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"Improve every opportunity to express yourself in writing, as if it were your last." -- Thoreau, Journal, 17 December 1851.

Sweetie 3.14159265358979

Lamplight Under Stars

Across the marsh, beyond the pasture bars,
the waxing moon and multitudes of stars
vie with a thousand thousand fireflies
and two far yellow window-eyes --
one man's outpost in the dark, shining dim
among the fireflies against the farther rim.

Moonlight and windowlight are here akin,
and who is there within
is wombed deep in the sea of night
around his little pool of light.
And when his lamp goes out, the moon will be
his only window to eternity,
and, like the fireflies, the stars
will be within his reach across the pasture bars.

It is not the dark that holds him in,
but the lamp that he has lit within.

-- August Derleth

3.14159265358979 and ice cream. -- W.R.

Yours for a Story, David Cory

Obit in the Oakland Tribune, 6 July 1966: "David Cory, creator of Jack Rabbit and other characters in children's bedtime stories, died in his Brooklyn home Tuesday. Cory, the author of more than 50 children's books, was 93. Jack Rabbit, his most famous character, appeared in syndicated newspaper stories for more than 40 years."

Years ago, after giving away or losing all my books from childhood, I suddenly remembered David Cory again and mentioned him to Bill Blackbeard. I told Bill that I'd rather reread a David Cory book again than "Hornets of Space" by R. F. Starzl, and Bill, seeing the need was critical, hurried out to the nearest secondhand bookstore and brought me back Puss-in-Boots, Jr. in New Mother Goose Land (Harper, 1919), which he found selling for a quarter. Though this was not a book I remembered from childhood, I clutched it to my bosom as evidence that David Cory really did exist and I hadn't dreamed him up. I had remembered him at other times all my life, but even people who knew about J. R. R. Tolkien, L. Frank Baum, and E. Nesbit had never heard of him. Blackbeard was the only person I knew who had heard of him, and believed in him.

I remember David Cory. He was one of the earliest authors I remember reading. Since moving to Berkeley, I have found and reread two of the Little Jack Rabbit books I read as a tad: Little Jack Rabbit and Uncle John Hare and Little Jack Rabbit's Adventures, and I'm afraid I didn't enjoy them much. But I thought they were great stuff when I was about five years old.

David Cory was born in Oyster Bay, New York, in October 1872, the son of David Magie and Ellen S. (Munroe) Cory. he was married and the father of two sons, David Munroe and Daniel McGhie. Between 1916 and 1924, he contributed a daily Little Jack Rabbit story to the New York Evening Mail, and in 1916 he wrote a daily Puss-in-Boots Jr adventure for the New York Evening Sun. Later he wrote a daily Little Jack Rabbit story for his own newspaper syndicate, published in newspapers coast to coast. He was also a lecturer and a pioneer broadcaster of juvenile stories from 1922 to 1927.

Some of his books were Billy Bunny and His Friends (1917), Jumble Book (1920), Rag Tag (1927), and Young Mother Goose (1928). In addition he wrote ten Puss-in-Boots Jr books, 14 Little Jack Rabbit books, ten Little Indian books, and five Little Journeys to Happyland books.

Since I knew from research I had conducted after the conversation between Blackbeard and myself that David Cory was born in 1872, I considered it unlikely that he was still alive. Had I known he was, I would have written him a note of appreciation for the hours of pleasure he had given me when I was a very small child. I had underestimated his longevity (he wrote children's books, and had something of the Methuselah's Children quality in him), and now of course it is too late.

David Cory's books were often fantasy, especially such books as The Magic Soap-bubble in the Little Journeys to Happyland series, but I do not think they influenced me toward an interest in science fiction. His books did, however, inspire me to try to write books like his, and any

collection of Boggsiana ought to include the manuscripts scrawled in pencil on rough tablet paper that I wrote in emulation of David Cory. Ought to, but won't, since such childish masterworks have long since been lost or destroyed.

If David Cory had never existed, I suppose I would have tried my boyish hand at writing sooner or later. Like Penrod Schofield, I was -- a bit later in my existence -- inspired to imitate the dime novel and to produce something similar to "HAROLD RAMOREZ THE ROADAGENT." But for good or ill, David Cory was my first mentor and master, and probably influenced me, heaven help us!, more than even H. D. Thoreau, Robert A. Heinlein, and H. L. Mencken. I could have chosen to imitate Jonathan Swift instead of David Cory, but I didn't, and I could have chosen worse models.

