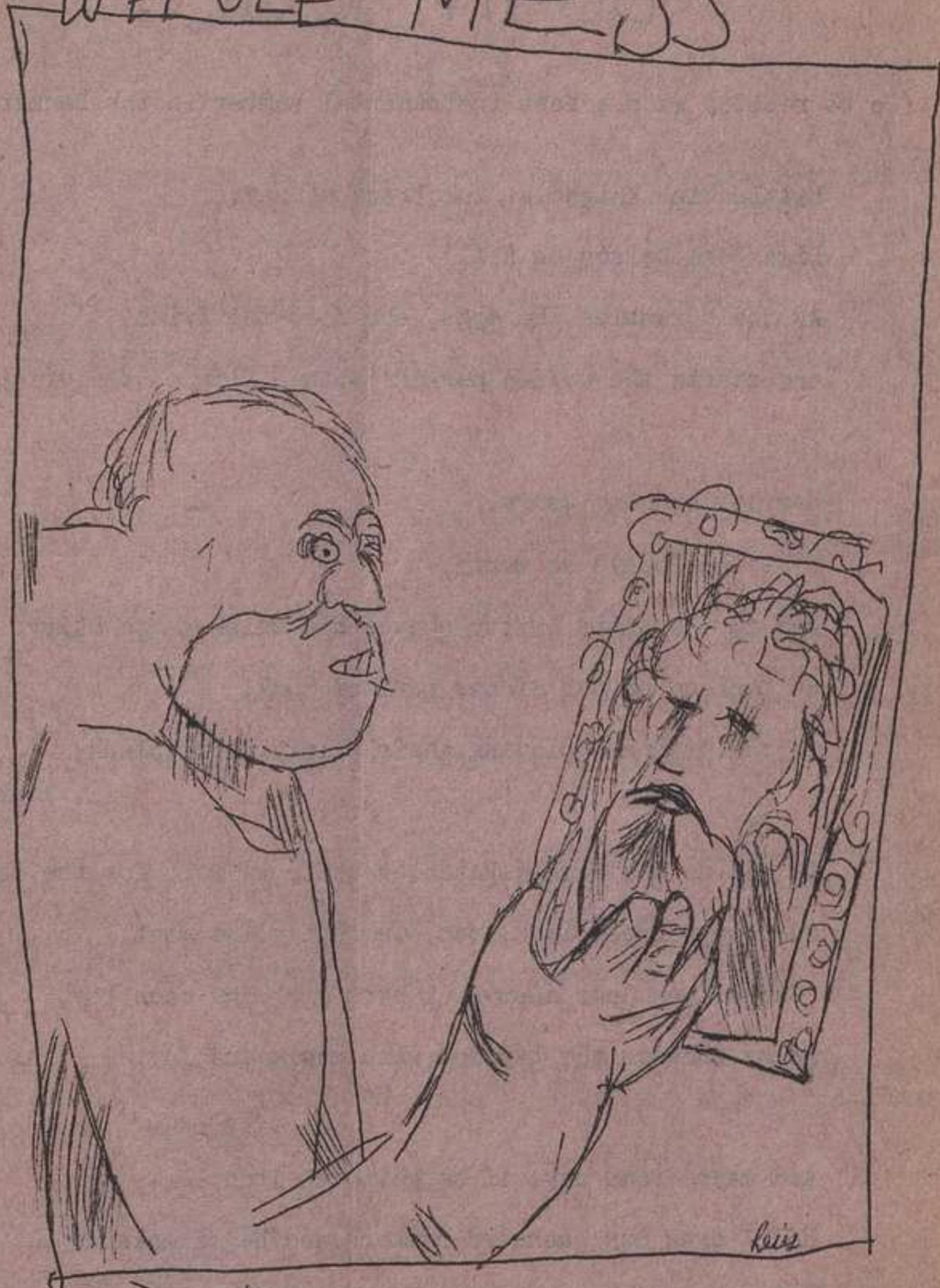


frap

THE REASON FOR THE WHOLE MESS



Lois

→ BEARD ENVY! ←

BAYLAND BUNK BLUES

(To be recited with a fast instrumental number in the background)

Little Miri Knight at the break of day,

Digs Gene Nelson on KYA.

As she scrambles the eggs, she does the Twist,

And starts the coffee perkin' with a flip o' the wrist.

Her loving man, Jerry,

Does the Popeye so merry,

And to the Nitty Gritty shaves his whiskers so hairy.

He bounced on out of his bayland bunk,

To the Trashmen playing their plinka plink plunk.

We all do the Mashed Potatoes while we wait for the toast.

Our crazy Locomotion, man, is really the most,

'Cause Lean Gene happys up each girl and each boy,

As he showers the bayland with music and joy.

And maybe some day, if he gets the itch,

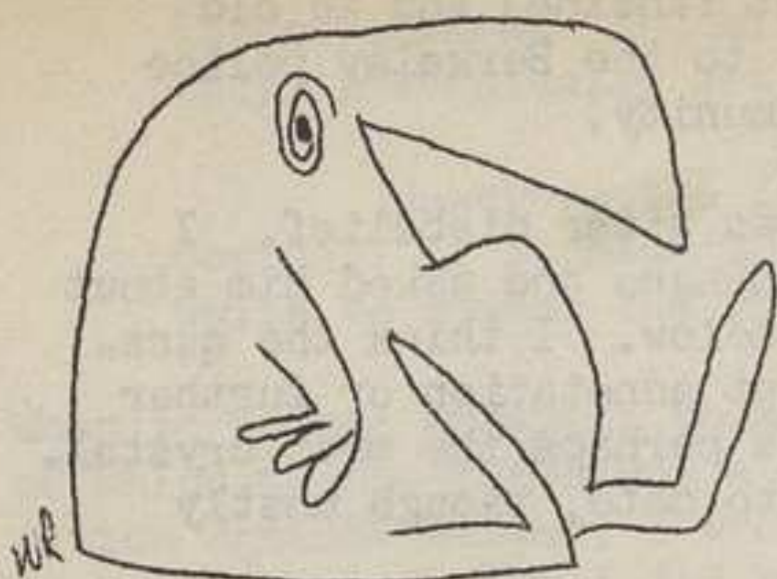
He'll draw our cashcard numbers and he'll make us all rich.

Without Lean Gene to give us the call,

We wouldn't ever have the guts to get up at all.

-- Ray "Beatnik" Nelson

FRAP'S POETRY PAGE (Sercon Feature)



FRAP

NO. 4

FRAP #4: Edited by Bob Lichtman, 6137 South Croft Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90056. Our new co-editors, beginning with this issue, are Greg Benford and Calvin Demmon. FRAP appears bi-monthly and is available for accepted contributions of suitable nature, publishable letters of comment, trades, or 25¢ per issue (5/\$1), not necessarily in that order of preference. Cover this issue is by Andy Reiss; all interiors are by Bill Rotsler. This is FRAP's March-April 1964 issue, published on the Half-Folio Press, Covina, Calif. (S76)

DOORWAY

IN THE TRADITION of all fannish fanzines, if we may be so stuffy, we have added a coterie of co-editors. They are listed above. Go back and read the colophon.

This magazine had its genesis at a pool-side party at Jim and Greg Benford's old apartment in Corona, California, the weekend of the Noncon last September. Absent from that brainstorming session only because he'd left for New York several days previously was Calvin Demmon, who thus escaped the likely possibility of being co-editor right from FRAP's inception. He joins us now, returned from the big city for the nonce. A column by Mr. Demmon appears elsewhere in these pages.

Greg Benford has been sort of a consulting editor right from the beginning and has had material in every issue so far. On the strength of this admirable record, we promoted him to full co-editorship a few weeks ago. As if in thanks, Mr. Benford failed to get anything written in time for this issue. By way of lagniappe, we have some material from his brother, the former art and layout editor of VOID.

Applications are now being accepted for additional co-editors, to be considered as we have need of same. Submit yours today and be the first in your neighborhood to be able to sing along with us:

We sing songs of fandom...
Hitting out at random...
For we are all co-editors
Of FRAP!!

