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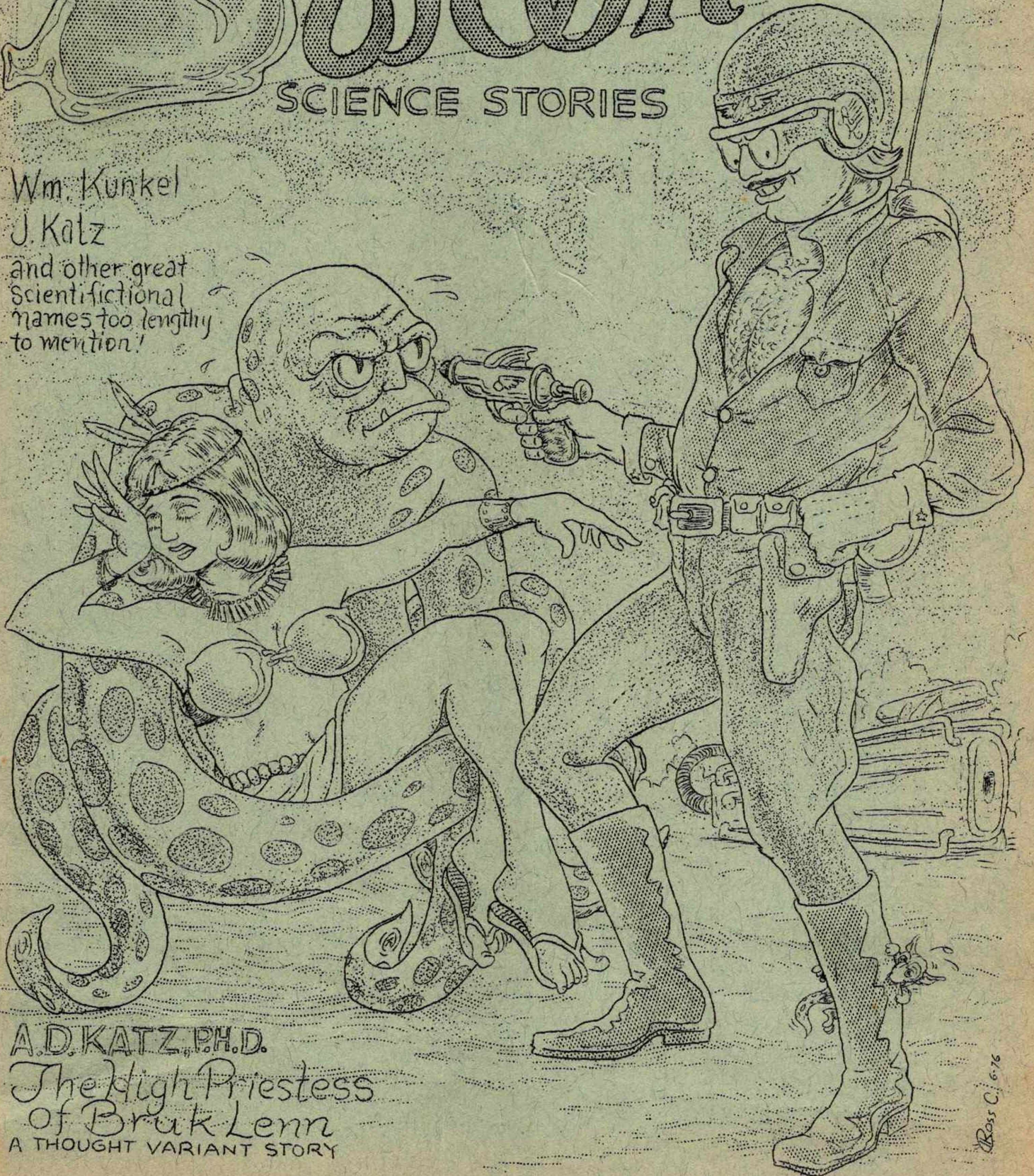
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to mention!



A. D. KATZ, PH.D.

The High Priestess
of Bruk Lenn
A THOUGHT VARIANT STORY

Ross C. 6-76

SWOON 4

Unendurable Pleasure Infinitely Prolonged

CONTENTS

Katzenjammer ::: editorial ::: Arnie Katz ::: 4
Blue Jaunt ::: editorial ::: Joyce Katz ::: 9
Up End Down ::: column/memoirs ::: Bill Kunkel ::: 13
There Is Another Side, Harry ::: article ::: Ed Wood ::: 19
Talking Fandom Blues ::: entropy reprint ::: Terry Carr & Miri Knight ::: 23
Captain Video ::: article ::: Arnie Katz ::: 26
Quote ::: the letter column ::: edited by Arnie Katz ::: 32

ART

Cover by Ross Chamberlain (idea by Arnie)

ATom: 18, 19, 27, 28, 30, 31
Harry Bell: 4
Ross Chamberlain: 9, 11, 24
Alexis Gilliland: 29
Ken Fletcher: 8
Jay Kinney: Bacover
Bill Kunkel: 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 34
Taral Wayne MacDonald: 22
Stu Shiffman: 6, 32
Linda Watts: 20, 21, 36, 37

DULL STUFF

SWOON #4, Volume 2 Number 3, is edited by Arnie & Joyce Katz, (59 Livingston St., #6-B, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201) on an unfailingly monthly schedule. This is the June, 1976 issue. This fannish insurgent publication is available for trade, letter of comment, contribution or, if all else fails, by subscription at the rate of 6/\$5. Sample copy: \$1. Helping with the collating and allied chores this time are Bill and Charlene Kunkel, Ross Chamberlain and Stu Shiffman.

Department of plugs: RATS! a fine fanzine which blends popular culture and fannishness is available from editor Bill Kunkel, P.O. Box 163, Richmond Hill, N.Y. 11418. You can get a sample copy for just one 13c stamp. RATS! gets our highest recommendation; if you enjoy SWOON, chances are you'll like this one, too.

Still available from us are "The Enchanted Duplicator" and "The Incomplete Terry Carr"; both are priced at \$1. Copies of TED are growing scarce, and the Carr volume isn't exactly plentiful either.



K A T
Z E N
J A M
M E R

ARIE KATZ

Returning to fandom has proven to be so delightful that Joyce and I may gafiate again just so we can repeat the experience. Every day seems to bring us some new bit of fannish joy; a phonecall, a letter or even a fanzine that mentions our names. Everyone has been so helpful in getting us reacclimated, and so enthusiastic about our return to activity, that sometimes I feel more like a character in "The Enchanted Duplicator" than a participant in real-world fandom.

Joyce and I are currently debugging a system whereby I will gafiate in even numbered years, and she will abstain from fanac in odd-numbered ones. We'll be a pair of comets, whirling into view every two years with clockwork precision and then vanishing, as so many fans have in the past, in a great cloud of space gas. The only thing that's holding me back is the sure knowledge that I'll be upstaged by Joyce because of her superior tail. This system has several advantages, not the least of which is that it always leaves one of us in position to collect every available particle of goboo.

One of the most enjoyable things about returning to fandom after an extended period of fafia is discovering all the interesting things which happened in the intervening months. An added bonus is that fan friends usually gloss over the dull and downright disagreeable aspects of the scene when bringing you up to date--perhaps feeling that bad news will turn you back off--and harp on the high spots. It's pleasant to have a team of kindly editors straining out the lumps, leaving the smooth essence of the hobby to enjoy.

Encountering the creme de la creme of nearly two years of fan activity in less than a month produced a jolt similar to the one I got when I first discovered book and maga-

zine science fiction. I think there's a kernel of truth in the slightly corny line, "The Golden Age of Science Fiction is 12." After all, isn't that about when most discover the illiterature of tomorrow?

Just think what our hypothetical pubescent new scientifiction reader has in store if he or she starts today. There's excitement, thrills and unendurable pleasure infinitely prolonged. But sex aside, there's also fifty years of magazine science fiction, a roster of classics predating science fiction's emergence as a distinct genre and a nearly limitless array of hardbound and paperback originals. While there are probably many "forgotten classics", and perhaps an even greater number of average stories which are reprinted again and again, the better-selling sf (which often correlates with the better-written sf) is usually what goes into the short story anthologies and multiple editions. "Foundation", "Man in the High Castle", and "Lord of the Rings" remain readily available, while the dross goes out of print for lack or reader interest.

So the newcomer to science fiction has this literary byway high-graded for him in advance by the winnowing effect of professional publishing. The neophyte stfan may not like everything he reads--even the landmark works are often flawed by mainstream standards, and there's also individual taste to consider--but the preponderance of winners is likely to send his stfnal enthusiasm sky-high.

The new stf reader races through this backlog in two to five years, depending on reading speed, and is then thrown more and more back on the current production. This includes many fine stories, but the inevitable large amount of chaff begins to rub against the grain. Eventually the erstwhile enthusiast is saying things like "They don't write 'em like they used to," or even "SF has lost its Sense of Wonder". Jazz and sportscars (or rock, drugs and sex) follow close behind.

Actually, my own stfnal sense of wonder has recently gotten a boost from the chapter-a-week presentation of "Flash Gordon" on New York City's educational channel 13. It's hardly the first (or the tenth) time I've seen it, but I've developed a fresh appreciation for this cinematic epic which, I believe, symbolizes the finest in adult science fiction.

Watching the serial with Joyce over Friday dinner has revealed depths which I had previously overlooked. I'm now convinced that "Flash Gordon" is a magnificent statement on the theme of female equality and liberation.

On one hand, you have the traditional, submissive Dale, whose Arden-t love for Flash Gordon takes the form of hysterical crying jags, fainting spells and other time-dishonored expressions of female helplessness. There's a particularly telling scene in the palace of the hawkmen. Flash has Ming pinned at sword-point until Dale, in her empty-headed way, rushes into his arms, knocking aside his weapon and causing his immediate recapture.

Then there's Princess Aura. Besides exuding a bold, hot-bodied sexuality that places her in the forefront of the sexual revolution, she is also the most intelligent and capable character in the movie. It is invariably the princess who saves Flash while Dale is swooning. It's true Aura is a little selfish and, yes, a touch amoral, but she's also open-hearted enough to assay the thankless task of trying to teach her archrival Dale some of the basic strategimes for winning through in the male-dominated and sexist society which surrounds them.

The episode which illustrates this best involves a character whom I have always greatly admired: Vultan, King of the Hawkmen. This fine figure of a man loves the simple pleasures of life--a hearty meal, a loyal pet ("You like my pet, Urso?" he asks Dale hopefully on one occasion. She didn't.) and succulent female flesh. He's all-

powerful in his eyrie domain, yet he is often depicted inquiring solicitously about the well-being and happiness of his subjects. And he's very jolly, always laughing at some cosmic piece of humor too rarified for the baser minds around him. Aura explains to Dale that all she has to do to save Flash is pretend to humor this merry monarch and twist him around her little finger by manipulating Vultan's male chauvinist attitudes to her own advantage. Dale's attempt to function on this level flops miserably. While she revels in the purgative of a good cry, Flash reaps the punishment for her inadequacy in the Static Room.

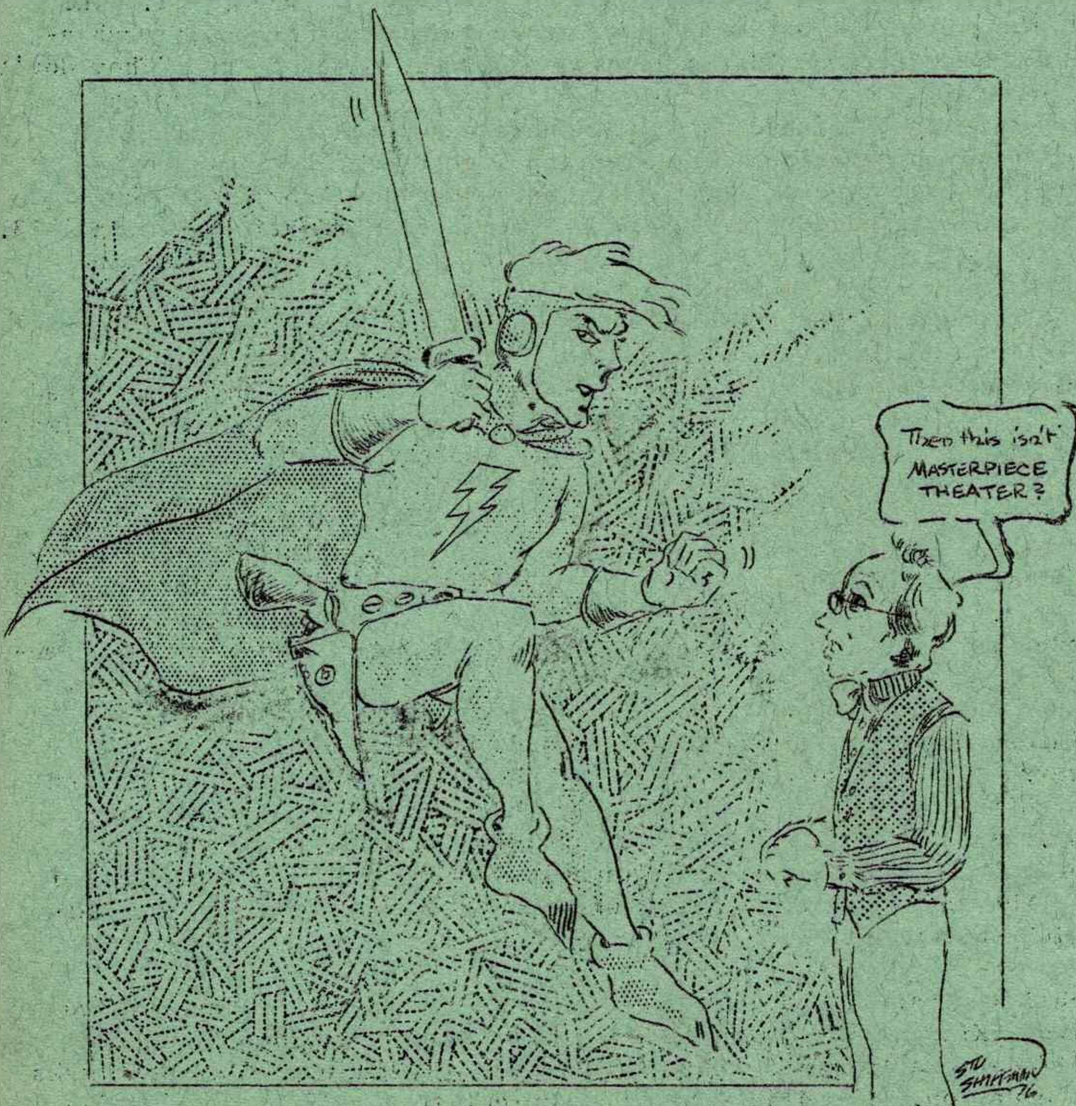
And of course Flash, the everyman trapped by the banal stereotypes of his society, keeps rejecting the total woman, Aura, in favor of the pitiful Dale. As a result, he is ultimately forced to go on late-night television and sell girdles for men for the rest of his life. I guess there's some justice in the universe.