Farewell, David Cory.

"He thinks a homosexual is worse than a comic book fan." -- A.J.C.

A Symphony of Cookery

Not even Salzburg's half so rich in
Sweet music as is Bjo's kitchen.

It would require a Bach cantata
To praise her turkey enchilada.

A turkey roasting in her oven
Would tax the talent of Beethoven.

The virtues of her fine spaghetti
Deserve an opera by Menotti.

For me, "Three B's of Music" means
Her pot of Beautiful Baked Beans.

But I would like to write a ballad
In praise of her potato salad;

A dish so succulent, so mellow,
Should not be sung of, a capella,

Nor made a tune for minstrel's lyre --
But scored for orchestra and choir:

A thousand voices raised in praise
Of onions, pepper, mayonnaise,

Potatoes, blended in a miracle!
What else could be one-half so lyrical?

Though fools like me can make a ballad,
Only Bjo can make such salad!

A Wanderer in Cockayne

(4) Gemütlich Grotto

22 March 1964 -- Today, I think for the first time since I came to southern California, I had to close the kitchen window to prevent rain from blowing in. Rain falls so seldom here, and so seldom violently enough to splash into a window. I had forgotten the beauty of a window-screen bejewelled with clinging raindrops, shining in that strange subdued light never seen except in the midst of a midday rainstorm. I had forgotten the lovely melancholy of a desolate gray sky, and the elemental satisfaction of standing in a warm and dry room and staring out into the chilly, sodden afternoon, dreamily watching the gray rain slanting down and the heavy clouds rolling over. I had forgotten how wonderful weather is.

(5) The Divine Message

I was in the Flint station post office one day, sticking an air-mail stamp on a letter to Terry Carr, when a man entered the building with syncopated step, merrily singing, "When I hear you call, baby." His hair stood on end, his red necktie hung askew, and his glasses had slipped (or been pushed) down to the end of his nose. As I regarded him curiously, he accosted everybody in the place for a brief confidential message which I was unable to overhear. But at last he came over to me. At last I'll know! I thought to myself. "The Catholic church is the only holy church in Regensburg, Germany," he told me. "Did you know that?" I found myself staring fascinatedly at the black gap in his teeth. "The LASFS," I managed at last, "is the only fan club in Los Angeles." He paid my words no heed; he was here to impart information, not receive it. He passed on his way, accosting people as he pranced down the street and telling them, I suppose, "The Catholic church is the only holy church in Barquisimeto, Venezuela" -- or in Krasnoyarsk, Russia, Szeged, Hungary, or Saskatoon, Saskatchewan.

LET'S KEEP THE CLAP OUT OF CHAPPAQUIDDICK.

How to Receive the Holy Ghost

(from a leaflet of the Rainbow Revival church, Los Angeles)

To seek to receive the Holy Ghost, a believer should get in a praying position, and for 2 or 3 minutes repeat the words (PRAISE JESUS.) Next for the same length of time say (GLORY TO GOD.) Then say (HALLELUJAH.) Next repeat the words (PRAISE GOD THE FATHER, GOD THE SON AND GOD THE HOLY GHOST.) After this for 3 or 4 minutes repeat over and over the name (JESUS.) Next repeat the word (HALLELUJAH.) This list of words of praise can be repeated over and over as desired.

When a believer who is saying these words starts to stammer, then speaks in unknown tongues, that believer has received the Holy Ghost according to Bible Teaching.

Other words of praise to God can also be added to the list.

Those who receive the Holy Ghost should write and tell us.

Liquid Honorarium

Dear Marion:

I have just disinterred Allerlei #15/Day*Star #26 from the limbo in which it has lain, along with numerous other fanzines of note, since 15 January 1966, and I note your astonishingly generous offer of a bottle of my "favorite whisky" to repay me for my help, slight as it was, in the writing of your novel The Bloody Sun (Ace, 1964).

Like you, I would find it impossible to figure out how much of The Bloody Sun I was responsible for, but if you feel you owe me something for however much it was, please buy me -- not a bottle of whisky, which I can drink only by holding my nose and gulping it like castor oil -- but rather a pint of my favorite cognac, namely Courvosier Napoléon. God first made ambrosia. That was for practice. Then he made Courvoisier Napoléon.

Redd

"Is he a fan or a real person?" -- E. O.