-oOo-

MOST OF YOU, I'M SURE, have heard by now of the action taken by the Pacificon committee in revoking the convention membership of Walter Breen. Many of you no doubt were recipients of THE GREAT BREEN BOONDOGGLE, the most amazing fan magazine to hit fandom since last year's A TRIP TO HELL. Perhaps what you hadn't

heard was that Bill Donaho, publisher of BOONDOGGLE, submitted a copy of it, along with a copy of TESSERACT #1 (Walter Breen's first fanzine) and an old number of PANIC BUTTON (with some Breen poetry in it), to the Berkeley police to "advise" them of Breen's imminent danger to the community.

My first reaction when I heard of the above incident was utter disbelief. I didn't think it could possibly be true, so I wrote to Donaho and asked him about it. With permission, his reply to my inquiry appears below. I think the questions I had posed that Bill replies to are clear without annotation or further explanation on my part. I believe the letter serves as perhaps the most crystal-clear indictment of the committee's actions I've seen to date, though mostly through indirection.

Yes, we went to the police. The moral argument was inescapable: If Walter is dangerous--and we believe he is--it is wrong to act to protect fan children alone and leave him loose on the rest of the community.

Naturally we don't think Walter should be punished, but helped. Fortunately there is no danger of his going to jail. Conviction for child molesting in California carries an automatic commitment to the state hospital for at least a year for study, observation and treatment.

What good do you think it would do to talk to Walter? Do you expect him to commit himself?

Well, undoubtedly /name of a Berkeley child/ enjoyed it. After all petting is fun. However this makes no difference as far as either the law or psychologists are concerned. According to the law a child can't consent to this. Sexual play with any child under 14 is not only child molesting, it's assault and battery.

And all psychologists say that this can be very damaging to a child and that it is always dangerous. Even Albert E. Ellis says this and he even approves of bisexuality, homosexuality, all kinds of sexual experimentation, etc.

Furthermore, they say that all child molesters are psychopaths who are concerned only with the gratification of their own desires, regardless of the consequences to others. And that child molesters are psychotics who can't control their own actions with children.

Also that child molesters are the raw material out of which sex criminals are made, that sex crimes with children are not killings out of sadism but killings out of "remorse" or even a desire "not to hurt the child" the molester is going to rape.

Of course Walter loves children. I still remember with vivid photographic detail the tender, loving smile on his face and the warm, loving glow in his eyes as he was /description of incident with Berkeley child/.

Obviously I can't say whether Walter will become a sex criminal. I'm far from qualified. The point is that neither the law nor psychologists are willing to take a chance--not without intense observation anyhow.

If some parents in Berkeley would file charges, Walter would be out of circulation now. They aren't, so it's more difficult. However, the

police believe us, are intensely concerned, and are making an intensive investigation. And since Walter is obviously not in control of himself they'll eventually get him. It may take a while though.

However, the fannish storm marches on. 'Twas expected of course. If it hadn't been we would have acted long ago. It took a while to muster the necessary backbone.

When it became apparent to me that there was the possibility of convention monies, of which my two bucks was a part, being used to pay legal fees incurred in the action against Walter, I wrote a letter to the convention requesting my money back and saying that I did not want any part of it used to support the prosecution of a friend of mine on "trumped-up charges. I received the following note from the convention cochairman, J. Ben Stark:

Dear Mr. Lichtman:

No one has been excluded from the Convention on trumped up charges. We do not wish to have anyone present that does not wish to be here. We do not intend to have a child molester present and we prefer not to have anyone present that condones child molesting.

That last half-sentence is as neat a warping of the sense of an issue as we've ever seen. It implies that everyone who is incensed that Walter Breen has been treated in such a shabby manner -- his name submitted to public obloquy, etc., in a publication (BOONDOGGLE) which even the author of has been reported to admit was a bit "strong" -- is 100% in favor of child molesting. It ignores the possibility of other issues entirely.

(Incidentally, we found out the hard way that the convention won't return your money unless you surrender your membership card first. We might suggest, along about here, that an excellent place to send your refund is to the Walter Breen Defense Fund, which will help on Walter's end of the legal fees. The Fund is in care of Jerry & Miriam Knight, 1522 Russell, Berkeley, California 94703. It is probably not a good idea to ask the committee to send your refund there, although we toyed with and rejected this idea.)

In his letter granting us permission to print the above, Bill Donaho asked that we give it a "fair presentation." This, I believe, I've done, but inasmuch as I am utterly opposed to the action the committee chose to take, I can hardly give a favorable presentation.

My chief objections are these:

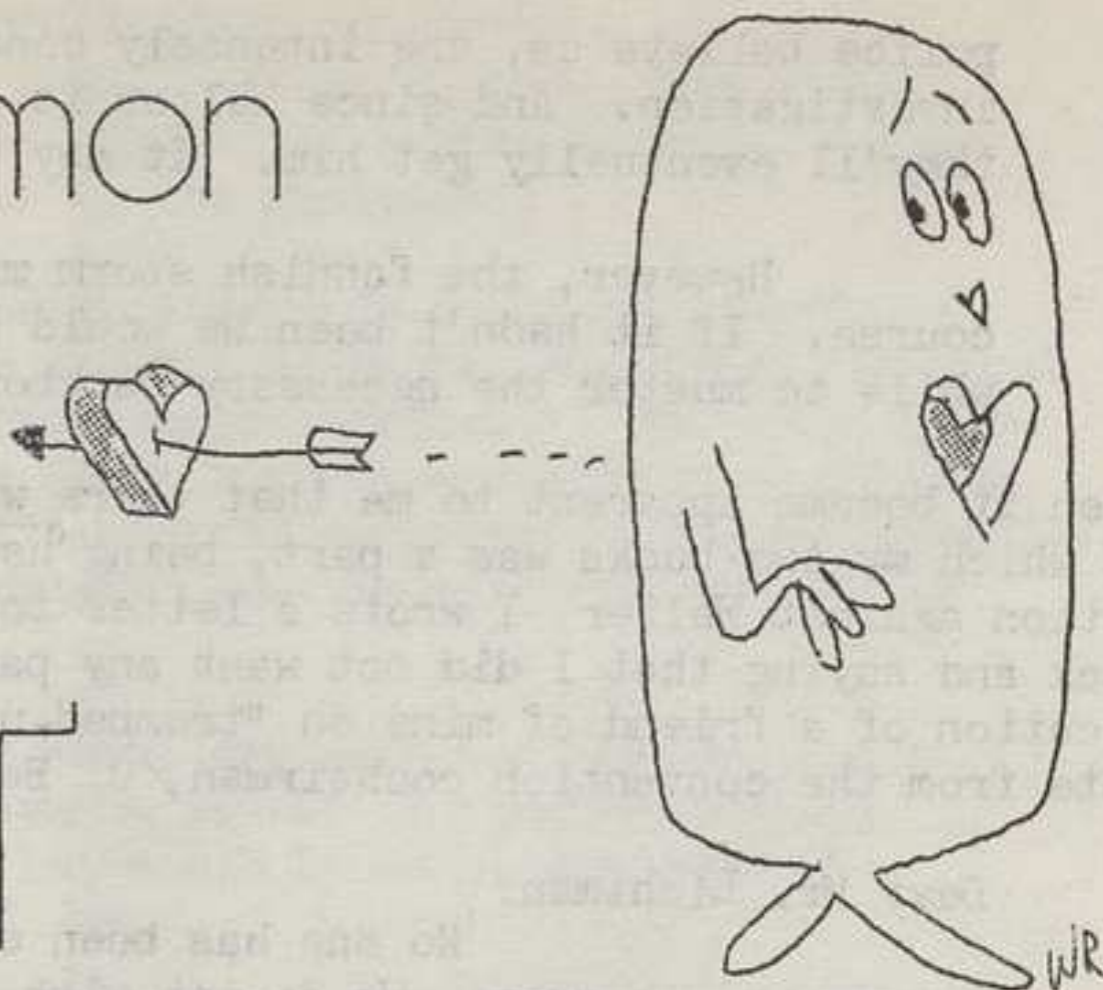
1. That whether or not Walter is "guilty" of the accused crimes cited in BOONDOGGLE, the committee could have cleared itself of legal obligation in the matter simply by ignoring it and especially by not going to a lawyer. Then in the event something came up, they could deny prior knowledge.
2. That the committee -- and people close to the committee -- are using their voice and influence to carry out a personal vendetta against Walter Breen, and as such are utterly reprehensible. (We can document this "personal vendetta" charge by a statement heard by a number of people, if anyone wants us to.)