Even the excitement of "Flash Gordon" is overshadowed by the surprises I've been finding in all the fanzines which piled up here during the last 20 months. A delayed, but substantial, serving of egoboo is due to such as Mike Glycer and Milt Stevens for the L.A. Fandom issue of PREHENSILE; Andy Porter, for several fine ALGOLS; Mike Gorra and Terry Hughes for doing yoeman work in keeping the torch of fannish fandom blazing through the 9th Transition; Lee Hoffman and Ro Nagy for recent fine articles in, respectively, MOTA and OUTWORLDS; and to Ross Chamberlain, Al Sirois, Grant Canfield, Dan Steffan, Stu Shiffman, Harry Bell, Barry Kent McKay, Ken Fletcher and Reed Waller for

much excellent cartooning. And let's not forget fandom's first musical, "The Mimeo Man".

The introduction of the FAAn Awards strikes me as a hopeful sign. I think it's juvenile to lust mightily after Awards and publish primarily to win them--I'd guess such fans would find True Happiness in their local bowling leagues--but I also think it's healthy for fandom to honor excellence and dole out some heavy-weight egoboo to those whose contributions so enrich the hobby.

I don't want to get suckered into a debate on the merits of the fan Hugos, but I think it's fairly safe to assume that the voter-eligibility rules for the FAAn Awards make it likely that the



winners will be concensus choices of active fanzine fandom. Perhaps the FAAn Awards emphasis on quality rather than quantity voting will result in some fans, whose work is hugely admired by active fandom but not widely circulated, reaping a measure of acclaim.

I understand the categories have been the subject of a lot of discussion, and I guess I'd like to do a little fiddling around with them myself. I don't think an award for the top humorist would be out of line, and some kind of catch-all like "top active fan" might also be a good addition. These are minor quibbles, however, and I think Moshe Feder and the rest of the committee deserve credit for getting the idea off the ground without a major fan feud.

Just about the time Joyce and I were forced to give up participation in fandom in favor of concentrating on MAIN EVENT, Mike Gorra invited us to take part in his fanpublishing symposium. We gave it a pass, because it didn't seem plausible to spend hours on a fan project, however interesting it sounded.

I recently came upon the OUTWORLDS which presented the results and felt a renewed urge to add some thoughts. Since the time for direct comment on the sumposium in OUTWORLDS has undoubtedly long since passed, I thought I'd exercise an editor's prerogitive and comment here.

"What motivates you to continue your fan publishing ventures?" is a good place to start, because I've wrestled with that one many times without quite pinning it down. I think it's because I've got many reasons for publishing fanzines.

One is that I love seeing the finished product. There's a pride in seeing a new SWOON that's different from the professional satisfaction I get from writing-for-pay. I find fanpublishing a very personal type of creativity, perhaps because it isn't shared with a publisher, editor, managing editor, art director, production manager and a couple of dozen others.

I also enjoy working through to get that finished product. I'm not really an arts-and-crafts person, and I find fanzines fulfill my desires along those lines, while providing some intellectual stimulation.

And I can't honestly say I'm immune to egoboo. I may not need it the way I did when I was a callow teenager, but I'm human enough to be delighted by praise from those I like and respect. It's also pleasing to gather good material together and forge it into the kind of fanzine I, personally, like to receive. I yield to no one in my admiration for the men and women who contribute to SWOON.

A pair of questions asked participants to name fanzines of which they were jealous and detail any dissatisfactions with their own production. I'm not "jealous" of any fanzine, because I don't see fandom as a competition, but if we could change the word to "admire", the list would be lengthy.

There are a number of fanzines which have served as beacons for me during my 13 years at the mimeograph. Not in the sense that I've tried to copy them, but rather that they have inspired me. The literacy of WARHOON, the brilliance of HYPHEN, the sophisticated fannishness of INNUENDO, the insurgentism of VOID--returning to others some of the pleasure these and other fanzines have given me is a powerful inducement to continue producing.

My dissatisfactions with SWOON are relatively minor, though there are always aspects of any fanzine which can stand improvement. I loathed the electronic stenciling on #2, and



I'd like to get more pop cultural and just-plain-funky articles but I've been pretty pleased with what Joyce and I have done so far.

I usually find myself thinking more in terms of future challenges than dwelling on past shortcomings. I've had pretty fair success as a fanzine publisher--QUIP, FOCAL POINT, WOODEN NICKEL--but I've always regretted my failure to publish a monthly on a sustained basis.

FOCAL POINT was a biweekly for most of its run, the fatter monthly issues spanning a half-year at most. Obviously, SWOON is partially a bid to meet this challenge; how well we'll succeed remains to be seen.

Fanzine editors were also asked to rate various publishing sub-tasks in order of preference. In discussing this question with Joyce, I've come to the conclusion that we may be uniquely suited to coedit a monthly fanzine, because our likes and dislikes are so complementary.

For instance, Joyce hates to do the letter column worse than even the outright drudgery. It isn't that she doesn't love your letters of comment, but that she loves them too well. If you could see the way my coeditor's eyes shine when she tears open each envelope, you'd be ashamed at not having written twice as long a comment as you did.

Her problem is that she can't bear to pick and choose among them to assemble the letter column. On the other hand, I like to edit the letter column. A little judicious pruning here and there and--voila!--a fan party on paper.

Interestingly enough, Joyce's favorite form of fannish manual labor is addressing, a job I have always hated. Sometimes in earlier publishing binges the last issues sat in unsteady piles for weeks, because of my dislike for doing the labels. So I was a little surprised when Joyce spoke up for addressing when I was telling her about this month's "Katzenjammer".

"Why do you like that?" I asked her.

"Typing each label is like a little visit with that fan," the High Priestess of Brooklyn Fandom explained. "I type the label for Richard Bergeron, think a kind thought in his direction, and then it's time to say hello to Burbee."

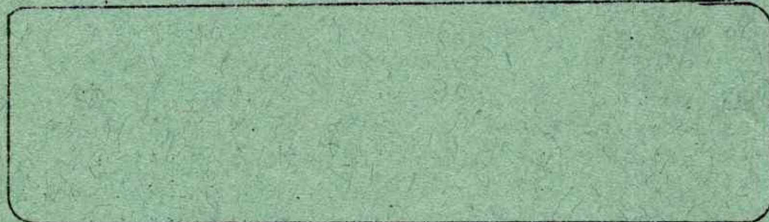
"Why, that's very sweet." She made it sound poetic, this typing of labels.

"Yes, it is, isn't it?" There was a reflective pause. "You know, sometimes when I'm typing a label for a fan, perhaps that fan is typing a label for me," she rhapsodized. "And some way, some how, we may be meeting in label-to-label communication."

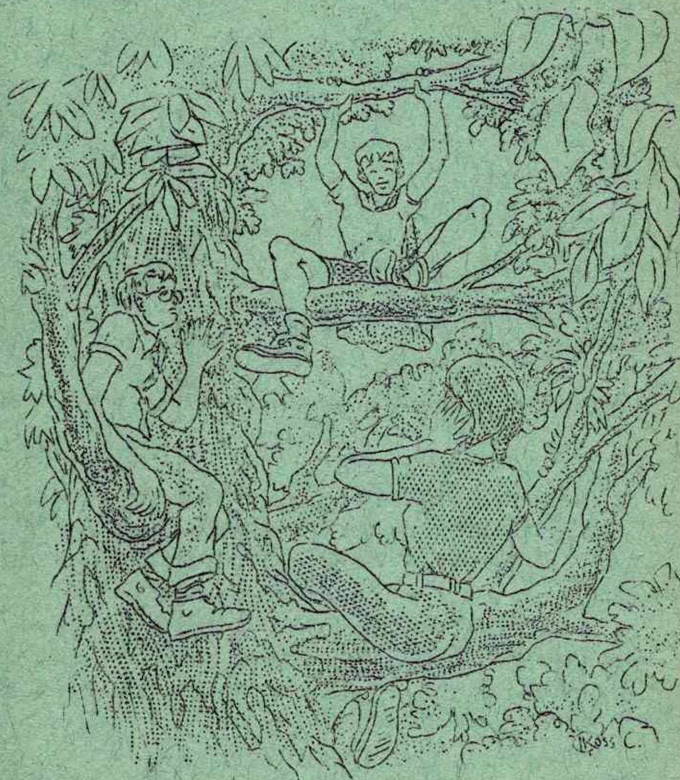
I think she's been licking too many labels.

-- Arnie Katz

JOYCE KATZ



BLUE JAUNT



I've written quite a lot about summers in Poplar Bluff, where the skies were bluer and the grass was greener, and girlish doll-house dreams were composed while lying in that green grass gazing at the Missouri sky. Charlotte and Carolyn Griffith, the girls next door, were my constant companions from dawn til dusk. We played house, dug in sand boxes, balanced on their swing set, and enjoyed the myriad make-believe games that little girls exist for. On really good days, Larry Wilson (who later was Van Johnson to my Judy Garland, but the boy-next-door story is another story) would come to play with us, and our games would take a more fanciful nature. We mostly liked to play make-believe detective games. There was a tree in Miss Pauline's yard that was made for we four. There were low branches in easy reach for Charlotte, the youngest; then this mighty oak stretched high to the sky, and each of us had our favorite perch. Larry always chose the topmost branches; even then it scared us to watch him shinny up so high. Personally I chose a gracefully curved branch where I could sit, or dangle by my knees, or stand and stretch up toward Larry...or any number of things that must have caused my mother constant worry. We liked to pretend that this tree was our office building, and Larry and I would compose story-games involving skulking murderers and sleuthing detectives. When dusk came, we'd huddle all together in our tree and take turns telling each other ghost stories we'd filched from EC Comics, until our parents would finally call us in to our warm beds where we could dream delicious fantasies of death and wraithful destruction. Somedays we'd play Tarzan, especially if there'd just been a Johnny Weismuller movie (--I still remember how much we disliked Lex Barker's Tarzan; he was too mushy--) and once in a while Larry would drape one of his mother's good towels around his shoulders and be a rather skinny Superman to my Lois Lane. After we four saw "The Thing" one summer afternoon, our games were tinged for weeks with that carroty monster, and the ghost stories we'd tell at night took on a distinctly Howard Hughesian flavor.

But we never really knew anything about science fiction, so there were no rocket-ships nor ray-guns in our games.

1949 was a really good year in Poplar Bluff. That was the year of our centennial, one hundred years from the date of incorporation of the town. There were fairs and

carnivals and a parade. My mother helped me build a miniature float on a wagon. It had three tiers, decorated with crepe paper to look a little like a multi-colored wedding cake, and my fancy-dress dolls were lined on each tier like beauty queens. Even though the parade route was very long for my rather short legs, I pulled the wagon the entire way, and for my reward there was a picture taken which I still have, of me in my 1849-style dress and sunbonnet, pulling my dolls down Main Street.

1949 was also the year of the giant farmer's show. They brought their prize bulls from all over the county, their cows, their pigs; and their wives brought jars of pickles and tomato sauce. There was machinery, too--huge McCormick reapers and tractors and combines. I realize only now how exciting this part of the show must have been for those hill-farmers as they got a chance for the first time to consider what the war-learned skills of mechanization could do for them.

In 1949 my father bought his first Packard--big, black and beautiful, it was the sleekest looking thing on the highway--and the family took its first vacation, to Riverside, Kentucky (30 miles out of Bowling Green, where the Barren and the Green Rivers meet). For my father, it was the first trip home for 40 years. For the rest of us it was like stepping back a hundred years to where all the women wore sunbonnets, and the men sat on one side of church and the women on the other; to an area where REA had not yet come. (Within five years, REA had done its trick, and television had come, and it was in fact in Kentucky that I saw my first wrestling match with Gorgeous George.)

And it was in 1949 on one hot summer afternoon when the sky was bluer than blue, that a bright white object appeared over our town.

I still remember standing with Larry and Charlotte and Carolyn, and all the adults of the neighborhood, gazing up at it in wonderment. Frances and Ted Borth came to visit the Griffiths, and stood with us theorizing about what it could be. All afternoon, and until after dusk, it held its position, and all over Poplar Bluff our puzzlement was repeated, as the people of our town gazed on this First Sighting.

Don Jacobs drove to Cape Girardeau, and Raymond Duggie Fisher went to Williamsville, and by triangulation they figured that it must be over 200 miles above our head.

