tell Me" by the Stones, which he only knew from playing it at weddings and bar mitzvahs. And one night I figured out the chords to "House of the Rising Sun," and I never took another lesson.

But I did go back to get my first electric guitar and amplifier. The guitar was a Tosca, a Gretsch house-name. It was fire engine red with a white pick guard, and it looked like the most beautiful thing in the world to me. Once I got it, that is. The amp was only three weeks late, but the ponies had obviously inherited my ax. It was the summer, and every day I'd sit in Nick's store, listening to him tell bull shit stories.

"Yeah, Billy-boy," he'd say. "You know, Hitler had a list of 10 men whose balls he wanted worse than anybody. And my name, baby, my name was number four. That's right!"

One day I was in there waiting for my guitar with the drummer from my very first band. He was five years older than me and looked like a bigger, greasier Sal Mineo. His name was Jimmy, and he'd left school when his father died -- which was when he was in the fourth grade. He stuttered terribly and always wore his shirt unbuttoned with a colored skin-tight teeshirt underneath.

Jimmy had been waiting six months for a set of silver-sparkle Gretsch drums that he'd paid for in full. Nick was telling us about a commando raid, which he capped with his usual: "Yeah, boys, Hitler wanted me bad. I was number three on his list of guys he wanted to kill. Yeah, he sure wanted me!" His standing on the Fuhrer's hate parade fluctuated from day to day, depending on how much time he'd spent in the Gold Eagle Tavern.

"W-w-what ha-ha-happened, Nick?" Jimmy stammered, "he o-order a s-s-set of d-drums offa ya?"

Fortunately, Jimmy had a beautiful sister who had a boyfriend who was a live, honest-to-god strong-arm man for the Maf. He had this Belgian shepherd that looked like the fucking House of the Baskervilles. "Dog likes to eat Jews," he told us

I believe Jimmy's brother-in-law -- I know he wasn't really his brother-in-law, but everyone figured they'd get married so that's what they called him -- had a name, but he was never referred to by it. He used to just lay around the cellar while Jimmy read "Archie" comic books and I practiced guitar, and screw Jimmy's sister. When she wasn't around, he'd lie on the couch chain smoking and eventually order Jimmy out of the house to buy him "some jerk-off books."

Eventually, Jimmy's brother-in-law decided to get our stuff for us. We walked around to Nick's, and he told us to wait outside. A few seconds later, he and Nick hit the street, and Nick got pushed into the front seat of a black Caddy. "Wait here, kids," he instructed us. They took off in a cloud of smoke and a screech of burnt rubber. A half-hour later, he returned with the stuff.

Actually, once we got the equipment, it wasn't much fun hanging out at Nick's any more. The fun lay in seeing which stall he'd use that particular day. There were about 20, but my favorite was, as Nick put it so eloquently, "My brother-in-law, the stupid chadona! The jerk-off tried to carry your guitar in off the truck and got a hernia!" Amazed, I checked

the catalog. "But Nick," I exclaimed, "that guitar only weighs seven pounds!"

Nick was flabbergasted. "That dumb chalona!" he said. "He must've picked up the wrong guitar!" I met Jimmy about three years after that ill-fated band broke up. When I asked what he was doing, he replied that he was "w-w-working for the g-government."

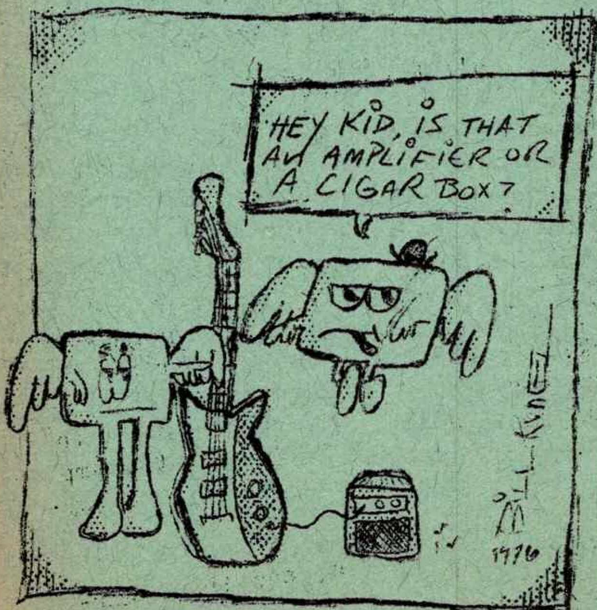
I was astounded! "Doig what?" I asked incredulously.

"P-p-painting hand grenades," he said.

It took me a long time to really figure out music. But once I saw it, there was no stopping me. Once I had that insight, it was like all I needed to know. And it was so simple that I was truly amazed. It took me considerably less time to figure out musicians. They always want better. Always a new guitar, a new amp ("But, dad, without reverb it sounds dead! Here, listen, I b rrowed Vito's, listen how good his sounds compared to mine!") Sometimes you got, sometimes you waited and then got. And sometimes you never did get.

Between the ages of 14 and 18, before I finally settled in with the guitarist whom I'd always stay with and who would form the nexus of all future bands, I must have played in 12 different bands. After leaving Jimmy's band, I joined up with some chumps my own age from my school. At grammar school graduation we played three songs, and I solo'd the melody line on "P.S., I Love You," which would sound awful even if Eric Clapton did it. My peers ate it up.

I moved up through the ranks and began playing at birthday parties in cellars and garages where there were never any electric outlets, and y u always had t have seven extension cords, and some klutz was always tripping over one of them. We wow d 'em with our usual whammo material -- "Good Lovin'" and "Well-Respected Man." After a triumphal audition engagement in our ham-handed rhythm guitarist's basement, we won the right to have the girls from Miraculous Medal High School come hear us and maybe give us a gig at a confraternity dance. These were weekly things where, if you scored, you were invited back for the big monthly dance, for which you were paid.