I am not worried about whether fandom will survive all this -- after all, it survived F. Towner Laney -- but, somehow, I don't think it can ever be the same again. Not for me.

-- Bob Lichtman

calvin demmon

GRUNT



A PUBLIC APOLOGY TO GEORGINA CLARKE: Dear Mrs. Clarke: I did not know that you used to publish a fanzine called "Grunt" until Rick Sneary called it to my attention; by that time I had already published two or three issues of my own "Grunt" and had a short column in MINAC with the same title. My gross mistake in this matter has left me simpering in dismay, because I realize that it is not good for two fanzines or columns to exist -- even if widely separated in time -- with the same title. Therefore, beginning immediately, I am taking the liberty of changing the name of your fanzine from "Grunt" to "Pomade." Thank you for your cooperation.

*

BOOK REVIEW: The Bold Saboteurs, Chandler Brossard, Lancer 72-635, 50¢.

I got my copy of this from a pretty young lady named Barbara, who had four of them. (Some faans write an opening sentence like that and then leave you hanging, asking "Who is Barbara?" and "Has the Reviewer Slept With Her?" I certainly don't want to leave you in the dark. No, I haven't even touched Barbara, who is a wild and sexy young UCLA acquaintance of Mr. Lichtman's; this is not to say that I do not have an uncontrollable lust for her, however. Barbara, if you are reading this, you now know my dirty little secret. But I digress...) The point I started to make here is that I'd never heard of this book, which was first published in 1953, until Barbara mentioned it, and it's such a startling and beautiful book that I can't imagine why.

This book is written in the language of nightmares (my nightmares, anyway), although you don't begin to realise this right at first; it spins its spell on you, and then suddenly you find that it has also been spinning a noose around your neck. The narrative moves casually from "reality" (the adventures of a young boy who, among other things, steals and sweats for his money) to "unreality" (the internal adventures of the same young boy) without warning; the first time this happens you do a justifiable double-take and begin reading back a couple of pages to find out what the Hell is going on. Because these inner experiences aren't the sort of thing you usually discover in a book about a young boy; he is not dreaming about laying all those young high-school broads, nor is he drifting down a stream on a raft fishing for catfish. He is involved with the business of life, and you are quite conscious of the presence of the author, older than the boy, shaping and directing what happens.

Since everyone is now bleeding for an example, take this one: the boy and a friend of his are sitting in an auditorium, in an audience of thousands. On stage is a drunk whom the boy recognises; he whistles at him and the drunk waves, then stands up and begins to read a long speech. He calls it a letter to the conscious from the unconscious.....

". . . Think of all the long years I have suffered in the shadow of your so thinly and insecurely bright self, denied, unspeakably lonely, forever drowning in my unseen tears, locked up like a dribbling monster brother with two heads, troubled darkness my only home. While you, my prodigal one, went wherever your foolish fancy pleased, met what celebrities you longed after, partied, sang your silly voice into gravel, danced your skinny legs off, drank champagne from ladies' soft cupped hands, got laid from here to 125th Street, sullenly lying that you were single and always had been, exploded brilliant puns that unbeknownst to you I had processed the uranium for years ago, sowed insights like wild oats before your horse-faced friends, and in general conducting yourself like a man who had no obligations or commitments to anyone but himself, never caring one scintilla whether I lived or died or did both simultaneously so long as I kept my mouth shut and behaved myself . . .

". . . But I am warning you; I must get better treatment, I must get more recognition, or else I shall be forced to take certain extremely unpleasant measures, and when I say unpleasant you can count on it that I really mean unpleasant . . . "

Well, the temptation is strong to print the rest of the passage, but I won't: good books are always somehow greater than the sum of their parts, and if I were to convey the spirit of this one to you I'd have to copy it verbatim from page one to the end. I suppose I should add that, I don't care what the book-jacket says, this isn't the sort of "startling, terrifying experience" that leaves you shuddering for days after -- it's not "lewd" or "horrible," although the mechanism by which this is accomplished isn't quite clear at first. It's like falling down drunk and skinning your knee: the anesthetic is the simultaneous cause and cure of the pain. Anyway, you will not throw this book down and go screaming into the night in terror; if you're looking for something like that, better stick to E. A. Poe (which, come to think of it, doesn't affect me either).

Go and buy it, even if you have heard of it before; don't be a book snot. I was a book snot over Catch-22 while everybody else was reading it, and only discovered how good it is when Terry and Carol Carr talked me into reading it. But I digress.....

*

NOSTALGIA: You auto buy now.

*

THE POTATO SKIN IN MODERN MEDICAL PRACTICE

* By Calvin W. Demmon, C.W.D.

How many times have we heard wise mothers telling their children, "Eat the skin of the potato, too, dear; it's got all the vitamins in it"? In this case, as in so many others, folklore has been borne out by recent research. It begins to appear that the common potato skin, or chemin de fer, has medical properties which would startle even all those Mothers.

The potato has long been regarded as the source of universal life and truth. Early religious rites, without exception, centered primarily around the potato, a fact which seems to have been overlooked by modern investigators. It was commonly believed, even until recent times, that the soul of the deceased entered immediately into the nearest potato. French-fried potatoes, as a matter of fact, were first invented as a means of getting back at rich French relatives who had died and left all their money to a cat or a parakeet.

Nowadays, we use the skins of the potato, because, as our mother in the above example pointed out, all the important substances are concentrated there.

A few brief examples will suffice:

A potato skin placed under the pillow at night will cause luxuriant hair to sprout up all over the body by morning.

Potato skin tea, which is not as uncommon as you might like to think, is often indicated for the treatment of "weakness." It has not yet been established who indicates this, but when we find him we will beat the crap (pasqual) out of him.

A dried potato skin makes an excellent blotter for the office, and can be used, in an emergency, as a prescription blank, especially for a joke.

If you write a friend's name on a potato skin and then tear it up and bury the pieces in the yard, he will die agonizingly within the hour.

Two small potato skins, fed to your dog or cat, will cause him to live three or four hundred years.

Potato skins sprinkled on the back porch at night will be replaced by shiny gold pieces in the morning. (The medical applications of this are endless.)

If a potato skin mache is made, and formed into the shape of a person, it will immediately come to life and hold an intelligent conversation with you.

Placing a moist potato over a cut or scrape will heal the cut, and you will also get three wishes.

Shampooing the hair with a soap made of potato skin will allow you to become invisible at will.

Beneficial results can often be obtained with a paste made from the skin of a potato. I recall vividly an afternoon when a patient of mine came to see me and complained that he had been getting sicker and sicker since I began treatment. I happened to have a potato skin sitting on the edge of the desk, and I picked it up and pasted him in the face with it. He never bothered me again.

The use of a potato skin as a prophylactic is contraindicated.

-- Calvin Demmon

happy
JIM BENFORD
chatter



BEAT ME DADDY, EIGHT TO THE BAR A while back Tony Wright, Joe Miller and I went to Tijuana on a Saturday night. I parked the car on the U.S. side of the border and walked the half mile to the downtown area. It looked like the cowtowns one sees in western movies, except for the old cars. In fact, Tijuana looks just like an Oklahoma town of the 20's.

I had heard of the enterprise of the natives, so I wasn't surprised to see gangs of suspicious looking Mexicans standing on street corners. When we'd cross at an intersection, we'd be besieged by a long line of pimps saying in a bright cheery voice, "Taxi, fella," followed by "Wanta piece of ass" in a low conspiratorial tone. We walked around till we found the Blue Fox and went in. The gaudy signs outside said NO COVER CHARGE but we couldn't get in until we bought a beer. The interior was essentially a brothel with a floorshow. There was a stage and an inept combo (who played background for the strippers) at the back of the ground floor. The stage was surrounded by tables and the tables were surrounded by girls trying to drum up business. I noticed that some collegiate types had brought dates for some strange reason. They spent their time sipping beer and trying to look sophisticated. The rest of the upstairs was a whorehouse. There were four stairs leading up to the rooms, with a steady current of girls and customers.

The floor show was crude enough to be boring and we soon lost interest. Since our table was next to the stage, our inattention was apparent to the stripper who was finishing her act. To attract our attention she came over and threw her unattractive self against Tony. He called her something in Spanish that I didn't catch. She did though, so she picked up an ashtray from the next table and threw the ashes on Tony. He threw his beer on her. She started yelling. The manager came over along with several girls. Everybody stood up. The bartender wanted to know why Tony didn't have a beer. The girls were yelling at everybody. Tony was getting mad; but, seeing that the odds were against us, we started a strategic retreat. We separated and filtered through the milling girls.

