

which appears in Apa L ahead of S'shaws #2 & 3 because #2, which is a short story, and #3, which is a nostalgic travelogue (about Long Beach), proved too long for me to run off this week, is published by Bill Blackbeard, of 311 Iris Avenue, Corona Del Mar, on the LASFS Rex for Apas L & F and the general fannish weal, being also

A Fanzine For Ted White

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Dan Alderson, Len BaileS, Ed Baker, Carl Barks, Les Freres Benford, Dick Bergeron, John Boardman, Redd Boggs, Marion & Walter Breen, rich brown, Phil Castora, Terry Carr, Arthur Jean Cox, Ed & Anne Cox, Halfram Davidson, Sylvia Dees, Dan Easton, Ron Ellik, Don Fitch, Tom Gilbert, Bill & Dick Glass, God, Barry Gold, Dan Goodman, Owen Hannifan, Jack Harness, Fred Hollander, Dave & Katya Hulan, Lee Jacobs, Ted A Johnstone, Dwain Kaiser, Arnie Katz, Walter Kelly, Michael Klassen, Betty Knight, Fritz Leiber, Fred Lerner, Al Lewis, Lloyd House, Jim Lucas, Dikpat Lupoff, Larry McCombs, Mike McInerney, Andy Main, Rich Mann, Ed Meskys; Odetta, Fred Patten Bruce & Dian Pelz, Andy Porter, Felice Rolph, Terry Romain, Jock Root, Bill Rotsler, Sam G. Russell, Jim Sanders, Lee Sapiro, Gretchen Schwenn, Don Simpson, Roy Squires, Hank Stine, Steve Stiles, Lyn Stier, Milt Stevens, Gail & Earl Thompson, Creathe Thorne, Steve Tolliver, E\*1\*1\*i\*ke Turner, Dave Van Arnam, Fred C. Whitledge, and for all the spiritually threadbare millions, who have never had a fanzine dedicated to them until now; and which, being entirely made up of mailing comments, shall carry the title,

THE LOONINESS OF THE LONG-DISTY READER

which, admittedly, doesn't have much point in these days of skimpy 70 and 80 page disties, but is all I have handy. \*Whew\* Now then, without further serconclucution, tew TED WHITE: Goshwow, I'd love to come to New York and write and sell books and make lots of money and become a Fanoclast and have Keen Fun -- BUT your siren call (normally a madly tempting one) has been diminished by a LAcAl lodestone pull to little more than a sad, sweet echo of Tennyson's "horns of elfland, faintly blowing." As for my bread, I pick up a reasonable slice each week at Parliament News, Inc., where I edit six nudist magazines (all very proper, respectable, middle-class stuff, in fact -- much like editing trade journals (hi, SaM)) and sell two or three articles a month @ four cents a word to boot (Or should I say booty?). The average is about a grand a month. On top of this, Bill Rotsler has found me an outlet for brief, raunchy-type movie scripts (dotty scientist sends time machine back, fetches four nude cave maidens and a grotchy caveman to his laboratory with resultant Mack Sennett mix-ups) which net me \$25.00 per each. Then, of course, there's the "Explorers" photo-drama I've mentioned earlier, which may unexpectedly be galvanized into profitable life later this year. Finally, there's "Skye," which, completed, rewritten and with Bjo illos, should prove a saleable property somewhere. (Stu Palmer, author of the Hildegarde Withers mysteries -- and what do you, Dave Hulan, and the others in the mystery story debate think of these? -- tells me he'll send the final MS & art on to a top-flight New York agent.) This has mostly come to pass since the Pacificon -- before that, I was a fan-bum, editing and publishing QAR & the LASFS Newsletter and even flirting with the idea of becoming a (gak) member of the Clut. Now I'm a pro-bum with no time to type stencils or turn a mimeo crank or even open the drawer which contains all the MSS & art & photo-stencils and printed photo-offset pages for QAR #2. (Unless Redd shows signs of activating Gafia Press again soon, and if QwertyuioP Press is still in business, I may very well send the whole bundle off to you for pubbing -- that's a grisly sentence, but let it go; I'm typing this during lunch at Parliament and it's one o'clock NOW. Will go into the mystery discussion next week, if I find time. DAVEVA: Nope, there's no connection at all between The Spider of the '30's and the comic book hero, Spiderman. I'll send you a copy of the former soon -- if'n you'll get my last half dozen Apa F's in the mail. The above C Del M address will do. But must end. Tamam Shud & all...