In those days, the only requirement needed to play in one of my bands was a cellar and slightly deaf parents. Usually a basement and a big amp, into which two guitars and a mike could be plugged, were enough.

That's how Dennis, the biggest schmuck and least coordinated kid in our high school got in. He had a cellar and a new amp. So two girls came over, and one was short and fat, and the other was tall and kind of cute. The fat one liked the drummer, who was also fat, and the tall one liked me. We went into the back and made out, and then played a surprisingly good "Last Train to Clarksville." I turned down Dennis' volume to the point where he was playing, for all intents and purposes, a solid-body acoustic. We got the job.

We got there early, Dennis was taking

tranquillizers, which his mother was always feeding him, and we set up. Then I jumped off the stage to have a look. Suddenly, on that vast auditorium stage, our equipment, which had looked so ominous and sounded so loud in basements and garages, looked small and puny. Miserable.

Things were looking grim until suddenly, they looked hopeless. It seems that two bands were always hired for the try-outs, and this other band was setting up Fender Bandmasters with extension speaker cases with two 12-ft. Lansing speakers -- and a P.A. system and an enormous drum kit. The lead and rhythm guitars, along with the background mike, were all being miked out of Dennis' "big" amp, which now looked somewhat smaller than their P.A. control console. Our stuff looked like transistor radios, and when we opened up on "Good Lovin'" the sound just sorta went up into the rafters and hung out up there. We couldn't even hear ourselves, and we were only six feet from the fucking things! Someone yelled: "You're not plugged in!" He didn't know how right he was.

There's nothing crueller in the whole world than an audience what don't like the band. Especially the crew that leans on the edge of the stage to watch the lead guitarist's trembling fingers. They smirk and then, as if by prearranged signal, turn to their partners and slap one another five.

My ego was dead. In the middle of the second verse I stopped singing, stopped playing and just walked off the stage. It wasn't panic so much as the righteous conviction that we just plain sucked. I walked out the side door and down the block to a candy store to drink egg creams. Later I was told that some of our friends who had come along, who were either completely insensitive to ridicule or bold as bitches, took over and completed the set. When I finally came back into the auditorium, the other band was doing their set. They sucked, too, but they were certainly much louder about it.

"What did you do! What did you do!" Dennis kept screaming.

"I left you, horse's ass. What do you think I did?"

"But why? We had a job to do, and we committed --"

"Oh, suck a duck, chadona! Get outta my life!" I called my ad and he picked up me and my equipment. He was philosophical. "Look, if you don't have the tools, you can't do the job."

"Yeah," I agreed, "If we'd of had their equipment, we'd have blown 'em off the stage." I was full of shit. The next day, Dennis called to say, "I don't think you should be the leader of the band any more."

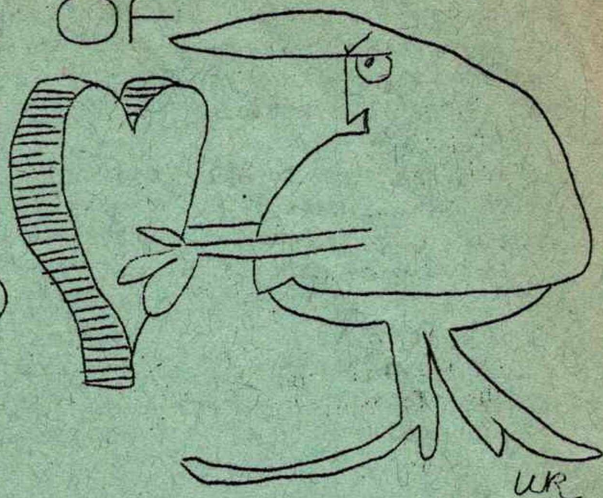
I stumbled through other bands, and it was always the same problem -- inadequate equipment and no place to play. Eventually we settled in at the houses of the drummer and McGill, the base player. When we got kicked out of one, we'd pack up and move to the other. By the time they were ready to give us the heave, we'd conned our way back into our former lair. Eventually, we hit on a surefire gimmick. We had a lobotomized amp -- no speakers, no tubes, no nothing, just the frame. It was enough. We used to stand it in a prominent position, and when a Parent came down to complain, we'd direct him to the amp and tell him to turn it as low as he thought he should. Satisfied, he would go back upstairs, and we'd carry on as if nothing had happened.

Eventually, after a lot of stumbling and wrong bands, I met Darren, and the begin-

((Continued at end of "The Infinite Beanie"))

# THE TWO ROADS OF INSURGENTISM

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO  
ARNIE KATZ



I really wanted to call this article "The Three Roads of Insurgentism," because, let's face it, that's a much classier title. "Three" is such a literary number. There's "The Three Bears," "The Three Musketeers," "Three Coins in the Fountain," "Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch," "Three-Way Motel Teenage Hot Lust Incest Orgy of Submission" -- like I said, all the great literary works.

The only problem is that sitting at the typewriter, trying to write this article, I can't for the life of me come up with a third road of insurgentism. It isn't as though I haven't made a sincere effort. I wracked my brains for days. Here I had two solid, well-paved roads of insurgentism -- two veritable super highways -- and I could not find even the slightest trace of a third road.

I've reviewed the entire history of fandom for the last 40 years and minutely analyzed the careers of every fannish fan of any consequence, hoping to raise the number of roads of insurgentism by one.

And do you know what I found in all my research? Nothing.

Nothing, nothing, nothing.

Nothing.

I'm not really a greedy person. At this point I would gladly settle for "The Two Roads and One Cowpath of Insurgentism." Yet no matter how diligently I count them, the number of roads of insurgentism always poops out after two.