Grief Too Sad for Song

We western movie fans were astonished and saddened lately to learn that Roy Rogers' faithful movie horse Trigger is dead. Rogers kept the news secret for three months for fear that the nation would suffer a paroxysm of grief over Trigger's passing, but to please his fans he had the horse stuffed in order to keep him on exhibit on his ranch. This news has measureless dimensions behind it. Trigger was dead for months, and we didn't know it! How fare other famous movie animals like Rintin-tin, Lassie, and Elvis Presley? I haven't heard much about them of late. Can it be possible that they are dead and in the process of being stuffed, and the news has been kept secret so that we won't all dissolve in hot tears? And, come to think of it, I haven't heard a word about Henry Stine in almost a year. Has he been corflued by the Great Fan Publisher in the Sky? Has the LASFS been keeping the sad news secret so all his admirers in fandom won't dash themselves off the nearest cliff? Does Henry Stine, fresh from the taxidermist, sit at the right hand of the director of the LASFS at the weekly meetings?

Caveat lector = Beware of DAG.

The Gafia Directory of Names and Places

Aeon Neon company, Sunset boulevard, Los Angeles
Cindy Boggs, teen fashion model, 111 O'Farrell, San Francisco
Callis Manor apartments, 201 Occidental boulevard, Los Angeles
Gooing and Cummings, attorneys, 6903 Rita, Huntington Park
G. Monty Manibog, attorney, Beverly boulevard, Los Angeles

13 Topics for Freshman Themes

1. In the summer of 1953, when I was seven years old, I made acquaintance with two sea lettuces, both with watery blue eyes and brave smiles, and both named Algernon, or Algae for short.

2. "Tumbleweeds" is the greatest new comicstrip west of Irkutsk.

3. I was an unhappy man (or woman); life was as dull as vanilla ice cream. Then I bought a Baskin-Robbins franchise in West Covina.

4. My education continued apace till somebody gave me a smuggled copy of Candy (Olympia press, 1958) and I wrote a book report of it for eighth grade composition class.

5. A garden spider patiently crawling up the wall of the ugliest tract home in the dreariest tract area in San Jose puts to shame all the verse of Edgar A. Guest.

6. A file of one's own fanzine is a shabby monument, but it says I existed, at least in muffled tones: So I publish.

7. When I contradicted him, he imagined he was persecuted, and plunged away, tearing his clothes and screaming, "Yngvi is not a louse!"

8. The Norwegian parliament is trying to pressure the king into firing his staff member who traces the annual migration of the lemmings and who is suspected of being sympathetic to Russia. The king is reluctant to do so, since he remembers going to a circus in his youth and the pink lemming aide makes him nostalgic.

9. If all fans were to come from the same area, I would prefer it to be by Puccini instead of Meyerbeer.

10. Actually, all fans come from a song by Irving Berlin: "All alone, I'm so all alone!"

11. The G & S fan: Is he not an opera buff manque?

12. More wonders lurk in a fallow acre of pokeweed and puckerbrush than in all the vast globe of Mars.

13. I poised endlessly on the verge of a dream; then I wakened.

Snoclaf of Aldebaran

To Unsphere the Spirit

I was browsing through the Handbook in the History of Philosophy (Barnes & Noble, second edition, 1961), and right there among all the capsule biographies of famous philosophers like Plato, Descartes, Kant, and Spinoza, I found an entry for Wilfrid S. Sellars.

In my undergraduate days at the University of Minnesota I took an introductory course in philosophy during a drowsy summer session, and found Dr Sellars at the lectern. It was like hitching Man o' War to a plow, but it was probably a good idea nevertheless. Fired by my discoveries in the course, I sped over to the college office and straightway cast half a dozen dull English courses taught by the Old Biddies of the English department (Atkins, Jackson, and Des Plaines) off my course list and substituted courses in philosophy. Soon I was studying Locke, Berkeley, Hume, Mill, and William James, and G. E. Moore's Ethics was converting me to a Utilitarian moralist. I took so much philosophy that two more credits would have made me a philosophy major.

The University of Minnesota philosophy department was, at least in those days, a high-powered establishment with a distinguished group of scholars and teachers: Hospers, Feigl, Brodbeck, Holmer, and others, but the best of them, of course, was Sellars. I took his courses on Plato and Kant, among others. Plato proved luminous, but even Sellars couldn't cast much light on Kant. He required us to outline long portions of Kritik der reinen Vernunft, which may be the most difficult scholarly task left in this world outside of further annotating Finnegans Wake. I found it difficult to stay awake in class, but this was not Dr Sellars' fault. It was the warm lilac-scented wind that blew gently through the open windows of Ford hall that spring term.