While I was feeling my way out, a big husky woman of about 35 grabbed me

in an appropriate place and said, "Want to go, baby?" In the interest of scientific inquiry, I priced her and bid her down from seven dollars to three dollars. Then I moved on because Tony and Joe had probably made it out by then. But other girls kept getting in my way and naturally I had to inquire. Towards the edge of the crowd I was stopped by "Want to go, baby? Anything you want, anything you want. What you want? Just name it! Fuckee? Suckee? What you want?" I thought I'd put her on so I said, "Would you...? No, you wouldn't..." and trailed off. She leaned forward, demanding to know what I wanted, so I leered and, glancing cautiously off to both sides, said, with sadistic glee, "How much would you charge to beat me with a black belt with a brass buckle?" She looked back at me with a stupid surprised expression and said "Huh?!". I laughed like hell and walked out onto the street.

JUST LIKE A FABULOUS COMIC BOOK CHARACTER The last time Lichtman was here, we dropped by the Nexus Book Store to browse. I glanced through a copy of J. T. Farrell's Danny O'Neal. There was a short sequence where a salesman is bragging in a diner about his knowledge of philosophy. A collect student next to him leads him on, then asks him what he thinks of "Humphrey Roberts, the noted English philosopher." The salesman falls for it and goes on about how he "read his book last time I was in Philly." Of course, Roberts doesn't exist.

A few days later I was over at Steve Sears' apartment, working problems. I noticed a pile of books on philosophy and drama. They were all old and sort of off-beat. That is, there weren't any standard or well-known works; just the ones that didn't make it. I asked Steve about them and he launched into the same sort of self-consciously casual remarks about his great familiarity with philosophy. It was but the work of a moment to make up a false name and ask him about it.

"Who?" he replied.

"Prestly Bakeawitz, the eminent logical positivist from Hungary," I elaborated.

"Oh, sure. Sure. Yes, I've read some of his stuff."

"What do you think of him?"

"Well, I really haven't had time to think it out. It's been a few years since I read him and I went on to other things immediately afterwards."

Next time I'm over there I'm going to bring up the drama books. Then I'm going to ask him if he's read any plays by Socrates.

MEYER, MEYER, EVERYWHERE After we moved out to the west coast, Greg and Lichtman started calling everybody "Meyer," in the tradition of Burbee. The name came from a dirty old joke that's been largely forgotten by everybody. When we moved later, to La Jolla, Greg and I continued calling each other Meyer on occasion. It's hard to explain why, but after it's been used a couple of times, it sort of sticks.

Pretty soon, the other students started calling each other Meyer, too. Especially an ultra-Jewish New Yorker, Herb Bernstein. One day, after "Meyer" had been assimilated by several people, we had a seminar. None of us had remembered that one of the professors sitting at the back of the room was named Meir Weger. At the end of the talk, one of the profs turned around and said in

a loud voice, "What do you think of that, Meir?" and all the students started laughing. All except Greg and I; fast thinking fans that we are, we figured it out fast enough not to laugh. But I don't think the faculty is going to figure that one out.

--Jim Benford

SHUT UP AND DEAL

SO WE HAVE A GAME called lunch hour bridge. Every once in a while one of us will be out in the field, and one of the stenos will hold down the missing fourth. My partner, a jackass named Hayward, is bidding happy and I have known him to open one space with nine high-card points, and one time the jackass opened two hearts with a hundred and fifty honors and no side strength whatsoever.

My partner and I are consistent losers. I know his weakness and shade my hand by four points over the mandatory reply. Consequently whatever scores we make (unless I as dealer open) are mostly by sand-bagging the honorable East and West into overbidding, and then I double an impossible contract.

And we do some horrendous amount of talking, across the board. Like, say, "I pass. First round pass." And then west will reply, "one vulnerable spade." And so forth.

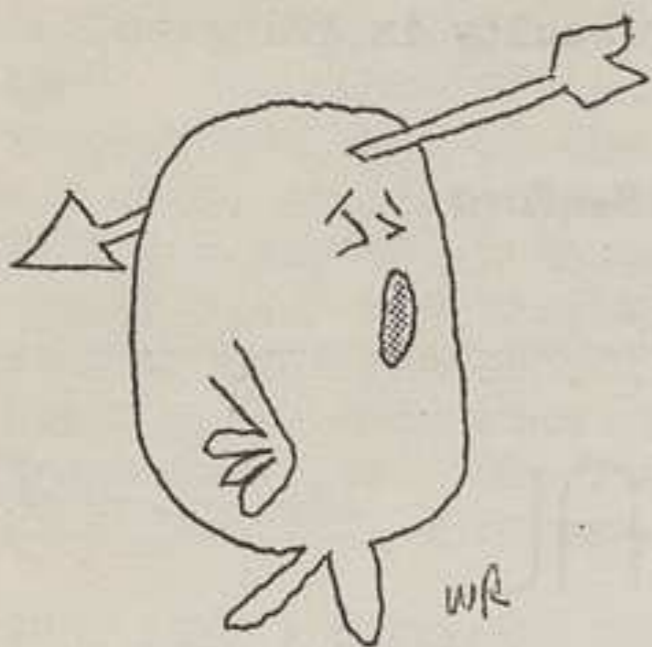
This is all leading up to what is known as a Tom Swiftie.

It was a fine day in our air-conditioned office late last September, and I sorted my cards and grinned. After all, it was one hundred eight degrees outside and seventy-one indoors.

"I bid two spades," I said heartlessly.



-- ELMER PERDUE



norm clarke

heard any good
nuances lately?

A JAZZ COLUMN, HUH? (That's what Bob Lichtman, my Idea Man, has suggested I write this time; or maybe it was Joe Pilati.) Well, I think I can swing it. (Bob Lichtman asked, "Do you think you can swing it?" If you have to ask, Bob, you'll never know.) First of all, of course, I'll need a few good adjectives. "Sensitive" used to be a pretty serviceable one, but now it just means "faggotty"; so I'll only use that adjective when it's absolutely necessary, i.e., in describing faggotty jaz records (I collect them, sweetie). "Vital" is a handy adjective to have around; it's used to describe a B-flat blues, preferably played by Negroes. You don't often get to hear jazz that is both Sensitive and Vital; but that is because you don't frequent the right bars, you square. Another good adjective is "eleemosynary," but that one isn't found very often, even in the best jazz criticism; I don't know why not ("Nat and I went to a swingin' eleemosynary jazz concert last night.")

Perhaps it would be better to forget about adjectives, though. All right, let's. We'll just use two of them: "Good" and "Bad." And even these we will use sparingly. For example:

Sonny Rollins used to be a Good saxophone player. Now he is Bad. He has made an LP, co-starring Don Cherry (a Bad trumpet player); the LP is Vitally Bad. Don Cherry plays his usual Sensitive Bad Solos. Sonny Rollins plays every Bad note on his horn, which has more than most. See Sonny Rollins. He is a Bad man. Hear his Bad notes. Bad, Bad, Bad. Well, we will never listen to Sonny Rollins again. Good, Good, Good.

Oh, hell, let's forget about jazz; I can't stand that loud crap, anyway. Maybe a Rock&Roll Column would have more popular appeal. Also, it is not necessary to know any verbs or nouns. All that is required is a serious interest in the subject, although it helps to have a whole lot of hair, as well. If you have an interest, also, in Sports Cars and Taking Mace (or Morning Glory Seeds), you are probably a Rock&Roll fan par excellence, even though you don't know what par excellence means. And you need help. You won't find it here; but, nevertheless, let us discuss (or "4eview") some recent Rock&Roll records. If you haven't heard the ones I'm going to review, it doesn't matter; you've probably heard others that sound just like them.

Hi there, all you "cats" and "chickens" out there in Teenland! The first record I would like to review is by Leslie Gore, I can't remember its name, but you know the one I mean! On this disc, the "Teenage Bulldike" (as she is known to her thousands of fans) sings, with her glorious voice, a song, in the classic "AABA" pattern, about

"love" and "crying." When she sings the words "cry," "crying," "tears," or "teardrops," the keen ear can detect a sob in her voice. She does that on purpose. When she sings the word "love," she makes you feel that you know what "love" is all about. Or that she does. Or her agent does. Or maybe not. She does mention the word "love" quite often in her songs, though; she must be trying to tell us something. This record gets One Hundred and Four stars (we think big, in the R&R reviewing game; one hundred stars isn't even very good.)

