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GIANT QUEEBCON

Boyd claims that all sorts of fans were slaving with envy because they weren't invited to the Jian Queebcon. Well I'm soft-hearted and so I'd like to explain that the affair wasn't really a fannish get-together at all. What happened was that Norm and I answered some ads in a sophisticated adult magazine:-

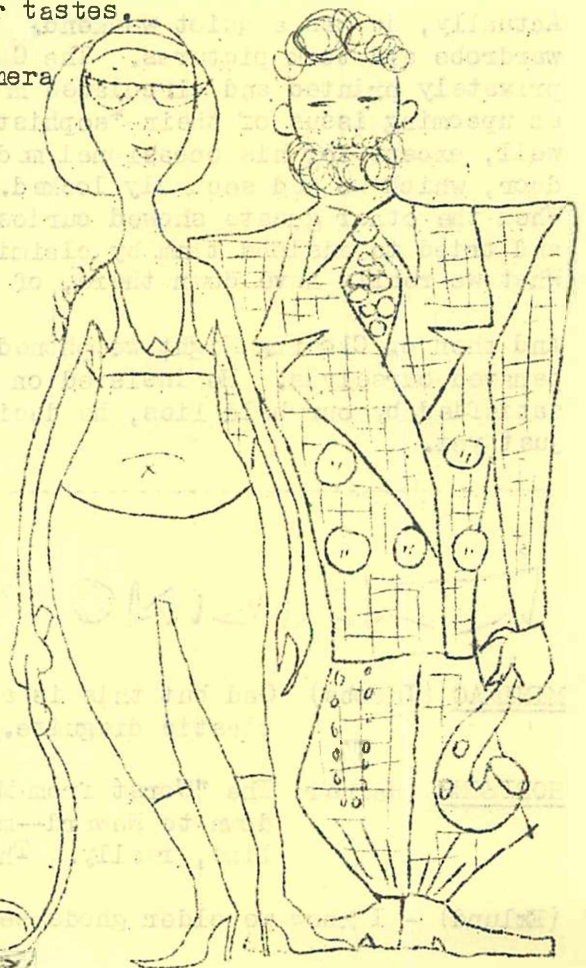
Young Toronto man wishes to meet discreet couple with alligator for occasional weekends. Also interested in tea and sandwiches.

New York couple interested in dirty music and possessing extensive collection of privately printed and circulated material would like to meet another couple with similar tastes.

Man in Georgia with polaroid camera and exotic wardrobe, interested in things weird and pervery.

Imagine our surprise when we got together and discovered who we all were. So, as a cover-up, we announced the Jian Queebcon. But as we all know there are people in fandom who act on the merest suspicion, and you can no doubt picture our consternation when, on Opening Night of the Queebcon, we got a phone call from Bill Donaho admonishing us to behave ourselves.

Boyd, dressed for the affair, arrived early. He and I discussed a program we'd seen the night before on the telly. A Dr. Albert Ellis had delivered himself of the opinion that homosexuals were sick not because they preferred their own sex but because of their neurotic avoidance of the opposite sex, the way people are sick if they ride in cars but won't get into an airplane. Boyd mildly observed that Ellis merely meant one should happily ride in anything that moves, whereas I interpreted it as meaning...well, that heterosexuals were sick because of their particular "neurotic avoidance". (Norm thinks highly of the horse and buggy for transportation, and I'm thinking of buying a bicycle.)



YOUR HOSTS

(Incisive caricatures of the guests foregone at Norm's urging.)

Then the Carrs and the Jacobs arrived, and we spent an evening feeling each other out, so to speak, while Boyd played selections from his collection of tapes and records. "Now that's what I call dirty music," attendees kept exclaiming. When Boyd got to the rare and ancient Elvis numbers, he Did The Movements, which ripped his pants. Between those pants, and his buttonless shirt, we saw a lot of Boyd that weekend.

During the con Bill Morse came over and was questioned in detail about his leather shorts and given some advice in regard to his reproduction problems: "Don't you realize that the flat-bed is square and old-fashioned?" "I realize something has to be done. At the moment Paul Wyszowski is taking care of things, but at work when nobody's looking I've been fiddling around with some of the new machines." By god, that beats Raeburn all to hell. (At this very moment Norm is working on an expose entitled The Great Morse Cog-Diddle.) At any rate, the latest word is that, without any help from Paul W. or anybody else, the Morses are bringing out a new issue all their own.

