

# NUMBER ONE # 7

This is lucky #7 issue of the "NUMBER ONE" fanzine in FAPA. Intended for the Feb. 2005 mailing and available for trade and some copies to be distributed at Corflu Titanium in SF, Ca. Published by Mike McInerney, 83 Shakespeare St., Daly City, Ca. 94014-1053 . emails to ELANDEM at ATT.NET

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Earl E Evers was (is) my friend and 3 time roommate. The last time I saw him he was under a lot of pressure and he told me that I would never see him again. As he got into the large RV which pulled away down Shakespeare St. with Earl waving out the window that was indeed the last glimpse I had of my old friend some 10+ years ago. He rode off into oblivion and became a part of some Urban Legend Myth. Some say he died in a car crash, others think he had medical problems, but I'm not so sure that he didn't pull off the most successful vanishing act of all.

There may be some who never heard of Earl but he made quite an impression on those who met or corresponded with him. He loved stirring up reactions and sometimes could be very argumentative just to get you going! I asked my friend rich brown to search his 40+year old memories for thoughts (good or bad) of Earl and any incidents of note.

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EARL by rich brown

Earl Evers was your roommate when you started FiSTFa, so was actually the co-founder of the club. This is at the top of the list of what I recall because someone once thought I was the co-

founder and I had to correct them. Earl moved out to enter the Army after, perhaps, half a dozen or so meetings, and I moved in to become co-host as I felt more compatible with you than I did with the East Coast Al Lewis and his girlfriend.

None of us except perhaps the late Dave Van Arnam were among the pear-shaped people at the time, but Earl was more lithe and wiry than most of us. Then too, where many of us were letting our beards and hair grow, he had neither beard nor moustache and kept his hair close cropped. We looked like hippies, he looked like a street fighter.

Earl gave a little evidence of this in the part he played in the famous Subway Incident in which DVA had the central role. (Dave began writing it up in FIRST DRAFT, which effectively launched APA-F.) The BMT subway came into the station where several of us were waiting for it to take us home after attending a Fanoclast meeting, and when the doors opened we were confronted by a young woman who was screaming and running away from a man on the train. Dave put the woman behind him, acting as her shield, and blocked the doors of the subway car, forcing the motorman to call the police (rather than close them and get the hell out of there without "getting involved"). I'm fairly certain the man chasing the woman was bleeding (I think she may have scratched him), but I'm only 50-50 on whether he was wielding a knife. DVA didn't budge; he faced him down. The rest of us supported Dave against the motorman who was telling him to step away, but Earl went into a crouch, lifted his open hands to shoulder level and took two sliding steps to his left, still facing but beginning to encircle the guy. It didn't require anything verbal: It said quite clearly, "If you go for my friend (Dave), you're going to have \*me\* right in there on

top of you.” I honestly believe it was at that instant that the guy decided not to move on Dave.

I thought Earl’s entry into the arena of the Breen Boondoggle, the feud of the era, was a little crude, but Walter was jovially impressed by it. On other things, though, I found Earl’s fan writing relatively straight-forward -- not great, but not bad either. At some point I recall mentioning to him that I was thinking of publishing a poetry fanzine; I had on hand my own earnest endeavors as well as five or six poems I thought excellent by an old Air Force buddy of mine, Peter Williamson, who’d been published in several Little Magazines. Earl pulled out some of his poems to show to me and, and on the basis of what I’d read of his prose, I recall thinking that maybe it’d be a Good Thing to publish a few poems that might place me in the middle tier. But Earl’s poetry blew me away. It was gorgeous, surprisingly lush and vivid, rivaled my friend Peter’s and was far more technically competent than any poetry I’d ever written -- or ever would.

I never saw Earl after he left NYC. Heard he wound up in the BAarea and was either married to or living with a girl named Jan, but not any detail.

A few years ago I asked in some on-line fannish forum if anyone knew what had become of Earl and someone (I can’t recall who) told me what they’d heard. Apparently Earl was on his way home one night when he encountered some guy beating up a young woman in an alleyway. Earl went to the girl’s rescue, beat the guy up pretty bad and then found out he was an off-duty cop. A few days later, Earl disappeared -- along with enough of his favorite books and other things to make my informant conclude that the cop hadn’t caught up with him but Earl had simply decided that the odds were

against him and discretion might be the better part of valor. This is just hearsay, understand, but it’s not inconsistent with the Earl Evers I knew.

rich brown

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This is Mike again to try to recount what I know and what I learned from Earl about his history.