Faced with this seemingly insoluble problem, I did what I usually do in such cases. I asked Joyce. She looked at the article title and my first paragraph. "Hmpf," she hmpf'd. "Two roads of insurgentism, that's not too many."

"What the hell am I going to do?" I moaned. "I can't come up with a goddamn third road of insurgentism."

"Well, maybe you could squeeze through with two roads," she offered, genuinely touched by the despair in my voice.

"No," I said firmly. "Never." You have to understand my position. This article was to be my comeback vehicle, my chef d'oeuvre to show fans that I still haven't lost whatever it is I had when I had it. "The Three Roads of Insurgentism" is an article that

## The Two Roads of Insurgentism - II

live through the ages, endure till the end of time. Perhaps, I thought, it might even be reprinted by a fanzine editor hard up for material in 1981.

On the other hand, "The Two Roads of Insurgentism" is instantly forgettable. What was I saying? Oh, yes. "The Two Roads of Insurgentism" is instantly forgettable. No one will reprint it in 1981 (or any other year). It will not live through the ages or endure till the end of time. In fact, it's the title for an article that even the people it mentions won't bother to scan for their names.

In short, definitely not the stuff of which comebacks, faanish or otherwise, are made.

After watching helplessly while I sat at the typewriter with great, wet tears of frustration sliding down my sensitive fannish face, Joyce was moved to try once more. "Well," she offered, "if you still can't think of a third road --"

"And I can't," I interrupted. "Two roads, that's it."

"--why not just write it up as 'The Two Road of Insurgentism'?" she finished. "'Two' is a good number. It's literary. How about 'Two for the Seesaw' or 'Two Gentlemen of Verona'? And there's 'Tea for Two,' 'Two-Gun Kid' comics, and 'A Tale of Two Cities.' What if Charles Dickens had sat around waiting to think of a third city?"

"Well, Betsy Harris wouldn't have had a breakdown."

"Who's Betsy Harris?" Joyce asked with a hint of wifely wariness, for I had never previously mentioned Betsy Harris.

"She went to my high school. She looked exactly like a girl named 'Betsy' should," I remembered. "Like the girls who are always 'getting down to basics' in those soap commercials." I sensed a wave of hostility directed at Betsy Harris wherever she may be.

"You had a thing for her, didn't you?" Joyce accused, digging me in the ribs to punctuate her question.

"No, no, certainly not. You can't have those kinds of thoughts about someone named 'Betsy Harris'." I groped in vain for the precise words. "She was, well, pure." Purity was in short supply at Great Neck South Senior High School. Jewish girls all seem to mature so early.

"As I was about to say," I resumed with some impatience, "when I was in the 10th grade, my last two classes every day had just about the same people in both. I think they were tracking the brighter kids or something, because we had all the top students, the GO and class officers and like that. Plus me. We all had Social Studies for sixth period and English for seventh.

"One day our Social Studies teacher announced that, in line with our study of the French Revolution, we were going to see a special 45-minute version of 'A Tale of Two Cities' prepared especially for use in the classroom.

"The movie began to unreel, and I began to hear little snarfs and sniffles coming from the desk directly behind mine, where sat the golden girl of Great Neck, Betsy Harris. The film was terrifically compressed to jam it into one class period, so events moved at a breakneck pace. It wasn't too long before Madame Guillotine was lopping off about a head a second.

"Outright sobs from Betsy Harris.

The Two Roads of Insurgentism - III

"And when Sidney Cartan said: 'Tis a far, far better thing I do...' you could hear Betsy Harris weeping all over the classroom. Finally, she slumped over her desk, completely overcome by emotion.

"It took about six of us to lead the half-hysterical Betsy to our next class.

"The class was still shuffling into their seats, though not without a few glances at the tear-streaked face of Betsy Harris, when Miss Jacobson said to us, 'I have a special treat for you today.'

"Somehow I knew."

"Knew what?" Joyce asked, bending, though not actually breaking, my narrative flow.

"Miss Jacobson hit the lights and 'A Tale of Two Cities' began to roll for the second time in as many hours.

"Betsy didn't even need to see the opening scene. When the title flashed on the screen, she began whimpering. Her face turned purplish, and her whole body vibrated due to her efforts to keep her runaway emotions under a semblance of control.

"'A Tale of Two Cities' ground onward, and soon students in neighboring classrooms could not have failed to be aware that Betsy Harris was crying over the movie. And when Sidney Cartan stood there, just as noble as anything, and said, 'Tis a far, far better thing I do...' Betsy Harris began screaming uncontrollably.

"She was never the same after that," I finished, sighing deeply for the lost Betsy Harris. "So you see, I have to press on. I have to find that third road of insurgentism."

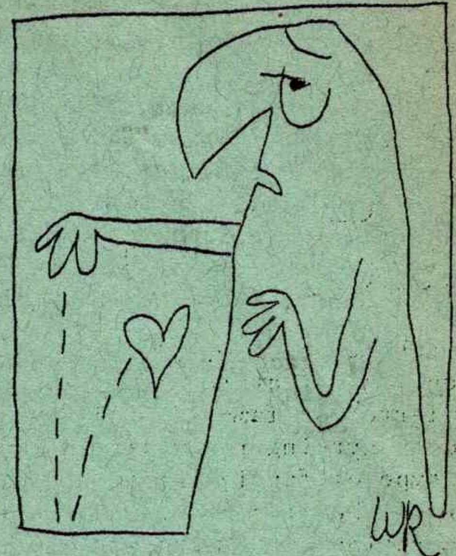
"Uh, huh," Joyce said as she began backing away from me.

So I'm going to sit here, alone at my typewriter, until I find that third road. 'Tis a far, far better thing I do...