The Wyszowskis didn't make it over because they were busy that weekend. They and we have had a friendly rivalry in the matter of our respective houseguests. One of the W. guests...well...and then there were those swinging Neffers who...well anyway, we thought we'd one-up Paul by having him walk in on Lee in one of the items from his exotic wardrobe, Boyd demonstrating positions on The Very Couch and Carol and Terry doing orchiastic dances. But Paul had guests of his own whom he was entertaining in a most shocking fashion. I don't know if we can ever top that, but we'll try. Who's game for the next "queebcon"?

Actually, it was a quiet weekend. Lee modeled his extensive and really remarkable wardrobe and took pictures. The Carrs discussed their extensive collection of privately printed and circulated material and I gave them a suitable article for an upcoming issue of their *sophisticated adult publication*. Boyd behaved quite well, except for his occasional mad dash across the room to lunge at the basement door, which we had securely locked. For his own good we have to ration him. When the other guests showed curiosity at his behavior, he smiled sheepishly (dsclmr) and tried to mislead them by claiming I kept my chains and stuff down there. What we really have down there, of course, is the alligator pit.

And then on Closing Night we phoned Bill Donaho back to assure him that we'd behaved ourselves. He insisted on interrogating each of us individually but, satisfied by our bald lies, he decided not to call for surgical operations on us just yet.

gina
clarke

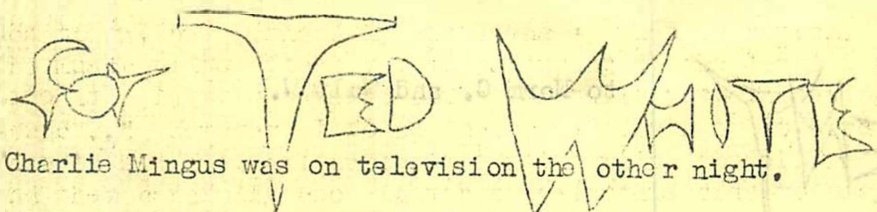
MAILING COMMENTS

MINIMAC (Jacobs) Gad but this is a weird and pervery fanzine. In a clever plastic disguise.

HORIZONS (Warner) The "Worst from Martin" reprints are getting to me. "...we flew down to Neward--man, did my arms get tired." That's a classic line, really. The quintessence of fananity. More please.

(Erlund) - I know we elder ghods set a poor example for you young punks, but really...

-gc

★  Charlie Mingus was on television the other night.

...gc

Interspersed between shots of Mingus playing were pieces of footage showing him tramping around Toronto in his shiny leather coat, trundling along on little short legs, little short bow legs, growling at adults and shouldering them aside but smiling benignly on kiddies playing baseball in an empty lot. As this was shown we heard pre-recorded snippets of Mingus the talker. It was mostly mumbles but a few phrases and sentences came through clear: "There I was, not black, but not quite white enough to pass...we should be more like those south American countries--pow, a week's long enough for any presidente, out with the old, in with the new, and then in another week, pow, new presidente. Stands to reason pretty soon they'll have a Negro presidente when they've run through pretty well everybody else...Gillespie should make US president...I'm damn near white...phony magazines like Downbeat with their polls. I made it as top bass player one year which is ridiculous when there's fifteen bass players around can play as good as me because you can't line up a bunch of individual musicians and say this one's better than that one because he plays differently. I'm no more the best bass-player in this country searching for his way in music than Jesus Christ was the best man looking for God... I can't go along with the Moslems because I'm not black, I'm a mongrel man. You take a purebred dog. Put Lassie on the streets of New York and he wouldn't last 30 seconds. Mongrel dogs are tougher. You want to look at a superior race, man, look at me (Mingus posing as a hulk in a doorway, looking as if he's about to do his trick and punch somebody)...I've won a lot of fame as a Negro musician in this country and I can't even make a living here, can't support my family (Mingus buying a bottle from a bartender and guzzling it down as he goes back out onto the street)