Jackie Dean Clark (a publishing fan I'll warrant even Harry Warner has forgotten) stopped typing his carbon-paper zine to study the sky.

Col. Eddie Sharp, USAF, on leave from being U.S. attache to the Turkish Airforce, rented a light plane. He and Harry Minetree and Max Keasler tried to fly-by the object, but it was too high for them and they had to return knowing no more than they had before.

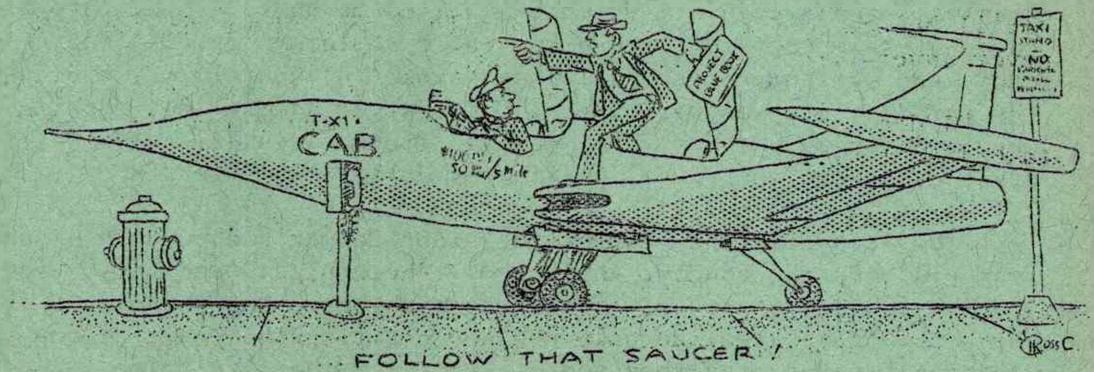
The phenomena was reported in our evening paper with reference to their attempt to fly-by. St. Louis' Post-Dispatch picked it up as a UFO Sighting, and later we heard that the New York Times had run the story as "Airforce Plane Battles UFO Over Ozark Skies".

Linda Worley Watts was gestating in her mother's womb so missed the whole thing by about a month.

I don't know what Claude Degler was doing that afternoon, but if he was in town, I assume it made him even more addlebrained than he already was.

Later, a notice came out of Paducah that what we had seen was a "weather balloon". But, we know different, don't we?

That is, so far as I know, the only flying saucer ever seen by the S.F. fans of Poplar Bluff.



Now, I'm a good science fiction fan. From the time when Duggie introduced me to the genre, I've been loyal...no other genre literature has ever held the charms for me of stf. Historical novels fell by the wayside; romances could no longer enthrall me; adventures were a bore beside it. Asimov supplanted Zane Grey; Arthur Clark booted out Costain; and even Mark Twain's position in my heart grew cramped when I discovered Alfred Bester.

But I've never resented scientifiction taking over my literary interests, because I've always known that the Literature of Tomorrow Today was preparing me, was preparing all of us, for a glorious destiny.

I know what all science fiction fans know, deep within their hearts:

When They come, they'll contact one of Us.

Who else better fitted to be the recipient of First Contact? Who else better equipped to take the halting steps toward interstellar friendship? Because our minds are open...purified, as it were, by the blazing glory of Thrilling Wonder Stories...we are singularly equipped for Galactic Citizenship; ready to assume our rightful positions as Ambassadors to the Stars.

I figure it'll happen real soon now. In fact, I feel they've been keeping track of us all along. And now that I've announced that I know about them, they'll probably appear to me with no further hesitation.

Because, of course, it's fandom that they've been watching all this time.

From the time they first decided to approach Earth, summoned as it were by the cosmic thoughts pouring out of our science-fiction-enriched cosmic minds, they've been attracted to fans like moths to flame.

"The way I figure it," I said to Arnie as we considered the matter, "there's probably a Galactic Observer actually in fandom, observing us right now."

"Well, I dunno, Joyce," he said. (Perhaps his cosmic mind is a little less cosmic since he taints the purity of science fiction by reading other stuff. Take warning.) "Who do you think it could be?"

"It has to be someone who's been around a long time," I reasoned.

"Probably he's just waiting until the fan with the proper degree of galactic readiness rises up," Arnie agreed, beginning to see my logic.

"We'll find him someplace in the ranks of First Fandom," I announced.

"It'll be someone who's been with us from soon after the beginning...someone whose attention never wavers from fans...watching us."

"I don't figure it's SaM", I said. "Somehow, I don't think a Galactic Observer would talk like that..."

"And it's probably not Tucker," Arnie surmised.

"But it could be Tucker." As I thought on it, it sounded better to me.

"Nah," said Arnie. "A Galactic Observer would have never gotten so involved in that Staple thing."

Then in a flash, it came clear to us. We knew.

Harry, we've found you out.

Others may think you keep such close track of fans because of the histories. Others may think your close attention to fanzines is because of devotion to the hobby. Others may think you've dedicated your life to fandom because you love it.

But we know the truth. Our Cosmic Minds have risen to heights no other fans have ever approached; we've discovered your ruse; we've seen the light.

Harry Warner, Extraterrestrial Observer of Fandom, waiting for the proper moment to bestow Galactic Citizenship on the fan whose cosmic mind proves itself to be ready...

Harry, it's time to make your move.

-- Joyce Worley Katz

I'd say something more about stf, but we're outer space.



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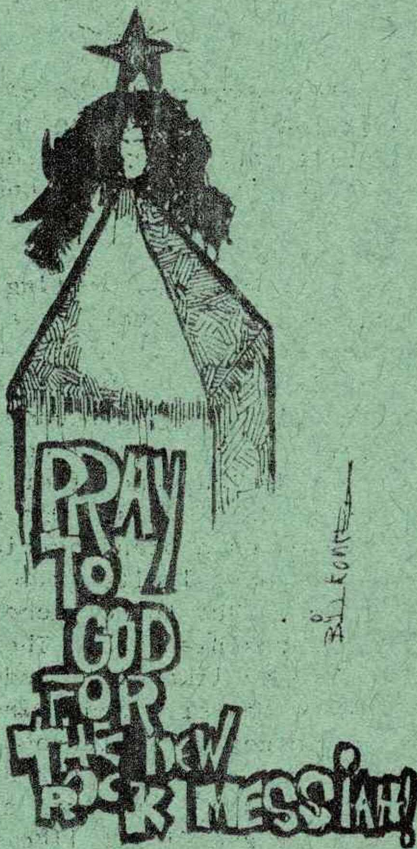
BILL KUNKEL

Me and Darren were partners in crime. We tripped and smoked and dealt and made music together and were tight as friends can be for a lotta years. How I met Darren, and the various other pertinent characters who now become entangled in our plot shall now be elaborated upon.

Darren was two and a half years my junior, but he lived around the corner from McGill, who was an old chum, and all three of us would huddle up on the elevated train platform waiting for the "M" train and I found that, in spite of the fact that he was only a kid, D was remarkably sophisticated, and we just became best friends because we liked one another. And we were always equals. It was never a thing where I dug D because he looked up to me or the other way around. Just friends. And partners. And about the time this all happened, a little girl named Margot, a year younger than Darren, with this beautiful face and long brown hair began to follow Darren around. D permitted this, and so this skinny little kid who'd been born in Germany became one of the boys.

Margot was always beautiful. She'd arrived in the States just in time to start school and had no trace of an accent whatsoever. She was also a partner. She carried the pot, acid, hash, et al that D and I were dealing at this point up at Farmer's Oval park. Her share of the profits came in the form of free samples, and she'd work on the coldest nights, when the park was full up to your thighs in ice and snow and you had to hang out in the Stinkin John to do business. She loved being with us; "us" including various other occasional hangers-on, some of whom we'll mention later and some of whom we won't. She had such an innocent face that we never even came close to getting busted.

She was also a drummer. However, Margot's drums were without a doubt the most bedraggled set of skins I've ever seen. Eventually, because she played them so well, D and I dismantled them and recovered the faded mismatched pearl with red velvet that gave the skins a touch of class they had heretofore lacked. Still the drums were a problem. When we played on a



ELECTRICITY
KINGS

PART TWO



wooden stage, we had to nail the goddam bass drum to the floor, and on slick or concrete surfaces, one of our smaller roadies would have to sit down in front of it to keep it from sliding all over the damn place.

D was a natural guitar player. He was always good, and he worked with incredible dilligence to constantly get better. Today, I would class him as one of the best ax men in the world of rock. All he knew was "I wanna play lead." It was the only thing he ever demanded, and I never gave him argument. Actually, I've always enjoyed playing rhythm guitar. You see, there's a heavy bit of confusion concerning which guitar player is what. Lead guitar, for example, is not always the lead guitar. And rhythm ax, often cavalierly referred to as "2nd guitar" frequently commands the changes. From the very first, we wanted to be the Stones. We knew they were the best rock and roll band there was, so who else to try and emulate? Well, in the Stones, the rhythm guitarist is Keith, despite the fact that everyone says Keith plays lead. Keith does lead, but in a rhythm oriented band, it's the man slammin' the chords who calls the changes and the "lead" or melody/harmonic guitar is there to fill in, play counter-harmony to the bass, and perform assorted other wonders to keep the sound full.

In any event, I've accounted for two guitarists and a lady drummer. The aforementioned McGill, a weirdo diabetic who defies description--at least in anything shorter than a novel--was our bass player. He also sang. Technically, it wasn't really singing, but he said the words, and anyway, he tried to stay on key. It wasn't as if he stunk on purpose.

So we were a foursome then, and we struggled along for a few years, meeting defeat upon defeat, trying on and discarding lead singers like kleenex. Eventually, we pretty much gave up. D and I were getting pretty heavily into drugs, and while Margot didn't really approve, she wouldn't leave. But McGill did. He split and took up with a weird bitch named Regina, and we saw less and less of him. Ultimately, dealing became our full-time occupation, and drugs our obsession. It was in the late 60's; D and I continued to jam together, but we were snapped into the whirlwind of psychedelica, and after one summer of really bountiful moving and groovin we decided on a trip to California. One of the hangers-on was a tall gaunt cat named Eddie, who sort of suggested a blond ostrich, and had an older sister living in Santa Cruz and friends in every coastal city from Frisco to San Diego who were willing to let us crash. So it looked good. But the clincher was that D and I were nuts over this horror film "The Monster from Piedras Blancas". There was even this super old dude who lived in the neighborhood who looked like him! And when we sat down to check out the map, we spied just a little south of Monterey none other than the locale of that celluloid classic! The die was cast and we got our shit together for the trip. Only one hitch. Margot couldn't go. Obviously her mother wasn't gonna let her go jaunting along the San Andreas Fault with such untrustworthies as ourselves and there was just no way we could pull it off. So she had to stay. But she didn't like it.

In fact, after riding up to the park gates from Kennedy on our return home, we found that Margot had gotten even with us. She had taken up with an outsider. (To us, an outsider was any park person who did not hang out with us.) He was a strange cat, name of James Paulus. And we were infiltrated but good. Because although Margot was rarely ever "going" with any member of the group, except for D when he was behaving himself, she was definitely doing her spite trip with James. But the thing was, though she took up with him to piss us off, she found herself fascinated by him, for he is and was an intriguing individual. She told him all about us, and he was quite anxious to meet these two guys he'd heard so much about.

It's difficult to describe James. He was electricity; dangerous and wonderful and magical and attractive. And powerful. So we returned to find that James was now one of us, like it or not. We found out we liked it, and kept stroking.

Now, as I mentioned, while we were staying looped on Monterey Pot, Margot was filling James' head with the Bill 'n D Mythos, and he was quite entranced by it all, especially since it turned out he had worked as a lead singer with a fairly big neighborhood band a few years earlier. Actually, he was something of a legend; at his last performance before quitting the gig, he had pulled out all the stops and caused a riot. He wound up pinned inside a dressing room closet while outside, a hundred girls were screaming and their boy friends were either helping themselves to the band's equipment or battering it against the walls. Anyway, he was very anxious to hear the band, so I staged a mock concert -- a "farewell" to the neighborhood -- down in my cellar room where all the amps had been stored.

We were jammed into that room for four hours, alternately playing and selling reds and hash to the customers who felt like getting in the mood. The joint was packed tighter than an "F" train at rush hour, and the overflow spilled out into the street. We sang as little as possible, and I did as much as I could. (By this time Darren could, if need be, carry all the guitar work himself.)

By the end of the night, after 12 encores -- and after my father threatened to douse the audience with molten lead -- we pulled the plug. We felt great. We hadn't played together in over a year, yet we sounded very tight. James hung around afterward and told us he was really impressed and asked why we were splitting. We explained our lack of functioning vocal cords, and he reminded us that he was the same James Paulus who had caused the riot at Miraculous Medal Grammar School. He asked if he could sing lead. The idea intrigued me and I agreed to talk it over with Darren. (D and I made all the decisions for the group: McGill and Margot followed our lead.) We mulled it over. We'd sold more reds that night than in the previous week-and-a-half. An audition figured to be a gas, so we said, "Yeah."

There was, however, a joker in the deck. His name was George. He was about nine years older than me, making him about 27, and he had decided that I was some sort of mystic genius who could guide him to a serenity and a new youth he had never enjoyed before. He used to invest money in our drug ventures, and we used to rob him. (I admit here that at this point in my life I was literally amoral and actually enjoyed manipulating people this way.) He comes over to my basement room at night and bring along a piece of hash. We'd talk and smoke and smoke and talk all through the night of cloudy cold amber philosophy and blinding steel flash practicality. He used to call me Jack Flash, and he actually stopped seeing women at this point. And though we never did get down to it, he was pretty well absorbed with me.