Dr Sellars was not a flashy, outwardly impressive lecturer. He was instead a master of understatement, of the subtle, seemingly casual approach. But his lectures were really brilliantly organized and thought-out. Each word and phrase he used sank in like Masai spears.

Neither was Dr Sellars very striking in appearance. He was pleasant, but aloof, as a god should be. At that time he was only about 40 years old, but his dignity and remoteness gave him the proper scholarly attribute of agelessness: impressive and a little forbidding. Once just before class I found him in the men's room of Folwell hall, using a urinal. I was rocked back a little. I had never pictured Dr Sellars urinating, just like a mere man.

Perhaps as a result of this, I lost a small bit of my awe for him. One day I arrived late at a class and found that Dr Sellars had not yet made his appearance. The minutes drifted by and still he didn't show. "I wonder," I said to a philosophy major sitting next to me, "I wonder if Wilfie isn't going to show up at all." "WILFIE!" said the philosophy major, faunching back three feet, which flung him out of his chair and sent him crashing to the floor. "You mean D*O*C*T*O*R S*E*L*L*A*R*S?"

And just then he arrived. No robes, no scepter, no diadem. Just an ordinary man garbed in a sober business suit, a conventional dark red tie, dully polished shoes. "You will remember," he said, immediately taking up his lecture from where he had left off the previous day, "that Socrates imagines a Cave in which the prisoners could see nothing at all in the darkness except a series of shadows thrown by the firelight on the wall of the Cave." And though no lightnings flashed around the head of Dr Sellars, lights turned on inside mine, and the ancient pages of Plato's Republic took on a refulgence that one had never seen before.

The babble of Greenfield

Those Were the Days! department

(from Los Angeles, by Morrow Mayo, New York, Alfred A. Knopf, 1933)

Ten days after the Santa Fe reached Los Angeles, driving the last (golden) spike at Cajon Pass on November 9, 1885, it reduced the straight fare from Mississippi Valley points to Los Angeles from \$100 to \$95, and the round-trip fare from \$150 to \$140. The Southern Pacific

met this cut and went its upstart competitor one better -- and the greatest railroad "rate war" ever seen in America was on. Fares continued to be cut, first by one road and then by the other, a matter of five or ten dollars at a time.... Prospective passengers, now excited and bewildered, dashed from one railroad office back to the other, and then to the first one again, as the bidding for trade developed into a farce. For several weeks one could buy a ticket from any Mississippi Valley point to the City of the Angels for \$15; for one week it was \$5 -- and at the very peak of the "bitter, cut-throat competition," for one day, in the spring of 1886, the fare was \$1. "Kansas City to Los Angeles for a dollar!"

I just added The Night of the Wolf to my Leiberary.

Figs and Thistles

There is a Boggs Mountain State Forest in Lake county, California, but nevertheless I am still the same sweet, modest fellow you've always known. # Only in Berkeley: There is a sign on the Telegraph avenue Co-op bulletin board offering a 50-cal. machinegun for sale. And in the Berkeley Barb, 5 August 1966, there is a classified ad: "Typing, 35¢ a word, call Louise, 849-1156." # A Mr J. Edward Dahlen, head of the Bird Guardian League of Northern California, protested San Francisco's pigeon-trapping program by saying, "If St Francis could come back and see what is being done in this city he'd turn over in his grave." # It is a good idea for the Trimbles to throw a party for Tom Schlück, over here for the Tricon, but is nobody going to throw a party for Lucky Strike Green, which went away to war about 1943, and returned just this year? # In the same day's mail, in early June 1966, I received two letters sent in response to letters I had printed in prozines long ago in my letterhack days. Micheal James Sarley, 806 Everett street, El Cerrito, California, wrote me at 2209 Highland place N.E., Minneapolis, after seeing my letter in the August 1961 Fantastic to ask if I have any Unknowns or Weird Tales for sale. Bengt Ericksson, Lina Sandells, plan 24, Hågersten 6, Sweden, wrote me at 2215 Benjamin street, Minneapolis, which I left in August 1955, after seeing one of my letters in an old Captain Future. He is interested in old Captain Future magazines.

There aren't many arguments in favor of blindness

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but of course there's television.