The next record we have to review, here, is by Leslie Gore. We sure get a lot of Leslie Gore records, in the R&R record reviewing game. Well, this one is along much the same lines as that other one I was talking about in the last paragraph, or maybe in some other article. I dunno. I try and keep up, but, you know, sometimes I ask myself, "What does it all mean, anyway? One hundred stars, two hundred stars...where does this fit in, in the Scheme of Things?" Sometimes I get this feeling of--oh, I dunno. "Je-ne-sais-quoi," I guess you could call it. However, this record by Leslie Gore is all about some friend of hers who is crying, with tears and the whole thing. Well, I guess Leslie is always good for a hundred or so stars; she's consistent, that girl, and a great little performer. When the Honor Roll of Show Biz is unravelled in that Great Teen Hop in the Sky, the name of Leslie Gore will ring forth in letters of fire and ice. Grab this one, you funkies; it's a gasper. Keep sending in those cards and letters, Leslie.

But let's try something different. Instead of the "record-reviewing" thing, why don't I review, instead, some Live Music I have Caught recently -- sort of a "Caught in the Act" bit, like in Down Beat, you know?

CAUGHT AT THE ACT
The Fabulous Fantasticats
Chez Maloney Hotel

Renfrew Furd, guitar; Elmo Whelp, rhythm guitar; Harvey "Yardbird" Greel, lead guitar; Maurice Lozenge, bass guitar; Ajax Nebbish, reeds & percussion.

The first two sets caught by this here writer on the evening of January 3-4 were played to an enthusiastic audience of visiting firemen. The next two sets were played upstairs, after the downstairs had burned to the ground ("It was truly a veritable holocaust," commented Whelp.) This band has a remarkable "Show Must Go On" quality that is so notably lacking in many of those anti-Jazz New Thing groups. As Ajax Nebbish said, with a cheerful smile, "The show must go on."

And go on it did. And on. And on. Midway through the third rendition of "Hey, Bo Diddley," a perspiring youth was heard to ask, jokingly, "What time is it?" "Go ask Towner Hall," retorted his companion, thereby eliciting roars of good-natured laughter from the crowd, among whom was Mr. Hall himself, obviously in his element and enjoying himself hugely. Your reporter himself doesn't know when he's had such a good time, but he suspects it was the day before that, or maybe tomorrow.

No; that wasn't such a good idea, after all. Oh, it's got excellent descriptive passages and good, authentic, colorful dialogue and all; but, really, what does it tell anybody about the music? Surely what the genuinely

interested reader wants from any penetrating music review column, such as this one, is to learn some Solid Facts about a particular piece of music; how it's put together (or ripped apart), why it sounds so funny, and how the bass violinist gets his instrument under his chin. All right, then; let us have here a technical analysis of a particularly interesting piece (of music), composed by myself, as performed by an outstanding group of musicians (the Norm Clarke Combo) and recorded "live" at the Rococo Ballroom of the Hotel Magnifique, in the heart of Aylmer's Latin Quarter; the composition is entitled "Sometimes I Wonder Why I Spend Each Lonely Night Blues," and is orchestrated for two saxophones, one trumpet, and numerous assorted "rhythm" instruments, such as the pianoforte, the electrically-amplified sitar, etc. The Technical Analysis, then:

At the beginning of the recording, a voice can be heard saying, "A-one and a-two and awaaaay we go!" This is, actually, an instruction by the leader of the musicians, and serves to set the tempo, or "velocity," of the song; in this instance, the tempo is what musicians call "bright, overfunk"; the layman is most apt to refer to it as a "foxtrot." (Stupid laymen!) But on to the music itself. Assisted by the "rhythmic section," the pianist improvises a two-bar introduction, or "vamp" in layman's terminology (clods!), based on an harmonic progression of C Maj / A mi 7 / D mi 7 / G 7. (Try that on your guitars, all you folk fans out there! Get with the New Sounds!) Imagine everyone's surprise when the band, instead of entering in the key of G-flat -- as would normally be expected from a progression such as that -- comes in with a resounding C major triad! You can hear (on the record) a gasp of shock from the crowd, and cries of "L'addition, s'il vous plait!" From then on, all hell breaks loose, beginning with the dazzling trumpet solo that brought the crowd, as one man, to its feet (you can hear, on the record, one man shouting, "You have brought me to my feet with your dazzling trumpet solo! L'addition!") This is followed by a surging ensemble chorus played by the saxophone section (Galen Fugg, alto; Norm Clarke, tenor), harmonized in thirds (apparently). The selection ends with a rousing traps solo, featuring such polyrhythms as the superimposition of a 4/4 feeling (or "beat", as the fool you-know-what would call it) over the basic 2/4; the solo is climaxed by a powerful statement on the sock cymbal, which can be roughly notated as $\hat{\downarrow} \approx \hat{\downarrow} \approx | \vee \hat{\downarrow} \hat{\downarrow} \hat{\downarrow} \approx |$ although the dynamic subtleties simply have to be heard to be appreciated. All in all, then, a remarkable tour-de-force, and I recommend it as a valuable ear-stimulator (although the record is not being released, due to some preposterous demands by the AFM. What is "scale," anyway?).

Aah, I don't know -- I just don't seem, somehow, to be cut out to be a Music Reviewer; I've tried and tried, but the words don't seem to come out right. I mean, the music is saying something to me, and I experience these profound emotional reactions, but when I try to put them into words, well.... My feelings about music seem to be pretty well inexpressible except in Technical Terms, and they just won't do at all. How many of you who are reading this are going to experience a genuine Insight into the rhythmic vitality that is the heart and soul of jazz music, simply by studying that inadequate, highly approximate notation of the ingenious drum improvisation I have described above? Oh, Walter Breen, perhaps (although I suspect he would question the accurateness of my transcription); but how can I hope to communicate the truth of jazz (or even of good music) to the vast, musically-unlettered hordes of FRAP readers? How can I make you stupid bastards understand? But, after all, what can I expect? I mean, I've spent a solid year trying to explain to Boyd

Raeburn the difference between Top Pop Crap ("all that rock and roll," as he calls it) and rootsy, ethnic, soulful Rhythm & Blues -- why, it's as different as black and white! But he clings to his stubborn insistence that Ricky Nelson is far superior to Ray Charles; and he keeps saying, "Why is loud crap Bad? Shew me what you mean!"

The life of a Music Expert is fraught with frustration. And Boyd Raeburn has an Ofay Accent.

-- Norm Clarke

folk music u.s.a.

WHERE DO FOLK
SINGERS GO WHEN
THEY DIE?



THEY DON'T.