I don't know about the music. It would be pretty hard on an old-fashioned jazz feller who is used to snapping his fingers and yelling WORK and like that. Despite a very busy drummer, there wasn't much in the way of definable beat. One certainly couldn't march to it. Or whistle any of the phrases. Sometimes Mingus abandoned his bass and shared the keyboard with the pianist. The results sounded rather random to me, but perhaps my listening is what is random. Now and again I did find the music quite effective, if conjuring up the Jangles and Frustrations of Modern Life is a legitimate side-effect of their "experimenting with sounds, all kinds of sounds..." However, I found the grand climax a bit hard to take. A sax player rose to his feet and produced a noise which the others listened to for a moment and then carefully chose their opposing discords to play against it (or, as Norm suggested, the basic honk for the others to scree against). I suppose on a good night when everybody's swinging, then everybody gets into soul-satisfying discord with everybody else; on their off-nights the occasional sweet note accidentally gets into the mixture. Anyway there's this discordant chorus, against which the drummer was conscientiously bashing away and Mingus was going thung-thung-thung faster and faster...and then, inspired by it all, he reached way way down to stop one of his strings so it's about 3 inches long and then he attacked the poor little thing with his bow and made it shriek and screech.

Then there's credits and stuff, and then the music dies out, and then, as the screen goes black there's a little last-word - Mingus voice saying, "If you think I don't like this society, you're right. I don't like anything about it."

A COMMENT

to Norm C. and Walt W.

What Norm and Walt say about how awful it is to put health on the market, to make it a matter of buying and selling, sounds pretty good until you look at it a bit more closely. Is there any difference between putting health up for sale and putting other vital things, like food, shelter and clothing, up for sale? Then that has, gits. It's an immutable rule of nature. You want to go against nature? Actually, I think it's a good idea to go against nature (after all, it would be 'nature' to wear your hair nine feet long and live in a cave), and not the least of our anti-nature activities should be the welfare of those who in a state of 'nature' would fall by the wayside. However, it's only been a short time, and in a fairly small part of the world, that the necessities have been available in such quantity and quality that they have seemed within the grasp of all, and this being the case, then to be deprived of them seems unfair, and to have seems a right. However, to have these things is not a 'right', but something we as a whole must decide upon, and I feel it is moral for us to be in the process of deciding that these things should be given to those who can't obtain them on their own.

But I'm less sure than I once was that putting the government in control of the goods and services, of the production and distribution, is the best answer. There seems to be a ponderous clumsiness about government--I think it should perhaps stick to watching, checking and curbing the excesses of free enterprise, and the handling of necessary but non-profitable services.

There is possibly another answer to our problems--not to socialize the goods and services but, in a sense, to socialize the consumer. Or at least subsidize him.

I first heard this idea, via tv, from an economist who wasn't thinking about medicare or civil socialism in any form, but was worrying about the day not too long hence when automation will have reached the point where, on the one hand, many workers have been replaced and, on the other hand, production has been greatly increased. Automation doom-criers are always being reminded of the great sewing-machine riots and like that, but the present case is essentially different. The industrial revolution made more efficient use of man-power; automation is replacing man-power. I read a comment from a worker in the office of a large industry: "When someone retires or quits around here these days, the eeriest thing happens...his desk is taken away and we just carry on as before without any replacement." The ultimate projection of the current situation is a world where goods are produced without human labour, and the former labourers are unable to earn the money to buy the goods. The solution, according to this economist, is to pay everybody a living wage with no strings attached. Then everyone is assured of being able to provide for themselves what they need, and those who dig work, or who are greedy or ambitious, can swing and those who don't want to work can loaf.

The stickler here of course is the presumption that enough people will choose to loaf so that opportunities to do things will fairly closely coincide with people wanting to do things. But what are all these loafers going to do with themselves? Idle hands and all that. I somehow doubt that all of these people will be going to university and attending operas and putting out fanzines. (Talk about fiawol...)

My own job is close to being obsolete. As soon as they get a few bugs worked out of my replacement, and get it mass-produced, then my boss can dictate a letter into one end and get a perfectly typed letter out of the other end, with no back talk. Maybe the bug that has to be worked out is getting these steno machines to look like Julie Newmarr. Or maybe they're hopefully waiting for the Japanese to produce their version. Or perhaps they're waiting until they perfect a component that can be plugged into it that will replace the boss. Most business correspondence should be programmable, after all. Someday not only the factories will be machine-staffed, but all the offices too. And the people on the streets will be ritting and orgying... My god, I hope it doesn't occur to anyone that all that rioting and orgying could be done much more efficiently by robots.