He thought I had a secret, because I could write and make music and do all these things he wanted to do so badly. So he hung around in hopes of some of the "flash" rubbing off. Actually, what I had was a highly refined guru bit that I played for him. I've always been an excellent actor; for example, I can sound lots more intelligent in conversation than I really am, provided I have a receptive ~~victim~~ host body with which to communicate. I played with George's head, and our smoky fandangoes led to him becoming a regular -- our money-man, "manager," booking agent and ready to follow whatever paths I happened to blaze. I told him of the Rolling Stones. Darren would come over, we'd listen to their records, and we'd explain the lyrics and what was going down musically. We always played Stones records. All the time. And George was



hooked on the whole scene.

James' audition was a smash. We dubbed the new band "DeSade, and George got cards made up for us and booked us into a series of ski resorts where they paid you fantastical sums of money -- thousands of dollars -- for two weekend shows. We really started to cook.

We had a Shure P.A. and tons of equipment. The band always rented U-Haul vans for the treacherous drive up to Hunter Mountain, where we got laid and played surrounded by the snowy hills, set up on a stage lit by colored lights up top behind the bar. Lights and music flashed, and raw sound charged out of the speakers until even the whimps, who asked us to play "Time" and similar shit began grooving on our strange combination of Stones and weird offshoots like "Cold Turkey," "Back in the U.S.S.R.," "Wild Thing." the best version I have ever heard anyone do, and that's no brag) and "Hippie, Hippie Shake."

There were some misadventures, like the time we waited too long to book a van and had to rent a straight jcb, a truck with a cabin and detached trailer behind. Since we didn't have enough cars, me, Margot and Timmy our little roadie wound up, in the cold, dark and damp back of that wretched vehicle. We lit a flashlight, smoked hash and eventually forgot where we were. When we realized we were in the back of a truck, we nearly died laughing.

Finally, the inevitable happened. Timmy, who was sitting in the back of truck, discretely against the back door, called up to Margot and me, who were laid out in a cozy nook between two bandmaster bottoms.

"Hey you guys!" he called. "I gotta piss!"

Oh, Jesus. "Can't you hold it?" I implored. But no dice. It was do or die. So we started to bang on the wall of the truck fronting the cabin, but a blizzard was going down outside and nobody heard us.

"I can't hold it anymore!" he announced in tones of such sincere panic that I started getting desperate.

"Billy?" Margot implored. "Do something; I don't want him to do it back here! Pleeese!"

"Margot," I replied, "do you think I relish the idea of..."

"NOW! NOW!" Timmy shrieked. "NOW! NOW!"

I was frantic. I lit my lighter and spied a plastic bag that was covering a top unit. I ripped it off and handed it to him. "Here," I told him, "go piss in this."

He did, filling it to the brim. "Now what?" he asked.

"Now," I explained, "you hold it for the next hour or so till we get to Hunter. And if you spill it I'll choke you."

He sat down looking meek. "It has holes," he said, his voice on the verge of tears. "It leaks."



But a true trooper of a roadie was little Timmy O'Toole. He held it all the way. When we finally got to Hunter, McGill opened up our prison, and Margot and I woke up.

"Yaaeechhhh!" Timmy screamed, and threw the leaking bag of piss immediately out into the snow. It landed on McGill. Margot and I laughed so hard we fell out of the truck (that hash didn't help any, either) and into the snow.

The life-style up at those resorts was just degenerate beyond belief. Free drinks, and we were always blitzed. We'd play till the early morning hours and then retire to our attic rooms. Or sometimes room. Yeah, in some of the smaller joints, and even in some of the big ones, when they were loaded up, the whole fucking retinue hadda park in one stinkin little room. Everybody! McGill was married by now, though not too happily. On the first night back from the honeymoon James and me and D and Margot stayed over, and McGill hadda headache or something, so Regina came out looking for volunteers. I pretended I was dead, but James perked right up and they tossed and turned on the couch while McGill slept the blissful sleep of the half-witted. --and Regina was with us. So were a few roadies. And George. Everybody. Wheeeee!

We'd awaken at about four in the afternoon and troop downstairs and demand breakfast, then drinks. And remember that both D and Margot were minors and were simply not going to school. But we did so well up at those joints it was hard to stop. Also wonderful things would happen like a busload of young girls from some Jewish Nymphets Club would come up for the weekend. Jewish girls make the best groupies in the world. Once the room had so many people getting laid and getting b-j's that I came up with a volunteer named Sandra and found not only legs sticking out the door, but two people (one of them the alcoholic half-owner of the place) sprawled out in the hallway! Ghod!

I don't know when it was exactly, but eventually we started getting bored just looking at snow and decided to start shooting it. Armed with a heavy cache of bread from our last weekend's gig, we packed all the equipment in the van and made one last stop at a connection's house, picked up spoons and spoons and spoons of smack and coke, along with two big slabs of Nepalese (my favorite) hashish. McGill was a diabetic, so D and I, who were the heavy dope users, were always plied with fresh needles as he discarded his disposables. We used to get off constantly, between sets, between breaths. Some nights we were so phased out it was a wonder we could function at all. But we were pros by now, and so we did.

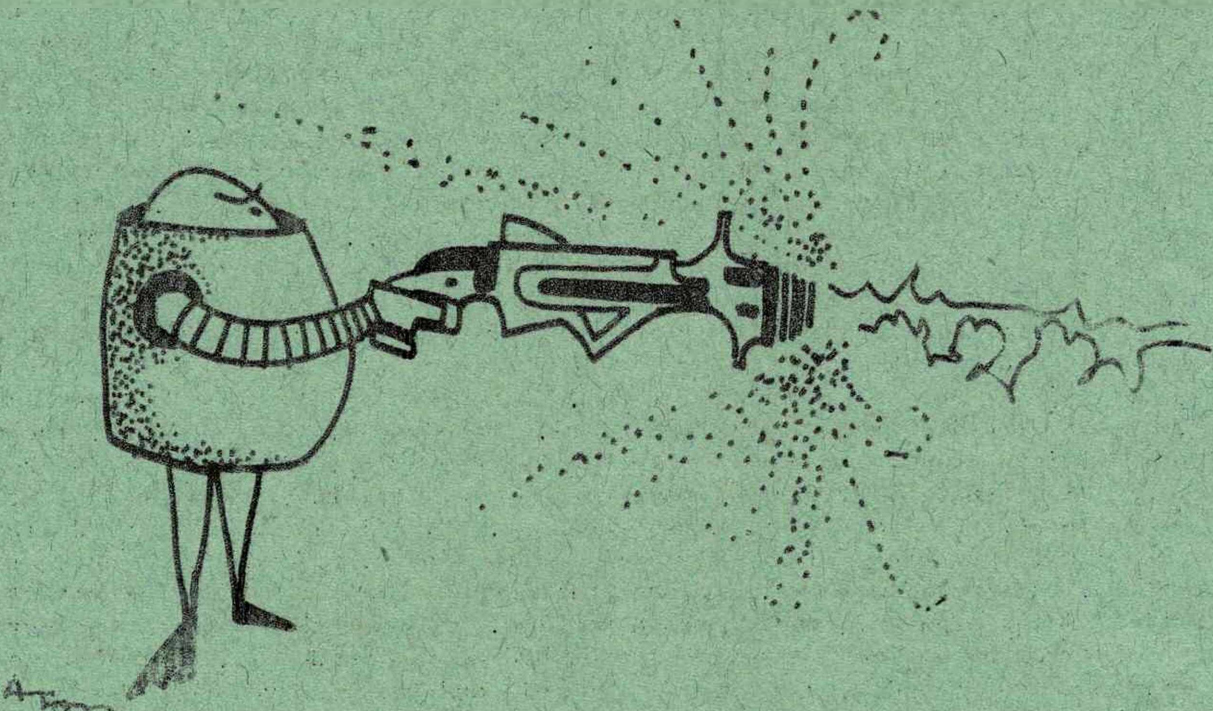
We weren't exactly keeping up with it, of course, but many of our fellow members of the rock underworld were heading down the same road, so while this is a personal recollection, it's also a sort of social document. Smack had hit the over-acidosed rockers like air hits a drowning man. It was beautiful. Heroin was, in my opinion, the most marvelous experience the human body is capable of perceiving, with only orgasm coming close. But it's a shady lady who always makes you pay the tab, and she don't stick around when you get thin and you need her the most. So, finally all the wild nights and orgies and drug fests ended, with the melting of the snows, and we packed up, got off one last time, and tooled on home. We had planned on making the club circuit at this point until next ski season, but we hadda problem. Along with our money and our equipment, we'd brought back a pet monkey who scratched quite frequently. And when monkey scratches, he needs be fed, cuz you don't feed him and you wish you were dead. We were now beyond heroin infatuation. We were stone junkies. We'd come back with lotsa groovy memories and one hell of a jones, and the process of degeneration began almost immediately.

Coincidentally, a personal trauma had knocked me cold about this point, and so I was funky pretty heavy. I wanted to kick it all; I wanted dead. And at this point the most practical vehicle seemed to be via doojie, the wonderful stuff the ancients called "mash allah" or "God's gift", and the latter day saints named tragic-magic. The money all disappeared, then my amplifiers, and then my guitars. I was so bad it didn't even break my heart to sell my Rickenbacker electric 12-string for one-fifth of what it was worth. I just needed to get off. D and I were the heavy dopers. James tried like hell to get us to ease up, but eventually he had to give up visiting us since all we ever did was sit there and nod and smoke cigarettes. The band disintegrated. Margot was appalled at what we were doing, and in the age-old tradition, decided to shock us by getting off herself. She wound up with a habit too, just like all those chicks who want to help their guys and wind up crawling around with 'em. Eventually, her parents found out she was using drugs and moved back to Germany. I learned through Darren that she had to cold turkey it in some medieval torture chamber where for relief a nurse came in once a night and brushed her hair. Some nights I wake up in a sweat, having heard her screaming. There are things that went down that will haunt my days and nights till the day I die and the pain has been with me ever since.

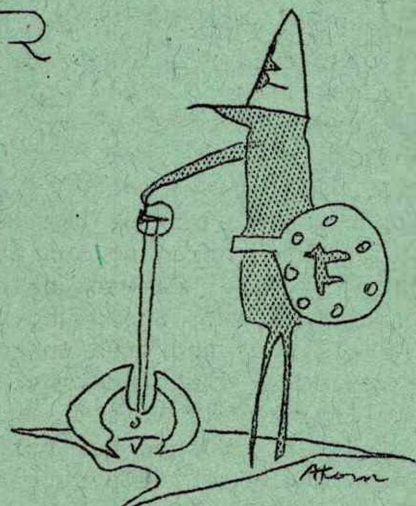
Next Installment: Rehabilitation and the Birth of Blitzkrieg! Into the studio and through the woods! We become King of the Garage Bands and begin one of the most intense creative musical surges in rock history! Be here, next month!

-- Bill Kunkel

Britain's Fine in '79



THERE IS ANOTHER
SIDE, HARRY
OOOOOO
EDWARD WOOD



Harry Warner has in SWOON #3 (May 9, 1976) detailed Advent's rejection of his fan history of the 50s titled A WEALTH OF FABLE. Perhaps fandom will be interested to know my reasons. Just because fans have differences of opinions does not mean they have to be mortal enemies. I respect Harry Warner, Jr. I respected him before ALL OUR YESTER-DAYS and I'm sure I'll continue to respect him after his WOF is published. This is not a popularity contest between Ed Wood and Harry Warner, Jr. That is one I would surely and rightly lose before even starting. Harry writes many letters of comments to many fanzines and I write damn few. If I did write it would be mainly to nit pick and complain, while Harry has a wonderful knack of complimenting fans.

Had I totally disliked his book, Harry would have received it back in the next mail. However at the end I had read it four times and two others had also read it. I had inquired about photographs from various sources such as Jay K. Klein and Ben Jason. Some words were sent to George Price about it.

It is the conceit of many writers that their manuscripts should be selected by an editor and sent directly to the compositor. I don't happen to believe this. I think an editor should endeavor by selection, criticism, ordering, etc., etc. to transform a good book into an excellent book, to improve an author's work where and when possible and if that author is willing to work with this attitude in mind.

As I told Harry, there are many good things in WOF. There happens to be a lot of trivia also in the book. I praised his manuscript because it was physically a vast improvement over the one for AOY that I had worked on so many years before. But I expect excellence from Harry Warner.

All in all, what Harry wrote was fair but not all of it is there. For example on page 14, he said, "He found one genuine error where I'd typed "regularly" instead of "irregularly" to refer to Bob Tucker's publication schedule for LeZombie during the 1950's."

This is what Harry actually had in his manuscript on page 96: "Tucker continued to publish LeZombie more or less regularly through 1955, then slackened the pace to one issue every couple of years or thereabouts."

This is what Ed Wood replied in his letter with the manuscript received by Harry on April 22: "You must have meant 1945 because FANZINE INDEX lists #63 as bearing a July 1948 date after a two year delay and #67 just came out a few months back with Tucker's Aussiecon report. 4 issues in 27 years is not one issue every couple of years

or thereabouts. I changed it for you on page 96 to every decade or thereabouts."

It is unusual for Harry to make 3 errors in one sentence but I submit that he did. To be fair to Harry I must admit that he is very good about such matters; his manuscript is relatively free of such types of errors. Just to show the readers that there was more than one error of fact in the manuscript, I submit another correction from my last letter to Harry: "P135. I think you will find the first issue of Taurasi's FANTASY NEWS dated 26 June 1938 not 1939."

Harry Warner, Jr. was not writing a novel. He was writing a history and while every historian has the right to select and to order his material, he is still constrained to write of important things as opposed to trivial things. If not, a completely erroneous picture of an event can be built of "true statements". Surely one would not think much of a World War II historian who said, "In Europe, America and England defeated Nazi Germany. There was also fighting on the Eastern Front."