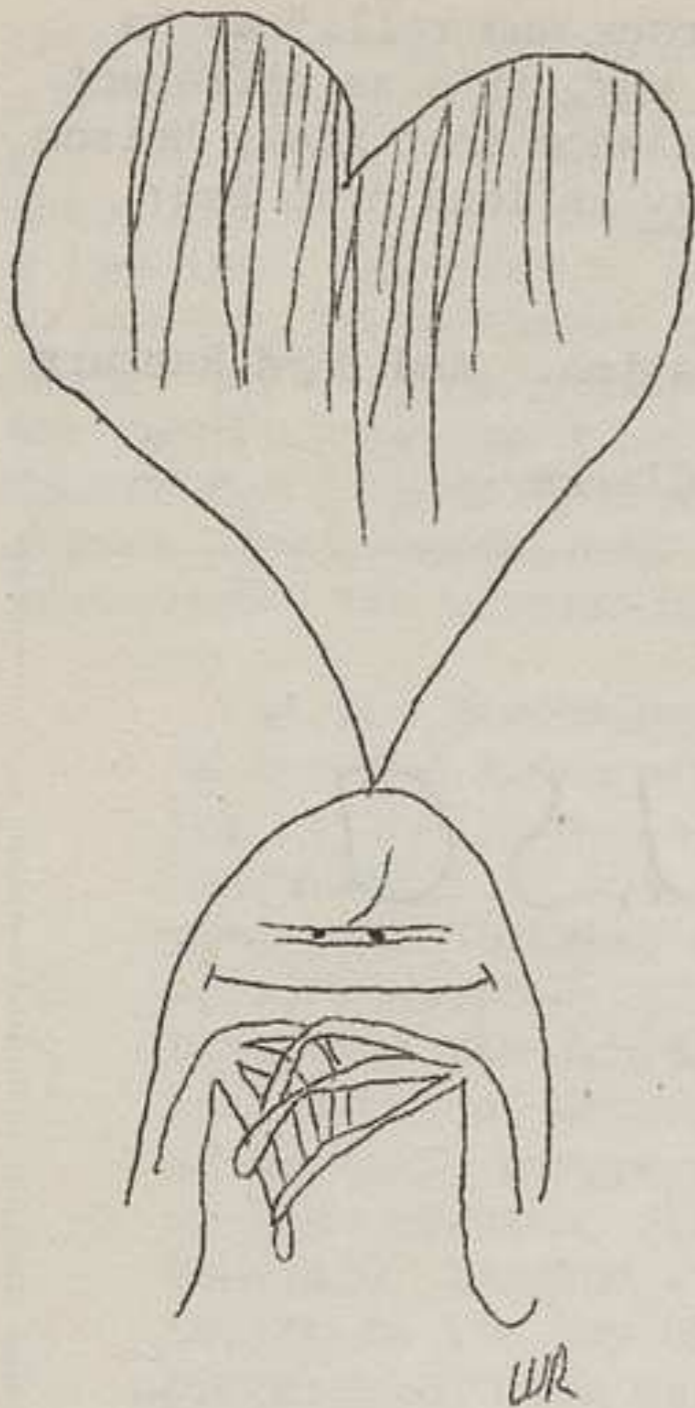
HAVE YOU EVER SEEN
A FOLK SINGER STOP
VOLUNTARILY?



ONCE, ABOUT
1938, BUT HE
WAS DRUNK



- bill rotsler



dick ellington

THE PREPARATION OF ZEN GUNK

TO MAKE A PROPER GUNK, one must have three basic ingredients: a decently stocked kitchen that provides the proper emanations, a pound or so of cheap hamburger meat and, most important, the proper mental attitude. (See "Zen and the Art of Cooking," by Ray Nelson, in FRAP #3.)

Once you have assured yourself that your attitude is correct, that you are, so to speak, in tune with the cosmic forces one finds eddying in little whorls around even the dingiest kitchen, the actual preparation will proceed smoothly and effortlessly, with little needed from you except an occasional disdainful wave of the spatula.

It is considered base by most authorities to prepare the Base simultaneously with the actual Gunk. The Base may consist of boiled potatoes, boiled rice, boiled noodles or toast--even dry bread will do in a pinch or if you are feeling particularly ascetic. But here again you must let the spirit move your hand to the correct package. Never force yourself to use up those two shrivelled potatoes rattling around on the shelf jussy because they might go bad. Such an action is all that is needed to throw yourself completely out of tune with the whole kitchen.

With the Base bubbling merrily on the back burner we are now ready to proceed with the actual Gunk. A large skillet is preferable for this--cast iron of course--and keep it at a moderate heat, please.

The hamburger comes first. As Mr. Nelson has so aptly noted, you must get your hands into the meat, roust it around a little, get the feel of it. As you do this, think pleasant thoughts about the strange and varied animals that have sacrificed themselves so simply and humbly that you may enjoy this repast.

Crumble the meat lovingly into the skillet in small bits, savoring the

cold, greasy feel of it. As it begins to brown you may begin to scatter handfuls of finely chopped onions around in the pan, letting them nestle lovingly against the bits of hamburger and sizzle in the juices.

At this point it would be well to check your mental attitude again because we are now at the crucial--one might even say the really artistic--point. Stroll casually to the spice shelf and let your eyes wander slowly along the line. When the name, or the feel, of a spice moves you, remove the can from the shelf. Have no fear about what is actually in those strange little cans or how many you may select. If you are in tune with your stomach, you cannot fail. Return to the stove and take each can individually and again let the spirit determine how much of what you should sprinkle in. Garlic chips, oregano, savory, marjoram, thyme, black pepper, A-1 sauce--what? a stray jar of pimientos has appeared in your hand? Does it feel right? Then throw it in, of course! Nothing ventured, one might say.

Stir the whole skilletful now--but gently, and contemplate it awhile, perhaps readying the cup of flour and water mix to turn the whole into a gravylike consistency. Let it simmer a few minutes and you're ready.

That wasn't hard, was it now? Simply plop the Base onto the plate and pour the Gunk lovingly onto it.

Taste it.

Oh, go ahead. I mean, after all, you made it--one might say you created it. Tastes different from last time, doesn't it? Not necessarily better but different. Always you have that sense of the new, the unexpected.

My, your eyes are watering. Too much thyme, I bet. Well, this sort of thing happens occasionally. Dill seed is not for you? Examine yourself now internally and I'm sure you will find that somewhere, somehow, some little part of your mind was just a wee bit out of phase. You were probably thinking about that girl next door and her yummy baked lasagna. Nasty old man you.

--Dick Ellington

Three weeks of sleeping alone,
Then, a sudden glimpse up the dress
Of my best friend's wife.

--Ray Nelson

reprint page

One of our favorite fannish past times is putting other fans on appropriate mailing lists. We learned this from Les Gerber, who has put us on a few choice mailing lists. But little did we know when we put our friend and co-editor, Greg Benford, on a mailing list for "conservatives," that he would receive the rather amazing journal the first page of which is reproduced in facsimile below:

THE PUNTING VECTOR

An irregular journal of opinion and prejudice published by Johnny Boredman, somewhere in our great midwest. Trade copies with other journals like National Review, Stormtrooper, etc., will be gratefully exchanged.

- - - -

SATYAGRAHA, HAVLAGA, TREBLINKA

(This article attracted so much attention some issues ago that we've decided to reprint it entirely. The word "Satyagraha" is Indian for "kill." "Havlaga" refers to the motto of the late SS, "kill!" "Treblinka" is a term used among several South American dictatorships to denote "kill.")

A lot of people have been wondering about passive resistance and things like that. How can we oppose powers that are legally the very basis of our government, and yet are Wrong, Wrong, Wrong? Passive resistance is mentioned all the time as a way out of this, for it fills up jails and can clog up the left-wingers in government until they have to give in to our demands. Historically, this approach has been used by many people in many different places, and I could list these and go into long, boring descriptions of them and pussy-foot around for a few pages, but why don't I just get right down to brass tacks and say what's on my mind?

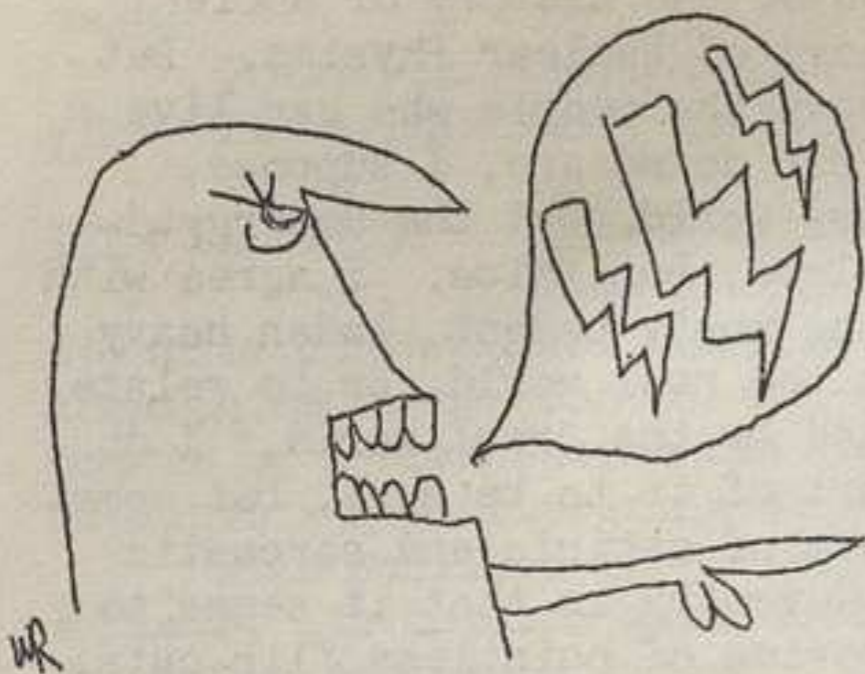
Sure, lying down in the streets and stuff like that are okay if you're dealing with people who have a fine moral sense. (Like us.) But who is heading up all the liberal movements that are giving us all this trouble? Liberals and left-wingers! Are we going to cooperate with people like that? Of course not.