-----  
He's so more-gafiated-than-thou.  
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**CRIME WAVE** After arriving in mid-Manhattan on a bus from New Jersey, where Joyce and I had visited my borthor Ira and his wife Carol, I committed what will surely go down as the crime of the century. Through circumstances too byzantine to recount, I stumbled through an exit into a subway station right in front of a transit cop, dragging Joyce and our baggage behind me. Besides being the basically honest type who returns excess change to clerks, I've always been sure I would be caught and arrested the first time I stepped out of line.

So I strolled through the exit into the station, cheating the city out of two 50-cent fares in the process, and I was well on my way home before the enormity of what I had done dawned upon me. I had done it. Brazenly, fearlessly, I had flouted the law and, if I did not know that at the time I was crossing the line into criminality, it only proved that I have a natural aptitude for illegality. Next month I'll tell you how my daring daylight raid on Ft. Knox turns out. -- Arnle



ALL OUR YESTERDAYS  
ALL OUR YESTERDAYS  
ALL OUR YESTERDAYS  
ALL OUR YESTERDAYS  
ALL OUR YESTERDAYS

Let me start by pleading my case. I think fanzines today are better than they've ever been, on the average, even if the finest ones lack the glamour and patina that age has conferred on famous fanzines of the past. There has never been a time when fandom produced anything resembling the number of fine fanzine artists active today. The scholarly type of fanzine writing is a new phenomenon which will get more of the praise it deserves when fandom grows more accustomed to thinking while reading. I don't see any degeneration in the character or behavior of the average fan today when I compare him with the fans of the past, and he shows more timebinding ability today than his elders ever did. So, if I recognize the good things about fandom today, may I be excused for thinking wistfully about just one minute phase of fandom in the past? I don't find fans today doing the creative things with their tape recorders that they achieved when tape was a comparative novelty.

I've been reviewing some of my tape archives. Some of the things in them were as fine as memory insisted they were. Maybe I'm unaware of some tape recording feats of the last few years, but I get the impression that fans are using their tapers nowadays principally to correspond, to preserve the sound that comes from record players or television sets and to exchange dubbings of old radio programs, plus some collecting of speeches, panels and similar events at cons.

A good example of what fans aren't doing today is the faanish satirical tape productions that were emerging from Cheltenham and Liverpool about a dozen years ago. They were exceptional, hard to distinguish from professional ventures in any way. In fact, I still haven't figured out how certain effects were achieved with the resources available to the fan groups in those British areas. Dubbings from them enjoyed a limited circulation in this country, but I don't think many people in the United States have yet heard my favorite. It's a tour de force derived from three sources: the United States presidential race of 1960, TAFF and the innuendoes that were arising from TAFF and some lively feuding then in progress in British fandom.

This was a Cheltenham production. It's put together like a fine watch, in the form of BBC coverage of an Ashworth-Bentcliffe-Sanderson TAFF race. Reporters give breathless details of the progress of voting from different parts of the British Isles, with painstaking differentiation of background hubbub every time a new city reports in. Some of the humor would be unintelligible to newer fans, like the excited announcement that Liverpool fandom has just cast 300 votes for Bentcliffe, a stunning surprise development. (The shock results from the fact that only 60 fans were eligible to vote in that city, a nasty allusion to vote-buying charges that had been heard in previous TAFF campaigns.) Sanderson is cast as villain of the piece, so biting that Pittcon attendees were deprived of a chance to hear this tape. (The only tape recorder at the con capable of playing this tape belonged to one of Sandy's best friends and nobody was willing to risk it.) One climax

HARRY WARNER



# TAPES

comes with the tumultuous arrival of William Makepeace Harrison, a then-celebrated character in British fanzine fiction modeled after the old Edwardian adventure novels in the Doyle tradition, with the deciding TAFF vote. Whoever spoke his lines gave an uncannily accurate imitation of Churchill's voice and rhetoric. The vote goes to Bentcliffe, and then comes what I still can't figure out: what sounds like hundreds of voices singing a triumphant campaign song for Eric. Someone tried to tell me it was done with sound-on-sound techniques, but it doesn't impress me as the kind of sound you get with that method, and besides, this explanation doesn't clear up the mystery of how the Cheltenham fans managed to accompany the choir with what sounds like a very large symphony orchestra.

John Myers Myers' *Silverlock* is a book that had a tremendous vogue in fandom a few years back. I don't think it's often discussed today, but I own a lasting proof of how much it was admired by some fans, in the form of musical settings of some of the poetry interspersed in that roman a clef. Ted Johnstone and Bruce Pelz do the singing, apparently accompanying themselves on the guitar. Their lusty voices fit very nicely with the folk-type settings which were worked out for the Myers stanzas. I'm a little vague about the composers, but I think they did most of it, with some help from Karen Anderson and Gordon Dickson on either the melodies or some extra verses for the shorter Myers poems. Little John's Song particularly intrigued me, for the ingenious delays introduced into its meter to elevate the melody above the level of the obvious. Larry McCombs sings one of the songs on this little tape in an eerie high tenor.

Some fans made real productions out of ordinary tape correspondence. Perhaps the leaders in this respect were Jean Linard, a pioneering French fan and his wife Anie. They evidently wrote a script before answering a correspondence tape, to make sure that they would cover all the matters that interested them in a succinct and interesting way, sometimes including special effects. In fact, Jean once confided to me that he felt a certain amount of resentment every time he mailed a correspondence tape to a fan, because he didn't think it quite fair for the recipient to destroy all his work by erasing the tape in the course of recording the answer. Curiously, all this hard work didn't destroy the informal quality of tape correspondence with the Linards. I saved one of their voice letters, maybe for the egoboo it provided. I'd tried out my French the last time I sent them a tape, and the comments they made in reply were absolute proof that they had understood what I was saying. Anie wasn't too skilled in English, but she had the knack of remembering my limitations and held her speaking pace down to about 200 words per minute when speaking in French to me. Jean rattled on at three or four times that pace, except when he was suddenly inspired to toss in a word or phrase or entire sentence in English, which he could speak very well. (He always had to correct his pronunciation of my name, which he would give correctly when he wasn't thinking about what he was saying. Then he would immediately correct himself and call me War-nair so American delusions about how Frenchmen mispronounce names wouldn't be riddled.) I wish I knew what happened to the Linards, who were active before fandom had really sprung up in France. He was publisher of MEUH, an indescribable fanzine, and wrote even more fantastic letters. Anie looked