Harry loves to detail who won what tea drinking contest at obscure English regional conventions but is reluctant to discuss some of the important features of fandom here in the USA. If it is not mentioned in a fan magazine it does not exist and if it is, it must assuredly be Gospel. I won't go into all the reasons I had for all the changes I wanted but I will comment on a few. I feel that events that influence fandom or are influenced by fandom are of importance and should be reported in a consistent fashion with some ordering of their internal importance.

Here is what Advent offered: (1) Satisfaction with slow steady sales. Keeping the book in print as long as sales warrent; (2) Revision and editing by the same guy who did the same work on AOY--a neo-fan of 19 World Conventions, whipper-upper of instant Westercon (see 1966 Westercon). Reader of science fiction since 1936 and in fandom since 1948, etc., etc. (3) Provision of all needed illustrative material at Advent's expense. There are 71 illos and such in AOY; (4) Indexing of the book per AOY which was done by George Price; (5) Format equal to that of AOY; (6) Payment to the author of a very good percentage of the profit. No profit--no payment.

Here is what Advent/Ed Wood wanted: (1) A change of title. I think the title makes the book sound like a fairy tale or fantasy. I don't like it. Maybe it will sell a million copies. Who knows? (2) Three major additions--2,000--10,000 words or more. Advent's paying for the paper. What's the problem? See below.

I wanted the following changes:

(1) Decline of the Fan Presses & the Emergence of Advent. When the fan presses of the 40s and 50s declined during the later 50s, many pioneer fans left the field when their firms failed. Lloyd Arthur Eshbach, Melvin Korshak, Marty Greenberg, (Ted Dikty left for almost 15 years;) where are they now? This changed the face of fandom drastically. Harry has half a page about this and I think it grossly inadequate. The failure of the pioneer presses encouraged a group of Chicago fans to start Advent:Publishers, a firm now in its 20th year. Harry mentions Advent 3 or 4 times but in a haphazard manner that adds very little to the Advent story. I happen to think there are a large number of fans who might want to know the names of the fans who started Advent, how and where and why. If Advent doesn't rate as being important in the 50s, when does it become important? Or is it im-



portant? I fail to see how this event "unbalances" Harry's history.

(2) Addition to the Section on Chicago Fandom to Mention Earl Kemp in a Meaningful Way. Harry mentioned the University of Chicago Club and gives the indication that it was the sum total contribution of Chicago to fandom during the 50s. I was at the founding of the club and attended 99% of the meetings for the first 4 years and I can assure fandom it was a nothing compared to the activities of Earl Kemp who was to me and many others the kingpin fan in the Chicago area for the decade 1954-64. Look at this fannish fable; this fannish legend: (a) started Advent:Publishers, did 95% of the firm's work 1956-64; (b) started Chicago science fiction organization independent of U of Chicago club; (c) editor of fan magazine DESTINY; (d) member of SAPS; (e) winner of Hugo for "WHO KILLED SCIENCE FICTION"; (f) headed and ran 1962 Worldcon, CHICON III; (g) edited CHICON III PROCEEDINGS; (h) member of FAPA for one year.

Many other fans only in fandom for a few months or a few years are treated at exhausting length in WOF but not Earl Kemp! Sure, I admit I am and was Earl's friend. Even if I were his worst enemy, I think he is still worthy of more mention than Harry gives him. When you read Harry's book, remember what I said about Earl. Then you can decide if there was merit in my suggestion, or was I out of line in "unbalancing" WOF.

(3) Addition of a Section of Pittsburgh Fandom. Harry mentions Pittsburgh only with regard to that city having aced Ted White's 1960 Worldcon bid at Detention in 1959. It was a stunning political victory of convention fandom over fanzine fandom. Ted had fought his campaign in the fan magazines while Dirce Archer of Pittsburgh planned and directed the winning bid at Detention. Harry also states that it was rumored that Pittsburgh had spent \$500 or more in winning. (That's just one of the rumors Harry was writing about on page 14 of his article.) Many fans who know nothing of Dirce and the Pittsburgh group should be informed that the rustling you hear is Dirce turning over in her grave. She was the type of woman who demanded a receipt if you wanted reimbursement for a telephone call. Yes, I was in Pittsburgh for a year and did damn little. I think the reader might think it strange that a group not mentioned anywhere else in the book appears out of nowhere to perform this noteworthy deed. The Pittsburgh club was not a nothing group. Joni Stopa, well known current convention goer came out of it and at the time of the Detention it had such members as Dirce (what a fantastic person!), "Sky" Miller the longtime book reviewer for ASTOUNDING/ANALOG, Bob Hyde a biggie in the Burroughs Bibliophiles, Jack Price a noted book collector, etc. I refer the reader of this article to page 225 of AOY where Harry himself states: "Pittsburgh itself had three obscure shortlived fan groups in the thirties and forties. The city's real civilization and worldcon belong to a latter stage in this narrative." Well, Harry, when do you intend to discuss Pittsburgh? In the 60s with the wholesale transformation of Trekkies into fans and Phlanges?

I submit to fandom that the changes I wanted were proper, were substantive, and were necessary to give the 50s their due. If fans disagree, I would appreciate factual item by item refutation. The charges that the extra wordage would have meant an impossible length are without merit. Advent was willing to publish it.

It is somewhat amusing that Harry states (in re. AOY) "I am completely happy with the way Advent turned that manuscript into the physical book." It is funny because the same Advent team doing exactly the same functions as on AOY would have worked on WOF.

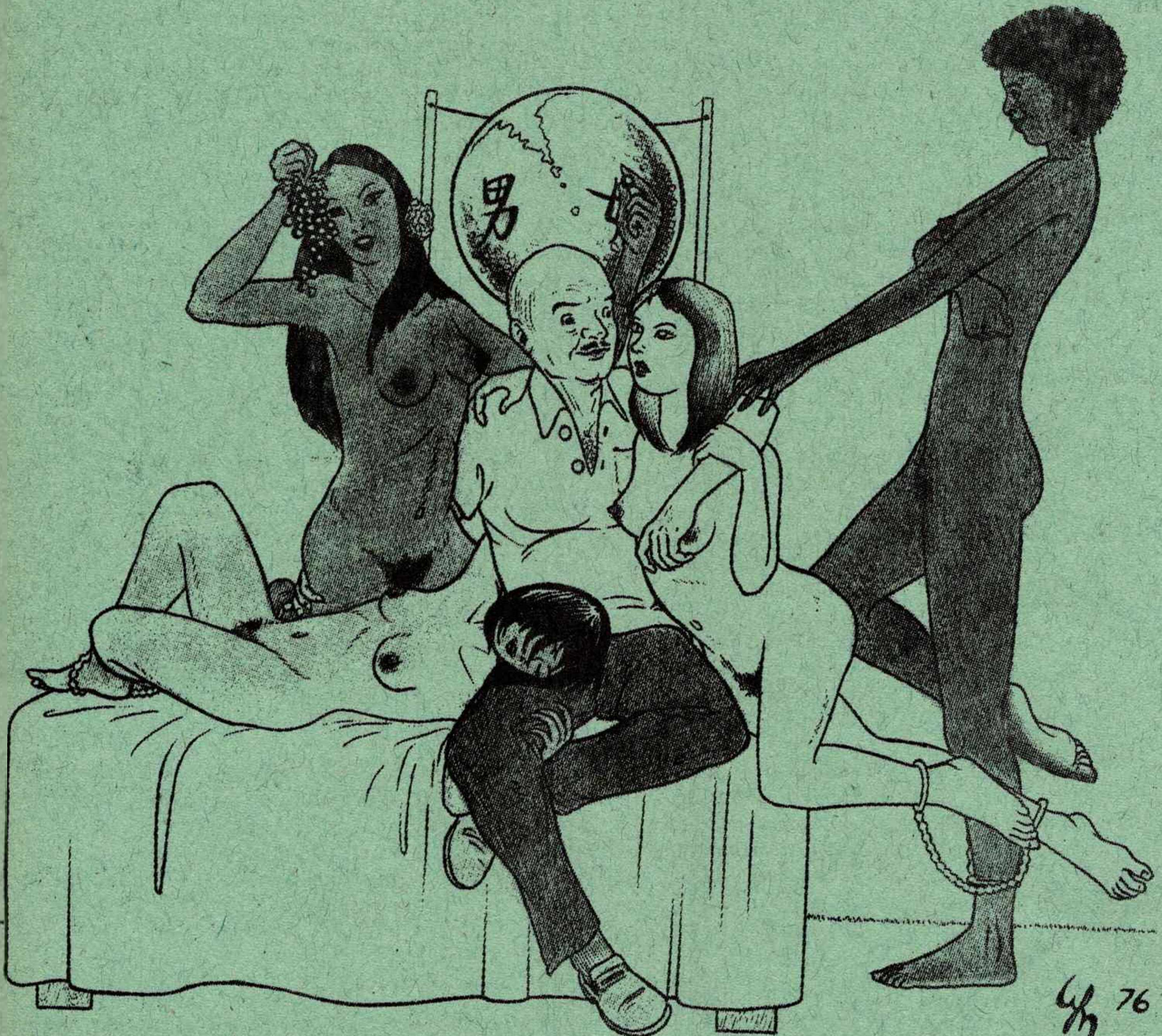


Harry is right that no one at Advent saw the issue of HORIZONS he mentions on page 16. None of the Advent partners are members of FAPA. It would have been kind of Harry to send us that issue.

I please guilty to being hard on Harry Warner, Jr. I'm hard on myself; ask my wife if you don't believe me. If Harry wants an apology for offending his fannish ego, I apologize. Whatever fandom says of Ed Wood, let it at least be noted that he's honest and fanatically fair.

The book has been written; one way or another it will be published. Let the book show fandom in all its reality, that its many blemishes are fantastically outweighed by the talents, the accomplishments and the wonderously fine people it contains.

-- Ed Wood



Ed 76

ENTROPY REPRINTS

TERRY CARR

I don't usually reprint my own stuff, but I'm making something of an exception this time for three reasons: (1) the piece is so obscure there probably aren't more than a dozen people in fandom today who've read it; (2) I reread it recently and liked it; and (3) I only wrote half of it anyhow.

The byline on TALKING FANDOM BLUES reads "by Terry and Miriam Carr", and that may seem anomalous to people who know I've been married to Carol Carr for eleven years. Well, I was married before to a girl named Miriam (her real name was Norah, but never mind), and she was a fan and among other things we published fanzines together and wrote stuff for them. TALKING FANDOM BLUES was a brandonization we wrote for the third issue or our SAPSzine in October 1959...the fanzine's circulation was 35 and the piece has never been reprinted anywhere else.

It's based, of course, on the old union song TALKING UNION BLUES, written in 1941 by Pete Seeger and Woodie Guthrie, as I recall. The "talking blues" was a verse-form for a rhythmic chant-song, and there were plenty of others after TALKING UNION...TALKING DUST BOWL BLUES, for instance. You can see that the form and labor politics went hand in hand just from titles like that. Miriam was kind of taken with the whole union mystique, so it was natural for her to be a fan of this talking blues. (At the '58 worldcon she once went reeling down midnight halls with Kris Neville, loudly singing WE SHALL NOT BE MOVED and WHICH SIDE ARE YOU ON? and so forth.)

So we wrote TALKING FANDOM BLUES and published it in our SAPSzine, which was titled S---. There's a story connected with that, too. We'd gotten the title from a Richard Matheson story called F---; the Matheson story was about a future world in which eating had become as shameful as sex, so naturally "food" was a dirty word. Matheson really faked out his readers with that title. We borrowed the ploy for S---, which in actuality stood for nothing more shocking than the name of the aps for which we published the fanzine: SAPS. But you'd find it hard to believe the outrage that greeted our first issue, and how ridiculous the acrimony that came at us for a solid year until, with the beginning of the fanzine's second volume, we gave in and renamed it RAGNAROK. (The Official Editor of SAPS at the time actually planned to ban the fanzine from the mailings. Burnett Toskey was the OE, and I'm told he's still in SAPS to this day, and still as much of a prude.)

A few of the references in TALKING FANDOM BLUES have become obscure with the years, but the above will tell you a little about why we put in the line about a crusade for the prevention of sex in fandom. As for the others...Dean A. Grennell, or DAG as he was sometimes called, was widely revered in fandom as a Good Man...Buck Coulson hated con-reports then as much as he does now...and a particularly noxious feud-fan named G.M.Carr (no relation!) actually used to say gleefully, when blasted by fans from Ted White to Walt Willis, "Well well, egoboo for li'l ole me!"

Miriam still lives in Berkeley, by the way, and occasionally shows up at fan parties. After she and I split up she married another fan, Jerry Knight, and they gafiated together.

-- Terry Carr

TERRY
AND
MIRIAM
CARR



TALKING FANDOM BLUES

Now if you want to be a fan let me tell you what to do,
You got to publish a fanzine and collect egoboo;
You got to plan a big project for the yearly convention,
Or start a crusade for the utter prevention

Of sex in stf...or in fandom...
Or in bed...it doesn't matter which.

Now this takes a lot of work, so I better explain
That all of your labor won't be in vain,
Because when you get famous and make a lotta friends
You'll be in a position to achieve your own ends...

The secret ones...like taking over fandom...
Making a fortune in the fanpubbing racket.

Now, before you can be famous you got to pub you a zine,
So you'd better go buy yourself a duping machine.
You don't know where to buy a ditto?--why that's outrageous,
You can always find 'em listed in the Yellow Pages.

Check into it...look around...
Ask your mom where the P.T.A. got theirs.

Well, you've got your duper now, and you're ready to pub,
But you need some material--man, there's the rub!
So you write to Alan Dodd for a movie review
And you have John Berry do a yarn for you...

Be daring...what the hell...
Ask Buck Coulson for a conreport.

