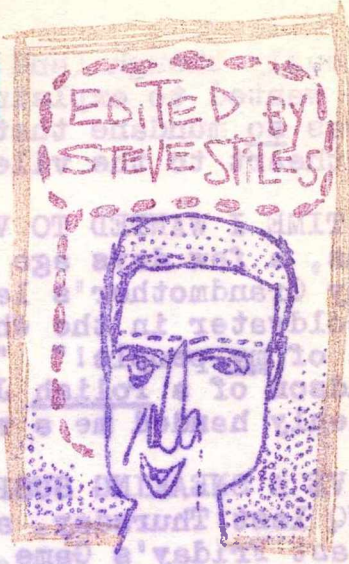


# TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT TO GO TO THE MOVIES



I was rather surprized at the APA-F turnout last week; frankly, I thought that the sudden splurge of oneshots was a result of some fannish Silly Season. When I hastily published "Tonight's The Night To Go To The Movies" I was totally unaware of this mad scheme of FISTFA & the Fanoclasts, intending TTNIGHT as a sort of Last Laugh.

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"I am not a nemy-pamby Baby Bowdar; I'm Medicated."  
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Of course, this new activity rather shocks me. In fact, I am rather opposed to it. What are we, a bunch of feans or something? This madness should've stopped with Van A's "First Draft", the fnz whose smoke we are now stealing.

I wasn't going to attend this Fanoclast meeting until Dick Lupoff talked me into it.

ABOUT THE COVER of this here mailing; everything in this mailing is probably first draft, and my cover is no exception. Originally, I had intended to send it to Mike Domina for his INTROSPECTION, but I had drawn it in great haste & could not help but note little defects; for example, that face on the left is slightly flattened & out of proportion. I also lost my patience towards the end and faked my background machinery; when I redo this I'll have to be more careful. But probably the biggest Bug is style; ditto is a strikingly difficult medium (I feel) for realistic work. The brand I'm using does not conduct itself to gradetions of line, hence I'm trobled ...woo,woo,...troubled with anything between real looseness and tight line work (and evidently, the latter realm is locked closed for me forever, due to D. Adkins). At any rate, I'll have to redo this cover before I'm satisfied to display it to fandom at large.

ADVENTURES IN MUNDANITY: Andrew Porter and I went to Coney Island Avenue to pick up Andy's new Olivetti Spirit Duplicator. When asked by the proprietor, Irv Frenkel (a sloppy beast), what we intended to do with the machine, Mr. Porter said "Well, we are science fiction fans, and we publish these "fanzines" devoted to science fiction." Well, Mr. Porter, maybe you publish a fanzine devoted to -ptui!- science fiction, but I, hrumph!, publish a "amatuer journal" devoted to devastivating satire of social import, and searching articles on the nature of man in relation to the universe!

Seriously though (and I hope nobody took me seriously), I wouldn't have wanted to explain science fiction fandom to Irv Frankel because he was so mundane that it was like showing a sexy snapshot of your sweetheart to the vilest lecher.

**THE TIME I WANTED TO VOTE FOR GOLDWATER:** Yes, as fantastic as it seems, a few days ago I wanted to vote for Goldwater. I was talking to my Grandmother's landlady, and this woman said "Everytime I think of Goldwater in the White House I get nightmares." "Aha," I thought, "one of my people!" "Yes," continued this Worthy, "imagine the grandson of a Polish JEW as President!" At that moment, if anyone had suddenly handed me a voting ballot, I would've signed for Goldy.

**I HAVE A SNEAKING SUSPICION** that Arnold Katz (who I refused to tell a DNQ last Thursday, shahaha.) will write up my farcial performance in last Friday's Game. If so, EAT PIE, PIG! Being proud and sensitive, I must explain; I had a six month course in English Grammer at the H.S. of Music & Art (a school which was college prep school level), and at the time I sat in the very last row and read science fiction during the lectures. I got an 85 in the course, and almost a straight record of 90s in subsequent English courses. As for me Grammer, she's upstairs takin' a bath. Har!

**E.C. FANS IN THE AUDIENCE** (hi, Ted!) will be interested in the news that the closest thing to the old E.C. Picto-Fiction is in the works. My spies tell me that James Warren has decided to go into the adult comic book business, and has already written six scripts for first issue of his as yet unnamed title. The artists contracted for this issue are Frank Frazetta, Jack Davis, Reed Crandell, and one other whose name I forget (possibly George Evans, who has promised to do a WWI aviation story for the second issue). Warren threw a party for all the E.C. artists, save three, and has gotten promises from most of them to do work in the future on a rotating basis. The three that Warren hasn't been able to get ahold of are Ghastly Graham Ingles, Johnny Craig and Bernie Krigstian. (John Benson was assigned the task of tracking down Bernie.) By God, we'll lick Dr. Fredrick Werthless yet!

**MOVIE MASOCHISM:** rich brown, Mike McInerney & I saw the latest flick of Pop artist Andy Warhol yesterday. This epic, entitled "Eating", ~~entitled~~ consisted of 90 minutes of the face of the laziest man alive eating mushrooms. For 90 minutes this guy slowly munched, blinked, and swallowed. Once he picked up a cat, and the contrasting impact was such that the audience reacted as if they had just witnessed a volcano erupting. Wow, t'rilling!

**SHORT MAILING COMMENTS:** Interesting.

**MORE MOVIES:** I had the pleasure of viewing "Things To Come" last week, and friends, if you haven't yet seen this film I advise you to keep your eyes open for notices of it; this is the only s.f. movie that I can honestly describe as a masterpiece of science fiction.

**Sam:** The next issue (#11) seems to be coming along nicely, and should be out in August. As things stand, projected material is brown on Objectivism, Gerberings, Al Lewis on "Limbo" and 18 pages of letters, art, and my own writings. Looks like the issue may top fifty pages.