* * * * *

And so Norm didn't make his comment after all.

* * * * *

Well, I seem to have this here 3/4 of a stencil to fill up, so I guess I'll put in a few cute kiddy sayings and dedicate them to Bjo. (Just wait til yours starts Saying Things.)

Jenny: Laurie, we had a little earthquake here this morning.

Laurie: Did you eat it?

Me: What are you doing, Laurie?

Laurie: Catching pretend-fish.

Me: Oh. Are you going to eat them?

Laurie: No, just pat them.

Laurie: I got Jesus, mommy. He's in this box.

Me: Laurie, eat your supper.

Laurie: I can't eat while I'm hicking up.

Jenny: Now little parasite, I'm going to teach you what you're supposed to do. First you find yourself an animal. No, no, not me, a real animal, like a cat or a dog. Then you stick your beak in as hard as you can, and then you suck up the blood until you swell up. Yum, doesn't that blood taste good. That's a very smart parasite, learns fast.

OUT OF MY LIFE AND MIND

... NORM CLARKE

Some Of My Best Friends Are Communists

First of all, I guess I should mention that my brother Keith got married last fall. But -- ever the practical one -- he had made sure to install his fiancée in a house, some weeks before their marriage was to take place. And then -- ever the nonconformist one -- he decided to have a housewarming party. Before the wedding, yes. (You can be sure that that caused a stir in the little community that is known as Canada's Capital.)

Well, somehow or other, Keith met a couple of guys from the Russian embassy; and, flushed with drunken Universal Brotherhood, he invited them to attend his housewarming. I don't know whether the Russians knew that Keith is a Young Liberal; I suppose they saw him working at the Glenlea Club, and recognized him as one of the downtrodden Workers, exploited by the vicious Capitalist club-owners who don't even give musicians a cut-rate price on drinks. Whatever their reasons, the Russians accepted the invitation and promised to bring some genuine Soviet vodka along with them (which is probably what sly old brother Keith had been hoping all along).

I, of course, was the first to arrive at the party; but before I'd finished my third double Scotch, at least a dozen other musicians arrived in a clump and began rudely shoving me away from the bar. (Here is a hint for you: don't invite musicians to your parties.) But then came the moment we were all awaiting! The Russians, to the accompaniment of low murmurs of apathy from the milling guitarists, arrived and were introduced all around. "Gimme the vodka," Keith suggested tactfully. So one of the Russians (we will call him "Ivan," for that is just about the only Russian name I know) produced a huge paper bag, which contained not only two bottles of vodka, but quantities of caviar, canned crabmeat, salami, rye bread, etc. Howling packs of musicians (paid starvation wages by the bloated nightclub-owners) fell upon these viands, and on their asses, and all over the place.

"These Communist Swine seem to be okay guys," I remarked to the room at large, and decided to be friendly towards them. So, to get the conversation rolling, I produced a picture postcard (sent me by Tom Perry or Joe Pilati -- I'm always getting those two guys confused in my mind) captioned "This Is The House That Hiss Built"; the photo was of course of the UN building; and the message was that the USA should pull out of the UN and "leave it to the CommUNists." I handed them the card and said, "How 'bout that, eh gang?" One of the Russians (I don't think it was Ivan) glanced at it and frowned and looked as though he might hit me in the eye; but the other one seemed to guess that I thought the thing was funny in a Sick way, and he chuckled ~~and hit me in the eye~~. And so the party crashed on.

I knew it was going to be a good party when my brother fired his glass into the fireplace (where else would one fire a glass?). I was sitting in front of the fireplace at the time, having an interesting conversation with the hipper Red ("When was the last time you bayoneted a baby?"). "Lookout, Norm," Keith

yelled from the other end of the room, "for I am about to fire my glass into the fireplace." I shifted my haunches a bit and a glass came whizzing past my ear and exploded in the fireplace. Nobody paid the least attention to that, including me, and Keith sulked for a while; and that's the sort of party it was turning into. Somewhat later, someone started throwing apples around; for a while the air was thick with them. I wasn't paying much attention, though, for I was seriously Playing The Piano, and little things like the occasional SPLAT! against the wall weren't enough to distract me from the investigation of harmonic possibilities in Beatles tunes; every now and then, I'd pick up a flung apple on the first bounce, and toss it back over my shoulder into the roaring crowd of merry-makers.