Then you pub your first issue, and the fans yell for more,
Except one guy who pans it, and this means war.
So you start a big feud--they're really a ball--
And the fans on both sides rally round the call.

They're glad to take sides...it sure is fun...
All fandom will be plunged into war.

You're well-known now, and when gibes flow free
You write, "Well well, egoboo for li'l ole me!"
Because there's this about fandom, though it's a goddam shame:
If you insult enough people, soon you'll be a Big Name.

Call him a queer...or a clear...
Say "Aw, go play with your psionics machine!"

Now, man, you've come to the very best part,
You're set to do what's in your little black heart.
Start a rumor that DAG is really a clod,
Or make Ferdinand Feghoot the true fannish ghod.

Don't forget, you're a Big Name...
You've earned fandom's respect.

Of course, for all of your work you've got damn little thanks
And a whole lot of trouble from loudmouth cranks;
Your postage bills are mounting and your typer's in hock
So you come to the conclusion that fandom's a crock.

Try a real fannish ploy...destroy fandom...
Maan, it's the end.

-- Terry Carr
-- Miriam Carr



Arnie Katz

"Anything on television?" I asked Joyce as we waited for our grocery delivery on a recent Saturday morning. She began thumbing through the new TV Guide.

"Not much here," she concluded. "Just reruns of 'Star Trek' cartoons and 'Josie and the Pussycats in Outer Space'." I cringed at the memory of my one fleeting glimpse at 'Josie and the Pussycats'. No wonder outer space holds less fascination for kids today.

As I aimlessly killed time, my thoughts drifted to the science fiction fare that was on the tube when I was a youngster in the early fifties. In particular, my musings centered upon the undisputed king of the spacelanes, "Captain Video and his Video Rangers." It was a fixture on the old Dumont network until that organization fell into oblivion after having telecast the biography of its namesake, Alexander B. Dumont, every fifteen minutes for more than a decade. I always prayed that some science teacher would think to ask the test question, "Who is the inventor of the cathode ray tube?" but none ever did.

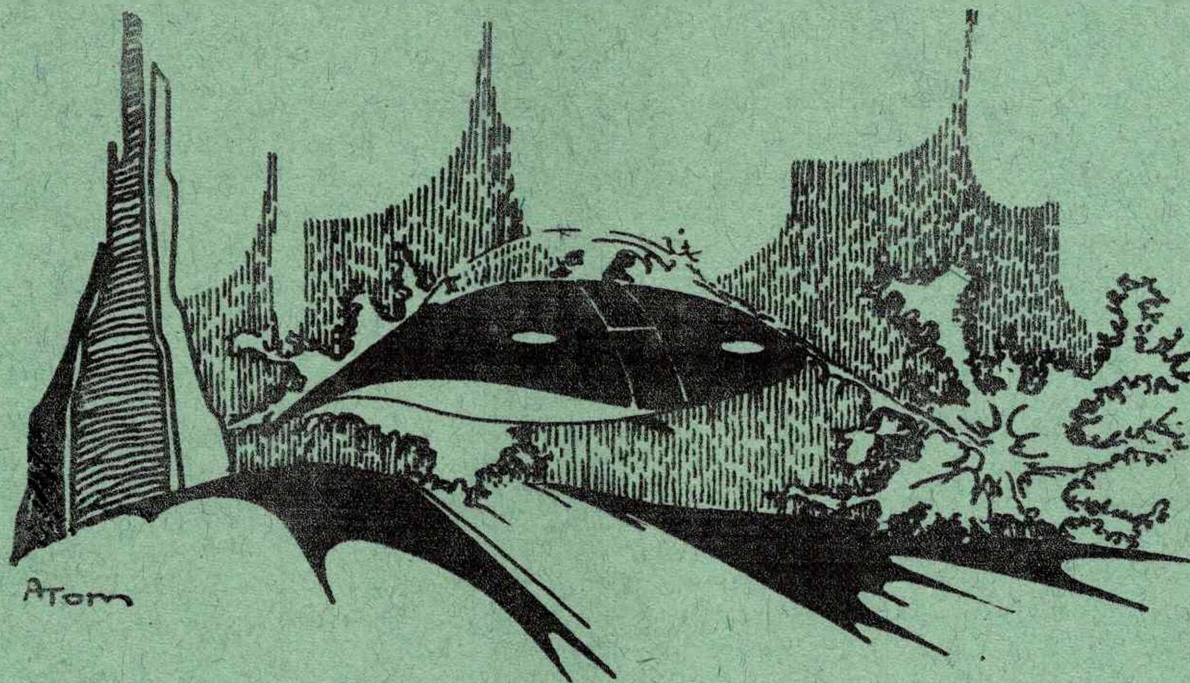
The fatherly Captain Video, portrayed by Al Hodge, patrolled the universe and several conveniently handy Other Dimensions in his rocketship Galaxy. He was accompanied on his adventures, at least those that took place on the weeknight series, by an assistant known only as The Video Ranger. It must have been hard on the ego to have such an impersonal name, but the young aide, played by Don Hastings, appeared to bear his burden well. Maybe the definite article pulled him through.

Despite his air of all-knowing authority, the Captain was only second-in-command when push came to shove. In the background lurked Commissioner of Public Safety Carey (and nobody's sweetheart...), who spent his time tyrannizing those around him and shuffling papers.

The commissioner's chief flunky was Rogers, the communications officer. He began as the voice who read the introduction to the show each day, but eventually became a full-fledged character. In an article on the show by one of its more famous alumni, James Blish, I later learned that Rogers was introduced into the actual stories when they discovered they didn't have to pay Fred Scott extra for his expanded duties.

Rogers was another of the program's unusually named characters since, as far as I know, he went through life without a given name. The scripters showed admirable restraint by avoiding all those "Roger, Rogers" jokes at the end of conversations. We viewers didn't realize it at the time, of course, but meek and mild Rogers was pretty obviously on his way to acing our beloved Captain Video out of his shot at the coveted commissioner's chair, if and when they ever put Carey out to pasture. I guess Video should have spent a little more time around the office and a little less in deep space.

"Captain Video" was the first of the television space operas, taking to the air in June, 1949. Dumont evidently had some reservations about that crazy science fiction stuff, because, in the early days, Video's adventures were interrupted each night for snippets from hoary old westerns. Incredibly, the station attempted to unify the disparate elements with the fiction that the reports from





Captain Video's western agents, but it was all too preposterous. I was unaware that there was another Captain Video segment after the horses were safely returned to the stables, and cheerfully went to bed unknowingly missing 10 minutes of my hero's exploits every night.

Live television was a primitive affair in the early 1950's, even

in the best of circumstances. Conditions at Dumont's New York outlet, WABD, where the show originated, are said to have diverged significantly from the ideal. When General Foods brought Olga Druce in to produce and eliminated the western clips, actors were compelled to learn a new half-hour script every day. Since financial restrictions limited the size of the cast, the burden on the featured players was especially heavy.

With only one rehearsal per show, it's not difficult to guess why lines weren't always delivered with smooth and flawless ease. Difficult words had the power to reduce the entire company to a state of tongue-tied helplessness. James Blish recalled that the first script he produced for the show he named one of the space-ships Telemachus. The word defeated the actor playing Commissioner Carey so thoroughly that he was unable to pronounce it even after it was broken into syllables for him on the teleprompter.

Economies of production and material were also much in evidence on the show. For a period of at least six months, Captain Video and his cohorts subdued the nasties with mysterious rays fired from stapling guns.

Considerable ingenuity was often expended in working around substandard or unavailable props. Early in the program's history, a clever writer got around the fact that the budget didn't permit the acquisition of realistic space helmets by telling the young audience that no glass enclosure was needed because the helmets created a force field to keep the air inside.

These defects were much ameliorated by a surprisingly high level of scripting. Dismayed by the quality of Bryce Walton's stories, Ms. Druce began hiring actual science fiction writers to turn out the 15-part adventures which she established as the new half-hour format for the show. Endlessly repetitive fight scenes were replaced by more cerebral action that included invisible ships, robots, and a sequence which turned on the existence of two small cubes which had the power to grant wishes.

Among those who charted the destinies of Captain Video and his allies were Walter M. Miller Jr., Robert Sheckley, R. S. Richardson, the aforementioned James Blish, and Damon Knight.

One of the program's enduring characters was introduced in the first 15-parter contributed by Knight. A clumsy factory worker put an identification label for a new advanced type of robot on backwards, changing "Robot I" to "I Tobor". The factory hand wasn't the only clumsy one; there's no way of accomplishing this neat sounding trick in reality. Tobor was captured by the forces of evil, but eventually Captain Video triumphed. The huge mechanical man proved so popular, however, that it became one of the shows on-going elements.

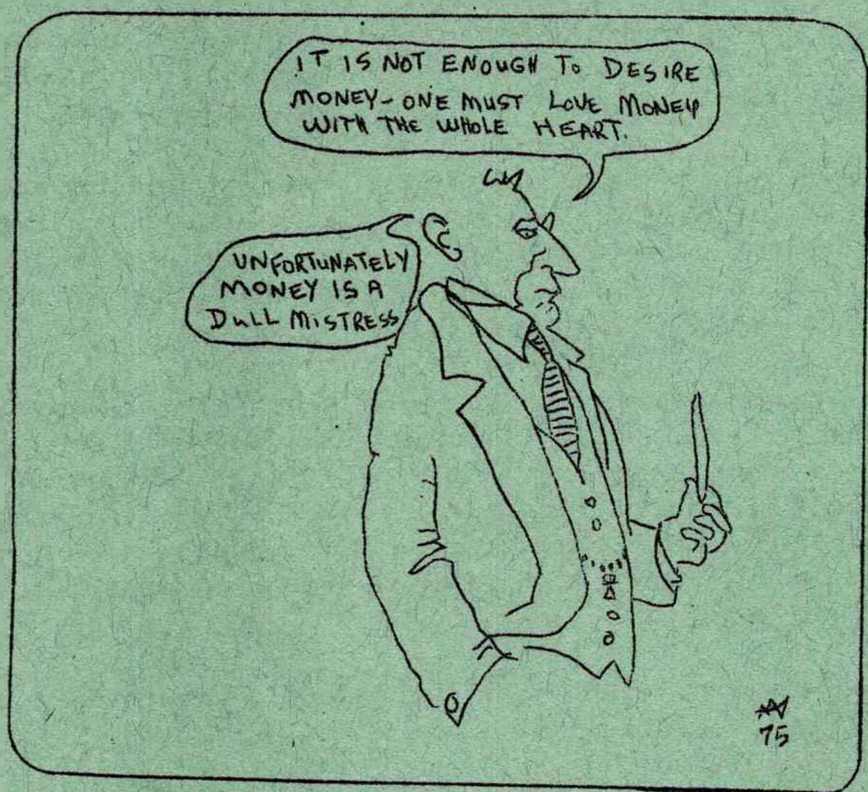
General Foods dropped their sponsorship and took Olga Druce with them as they left. Her replacement, Frank Telford, was more than adequate. Not only did he use his Hollywood experience to introduce numerous technical improvements, but he started a spin-off series called "The Secret Files of Captain Video". Aired for an hour every Saturday morning, "Secret Files" was a strong bid to lure fans of ABC's "Space Patrol", NBC's "Tom Corbett" and CBS' "Rocket Rangers" to the Dumont network standard.

Captain Video's role was more circumscribed on the Saturday version. He functioned more as a narrator than as the hero per se, much like the Spirit in some of Will Eisner's later strips. Telford also hoped to snag adults adrift in the Saturday morning swamp of children's programming, so many of the scripts were adaptations of legitimate science fiction stories.

Discussing "Captain Video" without mentioning the premiums is impossible. I'm sure the fact that the offers were made by the producers of Powerhouse Candy Bars instead of some cereal company contributed much to my loyalty toward the show.

The fact is, I'm not very fond of cold cereal. It leaves me, well, cold. I occasionally cajoled my mother into buying a box of cereal so I could get the inclosed trinket, but it was always the same story when it came to actually eating the stuff for breakfast. Cold cereal makes me nauseas. The peanuts and nugat of the Powerhouse bar went down quite smoothly, however.

An overweight character in a Video Ranger uniform delivered the spiels



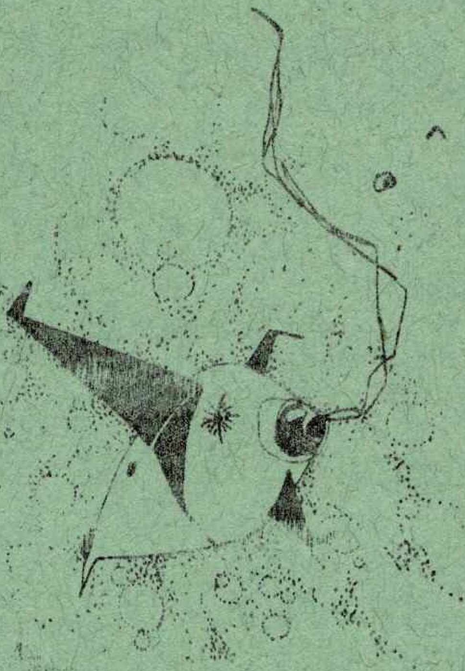
for the candy, but even the youngest viewers could readily see that the announcer was too out of shape to actually participate in interstellar adventures. Maybe he was supposed to be another one of Commissioner Carey's desk-flying minions. One thing for sure, the pitchman's great girth made his rhapsodies over Powerhouse totally believable.

The aura of paranoia hung over many of the prizes available to Powerhouse munchers. The common denominators of all the Captain Video premiums were that they had a secret compartment for messages, a whistle "only you can blow" or both. "Captain Video" fans must have spent many sleepless nights worrying about whether some kid on the next block was going to penetrate the secret of how to blow the whistle on the Captain Video signal ring.