### All Our Yesterdays - III

and sounded something like Mia Farrow, as far as I could determine from the tapes and photographs, although Jean was also a camera fan who diverted himself by sending out photographs of his wife which gave her three eyes or an upside down nose or a triangular head. Unfortunately, Jean suffered a breakdown, I believe the marriage later broke up, and I haven't heard a word about either for many years.

Wouldn't it be fine, every time a big city produced a famous fan group, if they all got together and chatted to a tape recorder for an hour or so, enabling posterity to gain some idea of how they were before gaffiation and migration and other troubles ended the municipale golden age? It probably hasn't happened too often, but it did in Los Angeles when practically everyone who was anyone in the early 1960's created a tape not meant for me but which eventually landed in my house through a complicated set of circumstances. Everyone was in fine humor, particularly Bjo. Rotsler wasn't there, but they were reminiscing about some of his artistic feats which are as hopelessly vanished as the famous Picasso sketch in the sand in the Bradbury story. They were the drawings he had made on barebacked feminine fans at a recent con, such as the one which depicted a Rotsler woman carrying a sign lettered "Phone for rates." Bjo, the possessor of the finest giggle I've ever heard in fandom, also told a wonderful account of a mysterious attack of hiccups which had afflicted her. They were remarkable hiccups because they were spaced exactly two hours apart, instead of the customary rate of several per minute, and a companion had embarrassed her by remarking after a hiccup in public: "Well, it must be 10:30." I think it's the voice of Perdue that tells on this tape about a pet dog that jumped through a plate glass window to demonstrate its hatred of postmen and speculates on the sales potential if someone started to produce a Mailman brand of dogfood.

I've saved some tapes because they rounded out my mental picture of fans whom I knew otherwise only from letters and fanzines. Particularly precious is a substantial hunk of tape containing the voice of Walter Willis. WAW always claimed that much of his popularity as a fanzine writer came from the pains he took with his manuscripts, writing carefully and later revising and rewriting. But this tape proves his ability to be wise and witty on an ad lib basis. He tells how he felt somehow guilty and imagined he was some kind of inverted bore because someone had made a tape for him at a party and had called certain fans away from the hilarity two or three separate times to say hello to Walt. WAW also explains on this tape something I don't recall seeing in print about his speaking style, which isn't the accent we normally associate with Irishmen. He used to have a strong Belfast accent, he says, then went to a public school (the UK equivalent of our private schools) where part of the education consisted of driving out regional influences on his speech. When he left that school, he felt homesick for his old style of talking, and now his accent is frozen midway between Belfast and the public school. Curiously, this tape contains the earliest example known to me of a fan expressing interest in golden age radio. Shortwave stations in this country used to send all the network programs overseas and Walt loved them. Then the Voice of America took charge and began producing its own programs aimed specifically at other nations. And so, perhaps 15 years ago, while the golden age was still gleaming faintly in this country, an Irish fan was longing for its great radio era as ardently as Americans have done in recent years.

A special curiosity is the first and probably the only issue of a Japanese tape fanzine. The group that published UCHUJIN as a Japanese fanzine decided to try to make themselves better known in the United States. The sound on this tape is not very good, because Japan's 50-cycle electricity created dubbing problems. But it's worth the effort of listening closely to hear such unexpected things as a 17-year-old feminine fan whose name sounds like Shelko Hira singing a cappella "Swanee River". Various Japanese fans give little talks about their activities or hopes for world peace, and there's a lengthy story by a writer named, I think, Hoshi, read by the translator whose name might have been Saiocho, with the help of a girl who spoke a few lines of dialogue.

## All Our Yesterdays - IV

There also seems to have been more effort years ago to put onto tape the most extreme audio rarities in fandom, the recordings made on disc or wire before tape recorders came into general use. I can't remember who sent me one precious reel of tape which contains dubbings of some remarkable things. There's another Japanese relic, a recording made commercially by Burton Crane. He wasn't well known in fandom, but he dabbled in it as a result of his interest in mundane apas and his friendship with Helen Wesson, who has long hovered between mundane and fantasy apas. Burton was a New York Times employe who was stationed in Japan and moonlighted with some success as a singer. I don't know whether the song is Japanese or American in origin. He sings one chorus in Japanese, the other in English, to a very western tune that sounds something like a polka. If you know a song containing lines like "Glorious, glorious, one keg of beer for the four of us," that's the one Burton recorded. Also on the tape, one of the few surviving examples of the voice of Francis T. Laney, who was cutting a disc with Charles Burbee's help for Redd Boggs. It includes a probably unpublished anecdote about Al Ashley and the Hypnotic Ad, an odd reference to a man with shiny fingers that is new to me, and the story of the time Walter J. Daugherty tried to use an hourglass at a LASFS meeting. I haven't decided yet if Laney was using a fannish expression I know nothing about or a mundane term when he called something "strictly henhouse".

I made one unnerving discovery when I was renewing acquaintance with these archives. Some of the tapes have become quite brittle. Like most fans, I have no scientific method for storing tapes, and they've been subjected to hot summer temperatures and chilly winter days in a semi-heated bedroom under whatever humidity nature provided. If you have any rare old fannish tapes, I recommend dubbing them onto new tape the first time you have access to a second recorder to save yourself endless trouble splicing broken ends of tape as the substance deteriorates further in future years. So far I've found no evidence that the immortality which old fanzines seem to possess also extends to unique copies of fannish tapes.