And then there took place a brief, mad interlude of Twisting -- for the benefit, it appeared, of the Russinas, supposedly to demonstrate the western Way of Life or something (but I've no doubt that the twist is just as vieux jeu in the USSR as it is here). From this point, my memory becomes blurry. I do remember one girl at the party who kept going to sleep in the strangest places: on the bathroom floor, on top of the piano, etc. Well, she woke up suddenly and learned that the Russians had just taken their leave; so she rushed outside to say good-bye. Some time later, she came back in and reported dazedly that one of the Commie Bastards had taken the hand she'd extended to him and covered it with kisses, and had then begun working his way up her arm (and "things"). She wondered if this was "a Russian custom"; but I told her it was just a male one. She went back to sleep.

And there you have another account of my social dealings with the Red Barbarians. I suppose it will not surprise anyone to learn that neither my brother Keith nor any of us guests ever heard from those Russians again. I expect we'll be reading about their defection, though, any day now. They seemed pretty impressed by our way of life.

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I Had One Mailing Comment For The Waitlister Over There

Eklund: I read about half your mailing comments, here.

I thought they stunk. Pretty punk stuff indeed.

I bet you put yourself to sleep at night saying "Fuck It."

I guess you just wanted to be sure everyone knows you're a prick. Great.

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"Imagine! Walt Willis and Minor Busby saying ' ' ' in the same mailing!"

Brinkmanship

Boyd has met him, but probably some of you others in FAPA haven't even heard of him: his name is Vic Brinkman, and he is one of the Living Legends in Ottawa area musicianship. He drinks, you see. Of course that alone isn't enough to distinguish him, for it is indisputable fact that all musicians drink constantly and copiously. But Brinkman drinks fabulously. It's not that he drinks such an awful lot, especially: he can get gassed in the legendary Brinkman manner on one or two pints of beer. The fact is that Vic is what is known, in musicians' Jazz Talk, as an "alcoholic"; but even that is not unique, nor is it very funny. I guess the thing is that Brinkman is outrageous.

Most musicians will not show definite signs of having tippled until the last half-hour or so of a particular engagement. Not Vic Brinkman: when he gets thirsty (and, being an alcoholic, he often goes for weeks without having a single drink), he can't wait. So any bandleader who hires Brinkman lives in a state of apprehension, wondering whether Vic will "make it." The truth is that he does make it more often than not, statistically; but when he Goofs, he does so in the grand fashion.

The first time I ever saw Brinkman was about ten years ago, when I went one night to hear a band that was playing in one of the bigger local nightclubs. I came in just as the band was finishing the first show (yes, I mean "show," not "set" -- a floorshow, I mean). The musicians were climbing off the stand for a few minutes' break, and this one trumpet player remained there, standing all alone. He gave his horn a couple of shakes to drain the saliva, and suddenly it slipped from his hand and went bouncing and skittering the length of the combination stage/dancefloor. That was the first time I noticed Vic Brinkman; it was also the first time I saw him get fired, for when I walked into the band room to talk to some of the musicians, the leader was saying in a bored, matter-of-fact voice, "You're fired, Brinkman." "Aw gee, Harry," said Vic, but he didn't seem upset; he just seemed drunk.

I soon learned that this very same leader, Harry, probably held the record (at the time) for the most number of Brinkman-firings. (In case you're wondering, the reason for Vic's never staying fired for very long is that, when sober, he's an excellent trumpet-player.) There was the time, for instance, when Harry's band was to play for a rather large production, a theatre show. So opening night, just before curtain time, the musicians filed into their places in the pit. Vic sat down and fell over backwards in his chair. "You're fired, Brinkman," Harry said, "Out!" "Aw gee, Har," Brinkman replied, "Can't I even play the fanfare?"