Earl was born in Montana, the real “wild” west. His mother was still living in Missoula when I met him. His father had recently blown his own head off with a shotgun. Earl dressed casually in blue jeans, boots, work shirts. He was thin but very wiry, tense, unable to just sit still.

He was a letter hack to many zines especially Yandro, Double Bill, Dynatron.

When I moved to NYC in 1964 I had a new moustache but still had short hair and few bad habits except for reading science fiction. I quickly found a roommate so I could move out of the small but expensive hotel room I was living in. Earl Evers was also paying too much for a single room at either a hotel or maybe it was the YMCA.

So, together, we rented a 3 room apt at 268 East 4th st (between Ave A & B) on the Lower East Side. We called it the Low Reside as a joke. It was a 3rd floor railroad flat, no elevator. As I recall it you entered into the kitchen, then could walk into the next room which was Earl’s and through that could get into the next room which was mine overlooking the street. The bathtub was in the kitchen and the toilet was down the hall, a common setup in NYC at the time. When it got too hot and humid we had access to the roof and would go up there at night to watch the city lights.

I found a job at Bookazine ( a book jobber warehouse) and Earl already had a job working a Telex for Western Union.

As I said Earl was tall, gangly and full of nervous energy. Wasn't until years later that I realized he was probably using amphetamines at this time. He chain smoked Marboros and loved to pace around the apt, listening to music. His knees and legs were all angles and he never simply sat; he sprawled usually with a cigarette in one hand, a book in the other, intently reading and yet finding time to chortle loudly at funny passages or comment upon some incongruous text in the book at hand.

We didn't own a tv set, or miss it either. I had a KLH Model 11 (a stereo portable phonograph with small but decent speakers) and a good table model am/fm radio. That was all we needed to listen to the folk music and rock and roll that I loved. Earl became a big fan of Leonard Cohen and played his music over and over and over again to the point that I've seldom listened to him anymore over the years since then.

One of the things I liked about Earl was his passion and enthusiasm for a wide range of obscure subjects such as science fiction, folk music, ufo's, occult, the I Ching, art, poetry, Ray Palmer, and comic books. Like myself he was intensely skeptical and also very curious to learn more while believing very little. We made jokes about the Shaver Mystery and how the Deros were running the government, for example. He was a bit derisive of many hippie activities and certainly wasn't a Flower Child. I remember that Earl, and probably Gary Deindorfer, laughingly told me about a visit to the League for Spiritual Discovery (LSD) and the mumbo jumbo that Tim Leary had spouted while they were there. They weren't very impressed but obviously they had listened closely. Earl had some copies of FATE magazine, and FLYING SAUCERS FROM OTHER

WORLDS (Ray Palmer). I had my complete set of UNCLE SCROOGE. Somehow it all meshed together well.

I'm sure we first met at one of the local sf events. Either the annual Open ESFA meeting or a one day Lunacon. Earl loved to write essays, poetry, criticism and was letterhacking nonstop. I was attending Fanoclast meetings, Lunarians, and ESFA once a month. When I suggested to Earl that we could have a biweekly club meeting in our own apt Earl was all for it.

Thus Earl Evers and myself became the co-founders of FISTFA. The name which I invented stood for Faanish, Insurgent, Scientific Association and was meant as a bit of a joke, but also to indicate that all types of fans would be welcome. I liked the action feel of the name itself. Got no idea what we were insurging against unless it were membership rules, dues, minutes, or blackballing of potential members.

There were stacks of fanzines scattered about the place, and complete sets of comics like Uncle Scrooge, Fantastic Four, etc and everyone was allowed to read whatever they wanted. Both typewriters were available and the mimeograph sometimes was put to use during the meetings too.