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### The Race of Fuggheads Is Legion

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(In WILD HAIR #3, Cyrus B. Condra wrote a series of sketches about the assembled one-shotters. When he came to himself, Burbee took over...)

This is Burbee taking over. Condra was just about starting to write about THE MAN CONDRA, and I thought it would be nice if I took over and said all the nice things myself. Coming from another person, they'd sound so much better. That's what I told Condra. He didn't believe me or something, so I called our amiable bulldozer Rotsler over, and the amiable bulldozer dragged Condra away and at this very moment is offering to bet Condra that Condra's head is harder than an eggshell.

"I'll bet a dollar," I can hear the amiable bulldozer saying, "that I can't, no matter how hard I press, crush your head line an eggshell."

"I'm not a betting man!" Condra is shouting.

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How long has it been since anyone called Rotsler 'the amiable bulldozer

---

Fanhistory freaks who don't yet have "The Incomplete Terry Carr" can still obtain one of these volumes from the publishers of this very high class fanzine you are now reading. It costs a buck, which we earnestly promise not to spend on anything worthwhile or even useful. "The Enchanted Duplicator" is more or less out of print again, since the entire stock is gone. I might be able to dig up an extra, but don't send money for it anymore.

# THE INFINITE BEANIE

TERRY  
CARR



Every few years I go through a spasm of cleaning up my desk, and in the process I discover all the unfinished fan articles and stories I've amassed since last time. Usually there are a few items which I still want to finish, and so it was during my most recent cleanup: I found that story I started two years ago when I was stoned -- the only time I ever tried writing sf when I was thus exalted -- and I reread what I'd done and liked it, so I finished the story and Bob Silverberg took it for New Dimensions.

Other pieces I unearthed during that cleanup seem less likely to be finished in the near future, and in fact they're more and more taking on the parchment-like aspect of Fragments. So I think I'll present them here.

Here's the beginning of a fan story started a couple of years ago. Its theme is still appropriate, but some of the details in what's written are getting dated:

+ + +

"Wouldn't you know it would be him," said Wesley. "There's never been a dope bust at a convention, but he's just begging for it."

"Yeah, it doesn't sound like the coolest pot party I was ever invited to," Gene said. "Did you say anything to him about that, about not inviting everybody he sees?"

"Sure. Of course. And right in the middle of what I was saying he grabbed some First Fandomite going by and invited him." Wesley shook his head.

They were standing in a foyer off the huckster room. Since there was a break in the program, fans were milling around the room, some looking at the wares, some talking, a few -- the ones whose nametags had no cartoons to decorate them -- looking a bit lost, smiling tentatively at anyone who looked their way. There was a low drone of conversation

## The Infinite Beanie - II

permeating the room like the cigarette smoke that hung above, so Gene and Wesley didn't worry that anyone would overhear them.

"A First Fandomite? Really?"

Wesley shrugged. "Oh, I dunno, but he had a First Fandomite look. Did you ever notice how whenever a worldcon comes around all the First Fandomites show up so they can walk around looking vindicated for four days?"

"Yeah, well, whatever turns you on," Gene said. "But, hey, what did he say when Foster told him about the party? Did Foster say right out that it was a pot party?"

"Absolutely. Just like I told you: 'We're having the world's first open-door science fiction pot party in Room 1125 tonight.' I don't think the guy was really listening, though; he just sort of smiled and nodded and went on by."

"Well, not everybody's going to miss what Foster says. Where is he now?"

Wesley turned and looked around the room. "He was over by the -- yeah, there he is." He pointed.

Gene started moving through the crowd toward Foster. He managed to make his way with little trouble; he towered over most people, and had the bulk to go with it, plus a bushy black beard. Anytime he wasn't actually smiling he tended to look like an angry patriarch.

"Hey, Foster, how's it going?" He laid a hand on the younger fan's arm and half patted him, half steered him toward the side of the room.

"Gene. H'lo." Foster was the only person Gene had ever met who could say "hello" in one syllable.

"Gotta talk to you alone," Gene said.

"Alone?" Foster registered the word slowly as they moved toward the wall. He smiled his gentle smile, shook his head and said, "I don't have any secrets from anybody, you know that, Gene." But he kept walking with the bearded man until Gene had led him to the alcove. "What's it about?"

"The party, Foster. Yours, tonight, the world's first open-door convention pot party. Wow, that's not very cool, you know?"

+ + +

Ten years ago, when I was working for Scott Meredith, I discovered that people actually made money writing humor articles for general magazines like Playboy and TV Guide. Some of the writers whose work I was handling sold to these markets with articles I personally didn't think much of, but they got several buckets of money. So I decided to try my hand at it -- with indifferent success, as it turned out. I sold humor pieces to Esquire and another magazine that folded before they published, but most of what I wrote trying to be funny for money lacked much spark. Here's an article with a few flickers, though, begun with TV Guide in mind as a market and then-recent articles there as models:

+ + +

But now it's no secret that the doctor shows are a success. Dr. Kildare's hairstyle is as much imitated by high school boys as Jackie Kennedy's is by the girls, and Ben Casey's

### The Infinite Beanie - III

angry frown has become so indispensable to Americans that one medical college is reported to be considering a special advanced class in how to scowl sympathetically. Some observers have predicted that next season's crop of shows will include The Chiropractors and The Young Orthodontists.

Meanwhile, courtroom dramas have moved into prime time, with Sam Benedict and The Defenders both passing their Nielson bar exams. And this is enough to establish a pattern by which thinking viewers can project for themselves the shape of shows to come.

Doctor, lawyer... What's next?