Sometimes, to avoid being fired, Vic sends a substitute trumpeter to the job. Just a few days ago he phoned my friend Carl and asked, "Are you supposed to play at the Standsih tonight, or am I?" (Carl had been subbing for Vic so regularly on this job that the leader had begun using him a couple of nights a week whether Vic was stoned or not.) "You are," Carl said, "Are you okay? Because if you want me to work for you tonight, let me know before the last minute, man." "No, I'm perfectly fine. I'm calling from a restaurant." (Clinks, crashes; and cries of "Yahoo!" in the background.) Fifteen minutes later, Carl's phone rang again. "You better go in in my place tonight, Carl," Vic said, "Tell Tony that I have to go to Toronto right now." The only trouble was that, that night, Victor came, glassy-eyed, into the club. Tony, the leader, glared at him with disgust. "How was your trip to Toronto?" "Most salubrious and impftubibble," Vic replied in the grave and intelligent manner he affects when he is smashed out of his mind. "Well, you better go back to Toronto," Tony snapped, "because Carl is going to play the rest of this week." "Aw Tony, can't I play two days, even?" And then Brinkman produced a tattered letter from his pocket, and passed it around to everyone, pointing out that it was postmarked Toronto; this was to corroborate the story that he'd been in Toronto that evening (Toronto is about 300 miles from here, and Victor has no car).

Well, this is supposed to be just a brief sketch of Vic Brinkman, not a Full Length Article; so I'm going to cut it short, here, with a little incident that took place last week or thereabouts, and which is a pretty typical Brinkman Story. He came on the job plastered, and Tony fired him immediately (and phoned Carl to come in and substitute). However, Vic didn't leave the premises; instead, he sat at the musicians' table, near the bar, and kept on drinking. Tony, the leader,

got madder and more disgusted the more Vic drank; and he kept saying things like, "You bum, Brinkman! You goddamn Brinkman you! You lushhead bastard, Brinkman!" At one point, Vic took offense at one of these remarks; he swayed to his feet, vaguely waving his fists in what he fondly imagined was a pugnacious gesture. "Siddown, Brinkman you bum!" shouted Tony, "You think you're going to fight me? I'll kill you, you bum! Siddown, Brinkman, and shuddup. SidDOWN!" Victor gazed at him, then drew himself up (not too successfully) with dignity. "You can't tell me to sit down tonight," he said, "I'm not here."

I guess he wasn't, either.

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"Who is the Goddess of Love?" "Ophelia." -- TransCanada TeleQuiz

Cultural War With The Eskimos

Recently, in truly Canadian Art circles, the big news has been the discovery of awfully clever things created by those amazing little people, the Eskimos. Furry little owl-like things (called "Ookpik") and carvings of walri have been selling like hot tortieres; and every week or so we get to see a CBC or National Film Board documentary on TV, showing a bunch of Eskimos turning out their Ookpiks and walri and looking terribly primitive and unspoiled.

But it's beginning to pelt a bit, I think; and so I'm wondering just what will be the next big Ethnic discovery, artwise. Truly Canadian ethnic, I mean (everyone in Canada is tremendously concerned, these days, with being Truly Canadian and having a National Identity; Canada is an Emergin Nation). It's obvious that there can't be much left to discover, previously-unsuspected-Eskimo-talent-wise, though I don't doubt that there are, perhaps, still a few revelations in store for us: it seems possible that there'll be found a whole tradition of epic poetry and three-act plays and stream-of-consciousness novels and primitive electronic music cached away in the basement of some primitive ranch-style igloo. But whatever happens, the fact is that the Eskimos are just too far In, right now; and I suggest that anyone who wants to make it really big, fadwise, had better start hustling immediately. What is needed, of course, is a gimmick; and since, in Canada, this is the era of Biculturalism and Bilingualism, I think it would be a great, a grabbing, a Unified, and a truly moneymaking thing to start hawking examples of primitive French-Canadian art. There's lots of it; I've seen it myself.

Do you know what some of those primitive French-Canadians are able to do with such simple material as tinfoil from cigarette packages -- that and perhaps a little crepe paper? You don't? Well, they are able to weave it (as I think the process is called) into simply the most gorgeous sort of mat or rug or something, with like little rosettes all over it; and these mats or whatever can be placed on the flat area between the back seat of a car and the rear window, so that the car looks for all the world like a coffin (which, of course, it often is).