And this policy doesn't apply to only the liberals who are currently living in our neighborhoods and stirring up trouble. The left-wingers in our country must be made to answer for the murders committed by their fellow-liberals in Cuba, for instance. Some people say the politicians in Cuba aren't liberals, they're communists, but they call themselves liberals, don't they? That proves it. We can lump these different breeds of political animal together and denounce them all. This saves us a lot of energy trying to separate out the good and bad ideas in liberalism, and we can use this energy to beat up a lot more of the people who disagree with us.

The socialistic liberal who is knocked on the head and pitched into the gutter today will not give us any trouble tomorrow.

ELECTION TIME AGAIN

This year, we have several good people running for office again and as usual I've been running around campaigning for these intelligent and per-



letter column

REDD BOGGS With a cover illustration, interior artwork, a poem, a filler piece, and a feature article, Ray Nelson virtually monopolizes Frap #3. All these items are interesting, but I thought the article was the only one that came fully up to his standards. Not being familiar with the essays it satirizes ("Zen and the Art of Archery," ktp) I can't assess how successfully Ray's "Zen and the Art of Cookery" manages to undercut such idiocy. But judged as a piece of descriptive writing it is a first rate job. Not even Hemingway or O'Hara could achieve happier results in attempting to describe both accurately and originally such a mundane, mindless, everyday task as frying the breakfast bacon.

I liked Elmer Perdue's nicely turned little bravura, and Greg Benford's "Guide to Fandom" is perhaps the sharpest job of writing I've seen from the Benford typewriter in a long time. It has few traces of the pipsqueak, adenoidal cynicism that mars too much work by too many immature fans. Life in or out of fandom can hardly have been so harsh as to create such an attitude. What the hell have they got to be cynical about? I'm afraid they are too often cynical because it is fashionable, because F. Towner Laney was cynical, not because of any powerful tendency they feel within themselves.

Len Moffatt's "Mr Sensitive Fannish Face" is, I think, the most enjoyable item in this issue. I wonder if this is supposed to be a true story. Obviously the names of the femfan and her fanzine are purely imaginary, but maybe they merely protect the innocence of some fanne who did exist. The story was almost too pat to be quite believable, but it had the aspect of truth, if not of fact. And it was a lovely yarn, fictional or not.

"Letter Column": I confess that I'm amazed that people, including you and Harry Warner, suppose that "the extroverted (!) trivia-recounting Boggs" is a natural product of Southern California, like kumquats, rutabagas, and secret identities. The Frapiece in question, "Log of the Honeybee," is--as some readers remarked--only an instalment of a series begun in Retrograde/Discord. And the previous instalment, describing my meeting with Ella Parker, was written in the same spirit as the present instalment, even though it was published long before I left Minnesota. I am also amazed (and even horrified) that I am being credited (or blamed) for Empty Pigbladder Balloon. I mimeoed it, but did not write it.

Editorial: Some valid and witty points are made here, not always coincidentally, but it seems to me that you are using the terms "reality" and "real life" in some special sense that must be equated with the business of making a living. But this involves a fantasy world, too. The office politics one gets involved in are usually as ridiculous as Coventry or Diplomacy. The man who is happy in his work is the man who can immerse himself completely in such a fantasy world. My favorite fantasy world--I say this sincerely and not

ironically--is still the one that exists, worlds within worlds, on a campus behind ivy-hung walls. There's nothing more unrealistic than the devotion of faculty and students to the minute examination of the history of ancient Egypt, the works of Anthony Trollope, or the theory of Nuclear Physics. But it is a congenial life--or it was to me--and I envy the people who can live there the rest of their lives. The people that can do so are, I suppose, confronting "real life," but it's the same fantasy world that the undergraduate is travelling through. All is illusion. (True, but false. I agree with you that there is little more unrealistic than the musty pedant, laden heavy with weighty facts but utterly unable to cope in the real world, or to relate his facts to any overall perspective of life. And by the "real world," I do not mean to imply "work-job," though that's a part of it to be sure, but something more universal. My concern, taking the form of satiric and sarcastic remarks, with fans of things like Diplomacy and Coventry is that it seems to me they are distorting the life picture into a series of pointless flip-outs. What with mimeographed and dittoed "fanzines" about their Diplomacy games, one pauses and wonders if these people are even aware that there is a lot of variety in life outside the Diplomacy game-world.)

"Some Higher Voice than the people's controls the expression of opinion and emotion on a mass level in this country!?" Why limit it to this country? I agree that such a Higher Voice speaks, but to all times and all peoples. Call it Fate. It's not the result of such a dark plot as you seem to envision, but comes merely from the fact that mass reaction can only be accomplished by the mass. It's invigorating to suppose that "personal protest," the power of the individual, can change the course of things, but it isn't so. "We" control destiny, but only in the mass. That's the dead, disembodied Higher Voice you speak of, bellowing down the corridors of time. (Call it chicken-shit re the Status Quo, then...) [270 S. Bonnie Brae, Los Angeles 90057/

NORM CLARKE The first part of your editorial had a vaguely familiar ring; was this a Reprint? Anyway, it certainly wasn't "much too strong for a fanzine"; nothing can ever, ever be too strong for a fanzine (see that fabulous fannish fanzine, Boondoggle). I enjoyed your short piece on the Kennedy assassination; and I think you articulated very well the reactions that many people had: "sense of loss," disbelief that such a thing could actually happen, and a disgust at the subsequent "falseness" of the renaming of everything "Kennedy" (I thought it ironic that Canaveral, almost synonymous with Ignominous Failure, was renamed "Cape Kennedy"). And now, of course, it is positively sickening to see, in every corner store, books and records and magazines and pictures of and about Kennedy, all Cashing In on the morbid sensationalism of it all; you've got to say this for ol' Jack: he was great Show Biz, right up to the end, and after. Faugh. (You sure don't see too many of those books and records and magazines and pictures anymore, Normie, baby, because all them have been moved aside to accomodate all the books and records and magazines and pictures of the Beatles.)

I've been eating Open Face Peanut Butter Sandwiches of the Awakening (only without the mescaline--which is perhaps why I never awakened) since I was a kid, except that I have always put butter both under and on top of the peanut butter; I guess that's not very Zen of me. As for 'pataburgers, I must insist that Mr. Nelson include a pinch of thyme in the mixture; without it, any ground meat mixture is completely inedible, as the Willowdale Gourmet & Wino Society will confirm. A little oregano might help, too, but that is kind of effete.

"Forgotten Fans of the Forties (II)"? Who, then, is (I)? If you say "Georgina Ellis," she will kill you.

Elmer Perdue's "Valachi" was Good Stuff (and I am amazed at the way you are able to get material from Elmer); but I must say that it has got to be a truism that "the worst Frankie and Johnnie...is...by Guy Lombardo," even

without the lyrics about Frankie buying Johnnie a malted milk. For Chris-sake.

Gosh, your fanzine is a pile of crap. (This is a kissy comment.)
/Box 911, Aylmer East, Quebec, Canada/

DICK ELLINGTON Nelson makes good points in Zen cooking but he has missed some of the really choice dishes such as Dave Foley's old favorite of Chocolate pudding on rye sandwiches which require a positively Yogaish concentration to eat, and Geis' chocolate cake and tomato soup, or the powers of concentration and the aesthetic sense necessary to turn out a really original and soul-searing dish we refer to guardedly as Gunk.

Slim Gaillard (I'm back commenting on #2 now) is still in the area, I b'lieve. Al Collins mentioned a few months back that he had a restaurant daown the Peninsula someways and he's apparently augmenting as we unemployed types say.