Premiums were as carefully sold as the candy itself. They didn't just show kids a gun that wrote messages that glowed in the dark, they patiently explained how such a device was an absolute necessity. As the fat guy explained it, suppose you were trapped inside a cave. If you have your Captain Video message writer, you could use it to write "Help!" on the specially treated paper, slip it through a convenient slot in the wall of the cave, and soon a rescue party would have you safe and sound. That was good enough for us.

The ne plus ultra of Captain Video premiums was the Rocket Ring. Anyone who could watch "Captain Video" day after day without springing the 15 cents and two wrappers for the Rocket Ring was simply not a member of the True Faith. The Boy Scout knife of legend is but a pale reflection of the wonders possible to owners of the Rocket Ring. It was shaped like a spaceship and made of a sturdy grey

styrene plastic. A separate, detachable ring allowed one to wear this trophy proudly on the finger, though the more prudent carried theirs by the key chain that was also provided. The nose of the rocket was in actuality a whistle "only you can blow". The gadget's true strength, however, resided in the cockpit located about halfway down the length of the ship. The bubble was actually a small magnifying glass mounted in a plastic frame and, inside the compartment, was a picture of Captain Video that glowed in the dark. The announcer explained that this would permit one to view the hero of the spaceways even in the darkest night. What a comfort it must have been for kids awakening in the darkness to glance at their rocket rings and see the reassuring face of Captain Video! To top it off, there was plenty of room under the photo to stash a secret message, at least there was if you could write very small and fold the paper with extreme care.



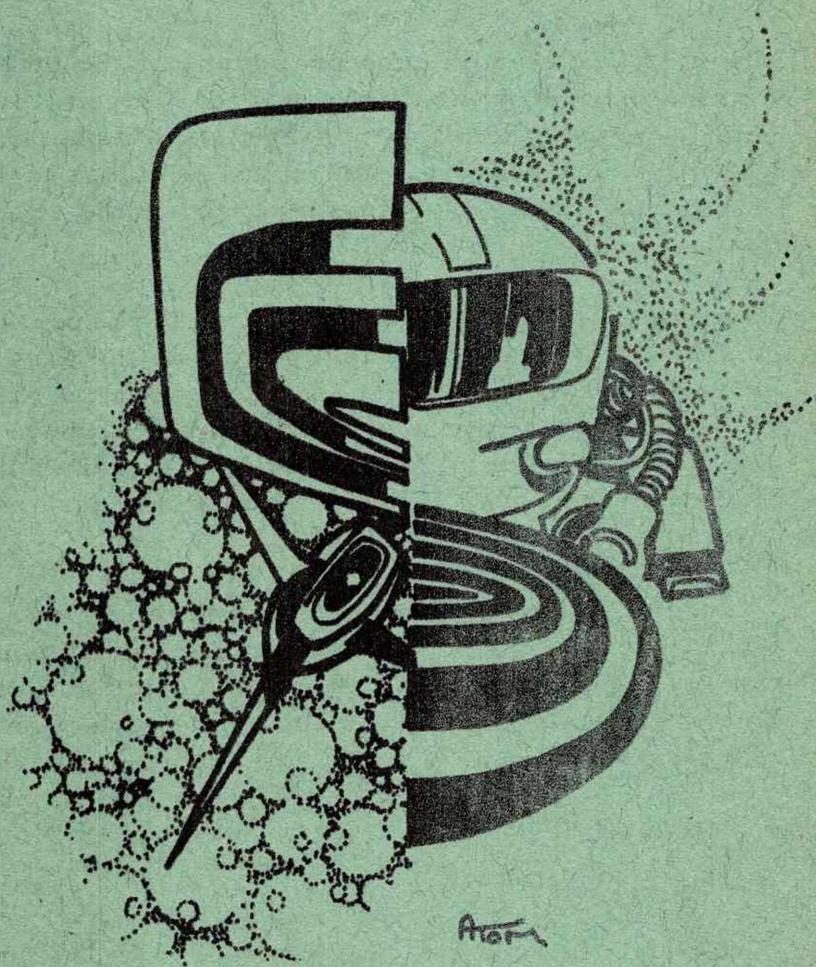
The Powerhouse candy people must have been kind-hearted. They would have preferred kids to buy the regular, large bar to get the necessary labels but we found that they would also take the wrappers from the puny bars the A&P sold for about six cents each. This bit of rule stretching brought even the costliest prizes within easy reach of even the most impoverished viewers.

Despite a reputation as a pretty fair actor, the role of Captain Video haunted Al Hodge all of his days, eventually driving him out of show business altogether and into advertising. After "Captain Video" was cut back to 15 minutes a day and finally replaced by "Western Girl" altogether, Hodge tried a number of gigs which all bombed miserably

Once he even landed a job of one of those Sunday afternoon serious discussion shows. The show collapsed like a house of cards when the big-wig politician, upon being introduced, said, "My kids will be so pleased to know that I'm being interviewed by the great Captain Video!"

Hodge was also the catalyst in the unearthing of one of the largest scandals to hit television in the mid-1950's. One day, a man was sitting in front of his TV watching a dentist give a short lecture/commercial for some preparation designed to eliminate cavities, when his child looked at the medical man and shouted "That's Captain Video!" A subsequent inquiry revealed that all those doctors and dentists in the commercials were only paid actors. The F. C. C. cracked down hard.

Video's last hurrah was a bittersweet one, indeed. Perhaps out of a feeling of debt for his many years of service to the station, WABD gave Hodge another kids show several years after the original series ended. Though it used the same theme and opening clips as "Captain Video and His Video Rangers", the new program had Hodge showing Looney Tunes on a monitor mounted in Tobor the robot's belly. A sorry comedown for the king of the TV spacemen.



QUOTE:

YOU WRITE 'EM
WE PRINT 'EM



A soft and slothful fandom, aided and abetted by an equally lackadaisical United States Postal Service, is having a certain amount of trouble keeping up with the monthly SWOON. Some of you have expressed worry about lavishing all kinds of time on monumental letters of comment which will fail to achieve their merited renown, because they just miss the deadline for the next issue. To these timorous souls I say, "Do not worry, my friends." We'll be publishing all the good letters we receive, even when they're not on the immediately previous issue.

And so saying, let's begin with some more letters on SWOON #2...

PAULINE PALMER finds summer too hot to handle

Unlike Joyoe, I'm notorious for my lack of appreciation of summer heat. Hot weather does terrible things to me, both physically and psychically: I can burn inspite of being slathered with special sun blocks, and I become uncommonly cranky and out-of-sorts with all the world.

I grew up in the "reclaimed" desert of Eastern Washington and couldn't wait to leave it for the much more tolerable marine climate of the Pacific Northwest. And even here it can get a bit too warm for me...

I spent my grade-school years, as I mentioned, in the desert in a small town of less than 1,000 population. So there was, of course, no public swimming pool -- no private ones either, unless you count the galvanized wash tubs we used to fill with water and sit in. I also spent a good deal of time running through lawn and field sprinklers as well as splashing around in irrigation ditches and canals. We'd also sometimes fish in the drop boxes (caught catfish mostly) or take along jars to catch water skippers (Jesus bugs, my brother called them, because they walked on water) and polywogs., which we'd take back to put in the galvanized tubs so we could watch them turn into frogs.

This is obviously not the childhood that Joyce knew, which sounds a great deal more genteel. I remember, though, one of my favorite people to visit -- a tall, thin, leathery-skinned farmer who looked exactly like I've always imagined the real cowboys must have looked. (I've no idea whether I created the image in my mind and he fit it, or if he was the image.) Anyway, I held him in high esteem because (a) In addition to his impressive herd of Black Angus, he kept a pair of real, old-fashioned, cowboys-and-indians buffalo; and (b) He could not only blow perfect smoke-rings every time in the conventional manner, but he could also blow double smoke-rings out his nose and on special occasions, he would even blow smoke out his ears!

In small towns, you take your amusement anywhere you can find it.

I remember one really big deal that most of the town would turn out for -- the yearly bonfire. It was set on a vacant lot by the Volunteer Fire Department, so that they could clang-clang the fire engine through the street (note the singular) to see how fast they could put the fire out. After they managed to do so, everyone cheered uproariously, then adjourned to the (only) local theater, where a free movie was shown and door prizes awarded.

One year the movie was "Leave Her to Heaven," the only highlights of which turned out to be the frequent interruptions to announce the prize winners. I watched part of that movie on late-night TV not too long ago and was amazed that they had shown it at what was primarily a family event with many young kids in attendance. Times do change.

Anyway, I was also quite a baseball fan in those days; the only girl in the second grade whom the boys would allow to play on "their" team. They'd never get away with such blatant sexism these days, of course, but no one thought much about it then.

I watch baseball on TV occasionally now, but have never been to see a "real" (i.e. major league) baseball game. I'm not much of a hot dog freak anyway, so perhaps that's why it doesn't matter much to me.

However, I've a friend who was absolutely determined that he was going to see a major league baseball game in a major league ballpark -- or die in the attempt. He finally got his chance while in San Francisco last summer, but he had so much trouble getting to Candlestick Park that it was already the bottom of the eighth inning by the time he finally arrived. Figuring that, what the hell, this was his only chance anyway, he found a seat and settled in, but nine batters later, the game was over. However, he had managed by then to eat two ballpark hot dogs, so he doesn't feel it was a total washout.

:::2510 48th, Bellingham, Wash. 98225

Several bouquets from a still-puzzled JERRY KAUFMAN

I didn't mind the wait; SWOON was worth waiting for. To start with, there's the fine Ross Chamberlain cover. Perfect parody -- and elegant line and texturing work. Ross is always at his best when he's inspired. He was inspired on the cover of FANGLE #2, and he's inspired here. (You'll get no arguments on that score here, Jerry. One of the things which has continued to delight me is the small role I've been privileged to play as Ross' scripter on fanzine covers for QUIP, FOCAL POINT and now SWOON. ak)

"Katzenjammer" is a clear case of taking care of business and would have my mouth hanging open in surprise if I didn't know the substance of the thing already. Really, it is still hard to believe you folks were so involved in wrestling fandom, but then, I have heard so much about it from you and the Kunkels that I have to believe it. It isn't any problem to believe that you could make a go of MAIN EVENT. There's a lot of magazine savvy, writing savvy and people savvy scattered among the four of you. But now that that is out of the way, why not return to RENEGADE? You wouldn't have to worry about bans on the press when your beat would be every mass and pop cultural area and event. (I honestly didn't think it was that hard to understand. MAIN EVENT was a professional publishing venture and had about as much to do with wrestling fandom as any of the stf prozines which run review columns have to do with science fiction fandom. If we could've made a go of MAIN EVENT, it would have given us a basis upon which to build a second magazine which would have been a bit more to our personal likings. By the way, did you know that Roger Elwood edited a string of mat mags just before he blossomed out as science fiction's most prolific anthologist? RENEGADE isn't completely dead: its spirit lives on in both RATS! and SWOON. Fact is, my Capt. Video article this issue was originally stenciled for the never-completed first issue of RENEGADE. ak)

Bill is still as cranky and downbeat as ever, and just as good, too. I have zero anecdotes to impart on music, as I can't sing or play or nothin'. You're probably fraught with gratitude, too. Well, I just want to read more of Bill's personal history, especially of the last several years.

A new era in tapes has opened. Fred Haskell told me about it. It seems that Jon Singer, who knew there would be video equipment at the Minicon, did a videotape of himself doing and saying weird Jon Singer-type things and sent this tape to the Minicon. The con attendees saw the tape at the Sunday night dead dog party and taped a rebuttal in response to him.

Although I cannot vouch for the quality of either tape, they are still the first fanzines on videotape. In spirit, if not in circulation. You read it here first! ((You know, our boy Joe Singer is going to become some kind of fan-nish legend if he doesn't watch out. ak))

::: 880 W. 181st St., New York, N.Y. 10033

JIM MEADOWS III has been there once...

Joyce, your piece was just perfect. Wow. Nice and nostalgic and whimsical. I have only been to one pro game myself and have not really paid attention to them on tv and radiobut I'm certainly not used to thinking of Harry Caray in the past tense; not when he's right here in Chicago doing the White Sox games and being awfully controversial and popular. ((Mr. Caray's leave-taking was so sensation -- and so loaded with juicy gossip -- that he achieved the status of Unperson in St. Louis overnight. ak))

Harry Warner's piece really grabbed me. I once had the idea of putting out a taped fanzine (called something like THE ELECTRIC.FAN, if that isn't too corny), never realizing that it had already been done, and done more elaborately than I'd have dreamed. Perhaps my idea is worthy of revival. ((With cassette players so ubiquitous, I'd think sheer cost of the thing would be the major handicap. Joyce and I have toyed with the idea of sending out a tape with an issue of SWOON, but the economics of the whole thing don't appear too promising. And I did so want you to hear Bill Kunkel do "Heart Punch of Your Love." ak))

::: 31 Apple St., Park Forest, Ill. 60466

Some puckish comments from CURT STUBBS

Joyce's initiation into baseball reminds me of my initiation into hockey, America's favorite spectator sport, and I will now tell you that story whether you want to hear it or not. (Of course, if you don't want to read about it, you are perfectly welcome to tear this letter up and throw it away. Just don't tell me about it.) ((No, please go on, Mike Glicksahn and I are breathless to hear. ak))

Bear Peters, local fan and brutality freak, had been telling a few of us about hockey games and urging us to go with him whenever the Roadrunners were playing at home. Our curiosity was piqued, but not enough for us to shell out five bucks each to witness some new form of mayhem. We were smart enough to wait until the Bear managed to round up some free tickets. Again I thank ghod for freebies.