Obviously it will be Indian chiefs, and to give you a closer idea of what to expect when the new shows are unveiled this fall, here's a quick rundown of one show that's probably already in the works:

#### The Big Chiefs

White Feather, the young chief of the Sioux, is a strong warrior with steely eyes and nerves that are steady as a rock -- he's played by an actor who went through therapy with Dr. Bassett this season. All he lacks is experience, and he's being watched carefully by the Big Chief of the tribe, Gathering Thundercloud. The elder chief seldom says much until the end of the show, but throughout he manages to project an aura of grim amiability.

The story begins with a wounded white boy being carried into camp by the tribesmen. White Feather immediately gives him a physical checkup to make sure he doesn't have a subdural hematoma. Gathering Thundercloud beads his brows and asks, "What's your diagnosis, young chief?"

"A strange case," says White Feather. "He's all right, but his tongue seems to be split down the middle."

"Where am I?" the boy murmurs deliriously.

"White man speak with forked tongue!" exclaims White Feather.

The boy's condition doesn't seem too bad, though, and he's put into a guarded tent for observation. The next day a delegation arrives from the Army fort to inquire about the boy, who was lost from the fort three days before. When they find that White Feather is holding him under guard, the soldiers demand the boy's release, but White Feather insists that the child is injured and mustn't be moved.

"I demand that you issue a writ of habeas corpus!" the Army captain says, but White Feather tells him there's no such thing under Indian law. The captain cites the case of *Early Bird v. Wurmm*, tried at Sinking Springs, Texas, the year before, but White Feather brushes this aside.

"Finders keepers, losers weepers," he says in his grave Indian manner, and the soldiers have no choice but to return to the fort emptyhanded.

+ + +

I stopped writing that because it was getting too corny, but whenever I run into a copy of TV Guide I wonder if I shouldn't have finished it.

Here's an article I started once for Arnie, an informal history of INNUENDO that I quit writing, because Arnie had started one that was appearing in ENERGUMEN. Arnie never finished his either, as it turned out, so INNUENDO still lacks its Toynbee.

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All the World's an Allusion

Fanzines are best understood in the context of their times and the personalities behind them. Current fans who might manage to find copies of PSYCHOTIC from its first incarnation, for instance, might wonder how a fanzine that in its first year was little better than a crudzine by modern fannish standards could have attracted so much attention by the end of that year that it became the recognized "focal point of fandom"; they'd have to know that in the early fifties, in the wake of the almost simultaneous sinking of both Sixth Fandom and the Phony Seventh, fanzine fandom was in such disarray that any fanzine offering the secure base of regular monthly publication had to be hailed gladly and flocked to; it was a little like wandering through late-night convention corridors looking for where the open party is, and finding it.

As for the importance of knowing something about the people behind fanzines, SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES' private life during its various incarnations has involved such entertaining hijinks and fanpolitik skullduggery that half the interest of the fanzine is lost if you don't have some idea what was going on behind the scenes. The charisma of Irish fandom contributed so much to HYPHEN and RETRIBUTION that even these fine fanzines pale a little if you aren't familiar with the personalities of Walt Willis, Bob Shaw, James White and the rest.

INNUENDO was no exception to these rules, so this informal (ie, written without much recourse to Looking Things Up) history of Inn will necessarily devote some side-glances at the people who directly or indirectly made it what it was. The story of any fanzine, if it's any good at all, is really the story of the interplay between its contributors and the rest of fandom.

Some background, first. INNUENDO first appeared in June of 1956, but it had been in the works since sometime late the previous year. This places its conception right square in the middle of the fifties, and anyone who was in fandom then will probably remember it as a period of fragmentation. The huge magazine boom of the early fifties, when 30 or 40 different titles were appearing simultaneously, had produced an overwhelming percentage of hackwork, with the direct result that the boom drowned itself in its own garbage. By 1955 magazines were dying right and left, and though usually it was the bad ones that went, this wasn't uniformly true: we rejoiced to see Fantastic Science Fiction and Ten-Story Fantasy fall by the wayside, but respectable attempts like Startling Stories and Famous Fantastic Mysteries were lost, too. What was actually happening was the death of the pulps, though few of us were yet sure of that.

All this was going on in the pro field in the mid-fifties, and it would be silly to suppose it had no effect on fandom. Fans then weren't as concerned with the pro field as they are now, but it was at the very least our anchor and our means of recruiting new blood. Professional sf as we knew it was dying or metamorphosing, and fandom showed it indirectly but plainly: we got less new talent and as a result, when the stalwart fans of Sixth Fandom and the Phony Seventh faded from sight, and even PSYCHOTIC was committing suicide (by trying to become a science fiction-oriented fanzine in a poor period for science fiction), then fanzine fandom began to falter. There were excellent fanzines appearing then, among them HYPHEN, A BAS, GRUE and OOPSLA!, but they were all irregular and often seemed to be published from a sense of duty rather than joy.

And where were the new fans to take over? Pete Vorzimer made an open attempt at focal pointness with ABSTRACT, a monthly fanzine that went in one year from crudzine to PSYCHOTIC's heir apparent. But Vorzimer too faded, a victim of photo-offset fantasies. He was succeeded by a young San Diego fan named Cliff Gould and his fanzine OBLIQUE, which attracted attention because in his first issue Gould himself wrote a fannish parody of

The Infinite Beanie - V

Matheson's Born of Man and Woman that laid 'em in the aisles. The scattered remnants of fanzine fandom, having outlasted the parties at PSYCHOTIC and ABSTRACT, converged on OBLIQUE.

During the next year OBLIQUE featured material by Mal Ashworth, John Berry, Vernon McCain and other prominent fans of the period, plus several more of Gould's parodies. But by late 1955 even OBLIQUE had become irregular, and we began to listen for the room number of the next party. Eventually, when Bay Area fandom could find no other gathering-place offering itself, we decided to throw a party ourselves and call it INNUENDO.