Actually, of course, you'll find that it's quite de rigeur in MadAve circles to sit around solemnly knocking the whole big nasty system and how bad it all is and how what you really want to do is get the hell away from this grind and get out there and get that novel written--but of course most of them don't. When I worked on Madison Avenue--purely coincidentally as it were, in that the Engineering Office I worked for had their offices there--I used to get all sorts funny looks. I toted a briefcase--baggy old thing--in which I carried my lunch, thermos, books to read, things to mail and like that and wore an old overcoat and a long fuzzy beard, which attracts attention of course anywhere but on Madison Avenue the beard then was a status symbol, indicating you were at least an account exec., possibly something bigger, as only the wheels were permitted by the Rules to sport beards and funny clothes. The peons were the ones restricted to the Ivy League uniform and the clean shaven look and all these peons used to speculate on who I was as they stood around Wilke's pipe shop soaking up atmosphere and Being Seen. Me? I was in there buying cigarette tobacco for my machine. [1941 Oregon, Berkeley, California 94703/

THOM PERRY I think I enjoyed Greg Benford's humor best of all that you've been featuring. He seems to be one of the funniest younger writers (←???) in fandom, and he got a place on my fan poll ballot, though I don't recall where between Walt and Madeline Willis I placed him. His guide to fandom in this issue is probably the finest thing in it, for all that it begins to peter out by the time the Clever Remarks category is reached. I liked the first two categories best, especially the rationalization about moving to Kansas. Of course I didn't take it personally or anything...after all, I live in Nebraska, not Kansas.

I think "Zen and the Art of Cooking" is the first fmz article by Ray Nelson I've ever enjoyed, if you don't count his letters to "-" when he was living in Europe. The deadpan humor is hilarious, or so I found it, while the deep thinking he attempts in serious articles seems to me too often specious. Similarly I liked his inside-cover poem about the beabnik--until I began to wonder if he meant it to be taken seriously. Now I can't be sure if I like it or not. (←What should that have to do with it?→)

I'm similarly puzzled by Len Moffatt's story about Alice Dulce and her fanzine Bembolt. Those names have to be fiction, for they indicate a subtlety completely lacking in the Mrs. Dulce of the story...but the story itself is entirely too plausible to be fiction, or else Len is an author of professional standards. I liked it very much anyway (if it's fiction it's the kind that's as true or more so than fact) but it still makes me wonder. Obviously I'm the kind of reader who would be helped no end by a label saying "This is a factual article intended to be funny" or "This is a piece of fiction intended to be taken seriously" or whatever.

Elmer Perdue's essay reminds me of Dean Grennell's editorial on the same subject a few years back. His points are well made (though I question that word "racial" to indicate national origins in the first sentence). I refuse to be bothered, however, by the Hearst papers or anyone else changing the names of the signs of astrology. What do the dates June 21-July 20 have to do with a crab or a carcinoma more than with "moon children"? Let John Campbell worry about it, say I.

But if Elmer is disturbed about such things, I pass on an intelligence about the new "Christian" version of the Tarot pack. The card that shows a lady in a bedsheet pouring water from a large jug while she stands with one foot in water and the other on land used to be known as TIME. In the new grand arcana she is "Temperance." /4018 Laurel Avenue, Omaha, Nebraska 68111/

GREG BENFORD There's pounds of fannishness in here oozing out of the cracks. "The last good president we had was George III" is an interlineation worthy of A BAS at its best. (Quite seriously, we didn't like it, and were surprised to read this comment from you, and even more surprised when Bill Rotsler asked us who said it so he could use it in the next Quotebook.) When TCarr remarked some time ago that the trouble with DAFOE was its trying too hard, the diametric case in his mind might well have been FRAP; a more easy-handed fanzine I haven't seen. And as Joe Pilati said, the amazing thing is the unforced nature of such a large quantity of humor. (Yes, Terry Carr would say, "DAFOE's trouble is that it's trying too hard; FRAP's trouble is that it doesn't try hard enough.")

I was utterly gassed by your satire or whatever of my "Victory Winged." However, I can plead ignorance of Diplomacy and other games of imminent decline, for I haven't been in LA for some months. Also, Calvin is wrong in supposing VW was a putdown of Bruce Pelz. It was just a funny article--I didn't intend to put down anybody, just as Burbee maintains he didn't mean to put down Al Ashley. (No, you weren't putting down Bruce; you were just discovering him to the western world.)

Nelson on Zen and cooking very, very funny. It is easy to see why the following of his directions would induce Satori; with all that work you'd only be able to cook enough to stay alive, and soon would begin to have starvation-induced visions.

Len Moffatt casts an atmosphere over his article which draws one immediately into the atmosphere of a young teenage fan of the 40's. The naivete and earnestness that must have stuck out all over the young Moffatt were almost painful reminders of my earlier outlook (not all that many years ago, either). (Yes, but now your eyes and hair have changed color, haven't they?) It must be true, all of it; how could anyone fabricate the pseudonym Lisa Starlove? I wonder how Len remembers the details of a terrible fan story published over 20 years ago in a four-page hectoed fmz? Anyway, this article has an air of fannishness about it unlike the usual definition of that much-maligned word.

Elmer Perdue is of course right three times over on the emancipation of our mass media. I deplore the air of reverence that surrounds the mention of racial relations and the perverse avoidance of any Bad Words which might convey any notice of a difference due to color. It is ironic that when such attention to details regarding sex in Victorian England comes up it is treated with disbelief, but the same thing occurs more than occasionally regarding race. Do you suppose we will get to the point where we're saying "our darker fellow citizens"?

Harry Warner: I don't believe discussionzines are new; I just don't like to see people trying to be Serious and Meaningful when their talents lie in other directions. (Though it must be said, I think, that if people are good at writing humor, they'll produce it in preference to other things.) It is

unfortunate that people like, say, John Koning, who don't write much humor but enjoy it much more than warmed-over New Republic articles, can't find much of interest to them in fandom. 9344 Redwood Drive, Apt. H, La Jolla, California 92038/

HARRY WARNER You should be more careful about the people to whom you send fanzines that contain articles on cooking and the delights of the palate. Some of your best friends might be bachelors, like me. I made myself sick for three days back in the early stages of winter, after opening and serving myself a can of cream of chicken soup, so it's obvious that I am not one to put into practice the interesting processes that Ray Nelson describes. And tonight I read this article only a half hour after my evening meal at a downtown lunch counter. This is cruelty over and beyond the call of duty.

I can't quite decide for certain, but it sounds as if Len Moffatt still doesn't understand why Alice wanted to publish a fanzine called Bembolt. It's quite obvious: Dulce means sweet, there is a famous old song called Ben Bolt that opens with a query about whether Ben recalls sweet Alice, and that solves the whole matter except for the third letter of the title. This year of 1941 seems quite early for fans to be putting bem to use in a pun, and I am half-convinced that Len made up the whole account. It sounds like a much more polished story than many fanzine items that were definitely fiction about fans, in any event. I had the same qualms that Len describes when Leslie Stone, a once famous sf writer, was living in town and kept pestering me to pay her visits because she couldn't find anyone else to talk to about science fiction, and I couldn't help imagining a husband bursting in on the middle of one of those afternoons. I think that I finally met her husband on my fourth or fifth trip and he seemed as glad as Leslie that someone with knowledge of science fiction had materialized in Hagerstown.

The persistence of Frankie and Johnnie as the names of the characters in that song surprised me more than the trip that Frankie took to buy a malted. With all these scandals breaking forth, it's strange that the mass media controllers haven't changed Frankie's name to something more feminine. Incidentally, I wrote to someone recently and mentioned a jew's harp for some reason or other. My correspondent replied indignantly that that wasn't a very nice way to monkey with the name of a juice harp. Times have changed rapidly.

You too failed to make the comment about the assassination that I keep looking for in print. Nobody seems to have marveled as I did at the way portable radios bobbed up instantly in every office, factory and other place of business. I must have entered a couple of dozen such places during the first hour after his shooting to gather color for a local reaction news story and the tiny transistor things were everywhere. I had the crazy notion for a short time that everyone in town had received advance warning that big news was to break and had brought a radio to work that day. We're too far from the transmitters for the tiny portable television sets to be useful here, because they need a good outdoor antenna to receive clear signals over a 75-mile distance, or I imagine I would have found these people equipped with picture as well as sound. 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland 21740/

BRINGING UP THE REAR:

Les Nirenberg says, "FRAP is one of the best zines I've seen recently" and asks for permission to reprint Elmer Perdue's "Valachi," which ought to be appearing soon in Panic Button. ## George Scithers writes, apropos some comments of mine in #2: "I was in awe of your perceptive remarks on the reasons for the differences between American & European women. Then I remembered that you have never been married to either; I was even more awaed at your perception. Then I remembered that I've never been married either." Ahahahaha. ##

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JQ;

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