I remember one time when the Yippies were going to Washington DC to protest the Vietnam war and I had to work and couldn't go. Earl was off that weekend so I decided to buy him a roundtrip bus ticket so he could go and report back. He came back and described Allan Ginsberg, Ed Sanders and the Yippies joining hands and trying to encircle the Pentagon while chanting "Out Demons Out" in an attempt to exorcise the evil spirits. Earl scoffed at their feeble efforts, said Anton LaVey could have done much better and he lamented the lack of any effective action. He said it was quite boring!

Soon after this Earl was drafted into the US Army. Strangely enough to my surprise, Earl liked being in the Army! He got a job doing teletype for them and even reupped when the time came!

After Earl left NYC to join Uncle Sam, Rich Brown became the new long term cohost of FISTFA, and I lost track of Earl for several years. By the time he came back to NYC (circa 1968) my beard had grown to 2 or 3 feet long and was matched by my hair, but Earl was still shorthaired and clean shaven.

He got out of The US Army and found an apt. after staying briefly with me. He also found a girlfriend Jan Slavin from the midwest. She was young (17?) and enjoyed living the bohemian lifestyle. She and Earl got along very well together until some Detectives hired by her parents tracked her down and took her away to a mental hospital in Kansas connected to the Menninger Clinic. She was technically underage, and they had lots of money and power so there was nothing Earl could do except wait until she reached 18. In his mind she was kidnapped by her parents.

As soon as she reached 18 she was able to get out and run away from them and get married to Earl and disappear from their sight. By this time I had moved to San Francisco. At one point I received a phone call from a private dick asking me if I knew where Jan or Earl were living. I told them I didn't know and wouldn't tell them even if I did know. He detested her parents and blamed them for separating them. I suggested they could put a notice in one of the sf mags like Amazing since Earl probably still read those and might see it.

I lose track of timelines a bit. but I know that Earl moved to San Francisco also and stayed a short time with me until he got his own place on Leavenworth St. As a veteran he had no trouble getting a

job as, guess what, a teletyper, for Western Union again! Earl was publishing a letterzine titled ZEEN where he responded at length to each letter basically writing a letter back. He was argumentative, and opinionated and I'm sure some fans considered him rude and disliked him for it, but I enjoyed watching him in action. He was the same in print and in person.

One day he was walking home from work when, according to Earl, he saw a small guy being beat up on by two large guys. He thought that wasn't right and so jumped in to break it up by grabbing the nearest weapon he could find. It was either a piece of lumber or a piece of pipe and he hit one of the attackers with it. They turned out to be undercover plainclothes narco officers. He was arrested for assault on a police officer with a deadly weapon. His lawyer felt that he would have to serve some time. Earl felt that if it was his word against theirs, his goose was cooked. The small guy who was being beaten had run away while Earl was being busted and so there were no witnesses to help Earl. For a couple months he agonized about what to do as the case worked its way up the court calendar.

During this time Earl and I made one trip to Reno. I enjoyed recreational gambling but Earl thought he had a system that would work. Something to do with doubling your bet each time you lose. In other words a very bad system. He quickly lost what he had brought and borrowed more from me, which he also lost. It was around this time that he was no longer with Jan, but had now taken up with Donna Mason. She had a drivers license which Earl could never get due to poor eyesight and very thick glasses.

Shortly after this trip to Reno, Earl and Donna showed up at Shakespeare St in a

large RV driven by Donna. Earl had decided to go underground, change his name, etc. He paid me what he owed me and said I would never see him again, because he knew that those who go underground usually get caught when they contact old friends, relatives or frequent previous favorite places. Earl said he would probably put out a phoney death story and not to be too shocked to hear of such an event. Then they they drove down my narrow street and into history.

I liked Earl a lot and miss him. He may well be dead by now but most likely from chain smoking cigs rather than anything else. If all knowledge is contained in fanzines, than why doesn't anyone at all know what happened to my old friend? I'd sure like to know. Got any info or recent leads? Maybe someone knows where Jan is? I'm just curious, got no agenda.

Of course I prefer to believe that Earl is still out there somewhere with a new name, new state of residence, new habits and some semblence of a happy life. If so I bet he is still reading science fiction, and is just as opinionated as ever. I wonder if he ever misses fandom? Or maybe he is still participating under an assumed name.

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