By way of closing this out, here is a bit of miscellanea I've been saving. This is a copy of an official memo from a judge to a jury which was given to me by Sid Coleman's friend Mitzi several years ago; Mitzi is a lawyer, and though she changed the names to protect the innocent (her), she swore this was virtually word-for-word:

IN THE UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT  
FOR THE DISTRICT OF MARYLAND

THE UNITED STATES

CRIMINAL NO. 26559

v.

JOHN J. SMITH,  
an individual trading as  
VITAMIN PRODUCTS COMPANY OF BALTIMORE

Foreman of the Jury:

I have, a few moments ago, received a communication from you which reads as follows:  
"We would like to have some coffee."

The Court desires to make every effort to try to convenience the members of the jury but, for reasons which I will explain fully to you when you are next in the jury box in the courtroom, I regret to inform you that your request at this time cannot be honored.

\_\_\_\_\_  
Joseph A. Jones  
United States District Judge

-- Terry Carr

-----  
I never met a fan I didn't like

Joe the Hermit  
-----

Up End Down (continued)

ning of a band was found. Neither of us knew it at the time, but a wild world lay ahead of us, a crazy roller coaster ride of thousands of bucks of playing ski resorts and consuming drugs and eventually discovering -- or being discovered by -- a wild genius of a lead singer named James who would revolutionize the whole trip. The rain was still falling, but the storm would soon pass.

Next Issue: We become the Rolling Stones and Brian dies... Jewish girls make the best groupies... playing entire winters at ski resorts where the drinks were on the house and we never went to sleep... shooting dope ... hooking equipment and more! You won't want to miss it! Same column, same fanzine.

-- Bill Kunkel





# BNFS DERAILED

Train-wreck fandom was born (somewhat reluctantly) in Seymour, Ind., an hour or so after dawn on May 10, 1974, when a Florida-bound train passing over the Penn-Central tracks developed a mind of its own and decided to leave those tracks without consulting the engineer or the four eager fans aboard traveling to Kubla-Kon Too in Nashville, Tenn. Indignation reigned, and the citizens of Seymour were also upset about the loss of one of their street crossings.

Bob and Anne Passovoy, in company with a young lady named Barbara (last name unknown to me) and myself had left Chicago's Union Station about an hour late the previous night, enroute to the Nashville Kon with a song on our lips and merriment in our hearts. In the bar car we made the acquaintance of a bartender who read Heinlein, a passenger representative for Amtrack who quizzed us about that crazy Buck Rogers stuff, and a drunken sailor who'd just been fired off his Great Lakes steamer for sassing the captain. We thought it an auspicious beginning for a con trip. Anne Passovoy unlimbered her guitar and entertained trainmen and passengers far into the Indiana night.

We were due in Nashville at nine the next morning, and chairman Ken Moore had hinted at a gala pre-con party to warm up the long-distance travelers. Alas, when we got there ten hours late that party was over and the next was already starting. The Penn-Central tracks in Indiana are not to be trusted.

A freight train was waiting on a siding in Seymour for our train to pass, which only shows how mistaken freight trains can be. We didn't pass, but mated with it. With a resounding smack. The smack was followed by a jolting up-and-down motion as our train left the rails and sliced through a half-mile or so of wooden ties, and one or two Seymour street crossings. The sensation was like being aboard a runaway pogo stick. When this Amtrack pogo stick finally came to a stop and we crawled out to inspect the damage, we found that one of the coaches on our train and the rear end of the freight locomotive had all but totaled each other. Large pieces of both were scattered about the roadbed and stuffed beneath our car, along with peeled aluminum siding, broken rails, tie plates, spikes and miscellaneous gears ripped off the undersides of the cars. We also found a rather neat crater dug into one of Seymour's best streets, a crater dug by the bar car when it attempted to go underground to avoid the unpleasant facts of life. Most of the cars ahead of our own were canted at an alarming angle and resting against the box cars, but the Pullmans behind had remained on the rails.

Amtrack, being in a benevolent mood, permitted us to walk back to the station and wait for the busses which were coming to rescue us Real Soon Now. They arrived about noon, long after several tv camera crews had arrived to record the carnage and the outraged commentary of the passengers. Amtrack wasn't very smart. They should have whisked the passengers away before the tv crews showed up to record that commentary for posterity. We were taken to a nearby Holiday Inn and fed a sumptuous meal (This is sarcasm folks) and then placed on sumptuous Greyhound busses for the remainder of the journey. (This is also sarcasm). We arrived in Nashville some ten hours later, but other travelers bound for points in Florida may be riding Greyhound yet, wondering what day of the month they'll finally reach their destinations. Thus was train-wreck fandom born. Ours is an exclusive group.

BOB TUCKER

# SWOON

SWOON Volume 2 Number 1, Whole Number 2 is edited by Joyce and Arnie Katz (59 Livingston St., Apt. 6B, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201. Published monthly, it is available for contribution of art or written material, letter of comment or all-for-all trade. Samples copies are \$1, while subscriptions are \$3 for six issues. This Insurgent Publication hit the press on April 11, 1976. Special thanks for help in publishing go to Bill and Charlene Kunkel and Ross Chamberlain.

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- BNFs Derailed:::Bob Tucker

Cover by Ross Chamberlain

Other art this issue by Dan Steffan, Bill Rotsler, Bill Kunkel and Ross Chamberlain.

Some features never die. One of the hardest is the little box near the bottom of this column. If there is a check, x or some other arcane marking inside it, we hope you will please us mightily by responding to this fanzine. If there is no arcane mark inside the box, we hope you will please us mightily by responding to this fanzine. Either way you're covered, so you might as well surrender to the inevitable and write or draw something for SWOON.



# SWOON

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