But that is only one of the many arts burgeoning in the dark, unexplored regions north and east of the Ottawa river. Through a mysterious craft known as the "silk-screen process" -- developed by the ancient Chinese and perfected by a former mayor of Aylmer, Quebec -- the natives of Quebec are able to produce literally thousands of works of art daily: the design is always the same, consisting of a crude but stylized red maple leaf on a field of white (symbolizing

whiskey-blanc) with strips of red at the edges (symbolizing "le parti Liberales" or "international Communism").

And then there is the native music. Middlebrow tourists from Toronto visit Montreal and go around looking for urchins who sing "Alouette" and "Hinky Dinky Parly Voo"; but these are not real French-Canadian songs. No; that stuff is just for the tourists from Toronto. But just portage and mukluk along the winding trails north of Pointe-Gatineau, and you will find yourself deep in that country where the drums and rubber boots pound incessantly through the eternal winter night of the real Quebec. There, as the flames flicker and leap from heaped copies of the British North America Act and the Collected Speeches of John Diefenbaker, you will hear the savage, rhythmic lament of a people in chains and snow-tires. You may be treated to the spectacle of a gaunt, wild-eyed young quebecois, wearing a toque on his head (full of that greasy Maurice Richard stuff), leaping into the firelight and chanting defiantly, "Je Suis Le Roi du Bossa-Nova." It is a chilling experience, especially in January.

Folk poetry? You bet. A recent slim volume, privately printed by an order of freres who have independently invented the printing press -- although they have not yet discovered paper -- is enjoying a great success in the boroughs and hamlets and "city-states" of the northern regions. Its title is Un Jardin de 'Joual' Pour les Kids, and contains such gems as "La Ballpoint de ma Tante" and "Au Clair de la Tri-Lite Lamp," among others. But you really have to hear them spoken to appreciate the full, devastating effect. Simply fantastic.

I could go on and on, describing the untapped cultural wealth (and I mean loot, baby) to be found in the vast, howling wastelands just outside of Aylmer; but I think it would be more fun -- don't you? -- if you were to go in search of it yourself. Mind you; you may have some difficulty in bringing out the natives' trust, friendship and co-operation; but the adoption of a firm pose will work wonders. If they pretend not to understand when you speak English (or American), just shout at them. They understand perfectly well when they want to, the beggars.

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"He talks miserable."

Queebcon Report: There Is No Queebcon Report

Well, I guess there is if you count that cataract of lies entitled Songs Some Mother Taught Me (and I understand that Lee Jacobs is going to have something actionable in the same mailing). But I had intended to write something rather lengthy and perhaps even sober and serious about Lee's and the Carrs' (and of course Boyd's) visit to Aylmer. As a matter of fact, I actually did write eight pages (about six of them at one sitting); but, upon reading them over, it occurred to me that they read like a poor parody of all the Queebshots that have been pouring from Aylmer the last couple of years; and then I thought, "Mighod, imagine the February mailing containing not only a 12-page Queebshot, but pages and pages by Me Myself, and also innumerable libelous and scandalous pages by Lee Jacobs, also purporting to be about the Jiant Queebcon." That's exactly what I thought. And then I thought of Buck Coulson, and then I was undone (you can imagine how everyone giggled when they noticed that).

So all I'm going to say (soberly and seriously) is that the November Jiant Queebcon was a fine and joyous and swinging occasion, and that Terry and Carol Carr

and Lee Jacobs are swell people (we already knew that about Boyd, no matter what his reputation may be in Los Angeles, or "Berkeley"); and Carol, in particular, is Beautiful People (Lee Jacobs is merely pretty, in a gaudy way); and that husband of Carol's is a pretty fannish fellow, too. The whole weekend was one big High Spot to me, but a few of the things I remember most fondly are: the relaxing and congenial couple of hours spent in a dingy tavern with Lee and Terry (and later Boyd, when he came to drag us away); Carol's terrific spaghetti sauce (for which she kindly sent us the recipe) and her lovely long dark hair (of which she has not yet sent me a lock) and her fascinating revelations about Steve Stiles (which are tremendously INQ); Lee's beaming and foot-tapping enjoyment of my Hoary Old Bebop Records; Terry and Carol and Boyd and Lee actually and fantastically sitting at a table in a tiny Quebec hotel and hollering requests at the bandleader (me); Terry "Phonefan" Carr calling Pete Graham, collect, at 3 or 4 a.m. ... the fantisting sight of Lee Jacobs clad in propellor beanie and coruscating SoCal shirt ... Terry and Carol dancing in sedate New York style while Frugging Frogs gaped... Boyd reading us the rough draft of a new Derogation, and from time to time making frightful suggestions for the (aeebshot title ... and plenty cetera.