We all met at my house and waited impatiently for the Bear to show up with the tickets. All the time he was on the phone with us hockey ners, he kept saying that he was afraid his roommate was going to keep the tickets himself, and we'd all have to go to a movie instead. Maybe a snuff flick, to give us an idea of what we had missed. When he finally showed up a half-hour late, but with the tickets clutched tightly in his paws, we were hockey-bound. The four of us -- Bear, the Maskalaster beast, Liz Danforth and myself -- climbed into the phan van and proceeded on our giggly way to the coliseum. I, of course, complained bitterly, because we couldn't pick up any sacred bheer to ~~sacrifice~~ sacrifice.

The seats were really good, right off the ice, behind a sheet of glass or plastic, and right next to the aisle used by the players to enter and exit. When the players first came out, I got my first impression of a hockey game -- one that was to last all through the event. These guys looked like someone had used their faces as golf tees. Their faces were swollen, lacerated and black and blue. Their mouths were an orthodontist's dream; great gaping holes where their teeth used to be. Yuk.

They skated around the ice a couple of times, and then each team went to its own half to do a few warm-up exercises.

I remembered my two years of abortive skating lessons and marveled at the way these padded behemoths moved on the ice. So effortless, so smooth... hell, they were even graceful.

The first period was exciting. It had an undercurrent of violence, but nowhere near what I had expected. During the first few minutes of the game, the Bear was explaining to us some of the rules and regulations, but by halfway through, we were acting like diehard hockey fans. Yelling and screaming, and once we even boo'd the referee. It was just good clean fun, and I could even see myself becoming a regular attendee, perhaps even a paying attendee. There was one fight, but it was a minor one, if you can call any fight minor.

Then the second period rolled around. Ghod, it was horrible. It started with two guys from one team beating up one of the guys on the opposing side. The refs kept breaking it up, but it would start up all over again as soon as they headed for the score keeper's box. Soon all the members of both teams were on the ice, and most of them were battling each other. Forty-five minutes later, they got the fight broken up and about half of each team was in the penalty box. It almost looked like they were going to have to haul the remaining halves of the two teams off to the hospital, because everyone seemed to be bleeding from various wounds.

The worst of all was the way the crowd reacted. Everybody was on their feet, on their chairs, screaming for somebody to hit someone else with a stick. I have never seen such bloodlust, not even when the local bikers go on one of their destruction derbies. Everyone, from the 12 year old kids to the proverbial little old ladies, were howling for blood, slobbering all over the glass and throwing things onto the ice. I distinctly remember two kids about 12 who were jumping up and down on their chairs and screaming things like, "Kill them! Hit the ref! Use your stick!" and a lot more stuff along the same general lines.

The four of us just sat in our chairs and blushed. We were so embarrassed. The Bear kept telling us that this wasn't really what hockey was all about. "Hockey is pure. Hockey is good. Hockey is just good clean fun. These bozes don't know how to play hockey."

I really don't remember much about the rest of the game, because I pretty well lost interest in it. I do remember that the local team lost, and I remember that there were no more fights. Of course, there weren't really enough players left on either team to start anything. Thinking over my first hockey game, I've decided to give the sport another chance. But only if the tickets are freebies. (I've heard that Phoenix sports crowds are a little more enthusiastic than the average. The wrestling promoter out there -- a really bright guy named Tommy Kay -- told me that his promotion was working hard to overcome the bad press acquired by a previous mat group in the area. It seems that this new-defunct promotion had actually faked a death in the ring. They had an ersatz doctor climb into the squared circle and pronounce him dead. Later on the same card, the dead man came back to wrestle again, this time decked out in a mask. I got the impression from Tommy that this had quite a bit to do with his predecessor going out of business, Small wonder! ak))

::: 940 E. 8th Ave., Mesa, Ariz. 85204

And here, to effortlessly bridge the gap between comments on SWOON #2 and SWOON #3 is ...

GARY DEINDORFER thinks a few nostalgic thoughts

Let me be one more member of the crowd to voice my admiration for the evocative sense memory of ours, Joyce in SWOON #2. You suggest beautifully the childhood sense of "floating in time." As in this sentence: "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." The sentence in itself is kind of the essence of summer. I remember that from my own childhood, the feeling of time floating. You convey this beautifully. Good job!

Harry Warner's fine article about fannish tapes is a fine complement to Eric Bentoliffe's MOT4 article on the same subject. And I ask again, as I did in my loc to MOT4, why doesn't somebody gather together about two lp's' worth of choice tape routines, get about a thousand albums mastered and offer it to fandom for sale? Or maybe 500 albums would be sufficient. I think they would sell. In fact, the albums could be offered for sale in mundania. They'd probably find the schticks no more hard to follow than a lot of the stuff on the Firesign Theater albums.

And a thought about Harry Warner: This Harry Warner fellow has been a part of my existence for almost 20 years now. That is, I have been reading stuff by Harry since I latched onto fanzine fandom in 1957. And I have always had this overwhelming impression of Harry being a man of kindness and integrity. He is kind of self-effacing, so we tend to take him for granted. But I feel that fandom and humanity, for that matter, is somehow richer because he is around.

Moving on to the next issue, I would like to say (and in fact will say) that I am glad you people allow yourselves room to really stretch out. This creates a feeling about your zine of leisurely length, an unhurriedness, a Southern quality of, "Today is the first century of the rest of your life," seemingly at odds with the amphetamine pace of NYC. (Joyce is the editor officially in charge of our leisurely Southern pace. She keeps it in the spare bedroom next to the mimeograph so that we can drag it out once each month and slather it all over each and every page of SWOON, the fazzine with that scent of magnolias from cover to cover.

Joyce, I like jazz and rock (depending on what it is), but I would have to say that my ruling passion in music is classical music. I have a large, and at the same time very selective, record collection. Though my collection runs the gamut of musical eras, and though I have a pronounced interest in French and Russian music in particular (Hail, Debussy! Hail, Messergsky!), these days I am concentrating in particular on collecting contemporary classic music. I find the same pleasure in discovering the music of young composers that I imagine people do who collect art by young and as yet unheralded painters.

::: 447 Bellevue, Ave., Trenton, N.J. 08618

And now, for another round of "more gaffiated than thou," here's... MIKE GORRA!

Well, loves, your 20-month hiatus wasn't all that much longer than mine, which will be a year next week. I was one of those who was forced into gaffiation by my first year of college; not faffiation, but gaffiation. I was glad to be away; it puts things into perspective. Now I can come back and participate on a sane level if I want to. And I realize now that I want to, to some small degree.

Arnie, you're writing as well as ever, with that fannish verse which always struck me as the essence of fanish writing. Really, for that tone of absurdity coupled with High Purpose -- and an awful lot of wit -- I don't think

your writing can be beat. (Maybe not, but since I resumed fan activity, I've sure spent a lot of time at the typewriter trying to whip it back into shape. ak)

Duperville by L Watts & A Katz



I used to do RANDOM with only a small feedback on the previous issue, too. Usually, letters showed up a month or two late, and I was always planning material two or three months ahead. I was fortunate in that I usually had a good backlog, but sometimes it got pretty hairy. It sometimes seemed as though the issue I was stenciling wasn't the one I was actually working on. That was the one two months ahead I was soliciting material for.

A couple of nice puns in the editoria -- "Whored," indeed. Whores will probably not have too much done to them in New York City in preparation for the convention. Bob Morgenthau, son of Manhattan's DA, was in a class of mine last fall, and he says the old man doesn't care

much about vice as long as he gets the murderers. (There's not a lot of which I am certain in this world, but I feel pretty secure in saying that everything will happen to New York City whores. Everything. And there are more things in the repertoire of Gotham's Finest than are dreamt of by your belles of Amherst, dear Michael. I don't know this from Personal Experience, you understand, but that's what the ladies whisper to me when they try to entice me into doorways on Lexington Avenue. I tell them I'm saving my money for fanzines, and they generally leave me alone after that. ak)

::: 199 Great Neck Rd., Waterford, Ct. 06385

 There's a little bit of envy in all of us, even TERRY HUGHES

Your strict monthly schedule shows a lot of enthusiasm, and since you've done it before, there's no doubt in my mind that you will be able to maintain it. I look at you with some degree of envy over that; schedules and punctuality never were my strong suit (the leopard skin one ever there). I thought even more envious thoughts when I discovered a letter of comment on SWOON #2 by Walter Willis. The responses you printed certainly were encouraging (as I told you they would be), and I hope they serve to fuel your fanatic factory. It's a relief to finally see some fanish fanzines emerging (or re-emerging in your case) on the U.S. fanzine scene. Britain has been jumping for quite awhile with fresh new fanzines and continuing older ones. It no longer feels quite so lonely on this side of the Atlantic. (If it means anything, I was struck by a twinge of envy myself when I beheld that fabulous Lee Hoffman article on Tucker's trip to Florida in the latest MOTW but one. Great stuff. And in case no one else has thought to mention it, fanish fandom owes you some wonderful honor -- a lifetime supply of crudzines no matter how gafflated you should ever become, perish the thought, for the great job you did holding the fanish fort during a couple of lean years. As HYPHEN was for the Sixth Transition and QUIP was for the Seventh Transition and SFR-dominated Eighth Fandom, so, too, was MOTW the beacon through the Ninth Transition. Hey, if I don't quit this, we're going to sound like the Bowers-and-Glicksohn show. ak)

I'm very upset over what Harry Warner Jr. revealed in his column. My opinion of Ed Wood is lower than ever. His badgering and conditions have obviously soured Harry on writing fanhistory, which serves to deprive fandom of its most talented fanhistorian. No one else has been able to approach the history of fandom with the depth and breath that Harry's many years of involvement with fandom has given him. He also has the very rare trait of always making an effort to maintain objectivity when dealing with his subject. Other fans have written about fanish events, and will continue to do so, with flair and enthusiasm, but none can truly equal Harry Warner Jr.'s sure approach. I can only hope that the passage of time will mend the sore spots, and that Harry will again turn his attention back to fanhistory.

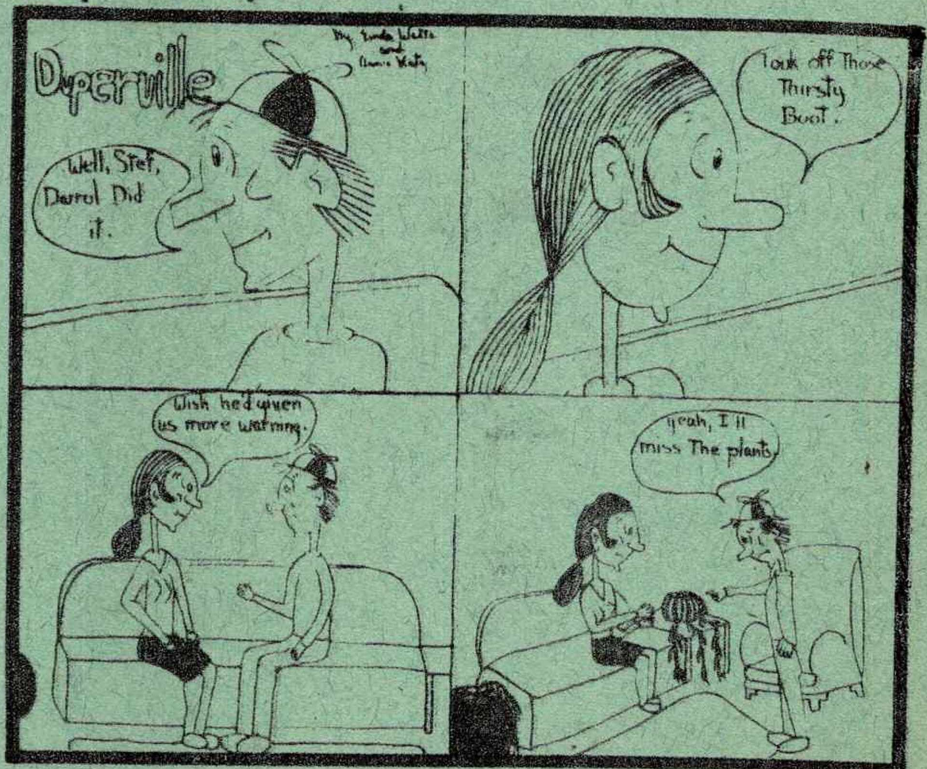
::: 4739 Washington Blvd.,
 Arlington, Va. 22205

 There are lots of great letters still unprinted, but I'm afraid we've run out of room for this time. Next issue we'll lead off with a lot of what wouldn't fit, including locs from such characters as Jay Kinney, Bill Kunkel, Mike Glicksohn, Harry Warner and Jo Ann Wood.

Meanwhile, WAHF on #2L Tara! Wayne MacDonald, Jessica Salmonson, Bob Blech, Ed Maskys, Jon Inouye, Mike Carlson, Dave Truesdale, Al Sirois, Dave Hall, Mike Meara, and Tom Morley. Plus the people listed last issue, of course.

See you in mid-July!

Duperville by L. Watts & A. Katz



SOMEHOW IT SEEMS THAT WE'VE
SEIZED...ER, CEASED... WAIT
THAT DOESN'T LOOK RIGHT EITHER
WHERE'S MY DICTIONARY??

FORGET IT... AS YOU
WERE SAYING?...

ANYWAY, WE'RE
NO LONGER VOTING THE
HUGO FOR FANZINES
BUT FOR 'LITTLE MAGAZINES'.

YEAH! WHAT THE
FUCK'S THE STORY?

I BELIEVE THE
EXPLANATION GOES BACK TO
THE INHERENT TENDANCY IN
WESTERN POST-INDUSTRIAL CIVILIZATION
FOR VOLUME TO SUPPLANT QUALITY
AS THE MEASURE OF WORTH IN THE
MARKET PLACE !!!

NO SHIT !?