Oh, it was great fun, gang; I wish I could say many more adequate words of appreciation than that. I can say that I hope we'll all meet again, and soon.

This has been an essay on Mother Fu

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You Better Believe It, Dept.

"It was the year 2357 ... A servant brought the wine.
'1958 Christian Brothers,' said Arthur II. 'A rare vintage.'"

--Robert Shea, "The Invaders"; Quirk #4

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"...the usual indicia of an unbalanced mind, capitals, underlining, quotemarks."

Stuffed Owl Dept.

I've been fortunate in coming across some obscure but great poetry, lately; and I'd like to share my good fortune with all you lovers of poetry. The first choice bit of verse comes from the back of a package of Whyte's Bacon, under a line that reads, "Have you tried mouth-watering **WHYTE'S COOKED HAM?**" And here is the persuasive poem:

Men at some time are masters of their fates;
A statement you, in choosing Whyte's, have proved.
And once this pack's contents your taste elates,
Another product sample is behooved.

I don't know about you, but that's one of the most memorable commercials I've encountered in years. It's a pity we don't know who the author is; perhaps it's old pig-farmer Whyte's son who's been to college and has great ideas for the family's Bacon Empire.

We know the author of the next inspirational poem, though; she is Mrs. Lilith Bennett Weber (Miss Canada, 1936), and the poem was published in the Ottawa Citizen

February 16, 1965, in honor of the official raising of Canada's new flag; the poem is called

On Raising Canada's New Flag

In battle when our spirits lag,
Our eyes will seek our own true flag,
And when a soldier's dead,
His flag is laid across his head.

When man or country comes to fame,
And spirits flame,
His flag is there and all the same,
Our flag inspires, before it God,
But flags are closer to the sod.

A flag is like a name, it breathes tradition at the proper time,
And spurs a toast to Queen with wine.

A flag can do no harm
To the man upon the farm,
Or in the street or soldiering, or in high places ...
It brings a glow to children's faces:
But no power high can liken to the Creator --
A symbol to look upon, is what the flag is for.

At half-mast for the sorrowing, it gives the heart relief,
In victory flying high, it shows our Maple Leaf ...
What's in a flag so fair --
Why, love and truth are there!

Well, speaking of national pride and all that: you Americans may have had your Mrs. Julia Moore, but I am quietly proud of Canada's own Mrs. Lilith Bennett Weber. And that's poetry-breaks (smash! crunch!) for this issue.

oOo oOo oOo

I Have A Few Notes Here ...

I consider Curt Janke's resignation the saddest Fapish news in years. Of course he's a Mean and Nasty man, but jeez, can the sumbidge write! Next to Patrick Scott, he's my favorite jazz critic. I almost wish Goldwater had won, if it meant that Curt would still be with us (I said almost). ### Congratulations, Andy Main! And congratulations, too, to Marion and Walter Breen. (Jenny just said, "Is Walter Breen for real?" I swear it.) ### Lee Jacobs, why don't you get in touch with Bucky Wallingford, XM49111, and ask when he's going to finish repairing our hi-fi? Or maybe I'll get together with him and get in touch with you. 73(?). ### Ted White, you say you've "found that musicians make the worst critics of music." Yeah? Who agrees with you? Musicians, or critics? I myself have found that "music critics" make the worst critics of music. Your move, Ted. ### Dick Bergeron: Boyd didn't blackball Walter. "Metcalfe" is the name you should look at more closely, in your two lists. ### I guess this section is "mailing comments" for this issue. Oh -- Dian Pelz, I'd like my Cult dues refunded, please.

-- Norm

This 13th issue of Descant is in the great -- skinny, postmailed -- tradition.
